

Double Domination

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*Part
One*

Amelia Stark

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Double Domination: Part One

Part One of an Erotic Interracial series,

By Amelia Stark

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Books by Amelia Stark on Smashwords

1.1. The uniform.

Having left college with good qualifications in bookkeeping, I searched for three months before I found what I thought was my ideal job. West Africa Pharmaceuticals (WAP) offered me a position that involved crunching statistics in the pharmacy inventory department (PID). The job was almost too good to be true. Getting my own office and a salary of £25,000 per annum was beyond my wildest dreams, so I jumped at the chance of working for the multinational company.

However, as with most work situations, the job wasn't quite as straightforward as it first appeared. My immediate boss, Catharine Blackburn behaved like a pleasant, easy-going individual when she interviewed me; but turned out to be exactly the opposite at work. She, like most of the staff, was black and of East African descent and I felt she was a little tougher on me because I was white.

Unfortunately, my office was next door to hers and she insisted on the door being open at all times. Not only was I at her beck and call from the moment I arrived, but she watched my every move like a hawk.

Apart from her constant interruptions and demands for me to run errands for her, she was always criticising my choice of outfits and even what shoes I was wearing. It was Tuesday morning and I was just laying out some work on my desk, when Miss Blackburn, as she liked me to call her, called me into her office.

"Molly," she began. "As you know, you've been with us a month. Are you enjoying your work?"

"Yes, I am, Miss. It's a challenging job and I enjoy being tested."

"That's a good attitude to have, Molly. We, the Professor and I, are pleased with your work ethic."

"Thank you, Miss," I responded, relieved I wasn't getting a reprimand for something I had done wrong.

"However," she continued. "We would both like you to improve your appearance."

My clothes, in my opinion, were as smart as hers. I was wearing a knee-length, black pencil skirt and a light-yellow blouse. However, I didn't want to challenge

her opinion lest I upset her.

“Oh ... Yes ... I’ll make more of an effort, Miss. Perhaps you can give me some tips?”

“Molly, you’ve seen how many distinguished scientists and academics visit the office and attend meetings with Joseph... er, Professor Undoko. You are going to attend some of these meetings, so we want you to wear something pleasing on the eye. You are young and attractive, so we feel that your clothes should reflect your age and personality.”

I liked the compliment but didn’t agree that my clothes weren’t appropriate for my age. I nodded in agreement though, because I was prepared to listen to what she had to say. Having finished, she lifted a package from her bag and placed it on the desk.

“This is a complete set of clothes, Molly. Wear them into the office tomorrow and if you’re comfortable in them, we’ll buy you a second set.”

I was stunned. “A uniform, Miss?”

“Molly, we prefer to call it an outfit. Wear it to work tomorrow and we’ll check to see if it fits.”

There was no mention of a uniform when I applied for the job, so I was miffed by the latest development. I was particular about what I wore, so I reserved judgment until I got home and checked out the outfit.

“Yes... Sure, Miss Blackburn. I’m sure the clothes will fit.”

Our small suite of offices was separate from the main laboratory complex, so I was the only female junior member of staff in our section. On the other hand, a lot of senior staff, mainly men, visited our section to discuss the reports with Catherine and the Professor.

She made a point of saying they were pleased with my work and that I would be attending some of the meetings when senior staff was present. I liked the idea of having more responsibility and if it meant I had to wear the company’s uniform, I’d go along with their wishes. By the time I left for home, I had gotten used to the idea and had forgotten my earlier reservations.

That all changed when I arrived home and opened the package. The high quality maroon pleated skirt was very smart but way too short. I normally wear my clothes to the knee, but the skirt was mid-thigh. Two inches shorter and it would have been the same length as my tennis skirts!

The cotton white blouse was a tad on the small size for my 'C' cups and because there was no bra in the package, I planned to wear a plain white one, of my own, to work. Without one, my dark areolas and nipples poked against the fabric and made their presence felt. The parts of the outfit that really concerned me though, were the white cotton panties and short white ankle socks.

The clothes were more suited to a young teenager, not a 21-year-old statistics clerk. I hadn't worn big pants since I was in junior school, so I felt weird when I pulled them up over my ass and tummy. They didn't feel comfortable, so I lifted a foot onto a chair to inspect the gusset.

I discovered that the strip of cotton was unusually narrow and didn't cover the full width of my pussy. Still, it covered the important bit – my cleft and clitoral flesh. I'd have to make sure I didn't flash my panties, or I'd have some embarrassing moments. Also, because the stretchy cotton was tight, my mons was well defined and my black pubes showed through the material.

The final item was a pair of black stilettos that had 3" heels, not the most practical footwear for the office! They and the skirt fitted me perfectly, a fact that had me wondering if Cathy knew my sizes or had bought them using guesswork.

I examined my reflection in the mirror and had to admit that I looked smart, but younger than I was comfortable with. My jet-black hair, a throwback from my Japanese father, cascaded around the shoulders of my white blouse. I liked the contrast and often wore white tops.

The door banged, announcing my flatmate had arrived home, so I opened my bedroom door and stepped into the hall. I got a surprise when I discovered Carly was with her new black boyfriend, Todd. It was the second time I had seen him.

"Molly, where'd you get that outfit?" she asked.

Todd, tall and muscular, just stood and stared at my clothes. But focussed on the outline of my breasts and then my legs.

“My boss wants me to wear this around the office,” I informed them.

“Hah! I bet he does,” she retorted.

Todd found his voice. “I wish the nurses would wear skirts that short at the hospital.”

Carly elbowed him in the ribs. “Molly, we’re going out for a meal with some friends.”

“Oh, what time?”

“In an hour...” She followed Todd into her bedroom and I returned to mine to change out of the outfit.

I had no plans to go out, because I was studying for a computer accountancy course, I was taking at the local college. I attended two nights a week and usually studied a further three nights. I had a wild time during my teenage years and was through that phase of my life. So, I was trying to gain as many qualifications as I could in the hope I could one day become an accountant.

I had just returned to my room and started to undress when there was a knock on the door.

Without waiting for a response, Carly entered. “Oh, sorry, babe...” She entered and closed the door. “...I just wanted to let you know we’ll be home late.”

My blouse was open, revealing my breasts, but I hesitated to remove it, even though she had seen me naked several times during the 6 months I had rented the room from her. Maybe, it was the way her eyes roved over my body as she talked to me. Maybe, I was still shy.

“Okay, Carly, I’ll probably go to bed early.”

Her eyes focused on my skirt. “Are you seriously going to wear that to work tomorrow?”

I slipped the blouse off and picked up the t-shirt I was going to wear. “Yes, I’ve decided I like it.”

“Okay. It’s bold and the sort of thing I’d wear...” With that, she left me to change and I didn’t see her for another 24 hours.

1.2. The inspection.

The following day at work, I buried my head in sheets of statistics I needed to collate and analyse for the next set of reports. After visiting the various departments to collect the hard copy, it took me a day to sort them into a coherent form. Then I fed the information into the computer, so I could print out the reports that needed to be on Professor Undoko's desk for his meetings on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Catherine had phoned in to say she and the Professor would be late, so I had a nervous wait before I could discuss the reports with her. She had to cast her eye over them first before she took them through to the Professor.

I was on my feet, making a cup of coffee when Catherine finally arrived and entered the tiny kitchenette to talk to me. Standing just a few feet away, she looked me up and down.

"Molly, you look amazing. Professor Undoko will be very pleased to see you wearing your new outfit."

'Yes, I bet he will!' I thought. I had gotten used to his hungry eyes examining me on the few occasions I entered his office. It was Cathy's job to take daily production reports through to him and help him make sense of the figures. On the few occasions she wasn't around, I had to do it. When I had, I walked round to stand beside him, then laid the statistics out on his desk.

"Thank you, Miss," I responded to her observation.

I was in two minds whether to complain about the tight panties, which were way too small for me, but to my chagrin the dominant woman pre-empted my comments.

"The panties, Molly. Are you wearing them?" she asked casually. While I reddened and dithered to reply, she continued. "They were the only thing I wasn't sure about. I know you're an 8, but underwear sizes can vary from company to company."

I do have a pert butt, but not as big as Catherine's, whose ass could only be described as full and well-padded.

"I, er. Yes I am... er... they are a bit tight..." I stammered.

“I’d like to see them, Molly. Lift your skirt,” she ordered with a strong authoritative tone in her voice.

I had a brain freeze so put the percolator down and hesitated. “Er, what for, Miss?”

“I’m interested, Molly. The outfit is the same as the one the company uses in our Abuja offices. Of course, it’s a lot hotter in Nigeria so we have to make sure that the girl’s clothes are comfortable.

I have nice legs, so I wasn’t embarrassed to wear short skirts, but showing her my knickers was a different kettle of fish. She caught me by surprise and I had no time to think up an excuse. When her expression became more serious I found myself involuntarily lifting the hem of my skirt.

“Right up, Molly, let me see the waistband.”

The tight elastic almost reached my navel, so I ended up pulling the red pleats as high as they would go.

She hunkered down, and reaching out, grasped the waistband, then pulled it away from my belly for a second. “They look a perfect fit, what about the legs?”

“They feel fine, Miss.”

“Part your thighs, Molly. Let me take a look at the inside leg.” I complied and then froze when she dropped her hands and slipped a finger under each leg elastic, in the front, just inches away from my mons. She then slid her fingers sideways and down until they were almost touching, among my pubes.

“Just as I thought – perfect. I’ll get you a pack.”

“Do... do you mean...?” I floundered. “You want me to wear them every day?”

She pulled the material away from my mons, tightening the gusset along my pussy lips. The narrow strip of fabric sank into my cleft giving her a clear view of my bulging labia lips. It was only for a second though, for she pushed her fingertips down and drew the material out, so it could return to its original position.

She removed the fingers that had deftly stroked my pussy and adjusted the elastic.

“Yes, Molly, I’m going to check your compliance from time to time. I want you to keep them in pristine condition. The Professor is very particular about such things,” she added, cryptically.

“Oh, yes, okay.” She dragged her eyes away from my mons and stood up.

The short black ends of my pubes were poking through the thin material and the outline of my labium dimple was discernible in the centre of my mons. I had a sudden thought that I was in the company of an aggressive lesbian, but dismissed it, because I was sure she was having an affair with the Professor.

“You can drop your skirt, Molly. Make me a coffee and bring it through.” With that, the tall, black dominatrix turned and left me alone to mull over, what was a cringeworthy event that caught me completely by surprise.

1.3. Wandering hands.

I tried to make myself invisible by burying myself in my work. I needed to prepare an important financial report for the Professor, so I had a good excuse to keep my head down. I knew he fancied the socks off me, just by the way his eyes followed me wherever I went; and to discover he wanted me to dress in short skirts got me thinking.

Was he kinky and into cosplay, or schoolgirl outfits? Did he expect Catherine, or his partner, at home, to dress up while having sex with him? I had a wild imagination and couldn't help running various scenarios through my head.

He was a handsome Afro-Caribbean man, but too old for me, maybe already in his forties, which would make him old enough to be my father. He didn't look like a professor, but he certainly acted like one. On the few occasions I had been alone with him, I wondered if he would make a saucy comment, or compliment my outfits when he saw me wearing them for the first time.

Then there was Cathy. Was she priming me for further embarrassing moments in the office? Was inspecting my panties just the start of more serious sexual encounters? My train of thought was interrupted when the imposing figure appeared in the doorway

"The Professor is ready for you, Molly!" Cathy said sternly.

"Me? Oh! Yes," I gasped, flustered by her sudden announcement.

I closed the file, jumped to my feet and followed Catherine through her office and into the Professor's, where we found him talking on the phone. Catherine and I waited patiently, beside his desk, until he put the receiver down, whereupon he swivelled to face us.

He took his time to study my skirt and legs, but I was holding the file against my chest, so he couldn't see all of me.

"Molly, I'm impressed with your new outfit. The skirt reminds me of the last time I visited our Abuja office." He turned to Catherine. "Thanks Cathy, I'll

buzz you when we've finished."

Dismissing Cathy was unusual, but I was confident I could answer any questions he might fire at me.

He waited until the door was closed before pointing at the floor between his feet. "Put your folder down, Molly, and stand here. I'll take a look at the figures in a minute."

I dutifully did as I was told and presented myself between his widely-spread knees.

"You brighten the place up, Molly. I'm impressed with your reporting and performance, so you'll find a small bonus in your next wage packet. I know you'll appreciate the extra money," he added, while continuing to undress me with his huge brown eyes.

I had a sudden premonition that he was going to ask to look at my panties, but thankfully he didn't!

"Thank you, sir," I said, shuffling my feet awkwardly. "Er, the report sir," I reminded him.

"Yes, Molly, show me the figures."

He swivelled back to the desk, while I bent forward to pull the file toward us. I felt the hem of my skirt draw up, almost to the legs of my panties. As I arranged the documents, he moved his right arm and it wasn't completely unexpected when I felt his hand settle on the pleats covering my posterior.

Later, I worked out that it was only the fifth time I presented the reports to him during the previous month. Cathy had prepared me and the Professor had waited until I was wearing the shorter skirt, before making his move.

She had tested the water to see if I would kick up a fuss and when I didn't, they moved on with their plan. I should have protested straight away when Cathy asked to look at my knickers, but the job was far too valuable to upset the applecart over what was an inspection of the new uniform. And, the thought of someone so important – a Professor! – risking his reputation to touch me, gave me a warm feeling, deep in the very centre of my pussy.

The situation thrilled me, even though I knew it wasn't my work ethic he was attracted to. The Professor ran his forefinger of his left hand along the lines of the report, while his right hand gently rubbed the right-hand side of my buttocks.

He tapped the end of one line I had highlighted. "So, the Thoroxodine production dropped by 40%, during these two days?"

"Yes sir," I replied, trying to concentrate on the figures. "It stopped in section three for six hours while the inlets were cleaned. It's running at about 60% capacity at the moment, Sir, on a test cycle."

I was struggling to focus, but the Professor seemed to be able to concentrate on not only the report, but my ass as well. His hand had slipped down far enough for his little finger to rub the back of my right thigh, maybe an inch short of my panties.

"You've done your research, Molly. Do you think production has reached its lowest point?" He squeezed the top of my thigh. "Or, do you think it could go lower?"

"Er ..." He was staring at me and raising his eyebrows, challenging me to answer. "Yes... I think it could go lower, Sir." His huge hand slipped off the pleats and settled on the back of my thighs.

"Well, Molly, then what do you think will happen?"

He was upping the ante and I didn't want to disappoint him. "It... it might just as easily go higher, Sir."

He pushed his fingers into the gap between my inner thighs and raised them until they could go no further. I could feel the side of his forefinger pushing against my pussy.

"So, what was the original problem? Did Terry get to the bottom of it and how did he unblock the feed?"

"Er, he didn't say, Sir."

"Given your exceptional imagination, Molly, would you like to guess?"

“Um... er, maybe he massaged the pipe, Sir...”

His finger started to rub back and forth along the narrow strip of cotton and force it into my deep furrow. Another finger joined the first, but the space was too tight to rub my thrusting labia lips at the edges of the gusset.

“S... sir, the foreman said th... that the blockage wouldn’t happen again,” I stuttered, as his fingers tried to nudge my thighs apart.

“Sometimes these things have to be eased open gently, don’t you think, Molly?”

“Yes... yes sir,” I swallowed hard and moved my feet apart by about 12 inches.

With the gap widened, he was able to rub my puffy sex lips with both fingers. The sensation radiating out from my pussy was heavenly, so I closed my eyes and allowed the incredibly intense sensations to engulf me.

“Oh sir,” I moaned. “That feels...”

For a minute he continued reading the report, while I supported myself on the desk. The harder he rubbed the closer I came to an orgasm, but, on the upstroke, he suddenly slipped his oily fingers under the leg elastic and slid them down, drawing the damp gusset from my cleft. He made a point of rubbing the back of his fingers against my clitoral ridge as he smoothed out the narrow strip of cotton. He then withdrew his fingers and held them up to his nose before sniffing them.

“Very nice, Molly.” He patted my ass. “I’m impressed with your analysis, and once again your presentation was excellent.” I didn’t miss the double entendre.

“Thank you, sir,” I replied anxiously. “If there’s anything else I can help you with...”

I left the sentence unfinished and started to gather the A4 sheets together. The Professor pushed his leather swivel chair back, so I had enough space to turn and face him. Once I’d smoothed my skirt and closed the folder, I straightened up in readiness to excuse myself.

“Molly there is something else,” he said mysteriously, while studying me once again.

The man had a habit of unashamedly examining me as though I was standing naked before him. Holding the folder to my breast, I was flustered and began to fidget about. He was obviously choosing his words carefully, in case I was offended by what had just happened.

“What is it Sir?” I asked innocently.

“I’d like you to give me a more thorough presentation on Friday. Would you like to do that for me?” he asked.

“Yes... Er, yes, if that’s what you want Sir,” I stammered.

“It is Molly and I’d like you to bring the report at two-thirty to give us a little more time to examine the figures...”

I knew full well which figure he wanted to examine. What on earth was I getting myself into? I asked myself.

“Yes sir,” I muttered. “I’ll come at two-thirty. Is there anything else?”

“Just one thing. Our meetings are private, so only you, I and Miss Blackburn will be privy to what goes on in this office. Is that clear?”

“Yes sir, of course,” I replied.

My assurance seemed to satisfy him, for he nodded and returned his attention to the paperwork he had pushed to one side. I was dismissed, so I left his study and delivered the signed report to Cathy Blackburn in the adjoining office. She checked it over and then looked up at my flushed face.

“Was the Professor pleased with your presentation Molly,” she asked in a slightly whimsical tone.

“Yes, he was, Miss Blackburn.”

“Did you enjoy giving it?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Molly, I will ask you that question each and every time you do a personal

presentation for the Professor, whether here in his study or elsewhere when we are out and about. If your answer is yes, you've enjoyed giving, then each positive answer will earn a bonus on your pay slip at the end of the month." She waited for me to respond.

"Thank you, Miss, I appreciate that very much."

She opened a drawer and withdrew a pristine pair of panties. "We here at West Africa Pharmaceuticals, believe in rewarding obedience, diligence and compliance. Now turn around and raise your skirts so I can change your soiled underwear."

"Oh, Miss, I can do that."

"Molly, do as I tell you."

Although I was fed up with her bossing me around, I slowly turned and lifted my skirts, whereupon she peeled the panties of my ass and drew them down my legs. Squatting down behind me, she held them low while I stepped out of them.

"Oh dear, Molly, your pussy is very excited, put your hands on your knees and I'll wipe it dry."

Thankfully I wasn't facing her while I submitted to having my thrusting sex dabbed with a bunch of tissues. It was a shameful experience which only deepened when she helped me on with the clean panties.

When I turned, she straightened my skirt as though she was my mother! "Your second set of clothes will arrive tomorrow, Molly, along with some extra pairs of knickers." She waved her hand at me dismissively. "Run along and return to your office, Molly."

So, it was official, I had to get used to the uniform. The situation could be worse, I reasoned. At least I was popular and earning bonuses! I felt her eyes examining the contours of my body as I walked through to my own space. The connecting door was still open, so I couldn't have the privacy I would have liked after such a tumultuous meeting with the professor and his personal assistant – his very personal assistant!

1.4. Awkward conversation.

After finishing on Wednesday, I drove home to Harrow to find my flatmate, Carly, making dinner. Before I ate mine, I took another good look at myself in the short mini skirt. I decided I liked the dark red colour and could put up with the short length, seeing as it attracted the mature Professor's attentions.

I began to think about Cathy's choice of clothing and it suddenly dawned on me that on the days that the Professor was in our London offices, namely Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays, she too wore sexier clothes. If she was doing sexual favours for the Professor, where did I fit in with their little scheme?

The only conclusion I could draw was that they both fancied me!

The money and reward aspect of letting him fondle my ass didn't unsettle my interest in working for the company. However, I suspected allowing Joseph's advances were part of the conditions in which I would remain working at WAP. On the other hand, getting rid of me would be a risky business for both of them, because I might go to the authorities with my story.

I changed into shorts and t-shirt then joined Carly in our compact kitchen diner. She had made Spaghetti Bolognese and was already tucking into hers, sitting at the breakfast bar.

"Good day at work?" she asked, pausing with an empty fork hovering near her food.

"Not bad, Carly. I had to present a report to the Professor this afternoon on my own."

"Your boss not there?"

"Miss Blackburn was in but wanted me to do it."

"Going up in the world, heh? How did your new uniform go down with him?"

"Apparently the girls wear it in all our African offices." I sidestepped the

awkward question. “Cathy’s giving me a second set tomorrow, so it looks like I’ve got to get used to wearing short skirts to work.”

“Mmmm, that’s interesting. Do you remember us talking about having a three in a bed with a guy?” she asked, changing tack slightly.

I popped a forkful of spaghetti in my mouth, giving me a chance to think about her question. I had known Carly for a year and shared a flat with her for six months. It was her place and I paid her £600 a month for the room.

We got along like a house on fire, but we were very different when it came to men and relationships. She put it about and always seemed to have a new boyfriend at the beginning of each month, whereas I was much more cautious.

She admitted to me that she was after sex and not a long-term partner and openly told me about some of her experiences. I remember one account in particular when she went to bed with two black guys. That wasn’t my scene, but we had one thing in common - we both liked men of colour.

My radar was up after what had happened in the office, so I was wary about how I answered her question. “Well, I seem to remember it was you and two guys in your story.”

She placed her hand on my leg. “Kid, it never occurred to me until last night, after Todd saw you in the skirt and pop socks.”

“What didn’t occur to you?”

“You and me with Todd. He was turned on when he saw you and wanted me to dress like you. When I asked him if he had ever had a threesome, he knew straightaway I was talking about you.”

I nearly choked on the pasta. “Carly... I... I don’t know what to say...” I could feel my face heating up. “You two talked about me?”

Her hand was still resting on my leg. “Listen, babe, I watch you come in every night and bury yourself in spreadsheets and computer programs. Every girl needs a little excitement from time to time.”

My thoughts drifted to what happened at work. What she was suggesting was

something far more outrageous, for it involved more than just touching and fondling my body. Were there any parallels between the two situations and was I seriously considering having sex with Carly's boyfriend?

"Have... have you ever done it with just a girl, Carly?"

She smiled and rubbed my leg. "Had sex with a girl? Sure, why not?"

"Cos you need to like the girl if you're both going to bed with a guy..."

"It doesn't work like that, babe. I'm not ready to get emotionally involved with anyone, guy or girl; and If you're wondering if I fancy having a relationship with you, I don't. I like sex, full stop. However, if Todd wanted us to fool around together, I'd be up for that."

Carly was wearing a pair of baby blue towelling shorts and a dark blue polo shirt. Her Strawberry blonde hair was tied back and she was wearing very little make-up, which meant she wasn't seeing her boyfriend that night.

I was seeing my friend in a new light but had no intention of going to bed with her and her boyfriend. "I... I don't know what to say, Carly. I like being friends with you, but I never imagined..."

"Going to bed with me and a guy?" I nodded. She removed her hand, then took a sip of wine. "Babe, I only mentioned it because you looked so hot in that skirt and see-through blouse. The outfit suited you and both Todd and I let our imaginations run out of control."

I was embarrassed and couldn't suppress a thrill in the pit of my stomach. "So you discussed me and..."

"Yes, sure. Don't you have fantasies?"

I immediately thought about the professor. "Of course, I do."

"Then we're the same. Finish your dinner."

She was a bossy landlord but in a nice way. It was great to have someone who took care of everything to do with the flat and left me alone most of the time, but it was strange that in the course of one day, my life had suddenly become very

complicated.

1.5. Caught off-guard.

Thursdays were always busy at the office, because I had to start from scratch on a new set of figures. I had less time to prepare the report, for it had to be on the Professor's desk by Friday afternoon. No one commented on my new uniform when I walked around the Laboratory complex collecting the raw data. But, I was definitely more popular with the technicians who went out of their way to chat to me.

I was relieved that Catherine carried on as if nothing had happened the previous day and avoided inspecting my underwear. She was pleasant to me all day and even came through and helped me with transferring some of the information onto the computer. She was making an effort to befriend me and make me more relaxed in her company. I appreciated her efforts which turned a tough day into an enjoyable one.

On my way home, my thoughts turned from work to what my flatmate had said to me the previous evening. I was worried because we didn't continue our conversation. I hoped that if I didn't mention it again, she'd forget about the subject. And, I guessed it was mainly her idea. What boyfriend in his right mind would tell his girl he fancied her younger flatmate?"

So, it was with some trepidation that I opened the door and entered the hallway. I could smell food, so I knew the dinner was being prepared. I stopped at the kitchen doorway to find Carly sitting at the breakfast bar sipping wine.

"Oh, is that your spare uniform, babe?"

I took the package from under my arm. "Sure is. I'll go and get changed and give you a hand."

"No need. The food is in the oven and won't be ready for an hour at least."

She slipped off the stool and came over. "Come on, I want to try it on."

"What? Try on my work clothes? Are you serious?"

“Never been more, kid, come on, let’s have some fun.” She took the package out of my hand and hurried out of the kitchen. Taken completely by surprise, I followed her to my room. Once inside, she turned to face me. “Take your jacket off and sit on the bed. I want to see what we look like together. It won’t take me long to change.”

I was being carried along on a wave of infectious enthusiasm. Before I could throw my jacket and bag on a chair, she was opening the package and dumping the clothes on my bed. The final items to tumble out were 5 pairs of white panties.

“Oh,” she said, picking a pair up. “You didn’t tell me your underwear was part of the uniform.” She held them up in the air. “Maggie, these are so...”

I was mortified. “Ridiculous?”

“No, I was going to say kinky.” She put her hand behind the gusset and showed it to me. “Look, these have been specially made to reveal more pussy than normal.”

I was embarrassed. “They were made for the Nigerian staff.”

“Bullshit. Let me try them on.”

I sat down on the bed and watched Carly drop her shorts and panties to reveal her denuded mons and pussy. Moments later she had pulled the panties on and was showing me how much of her sex they covered or didn’t! I couldn’t help noticing, for the first time, how pretty her pussy was, with its modest line of clitoral flesh peeping from between her lips.

“You see, they’re Indecent!”

“Knickers are knickers and they’re free,” I countered.

She put the rest of the uniform on and dragged me over to the mirror on the dressing table. “You see, we look like teenage twins!”

I could understand her wanting to look younger, because she was five years older than me, but I was okay with my age. She was certainly proud of her fit body and because she was a similar shape to me, the clothes fitted her perfectly.

Our bodies might have looked identical, but above the neck we were exact opposites. My hair was black and hers blonde. I had brown eyes and she had blue. Her face was sun tanned and mine was pale.

She took me by the hand. "Let's go and show Todd."

"What? Is Todd here?"

"He's listening to music on my bed."

I was flabbergasted. "No... um, did... What are you up to Carly?"

"He wants to see us together. You know Todd, he thinks he's god's gift to white girls. When he gets an idea he never let's go."

I didn't really know him, but that was beside the point. "Are you sure this isn't your idea?"

She feigned shock in the mirror and then tugged my arm, so we were facing each other. "You don't have to do anything, kid. I just want to show him what we look like together."

"You're supposed to be the mature one, Carly. Can't you tell him to behave himself."

"That's not fair. You know I'm not after a serious relationship..."

"I know you're a nymphomaniac and I'm not."

"There's still time for you." She grabbed my hand and dragged me to the door.

The short distance to her room hardly gave me a chance to catch my breath and halt her enthusiastic game. She was exerting her dominance over my submissive nature and I didn't have the will to stop her.

1.6. Unlikely threesome.

Todd, wearing headphones, was laying in the centre of Carly's bed, presumably listening to music. The moment we filed in and closed the door, he sat up and discarded the headset. I was prepared for him lounging about but was shocked to find him wearing just a pair of stripy blue boxer shorts. I was also overwhelmed by the sight of his extremely fit muscular black body.

I had a couple of embarrassing moments with some of Carly's other boyfriends, but they happened in the hall when they were on the way to the bathroom. This was different, for it looked as though he was waiting for us and that they had planned on luring me and then trapping me in the bedroom. I stopped, only for Carly to try and pull me toward the bed.

"Come on, Molly, don't be shy." I slowly gave in.

"Wow! You two look so horny," Todd said, once we were standing beside the bed.

I held my hands out. "Have you seen enough?"

"Molly, relax. Get up and kneel on the bed."

Carly put her arm around my waist and urged me forward. I was resistant to joining in a sex act, but I was intrigued by the way they were working together to seduce me. Wanting me to do stuff with them was unexpected and huge compliment from the pair of them. What could the worst consequence of our actions be? I wondered. I could fall out with Carly, but more likely she'd end up ditching Todd.

I put a knee up. "Are you sure you want me on the bed?"

"Yes." They both chorused. "Get up and kneel beside Todd." Carly was the main voice and protagonist.

As soon as I clambered up, Todd laid back on the pillows. Carly then hurried around the bed and climbed on, opposite me.

She gave me a grin and glanced down at the huge bulge in his boxers. "Guess what we're going to do, Molly?"

“Shuffle round a bit, girls, so I can see your sweet asses.”

I was not sure at all whether what she was suggesting was a good idea.

“Carly??”

“Come on, babe, twist your body.”

She positioned herself first and I reluctantly followed suit, so we were looking down his body at his shorts and legs, while flashing our asses at him.

“My god, Carly, Molly, I love your knickers...”

She put her right arm on Todd’s belly and leant across. “Give me a kiss, kid.”

I glanced back to see the young man’s hands hovering near our asses, then I kissed Carly. It started with a gentle peck and developed into a passionate, full blown stonker. As our tongues entwined and we fought for dominance, a finger started to stroke the cotton fabric partially covering my pussy.

“Mmmm,” I exclaimed and broke the kiss. When I looked down, Carly had released Todd’s magnificent black cock from his shorts. “My god, it’s huge,” I whispered.

Trying to ignore the embarrassment of exposing my ass and having a guy touch me intimately, I focused on Todd’s dick.

“Plenty for both of us, Heh?” She lowered her head and gave the crown a lick. “Come on, two tongues are better than one.”

“That’s a fact,” Todd muttered. His fingers continued to rub and press the material against my sensitive clitoral hood. “One of you fondle my balls.”

Sprawled on the bed with his legs parted, Todd looked like a black slave master readying himself for his white slave girl’s attentions; and I couldn’t help feeling like one! Carly started fondling his huge nads, while I held on to the base of his awesome dick. My small white fist looked tiny trying to grip the girth of his black solid shaft, but I held on and dipped my head.

I copied Carly, and as I did so, she joined me on the other side. We both managed to wrap our lips round half his knob and simultaneously lick it and

touch tongues. Then we moved up and down, all the time trying to simultaneously lick and suck his shaft and touch our lips together. It developed into a game and we were soon giggling like silly schoolgirls.

Todd's activity was causing havoc in my pussy. After a spate of rubbing my panties, he pulled the gusset to one side and started stroking my clitoral ridge and nub. My ass being just a couple of feet from his face meant he was studying every minute detail of my sex. I didn't protest because he was both gentle and skilful.

"My god, girls, your cunts are almost identical." He rubbed and squeezed my clit. "Do you like that?"

"Mmmmm," we both moaned.

"Which one wants to sit on my face first?"

"Go on, Babe," Carley urged, then moved to straddle his legs.

Before I knew what was happening Todd was lifting my left leg over him. He then pulled my feet back until my knees were on his shoulders and my ass was hovering over his face.

"Take the skirt off," Todd urged.

Carly, who was about to impale her pussy on 10" of hard black muscle was already removing hers.

We both discarded the skirts on the floor and wiggled our asses into position. "Ohhhhhh," I gasped when Todd pulled me onto his mouth and began to suck and lick my succulent folds. His finger foreplay had revved my libido up and his oral attack sent me over the edge. "Ohhhhhhhhhh," I sighed, deep and long, as I was overwhelmed by an intense, nerve jangling orgasm.

Hands cupped my face. I opened my eyes to find Carly leaning in for a kiss. She was slowly rising and falling on Todd's granite-like shaft.

"Cool, heh? Give me a kiss."

I Kissed her as sensually as I had ever kissed anyone and knew in that moment

that our relationship had changed for ever.

It was Todd who broke our kiss when he lifted my ass off his face. “Change round girls. Time for Molly to ride my boner.”

I was breathless, excited and thrilled to my toenails, but the transition from masterful foreplay to full sex was a difficult one mentally. Carly was so eager, she instantly eased off Todd’s cock and started guiding me over the human obstacle course. I moved when she nudged my leg and eventually ended up with my knees either side of his torso.

I couldn’t see Todd because Carly positioned herself on his face; but he kept her ass high enough, so he could watch what we were doing. Carly held his cock up while I steadied myself and lined up my salivating pussy, then eased onto the stalagmite-like prong.

“Oh, my god,” I gasped as I sank lower, inch by inch.

“Does that feel good?” Carly asked as soon as my quim had devoured every last inch of black, rock hard muscle.

It stretched and pushed further than any cock had before. “better than good,” I whispered. “It feels like it’s drilling a hole in me...”

“Take your top off,” she said, starting to undo her own buttons.

A minute later we were naked above our full white knickers and kissing each other passionately again. I was desperate to return to the earlier orgasm and it only took a dozen thrusts to achieve my goal. The following five minutes built up to a frantic, heart stopping crescendo that topped anything I had experienced before.

Carly let me collapse onto Todd’s chest before she climbed off him and stood up beside the bed. For a minute I rested my head on his muscular chest and listened to his heart thumping rapidly.

“Roll over,” she cooed before helping me to twist onto my back beside the young man’s black body.

As I straightened out and looked up into my friend’s smiling face, Todd sat up

and got to his knees. I went to turn, planning on sitting on the edge of the bed, but they had other ideas.

“Todd hasn’t finished yet, Babe.”

“I’d better get up. Dinner...”

A huge black hand rested on my stomach. “It can wait, Molly.”

They each slipped a hand under my thighs and lifted. “That’s it, fold your legs so Todd can repay you for the great sex.”

“No, I think...”

“Shush!” She placed an arm over the back of my thighs while Todd pulled my panties off my ass and pushed them up my thighs.

My bulging pussy and exposed anus was at his mercy and he didn’t delay in attacking both with his tongue, while Carly felt my tits and kissed me on the lips. Once again, I was treated to an intense explosion of orgasmic sensations that lasted even longer than the first session of sex.

When I walked from the bedroom, wearing only my socks and panties, I was exhausted both physically and emotionally; but I was thoroughly satisfied and had absolutely no regrets.

1.7. Wrong panties.

The next day, Friday, I spent the morning working diligently on the production figures. I had to make more trips to the relevant departments for their notes and then once I had prepared the reports, I went for a late lunch. During my meal, I thought over the events of the previous evening and decided I handled it well.

After I changed, we had dinner together and avoided bringing up the subject of sex. Both Carly and Todd were chatty and left me with the hope that they had tried it once and would move on with their relationship. I certainly wasn't going to go out of my way to suggest doing a similar thing again.

After dinner, they went out for a drink and didn't even ask me to go with them. I did some studying, but my train of thought kept returning to sex and what the Professor had started in his office. I wondered if I should take a risk and wear something more adventurous under my skirt for the Professor. Something that didn't reveal the lips of my pussy.

I finally decided to wear some expensive lingerie, rather than the old-fashioned schoolgirl knickers Cathy gave me. I chose a pair of light pink boyshort style panties, made from semi-transparent tulle, which were finished with pretty white trim around the elasticated edges.

A girl has to look her best, if a man is about to feel her underwear, I decided. I wanted him to think I was more mature and could think for myself, after all I was letting him take liberties with me.

I gathered the report together, placed it in a file and then walked through to Cathy's office. The PA was working on her computer, which was at right angles, on a small extension to the desk. The Afro-Caribbean woman looked up and glanced up and down my body.

"Is the production report's ready, Molly?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Are you personally ready for the Professor?" she asked with vigour in her voice.

"Yes, I am, Miss" I replied boldly, all the time trying to hide my nervousness.

I was truly anxious about what was going to happen to me on the other side of the solid oak connecting door.

“Well, go on through Molly, don’t dilly-dally!”

With that I marched to the door, knocked twice, pushed the door open and walked on through into the Professor’s office.

“Ah Molly. You’re on time,” he exclaimed, sitting back in his swivel chair, so he could watch me approach his desk. “Put your file over there on that side table for the moment and then come over here so I can have a good look at you.”

I did as I was told and laid the documents on the table, before walking round the desk to stand in front of him. He had swivelled his chair through 90 degrees and spread his feet wide apart in readiness for me to stand within touching distance of where he sat.

“What do you think of black men, Molly?” he asked, surprising me with the question.

“I ... I like black men. Sir,” I said truthfully. “I think some black men are very handsome and some are not so good looking, just like white men.”

I was trying to be diplomatic and tread carefully through the minefield of any prejudices the Professor may have, or think I had.

“Good, because I like white girls,” he stated unnecessarily. “Especially ones who are obedient and are willing to accept my instructions without question. Do you fit into that category Molly?”

“I... I’m not sure Sir.” A frown crossed his rich, dark mahogany-brown features. “But I could try, Sir,” I added hastily.

“Good!” he said, while remaining relaxed in his chair. “That’s all I ask. To start with I’d like you to slip your shoes off and remove your skirt. I’ve been meaning for some time to take a look at your body shape. Here at WAP we take an interest in our staff’s fitness, and having a medical background, I’m particularly interested in my closest personnel – namely you and Miss Blackburn. Does that in any way worry you?”

“Oh, no, Sir. I didn’t know you were a doctor.”

Resting his elbows on the arms of his chair he brought his fingertips together and touched his lips with his forefingers. Seeing I wasn’t going to get an answer, I slipped my shoes off and then nervously felt for the clasp on my hip. Then, I pulled the short zip down, released the waistband of the skirt and dramatically allowed the skirt to fall and pool around my feet.

The minimalistic size of my shorty-panties hardly covered my neatly trimmed muff, while the gauze-like fabric enabled the Professor to spot my labium cleft dipping and disappearing beneath the thicker material between my thighs.

His eyebrows rose and a serious expression crossed his face. “Where are your white knickers, Molly?”

“Oh. I thought you’d prefer to see me in something more mature,” I responded carefully.

“No, I wouldn’t, Molly. Did Miss Blackburn tell you to wear the ones in the packet?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry. I didn’t think they were important.”

He reached into a drawer and fished out a pack of white panties. I waited while he opened the bag and pulled one out, unravelled them and held the garment up for me to see. He, or Catherine had bought another pack of identical panties, but why were they in the Professor’s drawer? I guessed he had a fetish for the schoolgirl look and they were an important prop for his fantasy.

“Molly, these are regulation wear in our other offices. Wearing the correct uniform is an important part of discipline, something I clearly need to talk to you about. Are you going to follow my regulations, Molly?”

“Yes, I am, Sir.” I felt deflated for I had drawn a much more glamorous picture of the clothes I would wear in his company.

“Please change into these Molly and I hope I won’t have to tell you again,” he said placing the flimsy garment on the desk and returning the rest to the drawer.

“I will wear them in the future, Sir.”

His kink, in the scheme of things, was almost harmless and my thoughts went back to Todd, liking the way the knickers revealed more than a girl normally liked. I had lived a sheltered life and had very little experience of older men and their deviant practices. I was learning faster than I would have liked.

If the Professor wanted me in white cotton panties and to act younger, then I was game, provided it didn't put me at risk of losing my job! Feeling bolder because of my recent threesome with Todd and Carly, I puffed my chest out and stepped back so he could watch what I was doing,

I picked up my skirt and after folding it, placed it on the desk. Then, with the Professor following my every move, I slowly slipped my shorts down off my pert ass. I was a size 8 and had a good figure with parallel thighs, orb-like ass cheeks and 'C' cup breasts. I kept myself fit and didn't think there was any excess fat on my body.

I could tell that the Professor liked what he saw, for he was almost drooling at the sight of my nakedness. I turned side on to the Professor, picked up the pristine panties and carefully slipped one foot into them, then the other. I looked up to check out the man's reaction to my lewd performance.

I tried to act demure and coy when lifting my knees, but the Professor was in the perfect position to see my tight, rolling pussy lips when I parted my thighs. I made the most of drawing the item up my thighs and pulling them into position over my posterior, suspecting they would soon be travelling in the opposite direction. They were the same size as the pair Catherine originally gave me, so they were extremely tight when I stretched them over my orbs.

"I think they're too small for me, Sir," I complained, while fiddling with the leg bands to make them more comfortable.

The thin fabric stretched tightly across the bulge of my vulva, revealing the line and shape of my pudendal cleft and the bulge of my mons. My white blouse fell an inch or two below my navel and just met the waistband, hiding my lower belly. If the Professor's intention was for me to look and feel several years younger, then the knickers were accomplishing his goal.

"No Molly they are perfect!" he said, rising from his chair and walking past me to a low square stool, which I'd never noticed before.

The stocky businessman sat down on the stool and patted his lap, indicating where he wanted me. I slowly walked over to him, expecting to have to drape myself across his lap, in preparation for the inevitable spanking, but he stopped me by putting his hands up and clasping my hips. The Professor opened his knees and guided me, so that his nose was just inches away from my navel.

His fingers fumbled to grip the waistband for a few seconds and then began to draw the garment down, stretching the elastic in order to clear my ass. He stopped when the gusset started to ease away from my moist labia and then left the panties bunched at the side of my thighs.

“I’m ready for you, Molly,” the Professor said, steering me to the side, so that I could drop to my knees.

He shifted his position so that his legs were together and then urged me to push up and lay over his lap. As soon as my belly was in position, on his legs, and I was supporting myself with my toes and my hands, he wrapped his arm around my waist. Moments later his right hand began to massage my naked white butt cheeks. An intense thrill immediately began to course through my veins in anticipation of the spanking I was about to receive.

“Srrrrrr!” I cried, when he forced his fingers in between my ass cheeks.

“Silence, while I examine the target area.”

I wasn’t a shy person, but I’ve always cringed when fingers came too close to my anus. He went further and investigated my tight pucker by running a finger over the sensitive spot, but he didn’t go any further. I squeezed my eyes shut, anticipating a firm slap on my cheeks, but it didn’t arrive – yet!

1.8. Over his knee.

The Professor's hand returned to my cheeks and continued to massage them.
"Molly, tell me why I should punish you today."

I knew what he wanted to hear. "I've been a naughty girl, Sir."

"What was your crime?" Slap!

"Ow," I exclaimed, more in surprise than pain. "I wore the wrong panties, Sir!"

"I see Molly. Do you deserve to be punished?"

"I do, Sir. I disobeyed an order." Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Noooooooooooo!" I cried out, when his heavy hand crashed down on my unprotected ass, multiple times. "Pleeeeeeeze nooooooo!" I cried, plaintively.

His huge hand descended, at least two dozen times onto my posterior and lower where my thighs joined my ass. The pain intensified even after he stopped and rested his hand on my cheeks. Hot heavy tears rolled down my face and dripped onto the carpet while he massaged my bruised flesh. But, he was after a far greater prize.

"Part your legs, Molly." He waited. "Wider, girl."

His fingers were already searching the valley of my smarting globes, so it wasn't a surprise when he dipped further and began stroking my succulent folds.

"Tell me why you're so wet, Molly!" he demanded, then delved in and started sliding two fingers back and forth in the furrows either side of my clitoral ridge.

Back and forth his fingers slid, mashing my ridge of inner flesh until I was squirming with hot, unbridled desire.

"My body is excited, Sir and your fingers are making it worse," I confessed.
"Ahhhhhh," I gasped when he drove two fingers into my gushing entrance.

“Does this excite you, girl?” The solid boner beneath my belly indicated that he was also extremely excited.

“Yessssssss, Sirrrrrrrrr.” Lying across the lap of a renowned scientist, having my spanked ass and pussy fondled was as exciting as I could imagine.

“Is your sex hungry to be stretched, Molly, or is it content with this level of foreplay.”

He was asking for consent. “It wants to be stretched, Sir,” I whispered.

His fingers were driving me to the edge of an orgasm. “You know what that means, Molly, don’t you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me. I want to hear what your teenage imagination is thinking.”

Pretending I was a teenage schoolgirl was his kink, so I played along. “Because I’ve been a naughty girl, Sir. I imagine that now you’ve pulled my knickers down and spanked me, you are going to fuck me.”

Suddenly, powerful hands picked me up bodily and carried me to the side of the desk, which he had cleared of paperwork. The Professor then pushed me head long onto the surface until my hips were tight up against the hard edge.

He was on a mission and didn’t even bother to push my panties further down my thighs, but instead unfastened his fly to release his dick. I gasped when I felt his heavy shaft drop forward and nudge the crack of my ass.

With my upper body across the desk, I was completely powerless to influence matters. He nudged my thighs wider, so he could stand closer, then used his thumbs to prise my portal open. His intense foreplay had turned my pussy molten, so after locating my entrance he was able to plunge into my tightness and fully impale me with one powerful thrust of his hips. Within seconds he was piston fucking me with an unexpected, animal-like ferocity. Not the kind of behaviour one would normally expect from a learned Professor.

“Sir,” I wailed, slamming my hands on the desk top. “Slowwwwwer!”

“Muuuumph,” I moaned when he found some extra depth and started nudging my extremity with each thrust.

The Professor didn’t let up. He tightened his grip on my hips and slammed into me as though he had been starved of sex for months. Because of the speed of his attack, my climax built rapidly and within seconds, I was crashing through one orgasm after another. My head and ears buzzed so loudly, I hardly noticed the Professor pulsing jiz into my deepest recesses.

I did however feel him withdraw and the slap on my ass that followed. “Molly, up you get and show me how a girl thanks her master.” He slapped me again.

Once I had struggled to my feet, I turned to find the Professor standing back, waiting expectantly. He was still ramrod erect, which surprised me, so not even bothering to pull my panties up, I dropped to my knees and grabbed his huge black cock and pulled it horizontal, so I could wrap my lips around the bulbous crown.

After lolly-popping him for a couple of minutes, the Professor grabbed handfuls of my hair and began to urge me to take more of his shaft into my throat. He was larger than my old boyfriends, but I was determined to master the challenge.

I’d just managed to go down about six inches of his stout cock, when a sound from behind me made the blood freeze in my veins. I was on my knees, leaning forward, with my naked posterior and sex visible to whoever had entered.

I tried to pull up, but the Professor held my head firmly with my throat impaled on his cock. I released my grip on the base of his erection and tried to push myself away from his trousers, but he maintained his grip.

“Mummmph!” I protested, as the sound of footsteps came closer.

I glanced sideways and the tall figure of Catherine came into my peripheral vision. She walked right up to the Professor and raised her hand as though she was about to touch his face.

“Joseph,” she said softly. “Its three o’clock. You need to stop playing with Molly and let her show you the report.”

“Yes Cathy,” he replied. “I’ll speed it up.”

Then to my amazement he began to slam my head onto his erection with short rapid thrusts. I don't know if it was having Cathy watch him or if it was the tightness of my throat, but within a couple of minutes he shot his load and relaxed his grip on my head. The moment he withdrew his hands, I rocked back onto my heels and looked up into their smiling faces.

What a sight I must have looked to Cathy, who, as if to emphasize her position in the tryst, reached up and kissed the Professor on the cheek.

"Don't forget Doctor Smythe is calling by at three-thirty."

"Thank you, Cathy."

Then, looking down at my shocked expression, she patted me on the head and promptly walked back toward her own office. I waited for the door to close before stumbling to my feet. I could feel the Professor's seed begin its journey downward, but I ignored the sensation and drew the panties up over my ass and into their rightful place, covering my posterior.

The Professor quickly returned to his seat, leaving me to fetch my skirt, and secure it in place. I stepped into my shoes and opened the file, then spread the various sheets over the desk.

It took me 15 minutes to present the report, during which time he acted as though nothing had happened. I managed to calm down and recover from the shock of Cathy crashing in on what I thought was going to be a private session. I was flushed from the embarrassment and stunned at seeing the way they acted as if it was a normal everyday event!

"Molly, will you be fully prepared for our next meeting?"

"When will that be, Sir?"

"I'm not sure. Cathy will let you know. On another matter, I'd like you to attend a dinner party at my house next Wednesday," he announced matter-of-factly.

"It's my son's 21st birthday party, so I'm sure it'll be right up your street. Cathy will give you the details and remind you nearer the time."

Another surprise! One minute he was taking advantage of me in his office and the next he's inviting me to a party! Whatever next?

“What do you want me to wear to the party, Sir,” I asked, just in case he expected me to dress like a schoolgirl, or in another kinky outfit.

“Well, I’d like you to wear something sexy and modern. There’ll be a lot of young women and guys there for you to mix with,” he said mysteriously.

It sounded fishy, but before I could ask a question, he stood up and handed the folder back to me. I took it, but my fancy pink panties were nowhere to be seen.

“My panties, Sir. Can I have them back?”

He reached in his pocket, pulled them out and held them to his nose. “No, Molly, I’ll keep them until the next meeting. I want a keepsake to remind me of your sweet scent. But...” He reached in another pocket and pulled out a pair of white cotton panties. “...you can have this pair back. They need washing.”

I twigged the reason the panties were in his desk. He was planning to make me change them when I gave him a presentation, so he had a continuous supply of my soiled panties. Cathy obviously gave him the soiled pair she took from me the previous day. The man had a serious underwear fetish problem!

I acted as though he was behaving normally after balling the dirty item in my fist. “Is there anything else you need, Sir?”

“No, the report was very thorough, and I was impressed with your presentation. That will be all for now.”

I was dismissed, so I made a quick exit and stopped to report to Cathy, who was sitting, drinking coffee; no doubt feeling smug at finding the right white girl to satisfy the Professor’s kinky desires. She touched the corner of her mouth.

“Molly, your lips...”

I wiped a finger across the corner of my lips and came away with a glob of the Professor’s jiz. I stared at it and then at Cathy, before sucking my finger clean. She seemed surprised by my brazenness but rocked forward and put her cup down.

“Did you enjoy yourself, Molly?” she asked.

“Yes, I did Miss,” I said confidently.

“Then you will be suitably rewarded.”

“I appreciate that, Miss.”

“Molly, I noticed when I entered that your pussy was leaking...” She pulled a couple of tissues from the box on the desk. “...so, turn around and bend over. I’ll take care of it...”

I wondered if she was going to find an excuse to inspect my sex. I didn’t protest because it was clear that I had to satisfy her needs. or I wouldn’t get to make presentations to the Professor.

“There’s a good girl,” she cooed after I had taken up the lewd position.

All she needed to do was pull the gusset aside and dab my entrance, but she went further and slid two fingers into my quim.

After sliding them back and forth collecting jiz she withdrew them. “I’ll leave some tissue in the gusset. It’ll give you time to get to the bathroom and have a douche.”

I waited for her signal to rise and then hurried back to my own office, where I collapsed into the swivel chair and gasped a huge sigh of relief. The weekend was approaching, and the break was just what I needed after the stressful four days I had just experienced.

I could cope with more demands from the pair, just so long as it didn’t disrupt the job I was doing. In fact, Cathy didn’t disturb me when I was working and even helped me when I fell behind. Yes, I was happy with the situation and would look forward to coming to work on Monday.

1.9. Unreasonable demands.

After work on Friday, I met my friend, Julie, who worked in a solicitor's office. We attended school together but ended up in completely different careers. We went for a drink at a bar in Leicester Square, which turned into several, for we had both had a stressful week. I wasn't keen on going home early, because of what happened the night before, so after I said goodbye to my friend, I had a Chinese meal and eventually arrived back at the flat just after 10 o'clock.

Thankfully, Carly had left for her mothers and according to the message she sent me, she wouldn't be back until Sunday morning. That took the pressure off me completely and enabled me to have a relaxing Saturday, catching up with my studies and mulling over the events of the previous week.

At home, I didn't expect Carly's relationship to last with Todd and I wouldn't have been surprised if she turned up the next day with a new boyfriend. The situation at work though, was permanent. The Professor and Cathy were always going to be my bosses and if I started refusing their demands, I'd be looking for another job.

After going shopping in the morning and studying in the afternoon, I sat up in bed watching TV and drinking wine, then finally dozed off around midnight.

* * *

I woke with a start to find Carly, leaning over me and Todd standing behind her.

"Molly, wake up."

"Huh?" I grunted.

My bedside clock read 11:45. Then I realized I was naked bar a t-shirt, and one of my legs was out, on top of the covers.

"Oh, my god," I gasped, trying to roll onto my back and pull the covers over me.

Both intruders had serious expressions on their faces. "Too late kid, we've seen

your bruised ass. Tell us what happened.”

She perched herself on the side of the bed. “Please, let me get dressed. I need a cup of coffee.”

“Not until you tell us what happened.”

I was kicking myself for forgetting about the marks. I didn’t think they were bad, but with my pale skin they were obviously noticeable.

“If I tell you, will you give me a break?” I guessed they been home for a while, because Carly had changed into a pair of towelling shorts and a t-shirt. Todd was wearing jeans and a short-sleeve shirt.

“Depends. Come on, tell us.”

“It’s my boss...”

“The Professor?”

“Yes, he introduced the new uniform and when I presented the reports to him, he... um...”

“Took advantage of you?” Todd asked.

“Yes, sort of.”

“Tell us exactly what he did.”

“Well, he stroked my ass. I had my knickers on,” I added hastily.

“And then he spanked you?”

“He stroked my ass on Wednesday and spanked me on Friday.”

They both looked shocked. “So, this old Professor makes you bend over, pulls your knickers down and spansks you with his hand?”

I sat up and folded my arms. “He’s not old and what he did... I didn’t complain... I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Mmmm,” Carly said with a determined expression on her face. “Take a shower and then we’ll decide your future. While you’re in there I’ll sort something out for you to wear...” She suddenly pulled the covers back. I tried to grab them, but they were gone. “...and shave your pubes off. Todd and I don’t like them.”

I stared at her aghast. “Are you serious?”

“Molly, I am deadly serious, and things are going to change around here...”

“Whaa... what are you talking about?”

“If you’re happy with your boss, an old professor, spanking your naked ass, then you’re clearly in need of some submissive training. Now go and have a shower.”

They both waited while I clambered out of the other side of the bed and fetched a towel from my chest of drawers. The t-shirt I was wearing only covered the upper slopes of my ass and my belly, so the pair were able to get an eyeful of my naked nether region.

“Can I take some underwear to put on?”

“No,” Carly said emphatically. “Have a shower and return here. Todd will keep an eye on you.”

Todd followed me out of the room, like a massive bodyguard taking a star onto the stage. When I arrived at the bathroom, I stopped and turned. “Todd, this isn’t fair.”

“Carly is in charge, girl, and if I were you, I’d do as I was told.”

I went to close the door, but he put his foot out to stop it. “No. Leave the door open so I can see what you’re doing.”

“No, I need the toilet.”

He pushed the door right open. “Get on with it,” he said in a stern voice.

I was appalled by the sudden loss of freedom in my own home. The fact that I rented the room from Carly was immaterial. However, the last thing I wanted was to get turfed out of the flat, with the rents being so high around London. I

regretted telling her what happened at work because she clearly disapproved of what the Professor had done to me.

I slunk over to the toilet and sat down for a wee. It was lucky I was desperate, otherwise the shame of being watched might have locked my muscles. I dabbed with a bit of tissue, flushed and after removing my t-shirt, opened the shower door.

“Not so fast, Molly. I’ll shave your cunt first.” He pointed at the basin where the lady-razor and an aerosol of cream was sitting.

“You?!” I was aghast. “No...” The equipment was usually kept in the cupboard. “You were planning to do this all along.”

He shook his head and then moved to the basin. “I’ve just done Carly’s.”

“Huh? Are you joking? No... let me do it...”

“Molly, don’t argue. I know what I’m doing. Lift your left foot onto the lid of the toilet and it’ll only take me a minute.”

“Please let me do it.”

“Molly, do you want another spanking?” He wagged his finger at me.

I was aware that the man admonishing me was probably only six or seven years older than me. Being ordered about by such a young man was difficult to take, but I was getting nowhere arguing with him and didn’t want my sore ass smacked again. The man was probably twice my size and capable of really hurting me.

“No, I don’t.”

“Then do as you’re told.”

“I’m a twenty-one-year-old girl...”

“No, you’re a twenty-one-year-old naughty girl, now get on with it.”

Against my better judgement, I turned and lifted my bare foot onto the pan, thus

revealing the full length of my hairy pussy.

“There’s a good girl. That wasn’t difficult was it?” He squirted some foam on his hand, added a little water then reaching between my thighs, smeared the white foam onto my mons and pussy.

“Heh, that’s not necessary,” I moaned when he pushed his fingers into my soft folds. “There are no hairs in there.”

“Never can be too sure...”

After he had a good rub, he washed his hand under the tap, hunkered down and started to shave my pussy. My hair wasn’t long because I kept it trimmed, so he was able to whisk it off with one pass of the blade. I was mad, but I was also impressed with his technique and the way he stretched the skin away from the blade action.

My lips were hairy before he shaved them, so I was pleased to see the result after he used a flannel to wipe the excess foam away.

“There, that was easy, wasn’t it?”

“I suppose so,” I said reluctantly.

“Now turn around, Molly, and put your hands on the seat so I can finish the job.”

“Finish the job? What do you mean?”

“Your anus and perineum are still hairy. Come-on, let’s get it over with.”

“Uhhhh!” I growled in frustration but slowly turned my back on him and presented my ass for his inspection.

Once again, he smeared foam on the relevant area - my most secret spot - and started massaging it in.

“Very good. Don’t clench your cheeks, Molly... Good girl...”

I was mortified to have a young black guy, shaving the crack between my cheeks and then lower between my holes. After putting the razor down, he began

examining my labia on the pretext of searching for hairs.

Once he had a good puggle he slapped my ass. “All done. Go take a shower.”

I was so relieved to straighten and step into the cubicle. Thankfully, he couldn't stop me from closing the door and turning my back on him. Yes, he got to watch me wash my naked body, but I shut him out of my thoughts and instead thought about what I should do about my relationship with Carly.

Was I prepared to let her dominate me and if I did, where would it lead? I didn't want to have a lesbian relationship with her, but I didn't want to lose her friendship.

When I stepped out of the cubicle, the statuesque figure was holding a towel and then subjected me to a brutal rub down. He took the opportunity to fondle my breasts something he hadn't done during the previous night's 'game'. He also made a meal of drying the rest of my body, which I didn't mind at all.

“Not so rough,” I pleaded. Slap! “Owww!” I exclaimed. “What was that for?” I was referring to the hard slap he delivered to my naked ass.

“Speaking out of turn and that's just a sample of what you'll get if you disrespect either of us again. Come on, Carly will be waiting.”

He put the towel around my shoulders and then followed me back to my bedroom. My bossy friend, who was tidying my room, pointed to a pink pyjama top laying on the bed, alongside a pair of long white socks.

“Put those things on, Molly.”

“What? Is this some kind of j...” Slap! “Owwwww, that hurt!” I cried.

“I warned you, Molly, put the clothes on.”

The top was one half of a pyjama set and the same length as the t-shirt I slept in. It covered my tits, but little else. Once I had donned the top, which had a pink heart on the front, I sat on the bed to pull the socks on. They waited until I had finished, then led me down the hall to the kitchen.

“Have your breakfast, Molly, and then report to us in my bedroom.”

I stared at Carly. “Please let me put...” Todd raised his hand, so I abruptly fell silent and entered the kitchen.

Satisfied I was following their orders, they left me alone and disappeared into Carly’s room. I usually have a bowl of All-bran with low fat milk and a cup of coffee, before rushing off to work. I didn’t see any reason to change my habit, but I found it the strangest experience to be eating my food, while sitting on a stool with a bare ass.

I examined my pussy and discovered I liked the smooth feel of my labia and mons; and wondered why I hadn’t done it before. What concerned me was the game my flatmate and her boyfriend were playing. The slaps and aggression were real, but was their behaviour a result of finding me with bruises on my ass; or were they planning on dominating me from the moment they arrived at the flat?

I had to face facts, I was in their ‘game’ up to my neck and wasn’t sure whether I should continue to go along with their wishes or fight back. I decided to play it by ear, on the basis that the worst that could happen was another bout of sex with the handsome young black doctor. Beyond that, I didn’t know what the future held for me, either at home or at work...

THE END

In Part Two, Molly tries to cope with and satisfy two domineering couples, one at home and the other at work. I hope you enjoyed this first part of Molly’s story.

Thank you for reading my work. A.S.

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