

# *An Office Affair*

by JJ Argus



Modern Erotic Library

# *An Office Affair*

by JJ Argus



Modern Erotic Library

# **An Office Affair**

By JJ Argus

*Copyright 2012*

## **Smashwords Edition, License Notes**

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to [smashwords.com](http://smashwords.com) and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **About the author**

JJ Argus has written more than 200 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests.

*All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen*

# Chapter One

Ever start to think that maybe you married the wrong guy?

Don't get me wrong, Michael is a great guy. He's loving, tender, sweet, thoughtful, and intelligent and respectful. He's exactly the guy I thought I wanted when I was nineteen.

The problem is I was a different person then.

Oh, not entirely. I'm still a feminist, an environmentalist, a lover of exercise, skiing, swimming, boating, gardening, leather furniture, modern art. I mean, all that stuff, it hasn't changed. What has slowly changed, over time, is my attitude about men. I used to be the ardent, stereotypical young feminist. You know, outraged if I was treated as a sex object, determined to be respected, to be treated as an equal, rejecting any special treatment as a woman, disdaining the old school approach where the man was the head of the family.

Michael and I were partners, sharing all decisions equally. In theory. In reality, Michael was kind of, well, a wimp. Maybe I'd just browbeat him too much over the years. I don't know. But he not only lets me do anything I want he asks me what he should do! I don't know. It's hard to explain. I don't think of him as a wimp, exactly, but, well, he's sure a pushover in any kind of discussion. It's always me that has to decide, me who has to act.

I didn't mind that when I was twenty. In fact, I kind of liked it. I don't now. He's got a nicely toned body from working at the gym regularly, but he's not a tough guy by any means. He's not even, well he's not very manly. He's fastidious about cleanliness and neatness to the point I just roll my eyes. I sometimes ask myself who's the man in this relationship anyway?

But the sex is really the core of what was driving my unhappiness. Again, it's entirely my own fault. The kind of gentle, sharing sex that Michael and I had was what I had wanted when younger. But now it bored me. Maybe it bored Michael too, because while my interest in sex has grown his has, uhm, well, shrunk. But my efforts at trying new things, bold things, even kinky things were

met with complete, sometimes prudish disapproval.

He had no real interest in sex beyond the straightforward missionary position, and not a lot in that. I was starting to wonder if he was gay or something. I certainly wasn't thinking of him as very, well, 'manly'. Sex with him was soft, gentle, and loving, but after years of it I was looking for something rougher, wilder, nastier, something with passion and sweat and maybe a touch of darkness even.

I saw this picture, an art print, a drawing, but very nicely done. It was of a beautiful woman on her knees, naked. Her chest was on the floor, her full breasts pillowed out beneath her. Her bottom was raised high, knees wide apart, and then pulled forward awkwardly so that from knee to hip they were almost vertical – except angled to the sides, if you know what I mean.

It was a look of a woman ready to be taken! Ready to be mounted and used hard by a real man, a bull of a man! I saw it and I immediately put myself in that picture, imagined myself kneeling like that, my ass in the air, ready for a man to move behind me and sink himself deep into my body. But that man wouldn't pump in and out slowly and tenderly. No, he would thrust into me hard and fast, ride me, maybe grab my hair and yank it back, slap my ass, curse and snarl and ram himself into me!

He would ride me like a fucking animal! And I would come like one, screaming, writhing, my insides on fire.

It was literally impossible to imagine Michael doing that. Michael didn't curse. Michael didn't get sweaty, except when working out. And then he had a shower immediately after, and did his hair. Michael's suits were perfectly tailored on his tall, slender body, not a button out of place, not a seam that wasn't sharply cut. Michael had a soft, genial voice. Michael had never hit me or any other woman, not even in play. The idea of Michael snarling and spanking me while riding me was absurd.

And why would I even want something like that? Didn't it go against everything I believed about equality?

Well, kind of, yeah.

And I still believed in equality. I just believed that, maybe, the guy should be just

a little more equal in certain ways. My eyes started to rove, and my mind followed, eying men in the streets, in stores, at work, my thoughts drifting along dangerous roads. I wasn't a submissive woman by nature, so why was I having fantasies about men dominating me in bed, using me, riding me like a whore, like a bitch in heat?

I'd been with Michael for six years. Was there a female version of the seven year itch? Was that all it was, an itch that needed scratching? I mean, I didn't like being told what to do by anyone. God knows I'd made that clear to Michael. Was that one of the reasons he'd gone all wimpy on me, or had he been wimpy right from the start?

So what did I want? I didn't want some big bellied bad boy in a wife-beater shirt, that was for sure. But I did want a man with some bulk with wide shoulders and an attitude that said 'I'm the boss' but who wouldn't take that to extremes. I wanted to be a partner, but maybe, maybe not the partner in charge. Maybe I wanted to be a junior partner...

I felt guilty about those kinds of thoughts. It wasn't fair to Michael. He was behaving exactly the way I'd always wanted him to – before.

But I had changed, and he wasn't changing with me. And I was finding him boring, and too boyish for a man who was nearly thirty. I didn't want a tennis player. I wanted a football player No, a rugby player, hmm, with an Australian accent. Hot, sweaty, with hair on his chest (Michael shaved his) and a growl in his voice on occasion.

That picture kind of obsessed me. I got down on all fours naked in front of the bedroom closet door. It was mirrored, as was the one next to it. Naked, I looked pretty good. Like Michael, I worked out regularly. I was slender by nature, though I have decent breasts. And keeping my stomach firm and flat had been something I'd worked at hard for years. I too was bereft of hair, not so much because I wanted it that way but because Michael insisted.

Insisted? Well not really. More like he pouted. I think he had this image of me which came from statues, from art, and wanted me to look like that.

I knelt there on all fours, my right side to the mirror, rolling my eyes to the side, turning my head a little, examining myself, imagining myself with a man behind me, using me, gripping my hair, slapping my butt, my body rocking to his hard

thrusts, to the slapping of his hips against my buttocks.

Oh yeah!

I could feel the heat rising within me, could see and feel my nipples stiffening and tingling as a flush crept over my face.

I dropped to my elbows, raising my bottom, feeling my heart beating faster as I examined myself. And then, grunting with effort, I lowered my chest to the floor, letting my breasts pillow out beneath me. I shifted my knees forward but apart, straining the tendons and muscles in my groin, wanting myself in that 'submissive' pose which had captured my imagination.

I could feel how open I was back there, could imagine the sight of me a man would get as he looked down. The thought of Michael seeing me like this was actually embarrassing. He'd frown in confusion and disapproval. He didn't like sex from behind at all. It wasn't romantic enough. He wanted us face to face so his lips and mine could be together, he said. He hadn't married my ass, he'd married me.

Oh, he would've done it if I'd insisted, but it would have been reluctantly, without enthusiasm, and he would have thought less of me for it.

Slap my ass? Michael!? He was an organizer of the white ribbon campaign locally, the male sponsored campaign against violence against women. No way he was going to slap any part of me.

I felt like a slut like this, but that wasn't shameful. I felt wanton, hot, erotic. I could feel how wet I was, how hot.

I got up with a grunt, and got the video camera, then placed it in position behind me and just a bit to the side. I turned it on then got back into position. I shifted a little, rolled my hips back and forth, then checked camera again, feeling my heart thumping.

Well from there I proceeded to the living room, set up the camera again, this time broadcasting through wifi to the TV, and stared at myself, entranced. God, I looked hot and sexy! I got my dildo and then used it, masturbating while staring at myself, turning into different positions, as lewd, as obscene as possible, acting the total slut, the total skanky tramp for the camera, fingering myself, rubbing

my clit, and using that dildo hard and fast.

I drove myself to orgasm, as unrestrained, given I was alone in the house, as I'd let myself be for years.

And then, when I watched myself again on the camera, I masturbated, just looking at it, coming again in less than a minute.

I toyed with the thought of somehow letting Michael find the video, but no, he'd be, well, grossed out, probably. Yes, he was that fastidious, that opposed to raw, nasty sex, or anything else that wasn't dignified. He wasn't a very emotional man, I realized. He smiled a lot, and seemed relatively content, but he wasn't a man given to excitement, or to seeking it.

I wanted excitement.

I wanted thrills.

And I wasn't getting them.

For months I daydreamed, and sometimes masturbated with thoughts of being dominated, being used roughly rode hard and put away wet, as they say. I looked at porn on the internet, some of it kind of gross, and find one other image which caught my mind, my imagination.

It was another naked woman. This was a drawing, too, more of a cartoon, but very well done. A naked blonde was standing with her arms raised high, tied together at the wrists. A man was taking her cruelly, brutally from behind, jerking her hips back as he thrust up between her thighs. She was on her toes, her head drawn back, mouth open as she screamed. I thought that was incredibly hot!

Fast forward.

I work at Robertson Davies, an upscale architectural and engineering firm in a mid-town office tower. We're fashionable but also modern and relaxed. People come to work dressed pretty much however they like, within reason. That doesn't include sweatpants or jeans or shorts for men, nor cleavage, miniskirts or midriff tops for women, but just about anything else was fine.

Managers tended to wear suits, though. And certainly, directors did.

Dennis Ford was the new director. We'd got notice, knew the name, but there'd been no description.

My first sight of him, the only description I could have given was 'wow'.

He was a big man all the way around. He was tall, with broad shoulders and a football players build. He wore his suit well, but seemed somewhat out of place. I can't say exactly why. He seemed less – tame – than the rest of us, somehow. He looked like he ought to be swinging a hammer or a wrench or something, not holding management meetings.

His face was chiseled and good looking, but not someone you would instantly describe as handsome. He had short dark hair and long lashes over his brown eyes. And he acted very gentlemanly, quite going against the grain of his appearance, at least at first.

I overheard him, a week later, on the phone, and he was angry. He was snarling, and didn't seem to worry about his language either. It was kind of eye opening. People around here didn't display anger, didn't raise their voice, and certainly didn't curse on the phone during a business call.

“I don't give a fuck what those assholes think,” he was growling. “Tell them to get off their asses and do what they're told or I'll find someone who will!”

Why did hearing that voice make my nipples tingle?

The anonymous man in my fantasies now began to take shape. And his face was Dennis Ford's face.

Of course, there wasn't a lot of opportunity for me to get close to him. He was a director. I was just a purchasing agent. I took instructions from my team leader, Cindy, who took hers from our manager Larry. I might encounter Dennis in the hall, or by walking past his office, but that was about it, at first.

It started to feel a little strange when I did encounter him, though. I mean, my favorite fantasy was him taking me from behind while I was on my knees, like in that original print, of him using me roughly, yanking on my hair, slapping my ass. I'd masturbate in bed with the dildo, my hand thrust back between my

thighs, pumping it in and out as I imagined Dennis taking me like that, hard.

So running into him, I always felt a little awkward, a little embarrassed, like I had this terrible secret, you know, and had a hard time meeting his eyes without blushing.

Inevitably, when new directors arrive, they put in long hours getting acquainted with everything, and all the issues. Then, once the mad rush was done, one of the first things they wanted to do was redecorate their offices. As purchasing agents, we mostly bought in bulk for new buildings, not individually for a single office.

But even so, when it needed doing, we did it. And I arranged to be the one when I found out he was looking for new furniture.

No, I wasn't planning on jumping his bones! I just wanted to spend a little time with him, to get to know him a little.

He had a voice which went deep into my chest and rumbled down into my groin. It was a deep voice, a man's voice, and stroked something which had been growing inside me for many months, maybe for years.

Dennis was the kind of guy you imagined would crush anyone who got in his way. But he had all kinds of Dilbert cartoon souvenirs on his shelves. He got along well with the managers, and often made them laugh with his disarming stories. He was a man's man.

And sitting down across from him for the first time, I felt like he was a woman's man, too, and I very much wanted to be that woman.

He looked at me, when I came through the door, the way a man looks at a woman, but without staring, without ogling, without being obvious. There was nothing in his attitude which could have let even the old me complain. But I could feel that he appreciated what he was seeing. The one complaint I might have once made about him was that he didn't treat me the way he did all the others he dealt with. I'd heard him often enough. My desk was close enough to his office for that.

His voice was strong, decisive. But it softened with me, in the way you might find a man's voice softening when talking to a young, pretty woman.

Can I call myself that without being thought of as egotistical? I know I'm hot. I've always known it. Guys don't let you be in much confusion about that, however polite they might be. And a part of me had always kind of preened at that, even when I was indignant about being thought of as a sex object.

I was vain about my hair. It's blonde, naturally so, wavy, and well past my shoulders. Michael, Mister practicality, has often suggested I cut it to save time in the morning. And I've always agreed I ought to, but whenever I went to the hairstylist all that came out of it was a slight trim.

I have a narrow, oval face, with blue eyes, high cheekbones, and a small mouth with full lips. I'm tall for a woman, and as I said, have always been fairly slender. My breasts are C-cups, and still firm past the midpoint of my twenties, due to my own stringent exercise routine. My ass isn't going to make J-Lo envious, but it's firm and tight.

I know men look at me, and it doesn't bother me any more. In fact, as long as they're polite about it, I like it.

“Have a seat, Taylor,” he said in a genial, friendly voice.

I let my mind imagine what he'd do if I sat in his lap, then slipped onto the sofa as he sat down on the chair facing me.

He was, as he often was, in shirt sleeves, the suit jacket on the back of his chair. His shirt was blue, with a blue and white silk tie dangling from his neck.

He was smiling. At me. I wondered if he was imagining me naked, imagining me on my knees before him. He wasn't married, but he had a girlfriend, or so I'd heard. Maybe they'd split up?

I was in form fitting gray dress pants with a green blouse. I wished I'd worn something sexier as we began to discuss what he could do with the office, what the limits were, as set by the company, and the time-lines of getting a designer up there and going over what was needed with the furniture suppliers.

The discussion was all very businesslike. There was nothing improper about anything which was said. And yet... right from the start I felt a strong sexual attraction to him, and, maybe it was just in my own mind, but a sexual tension between us. He was quite proper, and I wasn't consciously flirting or anything,

exactly...

Okay, I was certainly aware of how I positioned my body, of how I posed, but it wasn't like I bent over in front of him or anything!

It was a corner office, of course. It had big windows on two walls. The third held a small closet, and a small bathroom. The fourth had the door, and a glass panel next to it with vertical fabric blinds which could be opened or closed. It wasn't a luxurious office. It was a working office. He had a nice L-shaped desk, a cabinet behind it, a round table with four chairs, a sideboard, and a small sofa and chair with coffee table.

He had an administrative assistant outside, but didn't seem to make much use of her. That is, he seemed to be, from what I'd observed a pretty low maintenance sort of boss, who did most things himself. That usually left her surfing the internet or doing things for the managers.

Dennis wasn't even forty, but had classical tastes; Big, solid, brown polished wood. His biggest concern was an office chair. He had a hard time finding one that was comfortable for a man his size.

It didn't happen all at once. I suppose I was sending signals that a blind man might have recognized. I don't know. It wasn't, for the most part, conscious. But I wasn't making any secret that I liked him. He took my suggestion that we drive to one of our big suppliers and check out all the chairs at their showroom, and that got us in the same car together, his shiny black Mercedes, chatting about things, getting to know each other a little better.

“You played football, right?” I said.

He was driving, of course.

“Yeah. It was a way to go to university without paying. My father worked at a gas station. There's no way he could have send me to college. I wasn't that good, though. Oh, I had the size, but football has never been my big ambition, so really, I went to practice and played so I could learn engineering. A lot of guys in college ball are focused entirely on that, and just go through the motions with their courses. I was very much the exception. Used to piss the coach off to no end when I wanted to study instead of practice.

“Shouldn't he have encouraged that?”

Dennis snorted. “When you're a football player in a big ten school the only thing you're supposed to care about is football. He was always on my ass for not having enough dedication. Can't really blame him. He lived and breathed football, and rarely got out of the athletic department. He didn't think anything else was important.

“And you didn't really like football that much.”

“I loved football. Still do. I'm just not a fanatic about it. I liked the cheerleaders, though.”

He turned his head sideways with a laugh, grinning briefly.

“Most men do,” I said.

“They thought they were athletes too,” he said.

“It does take a lot of athletic ability.”

“Yeah. You have to be in shape .And those girls were sure in shape.”

“So there were some benefits to being on the football team other than free tuition,” I said dryly.

“Oh yes,” he said.

He turned and grinned at me again. “You've got long legs. I'm sure you considered being a cheerleader.”

“I had no interest in it. Back then I was very feministic. I considered them sellouts to the cause, bimbos there for men to ogle.”

“Well, they kind of were,” he said.

“Then again, football players wear very tight pants,” I said with raised eyebrows and my own smirk. “Maybe that's why they're always slapping each others bottoms.”

He laughed. “I've slapped bottoms, but none have been football players,” he said

with a sly grin.

“Uh huh,” I said, feeling my pulse race a little.

I had worn a red sweater dress that day, knowing I'd be going to the furniture warehouse with him. It was perfectly decent, but form fitting, with a black rope belt around my waist. I felt my nipples tingling a little within the cups of my lacy black bra at his words, and the images which they roused in my mind.

“I guess you have to do something to keep the managers in line.”

He laughed loudly. It was an open, unrestrained laugh, and I couldn't help smiling, then chuckling a little with him.

“You think I should put Peter across my knee?” he asked with a broad grin.

“Ooo. I don't think I want to have that image in my mind,” I protested.

He laughed again. “Me neither,” he said.

“But Lori has a nice butt,” I said slyly.

He snorted. “Don't go getting me into trouble, Taylor.”

I shrugged casually and grinned. “Some women like being spanked. Or so I've heard.”

God! Was I being too blatant!? I felt a panicky sensation in my chest and fought to think of something to turn the conversation somewhere else. I didn't, for a moment, think anything was seriously going to happen between us, you see. And now I was worried I'd left myself exposed, so to speak, and he'd think I was some kind of slut.

Which was not what you wanted your director thinking about you!

“If this place doesn't have what you like we do have another dealer not far away,” I said.

“She said, changing the subject,” he said with a grin.

“I wouldn't want to get in trouble,” I said.

'Definitely not. No telling what Human Resources would proscribe for your discipline," he replied with a straight face.

The furniture warehouse was not open to the general public. They didn't do retail. They dealt with businesses and governments, and the showroom reflected that. They rarely made sales of just one chair. More often it was for a hundred chairs. But we were good customers, so they weren't about to show anything but enthusiastic welcome. The saleslady offered to show us around, and did bring us upstairs to where the office chairs were, but we let her get on with something while we went from one chair and desk to another.

"You can try one out for a week, if you want," I said. "They'll take it away, and you can try out another until you find one you like."

"I like this one," he said, sitting in a leather backed executive chair. It feels kind of flimsy, though, as if my weight will break it."

I checked the label. "It' rated for three hundred and fifty pounds," I said. "What do you weigh?"

He laughed. Not that much. Heck. I could have someone else on my lap and we'd still be fine."

He wasn't looking at me when he said it but I blushed a little for some reason.

I felt a strange little sense of light-headedness. Everything I'd done so far had been mostly unconscious. Mostly. But what I was about to say wasn't.

"Do you mean on your lap or across it?" I asked.

He grinned slyly and I felt my nipples tingling again, along with a hot little thrum of heat and sensation between my legs.

We moved on to another desk set, and the chair that was with it.

"I like this desk setup, actually," he said, admiring it.

I dutifully opened and closed a few drawers to see that they, of course, moved smoothly. This was not the cheaper section of the warehouse, after all. It was an L shaped desk, and on the one side was an attached cabinet with overhead

cupboards.

“Well, I suppose it's okay for someone your height,” I said. “I think short people would have a hard time getting at these cabinets.”

I reached for them, feeling a swirling tightness in my chest. I could have reached them easier, but exaggerated it a bit so that I could lean forward a little across the edge of the desk, pulling open one of the upper cabinets to look inside. That included rising on the balls of my feet to peer inside. There was a pamphlet or booklet there and I deliberately reached for it just because it was justify leaning forward further, rising higher.

“It's solid oak, from wood grown in Oregon,” I said, examining it to cover myself.

Heart pounding, I glanced into the cabinet again, rising momentarily on my toes. “There's another pamphlet of some kind,” I said.

No, I wasn't being all that subtle. I admit it. I mean, I didn't have a ton of experience at it, and, really, with the way I was feeling, all I was going for was deniability.

I rose higher, leaning in, hips pressed against the edge of the desk, trying to reach the slip of paper. And then I felt his bulk behind me, his hand on the cabinet door next to mine, touching mine, as he reached past me. His body pressed momentarily against mine, and I felt his groin press against my taut bottom.

I almost gasped aloud, and he drew back quickly, paper in hand.

“Looks like just instructions for putting it together,” he said casually.

My face was flushed and I drew away, thinking, God, what a slut I am!

But my heart was thumping my pulse racing. My hands were becoming a little sweaty. My nipples were rock hard and I was getting wet. The sexual tension was growing much worse, and I knew I needed to take a break, calm down and stop this before it got out of hand. I was married! And this was, well, not my boss, but my boss's boss! This was unprofessional, dangerous and stupid!

We looked at more furniture, and I tried to keep from acting like a slut. I calmed down a little, but I was still feeling the heat at his presence. I was also feeling embarrassed and worried. Had I made a fool of myself? What was he thinking? That a slut from the office had come on to him?

He was decisive, and so we weren't there too long. When we left it was nearly noon, though, so he drove us to a nearby restaurant for lunch: his treat.

We talked about where we'd worked. He'd recently moved and I asked about it, and that was when his girlfriend was married.

“Annie and I have been together, off and on, for a few years,” he said. “Sometimes we can't stand each other. Mostly, though, we're just friends.”

“Friends?”

“With benefits,” he said with a smile.

“Understanding of her.”

“You don't know Annie. The woman couldn't live without sex for long. “

“I wish my husband was like that,” I said, slightly bitter.

“Really?” He raised his eyebrows. “I'm amazed.”

“Why?”

“I can't see how a man could live with a woman like you and be unaffected.”

“A woman like me?”

“A beautiful, intelligent, sophisticated, sensual woman.”

I laughed a little, blushing “Sensual?”

“Well, maybe seductive.”

“Oh please. I have no idea how to seduce anyone.”

“You have very seductive eyes,” he said.

I looked at him and I felt my eyes held by his, then dropped them, blushing again.

I was all whirl. Was I going to go for what I wanted? Or was I going to chicken out and act like the modest schoolgirl?! What was I supposed to do!?

The waiter arrived then, and, relieved, I looked away. Dennis paid him, and then we went out, but I felt his big, warm hand on my back as he guided me through the open door, and I flushed again as it dropped – slowly off and we walked to the car.

It was a big car, and SUV, for he was a big man. He guided me to the passenger door and held it open. The car was parked against the side of the restaurant, and there was another one opposite us. I think what surprised me was that I'd spent so much time around Michael, who was always loath to make the first move on anything, and was woefully indecisive.

Dennis was not indecisive.

He opened the door, but then gripped my shoulder, lightly but firmly, and when I turned to him in surprise I found my face much closer to his than I'd expected.

My lips much closer to his.

And then there was no space at all.

## Chapter Two

I don't think I had quite appreciated just how big Dennis was until he was an inch away from me, until I was hemmed in against the side of the SUV and he was standing there, looking down at me, so ... big, so wide, so heavy. And then his lips were on mine, and I was shocked. Why? Well, I guess... I guess everything had been in the realm of fantasy and play until he just stepped up and kissed me. And then my first inclination was to draw back, except there was nowhere to draw back to!

And my mind spun around, trying to decide if I really wanted to draw back anyway, and whether this wasn't crazy (it was) and then the feelings of guilt, and what-ifs, and all.

But Dennis was a very good kisser! And as his lips moved softly against mine, and his arms slid around me, enveloped me like a bear, pulled me up against him, I felt a spiraling heat rising within me and a sense of breathless anticipation I hadn't felt in years. I felt a wild shock as his hands slipped down and cupped my ass, pulling me up more firmly against him. My tongue met his, and, encouraged, his slid deeper, his heavy body pressing me back against the side of the van.

He was not gentle. He wasn't a wild, rough, out of control man either, but he was a guy who knew what he wanted, and wasn't reluctant about going for it. His fingers kneaded my buttocks as we kissed, half lifting me onto the balls of my feet so he didn't have to bend over as much. My hands slid up his chest, up over those huge shoulders.

And then he pulled back, his eyes hungry, and turned me towards the car, helping me climb up and in. He went around to the other side as I fought to catch my breath, and climbed in beside me.

Without warming, his big arm shot out, his hand sweeping around behind my head, then pulling me forward, halfway across the gearshift as he crushed my lips with his again before releasing me.

So much for catching my breath!

He pulled out, grinning at me. Neither of us said anything. I didn't know what to say! What I wanted to say was that I wasn't a slut (though I felt like one) that I didn't do this sort of thing. I guess, I guess some part of me wanted to try to justify the way I was behaving. But I knew if I even tried I'd sound like a sputtering fool.

Nor did Dennis seem to be very interested in conversation. He was intent on his driving. And then he accelerated down a side road, turned, and pulled into – a motel.

Oh fuck! I gaped at the office as he got out of the car.

“Dennis!”

But the door was already closed! I stared at him as he headed across to the office, and disappeared inside. I looked around me anxiously. A motel!? I wasn't ready for this! And this was so... sordid! I wasn't the kind of woman who cheated on her husband in motels! What did Dennis think I was anyway, some kind of slut!? I felt a rising sense of indignation. Just because we'd flirted a little and I'd let him kiss me didn't mean he could expect me to go to a motel with him! The gall of the man!

When he got back I was going to tell him to just drive on!

But if I did that... then I'd never know. I mean, the thought of him, the fantasy of him using me, riding me, had been in my mind for months. If I drove him away... and that would piss him off too. What would that do to my career?!

My mind was spinning through it all as he climbed in.

“Dennis – .” I began aggressively.

And that it. His arm swept around me again, his hand behind my head, behind my neck, gripping it, pulling me forward as if I was weightless, pulling me right across the middle of the car until I was half laying upon him, his lips on mine, my hands on his chest. God! It was a long, deep kiss, and when he eased his grip on me all I could do was gulp in air.

He drove into the lot while I tried to gather my scattered wits.

“This is insane!” I exclaimed. “I don't do this kind of thing!”

“I guess you do now” he said with a grin.

Arrogant man!

“I guess this is what bad girls do,” he said with a sly smirk.

And then he was out of the car. I just sat there, frozen, until he came around to the other side and opened the door. He reached in and took my arm, half pulling, half helping me down. My mind was still spinning and filled with indecision as he led me to the room, unlocked it, and pulled me inside.

I felt like I was being herded! And then he closed the door behind him and we were alone!

I gulped, staring at the big double bed, then spun around to stare at... up... at him.

“I-I don't know about this,” I gulped.

His arms slid around me, his hands on my ass again. I leaned away from his lips but they followed me back. I felt his hands were lifting me into the air against him. My arms instinctively slid over his shoulders and my legs around his hips. And there was no avoiding his lips then! He turned me and dropped my ass onto the dresser next to the bed, his lips crushing mine, pushing me back, back towards the mirror.

His hands were at my waist, and I wasn't sure what they were doing at first, not caring, but then my belt fell back onto the dresser as he undid it.

He was between my legs! My legs were spread around him as he leaned in against the dresser, leaned over me, and I could feel his groin against my crotch as his lips moved against mine.

He drew back abruptly, his hands dropping to my thighs. My dress had ridden up fairly high, but now he gripped my thighs in his big hands and jerked my legs up and apart, sliding me down the dresser so that I was laying on it, my shoulders and head bent forward by the mirror. I was wide open! He was staring at my

panty covered groin as he dropped to his knees before me.

Then, still holding my thighs up and apart, he took my pussy in his wide mouth, enveloping me through my panties! I felt his hot breath through the thin cotton and silk, felt the pressure of his teeth, then his tongue against me as I reeled in stunned excitement, heat and uncertainty.

He released my thighs, drawing his hands in against my groin but his arms, his elbows, pressed my legs back as he tugged aside the crotch of my panties to expose my sex. He didn't hesitate. His mouth enveloped me again, then his thumbs rubbed up and down on either side of my naked sex as he kissed my clit, then licked at it.

“Fuck! Fuck!” I moaned.

“Soon,” he breathed.

*Oh my God! What was I doing!?*

His tongue swept over my clit, hard, fast, while his thumbs pushed in against my pussy, penetrating the mouth of my pussy, and then pulling aside the lips of my sex. His tongue slipped off my clit, and thrust into my opening, swirling and twirling as his nose ground against my clit instead. I was laying on the dresser, gasping, moaning, my legs spread wide, my ass kind of sticking out over the side of the dresser, overwhelmed by the shocking suddenness of all of this and still not even sure I didn't want to run screaming into the street!

But the heat was rising within me and the anxiety and uncertainty fading. I was already wet, and as his tongue began to lap at my clit again I felt the star bust sensations rushing through my groin and up into my chest. I gasped and moaned as he rose above me, my eyes rolling back, staring up at him as his fingers pushed into me: one, two, three big fingers sliding down the warm, moist, elastic walls of my sex as I gasped up at him.

He leaned over me, his fingers twisting and pumping, his thumb stroking up across my clit. He grabbed my hair in his other hand, jerking my head up and back, forcing my back to arch as he bent to run his lips along the side of my throat and up under my ear

His fingers slid back, and then gripped the elastic waistband of my panties and

tore them right off! I let out a startled exclamation as I felt the sharp, sudden pressure against my hips and thighs. Then the thing broke and he was throwing it behind me as he gripped my thighs again and forced my legs even wider.

“I-I...”

“Need to be fucked,” he said.

He unzipped and I gasped, shaking my head, more to clear it than in denial. He undid his pants and dropped them, then pulled his cock out. Like the rest of him, it was big, thick, and long, and he rubbed it up and down the throbbing, overheated opening to my sex, then pushed it quickly forward.

I wanted to tell him to slow down! I wanted to pause, to think things through, to consider –

It didn't matter. I felt him pushing into me, felt myself stretched wide, wider even than the dildo I'd bought, gasped and moaned and whimpered as his cock pushed down into my throbbing pussy. The way my head was pushed forward I was staring right at it as it slid into me, inch after hot, throbbing inch, and then his lips were on mine again as he gripped my hair and breast at the same time.

I moaned and squirmed and twisted as he worked his cock into me. I was still wearing my dress, but that hardly mattered since it was bunched up around my waist now. His cock was deep inside, and pushing insistently deeper. I was starting to feel immensely full, his hardness sliding deeper into my belly, stretching out every inch of my vaginal tunnel as he rose up before me, starting to pump.

His cock moved inside me; in and out, in and out, as his hands gripped my thighs again, spreading them wider, raising them higher. I was so helpless! I could only gasp and moan and stare either up at him or at the side of my naked pussy and his cock moving into me, stare with a sense of disbelief mixed with wild, churning heat and hunger.

Dennis lifted my legs up gripping them behind the knees, and pressed them back toward my chest, spreading them wide so the tendons ached. Then his hands slid up along my legs to my ankles, straightening my legs and forcing my ankles back over my head so that my feet, the top of my feet, still in high heels, pressed against the mirror!

Jesus God! I still couldn't believe this was happening!

He was leaning into me, thrusting down, his hands firm against my ankles, locking them immovably in place as his hips worked in and out. I shuddered and twisted, and every movement made his long hard, slick cock touch some new place within me! I was crushed in two, staring up between my own legs, overwhelmed.

And then the heat burned hotter, turning into something like a fever, and I lost any care for much of anything but the pleasure; the wild, burning, yearning hungry pleasure that began to consume me. I gasped and moaned and cursed and shuddered as he rode me, as he pounded into me harder and harder. His hips began to slam harder against my upraised buttocks, and the whole dresser was banging back against the wall behind us with every stroke.

The feel of his cock inside me was incredible! It was so much bigger than Michael, and moved so much faster, so much harder! His hips striking my buttocks were hard and heavy, slamming down against me without restraint as he pounded his cock in and out. It... hurt. It ached. But it ached in a delicious, dark, thrilling way!

*God! I was being fucked! I was being so fucked! I shuddered, my head rolling, my arms jerking, almost spasming up and down on the dresser beside me as the fever grew into a conflagration and the hunger and pleasure took over my mind. Nothing else existed, now, but that hard cock driving into me, and the heat and pleasure crackling through me like an electrical storm.*

I grunted, gasped and cried out at every deep, powerful thrust, both from the way his big cock speared deep into my tender belly, and the way his big hips slammed down against my upraised buttocks. I hadn't been taken so roughly since I was a teenager, and even then it had been the frenzied rutting of overeager, inexperienced boys. Dennis, while hungry, was controlled, determined, working his hips in and out expertly as he rammed into me.

And then the orgasm exploded around his cock and sent crackling sexual electricity ripping through my body. I cried out helplessly, muscles spasming, back arching, my insides burning as he drove himself into me hard and fast and finally let himself go, as well. He leaned into me, grabbing my hair, crushing my lips as my ankles fell onto his shoulders. His hips worked powerfully as he

rammed himself into me again and again and my cries were muffled by his demanding mouth.

\* \* \*

“Well, that was quick. Didn't even have to get undressed,” he said contentedly, doing up his pants. “Nice efficiency there, Taylor.”

I was still half-dazed, laying back on the dresser, chest heaving, my pussy aching and overheated. I groaned as he adjusted his tie.

“Ready to get back to work?”

I felt a sudden burst of anger as I slowly unfolded, groaning, sitting up. My neck hurt! I slid onto my feet, gripping the side of the dresser for support, wincing at my bruised bottom.

“You... asshole!” I said.

He laughed. “That sounds like impertinence. Show more respect to the director, little girl, or you might need some of that discipline you were talking about.”

“Kiss my ass!” I exclaimed.

“I can do that,” he said.

He pulled a small straight-backed chair out from the telephone table and sat down. Then he patted his lap and gave me a stern look.

“Across my lap, girl,” he said.

“Bite me!”

It's weird the way your mind can work. I mean, I had been after wild, nasty, rough sex, and that was exactly what I'd gotten. I ought to be pleased, right? And instead I was feeling, somehow mistreated, disrespected, because he didn't want to get undressed, get into bed, and have a nice long session of sex there like... well, like I had with Michael. I was angry because I was feeling used, when being used was what I had fantasized about!

He leaned forward, demonstrating the long reach of those long arms, grabbed my wrist, and yanked me forward. I squealed as he sat back, and I was pulled up against him, and then over his lap.

“Stop! What are you doing!?” I exclaimed, flailing and twisting.

“Ha!” he said. “Showing you a little discipline, just like you talked about.”

And then he slapped my bare bottom! I yelped, and kicked harder, but my upper body was kind of hanging over his lap, my hair on the floor as I stared, upside down, through the legs of the chair. Then I felt my dress tugged down around my chest, then over it, his powerful hand yanking it down past my head even as my hands tried suddenly to grab at it.

But it was too late, as he yanked the dress off, undid my bra, and pulled that free, as well. I was like a child fighting against an adult, for he was twice my weight and a lot more muscular to boot.

Plus, well, to be honest, I wasn't fighting that hard. Suddenly finding myself across his lap had been a shock, but then all those fantasies rose up, and my pussy began to throb again. My struggles were purely instinctive as my mind spun around in circles, not knowing how to react again.

I felt my elbows pulled back, pinned together with one big hand, then something wrapped around them. I quickly identified it as my rope belt, but by then my arms were actually tied together behind me at the elbows! My wrists stuck out on opposite sides of my hips, largely useless as he adjusted me across his lap again and rested his big hand on my bare bottom.

“Dennis!”

“I think you can call me Director, in acknowledgment of my far superior position than you on the hierarchy, Miss Smith.”

*Crack! His hand slapped against my bottom with stinging force.*

I yelped and kicked and struggled, but another blow followed, and then another.

“Dennis!”

“Director,” he said.

*Crack! Crack!*

“Director!”

“Yes, Miss Smith?” his voice purred.

“Th-that hurts!”

“The way to discipline bad employees is to be stern so they learn from their errors,” he said smugly.

*Crack!*

“Oww! Stop it!”

“You must learn discipline, Miss Smith,” he said.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I squirmed and gasped and moaned, my arms pulling against the soft, but tight rope around them, my legs flailing, head and shoulders twisting.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My bottom was on fire! But then he gripped one of my legs and kind of pulled, jerking me back into position, and when his hand released my leg it thrust between them, cupping my sex, squeezing lightly, rubbing almost idly.

“Nasty little girl,” he said. “Coming to a motel with a stranger and letting him fuck you. What would your husband say to that?”

I gasped and twisted.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Director!” I cried.

“Yes, Miss Smith? Would you like to work off your punishment some other way?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Say please.”

“Please!” I cried.

*Crack! His hand slapped my hot bottom again.*

“Please what, Miss Smith?”

Bastard!

“Please may I work off my punishment another way!?” I exclaimed.

“Perhaps,” he said, stroking my pussy. “You've been very disrespectful to me. I think you'd need to do something to show your respect, to demonstrate your awareness of the proper deference you ought to be paying to those so far above you.”

He was playing games! Taunting me! But my ass hurt!

Getting spanked stings a lot more than you imagine it will!

Mind you, my butt was now throbbing hot, and that was doing something to my pussy, too, especially when his hand was on it. And there was something weird and wild and thrilling about the sense of helplessness I felt because of my elbows being tied together behind me I didn't understand it, but it was drawing that feverish sense of excitement over my mind again.

He pushed me off his lap and onto the floor. Then he gripped my hair, jerking my head up, raising me on my knees, forcing my back to arch. I stared up at him, gasping, wild eyed, and he grinned and unzipped his pants, then undid them and pulled his cock out. It wasn't as hard as it had been, but it wasn't flaccid either as he pulled me forward.

“Well, you could suck your director's cock,” he said smugly.

What a bastard!

But the thought was half admiring, as he guided my mouth onto his cock. I leaned into him, gasping as he twisted his fingers in my hair, bunching my hair up above my head as I licked and sucked at the head, then up and down along the shaft. I mouthed his balls, sucking and licking them, pulling them into my mouth and massaging them with my tongue.

“Yeah,” he sighed “Suck my balls, girl! Suck those balls!”

I felt a hot surge at his nasty words, at his dirty talk. My pussy was bubbling and my insides were thrumming with hunger, and the wildness began to take hold of me. I had never sucked a cock before with my arms tied behind me. It was weird, at first, for I was used to sliding my hands around the base of the shaft, and using my other hand off and on, either to pump his cock or to fondle his balls. But now they were locked behind me.

At first, this merely made it a little more difficult, though he didn't complain. But the longer I did it the wilder I felt, because I was, let's face it, naked, on my knees, my arms tied behind my back, being forced (sort of) to suck a man's cock. And while that should have outraged and infuriated me it didn't. Given the circumstances, it only set my mind spinning with dark erotic thoughts, and heat was soon flooding my body. Heat, and a delicious sense of ... daring.

I jerked back. “No! I don't want to suck your filthy cock!”

He twisted my hair and I gasped in pain as he forced my head back and my chest out. His other hand came forward, pinching my nipple.

“Beg to suck my cock, baby,” he said.

“Agggh! Agggh! Don't!”

“Beg, slut.”

I shuddered with heat, squeezing my thighs together, feeling the bubbling, throbbing need between them.

“Please may I suck your cock, director?!” I gasped.

“Suck my cock,” he growled, jerking forward on my hair.

His cock was hard now, and he fed it into my open mouth, sliding it along my tongue as I closed my lips around it and began to suck.

Talking dirty was anathema to everything Michael believed in about lovemaking. I felt my blood burning as I sucked on Dennis, as my lips bobbed up and down.

He pulled me free by the hair and gripped his cock, slapping it against my face.

“You going to swallow my cock, bitch?” he growled “You going to deep throat me?”

“I-I... I don't – .”

He stood up and I gasped as my head was forced back, as I was raised higher, off my heels, and he rubbed his cock against my face again.

“Suck my cock all the way down, slut,” he growled.

He pushed himself into my mouth and I gurgled and closed my lips on it. Then, before I could even prepare or think about it, he was pulling me forward. The helmet head of his cock pushed deep into the back of my throat, and then my eyes bulged as it popped into my throat and began to slide down it. I choked and gagged, but he pulled me forward by the hair, rough, hard, his other hand going behind my head as he buried himself in my throat.

My face was jammed against his groin as he held me there, writhing and jerking convulsively, my throat full of cock, then he pulled abruptly out, leaving me gagging and coughing again.

“That's the way a proper woman services a man,” he said.

I wanted to protest, but he left me no opportunity. Before I could quite catch my breath, he was pushing his cock into my open mouth again, using my hair as a lever, forcing me forward as his cock punched into the inside of my right cheek. He pumped it in and out as I continued to gulp in air through my nose, sucking and licking more desperately, wanting to please him.

But then he shifted his angle and my eyes went wide as his cock again slid along my tongue and punched into my throat. I gagged, but his slick cock was already driving deep into my throat! I tried jerking back, but he had bunched my hair up

in a thick mass and held it in his fist. His other hand was behind my head, pulling me forward, and despite my writhing and twisting struggles his cock pushed all the way down my throat until my face was jammed up against his groin!

I was not thinking nice thoughts about him!

My heart was pounding. My pulse was racing, and my mind was only a little shy of panic as I fought the instinctive urge to retch. But still, as he held my mouth firmly against his groin, my stomach settled down, and I felt the first sense of wonderment that I had a cock all the way down my throat, that I was deep throating a man – however involuntarily – and it ... it wasn't that difficult really!

He pulled out, and again I gasped for breath, gulping in air. My head was pounding and my face was red. Saliva had poured over my lower lip as he pulled out, but now he was rubbing his cock over my face again, still firmly holding my hair.

“You're going to have to learn better, Miss Smith. I'll give that to you as an assignment. In the meantime...”

I gasped as he pulled me to my feet by the hair and flung me, face down, across the foot post of the bed. I was still catching my breath as he slapped my ass sharply, then jerked my legs apart. I gasped as his cock pushed into the moist, hot mouth of my sex, and then shoved downward. God it felt good! It felt right! My mind flashed to my numerous fantasies, to the wild dark thoughts and images which had passed through my head, and my insides throbbed and burned around his thick shaft as it pushed deep into my belly.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Gorgeous assed little slut,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Hot little cunt.”

*Crack!*

I gasped and jerked and flinched as he thrust in and out, as he slapped my ass and rained dirty words on me. But the center of my focus were the raw, carnal sensations pouring through me from the deep, hard thrusting of his cock into my sensitive sex. His hips were slapping against my thighs and buttocks now, the bed jerking as he rode me harder, as he fucked me harder! He was fucking me! He wasn't making love to me at all. He was fucking me!

And I gloried in it!

My eyes were glazed as my chin jerked against the mattress, as his hips slapped mine and his cock punched deep into what seemed to be my very womb!

I didn't want to break the tableau, but I had to. I had to! No matter how revealing it was!

“P-Pull my hair!” I gasped desperately.

He responded at once, and I cried out as he wrapped my hair around his fist and yanked it back. I cried out again at the harsh slap to my buttocks which followed.

“Hot little slut!” he growled.

He pulled harder, raising my head up off the bed, actually lifting my shoulders up a bit, enough for his other hand to thrust in beneath my chest and roughly grope my breast.

“Take that cock, slut! Squeeze that hot cunt of yours down around it!”

I did, gasping, moaning, trembling as the heat overwhelmed my mind, as the fever took me and I began to tremble and shake with the force of the sensations swirling and churning inside me. He was just pounding me! And the orgasm rippled up through my spine and threatened to make my brain explode! I cried out with helpless pleasure, twisting and writhing in maddened heat! Every time he rammed that big cock into me I felt a fresh rush of sensations which forced the orgasm higher.

And then he picked up the pace, hammering me, setting the entire bed shaking as

his hips pounded against my upraised buttocks. And I went limp with a gasp, finally remembering to breath as the orgasm spiraled down to dazed, drained exhaustion.

## Chapter Three

I felt self-conscious at work without underwear, but not much. Mostly, I felt self-conscious because I'd just been fucked so hard my pussy hurt, my buttocks ached, and even my breasts felt a little bruised, and I thought that surely people must suspect something. But if so, there was no sign.

I was a bit shell-shocked by what had happened. Much of it had been like a fantasy, but you know, we don't actually expect our fantasies to come to life, and sometimes we regret them when they do. I wasn't regretting it, but I was anxious and a little wary about what would happen now. What if word got out? Would people look at me and smirk when I passed them? Would voices go silent in the cafeteria as the gossipers eyed me?

In addition to that there was a sense of something akin to euphoria. I could hardly believe it had happened. I could hardly believe I had done something so wicked and wild and nasty and, well, slutty! What an experience! And wow, what an orgasm! More than one! The wild sexual excitement which had gripped me at the motel, even before the orgasms, was unforgettable. I felt their echo in my mind as I tried to settle down and do my work.

Of course I thought about Michael, too, and of course I felt guilty. But I also felt resentful. I mean, why couldn't Michael make me feel like that? Why couldn't he even try!? Why couldn't he act like a real man instead of the prissy, sensitive milquetoast I thought I had wanted? Of course, I had changed on him. That wasn't his fault. But why couldn't he change, too? I mean, what I wanted would seem the natural thing for him as a man. Most men, I thought, would love to act the caveman with their women.

It had felt so good being taken from behind! It had ached, his cock punching so deep inside me I could hardly believe it. But it had been a glorious ache!

I went home that night, feeling both nervous and guilty. But Michael didn't seem to sense a thing. We acted quite companionably together, but there wasn't much in the way of sexual tension or interest on either of our parts. We went to sleep as usual, woke up as usual, like roommates, and went to work separately.

At work, the first email on my computer was from Dennis, asking me to see him about his new office layout.

I felt almost a blow in the pit of my stomach at the email, followed by a wild fluttering. I immediately thought about what he'd say, what he'd do, what he'd dare. We couldn't have sex here at the office! People would find out! I mean, well, there was that danger. If we were really careful and not unlucky, I thought, we could manage something...

But that was silly! He had a private office. That was true. But he had an administrative assistant outside, and while there was a door there would be talk if he went in there alone with an attractive woman, closed it, and closed the blind. Oh yes, there would be talk!

I picked up the file, and then added a furniture catalog as I walked over to his office. His admin assistant wasn't there, which wasn't unusual. I went to the doorway and knocked, then peeked inside. His desk was on the left, and the thought occurred to me that no one could actually see it, or him, until they stuck their head into the doorway.

“Come in, Taylor,” he said, giving me a wave.

I walked forward, anxious, my stomach still fluttering, a little breathless.

“Show me the layout again,” he said.

I put the file and catalog on the desk and pulled out the drawing off the office with the furniture sized out on small blocks of paper, all clipped in place.

“Come around to this side,” he said.

*Oh shit!*

Gulping, I moved around the desk to stand beside him as he looked at the layout.

“Change the desk so it's in the corner,” he said.

“You'll have to move the table then,” he said.

“Where do you think it should go?”

I jerked as I felt his left hand on my leg.

“Dennis!” I gasped.

“Rearrange the floor plan, Smith, he said with amusement in his voice.

I was wearing a gray skirt with a deep blue blouse, and underneath, lacy black bra and thong. I leaned over, pulse starting to race, as I felt his hand caressing the back of my leg just below my skirt, and then rising slowly upward.

“S-Someone might look in,” I whispered.

“Pretty unlikely, especially without knocking,” he said. “You might remember that I frown on that sort of thing. I also frown on people showing up without getting an appointment with Susie, or emailing or calling in advance.”

His hand was curving around to the inside of my thigh now as it rose higher. His arm was raising my skirt in back, and my heart was beating faster.

“But...”

“Rearrange the the layout, slut,” he taunted in a low voice.

I flushed, and my fingers moved to obediently shift the little paper cut-outs. I found they were starting to tremble as his big hands slipped up even higher, and I felt his fingers rubbing at my pussy through the thin silk and cotton of my thong.

“How are you coming along with that assignment I gave you?” he asked.

“A-Asssignment?” I gulped.

He eased the crotch aside.

“Spread your legs more, slut.”

I felt a jarring blow in my stomach, but obeyed, and his fingers slipped in under the thong, rubbing along my slit, sliding up to rub at my clit. I shuddered, and bent lower as his fingers probed against my suddenly sodden flesh. His middle fingers were rubbing up and down against my clit, then eased back and pushed up in between the lips of my sex. Then, abruptly, he tugged on the thong, and I

felt the elastic band pulling down along my hips.

I started to rise, then stopped as he pulled my thong down below my skirt.

“Step out of it.”

I obeyed, flushed with heat now, my pussy flaming as his fingers began to stroke and massage me. My shaking fingers rearranged the floor plan as his fingers pushed up into me, once again.

“You're to become proficient in deep throating,” he said.

“H-How?” I gulped.

“Don't you have a dildo? Do I need to give you one to practice with”

I jerked my eyes off the file and onto his face.

“Practice. Your deadline is one week. And you know how much emphasis I put on meeting deadlines, Smith.”

My legs were starting to get rubbery as his fingers stroked and rubbed and pumped inside me. I gasped as I felt his thumb rubbing at my crinkled little anal opening, then probing just within.

“I love touching your soft skin. I want to get you alone and touch you all over, to just slide my fingers and tongue all over your beautiful body. But for now, you hot little slut, I want you to go into my bathroom and strip naked. Now.”

“But – .”

“Now, Smith!” he growled.

It was a commanding voice. It was the voice of the 'boss'. It was not a voice to be argued with, and much of me didn't want to argue. His fingers had roused me to a deep hunger, and my body throbbed with sexual desire, as much at the daring and wickedness as of his actual physical touch.

*But God! To be naked at work! This was too dangerous!*

Of course, I tried to rationalize it. No one even knew I was here. And if I was

locked in his bathroom, no one would know either. Safer there than this, in fact!

I straightened slowly and, fighting to control my breathing, moved across the floor, anxious eyes checking out the doorway to see if anyone could see me. I slipped into the small bathroom and closed the door tight, heart pounding.

It was a small bathroom. It had a shower little more than three feet square, a small toilet, and a small sink, and that was it. The floor was tiled in shiny black granite. The walls were of a shiny gray ceramic from floor to ceiling. The toilet and sink were black.

I stared around me, stared at myself in the mirror with a sense of disbelief, then started to strip.

I shrank back as he opened the door and stepped inside. The room was really too small for two people, especially when one was the size of Dennis! I was practically forced to back into the shower as he loomed over me.

He followed me in, and my hands went up against his chest as his arms slid around me and his hands seized my buttocks. His lips found mine an instant later and the kiss seemed to go on forever, deepening with each passing moment. His fingers kneaded my buttocks and stroked up and down the length of my back, then caressed the side of my ribs before moving around in front and cupping my breast.

My nipples were already rock hard as his fingers found them, then he turned us around, and sat down on the closed toilet lid.

“On your knees, slut,” he growled.

Pulse racing, I eased down onto the floor as he unzipped, feeling my knees ache against the hard tile, but discarding the sensation amid the wild rush of heat gripping me.

“Hot, nasty, wild little slut,” he breathed.

He gripped my hair, pulling me in and I mouthed his erection, sucking and licking, able to get my hands around it now, to pump them up and down as he fondled my breasts and tugged on the nipples.

“I'd spank you for being such a bad girl but I don't know if the noise would go through the doors,” he said, pinching my nipple.

I moaned around his cock, lips bobbing up and down repeatedly as I sucked him.

He reached down with his other hand, and I gasped as both my nipples began to burn. Then he pulled them harshly, stretching them. The pain was enough to pull my lips off his cock and force me up and forward, up between his legs, up off my knees.

“Get on, you hot slut. Ride that cock,” he growled.

*Oh my God!*

I straddled him, panting, gasping, moaning as I sank down.

“Take my cock and put it in.”

I obeyed as he continued to pinch and roll my aching, burning nipples. The feel of the slick rounded head against my sex was indescribable! I sank down, feeling it spreading me open, feeling it sliding up inside as I sank lower. I let go, grasping his big shoulders, and moaned as I sank down inch after inch.

Dennis pulled his fingers off my nipples, sliding his hands onto my ass again as he brought his mouth to my breasts instead. He was much gentler now, his mouth sucking lightly, his tongue caressing gently as I groaned at the deep penetration inside me. I felt his thighs firm against my buttocks as I eased in a bit, gasping again, letting out little moans as I adjusted myself on his thick impaling shaft.

“Ride your director's cock, slut. Maybe you'll get a promotion,” he taunted.

God, he was a bastard, I thought excitedly.

I began to grind my buttocks against him, then, breathless, started to slowly ride up and down on it. It amazed me I was doing something so shockingly daring right at work, with people working only a few feet away! And I was naked! And riding up and down on my director's cock like a filthy slut!

But it felt so good inside me! God, it felt good!

Consumed by heat, I rode him faster and faster, gasping and moaning as he sucked and licked and lightly bit at my nipples and breasts. His hands roamed my body, then one slid between my thighs, fingering my clit as I rode him, redoubling the wild heat burning within me.

Suddenly he gripped my thighs, holding me in place.

“The outer door is closed, but you're getting too noisy,” he said, serious now.

“I-I-I'll try to... make... less... noise,” I gasped dazedly.

He snorted. “I sensed something in your reactions the other day, as well as in the way you were talking originally.”

What the fuck was he talking about? I wanted to fuck him! I didn't want to talk!

“I brought a few things to work because of that,” he said.

There was a small shelf under the sink, which sat next to the toilet. The shelf held soap and towels. He reached under it and pulled out what looked like a red rubber ball, only it had straps attached. I stared at it without comprehension as he drew it up before me.

“Open your mouth, slut.”

“What – ?”

“Open wide,” he ordered, pressing the ball against my lips.

I obeyed, still confused, and only as it pushed through, as he had to wedge the soft material in under my teeth did I understand what it was. It was a gag: a ball gag! The moment I recognized it my pussy spasmed and the raw heat of sexual hunger began to make my blood boil. I felt jittery and trembly as he forced it fully into my mouth, as it forced my tongue down and pressed against the top of my mouth at the same time.

He drew the straps around my head, skimming my hair out with his thumbs, then fastened it behind my head as I stared at him dazedly.

“That will keep you from giving us away. Of course, that doesn't really look

right all by itself,” he said.

He reached behind the towels and came out with a pair of black handcuffs. I stared at them as he took one of my slender wrists and kissed it, then slipped one of the cuffs around it and locked it firmly in place.

He pulled my upper body forward to the left, and drew my arms behind me, then cuffed both wrists behind my back before pushing me back upright.

I sat there, impaled on his cock, my eyes enormous as I stared down at him. I could feel the hard steel around my wrists, and every small pull reassured me that they were real, and that they were indeed locked in place, rendering me completely helpless.

“Now ride me, slut,” he growled.

He seized my nipples between thumbs and forefingers, pinching them, then began to jerk them up, up, up, each time forcing my body to react, to rise up and forward in obedience to the growing pressure and pain. I moaned into the gag, starting to ride him on my own, and he eased the pinching, his hands going under my buttocks instead to help.

It was harder without being able to use my hands on his shoulders to aid me, but the heat was an inferno inside me, and my legs worked excitedly, so that my body rose and fell, rose and fell, my throbbing, burning pussy plunging down onto his stiff, gleaming cock again and again as he mouthed my breasts and sucked on my nipples.

I felt the orgasm burst like a dam giving way, the searing liquid heat rushing through my nervous system and setting my body to shaking and jerking with convulsions. I cried out, head thrown back, bouncing desperately atop him as he gripped my hips and helped jerk me up and down. The world seemed to explode around me, but really, it was me exploding! And then I collapsed, gasping, face against his shoulder, chest heaving.

His hands caressed my back, up and down, slowly, almost tenderly, stroking, gliding, easing down onto the curves of my ass, then back up over my shoulder blades. He eased me back, then further back still so that I groaned as my boneless body bent back. I would have fallen right off his legs but he gripped my hips to hold them in place, my pussy still firmly impaled on his throbbing cock.

But my upper body fell slowly back along his legs, then across them, my shoulders bowed back, head falling upside down, hair spilling over the floor as he ran his hands slowly over my chest and belly. My bare toes were still touching the floor as I stared, upside down, at the wall behind me. I felt his fingers moving over me, and moaned into the gag as they eased down my belly and began to gently caress my clit.

I was very sensitive there at the best of times, but right after an orgasm, I didn't even want to be touched! I twisted and writhed a little, but he ignored my protests, and I was not in a position to do anything to oppose him.

I was – helpless. Like his sex toy!

My wrists pulled feebly against the cuffs, but more to reassure myself of their firm grip than an effort to pull free. In fact, I would have been disappointed if I'd been able to pull free. I flinched in discomfort as his thumb flicked across my clit, but the more he touched it the more the sensations altered and shifted, the discomfort fading, and something hotter and rawer taking its place.

I had never gone from orgasm to arousal so fast before in my life!

His big hands pulled me upright again, and I began to ride him, moaning and gasping as he pumped up now, thrusting his hips up to meet my downward strokes so that his cock thrust into me with more power and speed. I gasped and grunted and moaned into the gag, my body quickly rushing upward through the wild, tumultuous sensual storm as he gripped my ass and started to jerk me up and down even harder.

This time as I began to come one of his hands jerked down between us, his finger jamming against my clit and rubbing furiously. It was like adding gasoline to a fire, and I cried out in orgasmic pleasure, bouncing and jerking in wild sexual release, head jerking and rolling bonelessly as the orgasm tore through me.

\*\*\*

I squirmed in my seat.

I couldn't help it! I squirmed, and blushed a little, flushed a little, eyes flitting up and around guiltily, anxiously.

I squirmed because, before he had left the room, left me to get dressed, Dennis had produced another little item from the pile of towels. It was a butt-plug. He'd bent me over the sink, and slowly worked the butt plug into my ass!

“You're working late tonight,” he told me, his voice soft in my ear. “I'm going to fuck that tight ass of yours. Call your husband and tell him you'll be staying after work so the director can fuck your ass!”

*God!*

I didn't really want to have anal sex! It was ... dirty! I just didn't know how to say no!

Dennis had said it with such certainty, such determination, that I hadn't been able to say a word in denial! Especially after he pushed that butt-plug inside me! I was too shell-shocked from the orgasm anyway!

So I had dressed, brushed my hair, and gone back to my desk – without panties, but with a butt-plug inside me!

And it had only been early morning. I had to work at my desk with the thing inside me. I had to go on break with the girls and try not to squirm in my seat at the cafeteria as we chatted. I had to walk down the halls with it inside me. I had to eat lunch, again with the girls, with a butt plug jammed deep in my ass!

And the thing is, while it felt horribly uncomfortable at first, I got used to it, or at least, my body did. But the sensation was impossible to ignore, and feeling that sensation whenever I moved, and knowing what it was and what it meant, well, my pussy began to throb in sympathy. I felt a sense of sexual electricity inside me that seemed to never end, never stop. Several times while I sat at my desk I realized my nipples were rock hard, and picked up something, a file, or a book, to hold against my chest in case someone peeked in the open doorway.

I tried to take my mind off it, and off Dennis' promise to sodomize me after work but that was impossible. The best I could do was to think very unsexy thoughts to get my nipples to soften.

I sent Michael an email telling him I'd be working a little late. I thought it would be an hour or two, no more. He accepted this with such equanimity I felt guilty, and also annoyed at him. Couldn't he sense it!? Didn't he care his wife was going

to be mounted and sodomized by some big, brute of a man!?

I was feeling more in awe of Dennis than I had before. He was so strong and powerful! And he took what he wanted! The bondage stuff was a little scary but wildly thrilling. It was the obvious direction my thoughts of submission had been headed, but I hadn't really developed it that much before he'd taken me with my arms bound together the other day. Now, after a second experience, I was starting to feel very much like the helpless female victim to his brutish male ogre.

And that turned me on!

Because, of course, it wasn't true. I didn't fear for anything but the loss of reputation if we were discovered. But I felt controlled, felt dominated, felt like I was the submissive sexual toy to the powerful, handsome male. And that was the kind of thing I had fantasized about!

But I was also anxious and uncertain of where this was leading. I had never been in a sexual relationship with a man where I feared what he would do to me. Because always before I had known I was in control. I was the one who ultimately decided what we did and didn't do. And as much as it thrilled me to not have that control now it also made me very anxious.

Hanging around the girls and not being able to talk about it was weird, since we often talked about sex. But with this, I didn't dare. And merely walking around with the butt plug inside me, with the base wedged up tightly between my buttocks, was bizarre.

## Chapter Four

“Strip.”

I flinched at the word. “Dennis – .”

“Now,” he growled.

The door was closed, the blind drawn. There might have been one or two people on the floor still here, but they weren't near us. I had checked. Anxiously, nervously, but still helplessly aroused, I stripped, eyes flickering nervously at the big windows. There were no nearby buildings, but even so, I felt exposed.

Naked, I stood there, fighting not to tremble like some sort of virginal girl.

“Come here.”

I walked around the desk as he pulled back his chair. He took my hips and turned me away from him.

“Hands behind your back.”

I flinched again, feeling my stomach roiling with heat and anxiety, but obeyed, and soon felt the metal cuffs locked around my wrists.

A large arm slid around my waist and pulled me backwards, and I gasped as he pulled me onto his lap, facing sideways.

“Spread your legs.”

Again, I obeyed, anxious, fluttery, and moaned as his fingers caressed the lips of my sex.

His fingers were very soon moist with my juices, and began to dip within me, to pump lightly in and out as his thumb stroked across my clit.

He gripped my hair abruptly and jerked my head up and back, forcing my back

to arch. I gasped and moaned as I felt his mouth on my nipples, felt him sucking and licking and chewing as his other hand continued to rub at my clit and his fingers pumped inside me.

The sexual heat grew more intense, and I began to squirm around against his lap as I gasped for breath.

He released my hair and my head slowly came forward. I was still leaning back, but not as much, and could see him as he eased his manipulation. Two fingers, then three, slid deep inside me, then stopped, his thumb resting against my clit, the soft, warm pressure making my pulse race.

“What do you think of having your arms tied behind you?”

I couldn't think of how to answer at first.

“I-I don't know,” I said timidly, uncomfortable with the question.

“Does it arouse you?”

My flushed face jerked up and down a little, as if I was too embarrassed to admit it.

I gasped as his fingers twisted inside me and he brushed the pad of his thumb across my clit.

“Responsive little slut, aren't you?” he said with a smirk.

“I-I'm not!” I gasped.

“What? Not responsive? Not a slut?”

“I... I'm not a slut,” I gulped.

“What does your husband say?”

I flushed guiltily.

“Adulterous slut,” he taunted in a low voice.

He brushed his thumb across my swollen clit again and I gulped and resisted the

urgent urge to grind myself against him.

His other hand moved up my chest, roaming, stroking, caressing, kneading my breasts, plucking at my nipples as his eyes flicked up and down my body.

“Has your husband ever tied you up?”

“No,” I said.

“Have you ever asked him?”

I shook my head. “He would never do anything like that. He's very... sensitive and... not into any kind of ... any sort of rough things.”

“Is that what you like? You like it rough? Slut?”

He rubbed his thumb against my clit, harder, faster, and I gasped.

“S-Sometimes!”

“And sometimes you like being someone's bitch.”

“Y-Yes. I don't now!” I gasped.

He pumped his fingers in and out of me and I moaned as he tried to force a fourth finger into my sopping opening as he bent and took the center of my right breast into his mouth, his teeth biting, his mouth sucking, his tongue licking strongly.

He drew his head back up, and his thumb stroked across my clit again.

“Please!” I gasped.

“Please what? Please fuck your brains out? Do you want my cock inside you... slut?”

“Y-Yes!” I moaned, panting.

“Beg for it... slut.”

“Please... fuck me.”

“Beg harder.”

If felt a swirl of churning emotions; indignation, arousal, outrage, excitement, resentment. Then he took my hair and jerked my head up and back again and began to mouth my nipples and breasts.

He licked up along my shoulder, biting it, leaving a mark as he chuckled throatily.

“You want hot, nasty sex,” he said. “You want to be used like a whore. Admit it.”

“I-I do!” I gasped as his fingers kept pushing, twisting, trying to fit into me.

I ached down there, but the hot, throbbing pleasure twisted it into something darkly erotic.

Then his finger pushed in, and he had four fingers up inside me. I cried out as my pussy lips were stretched just that little bit wider, the ache stinging briefly, then subsisting to a low throb.

“Fuck!” I gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you, slut.”

“Fuck me!” I gasped, trembling now as his four fingers twisted within me and his thumb rubbed lightly on my clit. “Please fuck me!”

“Sir,” he said. “Say sir, Smith.”

“Please... fuck me, sir!” I moaned, accepting the game, accepting his demand.

“Maybe. Maybe not. I haven't decided if you deserve my cock inside you.”

He wrapped my hair around his fist and jerked my head back even more sharply, forcing my back to arch painfully, my head almost upside down as he sucked and bit and chewed on my breasts. He was deliberately biting at my nipples, making them ache and burn, testing how much he could get away with by how much I yelped and cried out.

My breasts ached. My nipples burned. And all the time his fingers twisted and squirmed inside me as his thumb taunted me by lightly brushing against my clit.

He pulled my head forward and I groaned weakly, then gasped as he lifted me off his lap and set me on my feet. But then, as he rose, he shoved me forward across his desk.

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

I obeyed, and then groaned as his hand cupped my sex and massaged me lightly. I heard his zipper going down, and stared at the far wall as he kneed my legs wider. My breasts were crushed beneath me against his desktop as he rubbed the head of his cock along my moist sex, then pushed it slowly into me.

“This is trite, isn't it? Being taken across the boss's desk? But I thought we ought to give you every experience,” he said, slapping my bottom lightly.

“Speaking of which...”

He plunged deep, and ground himself against my buttocks, then held himself inside me as he pulled my hair back sharply. That forced my mouth wide, and his other hand shoved the ball-gag into it, drawing the straps back behind me and fastening them.

“Don't want you making too much noise. Might still be a few hard working employees out there.”

He stared thrusting, and I gasped and moaned as the heat and excitement swirled and churned within me. My wrists were still locked together behind me, and I could see and do nothing, really but experience the hard thrusting as he took me – took me the way I had dreamed of being taken – hard and fast and deep.

He pulled back on my hair again, jerking my chin off the desk, forcing my head up and back even as he held his hand down against my back. His cock was a trip-hammer inside me as his hips slapped against my bottom, and my thighs jerked against the edge of the desk painfully enough I tried to open them wider to ease the pressure.

This was fucking insane!

But I didn't care. The insanity only made me hotter! I grunted and gasped and moaned as he rode me, as he pounded against me. God it was good! I shuddered and bit into the ball gag as his cock cock drove into me, reveling in the hot, dark nastiness of what I was doing, of what he was doing to me. And while I had never thought of myself as any sort of masochist, I began to feel a sort of awed delight at my own, well, abuse, if you want to call it that. It was as if the thought of sexual mistreatment and abuse was exotic and arousing.

I let myself fantasize about trying to resist, and being forced, about trying to refuse him and him making me do his bidding, but in a strange, twisted way in which that was perfectly normal. As though I was his sex slave or something. My mind floated, and I thought of myself as, well, me, this perfectly normal girl, who, on working overtime, had been stripped, handcuffed, and was now being cruelly ridden by my powerful boss.

There weren't a lot of details to that fantasy. It was all just floating free, along with my mind, as his hips continued to pummel my bare buttocks.

Naked in his office. I could feel the roughness of the carpet on my bare feet, and that too was bizarre, for some reason. Naked and sex did not, and should not ever be associated with 'the office'.

But I was going to come.

I cried out as he forced my head up and back, raising my breasts from the desk so he could grope them. He leaned in, biting on the nape of my neck, his breath hot against my ear.

“You're my bitch, Smith! You're my hot, nasty little slut!”

And I was, God help me, but I didn't feel like it. I mean, I felt more like he was doing exactly what I had wanted him to do. So in a sense... but his story sounded hotter, and I let myself play to it, let myself assume the submissive persona, and felt the heat rising as I did.

Yes! I was his bitch! His whore! His slut! He could do anything he wanted to me and I was helpless to resist!

I came with a shattering blast-wave of sensations that rolled my eyes back in my head and set my muscles spasming as a sexual firestorm raced through my body.

That hard, steady pounding between my legs, and up inside me drove my mind to the heights of pure pleasure as I trembled and shook in violent spastic release, every breath punctuated by another hard blow between the legs as he drove his cock deep into my belly again and again.

And he was just getting started.

\* \* \*

It was like I was his play-toy, and he was determined to get every minute of fun out of me.

He draped me across his lap, bottom high, and his fingers and hands roamed my body freely, almost, I don't know, possessively. He tugged at the butt-plug, still inside me, pulling it half out, then letting it sink back, then pulling it out all the way, and pushing it back into me. Then he produced a dildo and slid it deep into my pussy, filling me, stretching out my sex.

And then he started to punish me, for, he said, being an adulterous slut.

Because there might still be people out there in the outer office, out there in far cubicles, he didn't want to risk spanking me. Spanking a bare bottom produces a particular noise which many would recognize if, for whatever reason, they walked past. Instead he took a pair of long, leather boot laces from a drawer. Doubling them, then folding them again gave a nice little handful. They made very little sound, and still didn't have a lot of weight, but they stung!

I yelled and gasped and squirmed and moaned as the laces snapped down against my bottom again and again and again, and often against my inner thighs and even my pussy! Every now and then he would pause to pump the dildo in and out, and drive it so deep the nose ground against the deepest part of my pussy. Then he'd started whipping the laces down against me again.

His other hand sometimes pulled and twisted on my hair, and sometimes cupped and roughly groped my breast. And all together, the sensations assailing my mind and body were non-stop, flooding in from all over, pain, pleasure, heat, lust, arousal, all mixing and swirling and throbbing inside me so that I was panting and moaning and more than a little disoriented, especially with my head often hanging over the edge of the chair upside down.

My bottom was hot, my pussy aching, and smarting, but the fire inside me was an all-consuming thing, and nothing else seemed to matter.

Then, abruptly, he lifted me into the air and lay me down across his desk on my back, on my cuffed arms. I gasped, chest heaving, staring up at him as he lifted my legs up and spread them wide. He slid his hands along the legs as before, to my ankles, and pressed them back sharply, folding my body back until the backs of my feet were pressed against the desk over my head. He grinned down at me then, and then eased up, letting my legs stay poised in mid-air, knees still drawn back as he gripped the butt-plug and pulled it free.

His cock was hard, and sliding into me before I knew it. He gripped them backs of my legs and forced them back again, raising my bottom as his cock pushed into me, and I stared wonderingly up at him, gagged, bound, and now sodomized as he leaned himself forward.

It didn't hurt, was the first thing I thought. It pushed deep inside me, and I felt the fullness, especially with the dildo still in my pussy. But it didn't really hurt. And that left open the darkness within my mind to bathe in the dark erotic exoticism of being fucked by him like this, sodomized, fucked in the ass! My God!

I groaned as he began to pump in and out, and now I did feel something, as his cock plunged deep. I felt a cramping in my belly from that deep penetration, but also a dark sense of lust and excitement. This was so dirty and kinky! God, I could hardly believe I was doing it! My mind veered around wildly from excitement at that to the rising sense of masochistic glee at my own 'abuse'.

*Tied up and held prisoner! Abused so cruelly by my big, brute of a boss!*

I grunted and gasped as his cock moved faster, as my insides churned and burned, as his hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks. He leaned into me, letting his chest press my legs back now as his hips worked in and out, up and down, thrusting his cock deep into my belly with every hard stroke. I could only grunt and moan and take it, basking in the sensations and the dark heat and fantasy.

And each time he thrust deep, his lower belly would smack against the base of the dildo still pushing out from my pussy, and jarring the nose hard against the back wall of my sex. That was another wild sensation added to the dark mix within me. I felt the orgasm rising within me, waking and stretching out its

wings, then it took flight and I cried out, again and again, writhing and twisting and bucking in feverish release as he continued to pound against me.

“Get everything done?” Michael asked pleasantly.

“Pretty much,” I said.

Yes, I felt guilty, but at the same time, elated. Wow! What an experience! And in a way, it was as if I hadn't cheated on him at all, because everything I'd done would have revolted him. He'd want no part in such things. Maybe I was rationalizing, but that was what I was thinking. In a weird way, in fact, I felt a little closer to him for his sensitivity now and his well-mannered and respectful behavior. It was the contrast with Dennis, as if having had that experience I could better accept a partner and friend who wasn't especially exciting in bed.

I felt more at peace spending the evening with him, and still carried that heady little sense of thrill into the next morning. Michael left earlier for work than I did, and I avoided eating that morning so that, as soon as he was gone, I could try to practice a little with my dildo and see if I could deep throat it. I had some confidence in that I had actually swallowed Dennis' cock, if not easily. I hadn't thrown up or anything. And I wanted that feeling again, of having my lips wrapped around the base of his big cock.

But you know, it's a lot easier having someone else slide something down your throat than doing it yourself. I managed, eventually, but not very well. I gagged a lot and my eyes were watery. I had to give up after about ten minutes. I would try later, with more preparation, perhaps getting myself aroused first.

I went in, and got called into my manager's office. She informed me that the director had been impressed by my work on his office, and wanted me in charge of getting the furnishings for a new floor we were opening in the building. Neither I nor my manager were particularly happy at the news. Directors are supposed to assign work to managers, but not tell them who to give it to. I felt guilty and anxious she would guess there were other things impressing the director than my purchasing abilities.

There was no way for me to say no, though, so I accepted the assignment and got to work. I examined the floor plans, the number of offices we would be opening, and then went downstairs to see the floor, which was being gutted in anticipation of a complete redo under our control. I would pick the carpets, the cubicles, the

color schemes, the furniture, the whole thing. I would also decide on a layout.

Given there were a number of directors with overcrowded staff vying for space there, and all with their own ideas about where everything should go, that involved a lot of diplomacy and negotiation. I also had to set a budget and present it, along with my layout to Dennis for his approval. It made for a hectic week, but not a lot of contact with Dennis.

I kind of hinted at a desire for more contact, in emails I sent him which were, while formal, and entirely work-related, suggested I could brief him personally any time he wanted. He apparently didn't want, which was both a relief and, to be honest, an irritant. The further I got from that hot, steamy time in his office, the more I craved something similar. It was like I was a junkie suffering withdrawal symptoms and wanting more.

I made a few suggestions to Michael, but he didn't seem to have interest. I also practiced with the dildo, even though I was starting to have self-doubts about whether Dennis had simply had his fill and now given me this task as a reward and wanted nothing more to do with me. That was both distressing and insulting, and yet I practiced with the dildo anyway, grimly determined to master the task for myself, never mind for Dennis.

I was kind of looking forward to being able to do it to Michael, too, just to see how he reacted.

I found it got easier if I lubed the dildo up, with something edible, of course. And it was even more easy when I was aroused and let my mind drift into fantasy or hot, nasty memories of what Dennis and I had done. It was kinky and wild to think of myself as this hot, nasty, slutty woman, for some reason, engaged in dark, kinky sex.

And then I got an email from Dennis, Friday afternoon telling me I had to work Saturday afternoon. The email momentarily took my breath away, then gave me those odd, swirly feelings of resentment and indignation combined with heat and excitement. The email was all about budget deadlines, but I knew that was so much bullshit. The firm very actively discouraged overtime and you needed permission to come in on the weekend. Your code key wouldn't work in the elevator unless it was arranged with security in advance. That meant Dennis could be certain who was and who wasn't on the floor.

The email also said that he hoped I would be able to meet my deadline with regard to the personal office furniture assignment he'd given me. I knew very well what THAT meant!

The lobby was a grandiose affair, in keeping with the firm's high image. It was wider than it needed to be, rounded, with ultra modern steel and glass panels in a half circle facing the elevator bank, and with the firm's name up high in stylized letters. There were several plush leather chairs, and a swirly, thick blue carpet.

There was also a table which shouldn't have been there.

I had swiped my security card in the elevator, and that had let me punch in our floor. When the door opened I stepped out into the familiar lobby, with the small, unfamiliar table sitting in the middle of it.

The table had a card on a brown box. And the card had my name on it.

I picked up the card, my heart already starting to beat a little faster, my body already starting to fill with that dark sexual electricity he gave me.

“Strip,” it said, “Put on what's in the box. Come to me.”

*Shit!*

I opened the box and stared at the contents. It was leather, several leather bands. One was larger than the others. It was a collar, a studded leather collar! It had four matching bands, and I had little doubt what they were meant for.

I looked around anxiously, heart thumping with indecision. He wouldn't have told me to do this if he wasn't sure the floor was empty. He'd get fired, too! Still, the idea of undressing there in the lobby, without going to check was... daunting, to say the least. Hell, it was scary! But the thought was also really hot!

I wanted to at least run around the floor, checking into each cubicle and office to ensure no one was there. But surely Dennis had already done this. And doing this without checking would make it seem all the more ... I don't know, risky? Daring?

I took a deep, shuddering breath, then took off my clothes, kicked off my shoes and, naked, put on the collar, buckling it behind my neck. The bands buckled in

the same way, around my wrists, and around my ankles.

The steel and glass panels were reflective, and I stared at myself with a sense of heated disbelief. My nipples were already rock-hard, and my stomach was churning something awesome. I was reluctant to leave my clothes behind, so packed them into the box and carried it with me.

Again, it felt bizarre to be walking around at the office naked! Worse than naked! I dropped the box at my office and then, my pussy really starting to heat up, padded through the familiar aisles to the corner where Dennis' office was. The further away I got from where my clothes were, the more wary and nervous I got, so that my heart pounded and my pulse raced as I moved through the silent office.

I shyly peeked in, and he looked up. It occurred to me that while I'd been naked around him several times now I still hadn't seen much of his body beyond his cock and balls. I hoped that would change today.

He got up and came around his desk, motioning me in. But as soon as I started to move he held his hand up.

“Stop!” he said.

I halted uncertainly.

“Just stand there a minute,” he said. “The way the light hits you makes for an incredibly erotic sight.”

I flushed, glancing at the big windows, glad it was the weekend, for while none were very close they were still, well, too close for me to be standing there naked! I mean, normally I ignored them, but now I had this paranoid fear someone would be watching through binoculars or something. And with all that glass the room was quite bright.

“Put your hands behind your neck,” he said.

I obeyed uncertainly.

“Arch your back more.”

Again I obeyed, feeling a tingling feeling inside, a swirly heat in my belly as my breasts pushed out tautly. I wasn't used to, well, to posing for a man like this!

“Gorgeous,” he said. “Turn to your right a bit. Yes. The way the light hits your belly shows how firm it is. I love a woman with a tight, firm stomach. Do you work out?”

“Y-Yes,” I gulped.

“It shows. Get down on all fours.”

The words made my chest tighten, but I slipped down to my knees, then fell forward on my hands on the carpet, looking up at him as he moved to one side. I licked my lips nervously, turning my head to glance behind me, then out the window.

“I love the way your breasts look hanging down like that,” he said.

He sat down on the sofa by the window and motioned me forward and I started to rise, but again he halted me.

“No. Crawl to me.”

## Chapter Five

Crawl to me.

The words hit me like a blow. I gasped as I felt a wave of shocked indignation. But it was mixed with shocked, wicked excitement, as well. The bondage stuff, the submissive stuff, it was just not me! And yet, it was! Maybe it was the novelty!? I'm not fucking crawling to you, I wanted to say indignantly! Who did he think he was anyway!?

But the mental image of the act, of crawling forward, collared, was a boiling, bubbling dark fixation now in my mind. I wanted to do it, wanted to feel it! Slowly, I lurched forward as if in a dream, then crawled more easily as my mind calmed a bit. I crawled along the carpet, one knee before the next, one hand before the next, crawling like a .. a dog, crawling up to his legs, head back, staring up at him where he was sitting. I was blushing furiously as I did so, my insides twisting and spinning, and he leaned over with what looked like a thin leather strap in his hand.

It was a leash.

Again, I felt a shock, a 'whoof' in my belly, but my pussy throbbed powerfully, and a roar of dark excitement filled me as he clipped the leash to the collar around my neck.

“Have you completed your assignment?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, sir,” I gulped.

He jerked on the leash and I gasped as I was jerked forward, pulled in between his legs as he spread them.

“Demonstrate.”

*God, this was so fucking kinky!*

I reached for his zipper, then instead flattened my hands against his groin, gently

rubbing and squeezing him. I could feel he was already semi-hard inside his pants, and I undid his belt, then opened them and pulled down the zipper. He had blue boxer shorts underneath. He showed no signs of rising to let me pull off his pants, so I reached through the fly in the boxer shorts and grasped his warm flesh, pulling it out.

It hardened in my hand, and I squeezed it, sliding both hands over it, then, squeezing and rubbing up and down. I leaned in, and he pulled on the leash, so that I felt myself 'forced' in, pulled in remorselessly until my lips could kiss the head of his cock. I held it up, licking at the underside of the head while my two hands grasped the rest. I licked around it, up and down it, then finally slipped my puckered lips over the head and began to slide down.

I took the head into my mouth, sucking on it, bobbing slowly, sliding deeper and deeper as I rolled my eyes up to see him looking back at me. I was terribly, terribly aware of being naked, of being at the office, of the open door behind me. It was doing strange things to my head! He hadn't touched me yet, and yet I was almost trembling with heat and lust and need. I sucked and licked up until the head was barely within my lips, then slid slowly down, taking almost half his cock into my mouth, holding it there as I again rolled my eyes up at him.

I slid up, bracing myself, wanting to do this, wanting to show him, and to show myself. His cock was thicker than the dildo, but the skin felt more, well, I don't know, slick and slippery. Maybe my saliva worked better on skin than the lube did on silicon. I wasn't into deep thoughts. I slid down, closed my eyes as I felt the head push deep, and swallowed it.

His cock slid down my throat, and I opened my eyes wide, staring at his groin as my lips took in the last few inches, until my face was jammed against his trousers and I could feel every throbbing inch of him in my mouth and deep down my throat!

He was leaning back now, so that I had to ease further forward. My breasts, throbbing beneath me, ground across the soft leather of the sofa, pillowing out beneath me as he reached down and put a huge hand on my head. I felt a bit of panic as he pressed down, holding me in place by the hand and the collar, but it eased as he slowly eased up the pressure and I eased back up once more.

“Good work, slave girl,” he said.

*Slave girl?! I gaped at the word. What a pervert!*

And yet, didn't the kinky title fit? I mean, not really, but in this kinky game we were playing?

*Slave girl? I shuddered slightly as his big hand slid down beneath me and cupped my breast.*

Leashed, collared... A slave girl... !

He drew my mouth back onto his cock and I took it into my mouth almost eagerly, bobbing up and down, sucking, then taking it deep into my throat once more.

“You hot little cock sucker!” he groaned, grinding my face into his groin.

Why did that sound so complimentary when it should have been an insult? Everything was turned all around!

And then I saw him taking his blackberry out and holding it arm's length. I gasped and jerked back, pulling up and crossing my arms across my breasts.

“Don't take a picture!” I cried.

“Why not?” he asked lazily. “You're a beautiful woman naked.”

“I don't want any pictures of me naked!”

“Don't you trust me?”

“No!”

He raised an eyebrow.

“I mean, come on, Dennis. Having pictures like that out there is not a risk I want to take.”

“Because you're married?”

“It has nothing to do with that!” I said, scowling, feeling guilty.

“You're an adulterous,” he said lazily.

“So are you!” I shot back.

He grinned. “You're an adulterous little slut, Smith. And a cock sucker. Am I wrong?”

He was being annoying. He was spoiling the mood... sort of. In a way though, he was confusing me, more than annoying me, and I wasn't sure what he was up to. Was he trying to make me feel guilty or something?

He jerked me forward by the leash, and I gasped, half falling into his lap. His free hand jerked my head up and back by the hair.

“Admit it.”

“A-Admit what?”

“That you're a cock sucker, of course.”

I still didn't understand. What was he getting at? I mean, of course I was, well, a cock-sucker. I mean, shit, I was on my knees with his cock in front of me all slick and shiny with my saliva. What the fuck!?

“Say it,” he said softly.

I hesitated, swallowing several times. “I-I'm a cock sucker,” I said uncertainly.

“Say it as though you're proud of it! Not as if you're ashamed of it! You suck cocks! Say it.”

“I suck cocks,” I said, still uncertain, but blushing at the words.

I felt a little thrum between my legs for some reason.

“I... I do.”

He reached under and pinched my nipple.

“Ow!”

“Say it.”

“I suck cocks!”

“And that makes you what?”

“A cock sucker!” I gasped.

He eased up and jerked my head back again, easing up on the leash.

“Sit back on your heels.”

I was glad to, though still really... I don't know, confused.

“Spread your knees apart,” he said.

I did, and he grinned at me.

“Say it.”

“Wh-what?”

“That you're a cock sucker.”

“I'm a cock sucker,” I said, feeling stupid, then blushing, then... then feeling that hot little thrum between my legs again.

“Louder.”

“I'm a cock sucker,” I said.

“And a slut.”

I flushed, partly angrily, partly in heat. Then felt that thrum again, hotter, harder.

“I'm a cock-sucking slut,” I said softly.

“Louder, slut.”

“I'm a cock sucking slut!”

He reached for my hair, jerking it back sharply, so that I cried out, back arching.

“And what do cock sucking sluts do?” he growled.

“Th... suck... suck cocks!” I gasped.

He released my hair, and sat back .”Then do it,” he growled. “Suck my cock!”

And I did, wonderingly, but wildly overheated again, I fell forward onto the sofa, my breasts pressing against the fabric as I took him into my mouth.

“Suck that cock, slut,” he purred. “Suck it, slave girl.”

I bobbed up and down on his cock, wrapped in the dark, wild sexual kinkiness he was creating, and then took him deep into my throat again, reveling in the wildness of being a kinky slut and doing something so wicked and nasty. I slid back up and he pulled me back by the hair again.

“What are you?”

“I'm a cock sucking slut,” I gasped, gulping in air.

“Yes, you are. You're a bad little slut,” he said, dragging me forward, across his lap, reaching down and gripping my hips to draw me bodily across his lap, belly down.

I felt his other hand sliding up and down my bare back, and over my buttocks. His fingers traced the line of my sex, then pushed into me, and I gasped and flinched forward as two, no, three fingers pushed deep into the hot, sodden depths of my pussy.

“Oh!” I gasped, wriggling on his lap.

“Nasty slut,” he said.

*Crack! His hand slapped down sharply across my buttocks.*

“Nasty, cock sucking slut,” he said.

His left hand abandoned my hair, sliding around my chest and under to cup and fondle my breast.

*Crack! His hand cracked down across my bottom again.*

“Bad little sluts like you should be disciplined,” he said.

I gasped and shuddered as his fingers pumped in and out of my pussy, jamming deep, twisting from side to side. Then his thumb prodded my anal opening and pushed into it, and I moaned, twisting in his lap.

*Crack!*

“Suck my cock, you nasty little slut,” he ordered.

He drew me back by the collar, now sort of half laying across the sofa, across his right leg, and my mouth positioned over his cock. I slipped my mouth over it and began to suck, as his fingers continued to pump in my pussy and his thumb twisted about in my ass!

“Filthy little sexual animal,” he growled, roughly squeezing my breast.

I felt like one!

I moaned around his thick shaft, bobbing up and down the full length of it as my hips jerked and ground against his fingers. The heat was a fever now, and I was beginning to desperately want to come.

And he pulled me off him.

“Back on your knees, slut,” he ordered.

I didn't want to, but slid off him and onto my knees on the floor.

“Take off my shoes.”

That was the prelude to seeing him naked, so I was glad to. I untied his shows, quite aware, in a heated way, that I was acting like, well, like a slave girl.

I untied his shoelaces and then as he raised his foot, pulled his shoe off. I reached for the sock but he dropped his foot to the floor and indicated the other shoe. I untied it, and again pulled it off. Only then did he nod for me to take off his socks.

“The pants next, slave.”

I pulled them down easily as he raised his bottom, taking both trousers and boxer shorts off in a quick tug.

“Fold the pants nicely and put them across one of the chairs.”

I frowned impatiently, but obeyed, folding them, starting to rise.

“Don't stand without permission. You can get there on your knees, slave.”

I didn't even resent it now. I rose on my knees and folded the pants across the back of one of the chairs, then moved back to him.

He stood up, looming, and I stared up at him.

“Stand up, slave girl.”

I got shakily to my feet, chest rising and falling rapidly.

“Undo my shirt, slave girl,” he ordered.

Oh that was an order I didn't mind either!

My slightly trembling fingers unbuttoned his shirt, down to the bottom. He turned and I reached up and pulled it over his shoulders, then, without being told, placed it carefully across one of the chairs.

Most men don't look that good naked. Only the best, like underwear models and swimmers, have that smooth, cut, sleekness that looks good naked.

Then again...

His body had the smooth, powerful build you didn't get in a gym. He didn't have a washboard stomach or powerful pectorals or bulging muscles anywhere. But his shoulders were broad, his chest enormous, his belly flat, and his cock thrust up and out from a neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair like a spear. He was not smooth and hairless like an underwear model but nor was he hairy like a bear. I got the impression of a body I would have seen on a cowboy or sailor or soldier a hundred or a thousand years ago – except his smelled faintly of soap.

He pulled me in against him, and as my breasts pillowed out against the warm skin of his chest I felt a wild dark thrill within me. His arms surrounded me, his hands kneading my buttocks as we kissed. I felt hot and wicked and daring and longed to have him inside me.

He eased back, then gripped my hair again, pulling me to the side, bending me forcefully across his desk.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped my bottom sharply as he ordered me to spread my legs. I obeyed quickly, gasping.

I heard him open a drawer, then gasped as I felt something thick and round against my back passage. I groaned as he pushed the butt-plug into me. It was bigger than the last one, but I was getting used to penetration back there. Then came the dildo, twisting and turning, sliding deeper with each plunging stroke as my swollen clit throbbed hotly.

“Fuck meeee!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“When I say so, slave girl,” he said.

He drew my arms back behind me and locked the wrist restraints together, then pulled me upright by the hair, turned me, and then lifted me bodily up across his shoulder. I yelped as my upper body fell across the other side of his shoulder, hanging upside down along his back as he turned and walked to the door.

“Dennis!”

*Crack!*

“Sir,” he corrected.

He carried me like a sack of potatoes, my legs held tight against his chest, my bottom thrust up and out, my upper torso hanging helplessly down his back. We walked through the aisle, then past the elevators and out to the large board room on the other side of the floor.

The board room was often used for teleconferences. It came equipped with a fifty inch flat screen TV on the wall, and it was clear, as he sat me down on the shiny walnut table, that both it, and the TV, were turned on. I yelped and tried to twist away, but Dennis grasped my legs and yanked me forward so my bottom was on the edge of the boardroom table and my legs spread.

“Note that your face is not on the camera,” he said.

A bit panicked, I realized he was correct. The camera, which could be directed and focused in on an individual speaker, was pointing down at the end of the boardroom table so that all that was showing was, well, my lower body.

It was... fascinating seeing myself like that, especially with the dildo sticking out of me a little.

“Spread your legs more, slut,” he growled.

I groaned as he pushed my legs almost completely to the sides. Then he reached for the camera control and it pulled back a little, and shifted so that all of my body up to the neck was on camera.

Of course, so was his body, up to the chest.

I watched on the big screen TV as his hands moved over my body, somehow connecting them with the feelings and sensations they were rousing in me. I moaned as he began to pump the dildo in and out, his thumb extending along the shaft to stroke over my clit as he moved it in and out.

I was uncomfortable with having the camera on, but overheated to the point where almost nothing else mattered. Then he pulled the dildo out, and thrust himself in. Again, I stared, first at him, then at the TV, fascinated, gasping now as he began to thrust in and out, as he ran his hands over my body, as he leaned into me, spreading my legs achingly wide, his thick, glistening shaft plunging into me again and again.

I'd never done any picture or video stuff during sex, being too careful, but the sight, well, without my face in it, was so.. pornographic! I don't mean that in a bad way. Not that I'm a lover of porn, but seeing what looked like the porn videos I had seen before up on the big screen – only it was me, that was wild! I watched his cock thrust into me, watched his hands move over me, watched

when he yanked my legs up into the air, almost lifting my ass off the board room table as his hips pumped in and out.

Then I looked up at him, so solid as he stood before me, like a bear without the fur. And when he leaned into me, leaned over me, his chest against mine and his lips against me, I felt the heaviness, the solidity of him above me, and groaned in pleasure and heat as I tried to wrap my legs around him.

Our lips were crushed together, his hand in my hair again, the other on my breast as he continued to pump into me. I was quivering with heat, breathless with passion and the raw sexual energy coursing through my body.

He pulled up and back, then flipped me onto my belly. My legs fell down and my feet hit the floor before he slapped my butt and spread my legs apart. I gasped as he entered me again, this time from behind, and groaned as he started to pound himself against me.

I turned my shaky eyes up towards the TV and saw myself – almost to the neck, saw my headless body being pounded by his heavy hips. He moved me aside, repositioning me for the camera to see, so it was more from behind, and I blushed despite myself, awed and embarrassed at the same time by the sight of my naked sex wrapped around his thick cock.

He rammed himself into me. He used me hard! He gripped my hair, dragging my head up and back as he leaned in to bite and kiss and suck on the nape of my neck and grope my breast. It was a wild, passionate, raw animal fuck, and it was blowing my mind as my body began to blossom into the incredible orgasm I knew was waiting for me.

He pulled out, flipped me over again, gripping my legs and using them like the handles of a wheelbarrow to control my limp body. He adjusted me so that my bottom was once again just barely hanging over the edge of the table, spread my legs wide, and plunged deep into my belly. I groaned and shuddered as he thrust, and fleeting through passed through my fevered mind. I didn't have to do anything. I mean, sex was a partnership, it was an endless series of small decisions about how to react to what was being done, what to do, how to move, but I could do nothing now. And that meant there were no decisions to be made. All my focus was on the sensations, on what was being done to me.

And the wild, high heat of it all as my body blossomed into an incredible

orgasm!

I wasn't quiet about it. My mind seemed to just flare wildly as the sensations poured through my nervous system. I writhed and twisted and bucked and arched as I cried out in dazed passion and pleasure. My head twisted and rolled and I gurgled in breathless ecstasy as the orgasm set my muscles spasming and my limbs convulsing, and the entire focus of my life was that hard shaft of flesh driving into me with hard, powerful strokes.

It didn't even occur to me to look up at the television screen, and if I had I wouldn't have had enough brain power to understand or care that the image being shown had my face in it now, had my face grimacing in pleasure, eyes rolled back, mouth open as I gasped and grunted and cried out in pleasure.

Who cared about little things like that anyway?

He pulled me forward, sitting down, letting me down on him so I was straddling him. He was still hard! And I sat still, gasping, panting, as he stroked my hair and back, his hands gently caressing my buttocks as he kissed my head where it rested against his shoulder.

Breathless, gasping, I eased my head back a little, and he kissed me more gently, his hands around my waist, then sliding up to grip the sides of my chest. His hands were big enough that his thumbs extended out over my breasts, and he rubbed my nipples lightly as he kissed me softly.

I could still feel his big cock inside me, and knew a sense of amazement that he was still hard. Then I felt another little shock as I realized I was still aroused. And every time I moved, even a little, and felt that thick shaft inside me, that arousal deepened. My nipples were still throbbing, and his thumbs stroking against them weren't doing anything to make me feel relaxed.

We kissed for a long minute or two, then he lifted me up again and sat me on the edge of the table. He gripped my thighs and yanked, and that dropped me onto my back on the table as he raised my feet straight up in the air. Then, spreading them, he leaned in and I stared along the length of my body as his mouth enveloped my sex.

I moaned weakly, laying on my bound arms as his tongue pushed into me and twisted around. His lips were on mine, his breath hot against me as he drew his

hands in. I groaned as his thumbs spread the lips of my sex apart, and his tongue moved up and down my opening, then began to stroke across my clit. Hot little bursts of heat and pleasure rippled through my body, and it took an astonishingly short time before the heat was full-born again and I was gasping and moaning and writhing on the table while he licked hard at my swollen clit.

He rose up like a man-mountain and slid forward atop me. I felt his cock press against me, forcing apart the lips of my sex and sinking into the mouth. Then he held there, his elbows on the table, his body covering mine but not quite touching it, his hands in my hair as he grinned down at me from a foot away.

“Do you want it, baby?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

“Beg for it.”

My eyes blinked uncertainly.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

“Sir,” he said.

“Please fuck me, sir!” I whined.

“Are you my little slut?”

“Yes! Yes!” I gasped.

“Beg for it.”

“Denndis!” I whined.

“Beg for it, slut.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I whined.

“Please fuck my little slut?” he taunted.

“Yes! Please fuck your little slut, sir!”

He chuckled, and eased up and back, his hands covering my breasts now as he moved another inch into me.

“Does my little slave girl want a big cock inside her?”

“Yeeees!” I moaned, writhing, trying to impale myself on his shaft.

“Please fuck your little slave girl, sir!” I moaned.

And then he drove himself into me so hard it drove the breath out of me. But that didn't last long. I was soon gasping and panting and whining and yelping and moaning as he fucked me with hard, fast, powerful strokes that made my body shudder and tremble on the table. In less than a minute another orgasm was upon me and I was crying in pleasure as he rode me through it, his hips pounding against my upraised buttocks as my pussy burned and flared wildly around him.

## Chapter Six

I think pornography is one of those things most women don't really get about men. We sort of understand it intellectually, but not emotionally. But we have come to accept it. Guys like seeing pictures and videos of naked girls. That's all there is to it. Sometimes we're bemused, sometimes amused, sometimes grossed out or impatient or disapproving. But that's just the way guys are. We have purses and shoes, guys have porn.

I had avoided, as I said, letting anyone take risqué pictures of me, to say nothing of videos, but the TV had sort of changed my attitude. It had imbued the thought with the heat I'd felt when watching myself, and so made it something kind of wickedly daring and exciting in its own right. And, of course, Dennis was quite clever about it. Dishonest, of course, but in the sneaky way men can be about sex when they think our objections are just silly modesty.

There was a full length mirror on the wall of the board room. It was about five feet wide and seven feet high, with an immense brass frame around it. Dennis stood me in front of it, standing behind me, and praised me, telling me how hot, how beautiful, how sexy I looked as his hands caressed my body and his lips moved against my shoulder and throat.

And I had to agree.

The first pictures were ones without my face, but exciting in their own right. He took a picture of me in the mirror, on my knees, with my back to the mirror and my mouth on his balls, sucking and licking. All the picture saw was a naked girl, arms bound behind her, and her long blonde hair spilling out around her. It could have been any girl. It certainly wasn't anything I needed to worry about getting out onto the internet. It wasn't like anyone was going to recognize me.

And the picture was hot. Not only did it show most of his powerful body, but it had me in it, though anonymous, if you will, and kneeling before him mouthing him.

He took pictures of me on all fours, but again, with my head down, my hair like

a screen across my face, which was turned away. He took pictures from the sides, from behind, but not from in front, with my face. He put me in a plush leather chair and undid the restraints so my hands were free, then had me pose with a dildo half protruding from my pussy.

But that again was okay. My hands were gripping it, well, one was, the other on my breast, but my head was pulled up and back across the top of the chair so that you didn't see my face at all. The posing was getting me hot again, and I thought it was wickedly daring, but without much worry since my face wasn't in any of them.

And Dennis had turned off the TV.

It didn't occur to me the camera might still be running.

“Push it deeper,” he suggested, and of course, I did.

“Deeper.”

I pushed it deeper, then pulled it out, and before long, as he gazed at me, not really taking pictures now, I was masturbating. It was just a show for him, at first, to arouse him, to tease him, but I was aroused, as well. And so I got into it more than I had expected. The thought of actually masturbating while someone watched was a wild thrill, even though it was also embarrassing in a way. But I did it, rubbing my clit as I pumped the dildo in and out, my legs spread wide, draped across the arms of the chair, my body slumped low.

I was a bit shocked at myself, for I'd never done anything like that, but I was so feverish that it just seemed another wild and daring sexual game. I came, twisting and writhing and gasping as he looked on, and then, panting, slid onto my knees before him and began to suck his half hard cock for him.

He pulled me back, his cock gleaming, hard, beautiful, and by then I was hungry for it once more. But instead he made me pose for him. No camera this time – or so I thought, but I posed anyway, in lewd positions, at first, then submissive ones. And, of course, one I chose myself, which he didn't at all order, was one from my fantasies: on my knees, my chest and shoulders against the floor, knees spread and ready to be mounted.

He called me his nasty little slut, and slapped my butt, then clipped the leash to

my collar again and this time made me crawl! He led me, leashed, crawling, back and forth before the big mirror while my wide eyes took in my appearance with a sense of delighted outrage. God, I looked like a wild slut! An animal! A bitch in heat!

He even had the dildo sticking out of my pussy!

And then, of course, I resumed that other position, and he mounted me, riding me hard and fast, and blowing me into still another massive, monster orgasm!

\* \* \*

Yes, I felt guilty when I got home, when Michael sympathized with me for having to work so hard and I had to make up stories about what financial matters I'd been going over. You see, the funny thing I was starting to figure out was that I liked him a lot more than I did Dennis. I mean, I got along with him, more in common, was more comfortable with him, more natural, than with Dennis. Dennis was – a good fuck. That was pretty much all.

Well... a great fuck. An amazing fuck. The best fuck of my life, in fact. Maybe if I got to know him better – but all we did was fuck. And it was always that kinky fucking, that fucking which had me as a submissive to his dominant.

We started going to a motel at noon. And he would have me pose for him, masturbate myself, and he would spank me, harder all the time, until tears were in my eyes. But with his finger or a dildo in my pussy the heat inflamed my mind despite the pain. And soon he was plunging into me, riding me and I was coming like a mad woman. The man had a skillful set of fingers, let me tell you. And soon just the thought of laying across his lap had my pussy thrumming with excitement and anticipation.

The first slap against my bottom would send a sharp echo right through my groin and my pussy would begin to burn. I was always sopping before his fingers even touched my sex.

And then he introduced the strap. He said it was far less likely to bruise my bottom, which was starting to become a bit of an issue.

He bent me over the back of a wooden chair at a motel, tied my wrists to the front legs, my ankles to the back legs, and then used small cords to tie my

nipples – which stung! – and pulled the strings down and forward. With a dildo in my bottom and a vibrator purring away in my pussy I was almost ready to come before he even touched me.

The strap stung. It cracked against my upraised buttocks with a sharp, stinging blow that would have had me crying out were it not for the gag in my mouth. Blow after blow landed, and my bottom burned and flamed enough to start to push aside the wild dark heat enveloping my mind. But not enough. He kept stopping to pump the dildo or set the vibrator grinding more heavily against me. Then he'd resume, with me gasping and moaning and drooling around the gag.

I came without him even doing anything. I came while he was strapping me! I mean, I'd never come while being spanked, only while being spanked and fingered at the same time. Now I just came, twisting and jerking, my head thrashing, my pussy spasming around the vibrator, my ass aching and burning. And every time I jerked I pulled and tugged my sore nipples against the cords, producing sharp, stinging counter sensations to that in my lower body.

I came, screaming into the gag, and then, when he pulled the dildo out of my ass, and replaced it with his cock, I came again, as he yanked on my hair and roughly fisted my breasts and rode me to the point of writhing, twisting, feverish insanity.

I wondered what the fuck I was becoming. And I was afflicted with doubt and guilt more and more, thinking about ending it with Dennis, despite the incredible excitement and passion. If only there had been more passion with Michael...

For the thought of going back to my drab, dull, everyday existence of hugs, and brief kisses, and occasional, unsatisfying sex was too much for me.

With Dennis, I was feeling the wild, raw passion of being alive! I felt like a woman! I felt like a hot, sexy, seductive, slut of a woman!

But the best kind of slut, the kind with an intact reputation.

But I also had a reputation at work for a hard worker, for a very capable worker. And I didn't neglect my work just because I was having a sordid affair with my boss' boss. And no, I wasn't under any illusions about what type of affair it was.

Dennis had arranged, as I said, for me to take over the purchasing for the new

floor. That was a lot of buying. Just the computer equipment alone would be over two hundred thousand dollars. The cubicles, with desks, wiring, and walls, were even more costly. And of course, there were the closed door offices for the managers and the directors. My budget was over a half million dollars. Now normally, for something like that, we'd seek bids from various companies. But Dennis had already decided we would go with a new supplier.

I'd never heard of this new supplier. They seemed a little pricy, but not outrageously so. And anyway, what did I care? The decision was his. If we paid a little more, that was up to him. Myself, I would have needed more convincing about the benefits of paying more. But I didn't worry about it until I found a 'mistake'. There were supposed to be eighty six cubicles. But the order was for ninety six. Someone had mistaken an eight for a nine.

No problem. Such things happened, except when I reviewed my paperwork I saw that it actually was ninety six. I gaped at it. I couldn't have made that mistake! If I had, I might be in trouble! But there it was, in black type. Ninety six of everything! That was ten extra cubicles, complete with wiring, phones, computers, lights, chairs, desks, cabinets, etc.

At seventy five hundred dollars each, that was a \$75,000 mistake! People got fired for making mistakes like that! I couldn't understand how I'd done it. I checked my computer file and found the number was clearly marked as eighty six. How had it printed up as ninety six!?

After trying, for some time, to figure it out, and calling up the company, which said it was too late to cancel as they'd already special ordered, I had to go to Dennis to confess and ask his advice. I was relieved, at first, how calmly he took it. Maybe because I'd been so anxious, worried about him exploding at my stupid mistake, I was just terribly relieved when he showed a lack of concern. In fact, so little concern that I should have wondered at it.

“We're expanding at an incredible rate,” he said. “We'll use them eventually. Not that you don't have to be punished, of course, for such a mistake.”

Even in my anxiety I felt a hot little thrum at the word 'punished'. He used it every time I was going to be spanked or strapped, and that always led to tremendous orgasms. In fact, I seized upon it with relief. I hadn't used our relationship in any way to try to get ahead or get out of anything, but now, I let

myself be easily persuaded, and played up to it.

“I'm a bad girl,” I said, biting my lower lip. “I need to be punished, sir.”

“You definitely need to be punished, naughty girl,” he said. “Come here.”

I bit my lip nervously, looking at the closed door, then walked around to his side of the desk.

He stood up and made me bend over the desk, lifted my skirt, and pulled down my thong. I felt breathless and my body was already hot. But we were at work! I didn't want him to do anything that would produce a lot of sound here!

Instead, he slid a butt-plug into me, then something new. It was a vibrator with a soft, fat head, almost sponge-like, followed by a narrow body. He slid it slowly up into my already moistening pussy and pushed it deep. There was a little hook at the end which slipped over the edge of my sex, and then a little pad there which pressed against my clit. He pulled my thong back up and my skirt down, and then raised me upright.

“Your punishment will be after work at my place,” he said. “tell your husband you'll be staying late to be spanked and fucked.”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gulped, flushing.

“You'll keep those in you until I remove them. Understand, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes, sir,” I said.

He grinned and showed me a small green box. It was like a remote control. No, it was a remote control, a tiny one. He pressed the button and I jerked as I felt the thing inside me, the pad over my clit, beginning to vibrate.

“Don't worry, no one can hear. It's very quiet,” he said.

I had to spend the rest of the day with those things inside me! The butt-plug wasn't so bad, but the vibrator thing was driving me nuts. I could feel that pressure deep inside me, which was bad enough, but every now and then, without any warning, the vibrator would come on. I guess, whenever he chose to press the remote. Sometimes it stayed on for only ten seconds or so. Sometimes

it was a full minute.

I became hotter and more flustered as the day wore on. During the longer burst of vibrations I almost climaxed several times, but fought it off with tremendous will, terrified I'd come and make a lot of noise which those around me would hear.

I finally gave in to it. I couldn't repress it. I bent over my desk, grinding my pussy against the seat of my chair, my mouth jammed against the inside of my arm, my breasts rubbing and grinding against the desk as the orgasm flared wildly and made me bite into the flesh of my arm.

Under the circumstances, I didn't spend a lot of time thinking about the extra cubicles. Instead I was trying to repress my arousal, and also my guilt and self-doubts. Should I still be engaging in this lewd sexual relationship with Dennis? Should I, now that I had realized I didn't feel anything much for him, stop, and return to the more placid relationship with Michael? Maybe there was some other way to get Michael to energize himself in bed!

I felt a little ashamed when calling Michael, and I did consider telling Dennis I couldn't keep doing this, at least, outside of work hours, but I know I was influenced by the heat within me, by my sense of arousal. I guess... I guess it's like they say you shouldn't go grocery shopping when hungry. You know? You shouldn't consider the wisdom of having hot, lewd sex with a big, hunky guy when you're horny!

I was kind of curious about where he lived, though, what it looked like. I mean, I did like Dennis, and I did think he was incredibly hot: sort of like a big, powerful, but intelligent caveman. There was something hard-assed about him, ruthless, which added to his aura of machismo. I could see him as an old time ship captain or a general or something, barking out orders. Certainly he did that at work from time to time, and people rushed to obey!

There was a plastic bag in my cubicle when I returned from lunch. I frowned and opened it. Inside were clothes, and a note.

“Change into these before leaving the office,” it said.

There was no signature.

I bit my lip and examined them. They weren't, as I'd feared, slutty clothes. Well, the lingerie was sort of on the small size, but so what? There was a pair of old, faded jeans, a high necked white button-down blouse with lace around the buttons, and a very small, lacy, minimalist thong and matching bra, both also white. The top was a size too small, but that was no big deal. The pants were a little big, but again, no big deal.

I was confused. But changing presented no great obstacle. And no doubt he would explain when we met up. He wasn't picking me up in the garage because neither of us wanted people to see us driving off together after work. Instead he would pick me up on the next block.

\*\*\*

“Your tits look great in that shirt,” he said, when he saw me.

I frowned, giving him a look. It wasn't exactly like I was expecting romance from him, but his bluntness had started to get on my nerves. And then I realized that was the problem. Maybe I had been expecting romance with him earlier. I mean, was that what I was looking for? The great romance? I'd had great sex, wild, nasty, exciting sex. But there was no romance to any of it. That made it seem even more cheap and tawdry than an affair ought to be.

He gave me a frown back, and his frown was a lot better than mine. It reminded me that he was my boss' boss. I know that, given our relationship, that ought not to be a consideration. And yet it was. He was still the director. I was still the employee. The power differential was definitely there. He was also a man used to giving orders and getting what he wanted from his employees – and that was me.

So it was a little difficult to understand where the arrogant boss demanding sex gave way to the dominant male who liked bondage. Which was which? Was it all an act? Was none of it an act? Was he just this much of an arrogant bastard, even in private life? No, I didn't believe that. Or maybe I chose not to. Instead I thought of his demanding behavior as the 'game' he played of bondage and domination.

And admittedly, it was a game which enthralled me. I'd never played it before, and despite some squeamish moments, some discomfort and embarrassment I had found it to be incredibly exciting – in an outrageous sort of way I could

never tell my friends.

“Get your ass in the car.”

I hurriedly obeyed, again, not wanting anyone to see us together.

“Why did you want me to change into these? Where did you get them?” I demanded.

“I wanted you in clothes you wouldn't mind my tearing off you,” he said with a grin.

I felt a hot churning in my stomach as my chest tightened.

“I'm going to fuck your brains out, baby.”

Like I said, not very romantic.

But I looked at his big shoulders as he drove, and how thick his chest was, and my nipples tingled.

“Still got the vibrator and butt plug inside as I ordered?”

“Yes,” I gulped.

“Yes sir,” he growled.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

He pulled up at a red light and looked at me.

“Say it again.”

I bit my lip on a hot retort. It was all part of the sexual game, I told myself, still aroused.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

“What are you?”

I paused. “Uhm, I'm a ... a slut.”

“You're a cock-sucking whore. Say it.”

I felt my chest tighten again, indignation and heat warring within me. But he scowled, my boss's boss, and I swallowed uncertainly.

“I'm a cock-sucking whore,” I said, a little breathless.

The vibrator began to buzz, and I jerked a bit, and looked away. The car started forward, and the vibrator kept buzzing. With the jeans on it was jammed up against me, and I reflexively squeezed my thighs together as he chuckled low in his throat.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

I looked at him quickly, then around us, then hesitantly shifted my legs apart on the seat, then wider. He grinned and, while still driving, he dropped his right hand between my legs, his fingers rubbing and squeezing me through the jeans. Then he stopped, just sort of resting his hand on me there, squeezing very lightly. He continued to drive with his left hand, and continued to watch the road, but just rested his hand on my groin!

“H-How far is your place?” I gulped.

“Horny for cock, are you slut? You want me inside you, don't you?”

“I-I just..”

“Say it. Say you want me inside you.”

“I want you inside me,” I gulped.

“You want my cock inside you.”

“I want your cock inside me,” I said, boldly now, excitedly.

His hand was warm against my groin now, and the vibrator continued to buzz.

“I'm going to come in the car if you keep this up,” I said weakly.

“No you won't. I forbid you to come without my permission. Understand, slave girl?”

“I understand. I don't know if my body does, though.”

“Your body is already going to be punished. It better not tick me off or it'll be punished even worse.”

I felt a wave of anxiety. But the thought of being spanked always made me even more aroused now so the anxiety was brief, replaced by a tightness in my chest and a further sense of breathlessness.

\* \* \*

His condo wasn't the penthouse, but it was near the top of a very tall building. It was modern, shiny, gleaming, a square cut, but stylish building of glass and steel and chrome. His apartment doors were of carved wood – a double door. And inside in the lobby lay a black granite floor. It wasn't the home of a wealthy man but it was certainly the home of someone who had money.

It was very loft-like in that most of it was an open concept, with a large living room flowing into a dining room and then kitchen. The furniture was black leather and dark wood. The kitchen was ultra modern, as well, with stainless steel appliances, black glass cupboards and gray marble counter tops.

I was walking towards it when he gripped my wrist and yanked me back so suddenly I would have fallen if I hadn't been pulled right in against his body. Then he was on me, grabbing me by the front of the shirt. He shoved me hard against the wall and crushed my lips with his, even as he tore open the front of my shirt.

Well, his shirt but...

His mouth was practically eating at mine, like a wild animal! And I had been tremendously aroused to begin with. The way he was manhandling me was making me even hotter!

He was pressing me hard against the wall, now, holding me by the scruff of the neck – meaning the torn shirt, he jerked me forward, swinging me bodily around and shoving me against the opposite wall right by a narrow telephone table. That actually forced me up onto the table, which was no more than ten inches or so wide, and knocked the phone to the floor with a clatter as he tore the shirt the rest of the way open, forcing it down over my shoulders and bit into the nape of

my neck!

Well, he had actually warned me, I guess, when he told me he was going to be tearing them off me. I just hadn't quite understood...

My butt was half riding up onto the table, one foot still on the floor, the other jerking in mid air as he growled and bit and chewed at my throat, then grabbed the waistband of the jeans. He literally tore them open, sending the button popping, tearing the zipper off and he ripped them open! I let out a cry of shock, but the heat was almost melting my mind as I threw my arms over his shoulder, or tried to. But he was still manhandling me. He tore the jeans open all the way to the crotch, then yanked me forward and flung me against the back of the sofa so I half fell over.

He tore the jeans down my legs and off, yanking my feet out from under me, then tore off the blouse as well! He yanked me back by the bra strap, tore it open and flung me against the wall! I gasped, chest heaving, staring at him as his big body crushed me against it again, his lips bruising mine as his tongue invaded my mouth. His hand was in my hair, jerking it up and back, while the other groped my breast hard enough to hurt.

He stepped back, grabbed the front of my thong, and tore it off, which had me lurching forward, but he caught me in his arms, lifted me up over his shoulder as he did before, like a sack of potatoes, and turned to the living room. He threw me, literally, onto the sofa, then peeled his own shirt up and off in a single motion to reveal his powerful bare chest.

I yelped again as he grabbed at my leg and yanked hard, twisting me around onto my belly. The it was my hair, yanking up and back, raising me to my knees, turning me so I faced the back of the couch.

“On your fucking knees!” he growled.

Gasping, panting, I had little choice, then yelped as his open hand cracked down on my bottom.

“Stick that ass out, slut! Stick it out for me!”

He yanked the vibrator thing out, and then gave me another slap before pushing into me.

For all his violence, he didn't ram himself into me, but sank into me relatively slowly, though firmly. That was a tremendous reassurance that he was actually fully in control of himself, for I was starting to panic a bit at how out of control and wild this was becoming.

But once he was deep inside me he started up again, grabbing at my hair, slapping my ass, his hips moving faster and faster. Granted, I was sopping, and almost trembling with heat, but it was still a hard, violent ride as his hips pounded into my buttocks. I was grasping the back of the sofa, gasping and panting and yelping and moaning as he rammed into me. I writhed whenever he jerked my head up and back by the hair, and cried out as he slapped my bottom, but I was a hair away from climaxing when he stopped.

He fucking stopped!

“D-Don't stop!” I gasped.

That brought a sharp slap to my bottom.

“Sir!” he growled.

“Please, sir! Please don't stop, sir!” I moaned.

“You don't come until I give you permission, slut. Remember?”

I shakily turned my head, grasping the back of the sofa for support, and saw him pull the belt from the loops of his trousers..

“You're here for punishment. Remember, slut?”

I moaned in denial, but felt a dark surge of heat as he doubled the belt in his hand.

“P-Please...”I gasped.

I so wanted to come.

“You want my cock in you, is that the problem?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped.

He snorted. “Push that ass up and back and hold still.”

I obeyed, and he moved away for a moment. I turned my trembling head and saw him take something from a drawer. It was a dildo, a huge black dildo. I whimpered in heat and pleasure as he moved back behind me.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

I wanted him inside me, not a dildo, but I wanted something inside me!

I spread my legs, panting for breath. I felt the thing pushing against my opening. It was quite thick and I moaned as it pushed in harder, as it slowly spread the lips of my sex apart, and then managed to penetrate me.

“Oh God!” I gasped. “It's big!”

“You need a big cock inside you, baby,” he said.

I shuddered and moaned in heat, though my pussy ached as he slowly worked the thing in and out. He had to add some sort of lubrication, despite my overheated pussy, but then it moved more easily. I felt myself spreading wide, achingly wide as he filled me with the big dildo and pushed it deeper and deeper. My clit was flaming and swollen, and I longed to reach back to touch it, but knew if I did I'd come at once.

God, it went deep! I could feel it at the very bottom of my pussy, feel the ache there, as well as at my opening, where the lips of my sex were so tightly stretched around it. It felt very life-like, but yet not... the way those silicon things were.

“Ow! It can't go any deeper!” I cried.

“It will. Your hot little cunt just needs to stretch a little more,” he said. “Give it time.”

He let it go, and I turned, staring behind me, seeing it sticking out of me, feeling its weight and thickness inside. That made my pussy spasm, for I could feel just how deep it was inside me already.

And then he picked up the belt again.

“Legs together, and raise that ass up, you nasty, naughty little girl. It's time for your spanking,” he said.

I trembled now, and jerked my knees together as much as I could, but that tightened my opening around the dildo even more, and I groaned as I felt its pressure against my inner thighs.

I jerked my head away with a cry as his arm came forward. The belt snapped across my upraised ass and I squealed and my hips jerked forward.

“Back into position, slut!”

Whimpering now, I obeyed, digging my fingers into the back of the sofa.

“Raise that pretty little ass higher,” he ordered.

He made me push my ass back at him, then drew his arm back again.

*Crack! The belt cut across my buttocks with a sharp, stinging blow that made me cry out again.*

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

God it hurt! And I was going to come! I was going to come! I tried not to, but with the strain in the mouth of my sex, the deep penetration of the dildo, and the way the sharp blows from the belt were almost echoing through my groin I couldn't stop. My right hand jerked off the back of the sofa and shot between my legs to finger my clit as I cried out in helpless swirling sexual need and climaxed.

God! I should have been mortified to be so out of control, and so wanton, and I was, at least, kind of. But it wasn't like I hadn't masturbated while he watched before, and now the heat was just too overwhelming for me to care!

He didn't stop me, though, but just kept cracking the belt across my bottom to produce sharp, stinging explosions of sensation which rippled through the orgasm like explosions in a fire. My hips jerked and writhed wildly as my fingers rubbed desperately, and then as if he could read my desperate wish, he gripped the end of the dildo and started pumping it in and out in hard, deep thrusts.

*Ohmygod!*

The orgasm just ... it had an orgasm! I lost control! The thrusting threw me forward against the back of the sofa and my arms fell over the opposite side, and the dildo rammed up into me, jerking me in and out as he used the big thing so hard, so brutally hard! I cried out with every thrust, hurting, but my mind flaming in the hurricane of orgasmic pleasure. It was like the head was punching me in the gut, deep inside, but somehow, in my twisted heat, that only made it hotter and wilder.

I could hardly breath, couldn't think of anything but the pleasure, and finally collapsed, dazed, trembling, moaning, drained as he buried the thing inside me and stepped back.

“Didn't I tell you not to come without my permission? I think you've laid in more punishment for yourself, slave girl,” he growled.

## Chapter Seven

The amazing thing was that the fucking dildo actually managed to fit entirely inside me! I could hardly believe my body could accommodate it. I looked down, imagining I could see into my belly, could see it way up inside, the whole long length of it... It was a wild turn on!

Dennis was naked now, and a part of me drooled at the sight of him in all his masculine glory, so tall and powerful, both physically and emotionally. He could throw me around the room like a rag doll, so of course, had no need of tying me up. Nevertheless, he did, making me cross my wrists as he carefully laid the loops of rope around them, criss-crossing them like an artist making sure every loop was perfectly placed.

My wrists were immovably bound together now, and as he sat back on the sofa, legs spread, his fingers buried in my hair, I licked and kissed and sucked on his cock. He twisted his fingers in my hair from time to time, or jerked my head back for a moment, just to remind me how in-control he was as I sucked his balls and licked at his cock.

He shoved down on my head.

“Lick,” he ordered, and I licked at his thighs, licked at his legs.

He shoved further. “Lick,” he growled, and I kissed and licked at his knee, at his lower leg.

I was still aroused, despite the incredible intensity of the orgasm. I hadn't been, at first, but the tying up, the ... submission, I guess, had turned me on again. Or maybe, the orgasm wasn't enough to really quench the fires within me given the stimulation.

“Lick!” he growled.

I gasped as his firm fingers, with my hair twisted around them, forced my face lower, forced my knees back further on the rug. I trembled a little as I licked at

his ankle, as I kissed the hairy flesh and slid my tongue around it.

“Lick!”

He shoved my face lower, and I groaned as I stared at his foot. Why was this any different? I don't know, but emotionally, it was. It was something... big. I understand and don't at the same time.

I licked at his bare foot, I licked up around the ankle, then, as he jerked my head back, I licked down towards the toes, my wrists spasming within the tight ropes.

I licked, reluctantly, at the toes, and then he raised his foot.

“Suck!”

My head pulled back instinctively, but he jerked forward on my hair, and then his big toe was in my mouth, along with the one next to it.

“Suck, whore!”

I sucked, licking and sucking at his toes in a wild, dark haze of embarrassment and heat. I sucked his toes! And then he forced my face low as he raised his foot and I licked the underside of his foot, my tongue lapping at the soft ball of his foot until, with a yank on my hair that again made me cry out, he forced me up and forward, back between his legs, forced my mouth down over his cock.

I gurgled as it jammed in against the inside of my cheek.

“Suck your master, slave girl,” he growled.

I sucked and bobbed, when I could move my head, and then yelped as his other hand slid down my back, down between my buttocks, down so he could thrust his fingers against my pussy, shoving at the base of the dildo which had started to work its way out. I had felt the lips of my sex spreading bit by bit, but now he shoved it back inside me so the ache in the deepest pit of my belly intensified.

He stood up, dragging me up on my knees by the hair, and then pulled me up along his shaft until it was deep in my throat.

God! Talk about being utterly dominated!

And despite an inner feeling that this was wrong I felt a liquid heat churning within me as he manhandled me so, as he pulled my mouth all the way up to the base of his cock and then held me there by his arrogant strength, his cock throbbing within my mouth and throat. My arms jerked spastically, but of course, were quite firmly held in place by the rope around my crossed wrists. I was his prisoner, his bitch, his whore, his slave, to use however he chose!

I felt a strange sense of complete acceptance, and as he began to jerk me in and out by the hair, as his cock pumped in my throat, there was no urge to gag at all! It slid up and down in my throat and mouth so... so naturally that even as dazed as I was, a part of my mind marveled with delight. He was using my throat harshly, and it was... so easy. His thick shaft of flesh moved within my throat as like a well-lubricated piston in a shaft, lightly caressing the insides of my throat as it moved.

My face pushed hard against his groin as he pulled me in tight, then he slid back, almost all the way out, with his cock spitting out thick white wads of come as it pulled free. It filled my mouth to overflowing, yet, like his cock, slid smoothly down my throat as I gave myself totally to the experience and my body finally went along with me.

\* \* \*

My punishment was an odd one, or so I thought. On the other hand, I suppose it was also fitting, in a perverted sort of way. Dennis decided my pussy had been bad for coming without his permission, so he was going to punish my pussy. His method for doing was was a lightly padded, leather covered two by four stretched across a pair of metal support legs, much like a sawhorse. It was clear it had been purpose made, but the reasoning behind it was beyond me until he had me straddle the thing.

Its height was adjustable, and, after tying my ankles carefully down, he did so, raising it up in a careful way which showed me he had given much thought to such things. That was disturbing, in a way, that he would plan out ways to punish a woman, but I felt aroused anyway.

The two-by four was placed on its side, that is, with the narrow portion on top, and it was that narrow portion I was forced to sit upon. Needless to say, it was not a comfortable seat, despite the little bit of padding and the leather atop it.

Had I been able to stand straight I would not have even touched it, but he had tied my ankles wide apart. Even so, I could raise myself up on the balls of my feet, and be clear of the thing. But standing on the balls of my feet was not something I could do for very long.

And just to add to things, Dennis had, in his weirdly perverse way, placed a powerful vibrator against the two by four, taping it to the side of the board just in front of where I straddled the thing. This made the board vibrate in a not unpleasant way.

The big dildo he had stuffed up inside me was still there, as was the butt-plug. The dildo, despite its thickness, had a natural tendency to ease down, either with the aid of my pubic muscles or simple gravity. It could only do so whenever I was on the balls of my feet, of course, and then as I sank back down, my ankles aching, the base of the dildo would press against the top of the two by four and be forced back in.

It never pushed out far, though, for it was that tight. And the two by four, though it jammed hard against the mouth of my sex, did not push the base any deeper than that. But sitting on the thing brought pressure not only against my tender sex, but also up inside me, against the back wall of my pussy. It was a strange double sensation, made even more strange by the buzzing of the vibrator taped tightly to the side of the board.

Dennis had gagged me for this punishment, and that added another dimension of helplessness which also unaccountably affected my excitement level. Something about being unable to complain, unable to make demands, unable to even voice my discomfort made me feel even more helpless, and thus more aroused at the dark, nasty aspect of his sexual games. I had never considered myself any kind of masochist, nor did I feel excited by pain even now.

But there was a psychological aspect to his manhandling me, to his dominating me, to his punishing me, which both outraged and aroused me. And it seemed the more outrageous, the more arousing.

But I wasn't fully in agreement with it, by any means. I was not happy to be sitting on this.. this thing. I was annoyed, and somewhat impatient with it, with him, with his punishment, with how silly it was. I glowered at him unhappily, reminded myself again that he was my boss, and worried about how I was going

to step out of this relationship should I choose to do so.

And yet even so I was aroused, and growing more aroused as I rose and sat on the thing, as I rose, my ankles ached, and I sat again. I didn't like doing exactly what he wanted me to do but I didn't seem to have any choice. I was fully in his control, and my body was reacting as much as my mind. My pussy ached as the weight of my body pushed down against the narrow board, and ultimately that forced me to rise on the balls of my feet.

That, of course, made my ankles and feet ache, and that ultimately left me no choice but to sink back down again.

And the pressure both hurt and aroused me, especially with the buzzing vibrations against my throbbing, aching pussy.

And then Dennis after watching with some interest, wandering in and out of the room, decided to add to his little masterpiece by tying narrow cords, very narrow, to my nipples. Tightening the loops around each nipple made me cry out in pain, made me twist and jerk and shake my head, but he ignored my obvious protests, tied off each cord, and then pulled them up and forward.

The sharp ache faded, but my nipples continued to burn and throb as he pulled on the cords. My body was forced to lean forward as he played out the lines. Then he tied them to a metal support brace on a shelf in front of where I 'sat'.

The cords limited my mobility even further, and while it took pressure off my tail bone it put it all on the front of my pussy – where my clitoris was, of course. My clit was mashed down against the hard wood, with all my weight atop it, and it burned and ached with pain.

My arousal deepened. I couldn't say why. Some part of me was enthralled by the dark perversity of my punishment and helplessness. I was gripped by a deep, dark sense of martyred sexuality, of masochistic heat at my own abuse. My pussy throbbed and burned and ached, and yet even so I hovered near the brink of orgasm.

My nipples burned and ached, too, so why did I find myself deliberately leaning back in short, determined little motions that tugged my nipples repeatedly against those hard, tight knots? Why did the sharp, stinging little spikes of pain echo through my body like explosive little releases of delicious pleasure? And

why was the combination driving me to the brink of orgasm?

I did not want to give him that satisfaction. I was, as I said, starting to question our entire relationship and what I was doing with him. I was becoming more indignant at the way he was treating me. But it didn't seem to matter. My arousal was total, and it pushed aside all other considerations to the point where I forced my aching, weakened ankles to take up some of my weight once more, not to lift me off the board, but to desperately rub myself against it.

I couldn't do much, but it was enough. I could grind myself in and out, back and forth, perhaps no more than an inch or so against the leather cover. The sensation made my sex flare with wildfire pleasure and sent me over the edge into a massive orgasm. The orgasm itself leant me energy, and my desperate motions grew more frantic as I ground myself against it with fever maddened passion and need.

I flung my head back, crying out in dazed pleasure, jerking and grinding not only my pussy, but my sparking nipples, reveling in the hot, wild storm of sensations tearing through my body.

God it was good! It was so fucking good!

And Dennis watched me all through it, something which, even in the depths of my heat, both excited and embarrassed me. He would think I was some kind of pervert like him now! And I wasn't! I wasn't!

But God it was good! It left me drained, gasping for breath, moaning into the gag as I sat there straddling the board.

I grunted weakly, my eyes slitted as he jerked my head up and back by the hair, then gasped in pain, as he forced my body to pull back against the cords bound to my nipples.

“I didn't say you could masturbate again, slut,” he said.

I felt another wave of embarrassment, and resented him over it, but there was nothing I could really say or do, given the situation.

He released my hair, then untied my ankles and pulled them out further to the sides, retying them so that they were held off the floor and out on either side.

They hadn't been supporting me much before, but now their added weight pushed down even more firmly against my aching pussy, and I began to moan as the pain intensified.

Dennis got another vibrator – they were these long handled things with big rounded heads – and taped it to the other side of the board. When he turned it on the thing's vibrations were even more pronounced. And I was jammed against it, leaning in and forward, my pussy sore and bruised but still terribly sensitive.

The pain was bad enough I wanted off the thing. But he had left the room right after fooling with it, so I was on my own, with no help in sight, and had to simply cope with it.

God, this was sick! This was perverted! What was I doing here!? My friends, my family, my colleagues at work would never have believed it in a million years! I'd wanted a nasty thrill in my life a hot affair with a big, handsome man who would do me the way a woman needed to be done (sometimes) but I hadn't bargained for this kinky perversity!

I whimpered and moaned, my head and shoulders twisting and rolling. That tugged my nipples against the cords, of course, but that was a lesser pain, though much sharper than the dull ache between my legs. As such, it was a distraction, and I desperately welcomed distractions from the deep aching pain. That pain, and the energetic way I was twisting and writhing, along with the heat in the room – or was that my imagination – was making me sweat, and I was gulping in air through my mouth as I could around the ball gag he'd stuffed between my lips.

My hair was getting frazzled and I was feeling more and more ragged and hard-done-by. At the same time I couldn't ignore the slow build-up of sexual arousal once again within me. That was coming not only from the vibrators attached to the board but from that dark, hidden corner of my mind which seemed to find the outrageous sexual helplessness and abuse to be erotic and exciting. The rest of my mind didn't like that part, but that didn't seem to matter.

I was, despite my pain, becoming very turned on. Nor did I fight it, for the heat of pleasure made the heat of pain far more bearable. The pain was growing intense, my desperation causing me to shake my head in negation, as if there was anyone there to convey my desperation to!

But then the sexual heat began to build up to an intense need which overwhelmed all else. It was so sudden, so dramatic! And then I was grinding myself against the leather beneath, using my leg muscles to pull myself, or try to pull myself, in and back again, even just using my weight to grind frantically against the leather as the orgasm washed over me.

I writhed, I twisted, I bucked, my hips ground furiously, feverishly. My head rolled up and back again and again as my nipples pulled against the cords, and then the orgasm gave way to a second, then a third, and a fourth orgasm as convulsions wracked my feverish body and my mind was swamped by waves of overheated pleasure. It was driving me insane, and I didn't care! I didn't care about anything but the pleasure!

Then the orgasms finally faded, leaving me drained, dazed, moaning weakly as I straddled the board, my head lolling a little as the pain throbbed more and more hotly. Without the wild, raw passion the pain became even more unbearable, and my desperation to escape it had me twisting and writhing against the ropes holding me in place, crying out into the gag, even though he could not possibly hear it outside the room.

Then the door opened and I knew a wild thrill of relief as he walked in. He gripped my now-tangled hair and jerked my head up and back, pulling my aching nipples once again.

“Would you like to get down, slut?”

I tried to jerk my head up and down frantically against his grip.

“If I let you down will you be a good, obedient little slave?”

I again tried to shake my head up and down, my eyes beseeching him, trying to beg him through the gag filling my mouth.

“I'll make you a deal. I'll let you down, and we'll play a game. It's a game of obedience. If you do whatever I say, and do it instantly and enthusiastically, you won't go back on. If you disobey, question, or hesitate, if you don't show enough enthusiasm, then you go back up for another hour. Is that a deal?”

I would have agreed to anything, to be honest, and so, hardly with any other thought than my desperation to be relieved of this terrible ache, I again jerked

my head frantically.

He released my hair and I swayed, moaning as I watched him untying my ankle. I mentally urged him to greater speed, moaning into the gag again. He seemed in no great hurry, however. He untied my ankles, but then paused to put those studded leather restraints around them before removing the cords from my throbbing, aching, swollen nipples.

Then he paused again, placing the collar around my throat. I could have cursed him in my urgency to get off! Finally, he lifted me physically up off the board, and let me down, let me sink down with a groan of relief, onto my knees. The relief of pain was almost instant. My pussy still throbbed deeply, still ached, but the step-down of pain was enormous, and I groaned with relief, bending forward, my forehead against the floor as tried to go limp.

I felt his hands at my wrists, untying the rope, but then he replaced it with the leather restraints. I didn't really care, though, as he stepped back. My hands went to my gag, but he ordered me not to touch it, and I saw him pick up a short, slender crop which I knew would be used on me if I disobeyed.

I reached for my aching sex, barely touching it, wincing.

“Now, let's see if you want to go back up on the horse,” he said. “Remember, that was our deal. If you disobey, hesitate, or don't show the proper enthusiasm for quick obedience, you go back up.”

I shuddered at the thought, even though what I really wanted was to yank the gag out and tell him I'd had enough of that and that he was not to put me back. Still, the gag seemed lodged firmly in place, and if I disobeyed him and struggled to pull it out he might just put me back up before I could actually tell him I wanted no part of that stupid game!

“Get on all fours,” he ordered, almost barking the words out.

I obeyed quickly, still panting weakly from the pain-exertion I'd felt as I'd straddled the board.

I gasped as the crop snapped down across my buttocks.

“Keep that ass high in the air, slut,” he ordered.

I obeyed at once, pain being a very great motivation.

“Now crawl like the bitch in heat you are,” he ordered. “Crawl.”

I ... crawled. I winced as the crop cut stingingly across my bottom again, and gasped angrily, but crawled faster, at his order, crawled to the wall, then crawled back, with him prodding me with words and crop all the way.

“Chest on the floor, knees wide, ass high. Let's go, slut!” he barked, snapping the crop across my bottom again.

I obeyed at once, wincing at my still-aching nipples being pressed into the soft carpet, my breasts mashed below me as I raised my bottom high, then, after another cut from the crop, higher still, legs spread obscenely wide.

He squatted behind me, and I felt the pull against the butt-plug, felt it spreading me open as it pulled free. I had a momentary feeling of emptiness, then something else slid into me. It was another dildo, a thick one, and while the first few inches pushed in easily enough its thickness made it more difficult to immediately push deeper.

“Let me see the other one, slut. Push it out.”

I groaned, for my pussy was still a deep, throbbing ache, but I used my pubic muscles as best I could, and the dildo, lodged just within, began to push slowly out. I winced as it spread the lips of my sex wide, but another cut from the crop leant me energy.

“Now crawl again.”

I crawled back and forth, the two dildos sticking out of me, and again he made me resume that other lewd position so he could pump the dildo in my ass, working it several inches deeper.

Then more crawling.

“On your back, raise your legs straight up in the air,” he ordered.

I obeyed, a little breathless.

“Now let your knees fall to either side, slowly, spread them wide.”

I did so, until my legs were a V spread wide, and even then he insisted they spread wider. He squatted before me, and let the crop press against my clit. I winced, then gasped as he ever so lightly sawed the leather crop up and down, up and down against my clit.

“Spread those legs wider, slut. You can do it, tramp. Whore. Spread your lovely legs wide, wide apart,” he ordered.

I couldn't spread them any wider! The tendons in my thighs ached as it was. But I have to admit that though it ached to have any touch with my sex, the light rubbing of the leather crop was producing some strange, dark sensations. Even though I hurt down there, the sensitivity of that part of my anatomy seemed to be considerably higher now, and so the soft stroking of the crop – along with, I have to admit, the lewd, perverse situation I found myself, was starting to arouse me once again.

He made me crawl again, then had me kneel, sitting back on my heels, knees well apart, of course.

“Now put your hands behind your head, and arching your back. More. More, slut That's it. Let me see those tits sticking out,” he growled.

The crop was a slender rounded rod, but it had, at its end, a soft, flat pad of semi-hard leather and he placed that now against one of my hard, swollen nipples and began to rub it back and forth. My nipples, like my pussy, were still sore, still hot, still throbbing, and so very, very sensitive. At first, rubbing them, touching them, only produced more heat, more ache, but as he persisted that heat began to shift into something more pleasurable.

My head was well back, and my breasts were taut as he rubbed one nipple, then the other.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he purred. “Going to have to get you trained so you can be sold at market. Would you like that, little slut? Can you imagine yourself up on a stage naked, with buyers all around, shouting offers while the auctioneer takes the bids?”

He slapped lightly at my nipple and I gasped. I moaned as he shifted to the other,

rubbing, then slapping, rubbing, then slapping, as he called me his little sex slave, and told me how he was going to sell me into an Arab harem or something. He shifted from one nipple to the other, rubbing lightly, then snapping the leather flap down in short little arcs that produced sharp, stinging little sensations.

It should have hurt and did, but not a lot, and strangely, that pain was now being filtered through the dark heat he was rousing in me. His fantasy of me as a sex slave, of me being sold at auction, well, it did raise dark, sensual images in my mind which correlated rather well with present circumstances – making them seem more real, more possible

“Keep your hands behind your head. Don't move,” he ordered.

He dropped the crop, seizing my swollen nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. He closed them tightly, pinching, making me wince, then tugging on them stretching them. I was so tempted to grab at his hands! But I kept my fingers interlaced behind my neck, only gasping and moaning as he tugged and stretched and twisted my overheated nipples.

Then it was back to crawling. This time he attached the leash to my collar, and walked me out the door, down the hall, and into the living room. There he had me sit back on my heels again, hands behind my neck, back arched. He let the crop snap at my nipples, then slid it between my legs, rubbing lightly against my clit, then slapping it lightly too.

He finally removed the gag, and I gasped weakly, my jaw aching. I reached up to work my sore jaw as he removed the leash, but he pulled my wrists back behind me and locked the restraints together. Then he walked across the room to the sofa. He sat down and smiled across at me.

“Come here, slave. Crawl.”

I wanted to tell him... well, something you shouldn't be saying to your boss' boss, but with the gag gone it seemed to me this was drawing to a close, thank God. Besides, I was, despite myself, still gripped by a dark raw heat. I then started to protest, indicating my wrists locked behind me.

“On your belly, slut. Crawl to me on your belly!”

*God! What a bastard! What a pervert! And yet, the idea took hold of my passion-filled mind, and so I obeyed, wincing as I crawled across the floor. My aching breasts and nipples were rubbing against the soft carpet, my body grinding down on them as I made my way across the floor. He extended his foot, and made me lick and kiss it. Then he pulled me up by the hair, in between his legs, filling my mouth with his cock.*

My breasts were grinding against the edge of the sofa as I knelt, and my knees were well apart, my bottom raised, almost out of habit, but also to ease the throbbing ache in my pussy. Of course, both dildos protruded from me, forcing my lower openings wide.

That was my position when the voice appeared over my shoulder.

“What the fuck is going on here?!”

## Chapter Eight

It was a female voice. And I was horrified by it! I jerked back up and twisted around, gasping, jaw dropping at sight of a glowering woman perhaps a few years older than me standing there. She was slim, but busty, wearing a black leather jacket and dark jeans. Her hair was dark brown, curled in just below her sharp jaw in a sort of pageboy, and her brown eyes were angry slits as she stared at me, and then at Dennis, and then at me again.

I can now definitely attest to the fact you cannot die of humiliation. If it were possible, I would have done so right then and there. Not only was I discovered in the most humiliating and obscene of positions, not to mention the most degrading, but also with another woman's boyfriend! I was completely naked, and unable to even try to cover up my nakedness with my hands! I tried, of course, twisting my torso away from her, my face flaming!

“Sandra. I didn't expect you back so soon,” Dennis said apologetically.

“Obviously! Who the fuck is this little slut!?”

I couldn't, of course, object to the description.

“This is Taylor. She works for me,” Dennis said, getting to his feet. “I was going to introduce you to her.”

“Oh really!?” she demanded in an icy voice.

His voice was low and persuasive, but without being, I don't know, begging or anything. It was like he didn't even acknowledge he'd done anything wrong!

“Taylor is a natural submissive, and a very responsive one at that. You remember you and I talked about having a threesome with someone, and you can't deny she's a gorgeous woman.”

I don't think I can really describe my state of mind just then. Shocked, doesn't really cover it. Mortified, combined with shocked and horrified is overly broad.

There were layers of desperation – I couldn't get away! I couldn't run off! I couldn't hide! I felt like a mouse who'd been caught by a cat drinking its milk! So yes, there was guilt there, too. I was very ashamed in more ways than one under those baleful eyes.

Of course, if I'd been thinking I'd have realized that there was no way this woman could be Dennis' girlfriend and not be somewhat experienced in the same sorts of things I had been made acquainted with over the previous couple of weeks. That is, she certainly must have spent her time tied up and naked at his feet.

Also, if I'd been thinking, if my mind wasn't swamped with wild emotions, I'd have objected to his suggestion that I be considered as part of a threesome with this woman I didn't even know. Out of general principals if nothing more. I didn't have sex with people I didn't know, after all!

And I'd never had sex with a woman – exactly.

I mean, there had been some fumbling bits of play when I was drinking in college, sometimes just to tease the boys, and once or twice carried on somewhat more than that. I'd never actually done anything really serious with another girl, but some of that fumbling, well, I had looked back a time or two with wistful regret, wondering what it would have been like. I'm not bisexual, but the thought was intriguing.

So it wasn't like I was necessarily flat out against having sex as part of a threesome, or even, perhaps more. But the suggestion had never even been raised! I hadn't had any time to consider it, to get to now the other party, to even adjust my mind to whether I even wanted to do anything with another woman now!

“You're full of shit, Dennis!” she snapped. “You and I have talked about it but I certainly never agreed to bringing some blond slut in here to audition with you beforehand!”

Again, I couldn't argue her description of me, and flinched under her hot anger.

And then she grabbed me by the hair! I yelped as she yanked me up to my feet, and then over to the big french doors which led onto the balcony. Without a word, she slid one of the doors open and shoved me outside onto the balcony,

then closed the door behind me. I gasped and twisted around, staring around me, but there were no close buildings. I turned and stared in the window and could see the two of them inches apart, talking very... expressively.

Shit! Fuck! What was I going to do now!?

I was naked, effectively handcuffed, and outside!

And I stayed there for several minutes as they talked, as she glared and he scowled and waved his arms. Talk about being in an uncomfortable position!

Then the two of them disappeared from view, and I was left alone with my 'thoughts' out there on the windy balcony, naked and cuffed.

What I wanted, of course, were my clothes, my purse, and as much distance between me and them as possible!

But that wasn't possible.

So I waited in an agony of uncertainty and anxiety, cursing myself for letting myself get into such a ridiculous situation in the first place!

And then there was movement and the door slid aside. It wasn't, as I'd hoped and prayed, Dennis, with my clothes. It was her, and she was still glaring at me.

“Get in here, slut,” she snapped.

She grabbed me by the collar and yanked me inside. I stumbled over the doorstep and almost fell, and then she shoved me down onto my knees.

“Let me explain to you what I want to do,” she said, glowering down at me.

She held up my wallet, with my picture inside, and Michael's.

“What I want to do is call your husband and tell me to come and get you,” she snapped. “And he'd find you exactly like I did, naked, cuffed, with dildos in both holes. What do you think of that idea, slut?”

Not very much, of course. I paled and lost the ability to speak at the implications.

“Please don't!” were the only words I could get out.

“Why shouldn't I?”

And you know, I was at a loss for words. She had every right. I looked around for Dennis but saw no sign of him.

“I could be persuaded not to, though,” she said. “If what Dennis said was true, that you're a submissive and he had plans for a threesome, rather than you being some cheating slut from work who wanted to suck up – literally – to the boss.”

I didn't know what to say to that! I was afraid if I denied Dennis' words she'd immediately call up Michael!

Dennis appeared in the room then, looking uncharacteristically guilty and doubtful.

“Dennis has no say in this,” she snapped. “I can punish you in the way I would a submissive, or I can punish you by calling your husband. Which would you like, slut?”

What could I say!?

“I... I... whatever you want,” I gulped. “Please don't call my husband!”

I sounded whiny even to me, and was even more embarrassed!

“Fine then,” she said.

She jerked her arm straight, pointing the crop at Dennis.

“You sit down!”

He sat down where he'd been, and she gripped my hair again.

“Get back where you were, slut,” she ordered.

I squealed as she dragged me back over to kneel between his legs.

She knelt beside me, oddly, then she bent over Dennis and opened his trousers. She pulled his zipper down and reached in to pull out his cock. I watched in

something approaching astonishment as she licked at it, then took it into her mouth. It hardened quickly, and I gulped and half looked away as she bobbed up and down.

But then she pulled back.

“You take over,” she growled.

“But I – .”

“Do as you're told, slave girl!” she said in a sneering voice.

Was she testing the truth of his words? I didn't know for sure. My mind was spinning. But she jerked me forward by the hair and down onto Dennis' stiff cock. And then, well, I started sucking.

“That's it. Suck that cock, slut,” she growled.

She eased back and Dennis' hand took over on my hair.

“That wasn't the position you were in, slut. Push your ass up and out. Spread your legs,” she ordered, snapping the crop across my buttocks.

I obeyed, and Dennis pulled up and down on my hair as I sucked his cock.

“Don't forget his balls, slave,” she ordered.

I sucked on his balls and gasped as I felt the crop slide between my thighs, as I felt it push up against my clit and saw back and forth.

“Nasty little slave girl, sucking my man's cock,” she purred. “You better do a good job, bitch, or I'm going to whip your ass.”

Well, it wasn't like I had a lot of choice!

I bobbed up and down on Dennis' cock, taking him deep into my throat, and he held me in place, groaning in pleasure even as I ran out of air. Then he let up and I pulled back, gasping, panting, to see her, what was her name again – Sandra – kneel next to me. Only now she was naked!

She grabbed my hair and jerked my head up and back and around, then crushed

my lips with hers. My eyes went wide as her tongue thrust into my mouth, and then I gasped as her free hand cupped and began to knead my breast.

She pulled me around so we were breast to breast, and I stared at her like... I don't know, some dazed virgin, completely overwhelmed, staggered by this turn of events. Her breasts were pillowed out against mine, and her mouth was hot and demanding as her hands slid through my hair and then down onto my ass.

Then she jerked me back again, once more by the hair, and made me suck her boyfriend's cock.

I lost sight of her as I sucked, and then felt her down between my thighs, spreading my legs wider. I felt her hands on my ass pulling it downward, and then, shocking me, I felt her mouth on my sex.

I yelped and gasped, trying to jerk away. Not only was I startled but my pussy ached. But her hands tightened and she pulled me down into her mouth. Her lips were soft and moist on my sex, brushing lightly, her tongue caressing my aching flesh even as Dennis jerked on my hair to draw my attention back to his cock.

At that point I pretty much just resigned myself to being helpless to affect anything until I could get the hell out of there, and sucked on Dennis once more, cringing a little as her tongue slipped up and down along my aching pussy.

Her fingers pushed the dildo in my pussy back in all the way, and she mouthed my sex, producing hot, aching sensations against my bruised flesh. But slowly, that ache began something sharper and headier. Dennis was groping my breasts and this woman, Sandra, was squeezing my buttocks, and mouthing my sex, and I was just lost, my inhibitions blown apart, my mind swamped by too many shocks to operate with any kind of sense.

Whatever they wanted, I would just go along with it until I could get out of there!

But I couldn't repress the sharp, dark heat that she began to rouse within me as her tongue licked away at my over-sensitive pussy and clit, and my breathing became more ragged as heat flowed up and down my body.

I know. I'm a complete slut.

But God! My pussy felt so good in her mouth! Especially with those dildos impaling me!

Then she went away, and Dennis continued to urge me up and down on his stiff cock. When I became aware of her again she was kneeling beside me. She reached in to fondle my breasts, then fingered my pussy.

“Do you want a big cock in you, slut?” she demanded.

She moved behind me, and I felt the dildo in my pussy pulling back, almost halfway out. A few seconds later, it thrust into me again, all the way, with her hips grinding against my buttocks. It almost felt like she was wearing it, rather than using her hands, because I couldn't feel her fingers at the base, only... only something leathery. Then I felt her hands on my hips as the dildo drew out – and thrust in. It drew out – and thrust in, and I knew that somehow or other she'd fitted it to herself.

“Yeah Suck that cock, whore! Suck his cock while I fuck you, whore!”

*Oh my God! They were both so sick! And what did that make me?*

I moaned around Dennis' cock as Sandra fucked me with the dildo, gasping and moaning even more heavily as she gripped the one in my ass and pumped that in and out.

Then she yanked me off of him by the hair, pulling me back a few steps and turning me around.

“I'm going to fuck his little whore for him while he watches, slut,” she growled.

And then she did! I was face down on the floor, my breasts crushed into the soft rug as she fucked me with the dildo – which was now strapped to her hips. Dennis looked on, fisting his thick, slick cock as his girlfriend fucked me and slapped my buttocks and pulled on my hair.

Why did that make me hot? Was it him watching? Was it just that I really was a natural submissive? I was awash in both embarrassment and sexual heat as Sandra rode me, as she rammed the dildo deep into my aching pussy again and again and called me a sex slave and a whore. I didn't quite come, but it was very close. I hovered on the very edge for long seconds several times.

Then she pulled me back, again by the hair, back to Dennis.

“Get on, slut! Ride his cock, you filthy little sex slave,” she ordered, pulling my hair and slapping my bottom.

She forced me up into his lap, forced me to straddle him, and then, my knees digging into the soft sofa, I sank down onto his cock, gasping in pain and dark passion as his hard, slick cock pushed up into me.

“Ride him, slut!” she barked, slapping my ass again.

Dennis began to suck on my breasts as his hands pulled on my buttocks, pulled up and down, and I gasped and moaned, becoming darkly feverish with arousal as I did so. Then Sandra moved in close behind me, pulling at the dildo in my ass back. She held it about halfway in, then suddenly it was like it was attached to her again and she pressed her breasts against my back as she forced the dildo deep into my ass.

I rode Dennis while Sandra fucked me in the ass! It was shocking, wild, raw, perverted and made me, after my first shock, burn with a hot, dark sexual fire. The feel of the two cocks inside me turned my insides to mush and my mind to jelly, and it was all I could do to keep moving as her hands kneaded my breasts, his mouth sucked on my nipples, and his hands jerked on my buttocks to urge me on.

The orgasm all-but consumed me. It was shockingly intense, and I would have screamed my lungs out if I hadn't been so utterly breathless and incapable of more than a dazed gurgling sound.

And that wasn't the end of it either. I wound up on my back on the sofa, with my legs forced up and back behind me. My head and chest were propped forward by the back of the sofa as Dennis straddled me and I sucked his cock. My ankles were shoved up and back against the back of the sofa overhead as Sandra fucked me hard. And yes, I came again.

And then I was on my knees, being forced to lick Sandra while Dennis fucked me from behind. That made my mind squirm even more, but I was beyond refusal or even resistance at that point. I licked at her clit as she pulled at my hair and Dennis' cock thrust into me from behind, and you know, it wasn't... well, it wasn't horrible.

\* \* \*

It seemed impossible Michael could look at me so normally when I got home, and that he could have no clue about the lewd, perverted and adulterous things I'd been doing all day. That made me feel even more guilty, but in a strange way, it also made me feel kind of smug. It was like I was this perfectly normal woman, very plain and boring, and yet secretly had this wild, shocking other life no one knew about!

The saner part of me, though, knew that such a wild relationship could not go on. I just had no idea how to get out of it, and wasn't sure I could even force myself to try. I was anxious and uncertain about many aspects of it, particularly when it came to Dennis' girlfriend. I didn't see myself as bisexual, for one thing. And I wasn't sure where it was leading or what it was doing to me. And I was really uncomfortable with how out of my control it all was!

So I made up my mind I would tell Dennis we had to cool things down for a while, until I could get my head straight about what we were doing and why.

I was not surprised to get an email invitation to a meeting in his office at noon. His receptionist would be away at the gym. Fine, I would tell him then.

I was surprised when I got there to find Sandra there. That made me nervous, especially when she locked the door behind me.

“Get undressed, slut,” she said.

“Now? Here?!” I gulped. “Look, I think we need...”

“Now!” she snapped, slapping my ass.

“Ow!”

“Do it, slut!” she growled.

I wanted to protest! But they were both glowering at me, and... well, and I felt quite intimidated at the thought of refusing. My heart was pounding with anxiety merely for questioning them! Yet at the same time I felt a rush of heat in my lower belly at the prospect of whatever nasty thing they wanted to do here in the office.

I reluctantly stripped – naked. I was naked at work again, but not in a bathroom, and not when the office was closed. I was standing naked before two fully clothed people – one of them a woman, feeling the rough industrial carpet beneath my toes and hearing people passing by outside.

They were both sitting down, comfortable, looking at me standing there naked. Then Sandra indicated a box on the table.

“Put them on, slut.”

I felt a shock at the word, as I often did, said so casually, so contemptuously. It caused me to feel a surge of outrage and resentment, but also a tightness in my chest and a fluttering in my stomach. I opened the little box and saw the familiar collar and leather restraints.

“But – .”

“Now!” Sandra snapped.

I bit my lip and then put them on quickly, blushing, looking anxiously at the door.

Then I was as naked as before but with the leather restraints around my wrists and ankles. My stomach was fluttering, and my chest tight with anxiety. But I felt a burgeoning sense of dark excitement as well.

“On your hands and knees.”

A familiar position. I sank to my knees, then fell forward onto my hands while they sat there watching.

She got up then and took a leash from her pocket, clipping it to the collar.

“Crawl to the wall and back.”

Blushing, I did so while Dennis watched, thinking again of how absurd this was, and how humiliating. I gasped as Sandra produced a thin sort of crop, it made a soft sharp sound as it cut through the air, then struck my bottom with sufficient force to sting.

“Keep your ass up, slut,” she ordered.

I crawled back on her leash, then stopped, or rather, she stopped me by yanking on the leash. Dennis had turned around on his office chair and his fly was open. His cock stuck out proud and thick and hard, and Sandra led me to him.

“Suck,” she ordered.

A little breathless, my lower belly thrumming, I gripped his cock and began to suck on it, bobbing my lips up and down as she slid the crop thing between my thighs. She slapped at both to cause me to open my legs more, then pressed the thing in and angled it up, rubbing it against the soft, still aching flesh between my legs, rubbing it against my clitoris.

“Enough,” she said, after a minute.

“Straddle him and ride him.”

Again I didn't speak. I felt the pull of the leash on my collar, and rose up, straddling Dennis and the chair. I sank down, gripping his now spit-wet cock, rubbing it against my naked sex as I sank lower, then gasping softly as it spread my lips apart and I sank down on it.

It would have been wild and kinky doing this at the office. Doing it with Sandra watching, holding my leash, made it far worse, far more... degrading in a way. And yet my pussy was wet on its own, and the slickness as I rode him, as I rose and fell, rose and fell, made my insides twist and burn with ever increasing hunger – as Sandra looked on.

He bit and sucked on my bare breasts as I rode him, and then Sandra snapped the thin crop against my back, then my bottom.

“Faster, whore. Ride that cock,” she ordered

God! I did, gasping and panting now as I rode up and down, slapping my buttocks against him hard enough that the chair beneath us bounced a little on its ergonomic springs.

I was on the verge of coming when he came instead, and when he was done Sandra yanked on my leash, almost toppling me backwards.

“On your face, slut,” she growled.

The crop snapped across my bottom and I gasped, pressing my face to the floor, keeping my bottom raised high. She moved around in front of me, her shining black boots right up in front of my face.

“Show me how you love me, slave,” she purred, nudging my face with her boot.

A dark thrill rolled through me along with the dread and anxiety and reluctance, and I raised my head a little, licking at her boot. The crop snapped down on my bottom and I licked harder, then harder at the next blow, gasping and whimpering as my tongue lapped frantically up and down along her boot.

“Are you my whore?” she growled

“Y-Yes, mistress!” I gasped, my face flushed with both heat and humiliation.

I heard Dennis chuckling, which increased my embarrassment.

He rose, zipped up, and took the leash from his girlfriend. She turned and sat down on his seat, and Dennis led me back by the leash, jerking it against my collar.

I found myself licking at her pussy now, as she pulled her skirt up. I gasped in pain as she seized my hair, and moaned as Dennis squatted behind me and slid his fingers into my pussy.

“Lick, you filthy little slave,” she ordered.

I wasn't! But Dennis' fingers were doing some very wonderful things to my throbbing, sensitive pussy. And when he slid a dildo into me and began to pump it in and out my bottom began to roll and grind back at him with helpless passion and lust even as my tongue was licking at Sandra's pussy.

The come exploded from me and Sandra had to yank me forward by the hair, jamming my mouth against her pussy to keep the noise level down.

“Stupid whore,” she growled.

But Dennis just chuckled, pumping the dildo hard and rubbing my clit with his

fingers.

Nice lunch hour, huh?

## Chapter Nine

I definitely needed to talk to Dennis! But I couldn't do it in front of Sandra. Somehow, she was even more intimidating than he was, and more threatening. Why? I wasn't really sure. Perhaps it was because I found it more chastening, more humiliating, more outrageous to be 'forced' to be her, well, her little sex slave. I mean, men are supposed to be dominant, in a way, so it wasn't quite so bad to prostrate myself before Dennis like some kind of weak little sex toy. It was much worse to do it to Sandra for we were supposed to be equals.

Does that make sense?

I sent him an email asking for an appointment to discuss important issues related to the purchasing agreement. I had to keep things very professional because his administrative assistant would see any emails he got, just as she would screen any phone calls. What excuse would I have, a lowly employee like me, to simply demand I be put through to him? He got very few phone calls from anyone not a manager or higher. She would wonder at my calling. That left emails, polite emails on business matters.

I tried staying a little later, but he was still in a meeting somewhere, so I went home, stressed out about this very perverted turn our relationship had taken, and determined to somehow or other end it before it got even worse.

Not that I wasn't reluctant about it. However kinky and perverted they were, the wild times with Dennis were the most incredible, most intense sexual experiences I think I'd ever had. They were so wild they'd kind of taken over my life of late, and that life had been kind of dull and boring and predictable. The thought of returning to that was, kind of, well, all I can say is it would be less stressful.

I didn't really feel like sex, at least, boring sex, but I tried to interest Dennis anyway, wearing something slinky that night, but he didn't seem all that interested, and, more than a little irked, I gave up on him, went into the bathroom, and used my vibrator instead.

The next morning I got a number of invoices, then tried to match them with the number of desks which had been delivered on the new floor. The numbers didn't match, and I couldn't seem to reach anyone at the company. I sent Dennis an email telling him there was a problem with the invoices, and to my surprise he showed up at my cubicle about twenty minutes later.

“Let's go downstairs and see for ourselves,” he said.

So I trailed him to the elevator, and we went up to the floor which had just been renovated. It was empty, of course, save for piles of boxes which contained the office desk which had to be put together and screwed into place with the cubicle walls around them.

“The guy on the loading dock counted everything,” I said. “I don't think we can do any better.”

He didn't seem very interested in counting, though. He walked around casually, then went into one of the newly made corner offices.

“Great view from here,” he said, gazing out the floor to ceiling glass windows.

“Uh huh,” I said.

The furniture here was already in place, probably because it was for a future director, and also, perhaps, because it wasn't the sort of furniture which had to be assembled. It was glossy wood, somewhat like what Dennis had in his office, real wood, not press-board, and nice leather seats, though they still had plastic on them.

“Get on your knees,” he said.

I stared at him, really not expecting that.

“Uhm, Dennis...”

“Mr. Ford, or Sir,” he said in a haughty tone, smirking.

“Dennis, we need to talk about the money.”

“No, we really don't. I'm sure the warehouse man just miscounted. Just pay the

invoices. No one is going to complain. I'll even sign off on it.”

“But I can't...”

“Who's the director? You or me?”

“Well, you are of course but – .”

“Then pay the damned invoices and stop trying to cause the firm a headache.”

“I'm not trying to cause a headache! I'm trying to do my job properly!”

“I'll decide how you do your job. And I think I just told you to do it on your knees for now.”

“But Denis – !”

He gripped my hair and pushed me down onto my knees, turning to put himself directly in front of me.

“Unzip me.”

I gasped as he twisted his fingers in my hair.

“Now, slave.”

I unzipped him, reluctant, and then pulled his cock out.

“We have to talk about this kind of thing,” I gasped. “We can't keep – .”

“Suck first, talk later.”

He pulled me onto his cock, and I sucked, bobbing my lips up and down as he stroked his fingers through my hair.

And no, we didn't talk later. He had a sudden meeting to attend. He said we could talk that afternoon.

I went back to my desk and looked at the figures again. It wasn't right to put the payments through when they hadn't actually delivered the materials they were billing us for. I had a sudden odd little thought about whether it was possible

Dennis was running something funny. I mean, he was the one who'd chosen this firm, one I'd never heard of before. Did he know someone over there? Surely not!

He called me about eleven thirty, suggesting lunch. That would let me talk to him, so I was all for it, and in a public area where he'd have to behave.

Only, he didn't drive to a restaurant. In fact, he was driving...

"Where are we going?" I asked with sudden nervousness.

"My place, for lunch."

I stared at him, and licked my lips uncertainly.

"Dennis, we have to talk about this."

"About what? Don't worry. You'll like the food. I go there all the time."

I smiled halfheartedly. "I mean about our relationship."

"It has lots of fun, lots of pleasure, and no commitments. Sounds perfect to me."

"Well, yes but... I don't think I'm into this sort of... thing the way you are."

"Sex?"

"Not... just the sex, but the, the bondage stuff."

"You get hot when you're tied up. I've seen it. You get how when you're spanked too."

"I... know," I said, blushing.

"You get hot when you're crawling on the floor, too. You think we do that just for our benefit? We know how hot it makes you."

I flushed even more.

"We're going to get caught if we keep doing things like... this."

“Nonsense. I'm not worried.”

“I am! And I'm married! I feel really guilty about cheating on Michael.”

“Why? He has no balls.”

“He does too!” I said indignantly.

“If he had any balls his wife wouldn't be looking for sexual pleasure elsewhere. I bet he's one of those sensitive modern men who wouldn't even raise his voice to you.”

“He... he's a nice guy.”

Dennis snorted.

“He's a wonderful guy!”

“But will he put you on your knees and call you a slut?” he demanded.

“Of course not! Most men don't!”

“Most men don't have wives like you.”

“What's that mean?!”

“It means, that most wives would tell their husbands to go and fuck themselves if they treated them like you want to be treated. You want to deny that?”

“I never said I wanted to be treated like some kind of sex slave!”

“You didn't say it, but your body did. You're just feeling guilty now. Well, if your husband won't give you what you need why should you feel guilty?”

“And I never said that.. that I'd have sex with your girlfriend!”

“Didn't say no either.”

I opened my mouth indignantly. I mean, I'd been kind of helpless at the time. But that was a cop-out. I hadn't been gagged the last couple of times, after all.

“You get off on it. Don't tell me you don't.”

“That's beside the point!”

He shrugged. “She's not there now if that makes you feel any better.”

We were going underground into his condo's garage as he spoke. I was still reluctant and more than a little ticked off, but there didn't seem to be any way of refusing. I went up in the elevator with him, and into his condo. I let him undress me, and let him put the damned leather restraints on me, including the collar. And despite myself, I felt a hot surge of steam rising up within my lower belly as soon as he did so.

He pulled me roughly over his lap, clipped my wrist restraints together, then worked a dildo into my pussy, and another into my ass. I gasped and squirmed and protested – well, kind of, but he ignored me except to slap my bottom occasionally. Then he undid the restraints and put on the leash, making me crawl through the apartment and into the kitchen.

“Sit on your heels, slave.”

I did so, frowning a bit, resentful, irritated, both at him and at myself. But at least Sandra wasn't there.

He didn't make anything big, just some mashed potatoes and sausages. Oddly, he cut up all the sausages on one of the plates he made. He then bent over and set it on the floor.

“Eat,” he said.

I looked at him in surprise, then leaned forward, reaching for the plate.

“No. Don't touch the plate. Don't touch the food with your hands.”

“But how – ?”

He gripped my collar, jerking me forward and down onto my hands and knees.

“Keep that ass high, legs spread,” he ordered.

He pushed my face down to the plate.

“Don't use your hands. Only your mouth. Eat like a dog, like a bitch in heat.”

“Dennis!”

That got me a sharp, stinging slap to the bottom.

“Eat, slut.”

I gasped and then... well, I did as he ordered. I licked one of the sausages up into my mouth and ate, as he watched. He nodded, then took his plate to the table and sat down.

“Keep eating. I'm watching. No using your hands.”

*God! He was a freaking pervert!*

But, as weird as it was, eating like this was very obscenely arousing. Like a dog?! That was so fucking outrageous! I wasn't a fucking dog! I was a woman! Yet I was eating like a dog, licking up the sausage pieces, then pushing my face into the mashed potatoes to eat that too. I could feel my pussy squeezing down around the dildo inside me there, could feel the other pushing out between my buttocks. God, it was so kinky!

He watched me eat, while I ate – like a dog.

“You're not moving until you lick the plate clean, slave,” he said.

He was so freaky! But my chest was tight and my pussy throbbing as I licked at the mashed potatoes, and my lower belly was churning with heat and excitement despite myself.

When we were done he took the leash and led me out of the kitchen. I was flushed with embarrassment and arousal, and didn't say anything as he led me to the bathroom.

“Sit on your heels.”

I obeyed, and he brushed his teeth, then had me kneel closer to the toilet and

brushed my teeth for me! I spit into the toilet, and for a moment I was afraid he was going to try and get me to drink from the toilet like a dog! But no, he didn't. He poured water into a paper cup and had me rinse with that before leading me, crawling again, back into the living room.

And there he took me, mounted me, like a bitch, face to the floor, my ass raised high, his hips slamming against my buttocks as he rode me hard. His big cock pounded into me, my entire body shaking and jerking at the violent rutting. He pulled at my hair, slapped my ass, kneaded my breasts, and called me his whore as he rode me into a furious orgasm that took my breath away and left me trembling, gasping, and drained.

He brought me into that other room, the one with the horse in it, and I eyed it nervously, but he didn't lead me over there. Instead he led me to a kind of low frame sitting on the floor. It was a T-shaped metal bar attached to a flat wooden base. There were two large dildos sticking out of the bar, angled sharply forward, so there was no question of its purpose.

“Don't we have to be back at work?” I asked nervously.

“You only have to do what your director tells you.”

“They're too big!” I whined.

“Ha,” was all he said.

I had to straddle them. I still had the dildo in my ass, and he pulled that out. My pussy had just been pounded hard, and so despite how thick the two dildos were I was able to slowly sink down, gasping and wincing and pausing often to ease back up.

Dennis locked my ankles to the horizontal arms of the T, then drew my arms back behind me and locked my wrist restraints together and clipped them to the bar behind me. Then he produced two black elasticized cords with loops on the ends. They closed around my nipples before I could protest, and he ignored my protests afterward anyway as I yelped and begged him to remove them.

He just smiled, tugging the elastic cords up and forward and attaching them to the leg of a table.

And then he left me like that.

He went back to work! Oh, he promised to make sure my boss knew I was visiting a client, but that was kind of beside the point. I was locked in place, impaled on thick dildos, my nipples throbbing, and completely helpless.

Until, he promised, Sandra got home to take care of me.

Fuck! This was insane! I was going to end this! That was all there was to it! I was mad, and the longer I was in that awkward position the more angry I got.

But like the horse, it was a cleverly thought out thing. My own weight forced me down further and further on the big dildos until they were jammed achingly deep inside me

Did I mention the vibrator? I wasn't aware of it at first. Only when I sank down the long, fat length of the dildo in my pussy, to the point my weight pressed against its slightly rounder base, did a little silicon stub sticking out front start buzzing frantically.

“Oh God! I don't believe this!” I groaned.

I felt exasperated, annoyed, but even so, the longer that thing buzzed the more my feelings and emotions twisted and changed and shifted. My anger dissipated and heat enveloped me. I tried rising up somewhat, but my movements were restricted by the wrist restraints, which were locked to the bar behind me, and my ankles, locked to the crossbar. I could not move forward very much, nor, of course, unless I wanted to pull my nipples off, back.

But I did have enough limited movement that my body could grind itself against the vibrator, could rise and fall, grinding and riding the twin dildos inside me, if only an inch or two. Alone, my mind swept by heat, I plunged into the first orgasm with total abandon, crying out in pleasure as I humped and ground myself frantically against the dildos and vibrator, as I pulled my chest in and back deliberately, tugging on my nipples.

More orgasms followed, as my mind was swept into a world of dark fantasy and bondage, of submission and slavery. The orgasms tore at my insides as my chest heaved and my mind spun. Another followed, then another and another, and still another, as a dark side of my mind reveled in the fantasy of being a helpless sex

slave.

And when Sandra arrived I was simply in no shape, emotional or physical, to stand up to her in any way. I begged her, I pleaded with her, to let me lick her pussy, so I could be released, but she made me do so while still impaled on the thick, aching dildos, while the vibrator still buzzed cruelly against my swollen clit, while my aching nipples still pulled against the cords.

I spent two hours riding the dildos and coming, until Sandra arrived, then had to lick her pussy and clit, had to demean and degrade myself to her, and then had the further humiliation of her putting me across her lap and spanking me. Worse, the dildos were still inside me, and she was able to make me climax in the midst of the spanking.

What was I becoming!?

I was still there when Dennis got home. Sandra had put me on another frame, this one a T-shaped upright, wooden one which she said was a punishment for my impudence.

Picture a T. Picture me with my back against it, my arms drawn back across the top of the T and then locked to the back of the vertical post. A narrow, triangular wooden arm was affixed to the upright part, projecting out between my thighs, just beneath my sex. Or at least, it was until Sandra drew my ankles up and back, raising them up high behind the beam and locking them in place. This lifted my knees off the floor and left much of my weight pressing down on that narrow bit of wood under my pussy.

Yes, it was, in a way, like the 'horse'.

Who thought up things like this!?

I was locked in place, moaning into the ball gag, more than a little dazed, my pussy burning, when she put on a pair of plastic gloves and drew over a tray. I watched her pick up a small plastic bottle and open it. It smelled of alcohol, and she poured it onto cotton balls and swabbed them across my nipples and the center of my breasts. I stared in disbelief as she picked up the needle, still not quite able to wrap my mind around her intent until she actually pinched one of my nipples out and then thrust the needle through it.

It – hurt. It was like a sudden, shocking burning sensation. But its intensity lasted less than a second, then faded to a dull throbbing. I shook my head frantically but she ignored me, proceeding to pierce my other nipple, as well.

And so, when Dennis returned, I was perched there, my nipples pierced by two stainless steel rings. They were not even the 'normal' rings, Sandra informed me, the kind with little round balls to open and close them. These formed perfect round circles piercing my nipples, and, she said, were not removable. That was a ridiculous and shocking idea, but as I couldn't talk, couldn't argue, there wasn't much I could do.

And when Dennis appeared, he was more interested in taking advantage of my position by sliding his stiff cock down my throat.

While he was doing that, Sandra applied some sort of vibrator to my aching clit, and before long I was screaming my way through a massive orgasm.

\* \* \*

Well, I was going to refuse to ever come back there! That was for damned sure! And I was going to break it off with Dennis! No matter how hot it made me! No matter how wild I got, how intense the orgasms!

I was sure there was a way to get those damned rings off my nipples, but I couldn't figure it out on my own. They looked and felt like perfect circles. I could barely detect a tiny line where they joined with my fingers, and couldn't pry the things open at that point.

And who was I going to ask for help?

I won't deny I liked how they looked. They looked sensual and erotic, and although I greatly resented Sandra for doing it without even asking me, well, I did think I looked really sexy in them.

But how was I going to explain them to Michael!?

It wasn't difficult concealing them for a few days. I mean, it wasn't like he seemed to have a big interest in my body anyway.

I also ignored Dennis when he wanted me to go and see the new floor, or go for

lunch, or go anywhere else with him. Although, to be honest, my pussy wanted me to go. Even a day without that hot, burning sex left me feeling bereft. Two days left me feeling horny. Three left me feeling like I really was acting like a fool and should simply do whatever he wanted so I could bathe in the steaming heat of dark sexual passion.

“What's going on?” he finally asked, coming to my cubicle.

“Nothing. I'm a married woman is all,” I said, my eyes shying away from his. “I'm just going to try acting like one.”

He snorted in amusement. “Your pussy wants me.”

It did, the bastard!

“My pussy doesn't control me.”

“I bet it does,” he said. “I bet before long you're at my door begging for my dick inside you.”

“You'd lose that bet,” I said, scowling.

But I was afraid he wouldn't. I wanted to run my fingers over that broad chest, and feel his hips pounding against my buttocks again.

I was feeling increasingly in need of a hard fucking, though, as the days wore on, especially since I was also doing my best to keep Michael from finding out about my new uhm, jewelery. I had looked up the address of several places that did piercing, but I hadn't been able to bring myself to go or even call anyone there. How could I explain that I had these nipple rings on that I needed to have removed!?

Worrying about that, though, and how to hide them, got me enormously angry one evening; at Sandra, at Dennis, and at Michael. What the fuck did he care anyway!?! Maybe I should get every part of me pierced! Would he even notice!?! The fucking idiot!

And then, wouldn't you know it, he found out, by acting, for some strange reason, like a guy who wanted sex. That is, he put his arms around me one afternoon, and cupped one of my breasts. Before I could pull away he was

frowning in confusion.

“What the heck...”

“Nothing,” I said.

“What do you have there? I mean, you're not wearing a bra under that slip so ...”

Well, fuck it. I pulled my slip up and bared my breasts to him. He gaped at them.

“When did you get that done!?”

“A few days ago,” I said. “I just felt like it.”

“You felt like it!?”

“They're my nipples,” I said, glowering. “I can do anything I want with them!”

“Well yeah but... that's so... unlike you.”

“Who says it's unlike me? Maybe I have all kinds of nasty thoughts, Michael? You ever think of that!?”

“Uhm not really.”

“Maybe I want to wear leather and go ride a Harley Davidson out on the highway, and pick up men and fuck their brains out two and three and four at a time! Ever think about that!?”

“Uhm, no.”

“Well too bad. I can have all sorts of nasty thoughts!”

“Okay. I mean, I don't have an issue with that. But uhm, won't they uh, get caught on things?”

“So?”

“Well... uh...”

“Maybe I like a little pain,” I said.

I hooked my little fingers into the rings and pulled them out, wincing a bit as they stretched my nipples out.

“You do not,” he snorted.

“I can if I want to!”

He made a face, but then, quite obviously interested, he reached out and touched the rings, twisting them a bit, lifting them, even pulling them out a little.

“They kind of look ... hot,” he said.

“H-Hot?”

“Sexy.”

He pulled them out a little more and I felt the ache in my nipples.

He grinned and raised them up a bit, forcing me to rise on the balls of my feet.

“Doesn't that hurt?”

“Maybe I like it,” I said, a little breathless.

He released them and I sank back on my heels.

“I don't get why you would like that?”

“Fine. You don't have to. I'll let my.. my lesbian biker girlfriend pull on them then!”

He laughed a little strangely. “You aren't interested in women.”

“You'd be surprised at what I'm interested in!” I said challengingly.

He shook his head like I was crazy so I jerked my slip back on and stalked away. Maybe I would go back to Dennis! Maybe I'd go crawling before him and ask him to make me his sex slave! I could live with him and Sandra and crawl around their condo like a fucking dog!

## Chapter Ten

I looked into the company we'd bought the furniture from. It wasn't easy. The company didn't advertise anywhere. Its web site didn't give an address, and I couldn't find a listing in our supplier base. I was becoming more and more suspicious of what was going on, but had very little notion what to do about it. Dennis had ordered me to just process the invoices, but he hadn't put it into writing. That got me worrying, not on the company's behalf, but on mine! If I put it through and it turned out to be something shady, how much could I be blamed?

So I listed my concerns and sent them to Dennis – in writing, by email. I wanted it all on the record. If he wrote back and told me not to worry and just to process the invoices, well then, fine. I was covered and he'd have to explain why. Then I printed my email out, with headers, and put it in my purse. I was fairly sure the company itself could retrieve anything sent by email at any time, and that it wouldn't likely delete things just because Dennis didn't like them. But I wasn't taking chances.

I was not in a good mood that morning. I was rethinking my relationship with Michael, rethinking my relationship with Dennis, and even with Robertson Davies, the company. Maybe I needed a complete change of pace. Maybe I needed to go to Europe or something, backpack through China. I don't know. I only knew that our moribund sex life was making me think less of Michael, make me respect him less, and that Dennis was just too kinky for my tastes.

Besides, I didn't like the way he had such control over me. And I don't mean tying me up. It worried me that he could make me so hot that it was like I was drunk on the sex, on the passion, and a drunk consents to anything. I'd done things and let him and Sandra do things which I never would have considered if I wasn't – drunk – so to speak. Somehow, when my blood was racing and my heart pounding and my pussy was on fire, almost anything they wanted to do just struck me as incredibly hot and kinky and sexy!

I wouldn't mind doing them with Michael. I trusted Michael. I knew he loved me and wouldn't do anything to harm me. I had no such trust with Dennis and his girlfriend. And then this purchasing shit on top of that was just leaving me

intensely frustrated and off balance. What if Dennis was stealing from the company, and wound up getting caught? Would I be accused too, as his mistress? I was certain our relationship would cause more than a little suspicion I was in on it.

It was perhaps an hour later that the shadow of movement brought my head around from my monitor, but just then a hand gripped my hair and pulled my head up and back. I barely had time to make a squeak of shock when Dennis' mouth came down on his. At the same time, his right hand slid right down the front of my trousers as he arched me back across the top of my chair, and I felt his fingers sliding along my naked sex.

I recovered from the shock quickly enough, then felt a wild sense of anxiety in case anyone saw us. Of course, even someone passing by would only see the lower half of his body, if that. They'd have no idea he was bent over my chair, that his hand was in my pants and his lips on mine. I struggled anyway, but his mouth was firm on mine, his hand held my hair tightly in place, and his fingers were already rubbing against my clit. I was as helpless as if I was tied up unless I wanted to bite him or punch him or something. And I wasn't ready for that yet.

And no, his fingers in my pants were not turning me on. I was too anxious, suspicious, unhappy and worried for that. Perhaps he sensed that, for his hand withdrew, gave my breast a quick squeeze, then he released my hair as he drew his head up and back. He had a big, cocky smile on his face as I glowered at him and combed my hair back into place.

“Someone could see us!” I hissed.

“That's why you have walls, my dear, so they can't,” he said.

I continued to glower.

“Why are you still bothering about the desk set numbers?” he asked. “I thought we settled that.”

“You settled that. I didn't.”

His voice hardened somewhat. “And here I thought you worked for me. He g”

“Of course I do. So all you have to do is put it in writing and I'll put the invoices

through. But I want it in writing.”

“You don't trust me?” he said.

I hesitated. No, I didn't, but I didn't want to say that.

“I'm just being careful. If you say everything is all right then I'm fine with that.”

“Everything is all right.”

“In writing.”

He glared at me. “Taylor. You know I like submissive women,” he said.

I shrugged a bit nervously.

“So what makes you think I'd like women who refused my orders?”

“I'm just trying to do my job and not get in trouble.”

“Sir,” he said, his voice cold now.

“Sir,” I said.

“You're aware of how easily I could have you replaced on this project? For that matter, how easily I could have you out of this building and looking for work?”

“That's your prerogative,” I said. “But I'm not going to risk going to jail.”

“Oh for Christ's sake!” he snapped, his voice low but angry. “You're not going to fucking jail!”

“If I agree to pay seventy five thousand dollars for desks and offices we never got I might,” I said.

“Maybe what you need is to come to my place so I can tan your ass with my belt,” he growled.

“One thing has nothing to do with the other,” I replied.

“I'll send you an order by email,” he growled, turning and leaving.

I swallowed nervously. It's never a good thing to piss off your boss's boss, and Dennis had never struck me as a guy who let bygones be bygones.

I waited for the email to come, but when it arrived it wasn't what I was expecting. The email had my name on it, which was curious. I mean, it was written as if it had come from me. I looked at the headers and saw it hadn't been sent by one of the company's email accounts. It was from an outside account. The only words in the email were "Do it", but the message was clear anyway.

It had a small attached video, and when I clicked on it I saw a video of me, on the table of the board room, masturbating! The blood left my face as I stared at myself in horror. I realized at once that it must have been taken from the videoconferencing system. It was a crisp, clean, well-lit scene, and the idea that the video existed, that he could send it to anyone, even post it on the company bulletin board was horrifying!

The thread couldn't have been more obvious. And yet there was nothing to link it to him, nothing to link the video to him either, or whatever other videos he had from the board room. No doubt some of them featured him, as well, but since he clearly had possession of them he could control what he anyone saw.

I saw there in a fog of shocked denial for long minutes, cringing at the memory of what I'd done in the board room, and the other pictures he'd taken of me. What if he showed them to people!? What if he showed them to Michael!?

I had two choices. I could either give in, or I could go to someone, like HR or the police, tell them my suspicions, and what had happened. Of course, I'd have to tell them about my affair with him – and his girlfriend, and no doubt they'd find out about the kinky, degrading, perverted things I'd done, and want to look at the videos and --- . No fucking way! No way was I going to go through that!

If the company found out what I'd done they'd fire me anyway. Oh, they'd probably fire Dennis too, but that was small consolation for the utter humiliation I'd be enduring. And the police? The thought of getting up in a court and talking about what I'd done was even worse.

I put the invoices through.

Then I started clearing out my desk. I told my boss I was leaving, that it was for personal reasons I couldn't explain, and apologized. He wasn't happy, to say the

least.

I didn't bother to say anything to Dennis. I did, however, key his shiny Mercedes in the garage, all up and down both sides. In fact, the paint scratched so nicely I scratched the words "Pervert" and "Asshole" in the two front doors.

It was dumb. I realized that as soon as I did it. I mean, he'd know who did it, and he had those videos. But I was too angry, and besides, he fucking deserved it, at the very least.

So I went home and blithely told Michael I'd quit my job. He got upset, of course, but I wasn't in a mood for explanations, even if I could have offered one which was true. I told him I was fed up, and that was it. And when he wouldn't shut up I told him to shut the fuck up or I'd send him to his room.

Yes, I was in a bad mood, and yes I was taking it out on him. And if that made him mad, well good. It did, but he just glared and left it alone. The pussy. I stripped, tossed my clothes in a corner, then put on my nightshirt, which was essentially one of Michael's old shirts. I didn't bother to button many of the buttons either.

I had a little wine, then I had more. I was still in a bad mood, only now I was drunk too.

"Aren't you going to bed?" he asked.

"Why should I go to bed early? I don't have to get up early. You go to bed."

"You could get up early and go look for another job," he said sarcastically.

"Piss off," I said, my voice kind of slurred.

He scowled at me. "Are you drunk?"

"Yes, and you're a wimp."

He glared again. "Don't take it out on me, whatever it is."

"I will if I want to. Now go to bed. Go on. Shoo!"

I flicked my fingers at him and he scowled even more.

He started to turn away and I snorted in contempt. “Wimp.”

He turned back. “Are you trying to provoke me?”

“Why would I bother?”

“You seem to be upset, Taylor. Why don't we talk about it?”

I curled my little finger at him.

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“It means you're a limp dicked little wimp.”

“Fuck you!” he said.

I raised my eyebrows. “Oooo, you said a bad word,” I said. “You better go wash your mouth out with soap.”

He stalked towards me. “Give me that wine.”

“Bite me!”

He tried to take it away and I punched him in the stomach. The air whoofed out of him and he stumbled back a few steps.

“You hit me!”

“Oh you deserved it.”

I headed for the kitchen with the wine and he grabbed at it again. We struggled and he yanked it away. I cursed him and kicked at him but, well, I wasn't really well coordinated. He managed to grab my ankle on the second kick in his general direction, and then wouldn't let go. I tried swinging at him, but that was probably more comical than threatening. I couldn't reach him since my leg was extended and he was simply holding my ankle.

“Asshole! Faggot! Pussy!” I shouted, swinging wildly.

“You're drunk.”

“You're a fag!”

“Don't use language like that!”

“Eat me!”

I was hopping on one foot while he had the other, and I finally realized that if I bent my knee I could get close enough to punch him, but when I did he ducked low, grabbed me around the waist and heaved me up across his shoulder.

“Let me down! Asshole! Shit head!”

I tried to kick at him but he held my legs pinned. I punched at his back instead and he cursed.

“Stop acting up!”

“Fuck you!”

I punched at him again and he slapped my ass – kind of hard actually.

“Wimp! Pussy! I'll kick your ass as soon as you put me down!” I shouted.

He carried me to our bedroom and then flung me on the bed, then when I would spring up he jumped atop me. I struggled to twist free and he struggled to pin me in place.

The shirt, as I said, was mostly open. I wasn't wearing anything underneath. He cursed again, shoving my wrists down hard while I taunted him. My legs were around him and I was kind of trying to kick at him awkwardly, and then he pinned my wrists together with one hand so the other was free to help control me. He spread his thighs, pinning my legs down, and then he was atop me, holding me tight, while I writhed and twisted and arched and got more breathless and, yes, to be honest, kind of, uhm, aroused.

And apparently, so did he, because he kissed me hard, a lot harder than I could ever remember him kissing me. I know it sounds like something out of a cliched movie, but before long I was kissing him and he was kissing me, but they

weren't warm, soft, loving kisses. They were almost like... like we were fighting with kisses, kisses hard, demanding, rough, bruising. And I got turned on even more.

My shirt was mostly open and he tore it the rest of the way and started groping my breasts and even tugging and pinching at them. I continued to struggle, especially whenever he let up or relaxed, and he wasn't exactly a dummy. I think he got the message.

It was the roughest sex we'd ever had. It was almost like he forced me. I was delighted. He was ... confused, but there was no denying how hot, how aroused he got either. Because when I succeeded in punching him and twisting around he jumped back atop me – yanked my hips up, and then entered me again from behind, riding me hard and fast. God it was good! He even slapped my ass!

It wasn't a complete or immediate transition. But over the following days, weeks and months we moved much closer to the style of sex Dennis and I had enjoyed, and Michael, at first reluctant and even faintly guilty, began to get drawn into the idea, the game of dominance more and more.

I never saw Dennis again, which was fine with me. I never saw any sign of those videos again either, thank God, but their existence still worries me.

But for now, my sex life and my home life are one again. I'm feeling a lot closer to Michael, and I found a job working for a mild mannered, fairly scatterbrained woman who needs someone to keep order in the office. She's a dream to work for.

So why do I have fantasies of threesomes? Ah well, who knows what might develop one day.

End

**Other erotic novels by JJ Argus**

Contact the author at [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

Zoe's New Job \* Working For The Smiths \* Two Teachers \* Twenty Nine \* Tomb of Darkness \* The Wicked Stepfather \* The Slave Girl \* The Shackled Brat \* The Senator's Aide \* The Secretary \* The Ring \* The Racist \* The Punished Schoolgirl \* The President's Daughter \* The New Neighbors \* The Neighbor's Girl \* The Naked Niece \* The Mouse \* The Hooded Co-ed \* The Haunted House \* The Girls in the Band \* The Detective \* The Dark Library \* The Dark Passage \* The Country House \* The Cheat \* The Challenge \* The Butler \* The Barbarian's Toy \* The Banker Babe \* Stripper \* Sorority Girl \* Sore Bottoms! \* Small Town Girl \* Slave of the Vampires \* Slave Daughter \* Sisters in Bondage \* Sister Slave \* Sir! \* Rich Man's Yacht \* Pleasure Toy \* Personal Services \* Nigger's Girl \* My Freshman Year \* Miranda's Tower \* Miranda's Thesis \* Melissa's Master \* Kendra's Dark Seduction \* Kendra's Brotherly Love \* Kat's Little Brothers \* Journey into Slavery \* Jade's Submission \* Infidel \* In the Vampire's Lair \* In The Summer Heat \* Girl on a Leash \* Girl Next Door \* Fiona's Need \* Family Ties \* Emily's Debt \* Danielle in Chains \* Daddy's Little Girl \* Cry Uncle \* Courtney's Boring Life \* Courtney Gets Caught \* Chains of Ice \* Chained Cheerleader \* Bound in Red Tape \* Blackmailed \* An English Girl in China \* Amy: Student Slave \* All Work, No Play... \* A White Girl in Harlem \* A Life of Slavery \* A Dark Desert Heat \*