

Bethany Learns the Ropes



By JJ Argus

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

James Munro was flat-out too old for me. I knew it the minute I saw him at work. I had finished my first year of pre-law and had been lucky enough to get a summer job working at a prestigious law firm as basically a clerk who covered for some of the other girls on their vacations.

He, meanwhile, was already an established lawyer and partner at the firm. Which meant he shouldn't have been flirting with me, shouldn't have been teasing me, and shouldn't have been giving me that look with his eyes that told me how much he wanted me.

I'm not saying he was old. I mean, not old-old. He wasn't an old man. He was probably somewhere north of thirty. Which meant at least ten years older than me. But boy was he ever good-looking. Of course, it was clear he knew it, too.

He wasn't just a pretty face, either. In that beautifully tailored suit of his, it was obvious he was a large, and powerfully built man. He had a broad chest and wide shoulders, the kind that made any girl wonder what he looked like without his shirt and jacket on.

I was surprised that he wasn't more discreet about his interest in me. I mean, the firm did have rules about this sort of thing. Then again, he was a partner. So I suppose he could get away with a lot more than someone like me.

I had been reluctant mostly because of his age, and because I worried about getting a reputation as some kind of slut and maybe losing my summer job. That would certainly not help my future job prospects. But he had been persistent and my imagination had preyed upon me, teasing and taunting me, making me wonder what it was like with an older guy who had a body like his.

I mean, I'd never been out with a guy as big, as powerful, or as old. Would things be different with him? He was certainly more sophisticated than any of the guys I had dated, never mind slept with. And frankly, I had been disappointed in guys since adolescence. They were such goofs! They liked the stupidest, most childish things. And they hadn't seemed to grow up all that much from what I had seen in college.

I thought of myself as more sophisticated than most girls, more intelligent, more into intellectual pursuits than fashion and celebrities. I also wondered what it was he saw in me. I was not some blonde Barbie doll like Jordan, another of the summer clerks. Why wasn't he hitting on her instead?

Not that I'm ugly, or even plain. My hair is a glistening chestnut brown and it falls perfectly down around my face and over my shoulders. It frames and cups my face as if it was painted in place, curving slightly in as it moves past my chin.

I wear large black framed glasses for distance. I don't really need them up close, so these are progressives. I have an egg-shaped face, bright, blue-green eyes, and a lithe, slender body that is toned and fit. I do have pretty nice breasts, though. They're not the kind of huge things that pull men's eyes, but let's just say I look very nice without my shirt on, too.

James had certainly thought so when he had pulled my top off. Yes, I had given in to my own instincts and impulses. I had let him corner me in his office, slowly maneuvering me back against the wall, showing no fear, and even amusement as I had gazed coquettishly up at him.

In truth, the only fear I had was of discovery. So when he had me pressed against the wall all I did was smile and put my hands up against his chest.

It was a very nice chest!

He reached up and gripped my wrists and then gently but firmly forced them up and back against the wall next to my head as he leaned in and kissed me on the lips. His kiss was gentle, testing, but very good. And it grew more passionate and hungrier as he saw that I wasn't resisting in any way.

It grew into a kiss like I had never felt before! It had so much passion and hunger, and was delivered with so much skill! I literally moaned into his mouth as his lips forced mine wider. This was a guy who knew how to kiss! He didn't try to jam his tongue into my mouth! I fell into that kiss, losing track of time.

And then his foot moved over and pushed the door closed. A moment later he reached over and locked it. That was the moment I should have stopped him. But I had no interest in doing so. He had let go of my wrists but I was hardly aware of it. His fingers moved nimbly down the front of my shirt and before I realized it he was pulling it open and pulling it over my shoulders and down to pin my arms to my sides. His lips never stopped moving, either on my lips, up under my ear, or down around my throat. I felt as if I was being devoured!

Now I began to feel a sense of anxiety and wariness. Was I letting this go too far, too fast!? This was crazy! We were at the office! But then my shirt was gone entirely and he was attacking my bra. He unsnapped it in back like he had a lot of experience. And while I instinctively grabbed at it as he was pulling it up and off he was too fast for me.

He stood back, gripping my wrists again, forcing them back against the wall, this time above my head as his eyes drank in what he saw. I was proud of my body and felt a shudder of excitement and ego at the approval and heat in his eyes.

"You've been holding out on me, Bethany," he said. "I knew you were gorgeous, but I didn't know you had such an incredible body under those shapeless clothes you wear."

"I was told to make sure I didn't dress up in anything that would distract the men in the office," I gulped as an excuse.

He let out a bark of laughter. "You would have had to wear a bag over your head then."

He let go of my wrists and undid his tie, then unbuttoned his shirt. I watched excitedly with every new inch of skin that appeared. When the line of flesh extended all the way down to his belt buckle, he pulled the shirt up more, He undid another couple of buttons and then pulled the shirt and jacket off at the same time.

Oh my!

I was so busy feasting my eyes on all that powerful, gorgeous, well-muscled male flesh that I hardly noticed as he tossed shirt and jacket onto a chair and then gripped my wrists again to cross them up and back against the wall above my head.

I did notice, however, when he quickly wrapped his silk tie around my crossed wrists and tugged it tightly closed.

"Hey, wh-what are you... what... James!" I gasped, twisting my head to look up, and trying to pull away.

"I don't believe I gave you permission to use my Christian name, Miss Ferguson," he said sternly.

"What are you doing?!" I hissed, not wanting my voice to be heard through the door.

"I should have thought that was obvious, pretty girl."

Still holding my wrists, he moved me sideways, reaching up to pull a small picture off the wall and setting it aside. There was a black ring on the wall about a foot above my head and he quickly slid the tie through it and tied it in place.

We were at the office, a busy office where a lot of people work. I wasn't afraid that he was going to hurt me or anything. I mean, if you're some kind of crazed serial killer, you don't attack girls at the office where you work. No, I was just confused and then frustrated that he was playing some silly game instead of doing something sophisticated and romantic like I had been fantasizing about.

But then as I started to complain he leaned in, holding my head between his large hands, and kissed me again. And it was another amazing kiss, one that pushed deeper into my psyche for some reason because I was not only half-naked but now tied up and helpless.

There was an antique wooden cabinet behind me, one about as high as my hips. That meant that as he leaned into me and kissed me he was kind of forcing me back across it until my head was against the wall. The cabinet wasn't very wide, perhaps a foot or so but it did mean my hips were pushed forward so that he could kind of grind himself against me as he kissed me.

And did he ever! He felt thick and hard already! Not to mention big!

His lips slid off mine, leaving me panting, and then his hands slid down my body gripping my chest on either side as he brought his lips in against my erect nipple. Just like he knew how to kiss, he knew how to treat a girl's breasts! His tongue swept up and down and around and around my nipple as he sucked rhythmically. His mouth opened wider and closed, opened wider still and closed on more of my breast, his teeth digging in enough for me to feel it but not enough to hurt as he sucked and licked.

"You have gorgeous breasts, pretty girl."

His hands slid down my body, and in around behind to cup my buttocks. Then they came around the front again, unbuckling my belt, undoing the button at the center of my dress trousers, and then yanking them down along with my thong.

I gasped in alarm, my head automatically jerking to one side to look at the door and then back to him as he squatted low and pulled my pants off so sharply that my shoes came off with them.

And just like that I was completely naked at the office! Only one thin wall hid me from the hundred other people who worked on this floor! And if someone was to come in, I couldn't even hide! That filled my mind with anxiety for long seconds, right up until he jerked my thighs apart and then began to slide his tongue up and down the line of my sex.

It didn't take very long for me to realize that just as his kisses were the best I'd ever had, this man knew what to do between a girl's legs! His tongue was alternately gentle and teasing, his lips caressing and massaging.

By the time his big fingers slowly pushed up inside me, I felt as though I were melting from the inside out! My clitoris felt swollen to twice its size as he licked and sucked with more pressure and certainty. His fingers didn't simply push into me, either. They moved upward, searching out my G-spot, then stroking skillfully against it as his tongue swept across my burning little button.

Thoughts of complaint faded from my mind as I stared down at him, then across at the window on the other side of the room, my breathing getting harder and more ragged as my chest tightened and my pulse rate sped wildly out of control.

My hips began to grind against his fingers and tongue as I fought to keep my breathing from sounding too loud. Now I feared revealing myself as some kind of ignorant, innocent waif who was unknowing about sex. I didn't want him to think I was a virgin or something.

He abruptly stood up, looming over me. He kissed me again and took off my glasses to put them aside. He leaned in so that my breasts pillowed out against his firm, warm chest and I felt them reacting, throbbing against him, my nipples tingling.

One of his hands moved down and between us, and I felt him undoing his own belt, undoing his own pants, pulling down the zipper.

Then he stepped back and effortlessly spun me around to face the wall.

Crack!

I yelped at the sharp smack to my bottom, startled at the sting.

"That's for having the temerity to use my Christian name, Miss Ferguson."

I thought he was kidding, but then I realized it was part of a weird little power game as he laid his cock up between my buttocks and slowly ground himself up and down against me. His arm slid around me, his hands cupping my breasts and kneading them expertly.

"Remember, pretty girl, you are a mere employee, whereas I am a glorious partner in this enterprise. It behooves you to treat me with the respect and awe that my position demands."

He chewed lightly along the nape of my neck and his lips mouthed my earlobe as his fingers made my breasts throb and pulse with excitement and heat. All the while his big cock was sliding up and down between my buttocks. And it felt very big!

He eased his hips back and then guided his cock up between my thighs. I shuddered as I felt the soft, rounded head rubbing up and down against me.

"I know what you want, pretty girl," he growled.

He bit lightly at my neck, pushing his cock in harder, starting to spread the lips of my sex as I shifted my feet apart to ease his entry. He pushed harder still, and I felt him spreading me open. I felt the head slowly easing in, stretching me wider, deliciously wide! I moaned helplessly as the head nestled in the mouth of my sex, breathlessly waiting for him to plunge deeper.

His left hand slid up to cup my breast then higher still as his right moved over my hip and down along my abdomen. I gasped aloud as his fingers found my clitoris, rubbing from side to side even as the ones on his left closed up around my neck and squeezed gently.

I felt a rush of heat, my heart pounding as his fingers gently squeezed my neck at the same time as the others rubbed against my burning hot little button.

"Tell me you want it inside you, pretty girl," he whispered, his lips against my ear.

"I-I do!" I gasped.

"How badly do you want it?" he asked teasingly.

"Please!" I moaned.

His lips mouth my earlobe on the right as his left hand tightened further so that I felt my eyes bulge slightly.

"Say please Sir," he whispered.

"Please, Sir!" I moaned.

"Please what, pretty girl? Please fuck you? Beg me to fuck you."

The words seemed oddly crude from a man of his sophistication, but the more I felt his fingers against my clitoris and the more I tried to push myself back against his cock the more eagerly I waited for him to push himself into me.

"Please fuck me, Sir!" I gasped.

His hand slid down from my neck and the other drew away from my clitoris. They gripped my hips and pulled them back more firmly, forcing me to bend further. Then, held tightly in place by his powerful hands, I felt his cock slowly pushing up into my body.

I was gulping in so fast I was almost hyperventilating!

"Ohh! Oh, God! Ohh! Yes! Oh please!" I gasped.

He pushed forward then eased back pushed deeper and then eased back, slowly jamming what felt like the biggest cock I had ever had higher and higher into my belly.

"Oh my God! Oh, it's so big!"

His strokes grew longer and the heat inside me grew into an incredible feverish need. I gasped and yelped and moaned at every inward thrust as he forced himself higher still.

The whole unreality of what was happening, that I was naked and bent forward and tied up in his office while people walked back and forth in the hall outside was just an amazing and awesome background to what he was doing all by himself with that beautiful cock of his.

I tried to keep my voice low but was rapidly losing control of myself as he thrust in again and again until finally, I cried out at the sharp ache high inside my abdomen as his hips finally pressed flat against my buttocks.

He abandoned my hips, grinding himself against my buttocks, his right-hand skimming over my hip and down my abdomen to once again finger my clitoris. His left slid up to follow my breast then higher still, the big fingers sliding around my throat.

I gasped weakly as they tightened and he leaned into me, chewing lightly on my earlobe.

"Balls deep in a gorgeous little Coed. What more could a man want in life?" he growled.

With his fingers against my clitoris, he used the heel of his hand to press back on my pubic bone to hold me in place and then began to thrust in earnest.

I knew I had to keep as quiet as possible but it was becoming increasingly difficult as the feverish heat melted my brain and I lost track of anything other than the wonder and need and pleasure. His hips were now smacking against my buttocks with authority as he drove his big cock up into me again and again. His fingers rubbed against me in time to it and the pleasure rose to incredible heights even before I came.

The orgasm was... intense! I started to scream only to have his fingers tighten further around my neck. It almost seemed like that trapped the scream inside me so that it went on and on and on while my body shook and my hips bucked frantically back against his thrusting cock. My wrists pulled wildly against the silk wrapped around them as convulsions wracked my body.

My head felt like it would explode but I didn't really care. The orgasm was a wild explosion of sensation that overwhelmed my nervous system and my mind. I trembled and shook without even knowing it, intoxicated by the pleasure.

He pulled his hands away from my neck and I gulped in air only to scream it out again, or try to. His hand closed over my mouth, muffling it considerably.

"Responsive little sex doll, aren't you," he laughed.

He never stopped thrusting, though. He hammered his hips against me all through it, his fingers stroking steadily against me in front until the orgasm slowly began to fade. I felt suddenly dazed and empty, like my bones had melted. I sagged against the wall and only the tie wrapped around my wrists kept me from sinking down to my knees.

I grunted and gasped and moaned as his cock thrust into me again and again until he too came, gasping and cursing softly as he bit into the nape of my neck and drove himself into me to the hilt once again.

*

That had definitely been an eventful day! I could hardly believe I had let him do that! As I rode the subway back home after work I was filled with a sense of awe at myself and worry about who might find out about it. Of course, I had no intention of telling anyone, at least, no one at work. But you know how guys are.

Worth it, though!

That had been the most incredible sex of my life! Everything I had done before that was like a pale imitation of the real thing. I had never felt such passion and hunger, never had an orgasm that intense, or one that went on so long.

I did feel kind of frustrated and irked that I hadn't actually done anything. I mean, I had done nothing to demonstrate that I was a capable lover, that I knew what I was doing, that I was actually awfully good at oral sex, for instance. He had undressed me, tied me up, and used me.

Used me soooo thoroughly that even on the subway home I could feel my chest tightening just thinking about it! That had been so wild! I felt giggly-stupid just remembering how outrageous it had all been! Me tied up against the wall, bent forward while he drove that big cock into me so hard and fast my whole body had shaken!

I didn't regret it either! I often did after sex, though that was usually because it hadn't been anything special and I was worried about my reputation. That didn't apply here. Not only had it been fantastic but I doubted he'd be gossiping much about it. His own reputation would suffer, after all.

He had been so strong and masterful! And the feel of his big, powerful hands on my body had made me feel like... like some poor peasant girl who had been thrown down and taken by her Lord and Master!

It'd been a weird feeling, though. An unfamiliar feeling. Sex had always been something where I and my partner worked together, kind of. I mean, it was a mutual thing, you know? And I've never felt so completely overwhelmed and overpowered by the guy I was with. And I don't mean physically, though there was some of that just given how big and strong he was.

But there was no question he had been the boss! Not that he had given me any orders, exactly. He'd just done what he wanted to me. Luckily, it turned out that was exactly what I wanted, too! I just hadn't known it before.

Naturally, my mind played around with all kinds of strange fantasies and thoughts having to do with some sort of relationship between us. But frankly, he was too old and from another world. The idea of being his girlfriend just wasn't something I could properly imagine.

It would even be embarrassing to go out with him. Everyone would think that the only reason he was with me was for sex, because I was cute. And everyone would think the only reason I was with him was for money. Besides, he was an obvious man-slut. As soon as he spotted some other cute young girl, he'd be after her.

Now that I thought about it, maybe he had already gotten Jordan into bed or something. I should find a way to hint around and ask her. But then that might give me away.

No, the only relationship between him and me was sex. Again, that was strange, since I didn't usually do casual sex. Sex was supposed to accompany romance and trust and the possibility of some kind of lasting relationship.

It was awkward having sex with a new guy. You never knew what you were going to get when you unwrapped the package, so to speak. Was he going to be good in bed? Was he going to have the equipment? Was he going to be mad if things didn't work out exactly as he wanted?

Most guys, to be frank, weren't all that great in bed. At least in my experience. They tended to be kind of selfish and want what they wanted. Even if they knew how to turn a girl on, once they had her out of her clothes they didn't really care all that much. I've never had decent oral sex from a guy until today. And even James had cut it short so he could get his cock into me.

But boy oh boy! The feel of that big, hard, slick cock pushing up inside me had been incredible! And I knew I wanted more of that. It would be dangerous, though. We'd gotten away with it once. If we did it often, someone was bound to catch on.

At least I didn't look like Jordan. Every time she smiled at a guy the other women suspected her of trying to sleep with him. It must be hard being a sexy blonde. I was glad for my glasses and my darker hair.

*

It was late the next day when I got a chance to see James again. I passed by his office, and just like the previous few times, I slowed down to do it. No one was around, and I risked popping my head in through the open door to see if he was there. To my disappointment the room was empty and I was just turning around to go back when I practically ran into him.

I gasped and stumbled back a little and he caught me, his big hands on my shoulders.

"Looking for me, little girl?" he said in a low voice

"I uhm just wondered if you were here is all," I said awkwardly.

"Come back at Five," he said in the same low voice

He grinned and his arm turned me around toward the door before he walked past and went over to his desk. I hesitated, then walked away, afraid that someone would show up and wonder what I was doing in there. But as I walked away my pulse was racing.

There was certainly no question in my mind what would happen at 5:00! More hot, nasty sex! But it felt weird to just go ahead and go back because he told me to. Talk about not playing hard to get!

It was very strange adjusting to this because my sex life had always consisted of guys doing their very best to flatter and persuade me to do anything at all with them. Some guy who wasn't even my boyfriend just basically telling me to come back at Five so he could fuck me was quite odd.

And sorry to be crude but that was what he was interested in doing to me. I certainly couldn't call what we'd done the other day making love!

I'm such a slut, I thought guiltily. I should absolutely not do this again. I should go home after work, have dinner, and then fool around on social media while watching TV.

There was a lot of gossip to be exchanged with my girlfriends, books to read, and political and social discussions to have. I knew I should practice the guitar.

But of course, there was no way I could stay away. I was doubting whether or not things would be as wildly exciting and thrilling the second time around, but I absolutely had to give it a try. So at Five, actually at five minutes after so that I wouldn't be seen as too eager, I walked past his door slowly, and then when I was sure no one was in the hall to see me quickly turned and went in.

He was sitting at his desk and stood up as soon as I entered. He didn't smile or greet me but passed by and closed the door behind me then locked it. Only then did he turn and look at me, frowning down at me.

"It seems to me, Miss Ferguson, that I distinctly told you Five O'clock."

I looked at him in surprise. "Well, I mean, it's only five past..."

"As you begin your entry into working life, Miss Ferguson," he said with a frown, "you will find that strict obedience to whatever orders you are given will greatly please your employers and impress them with your dedication to your work."

My confusion with his words was increased because even as he was saying them he was undoing my blouse. He stripped me as quickly and efficiently as he had the previous day while my pulse rate grew faster second by second.

Then he pulled me over to one of the visitors' chairs in front of his big desk, sat down, and, startling me, pulled me down across his lap!

"Awkk! What are you doing!?" I exclaimed.

"It is the duty of senior members of the organization to properly school and discipline the young. Think of it as mentorship," he said.

Unlike his big executive chair the visitors' chairs, while made of comfortable padded leather had no arms. That meant that while I was lying across his lap on my belly, my head and shoulders were hanging over one end and my legs on the other.

I could feel his hands caressing my skin, gliding over my bottom to squeeze and knead my firm, round buttocks.

Crack!

"Aggh!" I cried, startled by the stinging slap.

"Tsk, tsk. I forgot how noisy you are," he said. "Keep it down, girl. The walls and door are thick, but there are limits. Try not to scream in pleasure too loudly."

Crack!

He slapped my bottom a second time, and it stung just as much! I wasn't startled this time though, so only gasped aloud.

"That hurts!" I hissed.

"Of course, it hurts. If it felt good you'd never learn the error of your ways."

Crack!

His big hand slid off my bottom and in between my thighs. It pressed in against my pussy with his middle finger pressing in to slide along the furrow between my labia. That had it stroking directly across my clitoris and sent a jolt of pure sensation up through my body.

"I have much to teach you about discipline, little girl."

Crack!

I felt his fingers slide down and spread the lips of my sex this time so his index finger could probe inside. I was embarrassed to feel that I was already quite moist in there. I guess it was the anticipation that had built up inside me as 5:00 had approached and my mind had filled with dark fantasies about what we would do tonight.

"Nice and tight and wet and warm inside," he said in a satisfied voice.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ah! Oh! Ahh!" I gasped.

My hand jerked back behind me instinctively, trying to fend his hand off. He grabbed my wrist and pulled it up behind my back then drew the other one back around until he could pin both together, wrists crossed, with one of his big hands.

"You're being quite a bad girl," he said in a stern voice.

OK, he was clearly a perv! That should have been obvious from the other day! My mind was still swirling with uncertainty and confusion though as he undid his tie and then for a second time in two days wrapped it around my wrists.

"You should welcome correction from your seniors as it guides you toward the proper behavior expected of a low-level employee."

I wiggled around on his lap but his big hands simply adjusted me so I was balanced properly. Then his right hand slid down between my thighs again, this time his thumb pushing into me as the rest of his fingers began to stroke across the top of my sex, over my clitoris.

"Such soft skin," he said.

His left hand slid in and down around my chest and his fingers closed around my plump right breast, kneading it repeatedly.

"I'm sure with a little work and training and a lot of discipline you will make a fine little sex toy, Miss Ferguson."

How was it that he said something that really should have been insulting and yet instead sent a dark wave of excitement through my mind?!

His thumb was swirling around in the mouth of my sex and then plunged deeper, rubbing up and down along the front wall of my pussy as the rest of his fingers stroked skillfully back and forth and up and down against my clit.

"Are you going to be a good, obedient little sex toy, Miss Ferguson?"

Well, there's no way I could possibly say yes to that!

"I-I'm not a sex toy!" I gasped.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"You're being a bad girl again," he said. "Strict obedience is what I expect of my subordinates."

He suddenly lifted and then spun me around, gripping my thigh and arm to turn me onto my back and then sit me up.

His left hand went behind my head, gripping a thick fistful of hair, and then pulled back to force my head up and make my back arch. His other hand pushed forcefully between my thighs, spreading the lips of my sex.

A moment later I felt his mouth on my breast, sucking and licking and chewing hungrily as I moaned and gasped and squirmed helplessly.

"Remember Miss Ferguson, while you are at work, your time is ours. And as I am a partner, you belong to me, so to speak."

I knew he was just being sort of silly, but he was still keeping to the kinky little game of his which obviously revolved around girls being tied up. I didn't have a lot of experience with older guys and their kinkiness but it wasn't like I hadn't heard of girls being tied up and even spanked before.

It was certainly my first experience with it, though!

He pushed two fingers inside me. After sliding them in and out a few times his third finger joined them stretching me deliciously. His thumb, meanwhile, stroked across my clitoris.

It was very much like yesterday! There was nothing for me to do but just be a 'sex toy' for him, much as he called me. If he wasn't so good at it I would have gotten angry!

As it was I was already incredibly aroused despite the sharp smacks to my bottom. And his fingers and soon his mouth began to rouse me still further. He treated me to more of those voracious kisses that felt like he was trying to climb into my mouth! Then his lips moved downward along my neck until he could suck and chew and lick it at my tingling, burning nipples.

"Gorgeous little sex toy," he growled.

His fingers pulled free of me and a moment later I heard his zipper go down. Then he lifted me up and around so that I was straddling him there on the chair. I looked down and saw his big cock for the first time, sticking straight up along my abdomen.

OMG!

It was both bigger and thicker than I had imagined! It was also the most beautiful cock I had ever seen! But only the knowledge that he had been able to get it all the way inside me just the other day

kept me from being daunted by the prospect of that thing fitting into me. Otherwise, I would have been really worried!

"Look what I have for you, little girl," he said. "It's a nice big, hard cock. Just like you love them."

His hand slid up my body, cupping and squeezing my breasts firmly, then his left hand slid up and around my neck, squeezing lightly before pushing upward insistently. I felt the pressure against the underside of my jaw and rose, lifting my buttocks off his thighs.

He grasped his big cock with his other hand and I felt the head pushing against my soft, eager opening.

"Now sit down slowly," he ordered.

The pressure eased against my jaw and then stopped, though he kept his hand around my neck. I moaned helplessly and sank slowly down, gasping as I felt the head penetrate me, stretching me achingly wide. He didn't rush me, his hands caressing my buttocks and breasts as I gingerly eased down, wincing a bit now and then, rising up a little and then sinking down further.

Fuck! He was so thick! It ached as it pushed slowly up through the tight, elastic folds of my sex. It felt like he was too big! But I knew better. His hands pulled me in closer so his mouth could get at my breast, and he sucked hungrily as one hand dropped low and his thumb began to rub against my clitoris.

"Sexy little slut" he growled. "Keep going. You know you want it all inside you."

I did! I still felt a confused flutter at him calling me a slut, even if it was a sort of compliment.

"Ohh! You're so big!" I gasped.

"The better to fuck your pretty little brains out, baby."

I shuddered as I sank lower and lower, feeling the head of his cock going deeper inside me. But suddenly he stood up, holding me in his arms as he leaned forward to drop me on my back on the edge of his desk. Now his hands spread my legs wide before sliding up my body to knead my breasts.

"A gorgeous little slut all laid out like a buffet on my desk," he growled as his hips began to move."

"I-I'm not a slut!" I gasped.

He leaned over me, one of his hands going up around my neck to squeeze softly. The other plucked my glasses off my nose as he leaned forward until his face was directly above me.

"You will be whatever I tell you to be, little girl," he growled. "We enforce a strict discipline in this firm and expect obedience from our underlings."

His hips thrust forward and I cried out weakly.

"From our minions."

Again he thrust and again I gasped in pain.

"From our subordinates."

He drew back and thrust into me again, his fingers tightening around my neck!

"From our sex toys."

The fingers of his other hand began stroking my clitoris again as his hips moved in and out faster and harder. The ache inside me eased as I stared up at him, gasping weakly, his hand tight around my neck so that it was difficult to breathe.

"Remember who's in charge, sex toy. Remember who is your superior."

He leaned over so that his face was only a few inches above mine.

"What's my name, girl?" he demanded.

"J-James!" I gasped.

He frowned and then startled me by slapping my breast!

"Sir," he growled. "Say it."

I gasped as he grasped my breast and squeezed hard.

"Sir!" I gasped.

"Again."

"Sir!" I moaned.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"Please fuck me, Sir!" I gasped.

A dark heat was spreading through my body as they stared up at him, transfixed. I'd never been this helpless with a guy before, at least if you took away the previous day. It was a bit scary, but it also sent a dark rush of energy through my mind and body, and a craving to have him thrust into me deep!

He was already doing that, but now he picked up the pace, his fingers loosening around my neck as his other hand fingered my clitoris.

"Again, girl."

"Please fuck me, Sir!" I moaned.

This was hot and sick! But it was doing strange things to my mind!

He lifted my legs up, his hands going behind the knees and then forcing them back against my chest. His big hands slid further down my legs until they were around my ankles and then forced them further apart and back, back up against my shoulders and then over them! I moaned, folded in half before him as he leaned into me, his hips working in and out, up and down, that big cock punching into me again and again!

OMG!

There was no escaping just how helpless I was. My arms were trapped beneath me, tied together at the wrist, and this big strong man was leaning over me, his weight forcing my ankles down over my shoulders. I felt overwhelmed by him even as the sexual energy crackled through my body and mind.

I was on the edge of climax when he leaned back, easing the pressure on my legs, letting them unfold, and then casually shoving them aside in either direction so they fell along the desk.

"Beg me to make you come, girl. Beg me to make you cum like a slut."

I moaned helplessly, my body twisting weakly, writhing on the desk, my back arching as the heat and sexual energy grew more intense.

I cried out weakly as he slapped my breast again.

"Obey!" He growled.

"I-I-I..."

He slapped my breast again!

"Beg me to make you come like a whore!"

"Please make me cum like a whore!" I cried weakly.

He wrapped my breast again!

"You forgot to say, Sir," he snapped.

He leaned over me again until his head was directly over mine while his hand slipped around my neck again and squeezed menacingly.

"Obey!"

"P-Please... please make me come like a ... like a whore, Sir!" I moaned.

He straightened up and started thrusting harder and faster. His thumb pressed down more firmly against my throbbing clitoris and stroked expertly.

The pleasure spiraled up within me as the muscles in my thighs and groin began to spasm. My hips jerked up against him and he tightened his hand around my throat so I couldn't breathe at all. I gasped breathlessly at him my mouth wide as the orgasm exploded within me.

My back arched violently as my hips jerked and twisted against him, my body trying to impale itself on his big cock. The pleasure screamed upward into an intense flare of something I had hardly ever felt in my life. It was like my nervous system couldn't cope with the pressure of the sensations being released within me.

I wanted to scream out all the air in my lungs, but instead could only stare at him, my mouth gaping, my chest starting to burn. He released his grip on my neck and then slapped my face, then gripped my left leg and pulled it in and up, twisting me almost onto my side.

He continued to thrust hard and deep, my upper leg now pinned against his chest as he seized my breast in his left hand and my hair in his right, yanking back my head sharply so that I cried out in pain even amidst the hurricane of pleasure sweeping through me.

I'm losing my mind, I thought fleetingly. But it wasn't like I cared much. The orgasm was still churning through me with overpowering strength, battering away at my mind until there was almost nothing left but animal instinct. My awareness was all physical: on the force of the pleasure flooding through my body, on the pain in my scalp as he pulled on my hair, on my breast as he squeezed it roughly, and especially on that big cock spearing deep into my belly again and again.

*

His office was big enough to have a sectional sofa in the corner by the window. And before it was a large square Ottoman. James carried me over to it and sat me down then flipped me over onto my

stomach. With a sharp slap on my bottom, he gripped my hips and jerked me up into a kneeling position. Not kneeling upright, though. Oh, no.

Instead, only my hips were raised up, raised high. He gripped my ribs and tugged back even as his legs and hips pushed against my bottom to hold it in position. He pulled my knees apart, adjusted me again, and then caressed my bottom for a moment.

"Don't move or you'll be punished," he said calmly.

I wasn't in any position to complain or question that. My wrists were still tied behind my back, but he had added something new to his kinky game. I had never seen one in person, but only on the Internet, but I still knew what it was he pushed into my mouth. It was a ball gag. Like you find on those kinky bondage sites.

I wouldn't have complained anyway, though. That incredible orgasm had, just like the previous day, stunned me. My mind was shell-shocked and my body felt boneless and weak. I had no great desire to move or to say anything just yet. I knelt where he had placed me, still gulping in air and moaning it out as my mind slowly began to fit itself back together again.

Of course, once there was more inside me than animal instinct, I realized that I was in an awfully obscene position, with him sitting immediately behind me having quite the obscene view. After that, I realized just how outrageous it was for him to place me like some kind of obscene sculpture and demand that I not move.

But like I said, it was obvious just where his kinky game lay on the spectrum. I wasn't really very familiar with it, just the sort of thing every girl kind of knows about these guys. Up until James, all the guys I had been with had been more than pleased to just have regular sex. Maybe once you hit a certain age, regular sex loses its excitement and you look for something stranger.

I felt kind of hollow inside from how he had pounded me. And yet, a strong part of me wanted him to slide himself back inside again

and take me, just like this, helpless and posed for him to make use of.

The more the minutes ticked by the more outrageous it seemed to be ordered to kneel like this, my breasts pillowed out against the Ottoman below, my legs spread so that he had a graphic and unobstructed view of my pussy.

Did I mention that he had never gotten undressed? He had removed his tie and pulled down his fly. And that was it. Meanwhile, I was completely naked, in the office again, which was a weird experience, giving me a strange feeling of vulnerability.

After some minutes he stood up and walked up behind me. I felt his fingers spreading the lips of my sex and then something pushed against me. It was hard and rounded and thick but I knew almost immediately that it wasn't him. It felt cool and slick, without a lot of texture to it.

He was using it like a cock, though. He was pumping it slowly in and out, working it deeper and deeper until it seemed like something attached to it blocked it from going any deeper. It felt like a little branch, pushing up until it was pressing against my clitoris.

I was bewildered for long seconds as he pulled some kind of string up between my buttocks, then reached under my hip with another. I understood only when he attached them, tightening them so that the thing he had inserted into my body was held firmly against me. Then without a word, he did something to it and it began to vibrate.

I felt another jolt of astonishment. Having sex with old guys certainly was different! Apparently, they came equipped with toys. The thing inside me throbbed and pulsed while the little branch purred, and buzzed, and rubbed slightly from side to side like a little windshield wiper.

Then he simply went back to his desk and sat down again leaving me to cope with this thing inside me and against me.

"Remember, girl, if you move, you will be punished," he said.

OMG!

I knelt there, wrists tied behind my back, my breasts throbbing as I lay upon them, and this weird sex toy thing jammed deep inside me purring and buzzing and doing strange things to my nervous system. My body was already aroused, the nerve endings down there already hypersensitive. The vibrations were actually so strong they were uncomfortable at first.

It was very difficult to keep from moving at all. In fact, one of the most frustrating things was that I was facing in the exact opposite direction from him so I couldn't even tell if he was actually looking at me or doing something at his desk.

The idea that a guy could see me like this and not be staring at me, not be touching me, seemed difficult to credit. Certainly, no guy I knew would be able to refrain. But James was not exactly like the guys I had dated. He was a grown man and quite a sophisticated one.

The lack of sophistication of the guys that I had always known was one of the reasons why I had been open to some kind of relationship with him. I wanted to see what it was like to be around a guy, make that a man, who didn't act juvenile all the time.

Of course, it turned out older men were just as much sex maniacs as younger ones. That didn't really surprise me. The difference so far seemed to be that they were a lot better at it, and a lot more perverted. Not that this kinky tie-up game really bothered me. Actually, I found it kind of exciting and it struck some dark part of my mind that had often fantasized about this sort of thing.

What girl had never fantasized about being helpless at the hands of some sexy, sophisticated, powerful man who would ravish her senselessly? And so far he had lived up to that fantasy, if not in quite the way I had imagined. I had no idea what he was doing now, for example, other than trying to drive me crazy.

It took a lot of willpower to keep from moving with that thing buzzing and purring inside me and against me. My hands kind of wriggled and my wrists twisted against the silk tying them together behind my back, but I did my best to hide any other sign of response.

At first.

As the discomfort level eased, the effect of the vibrator on my most intimate parts began to make itself known in other ways. The urge to move, the instinct to thrust myself back against it, became almost unbearable. My breasts throbbed more and more powerfully underneath me, and the sensation of being full, of my clitoris being stimulated made it horribly frustrating that it wasn't moving in and out. My body and my instincts felt it should be moving, and if not then I should be!

Bit by bit, my hips began to grind desperately back at the source of the sensations sweeping through my lower body. That accomplished nothing useful, of course, but my instincts demanded it. I moaned around the ball stuffed into my mouth, my breathing getting more ragged as my chest tightened.

A little more movement and my nipples sent a burst of sensation through my nervous system as they were ever so slightly rubbed against the rough fabric underneath. That made me want to do it again and again. So I did.

I heard him opening his desk drawer and a moment later pushing back his chair. I felt a surge of excitement as he crossed the room to stand behind me, or almost behind me.

"It seems, girl, that you are incapable of obeying orders from your superiors. You clearly lack discipline. Since discipline is an important character trait I feel it is incumbent upon me to teach you some. In addition, of course, disobeying clearly stated orders from your superiors should always bring punishment."

I couldn't help twisting my head around, even though he told me not to move. He was standing behind and to one side of me, and he held what looked at first to me like an oversized spatula in his hand. Then I realized it was a soft, flat leather thing with a slender handle. I realized his intent only as he drew his arm back and then yelped as he swung it forward.

The leather hit my bottom like a very wide strap.

Crack!

I cried out in pain, for despite how lightweight it was it stung more than his hand had.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I squirmed and twisted and yelped in pain as the thing came down across my bottom repeatedly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"You must learn to obey orders, girl," he said sternly.

I was not obeying orders! I was trying to twist my bottom away from him and his leather strap thing I started to push my feet back and off the ottoman and succeeded, but just then he brought his left foot up, and then his shoe pressed down against my back just below the neck, holding me in place.

"Bad girl," he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I squealed and squirmed and moaned as the blows continued and my bottom heated up painfully.

Suddenly, he pulled his foot off my back and then grabbed my legs and lifted them up as he twisted me over onto my back. That he did this so quickly and effortlessly was an unmistakable signal of how strong he was. Especially compared to me!

He dropped the leather thing he was holding and, gripping my thighs, pushed me back so that my head and shoulders fell over the opposite side of the Ottoman. Both my thighs were forced achingly wide before he pinned them there with his forearms. He undid the straps holding the vibrator in place and then began to pump it slowly in and out,

A moment later I felt his tongue on my clitoris, licking slowly at first, then faster and faster.

My eyes had been starting to tear up in frustration, but now they blinked rapidly as I stared, upside down, at the front of the sectional sofa unable to see anything above my body beyond the tops of my breasts. I could certainly feel it, though. He was pumping the thing in and out steadily as his tongue licked harder and faster against me.

The steady machine vibrations against me there had made my swollen clitoris feel incredibly sensitive. Now the feeling of his warm, soft, wet tongue against me was indescribable! My eyes widened, at first, as the sensations flooded through my body. I gasped helplessly, my buttocks starting to grind into the Ottoman as his tongue licked skillfully at my tingling, burning sex.

The heat rolled over me in waves and the muscles in my thighs spasmed helplessly, again trying to thrust myself up against the plunging vibrator and his swirling tongue. The heat in my buttocks was forgotten, overwhelmed by the heat inside me.

The passion took control of my mind, drowning it in hunger and need, wiping away almost all other thoughts and concerns as I approached another orgasm. But then he abruptly stopped. He jammed the thing back into me again, pulled the strings into position, and tied it firmly in place.

A moment later he dragged me off the Ottoman as he stood up, pulling me back onto my knees on the floor before him. He looked down at me with what I later came to label his stern look, and with quick movements had his shirt and jacket off so that I could stare up at all that beautiful, nicely muscled male flesh.

This time, he went further. He dropped his pants and stepped out of them, kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, and stood there in black boxer shorts. He looked like Adonis or Hercules standing before me so powerful and masculine. And he acted like it, reaching down to grasp my hair, gathering it up in a thick mass, and then jerking me forward to mash my face in against his groin.

"Since you've disobeyed me, you will have to work for my forgiveness, girl."

He reached behind my head and undid the buckle holding the strap together then gripped the ball in my mouth and pulled it free. You might think I would take this opportunity to complain about the strapping I had just gotten and how little I wanted to feel that sort of thing again, but just as he pulled the ball out and put it down he jerked his shorts down, and was finally naked in front of me.

And that was far too distracting to think about anything else!

God, the man had a body! It was certainly the best one I had ever seen in person. He was shaved below the belt, and I think that made his cock seem even bigger. He was not entirely erect, but when he pulled my face in and rubbed it against his cock and balls, he began to rapidly harden.

"I have a task for you, employee. And you had better do it properly given my dissatisfaction with your obedience so far this evening."

He pulled back on my hair to let his cock fall backward and then pulled me forward and fed the head into my mouth.

This gave me an opportunity to do something that I had thus far been frustrated about lacking, that is, showed that I was not some pathetic little virgin with no experience. I prided myself on my oral sex abilities and so I seized upon the chance to demonstrate by immediately licking and sucking at the head.

Almost at once, though, I realized that this was not going to be like any of the previous cases where I gave oral sex to a guy. Because always before, I had complete control of the situation. And now I had none. He let me lick at the underside of the head for a few seconds as I sucked, and then pushed himself deeper.

Well, guys always wanted to do that, and I had practiced my deep-throating, aided by my being one of those girls who does not really have much of a gag reflex. But of course, I always restrained them until I was ready to do what I intended to do. I had no restraints for James. I was the one restrained.

He pumped himself slowly in and out of my mouth, using his grip on my hair and head to pull me forward as he pushed his hips toward me. It was a bald, impossible-to-ignore statement of who was in charge. I was, just as I had been, a sex toy for him to play with as he chose. I did my best to suck and lick along his cock as it moved in and out, but the head rarely came back as far as I needed to get my tongue on it good and hard.

I was not really surprised, though it still took me by surprise when he pushed forward even deeper and his thick cock was driven into my throat. Despite my practice and abilities, I had some difficulty with it given its thick girth. It ached more than usual as it went down. But I had little to say in the matter for he simply pulled me forward as he pushed his hips into me and his long, thick cock slid remorselessly down my throat.

All I could do was stare at the shaft and his lower abdomen as he pulled me closer and closer. Then the shaft disappeared entirely into my mouth and my quivering lips were wrapped around the base and pressed up against his pubic bone.

He sighed in contentment as he held me firmly against him, his big cock buried in my mouth and throat. As the seconds ticked by, my head began to pound and my chest began to burn. I moaned a complaint, but his cock blocked my voice far better than the ball gag could have.

"Are you beginning to realize girl, that I'm the boss here? Are you beginning to understand that I must be obeyed without question or hesitation? Remember that while you're here, we own you. And since I'm a partner, I own you. I own your mind and I own your body."

He finally eased up and slid that long cock out of me. I dazedly watched the glistening thick shaft appear before me, inch after inch sliding out of my mouth until it popped free of my throat and I could draw in deep, ragged breaths of air.

He let me breathe but rubbed his cock across my face as I did.

"Who owns you, girl?"

He slapped his cock against my face.

"Obey!" he said. "Or I'll tan your pretty little ass with my spanker."

I gasped in pain as he jerked on my hair.

"Who owns you?!" he growled, his dark eyes boring into me.

"Y-You!" I gasped.

He frowned and bent forward to pick up the leather thing from the Ottoman. Spanker? I suppose that was a good enough word for it. But now he slapped it down against my left breast and I yelped in pain.

"Who owns you!?"

It crossed my mind that he might be crazy. But I was fairly sure he was just deep into his kinky game of dominance and submission.

"You do!" I cried.

He slapped my breast again.

"You forgot to say Sir."

"You do, Sir!" I gasped.

He fed his cock back into my open mouth and pushed it straight down my throat. This time he didn't hold himself firmly against me but began to pump in and out. It's much harder to breathe around a cock in your throat when it's moving, and even more so when it was as thick as his. I gurgled weakly around it, my head starting to throb and my chest to burn once again.

Fortunately, he didn't hold it in quite as long this time before pulling it free.

"Tell me I own you," he barked

"Y-You own me, Sir!" I gasped, gulping in air.

"Good girl," he said in much the way you would to a pet who had performed a trick you had been trying to teach it.

He abandoned the spanker thing, much to my relief, then put his free hand around my neck before using his grip there and on my hair to half drag, half push me backward. He roughly grabbed my arm, lifted me up and half threw me onto the sofa on my back.

Then he was before me, lifting my legs up and back, yanking the vibrator free, fitting his cock into me, and thrusting home. I was basically laying on my back on the sofa with my head pushed forward by the backrest staring down between my breasts at his cock driving into my body. He leaned further over, as he had done at the desk, jamming my legs back until the backs of my feet were pressed into the backrest next to my head and I was folded in half beneath him.

I was overpowered and overwhelmed both mentally and physically, dazed and lightheaded. Things had moved far faster and in far different ways than I had imagined and I had no ability to really affect any of it. Part of me was relieved that he was no longer jamming his cock down my throat, and another part was relieved to feel his warm flesh inside me instead of the cold hard vibrator.

I felt a sense of floating as if I was just watching something happen with slightly sleepy eyes. But I certainly wasn't sleepy. The feel of him thrusting into me, again and again, sent powerful jolts of sensation and heat through my body and mind.

The sight of it fascinated me, somehow. His big body seemed to cover the whole world around me and over me and in front of me. The sides of my feet were pressed against my ears as his big hips drove him down with remorseless speed and power. My slender body was driven deep into the cushion to bounce back up and meet his next thrust.

"Sexy little bitch," he growled

I rolled my dazed eyes up towards him, moaning and gasping.

"Who owns your body, girl?" he demanded.

On the face of it, that was an absurd question, but I knew what he wanted me to say.

"You do, Sir!" I moaned.

"Say it!"

His big strong hands forced my ankles in tighter against my head and then somehow managed to force them behind my head. Well, I did a lot of yoga and Pilates and was a very limber girl. But I'd certainly never tried to get my ankles crossed behind my head before!

He brought his free hand down and gripped my breast, squeezing painfully so that I gasped and moaned.

"Say it, you sexy bitch!"

"Y-You own my body, Sir!" I cried weakly.

He grinned down at me with a broad smile and perfect teeth.

"Again!"

"You own my body, Sir!" I gasped.

He continued to thrust into me, grinding himself against me with him buried deep in my abdomen. My mind was battered by shock and sodden with lust and a dazed, fascinated sort of excitement. I mean, this whole experience was wildly out of my league, wildly beyond anything I had ever experienced.

His hand dropped back down and his thumb began to stroke against my clitoris.

"Tell me you're my bitch!" he demanded.

"I-I... I'm y-you're bitch, Sir!" I gasped.

It was weird saying stuff like this, but there was also a twisted kind of excitement about it, maybe because it was so outrageous, and completely against the way I live my life and my beliefs in equality.

His other hand left my ankles, which somehow stayed in place as he squeezed my neck again, as he continued thrusting, thrusting, thrusting so fast and hard that my body was continually shuddering and shaking beneath him. His fingers were rubbing my clitoris hard and fast and the sensations were tearing through me with growing power and intensity.

"Come for me, you sexy, beautiful little slut."

He released my neck and squeezed my breast as I floated atop the ever-rising storm of sensations. I was drunk on the heat, intoxicated by the passion and lust filling my body and mind. I gasped and grunted and cried out as he battered my slender body beneath him. And then the orgasm exploded, my body flaring with an incredible rush of energy and pleasure that was so vast I thought I might lose consciousness entirely.

*

You would think after that, I would resolve to not have any more sex with James again. Or at least not without setting some serious and firm guidelines. But honestly, what had he done that was so bad? Yes, that spanker thing had stung, but there were no marks or bruises on my bottom. And the pain, such as it was, had faded quickly. Neither were there any marks on any other part of my body. And the only lasting ache was the one I felt inside me from that powerful pounding he had given me.

Yes, he had been rough, and the things he'd said and made me say were outrageous. But then again, they were certainly in line with the kinky game he was playing. It was my own fault, anyway, for not recalling just what kind of kinky stuff we were doing. I should have simply said whatever he told me to say.

Sex with James was like sex with a storm, or a raging sea, or a wild beast. In fact, the latter description rather intrigued me. It was like I was being mounted by a bull or a stallion, the pack

leader taking what was his! That seemed to naturally appeal to my instincts, as well. Weren't we all animals by nature, and wasn't James very much an alpha male?

And it wasn't like the sex had been careless. I'd had that before, and gotten very little pleasure from it. No, James had made sure that I enjoyed it. And boy, had I ever! Okay, not every second of it. I could do without being spanked, for example. But nothing was ever completely perfect in life.

Although James' body came very close. That had been my first sight of him completely naked and boy was it a sight! Furthermore, sex with James was unquestionably the most exciting thing I had done in a very long time, maybe ever. And wasn't youth the time for experimenting and having fun?

I felt guilty about it, of course. I argued with myself in my head, my intellectual side arguing against the emotional side. I very much disapproved of the idea of a man pushing a woman around and treating her like a sex object. On the other hand, it had felt incredible while he had been doing it. So why not do it again?

Because it was degrading! It was offensive to my belief in my dignity and equality with men. Although, no honest assessment would say I was James' equal in anything. Let's face it, he was bigger, stronger, more sophisticated, more experienced, more knowledgeable, richer, more powerful in every way...

Yeah, no. It would be silly and arrogant for me to pretend I was his equal. With that resolved, and given he was after all very high above me in the hierarchy of the place I worked, I felt that it was more acceptable to cede control to him. Yes, the idea he owned my body was ludicrous, but it was a hot, steamy sort of idea. Offensive, definitely. But the offense I took from it was easily overwhelmed by the pleasure he gave me.

And, I have to admit, I derived a kinky awed excitement from some of the outrageous things he said and did.

*

One of the things we did at work was carry mail and messages back and forth, many of them important papers that the partners needed to read or sign, or that they were directing to other lawyers in the firm, both on this floor and on others.

They weren't particularly assigned to anyone. You just took what was in the in-basket and carried it to whoever it was addressed to. I have to admit that I leafed through the envelopes in the basket and when I found one for his office I snatched that for myself. Of course, I berated myself for doing so, and even while on my way there I felt my chest tightening with anxiety and uncertainty.

This was stupid! I was acting like a whore!

But I felt my nipples tightening within the cups of my bra and a sense of hopeful anticipation.

I knocked on his door and when he said come in I opened it, envelope in hand.

"An envelope for you, Sir," I said in a quite official, businesslike manner as I crossed to his desk.

I waited on his desk wanting to say something sexy but feeling inadequate. So I hesitated, then turned back for the door.

"Did anyone see you come in?" he called from his desk.

I gulped, my heart suddenly thumping as I turned around. "Uhm uh, no, I don't think so... Sir."

"Close the door and lock it."

"I-I can't stay long!" I gulped.

"Do as I order."

I sucked in a breath of air and went to the door, pushing it closed. Before I could turn around he was on me! I gasped as he spun me around and pushed me back against the door. His hand went around my neck as he often did and mine rose instinctively to grasp his wrist.

He sort of smirked down at me.

"Put your hands against the door next to your head," he said in a soft voice.

Pulse racing, I obeyed.

His hand squeezed softly, but not enough to really interfere with my breathing. It was more a statement of what he was capable of doing.

"Who owns your body, girl?" he demanded in a soft growl.

"Y-You do, Sir!" I gasped.

His other hand squeezed my breast through my blouse.

"Say it, girl."

"You own my body, Sir!"

Just... saying it like that sent a dark thrill of something wild and hot through my mind!

"Again," he almost whispered.

His hand dropped from my breast and undid my dress trousers, jerking down the zipper, then pushing inside.

"Y-You own my body, Sir!" I gasped.

It was just as outrageous and hot to say a second time!

His hand tugged my shirt up out of his way and then pushed into my thong so his fingers could find the narrow line of my sex.

"Tell me you're my bitch."

I felt another psychic jolt at his outrageous words.

"I'm your bitch, Sir!"

Just saying it sent a pulse of sexual energy through my body. I could feel the sexual pressure building up inside me even before he put his fingers against my sex and began to rub my clitoris.

"Tell me you're my slut."

I shuddered at the surge of heat and sexual pressure.

"I'm your slut, Sir!" I half whispered.

His fingers were stroking rapidly across my clitoris as he leaned in to kiss me gently. At the same time, his fingers tightened around my neck.

His lips drew back. "Again."

"I'm your slut, Sir!"

Fortunately, he hadn't ordered me not to move, because my hips were already grinding helplessly against his fingers. My entire lower body was throbbing and pulsing with eager need, and the surging waves of liquid heat were pouring through me, threatening to drown my mind in passion,

He kissed me again, a little less gently.

"Would you like me to make you cum, employee?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Beg."

"P-Please make me cum, Sir!" I breathed.

My hips were grinding feverishly against his fingers, and I arched my back, only my shoulders, head, and arms still pressed against the door.

"Beg me to make my little office slut cum."

So fucking outrageous! So wicked and hot and sick!

"Please make your little slut come, Sir!" I whimpered.

The orgasm hit and he tightened his fingers around my neck as I began to cry out in pleasure. My hips bucked violently out at him, my buttocks slapping back against the door again and again as the scream of pleasure was locked inside me by his strong fingers.

My body writhed and twisted and shuddered as the crackling sexual energy tore through it. But somehow, I kept my arms and hands pinned to the door as his fingers drove me over the edge into the kind of powerful orgasm only he seemed able to give me, and which I was rapidly becoming addicted to.

He grabbed my arm just below the shoulder to keep me from sagging to my knees and half dragged, half pulled me across to his desk. He roughly bent me over the desk and yanked my pants and thong down then slapped my bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs," he growled.

Moaning, I obeyed, but to my surprise, he didn't enter me. Instead, he opened one of his desk drawers and took out a little squeeze bottle of something, then pulled out something else and tore it from a plastic bag. He turned away from me so that I didn't see what he was doing but then he was behind me slapping my bottom again. "Up on the balls of your feet. And don't move."

I gasped as I felt something pressing not against my sex but my wrinkled little back opening. I didn't protest, though, as he slid his finger slowly into me, riding a layer of some kind of slippery substance. The finger slid slowly in and out for a few seconds then pulled free and was replaced by something else. Something artificial. It was narrow at the tip but then began to widen as he pushed it deeper

I moaned, my fingers tightening in the palms of my hands as he varied the pressure, in and out, but always pushing more firmly inward. I could feel myself giving away as it stretched me out, almost to the point of pain before abruptly narrowing. Then for a moment, it felt like my body was sucking whatever it was inside only to be stopped by some kind of base.

"It's a butt plug," he said to me. You have a beautiful little ass, and since I own your body, I intend to make full use of it. This will help prepare you so I don't have to take overlong in burying my cock inside you. Wear it always. And keep yourself ready for my cock."

Talk about outrageous!

Crack!

"Do you understand me, girl?"

"Y-Yes, Sir!"

"Tell me again that your body belongs to me."

"My body belongs to you, Sir!" I whispered.

Crack!

"Louder, slut! Tell me I own your body."

"You own my body, Sir!" I moaned.

"Now pull your pants up and get back to work before I dock your pay."

Wow! Just... wow! I mean, he was obviously being outrageous on purpose. But it was having a very strange and twisted effect on me.

I settled back on my heels, pulled my pants and thong back up, fastened them, and then, combing my fingers through my hair in hopes that I didn't look too bedraggled, wobbled back to the door.

It wasn't until I could get into one of the handicapped bathrooms, the kind that had a real door, that I could examine the thing. I didn't try to pull it out, but reached back and felt the flat base of it pressing against my body, holding the rest of it nestled inside, preventing it from going deeper.

I turned my back to the mirror and bent over trying to see but the mirror was kind of high for me to see much. I pulled my pants back up brushed my hair and ran my hands over the back of my trousers a little paranoid that someone might notice the thing pressed against me down there.

It felt... strange. It didn't hurt, or anything, but I couldn't for a second forget it was there. The small, flat base was squeezed in between my buttocks as I walked, with a much larger piece inside a dull ache. I felt a sense of wonderment at his demand, and at my compliance with it.

But this also came amidst the sense of breathless, dazed wonder at what had just happened inside his office. Talk about casual sex! Of course, I hadn't actually had to do anything but just stand there, stand there as a man I barely knew opened my pants and masturbated me!

If you told me a week ago that I would ever have permitted something like that from a stranger, or just from a guy who worked in the same firm as I did I would've laughed and jeered. You have to be an absolute slut to let someone do that to you! And that certainly did not describe me. At least, it hadn't last week.

This week... Well, the things I had done certainly qualified for the description. Or would you call it a title? Just pondering that made me feel strange. I had lived my life ensuring that I followed all the rules, whatever I might've thought of them. That included the unwritten rules about my behavior.

My quick, nasty little trysts with James violated both.

They were certainly against the firm's rules, as had been carefully explained to me when I had joined for the summer. And they were even more certainly against all the unwritten rules that had surrounded me since adolescence. Even my girlfriends would call me a slut for what I'd done. And even worse for what I permitted him to do.

His age had a lot to do with it, I think. I don't mean that I was particularly intimidated or in any great sense of awe at his age. It's just that he was out of my age group, and of an age that I did not associate with. The people I had had anything to do with in my life who were half again my age were people I was used to taking orders from. And he was, in a sense, one of my bosses. So it seems natural to do as he said.

Even when I knew that what he wanted was against the company's rules. Even when I knew I didn't have to do what he told me.

But he was also someone that I was free to experiment with. Not being my age meant I didn't have to really compete with him, to demonstrate my equality. And it also meant that he was neither a romantic target nor someone who might gossip to my friends about what I'd done.

The way he acted and the things he said were outrageous by almost anyone's standards. So really I had to admit that I was acting like a slut to go along with it. That gave me a weird double-edged sense of both shame and giddy delight. I'd never seen myself as a rule breaker, you see. I had always felt rules were there to be obeyed, to be followed.

But now, I began to realize that at least a part of that, perhaps a strong part, was that I was afraid to break the rules, afraid of the consequences. Now, he had started this sick, dark, thrilling game where the only consequences were for disobedience. And those consequences were limited to a little stinging corporal punishment.

And even his punishments looked at from the outside, were erotically delicious to contemplate. The thought of myself tied up naked across the man's lap while he spanked me was incredible. Outrageous, yes, but so deliciously erotic. At least as a fantasy. The reality had left something to be desired in that my bottom had ached quite a bit.

Of course, that hadn't stopped him from making me climax so powerfully that even now I remember the way my body had screamed with pleasure.

I went back to my little cubicle and sat down gingerly. I could feel the thing underneath me and inside me, but it wasn't terribly uncomfortable. I could manage with it. I felt weirdly nervous, though, as if somehow the other girls around me could sense what I had just done and what I had inside me.

That was silly, of course. I looked like my usual self, very businesslike and respectable. Only I knew how slutty I had behaved. I try to focus my attention on the boring, everyday routine of dealing with and guiding emails to their proper destination, printing out and photocopying documents for delivery to various offices, and acting as naturally as possible around the other clerks.

I certainly wouldn't want them to think anything was wrong! Or ask me what was going on!

That evening at home I thought again about how strange the day had been. I had waited for him to summon me, in some manner or other, waited for him to invite me to his office so he could repeat the actions of the previous day. But nothing had come. I had sat, squirming a little for the rest of the day, and then was left with no alternative but to go home.

At least I got there in time to do my usual things. I decided there was little point in keeping this thing inside me now that I was home so pulled it free and cleaned it off. I was no expert in anal sex, and

the very idea of it made me wrinkle my nose with distaste. I had always considered it to be degrading and messy.

But it was apparent that he intended to do it to me. And unlike the guys who had made the request in my past, I did not think he would accept a refusal easily. That in itself was a weird thought. Of course, I could say no! He would settle for doing something else. Of course, he would likely punish me for disobedience. Maybe a spanking or something? I didn't particularly want that.

Besides, if sex with him was so amazing, maybe he could make anal sex feel amazing as well. I couldn't imagine how, but I had not imagined half the things the man had done to me in just the last few days.

I had, as was my normal behavior when uncertain about something, researched the subject on my way home, on my phone. Some people seemed to think it was pleasurable. Making it so apparently depended on ensuring that your sphincter muscles did not clamp down too much. There were tricks to that, mental tricks mostly.

Once I had eaten, I contemplated how much of what was going on I should share with my girlfriends. The problem was, if I tried to hold certain things back, like his age and name, they would immediately grow suspicious and want to know more. I wondered if there was a way to mention the bondage angle without them being shocked.

Probably, it was better to keep my mouth shut on that score. In fact, it was probably better not to mention my little office romance at all. Especially since there had been nothing romantic about it. It was just office raw sex, and I didn't think anyone would approve of me engaging in it. I suspected most would be privately jealous, though if they knew what pleasure he had given me.

Then again, I knew, and I was finding it difficult to approve of my behavior. I was acting like a complete slut. There was simply no denying it. I should stop, I knew I should. But I knew I wasn't going to. I had no idea how far he would take things, but as long as it was just in his office there was a limit to how far he could go.

Besides, I could stop anytime I wanted to. It wasn't like the job was even all that important. It was just a summer job, after all.

Of course, it occurred to me that "I can stop anytime I want to" is what addicts say to themselves.

END

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.