

# Bethany Learns Discipline



**By JJ Argus**

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(Part 2 of Bethany's Education)

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

I had always thought I had the right attitude and the right intellect for law. I had an excellent memory, and everyone who knew me considered me to be a responsible and level-headed girl. I had become less certain of that myself lately.

I'm not in law school yet, but I have decided that that is where I'm headed when I'm done with my bachelor's degree. Of course, I've only just started that, with one year under my belt. I have quite a way to go. Considering that, it was an amazing good fortune for me to get a summer job at one of the city's most prominent law firms.

It wasn't a particularly important job, of course. I was simply a clerk brought in for the summer to replace all of their more experienced people as they went on vacation. And I'm talking about the clerks, not the more important people. Not the legal secretaries for example like the partners had.

When they went on vacation, the people who replaced them were usually much more experienced than me. I didn't exactly know their level of education, but I assumed they were actual law students. Maybe, I thought, that would be me in three or four years.

Assuming I didn't get fired first. And that was a distinct possibility. I was breaking any number of rules at work, after all. So was James, of course, but he was a partner in the firm. So most likely, if we got caught, I would be out, not him. Even though, realistically, it was all his fault.

What was I, after all, but an innocent, well, previously innocent co-ed? He was a partner in the firm, a full lawyer, half again my age. Or perhaps even more. I really hadn't inquired a lot. I had noticed him as being a very cute, very well-built man, but hadn't thought anything much beyond that until he started hitting on me.

Any serious relationship between us was impossible, of course. But that didn't mean there could be a different kind of relationship. One I was persuaded could prove very exciting, again, as long as we didn't get caught. I don't usually sleep around. I don't do casual sex. Usually.

But the thought of what kind of body was hidden under his tailored suits had intrigued me. As had the curiosity about whether an older guy would be different in bed than the guys I had known before. So think of it as a summer fling, or me giving into my hormones.

He was a large, broad-shouldered man, and I had never been with anyone as powerfully built. So I let him get away with things that I never would've let a regular guy get away with. Even a guy I was attracted to. Having sex at work was insane. Then again, wasn't youth the time to have wild times?

And they were certainly wild with James! His really excellent kissing, skilled hands, and gorgeous body had worked me into letting him show what he could do. It had been eye-opening, to say the least. James was an amazing... I won't say lover, an amazing... I won't say partner either.

There was nothing about love or partnership and in James did with me. It was all about battering down my inhibitions and making me lose control to the passion and pleasure he gave me. And that had happened an astonishing number of times in such a short few days that I could hardly believe it.

See, guys don't seem to quite understand this, especially the young ones. They get their pleasure very cheaply and easily. It's virtually guaranteed. Very little work is needed. It just isn't that way with girls. Most of the girls I know, and that includes myself, usually don't climax during sex. At least, not during intercourse.

We don't have sex with guys for that reason. We have sex with guys to test them out. We want to find out how gentle they are with their hands and lips, how kind and considerate, and whether or not we want to get involved in a serious relationship with them. That requires sex.

But this is why we aren't as eager for sex as boys and men are. We don't have that guaranteed fulfillment. It takes attention and effort on the part of the guys to make us come. And they're often so eager to get inside you that they kind of act selfish about ensuring that you enjoy it too.

But that's the way life is. Except James was completely outside that normal experience. He was absolutely determined to make me come. Often repeatedly. Great, right? But he was also into kinky games. Let's just say he liked to tie girls up and sometimes spank them. He liked to be in control. And he wanted me to admit he was in control.

The things he said to me would've gotten most guys kicked out of my bed. Of course, we never actually went to bed!

He took a kinky excitement at saying things that were, on the surface, degrading to me. Of course, in the context of his edgy little game of bondage and submission, they were entirely appropriate.

It still felt weird and a little outrageous for him to say things like calling me his slut or his bitch, never mind telling me that my body belonged to him! But when he had me say them, I can't deny that there was this strange, dark rush, a thrilling kind of escapism from reality.

Realistically, we were certainly not equals. I don't have a problem admitting that to myself. With all my previous guys, sex has always been a sharing and partnership. It'd been an exploration of mutual pleasure and developing a relationship.

There was none of that with him. He tied me up and did whatever he wanted to me. And so far, I haven't been able to refuse. Not because I was tied up, or even gagged, but because he roused me to such levels of passion and excitement, levels I had never experienced before, that I simply couldn't and didn't want to tell him no. No matter how outrageous he was being.

James was like riding a roller coaster. A really, really fast and high one that scared you in case something went wrong. There was always that possibility, after all. The possibility with James was that he might actually mean some of the things he said, as opposed to just saying them to mind fuck me. I didn't think that was likely, but when I contemplated that possibility, it was alternately either scary or even more thrilling.

I was watching how I dress more closely than usual now. I'd been given the message when I was hired that it was a good idea not to wear anything that might distract the males working there. I suppose that was kind of sexist, but I wasn't in a position to complain.

James had actually been surprised when he'd gotten my top open and found my breasts to be substantially more... substantial than he had expected. That's because I tried to wear clothes that were reasonably attractive on me but did not emphasize any of my body parts

in particular. If you know what I mean.

My tops were generally loose, as were my skirts. Dress pants were never loose, because that would look bad, but I usually wore a longer top over them or even a blazer. I mean, I know that it was sexist of them to tell me not to wear anything that would distract the men, but I also know how distracting my body could be to men.

As far as I was concerned that was their problem, their fault, not mine. But this job would look better on my resume than working as a waitress at a sports bar or something like that for the summer. In

fact, I had done that job the previous summer, and the instructions there were the exact opposite. To emphasize your body in order to get better tips.

That was sexist in its own way too, but at least it was well-rewarded. I had gotten great tips. Not as good as some of the sluttier girls, of course, the ones with low-cut, too-tight tops and very short skirts. But I had too much pride and dignity for that.

Or so I had thought. There wasn't a lot of pride or dignity in letting a guy tie you up and make you tell him that you were his slut and that he owned your body! In fact, it was the exact opposite of pride and dignity. So why did doing it excite me so much? Why did it feel so wicked and wild and edgy to say such things?

Maybe because I've always been someone who follows the rules exactly and precisely. Not just the rules that were set out on paper but the unwritten rules of behavior that a woman followed from the time she was a little girl. I was wildly outside the boundaries of those rules!

So much so that I had even decided to keep this wild, dark relationship at work secret from my friends. They wouldn't understand and they wouldn't approve. I didn't improve, either! I just didn't know how to stop it when my body thrummed with sexual energy every time I thought about what he might do to me next.

Anyway, the next morning, I inserted the butt plug he had given me the previous day back into my body and went to work like normal. I had given some thought to dressing in a sexier way, trying on various outfits to see how I looked in the mirror. But in the end, I rejected that. It clearly didn't matter to him, and it wasn't like I was looking for any other male attention!

I did, however, wear my sexiest underwear. Lingerie, I mean. Often enough, he removed them so fast it didn't matter what I was wearing. But I still wanted to look sexy, to feel sexy under my clothes.

I was certain he would want to do something today, probably related to that butt plug thing he had given me. I was looking forward to it with a mixture of excitement and dread. I didn't really want to experiment with anal sex. I'd tried it before and hadn't enjoyed it. But I was willing to go along with him to see if he could give me more incredible orgasms.

My anticipation faded over the morning, and a sense of frustration took hold. He had a lot of nerve having me wear the stupid thing if he wasn't even intending to do anything anytime soon!

At lunchtime, the area near him tended to clear out. Rich lawyers didn't usually eat at their desks, and there were a number of nice restaurants on the ground floor and basement of the building. Plus, meeting with clients was a normal thing, especially since they could then write off the expense. For all I knew he was doing one or the other but I decided to wander past his office anyway.

Nobody was around when I looked at his closed office door. So I tried the handle and found it unlocked. I eased the door open a crack and peeked in. I didn't see any sign of him, but it seemed odd that he would leave his door unlocked and walk away. He was not the trusting kind. I eased the door open a little more and stuck my head inside but it was definitely empty.

Disappointed, I started to withdraw only to back into something as a hand slid around me and covered my mouth. I repressed a scream as whoever it was pushed me forward. I almost immediately suspected it must be him. Whoever it was held me firmly against him with one hand over my mouth pressing my head back against his upper chest and the other around my body pinning my arms to my sides.

Of course, my pulse was racing and my heart was beating rapidly, but despite him not making a sound to identify himself I became certain it was him.

"Such a bad little girl to open my door without knocking," he purred into my ear. "That definitely deserves punishment."

He carried me just like that, my body pinned to his, over to his desk before setting me down on the floor again. Then he abandoned my arms for a moment, to pull open a drawer. I reached up to grab his wrist, the wrist of the hand over my mouth, only to have it pulled quickly away, shifting to my hair to pull my head back forcefully and make me yelp in pain. Just as I did so he pushed the ball gag into my mouth.

He was always pulling my hair! And the thing is, my hair is my crowning glory. I brush it and use special shampoo and conditioner so it gleams like spun silk. I part it in the middle of my forehead and it curves out and down around my head as if it were a perfectly designed frame for my face.

And every time I came into his office he pulled and yanked at it so it was a ragged mess!

Just like my mind!

"Stand still, employee. Your boss is about to decide your punishment."

He rapidly stripped me of my clothes and then pulled my arms back behind me. I saw him pull a long, folded length of rope from the drawer and blinked my eyes in surprise. Had he bought some rope because he was tired of damaging his silk ties?

The rope was rough and immediately itchy against my skin as he looped it around my arms. Surprisingly, he looped it several more times before beginning to tighten it. How strong did he think I was anyway?!

As he tightened it, he forced my arms back further and further together. And that soon began to make my shoulders ache as I moaned and squirmed helplessly. As I said before, I'm a fairly limber girl, but there are limits!

He seemed to tie the loops off behind me and did something with the rope before bending me forward at the waist. He took a double loop and as my breasts hung below me looped it around first one then the other, drawing it up close to my ribs before slowly tightening. I could feel the pressure being exerted on the base of my breasts forcing them to grow more and more firm and taut.

I moaned and squirmed to no avail. My breasts throbbed and my nipples felt like hard little pinpoints. He drew the rope behind me and then tied it around my arms somehow before pulling the double loop down again.

He roughly spread my legs and pulled the loop up between them, tied a knot in them, then pulled it up so that the double rope pulled up between the lips of my sex, adjusting it so that the knot was directly over my clitoris. Yikes! The rope felt even rougher and scratchier against my tender parts down there!

He fed the rope up across my hip, across my back, and then over the opposite hip to tie it together before tightening it. I gasped as the rope dug in much harder between the lips of my sex, the knot jammed painfully against my clitoris.

He yanked me upright, slapped my bottom, and then turned me roughly around to face him, his eyes gazing down at my swollen breasts.

"Hmm, yes, I like the effect."

He reached into his desk and took out a small ball of twine. It was rough twine like the rope. Grinning down at me, he tied a loop in the end, pressed the loop against my extremely hard, pink nipple, slid it forward, and then tugged it tight enough that I yelped into the gag, dancing on my feet before him as my nipple burned.

"Bad girls must be punished," he chided me.

He cut another piece, tied it around my other nipple, and, ignoring my complaints, pulled both pieces of twine out and upwards so that they tugged stingingly on my nipples. He pulled them higher so that I rose onto the balls of my feet to ease the pain, and then led me over to the wall, me dancing awkwardly on the balls of my feet and complaining every step of the way.

As I approached, I realized that he had taken the wooden cabinet that had been against the wall and moved it so that it was in front of a tall, mahogany bookshelf. It had no business being there since it blocked the lower shelves, so it seemed he had moved it there purposefully.

For me, I soon realized.

He pulled the two lengths of twine forward, which of course, forced me to bend forward at the waist across the top of the cabinet. There were hooks on the back surface of the shelf before me, easily visible because he had removed the books from the shelf. He slipped the twine around them and looped it several times before tying them off.

He hummed to himself as he moved aside, then back to the desk, then back to me, where he knelt, pulling first one ankle, and then the other to either side of the cabin before tying them off. This left me not only more helpless but forced up onto the balls of my feet even as my nipples stung with the pull of the twine.

He stayed on his knees, sliding aside one of the doors of the cabinet and doing something there. Then, something pushed up against my sex, right against the doubled knots of my clitoris. And it soon began to vibrate.

I was left astonished by the depth of his perversion and imagination! Who did stuff like this!? I wasn't able to ask, of course, for he gripped my hair to pull my head back, kissed me lightly on the cheek, and said "I'm off to lunch. Enjoy yourself."

He headed for the door, then stopped and turned back. "Oh, I forgot."

He pulled the length of black silk off the shelf, folded it, folded it again, pulled off my glasses, and then placed it against my eyes before tying it around behind my head.

"I have a client who needs persuading," he said. "I offered him the use of your lovely body if he would sign off on a contract. He'll be by soon so you won't get bored."

And then as far as I could tell, he left, opening and then closing the door behind him.

Well, what was I to do about this!? What was I to think about this!? First, I very much doubted it that was anything more than him trying to mind-fuck me. There might well be a client somewhere who would sign a contract based on being able to make use of my body, but I doubted there were two.

I mean, the contracts he dealt with were worth millions of dollars! And let's face it, pretty girls are not that expensive. This so-called client of his could hire one fairly easily. No, he was saying that to place doubt in my head so that when he returned I might suspect it was a stranger.

The infuriating part about that was he was right. No matter how logical it was, no matter how much my intellect said that he was just making that up, there was still some small doubt in my head. What if it was someone else?! Could I even tell!? But no, the idea was ridiculous.

In the meantime, I was left in an awkward position, to say the least. My nipples stung, and the rope pressed up between my legs stung almost as much. Rough hemp did not feel good on any part of my body, but especially not when digging up into the soft, pink flesh between the lips of my sex. And that went doubly so for my clitoris!

How long was he going to leave me like this anyway? Had he ever even left the room or was he sitting there watching? Was he waiting for me to start grinding myself against the vibrator as he had the other day? This time he had told me not to move. Of course, the order would've been redundant. There was very little movement possible for me.

He had an antique wooden clock on another shelf. I heard the tick-tock sound made as the little gears moved. The windows were thick enough and we were high enough that I heard nothing from outside. The walls and door were thick enough I heard nothing from outside the room. Maybe if people were walking back and forth talking I would, but not now.

It was just me and that steady tick-tock as I squirmed helplessly, my skin itching where the rough rope dug into it. At least my nipples began to get used to the squeezing of the twine, and the pain became a dull ache instead of a sharp stinging pain.

The ache between my legs was something else again. It was a raw, itchy stinging that made the muscles in my legs spasm repeatedly with the instinct to do something, anything, to make it stop. The vibrations just made it worse. Or maybe it was my movement, for any movement at all shifted the knots against the vibrator.

I don't know what the vibrator looked like, but it felt very wide, so that with my limited movements I could not move myself off it. The infuriating thing was that he had done this with the assumption that the vibrator would arouse me. And it was! I mean, just him pulling me into the room had aroused me. It had filled my body with anticipation of what was to come.

I was already moist and warm down there before the thick hemp had pulled up between the lips of my sex. Now, despite the aching, the vibrations were sending a steady, rhythmic pulse of excitement up through my lower body.

And there was an irresistible attraction to that pleasure, for it helped combat the unpleasantness of the aching and itchiness. The frustrating thing was that it made me want to grind myself against the vibrator, but that meant mashing the knots in against my clitoris. So while it felt good it also felt bad!

I heard the door open and then feet coming close. I went still, my ears struggling to hear anything that would tell me who it was or even where they were. Even as I did so I lambasted myself, for of course, it was James.

I felt hands on my breasts, all of a sudden. They squeezed gently on the taut swollen flesh then moved off it.

The rope was untied at the small of my back and then peeled down and out from between my legs. The vibrator was pushed aside and then I felt hands gripping my thighs, thumbs digging in just below my pussy to lift and tilt me back as a tongue began to lick me there.

OMG!

I mean, his tongue felt great when he had licked me before. But now it was such a soothing and wonderful sensation compared to the rough, scratchy, itching sensation of the rope! I shuddered and rolled my hips back towards his tongue as he licked gently up and down the length of my sex, his thumb spreading me open so his tongue could move into me.

He licked gently at my clitoris but every lick made me want to cry out in pleasure! I had never felt the sensations so amazing, so powerful, so pleasurable! It took very little time before I was close to orgasm. Then the tongue was withdrawn, and I felt fingers tugging at the base of the butt plug, gently working the plug out of me.

Moments later a thick, soft, warm cock pushed forward into me. By soft, of course, I mean it wasn't hard like the plastic that had just been pulled out of my body. It was certainly hard enough, though! It felt like I could feel every ridge and vein on his erect cock as it slid forward into my ass.

I was amazed it went in so easily, so smoothly. Obviously, some kind of lubrication was involved, but it went quite deep before my body even started to react. As I felt myself squeezing down around it I tried to consciously relax my muscles then a sharp slap on the bottom distracted me so that they did relax and his cock pushed deeper still.

He began to slide slowly in and out, and as before, pushing deeper and deeper. Suddenly, the vibrator was pressed up against the front of me, this time with no hemp rope knots between it and my sex. I shuddered as I pressed myself against it. It felt rounded, almost like a ball, and almost as big as a tennis ball. I rubbed myself against it as that cock pumped in and out of me, driving ever deeper.

I moaned into the gag as I felt cramps beginning to ripple through my abdomen. But still, he moved higher inside me. As the orgasm hit, my body abandoned any attempt to resist, jamming myself feverishly against the vibrator as James – of course it was James – drove his cock into me to the hilt.

It felt like I was impaled on his mighty shaft. The head was incredibly high inside me! But I didn't care. I jerked and trembled and shook, grinding desperately against the vibrator as his hips began to slap against my buttocks.

My movements pulled my nipples against the twine cords holding them in place, sending sharp little stings through my breasts. Again, I didn't care. A part of me even welcomed the stinging. It emphasized how cruel and outrageous he was treating me. Poor me! Poor helpless, beautiful, sexy me!

Yes, there was some masochism in that, and maybe some drama queen. But the passion and excitement within me was exploding upward in all directions. I was making wild, unintelligible noises around the ball gag, but didn't care. The feel of his big cock stabbing into me again and again was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I felt his hands squeezing my breasts as he leaned in and bit into the nape of my neck, growling softly as he licked and sucked at me there.

The orgasm took me away, convulsions racking my body as my mind twisted and soared through the storm of raw, overpowering, overwhelming sensation. I wallowed in it, rejoiced in it, and didn't want it to ever end.

His heavy body pounded against me, jamming my hips against the edge of the cabinet as he speared his cock deep into my body with every thrust. There was no finesse to it. He was rough and savage, and I was thrilled by it! My body and mind screamed in pleasure, something like rapture gripping me as I jammed myself harder against the vibrator as if trying to impale myself even while he mauled and ravaged me from behind!

The orgasm seemed to fade into a glittering burning passion and heat that still gripped my mind and body. I stood there gasping for I don't know how long as he continued to drive his big cock into me, and then I felt the passion growing, the pleasure becoming more intense the longing and yearning turning into a desperate hunger and need.

He slowed down then, using longer strokes, almost the full length of his cock. And on every second or third thrust, he ground himself against me so I felt his long, thick cock twisting around inside me.

"Do you like that, pretty girl? Do you like having me buried to the balls in your tight little ass? Do you feel me up inside you?"

I gasped as his big hand came in under my jaw, closing around my neck, using the grip to pull my head up and back as he nibbled on my earlobe.

"Your ass is mine now, girl. Just like the rest of you."

His other hand roughly squeezed and then slapped my taut breast.

"You said it yourself. I own your body. I can do anything I want to it."

I moaned around the ball gag, my mind still dazed from that colossal orgasm and now awash in dark, eager passion.

"My little college girl slut," he growled, his lips moving lower, behind and below my ear as he pulled at my hair.

"My bitch."

His big cock slid out of me entirely and he moved to one side.

Crack!

I cried out at the sharp, stinging snap of a belt across my bottom.

"But you have to learn to obey.

Crack!

You have to learn to do as you're told.

Crack!

You have to learn to show respect for your betters.

Crack!

I gasped and yelped at each blow, my hips jerking forward, grinding me harshly against the big vibrator.

Then he was in behind me again, thrusting his cock all the way up inside me until he could grind his hips against my buttocks once more. I felt his fingers behind my head and he pulled off the blindfold.

He slipped the tongue into the buckle of his belt and then dropped the belt around my head to settle around my neck. When he pulled it tight, I gasped, unable to breathe as he laughed softly in my ear and started thrusting again.

"Discipline girl. You must be disciplined. I want no arguments from my slut."

It again crossed my mind to wonder whether he was playing a game or was a little crazy. Especially as he held the belt back tightly for a good ten seconds while he thrust and I wasn't able to breathe at all.

He loosened it and then undid the straps holding the ball in my mouth. Pulling it free and shifted his other hand to my hair, using that to pull my head back.

"Tell me you're my bitch," he growled, still thrusting steadily.

He slapped my breast and I moaned in pain.

"Say it."

"I-I'm your bitch, sir!" I gasped.

"Tell me you're my slut."

"I'm your slut sir!" I moaned.

Once again he pulled out. This time he quickly dropped down to untie my ankles before rising again. He reached ahead of me and undid the twine from the hooks then pulled me back away from the cabinet. I stumbled to my knees and he let me, shifting his grip to my hair. He pumped his fist along his cock roughly and quickly and then came, his thick white wads of semen shooting out over my face.

He laughed again as he used his cock to wipe his come into my face, spreading it across my lips and cheeks, and nose before picking up the belt which was still wrapped around my neck, and using it to jerk me forward, so I had to awkwardly stumble on my knees over to the sofa.

There he lifted me bodily and dropped me onto my back on the sofa before dropping to his knees before me. He had the other vibrator in his hand, the one he'd used the other day. I saw the one that had been wedged into the cabinet that I was jammed up against. It was a long-handled thing with a big white ball at the end.

The one he had was more the traditional shape except with that branch at the bottom coming up to slide over my clitoris. He shoved it into me and I moaned in pleasure, finally penetrated the way I wanted to be. He jammed it in so that the little branch at the bottom slipped up across my clitoris and then began rapidly pump it in and out.

His other hand gathered up the twine and pulled it up so that my nipples burned and I arched my back with a squeal.

"Oh! Oh! Please!" I gasped.

He slapped my breast again.

"You forgot to say sir, employee."

"Sir! Please, Sir!" I moaned.

He rolled me over, my legs dropping onto the floor, onto my knees as he pushed his cock back into my ass and resumed thrusting. Now, though, I had the other one, the vibrator, buried in my pussy, with the little branch jammed under me buzzing up against my aching clitoris.

It took about ten seconds of that before another climax tore through me. I started to cry out and he jammed my face in against the backrest to muffle my cries of pleasure. But his hips never stopped

beating a tattoo against my buttocks as I ground myself frantically against the vibrator beneath and inside me.

My whole body flared with the most incredible and intense wave of pleasure! I screamed into the padded backrest, grinding myself feverishly against the vibrator as she rammed himself into me from behind so hard and fast my body shook violently.

I couldn't see much with my face jammed into the backrest, but it didn't really matter as my attention was not focused on anything but the sensations tearing through my body. I was aware of my vision returning as he grabbed the belt that was still looped around my neck and yanked it back.

I stared at the backrest but didn't care what it looked like. I don't think my brain was really processing much of the information my eyes were sending to it. I vaguely understood that the belt was tightened around my neck so that I couldn't breathe, but I didn't really care about that either.

All I cared about was the pleasure, and, peripherally, the feel of his big cock thrusting into me hard and fast, the feel of my breasts grinding against the rough seat cushion below, and the feel of the vibrator jammed inside me and against me. But mostly it was the storm of delicious heat lashing my senses like a hurricane.

I know if you could see my face at that moment my eyes would be glassy and unfocused, and my mouth would be open in an instinctive effort to gulp in air that I couldn't get past my throat due to the belt. It flitted through my mind, the possibility that this would finally reveal that he was really out of control and crazy. I mean, if I died.

But I still didn't really care that much. I had no attention to spare from the pleasure ripping through my mind and body. It was glorious! How could anyone ever want anything more!? All I wanted to do was just kneel there shaking and trembling and wallowing in that incredible pleasure.

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It did not escape my notice that he was getting rougher and kinkier each time he drew me into his office. He was 'disciplining' me more than he had at first. But it was still not something that left any marks on my body. There was no bruising. His slaps and straps stung but he was clearly holding back on what he was capable of.

That strongly suggested he was in full control of himself and wasn't going to do something crazy.

Although, there wasn't a single person I knew who wouldn't say that what I had already experienced wasn't crazy. Certainly, it was perverted. So why did I like it so much? Yes, he had a great body and was handsome. And he certainly knew what to do with his cock. But it was more than that.

I was getting turned on just by being tied up. Maybe it was the outrageousness of it. Maybe it was the jolt of freedom I got by giving away all control to him.

That might sound odd, but if I was tied up, and he was giving all the orders, then there was nothing for me to do but just focus on what I was feeling. I didn't have to worry about flattering him or how to pose my body to make it look its best or doing my best to make sure he enjoyed himself. I certainly didn't have to worry about what I said if I was gagged.

All I had to do was just lay there, or stand, I suppose, or kneel, and then absorb whatever sensation my body experienced. It was certainly an easy role as long as my pride could take it. I don't think I could have accepted such a degree of dominance from a guy my age. I would've naturally felt more rebellious.

I didn't with him. And I didn't much worry about what he thought of me either. Like I said, he wasn't someone I was cultivating as a possible boyfriend. We didn't have a future relationship, really. This was just quick, fast, kinky sex. The first such sex of my life. I did feel guilty about how much I was enjoying it, though! Was there something wrong with me? Did I secretly long to be in an old-fashioned relationship with a guy who told me what to do and then spanked me if I didn't do it?

Old-fashioned? That was practically prehistoric! I would never put up with that kind of thing from a boyfriend but that wasn't what he was to me. Nor was he going to be. Of course, that meant I shouldn't be sleeping with him at all. Which is why I felt guilty about it.

Breaking the rules is fun when you're doing it. But afterward, you have a lot of time to think about how shocking and outrageous your behavior was. At least I do.

I think that was why I decided to show a little independence and rebel just a teeny bit. I didn't want him to get the idea that I would allow him to do absolutely anything he wanted. Or that I was actually in agreement with his silliness about how he owned me.

So I just wouldn't wear that butt plug thing the next day. If he noticed and asked I would just say I forgot. Or maybe, if I was feeling particularly rebellious, I would tell him that I wore whatever I wanted to wear, and I didn't like having that thing in me. And see what he thought about that.

It was actually true. I mean, it was kind of wicked and exciting to have it in me. But I did need to make some kind of point with him. I didn't want him to think I was so weak-willed he could get away with absolutely anything. Who knows what kind of weird, perverted ideas existed in that man's mind?!

I still wore my sexiest black lingerie to work the next day, of course. That was a message to him that didn't require speech, I thought. It said I was definitely interested in what he had to offer. I wanted more sex.

Girls don't generally wear lingerie to work, you know. It's expensive, and no one's going to see it but us anyway. We wear underwear. It's cheaper, lasts longer, and is easier to wash. I was only wearing lingerie because of him, to look good to him.

A lot of guys are too dumb to realize things like that, but I figured he was a lot more sophisticated.

In the end, aside from the lingerie, I decided to dress normally, and if he decided to do something and if he mentioned it, I'd say that it was uncomfortable and he hadn't said we would be doing anything that day anyway. I mean, why should I put that thing inside me on the off chance that he decides he wants kinky butt-sex?

Admittedly, I was a little nervous when I made that decision, but I felt it was important to show at least a little bit of independence.

I got to work a little bit early, went to the kitchen, got my tea, and settled down at my desk. Then I checked my email before logging in and started to sort through the messages that had accumulated that I needed to distribute to various people.

This was part of the work I did because either those people didn't have admins of their own or their admin was on vacation. So when something came in for them, I would check the list of instructions for that individual and then prioritize things that should go to them versus things that could go into a holding file for when someone else dealt with it, like their admin when they returned.

The morning mail arrived, that is, the snail mail, and I did the same for that, sorting it and then getting out of my desk and distributing it to the various offices. As soon as I saw that there was mail

for him I felt a little tightness in my chest. That tightness grew and was accompanied by a small flutter in my stomach the closer I came to his office.

I decided to play it like there was nothing at all going on between us as I knocked and then tried the door. It opened as he was looking up from his desk and he frowned to see me there.

"Come in and close the door, girl."

Naturally, my pulse rate shot up at that. I obeyed, though, and walked toward his desk.

"I have the mail for you, Sir."

"Do you? Don't you think you should've waited until I told you to enter or not?"

"Well, uhm – ."

"Suppose I had been in an important meeting?"

"I... guess I should've waited until I heard you say something? But the door is thick, you said so."

"You're being a bad little girl again, aren't you, Miss Ferguson?"

"N-Not on purpose!" I gulped.

"You lack discipline. So it is incumbent on me to teach you."

He stood up, and I felt my heart beating faster even as a rush of dark excitement spread through me. He took the mail from my hand, tossed it carelessly on the desk, then pulled me forward by the wrist, his other hand going up behind my neck to push me against the side of the desk and then bent me over.

"B-But, Sir!" I gasped.

"No excuses, girl."

He held his hand on my back just below my neck as he lifted my long skirt up and over my bottom. A moment later I felt my thong being jerked down.

"You seem to be missing something here, girl," he said in a stern voice.

"I-I forgot!" I gulped, forgetting all the excuses I had rehearsed.

"Then I shall have to make certain that you don't forget again."

He started by dropping to his knees behind me, his big hands spreading my thighs wide. Then his tongue licked up and down along the length of my sex, lightly at first, then stronger and faster. His thumbs moved in to spread me open and then his tongue thrust into me, twisting and wriggling around in the mouth of my sex as I gasped and the heat instantly grew more powerful within my mind and body.

Soon he had my clitoris in his mouth, his lips massaging it as he sucked rhythmically. He stopped that and his tongue whipped from side to side and then up and down as his fingers pushed slowly up into my body.

This was certainly not a punishment I minded!

He continued to lick and suck and finger me as my bottom began to grind helplessly back at him. Then he stopped. He drove his cock into me hard and fast and began to thrust sharply and powerfully

so that his hips began to slap against my bottom almost immediately. It ached, but it ached wonderfully!

I felt his fingers coming through my hair and moaned as he gathered it in and yanked it up and back. A moment later he smacked my bottom with his hand.

"Tell me who owns this body, girl?"

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

Crack!

"Say it, girl!"

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

Crack!

"Are you my bitch?"

"Ohhh! Y-Yes, Sir! I'm your bitch, Sir!"

Crack!

"Are you my little slut?"

"Yes sir! I'm your little slut, Sir!" I cried as his hips pounded against my buttocks.

He leaned over me, his left hand sliding in under my chin, his arm following. He let go of my hair and when my head dropped a little he brought his left hand up and back so that my neck was caught in the crook of his arm.

"Tell me you're my little whore," he growled into my ear.

He tightened his arm so that I gasped for breath and my voice became raspy.

"I'm your little whore, Sir!" I croaked.

His right hand pushed down under my abdomen, his fingers finding my clitoris and I shuddered as they began to rub.

"Again!"

"I'm your little whore, Sir!" I whined.

"Again!"

He bit into my ear, nibbling on it, then his teeth moved lower as he sucked and kissed at the nape of my neck. His arm loosened and then tightened with no predictable pattern as his hips continued to pound against my buttocks and his cock continued to drive deep into my abdomen.

"I'm your little whore, Sir!" I gasped.

When the orgasm hit he tightened his arm just enough so that my cries were very heavily choked off, so to speak. I could hardly breathe, let alone scream. But my body was screaming in pleasure, my bottom driving eagerly back to meet his powerful thrusts.

When I went limp he pushed himself upwards off of me, though I could feel his hands flat against my shoulders as he continued to lean forward, his cock driving into me with fast, ruthless thrusts that used the full length of it to pound me savagely.

Fortunately, it didn't take him long to come either. And I gulped in air gratefully, trying to clear my head from the wild rush of pleasure that had overcome me.

He pulled out and moved around to the back of his desk, and I lay there for long seconds, gulping in air and then slowly started to push myself erect.

"I didn't say you could stand up, little slut."

I flushed at the word, though I had already said I was one and bent over again as his hand emerged with an elongated tube that was rounded at both hands. It was six or seven inches long and was a little thicker than his cock. He pushed it against me and I moaned weakly, feeling the dull ache as it slowly forced open the lips of my sex and then was twisted and turned and pushed until it was buried completely inside me.

I didn't know what it was, to be honest. It didn't look like a dildo. So I assumed it was some sort of vibrator. A moment later he took out a length of that rope he had used on me the other day. I felt a sinking sensation even as he straightened up and then began to undress me.

I didn't protest, though it seemed an odd time to do it, after we already had sex. He pulled off my skirt my top and my sweater and then removed my lingerie without a single word about how sexy it was. He doubled up the rope and threw it around my hips then tied a knot and pulled it straight down the center of my abdomen until it was over my pussy.

He tied the doubled-up rope in a knot there, then pulled it down lower and bent me over the desk again. He drew the doubled-up rope between my thighs, tied another knot in it, and then pulled it up between my buttocks until he tied it off firmly to the part around my hips. I gasped as he pulled it in sharply. That dug the ropes in between the lips of my sex and pressed the knot against my clitoris. But it also pressed another knot up into the small, wrinkled opening of my bottom.

This was scratchy hemp rope, remember! And he was tying it quite tight indeed. The tightness of the rope that went down between my legs pulled the rope around my hips down sharply and dug it into my hips on either side.

He wasn't finished, though.

He doubled up another length of rope, slid it around my chest at the very base of my breasts, then did it a second time, pressing up against the underside of my breasts. With four loops of rope there, he guided the doubled-up rope around me a third time, so there were six strands pushing my breasts up. This loop didn't go around behind me, though, but up along the outside of my left breast, then crossed my upper chest and went across my right shoulder.

It went behind my neck, down over my left shoulder, crossed my chest in the opposite direction, and then went down around the outside of my right breast. When he tightened these it squeezed both breasts in closer together. He then fed the doubled-up loop across the top of my breasts pressing down.

He had, in essence, built a sort of bra for me except that nothing actually covered up any of my breasts. It simply supported them, lifted them up, pushed them in from either side and then pressed down from the top.

Then he got the twine he had used the other day, tied it to the top of the loops around my right breast, and fed it down across my breasts just to the side of the nipple to the ropes on the bottom. He slipped it through there and then brought up a second loop just to the other side of my nipple to

tie off above. He did the same on the other side, so that both my nipples were framed between two lengths of itchy twine stretched across my taut breasts.

"Get dressed."

"Are you kidding?!"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

"But – !"

"You'll spend the morning like this, and won't forget the orders you are given when you get out of bed tomorrow morning. I will check on you at noon. If anything is untied you will be given a very harsh strapping."

"But I can't work like this!"

"I can bring out the strap before you go back to your desk and give you some other sensations to worry about."

\*

I naturally went to the handicapped bathroom first. That was the one that was in a separate room and had a locked door and a mirror. The mirror was over the sink, so it wasn't the best, but at least I could try to judge how I looked with these ropes on.

I was wearing a white blouse and a black sweater. And it was noticeable at least to me that my breasts were, well, more noticeable. After all, the ropes were squeezing them up and together from all directions, which naturally pushed them out more than usual.

The ropes weren't as tight as they were the other day, but they did squeeze my breasts noticeably. And I mean they were throbbing. My nipples were already tingling and burning. And so was my soft, pink pussy. It was still two hours to lunch, and I wondered how much worse it might get.

The answer, of course, was a lot!

I realized that the first time I sat down! Sitting down jammed the knot that was over my bottom up against me a lot harder. As did leaning forward, only that jammed the other rope up against my clitoris.

It was definitely going to be a long morning!

Because of the discomfort caused by the ropes, I practically ignored that thing he had pushed up inside me, at least at first. I was sitting uncomfortably, squirming in my chair, trying to find some position that minimized the discomfort when the thing inside me suddenly confirmed my earlier guess that it was a vibrator.

A powerful one!

I immediately gasped and looked around, wondering if anyone could hear it. I could hear it, after all! Though, most likely that just meant I was hearing it through my body. I didn't think anyone else was likely to hear it. I certainly hoped not!

Beyond that, there was the discomfort of the thing vibrating away inside me. It had already been a thick, unfamiliar presence up there as I moved around and sat down. Now it was impossible to ignore. And while it wasn't directly touching my clitoris, it was lodged inside me, in behind it, and

that damned knot was pushing in hard against my clitoris, pushing in against the sex toy throbbing inside me.

Getting up and trying to move around did not make it any better. It just serves to lightly grind the knot against my clitoris. And that was definitely not helpful. I sat down again, for at least then I was somewhat hidden away in my cubicle.

All I could really do was sit and squirm, both physically and emotionally. I wanted to go to the bathroom and remove the stupid rope, but every time I seriously considered it I glanced at the time, reminded that he was going to check on me at noon. What that meant, of course, was that I was to go to his office then.

But could I survive that long without going crazy? And if this was the punishment for disobedience, what would be the punishment

for disobeying again? This was better than a strapping, wasn't it? I tried to concentrate on my work instead, but the vibrator and the dull ache and itchiness caused by the rope were just too distracting.

I argued with myself about what to do, alternately indignant and irritated at his kinkiness and bossiness, and feeling a sense of anticipation at what would happen at noon. Of course, that presumed that I didn't untie these things so he decided to punish me further. I wanted more rough sex, not more punishment.

Could I remove them and then tie them back in place again before I went to see him at noon? That ought to be possible. I could just push down the lower rope as if it was a thong, let the vibrator drop out, put them both in my purse and go back to my desk until just before noon.

Would he know? Would he have a way to find out? I didn't put it past him. He seemed to know everything!

I haven't even mentioned the ones around my breasts! Everywhere the rough rope pressed against my soft skin was sore and itchy. That included the loops around my breasts. And it certainly included the two cords that crossed the center of each breast and held my nipples between them. Those were particularly active whenever I walked around.

Because despite the rope encircling my breasts, they still did move somewhat when I moved. That is to say, as I walked, they did move up and down a little. And with my stiff nipples caught between the two cords of rough hemp, it felt a little bit as if they were being sawed at from both sides.

My nipples had been tingling for some time. They were very stiff and I had to keep looking down to see if they were visible through my blouse and sweater. Fortunately, perhaps the two cords on either side helped to disguise them.

But they certainly did nothing to help let them relax and soften. The slight up and down movement of my nipples between them made my soft, pink buttons burn. And that didn't even count how they tended to rub a little bit against my blouse, as well.

I could untie the lower ropes, and perhaps put them back in place without him noticing, but I was pretty sure I couldn't do the same with the ones around my breasts. These were more complicated. There was no way I was going to get them off without cutting them.

I will not say that discomfort was the only sensation that afflicted me. What had happened in his office had, as it always seemed to do, left me dazed by the power and excitement I had been feeling. The orgasm had been incredible! And I craved more of the same.

Perhaps it was this series of amazing orgasms and the seething passion and excitement that led up to them which was coming to be associated in my mind with him dominating and using and even degrading me. Everything he did to me, including his punishments, were lumped together in my mind with that wild, incredible heat, hunger, and pleasure.

Which meant that even as indignant and uncomfortable as I was with these ropes digging into my skin, there was an underlying thrum of sexual excitement just beneath the surface. I was more than a little awed at his imagination and felt a sense of wonderment at what we were getting away with at the office.

I felt a little giddy at times about her deliciously thrilling this was, and that I was being paid for it. Imagine being paid to have incredible sex! Not that we were technically doing that, of course. But as he said, my time was their time. They paid me for every minute I was at work, whether I was delivering mail, or taking part in nasty sex games.

His 'punishments' were a dark and outrageous part of those sex games. And so, while they were not necessarily pleasant, they were definitely hot.

The vibrator was only adding to that heat. It was contributing more and more to my sense of dark anticipation and the hunger that was growing within me. And so, while it was uncomfortable at first, the more aroused I became, the more the sensations it gave me fit into that arousal.

The discomfort from the vibrator at least disappeared and shifted into something entirely different. I began to feel a sense of delight at being victimized in such a way. It was that whole 'poor me, poor helpless little me' thing. Seeing myself as the innocent maiden being cruelly abused by the evil, power-mad man appealed to my sense of drama.

I was turning into a masochist. Though it wasn't so much the pain I was enjoying as the idea of myself being outrageously treated and abused by a big, powerful man. That was, of course, nothing that would excite me in reality, but what we were doing here had nothing to do with that. But I could picture myself as being his victim, and that was all that mattered as far as my body and imagination went.

I wound up going to the bathroom, where I stripped off my clothes and stared at myself in the mirror with a sense of dark wonderment.

My breasts were squeezed up and out deliciously, at least to look at. The lower ropes, meanwhile, dug into my hips and arched down to where the knot was jammed against me and the rest of the ropes disappeared between the lips of my sex. I could only shake my head at how edgy and perverted this was.

But edgy and perverted seemed to be right up my alley this week, for looking at myself only turned me on more.

I sat down on the only place I could, the toilet. I slumped down and brought my knees up and apart, trying to ease the rope down just a bit. I quickly realized that he had tied something, perhaps a length of twine, between the rope around my hips and the rope around my chest. It was in back, but I was able to feel it by reaching back there. I had not sensed it before because, unlike the twine, this was not rough hemp but some kind of thin string.

I could not see it to get the knot so I could not remove it without cutting it.

Damn that man!

The sexual frustration I was feeling was almost worse than the physical discomfort. It made me fidgety, tightened my chest, made my breathing ragged, and filled my mind with need.

I could not pull the rope down, but what I could do was to ever so carefully and gently grip the ropes that led down between my legs just above my sex and ease them from side to side, to rub them against my clitoris.

Even as I say it, I realize how astonishing it must sound. Why on earth would I want to grind the rough hemp rope against my already aching clitoris? My answer to that is that my hunger and need outweighed the discomfort.

It certainly did increase the sensations flooding through my nervous system, both pleasure and pain. I was much more interested in the former and more desperate to feel that than I was hesitant about feeling a bit more pain. And so, I slumped back on the toilet, my knees up and apart as I basically masturbated with the rough hemp knot.

Fortunately, it didn't take long to come. Also fortunately, I was once again in the handicapped bathroom, not in one of the stalls in the ladies' room where people would probably hear the sounds I certainly was making despite how I clapped my hand over my mouth.

As it was, the sounds I was making were hard to muffle as I rolled my hips up frantically against my fingers grinding the rope knot against myself. My other hand was roughly squeezing my already aching breasts, which rubbed my nipples against the twine even more, so that they sparkled and burned.

The climax tore through me like a churning, frothing flood of liquid heat. My whole body trembled and shook as convulsions made my hips jerk violently against the knot I was jamming down. I almost fell off the toilet as my body rocked and bucked and twisted while the orgasm made my muscles spasm uncontrollably.

Needless to say, once the orgasm had passed, and once the dazed afterglow had faded, I felt even worse. But there was nothing to do but put my clothes back on, go back to my cubicle, and pretend to work. Poor me! Poor, helpless, innocent, victimized me!

Yes, the drama queen in me was alive and well.

Though it was a queen who was definitely starting to have a kinky side to her.

The vibrator softened its pulsations, then stopped. I didn't know if it had run out of batteries or if it had stopped for some other reason. It did make for one less distraction, though, so I was able to at least do a bit of work. I wasn't going to impress anyone with my attention to detail, though.

I had to get up and move around several times as the discomfort level grew too great. My breasts felt bloated and throbbing, and they were surrounded by a hot, aching line of itchy discomfort. And my nipples burned every time I moved.

I checked the time on my phone more and more often as the morning wore on. I didn't actually expect to get any message from him because I hadn't given him my phone number. Which was a bit odd, if you thought about it. I mean, given all that he had done with me, to me, it would have still felt presumptuous for me to ask him for his private number or offer him mine.

I got more and more anxious, wondering if I should go early or if that would get me more punishment for not exactly following his instructions. I certainly did not want to be late! That would definitely be punished!

It flitted through my mind every now and then that I was crazy to be putting up with this. He should be the one begging me for sex, anxious for me to let him near me at a time and place of my choosing. Of course, that was based on my history with boys, and I didn't think that James needed to beg any woman for sex. With his looks, his body, his money, and his power, he would not find it difficult to get a woman.

Whether he would find it difficult to get a woman who would do what he wanted like I was, was questionable. I really wasn't all that familiar with this kind of edgy sex. Nor with the sexual or dating habits of women who were ten or more years older than me.

But while I would have no difficulty finding boys or men eager to play with my body, finding one who would do it as expertly as James would be difficult. I just didn't have a handle yet on this new experience in edgy bondage. But I sure wasn't going to come out and ask anybody to tie me up. Unless I knew them very, very well and was sure they wouldn't gossip!

And frankly, running through the guys I dated in my life, none of them would have made my body flame the way James was able to. Nor could I take any of them seriously if they started giving me orders and bossing me around. James being an older man, and one of power and wealth added something dark and real to his behavior.

I can take him seriously when he gives orders in that deep, stern voice of his. It was hard to even imagine disobeying him when he was standing before me. He had a very commanding presence.

It was ten minutes before twelve when my phone signaled an incoming message. I didn't recognize the number so looked at it suspiciously before checking. It was a strange number, but the message seemed unlikely to have come from a stranger. It said, "You will come here, now, employee."

How had he gotten my phone number?!

I wondered if he had looked at it while I was tied up and blindfolded. Or had he simply gotten it from HR? It didn't really matter at that moment. I got up eagerly and headed for his office.

As usual, I walked past his door first to make sure no one else was around, then I turned and, looking around carefully, slipped into his partially open door and closed it behind me, locking it.

"Don't speak," he said from his desk without even turning to look at me. "Take off your clothes."

See? Would anyone my age even dare to be this outrageously arrogant?! He was acting like such a Dick! It was a good thing I was pretty sure it was an act.

I fumbled off my clothes quickly enough, eager to be rid of them so I could get out of the ropes.

"You see the ball gag sitting on top of the cabinet to your right?"

I turned and saw the thing sitting on top of the low cabinet.

"Pick it up, put it in your mouth, and buckle it behind your head."

I hesitated, then did as he told me, my pulse quickening.

He still had turned his head toward me.

"Get on your knees, girl."

I hesitated again and then obeyed, feeling a growing thrum of sexual energy and anticipation.

"Now your hands and knees."

This was sick and hot!

"I want you to crawl over to the wall where the television monitor is and stand up. You will then move your feet out to either side, bring your hands in behind your head, and arch your back. You will not move, thereafter, unless I tell you to."

God! What an arrogant bastard!

And yet, his arrogance somehow turned me on. The way he was treating me, ordering me, was exciting that drama queen's side of my personality which had now spread into my sense of the erotic.

I crawled across his carpeted floor with a wondering sense of dark heat, marveling that I was doing this. When I reached the spot he had indicated I stood up and brought my hands behind my head, then shifted my feet to either side as if I was presenting myself for his inspection.

And he still didn't look up from his desk!

What a bastard!

What felt like a full minute passed, and then he reached out to something on his desk and the vibrator started to throb inside me. I gulped and gave a low moan but didn't otherwise react as it began to pulsate, its strength growing. Another full minute passed before he finally glanced at me.

"You should by now have come to the realization that obeying my orders and directions explicitly and in a timely fashion is preferable to the alternative," he said.

He got up and approached me with something in his hand. As he came up to me I realized they were small alligator clips, the metal teeth encased in rubber or plastic.

"Arch your back more, slut."

The word jolted me. I felt my face flushing, partly with anger, and partly with heat.

I obeyed him and he smiled lightly as he showed me the two alligator clips and then placed them down against my nipples. I felt a sense of anxiety as he framed my stiff, throbbing nipples between the two small jaws and then let them close tightly. I could not repress a cry of pain, my body flinching sharply, but I kept my hands behind my head.

I knew he was testing me. I knew he was going to try to make me move so he could say I had disobeyed him again. Somehow, I held still, other than to tremble as the two little jaws bit stingingly into my sore nipples.

"Are your nipples feeling a little tender, employee?"

He attached a small chain to the two clips and then slipped his finger under it and slowly raised it up higher and higher so that the clips biting into my nipples tugged them up, stretching them out. The pain, of course, grew sharper and I moaned again, rising helplessly onto the balls of my feet and balancing there precariously as he held the chain aloft.

He looked at me smugly for long seconds, perhaps waiting for me to break my position, but when I didn't he released the chain and I gasped in relief, sinking back to my heels.

"On your knees before me, girl."

I dropped to my knees, my mind squirming through various emotions and sensations building up within me. The vibrator still throbbed powerfully, and the ropes were still jammed up against me down there. Now my nipples throbbed as he played idly with the chain.

He moved his hand behind my head and undid the buckle of the strap holding the ball gag in place before pulling it free of my mouth.

"Are you my little bitch?"

He gripped the chain again, pulling it lightly upward.

"Yes sir!" I gasped.

"Say it."

"I'm your little bitch, sir!"

It felt so weird and dark and edgy to say that!

"Are you my little slut?"

"Yes sir! I'm your little slut, Sir!"

He undid his zipper, reached in and pulled his cock out. It was semi-hard, but hardened quickly as he rubbed it over my face.

"Tell me you love my cock, little bitch."

"I love your cock, Sir!" I gasped.

"Beg me to let you swallow my cock."

"Please may I swallow your cock, Sir!" I gulped.

He pushed his cock into my mouth and I began to suck immediately. My tongue licked hard and fast against the underside of the head as long as I could reach it. But he took little time, pumping his cock slowly in and out of my mouth, getting it nice and slick with my saliva before pushing himself down into my throat.

Through that, I simply knelt there with my hands behind my head and my back arched.

He drove his cock all the way down my throat until my lips were pressed against the fabric of his trousers and then held himself still, looking down at me, no doubt waiting for me to break and pull back. He actually folded his arms across his chest as if daring me.

I could feel my chest burning, felt my head throbbing, but I refused to move.

He unfolded his arms, which I took to be a victory, then reached down and casually gathered my hair in and up above my head, drawing it together in the mass there. He tilted my head back more then began to slowly thrust in and out with short strokes that ground my face into his crotch again and again. My head pounded louder, and I began to see black dots before my eyes.

I wondered if I would win if I fainted.

He drew his cock slowly out further and then further still until the head popped free of my throat. I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air even before his cock left my mouth, and continue doing so as the rubbed his saliva-coated cock back and forth across my face.

He reached down and gripped the chain again tugging it up so that my nipples burned.

"Who owns your body, slut?"

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

"Say it, slut."

"Y-You own my body, S-Sir!"

"On your feet, slut."

Still gasping, I push myself up to my feet, shifting them apart again. He released the chain and my hair then unclipped the clips and released my nipples.

I gasped in relief as he took my two throbbing buttons between his thumbs and forefingers and gently caressed them.

These look like they're very sore," he said.

They were!

He turned around and reached across his desk, gathering in a glass of what looked like ice water. Then he plucked one of the ice cubes from the drink and held it just above my left nipple. I gasped as a drop of cold water dropped directly onto my nipple.

Then I moaned as he lowered the cube and rubbed it slowly and gently back and forth against the center of my breast.

The ice cube made my nipple burn in an entirely different way and I hissed as I fought to keep from grabbing it and pushing it away. He hummed to himself as he let the cube slide up higher, and then from side to side around my breast. He moved it to my other breast then, rubbing it against the top of my throbbing mound, letting the melt trickle slowly down across my nipple.

"Tell me I own you, slut."

"You own me, Sir!" I moaned.

He let the ice cube trail easily down across the center of my breast, rubbing it back and forth over my nipple.

"Tell me I own your slut body."

God!

"Y-You own my slut body, Sir!"

Every time he used that word 'slut' I felt a dark jolt of sexual energy, for it spoke to me of the forbidden nature of what I was doing, how I was acting. I was letting him talk to me and treat me in a degrading fashion I never would have permitted anyone before. And yet somehow it was darkly thrilling and exciting. And saying the words myself was even worse.

He moved behind me again and now began to untie the other ropes. I sighed in relief as the tight, scratchy pressure digging into both hips faded, and then the ropes lost their tension against my sex. He gently peeled the rope out from between the lips of my sex and pulled the knot away from my throbbing little back opening.

It felt incredibly good, but raw and aching where the ropes had lain.

"On your knees again slut."

I obeyed and he put his cock in my mouth again. As before, I sucked and licked as he pumped just the first few inches in and out, then licked the rest of the shaft as it slid across my lips and drove down into my throat. This time he gathered my hair up on either side of my head, bunching it up with his

fists against my ears, and then pulled back and began to thrust in and out of me with long, steady strokes.

That was no easier to breathe through than having it sit in place. And I moaned around his cock as it slid up and down my throat. Fortunately, he did not do it for long enough for me to have to worry about whether I was going to faint. He pulled out again and moved behind me.

Stand up, slut."

I obeyed again, feeling a dark, wicked, crackling sense of sexual energy growing within me. And that was bizarre because he had not done anything to my body that should account for that.

The fat, chunky vibrator began to slowly slide downward now that I was standing and with no rope to hold it in place. James pressed his cock up against my wrinkled back opening, my sore back opening that felt raw, and then pushed himself slowly up through it.

"Beg me to fuck you in the ass, slut."

"Please fuck me in the ass, Sir!"

He chuckled softly as he pumped in and out, pushing deeper and deeper. It ached more now than it had the other day. I guess he was demonstrating to me why it would have been better to have worn the butt plug.

I gasped and winced as he worked himself deeper, but had no intention of complaining. I was sure he would just use that as evidence of how it was my own fault for not obeying him.

He picked up the rope that he had brought over, finally, and then slid one strand over my right shoulder, across the base of my neck, and back over my left shoulder. He let the soft rope slide slowly, tauntingly, then did it again, then again, the rope slowly winding around and around my neck as I stood in place, trembling.

"Beg me to use your slut body for my pleasure," he whispered into my ear."

Every one of his new, dirty, degrading obscenities sent jolts of dark heat through my mind.

"Please use... use my slut body for your pleasure, Sir!" I said, panting.

He slowly pulled the ropes tighter, but I didn't move my hands. Not even when they were tight enough to block my breathing completely. I gasped and gurgled as he tightened the ropes beyond my ability to draw a single breath of air.

All the while his hips were thrusting into me in a deep, steady stroke that was forcing the head of his cock higher and higher into my body.

"Remember, slut, you do only as I tell you, when I tell you. You speak when spoken to, and say whatever I tell you to say. You position your body as I instruct you, and move only when given permission. You belong to me now. Remember it. I own you. More importantly, I own your body. I can do anything I want to it."

It was that kind of outrageous statement that reassured me that he was playing a dark and kinky game. He was far too smart to think what he was saying was true. But hearing him say it in that deep, determined voice sent dark shivers up my spine and a wild thrill through my mind.

He eased up on the rope and I gasped for breath even as his other hand moved around my body, roughly squeezing and then slapping my breast before dropping low. I moaned as his fingers caught

the vibrator which had been slowly pushing out through the taut lips of my sex and thrust it back up inside.

"Sex toy," he taunted. "I wonder if they have some special training program somewhere for sex slaves. Perhaps in the Middle East. Would you like to be trained as a sex slave, little girl?"

I was not able to answer, as he brought both hands up behind me once more and then tightened the ropes around my throat. My body was pulsing with heat and excitement. The passion he was rousing within me by his will dark, wicked words and actions had my mind in a state of feverish heat.

To be so cruelly treated, so outrageously used by him like this in his office while people walked by outside was wild and thrilling enough. When you added the dark words he was growling into my ear and the convincing way he spoke them, I was drawn into a dark fantasy that saw myself as a helpless sexual prisoner to be abused by him and perhaps others.

And of course, that should have been scary, and it was to a degree. But again, I knew it was all fantasy, however realistically he was making it appear. The passion, heat, and pleasure I had experienced at his hands since he had lured me into this game of submission and domination were too overpowering for me to want to pull free of it.

"Sex slave!" he half whispered into my ear.

He loosened the ropes once more and I gasped for breath, moaning helplessly as I sucked the air in and out of my tortured lungs.

"Should I invite some of the other partners to come and help me make use of my beautiful little sex slave?" he said. "Would you like a threesome, my little slut? Perhaps a foursome?"

He was thrusting harder now, using long strokes, his hips smacking against my buttocks as his big cock impaled me repeatedly. He reached his hand down my front once more, his fingers catching the vibrator and sliding it back up, then holding it there with the lips of my sex strained wide as his thumb stroked skillfully against my swollen clitoris.

It took very little time before the orgasm tore through my body and mind. He tightened the ropes again, turning my scream into a long, gravelly, rasping moan of dazed ecstasy. My mind was slammed by a sudden hurricane of sensation causing my knees to buckle.

James would have none of it. He caught me by my arm, led me, stumbling forward, and then bent me over his desk. My soft breasts had no sooner pillowed out against the hard, cool wood before he jerked my legs apart and drove himself into me fully once again.

"Your body belongs to me, slut. Your body was designed for men to make use of it for their pleasure. Remember that any pleasure you receive is secondary and largely unimportant."

God!

He was thrusting so hard and deep that it felt like he was trying to push not just his cock but his entire lower body through the tight straining opening of my bottom. My whole body was shaking with the force of his movements even as I trembled and shook in the throes of the massive climax.

"Sexy, beautiful little slut," he growled, slapping my bottom again. "You know how many men in this firm dream about doing what I'm doing?"

He released the ropes and I drew in ragged, desperate breaths before crying them out again.

"Every male you've ever met has wanted to do this to you," he growled, slapping my bottom again then grabbing my hair and yanking it roughly back. "Your teachers, your classmates, co-workers, bus drivers, waiters, taxi drivers, doctors, and the fathers, boyfriends, and brothers of your girlfriends that have met you. They all wanted to get their hands on this beautiful body. They all want to stuff their cocks deep into every orifice you have!"

He pulled me upright by the hair, pulling back so that my back arched as he thrust up and in with hard, deep strokes that half lifted me off my heels.

How I kept my hands behind my head, I just don't know! But I did!

"You're a beautiful creature of sex and desire that all men want."

Holy shit!

He abandoned my hair to pull the ropes tighter again, then once again reached around my hip to push the vibrator back up and grind his thumb across my burning little clitoris.

I had just come out of an incredible orgasm but my body was still aflame with passion and hunger. Even so, as his hand alternately stroked my clitoris or slapped or roughly groped my breasts the feverish heat deepened and I shuddered and half sobbed around the ropes as my mind spun wildly around and then collapsed under another incredible wave of pleasure that swamped my senses.

The scale and length of the orgasm he gave me was so incredible, so intoxicating, that I became desperate for more of the same. I knew it wasn't just his skill with his hands or his cock. It was the dark fantasy he spun for me. It was the eagerness with which my mind embraced the idea of myself as a creature of sex who had to obey and submit to a strong and powerful man's sexual hunger.

Or at least, the fantasy of it.

I had never before gone home from anywhere, particularly any job, shellshocked with the aftermath of pleasure so wonderful, so all-encompassing, that just the thought of more of the same aroused me. Was I becoming a sex addict? Or was I just addicted to his wicked, edgy domination?

A creature of sex that all men wanted!? What a delicious and depraved idea!

He seemed to get rougher and wilder with every day, seeing how far he could get, how far I would go before I would refuse his cruel, arrogant demands. How much could he degrade me before my pride finally forced me to say no?

I was going to find out. All I knew was that my time spent with him was the most exciting of my life, and I could not possibly bring myself to end it without a lot worse behavior from James. For even as I sat on the subway on the way home awed at the things I had said and done, I found myself contemplating the next day and both eagerly and anxiously wondering what tomorrow would bring.

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.