

BLACKMAILED

by **Argus**

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Morgan Bell is a hard driving ad executive for one of New York's biggest agencies, tough, determined and proud. And then one day a sleazy rival plants a hidden camera which shows her in a lewd, sexual tryst with a male model. With the power to destroy her career and life he blackmails her into giving him credit for all her ideas - and turns her into his whore and prostitute. But worse is his determination to turn her innocent daughter into a pleasure slave for his enjoyment
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ONE

The first time Morgan met Evan Clark she thought he was a pathetic little brown-noser. She had dismissed him as a lightweight beneath her notice, wondering how he'd even managed to get himself hired.

Joyce, Kirrin and Smith were, after all, one of Manhattan's premier Ad agencies, and had its choice of the very best. How a wet-behind-the-ears punk like Evan Clark had managed to get hired as more than a clerk was beyond her.

But there he was, an assistant account executive, right out of college and not much more than twenty-five, fresh-faced, his hair combed straight back from his forehead, all teeth and eager compliments.

The mystery was solved to a certain degree; of course, when it emerged he was the fiancé of one of the firm's partners.

It had taken Morgan eight years of spectacular work to rise to the position of Assistant Account Executive, so she was more than a little irritated that a punk like Evan could make it without paying any dues.

She was even more irritated when he showed little aptitude for his job, yet managed, within one year, to be promoted to Account Executive. It had taken her five years to get that particular promotion, five years of hard work, long hours, and steady successes.

Thirteen years she'd devoted to the firm, and Evan Clark was now her equal after one.

Still, his advance didn't worry her. She figured he was something akin to a meteor, lots of light and noise, but a quick and fiery end. Evan hadn't been much of an Assistant Account Executive; he would be even less capable as an Executive. And at that level, his mistakes were bound to be noticed by those who held clout.

And yet somehow, he managed to prosper, ingratiating with the partners and to the Vice Presidents. She wasn't certain how, not certain where he came up with his ideas, good ideas, she admitted to herself, until Jim Rawlins burst into her office one day and almost put his fist through the wall.

Rawlins was another Account Executive, much like herself, a long time career man, and she'd never seen him that mad before.

"That little cocksucker!" he snarled.

"Who?"

"Who? Evan, fucking Clark! That's who! The little weasel stole my idea!"

“What idea? The Jeffries Toothpaste thing?”

“Yes! That was my fucking idea!”

“How did he get it?”

“I don’t know! I didn’t mention it to anyone!”

“Why don’t you go to Caruthers and tell him the idea he liked so much was yours?”

“Oh right! And how am I supposed to prove that! You remember how he was all over my back last week to get more innovative, said my ideas were too staid? Well that Jeffries concept was a big change in my thinking. And that little bastard stole it out from under my nose!”

Morgan later sounded out others on this subject, subtly, and learned there were many others who’d been burned by Clark. It seemed little Evan, the brown-noser, was not above backstabbing as well. When he was assigned to work with her, to “assist” her, she was on her guard.

She was, after all, a tough, intelligent woman. She’d gone from being a high school dropout, unwed teenage mother to a rising star in one of the city’s hottest ad agencies in a very short time indeed, and was not about to let some punk upset her apple cart.

Yet as tight-mouthed as she was around him, as careful as she was to hide everything away, still she found him purloining her ideas, incorporating them into his own or simply stealing them outright and presenting them to the Vice President or partners as his own. And there was no way she could prove it.

He had lunches with the partners, he went golfing with them, and he played racquetball and tennis. He complimented them on their wisdom, or looks, and sent birthday presents, and anniversary presents. He never missed a chance to worm his way into their favor.

She would need solid evidence if she wanted to accuse him of robbing her and others for his ideas.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t get any. He seemed to have an uncanny ability to pick the best of her ideas, and to get them out before she had told anyone about them. After a while she decided he was somehow gaining access to her office and desk, so had the locks changed.

It didn’t seem to do any good, though, and she found herself working twelve hours a day trying to come up with new ideas after he’d stolen the originals. One client after another, persuaded by Evan’s brilliant ideas, and his charming manner, asked that his account be taken from her and given to Evan.

It was probably because she was so overtired and under such tremendous stress and strain, that she made what she later realized was a fatal misstep.

It was late in the evening, and she was just putting the final touches on a last minute campaign for a perfume. Evan hadn't stolen the original idea. The original had stunk, and the Vice President had chewed her out in front of the Accounts meeting.

This campaign was to revolve around a male model, a gorgeous Italian with long black hair and sparkling eyes, a man who would turn any woman's head. The man was supposed to have showed up that afternoon but hadn't, which was one of many headaches she had that night.

She'd had a few drinks to ease a headache while she worked, and was wallowing in self-pity, wondering if this were what her life was supposed to be about.

She was in her mid thirties, a tall, slim, beautiful woman with long silky blonde hair and sleek, aristocratic looks. She had, she mused, great legs, a great ass, and great tits, still just as firm and round as when she'd been a teenager, yet she had no man, nor the time to find one.

She spent all her time in this crummy office, and hadn't had a date in months. She didn't have time for her daughter either, who was beginning to resent it, and growing away from her as she approached adulthood.

Where, she wondered, were the torrid affairs, the trips to Acapulco and Vegas and Paris that would make life interesting? Where were the great night outs, the plays and discos and great restaurants? She lived like a goddamn monk!

And then Sergio had showed up at the reception desk. The receptionists had gone home, replaced by a security guard. He had called her and asked if she wanted him to let the guy in. She'd said yes, intent on chewing the bastard out for missing his appointment.

But then she'd come in and she'd been...she'd had this overwhelming feeling of lust. Well, that was the reason she'd chosen him for the campaign, because of his looks and animal magnetism. But still, she was ten years older than him, and he was little more than a male bimbo.

"I'm so sorry I missed seeing you today, Meez Bell, he said sorrowfully as he entered.

He'd gripped her wrist and kissed the palm of her hand, then turned it over and kissed the knuckles.

"I am guilty of a most horrible breach of manners. I could not help myself, you see, for there was this woman."

He shrugged apologetically, as if she would of course understand that his love affairs would come before any business arrangements.

He was a tall man, with enormous shoulders, a face that was almost pretty, but too masculine, too strong to be so described. His eyes as they

glinted at her, made her blood hot, and gave every indication he appreciated what was before him.

“Had I only know how beautiful you were, I would have ignored that silly child I pursued. I find I have chased after ze, how you say, ze hamburger, in place of ze filet minion. How stupeed uv me!” he moaned.

“My looks aren’t important to the campaign, Sergio,” she said, a little uncomfortable. “It’s your looks I need. We were supposed to take pictures today so I could show them to the board tomorrow.”

“Alas, I have angered you.” He lapsed into Italian and then slid to his knees before her in a silly demonstration of remorse that nevertheless amused her.

“Get up, you fool,” she said.

He rose quickly, seizing her hand and placing it against his chest.

“My heart, you see, it beats but faintly, for my betrayal uv jou has caused eet to break,” he moaned. “How may I mend such terreebal misdeeds as I have comeetted zhis day?”

“I see you’ve been taking acting lessons,” she snorted.

“But of course! One cannot get by on looks alone forever.”

He reached down and with a quick motion stripped his shirt up and off.

Morgan blinked in surprise, taking a step back. She frowned in annoyance, though even so she was quick to appreciate the perfect form of his body, the firm musculature, the well toned pectoral muscles, the smooth, washboard stomach, the broad shoulders.... not to mention the tightness of his crotch, which she’d somehow managed to miss noticing before.

“I am ready now,” he said. “Breeng on jhour cameeras! I weel show zem ze greatness zat ees me!”

He posed for her, raising his arms and making muscles, turning to the side, then back again.

She giggled, and his face broke into a broad smile. “Jou forgeeve me, no? I weel make all up to jou!”

Suddenly his powerful arms were around her, his hands on her behind. He lifted her into the air and set her down on the edge of her desk before she had even had time to protest. His hands came away, and then took her wrists, bringing her hands against his bare chest.

“Hear how my hard now seengs wiz joy!” he beamed. “Let me take jou away from here, to deener, perhaps!”

“Don’t be ridiculous!” she snapped, blushing.

“Ahh, but jhou are a beauteeful lady,” he said mournfully. “Jou are made for better zings zan to be hiding away in a room! Come wiz me and I will show ze world uv jhour beauty!”

He kissed the knuckles of her right hand, then kissed his way up the arm to her neck.

“Stop that!” she said, pushing half-heartedly at his chest.

Under most circumstances she’d have slugged him, but everything he was saying was hitting home, connecting with what she herself had just been thinking. The man was utterly gorgeous. Sure he was a bimbo, and she wouldn’t even contemplate any kind of long-term relationship with him.

But there was a raw, animal sexuality that seemed to be radiating out of him, and it was drawing her mind into a fantasy world of a raw, torrid affair, a hot, lust filled night a motel, perhaps.

But no, such a thing was impossible. It was scandalous!

“Sergio!” she said, pushing more firmly.

She yanked her arm back, but his arms went around her again, and he crushed her to his chest, looking down at her with those smoldering eyes, catching her like a fawn in the headlights of a car.

“Jou are woman. I am man!” he growled. “We are alone... together.”

His hand slid through her hair and jerked her head back, and then his lips came down on hers. For a moment she felt panic, and her hands pushed hard against him, but then something inside her said to give way, to give in, to let herself go and enjoy herself.

And she melted against him her lips pressing back, at first reluctantly, then with growing heat and passion as desire filled her. His hands stroked her back then slid up between them, kneading her breasts through her blouse.

He undid her blouse and pulled it over her head, and she opened her bra and groaned in pleasure as he mashed his face into her breasts. He squeezed them in his hands as he sucked and licked at her nipples. He jerked back then and undid his pants, jerking them down and standing there naked, eyes gleaming.

She groaned in lust at the sight of him, for she had never seen a more beautiful man, naked or clothed. She tore at her skirt, jerking it down and stumbling out of it,

And suddenly he was there before her, his body pressing into hers, crushing it in his powerful arms. His lips were voracious as they moved over her throat, her face, and her mouth. His hands gripped her bottom through her panties, and then tore at them, ripping them free.

She gasped in shock, the heat burning higher and higher. His hands were on her bare flesh now and his thick, full cock was pressed up between their bellies.

He dropped to his knees, his hands sliding through her legs and cupping her buttocks as his mouth rubbed over her sex. His tongue thrust between the lips of her pussy and drove into her little round hole, squirming and twisting like a moist, slick snake.

She moaned and shuddered back, gripping his head for balance as she arched her back. His lips moved into her slit, forcing her lips aside. His tongue pumped in her hole, then slid up onto her clitty. He was an expert, his tongue slicing across her flickering, spasming little button as his lips sucked and his teeth nibbled.

Soon she was tearing at her hair and his, humping like a bitch in heat, gasping and cursing and moaning in passionate, feverish desire.

He rose smoothly, gripping her buttocks still, lifting her off her feet and setting her back on the desk again. She dropped onto her back naked, and groaned as he ripped her legs wide. She raised her head, gasping for breath through a curtain of shimmering sexual heat that enveloped her.

She stared at his thick tool as he rubbed it against her moist pussy, then moaned and grunted with pleasure as he forced it inside and thrust it deep into her body.

She hadn't had sex for almost two years, and reveled in the glorious feeling of penetration. She laid back, her arms going around him as he bent over her. Their lips met roughly, their tongues dueling each other as he buried the last inch of cock inside her hot belly.

He ground his pelvis into her, twisting his cock around in her fuck tunnel as the heat rose within her, burning away all inhibitions, all concerns, all cares, scalding her with the power of lust and passion.

He began to fuck her. There was no mistaking it for "making love". He was fucking her, and right then and there she needed a good, solid fuck. She humped back eagerly, grunting and yelping in pleasure each time his big tool thrust home inside her. He pushed himself back, standing tall. His hands groped at her breasts, squeezing and kneading them as he pumped his cock into her sheath.

His hands went under her then as he leaned forward, gripping her buttocks and lifting her up against him. She threw her arms and legs around him as he held her aloft, bouncing her up and down on his thick pole. Their lips melded as she ground herself around his cock, and she grunted in delight each time she felt his hardness sink to the hilt.

She came, grunting and gurgling in wondrous pleasure, tearing her mouth free of him to arch her back and thrash her head. He laid her on the edge of the desk again to fuck harder, slamming his big cock through her pussy opening again and again as she spasmed and shook.

Then he lifted her once again, staggering back into a chair, sitting down hard. She came down atop him, straddling his powerful body, impaled on his stiff prick, her legs jerking and twitching as they hung over the sides of the chair.

He pressed his face into her breasts, sucking and licking and chewing them as she ground herself against him. She moaned in delirious pleasure, humping and bouncing wildly, the orgasm doing little to subdue the massive lust within her.

She rode his cock up and down, sometimes with his hands on her bottom, sometimes not. She rubbed her breasts against his face, laughing in bliss and delight as he chewed on her nipples. She buried her face in the nape of his neck, sucking and chewing and nibbling as her wet pussy slid up and down his stiff cock.

Her bottom slapped against his thighs as she rode him, and their gasps and grunts and moans filled the air with passion.

“Fuck me!” she gasped. “Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh my God! Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Unngghhhh!”

She felt another orgasm rising inside her, felt the hair rising on the back of her neck, felt the pressure inside her pussy getting ready to explode.

Suddenly he was up, lifting her, tumbling her off him, tearing his cock free. In seconds he was on his knees behind her, his strong arms lifting her into place. He thrust into her from behind, gripping her hips as he rutted against her.

On all fours like a bitch in heat, she felt the massive wave of lust come crushing down. It swamped her senses, and she cried out in ecstasy, slamming her pussy to meet his hard, pounding thrusts, grunting and groaning and cursing as her head thrashed and her breasts swung and wobbled violently below her.

His stiff hardness pistoned inside her, sawing across her clitty as he spiked it up into her belly. He closed his eyes, the pressure mounting in him as well, as her pussy spasmed and sucked at his cock as her firm round buttocks rutted back against his hips.

Then he came inside her, riding her into the ground, hammering his cock up into her until she dropped to her elbows, then her shoulders. She moaned in bliss and languorous delight, her eyes closed as she felt her orgasm slowly fading away.

It had been glorious, and had torn her free of her self-pity and unhappiness. But it had been dangerous. If anyone had walked in she would have been ruined. Still, she was glad she'd done it, glad she'd given in to her desires, if only once.

Glad, until the next morning, when Evan Clark had come sauntering into her office all smiles and greasy charm.

“What do you want?” she demanded, looking around the room carefully to make sure nothing was there for him to see.

“Want? My dear, Morgan,” he said. “Why would I need a reason to come and see you? You’re my colleague, and I have a great deal of respect for your work.”

“Yeah, too much,” she snapped.

“I hear you’ve come up with something new for the Jeffries campaign.”

“So?”

“Well, I’d like to see it.”

“You will, at the meeting.”

“Oh, come, come, there’s no need to be so close-mouthed. We’re all on the same side here.”

“Except you, Evan. You are on your side, and nobody else’s.”

“That’s not true. Why, I have only respect for your work. And when I’m made Vice President next week, believe me, I’ll keep in mind who my friends are.”

“Vice President? What are you talking about?”

“Why hadn’t you heard, Jim Duron is retiring. That leaves a spot open.”

“What makes you think it’ll go to you? You’re the junior man around here.”

“True, but I have a certain... talent. Besides, with Roy Wilson and Mark Prentice out of the running...”

“Why would they be out of the running?”

“For the same reason you are, because they’ve told Mr. Chalmers they don’t wish to be considered.”

“And why would I tell him something like that, you little runt?” she snapped.

“Oh, Morgan, please, there’s no reason to be uncivil,” he said, pouting.

“Get out of my office, Clark.”

“After all, you’re a mother,” he said, as if it were obvious.

“So?”

“You’re already putting in too much time at the office. Being a vice president would only make things worse. Your poor little daughter would be practically an orphan.”

“You let me worry about that. And I wouldn’t have to put in so much time if you didn’t keep stealing my ideas.”

“Stealing is a harsh word,” he sighed. “Besides, your ideas are crude. I improve them immeasurably before presenting them.”

“What are you, Evan, five seven?”

“I’m five eight and a half,” he said, glowering.

“I’m five eleven. I bet I can sling your scrawny ass out that door without much trouble!”

He glowered for just a moment, and then beamed in happiness. “Yes, you do have an excellently maintained body,” he said, eyeing her up and down. “Yes, I’ve always admired it, almost as much as I’ve admired your creative abilities.”

“Get out of my office, Clark!” she snapped, getting to her feet.

“All right, all right. If you insist. I wanted you to have this, though.”

He handed her a thick envelope he’d been holding, and smiled. “I want you to consider it carefully when you’re thinking about opposing me for the vice presidency. I’ll be in my office if you want to talk.

He blew a kiss at her, then turned and left. Morgan glared after him, then picked up the envelope. It was heavy. She opened it and found videotape inside. She looked at it in suspicion, then went to her TV and turned it on, putting the tape into the VCR.

She cried out in horror, stumbling backwards as she saw what came on the screen. It was she, she and Sergio, naked, making love on her desk. Her jaw dropped and she stared as she saw herself riding up and down on his cock, heard herself groan and whine and cry out in pleasure.

She cringed in humiliation as she saw the camera angles changing, saw the picture zooming in and out, saw close-ups of her face locked in a grimace of ecstasy, of her dripping pussy sliding up and down on his cock, of her breasts as he licked and sucked on the rock hard nipples.

She stared around her, dazed, looking from the obscene display on the monitor to the walls around her office. She ran to the wall by the door and looked up, then dragged over a chair and climbed on it. There in the vent was a tiny pencil thin camera. It turned as she watched, angling towards her.

She dropped off the chair and stared at the TV again. There were other cameras, at least one other behind her desk somewhere. There, up in that vent probably. Her mind screamed in horror and shock and denial, yet it all made sense.

This was how he got his information. The room was not only bugged, but he had cameras to catch the displays and art and pictures of intended campaigns. All TV commercials were done up first on display boards, very much resembling the comics in the daily newspaper. A cursory view would give him the entire idea for an upcoming TV campaign.

On the TV, her own sexual exploits were still running. She raced across and smashed the off button as he put her down on all fours and entered her.

She stood there, shaking, trembling. She was filled with rage and mortification.

If anyone else saw the tape...

She turned around and realized he was probably watching her that second. She jerked open the door to the office and rushed past her secretary, hurrying into the ladies room. She slammed the stall door closed and fell against it, shaking violently.

Her mind couldn't cope with it. She didn't know what to do. And she was overwhelmed by humiliation, knowing he'd been watching her and Sergio, that he, or someone who worked for him, must have been working the cameras, watching and listening as she and Sergio had sex.

And what was she to do now? If she complained he'd be fired, but so would she. The partners were very conservative, especially when it came to women. That was why she usually wore her hair pulled back, why she wore long skirts and business jackets.

If they saw that tape, if they even heard that she'd had sex in her office with a model, she'd be out so fast she wouldn't have time to blink.

And it was hell out there. The economy was a mess, and companies were cutting back their advertising all across the board. A dozen ad agencies had closed in the last six months. Even this one had laid off staff. There was no way, no hope, and no prayer, that if she left she would get another job at anything close to the same pay.

There were plenty of ad executives scrambling for work, and the ones that found it did so from the old boys' network, from connections and friends. She didn't have much of those. She didn't, couldn't, as Evan did, golf and swim and play tennis and racquetball with the partners, with the other men, couldn't go to their clubs and drink with them as the men all did.

Her expensive Manhattan apartment was mortgaged to the hilt. She'd lose it, and her Porsche. Chelsea's was to start at Cornell next this fall. It was all she'd been talking about lately. Tuition alone was more than twenty-five thousand. Books, food, residence costs and other student fees added another ten thousand.

And things had not been great between she and Chelsea. If she suddenly yanked back the promise of Cornell the girl would be enraged.

She was staggered by the enormity of the catastrophe, by what it would cost her and her daughter, of how insecure, how precariously balanced their life was.

Slowly, her feelings gave way to rage, utter rage at that slimy little scum sucking, underhanded weasel for doing this to her. If she'd had a gun she would have raced to his office and killed him on the spot.

But she had nothing, and something like that would hardly get her out of her present difficulties. She was going to have to cooperate with Evan, help him get the vice presidency, a vice presidency that, if anyone deserved it, she did.

But how could she face him again? How could she ever look at him knowing what he'd seen?

She stayed in there for almost half an hour, her mind spinning in circles as she tried to find some way out of the hideous mess she'd gotten into. Then she slowly came out, went to the sink, washed her face, and went back to her office.

She sat there for another hour, still trying to think, trying to get her shattered mind to figure a way clear of what had happened.

Her phone buzzed and she picked it up slowly.

"Yes?" she whispered.

"Miz Bell? Mr. Clark said to remind you of your meeting in his office in five minutes."

Miz Bell?"

"I... yes... all right," she gasped.

Jesus! What was she going to do? How could she face him? How could she...

Two

She felt her face flushing red even before she entered Clark's office. Her heart was pounding, and she was sweating. She tightened her fingers on the doorknob, then turned it and pushed the door open, closing it quickly behind her.

"You miserable little fucker!" she hissed.

Clark smiled smugly.

"Now, now, Morgan, dear. It's you who was doing the fucking, remember."

"Which is more than you've probably ever done, you miserable little faggot!"

He scowled at her as she moved closer.

"Is that the only way you can get your kicks, you sick little pervert? I bet you're still a virgin! Too busy licking the vice presidents' cocks to worry about women."

"You better watch your mouth, Morgan," Clark said.

“You vile, disgusting little leech! If the partners of this fucking company weren’t all so ignorant and senile they would have fired you months ago!”

“Instead I got promoted.” He grinned and shrugged.

“For fucking Benson’s whore daughter! Or is it Benson himself?”

“If someone had pictures of me taking a big whop cock up the snatch and screaming for him to fuck me I’d be a little less accusatory towards others,” he sneered.

“You little cocksucker!”

“I’ve got pictures of your pretty mouth wrapped around old Sergio’s cock, baby, remember?”

She glared furiously at him, her insides threatening to burst from hatred and humiliation.

“Yes, sir. I will admit that was quite a little show,” he said, leaning back in his chair. “It wasn’t why I had the cameras put there, but you’re right, I did get off on the sight of those lovely tits of yours, and the way your pussy was riding up and down on ol’ Sergio’s big cock.”

“You filthy bastard!” she screamed.

She rushed around the desk, her hands grasping at his throat. He surged up from the chair, and they struggled as he slowly twisted away and shoved her against the desk. He grabbed her hair, yanking it back. She cried out in pain as he slammed her chest down against the desk, then gripped her arm and forced it up behind her back.

“Now you... listen... to me, you bitch,” he panted. “You’re going to... tell them you don’t want the job, because of your bitch kid, and then you’re going to do exactly what I say from now on!”

“Fucking bastard,” she sobbed.

“You’re God damn right I am,” he snarled. “I’m the most miserable fucking bastard you’ll ever see. And I get what I want, baby. Whatever I want and whatever I have to do to get it.”

He leaned over her, incidentally pressing his crotch against her behind as he put his face near hers.

“And there’s not a fucking thing you can do about it,” he sneered. “I can not only get you fired from here, I can circulate that tape around every major ad agency in New York. You’ll be the laughingstock of Madison Avenue! The only way you’ll be able to get another job is to parade your ass around on Forty-Second Avenue and give blow jobs to sailors!”

He pulled back on her hair for emphasis and she sobbed in pain. He straightened, looking down at her, eyeing her smooth bottom as he held her across the desk. He loved the feeling of power, partly physical, but mostly

other power over her, the power to ruin her life, the power to force her to obey him.

It excited him, and made him feel strong, almost omnipotent.

He jerked on her hair again, because he could, because he could do anything and she couldn't protest.

Anything.

He remembered her riding up and down that wop's cock, and the sight of her face as she came, and his cock twitched and began to swell.

"You'll learn your place around here, Morgan baby," he growled.

"You'll do whatever it is I tell you. Understand?"

He tugged on her hair again and she cried out.

"Understand?"

"Ye... yes," she whimpered.

"Say yes sir, Morgan. It'll be good practice."

She groaned and he tore at her hair again and jerked her arm higher.

"Yes sir!" she cried.

"Again!"

"Yes, sir!" she sobbed miserably.

"Don't worry, Morgan, I'll find plenty for you to do. A woman of your... talents shouldn't go to waste."

He gripped the hem of her skirt and jerked it up, lifting it over her rounded bottom, nearly naked, her sex covered by the thin pouch of a white silk thong.

"Wha-wa... stop it," she gasped. "Let me g-go... stop..."

"I can do whatever I want, Miz Bell," he sneered. "And there's not a thing you can do unless you want to be flipping burgers next to your slut daughter!"

He ran his hand over her bottom briefly, then gripped her thong and tore it off. She cried out, and he laughed, jerking back on her hair, then shoving the thong against, then into her mouth. It wasn't really necessary for the door was thick and soundproof, but he didn't need to hear her whining.

He bent over her, grinding his now bulging crotch against her bare sex as she struggled with growing desperation.

"Whatsamatter, baby?" he growled. "You sure got off on Sergio's cock last night. You looked like a woman who really likes a good hard fucking."

He licked at the side of her throat as she wriggled against him, then pulled back upright and quickly undid his pants. He tugged his erection out and kneed her thighs apart.

"This is obviously your best side, Morgan," he sneered, stroking and squeezing her bottom, then her soft, lightly furred mound.

He pressed his cock against her slit and rubbed the head up and down. She wriggled harder, but he easily held her in place, jerking her arm up higher when she got too energetic.

His cock slowly forced her pussy lips aside and pushed into her body. She groaned and sobbed as he battered away at her dry pussy, forcing inch after inch into her body.

She collapsed, stopping her struggles, gut wrenching sobs escaping through the wadded up panties as he threw his hips against her and slammed his cock up her hole.

He chuckled in delight, feeling incredible excitement at his dominance of the beautiful, cold, strong-willed woman. He buried his cock in her belly and ground his hips against her soft buttocks, then bent over her again, licking and sucking and chewing at the side of her throat.

“There you are, baby,” he growled. “This is what you were really made for. This is what you need.”

He began thrusting into her, tearing his cock back and forth inside her aching pussy tunnel as he licked and chewed along her neck. He straightened up again, gripping both her wrists and forcing them together behind her back.

He opened one of his desk drawers and took out a roll of tape, then, with his cock buried in her belly, he quickly wound the tape several times around her wrists, then cut it loose.

He let go of her wrists now, seizing her hips and fucking with a deeper stroke and steadier rhythm. She didn't try to break free, sobbing weakly as he raped her.

He squeezed and kneaded the soft flesh of her bottom, then slapped at it just to get a reaction from her. He slapped harder, spanking her as he fucked into her, and she sobbed louder, letting out soft cries of pain as he reddened her buttocks.

She had never hidden her contempt for him, and now she was completely under his control, his to command, his to use as he saw fit.

He pounded his cock in faster as her pussy began to lubricate, thrusting from different angles, pounding into her like he'd seen the model do on the TV, giving her his cock with hard, cruel thrusts that would show her once and for all who was the one in command.

Her hips ground against the edge of the desk as his cock rutted into her, and Morgan wept softly, groaning and grunting each time his hips slammed against her buttocks and jammed her into the desk. His cock ripped in and out of her aching pussy as he raped her, and her misery filled her with a sense of hopelessness.

Suddenly he pulled out, ripping his cock free of her. She cried out as he jerked back on her hair, dragging her back off the desk. Her weak legs dropped her to her knees, where he held her by the hair. He jerked the panties out of her mouth, and as she gasped and coughed he rubbed his cockhead over her face as he pumped the shaft.

Then he came, thick white wads of jism spitting out of his cock and hitting her in the face, wad after wad splattering against her mouth and cheeks and forehead as she stared at it in dazed shock. He laughed and rubbed his cockhead over her face again, smearing the thick cream all over her, coating her face with his semen.

Then he gave a sigh and pulled his cock away. He bunched up her thick blonde hair and used it to wipe his cock dry, then stepped back, letting her fall on her back on the rug. He grinned smugly as he pushed his cock back into his pants and did himself up.

Then he reached down and dragged her to her feet. Her skirt fell around her knees again as he brushed her hair roughly with his fingers, pushing it back into some semblance of order. He reached down for her wet, wadded up panties and shoved them into her mouth again.

Then he turned her around and cut the tape loose from her wrists.

“Time to get back to work, Miz Bell,” he said. “We don’t pay you to sit around gabbing all the time. You’ve got accounts to attend to.”

He marched her to the door, and she was too dazed to fight him. He opened it and pushed her out, and she almost sank to her knees as he closed it behind her.

Fortunately his secretary wasn’t there, and she staggered off to the bathroom, as dazed and shocked as she had been after seeing the videotape.

She spent a long time cleaning herself up, including washing her face several times, not to mention her groin, which ached, and spilled semen. She went back to her office only long enough to get mouthwash and a toothbrush.

Her mind was spinning the whole time. She didn’t know what to do. If she quit, would that be enough? Maybe she could find work somewhere else. It probably wouldn’t be as good as this but it would be something decent... unless the little bastard sent that tape around like he’d said.

In which case nobody would hire her. The men would laugh at her and the woman would call her a whore. Nobody would be interested in explanations. She wouldn’t even be allowed in the door to make them.

But she couldn’t stay here! She couldn’t stay and take orders from... from him, that slug!

Where would she go? What would she do? What about Chelsea?

She finally went back to her office. The first thing she thought about was his camera. She had to get rid of them. She dragged a chair up by one of the vents and tried to pry it free.

The phone rang, and she got down and went to it.

“Yes.”

At first she heard nothing. Then she heard her own voice, sounding tinny.

“You fucker!” her voice hissed.

“Now, Now, Morgan dear,” Clark’s voice said.

“You miserable little faggot! I bet you’re still a virgin! Too busy licking the vice presidents’ cocks to worry about women.”

“You better watch your mouth, Morgan,” Clark said.

“You vile, disgusting little leech! If the partners of this fucking company weren’t all so ignorant and senile they would have fired you months ago!”

“Instead I got promoted.”

“For fucking Benson’s whore daughter! Or is it Benson himself?”

The voices stopped with a click, and Clark’s voice came up louder and clearer.

“Interesting little conversation, don’t you think, sweetheart? I bet Benson would be pretty unhappy if someone called him and played it for him.”

His voice hardened.

“You keep away from the cameras, bitch. Understand? You leave them where they are and get on with your work, or you’re finished!”

He hung up, and she closed her eyes and shook her head weakly.

Clark beamed at the assembled people as he accepted the job of vice president. He smiled particularly at Morgan, who was forced to stand among the others and pretend happiness. He gave a little speech, and then shook hands with Benson and Caruthers.

He glad-handed with the others who congratulated him, then made his way over to where Morgan was standing. He gripped her arm, smiling, but digging his fingers in painfully.

“I thought I told you to let your hair down from now on,” he said, still smiling.

“I... forgot,” she gasped.

“Go into the ladies room and take your hair down.”

“Why?” she hissed

“Because I say to do it. I’m the boss remember. When I tell you to do something, you do it.”

He eased off and gave her a warning glare, then turned away. Morgan glared at his back, then moved reluctantly towards the ladies room. There she unhooked her hair and brushed it out so it hung over her shoulders.

It made no sense to try and defy him on something as simple as this. She would have to give in as much as possible. She would bide her time, then crush him so bad he'd be on welfare the rest of his miserable life.

If he lived. She had seriously considered how she might arrange for him to come to the end of his existence earlier, rather than later, but couldn't think of anything that wouldn't land her in prison.

She emerged from the ladies room, and tried to be graceful when a couple of people complimented her hair and told her she should wear it like that more often.

Clark smiled at her over his glass and held it up briefly before turning to talk to someone else.

I have to quit, she told herself. I have to get away from him.

But she couldn't.

"God, how I hate him."

She turned to see Mark Prentice standing at her arm, glaring across at Clark.

"Don't we all," she growled.

"What'd he have on you?"

"What? Uh, nothing."

"Liar," he said.

"What'd he have on you?" she scowled.

"Let's just say it would've landed me in federal prison for a while."

She widened her eyes.

"Nothing terrible, just taxes."

She shook her head.

"He's a clever little bastard. I'll give him that."

"A rotten little sonofabitch," she agreed.

"There has to be a way to bring him down without ruining ourselves."

"I don't know what it would be," she said.

"A guy who goes to the lengths he does has to have done all kinds of things we could use to our advantage."

"Like what? Extortion? Sure, if we care to expose ourselves..." She blushed at the unintended pun, and looked at him quickly to see if he had any idea.

"Yes, that's the problem," he agreed. "But there must be other ways he's vulnerable. "For example, do you really think he's not fooling around behind his fiancée's back?"

He nodded at the woman, a plain, rather plump and unpleasant young brunette that was standing beside her father.

“Now if we could find out who else he’s dipping his wick in, maybe we could get him out without tainting ourselves.”

She swallowed the anger and embarrassment she felt.

“But there’s no proof he wouldn’t bring us down anyway, just for spite.”

He shrugged unhappily.

“I suppose you’re right.”

She could get him for rape, she supposed, but there was no evidence of that. She’d scoured herself clean at the first opportunity, so there was no evidence. Anyway, that would be a degrading, and humiliating way to go. And it would still finish her career.

Clark wandered over to them and smiled smugly.

“I’ll expect to see both of you in my new office tomorrow morning,” he said. “Prentice at nine, Bell at eleven. I want to go over the progress of your campaigns.”

“Right,” Prentice said.

“Don’t you mean, yes, sir, Mark?”

Prentice’s face turned red and he took a deep breath.

“Yes, sir,” he said.

“And you?”

“Yes, sir,” Morgan said dully.

“Good. Just so we understand our positions,” he smiled.

He turned and walked away.

“I hate him,” Prentice hissed.

“Ditto.”

Morgan’s hate was accompanied by something else, as well, shame and fear. She was shamed every time she saw him, especially since he never forgot to make some mention to remind her of what he’d seen her and Sergio doing. And her fear was very real... that he’d choose to rape her again, knowing he could get away with it.

The next day she loosened her hair worriedly, then knocked on his door. As before, his secretary wasn’t in the office, and her heard pounded in fear.

“Come.”

She opened the door and stepped through.

“Lock it behind you, Morgan. We don’t want to be interrupted,” he smiled.

She felt her heart skip a beat, but obeyed, then moved over to his desk, sitting in one of the chairs facing it.

“I didn’t say you could sit,” he smiled.

She slowly stood up, looking at him warily.

“I really don’t like your attitude lately, Bell,” he said sternly. “Your work hasn’t been satisfactory, and your attitude is really just too much, angry, brooding, resentful...”

“And that surprises you?” she snapped.

“Yes. I’ve given you the opportunity to hang onto your job when I could have taken it any time. Hell, I could fire you right now with now. What are you gonna do, protest? Sue me? I don’t think so. You should be grateful.”

“Grateful?” she demanded, her face flushing angrily.

“Yes, grateful! Now let me hear you thank me.”

“For what?”

“For your job, you whore!”

She turned bright angry red, and thought she would explode, but she flashed through all the reasons why she couldn’t afford to lose her job, and tried to swallow her anger.

“You heard me!”

“Thank you,” she said in a choked voice.

“Thank you Mr. Clark for letting me keep my job,” he said.

“Thank you Mr. Clark for letting me keep my job,” she spat.

“Especially since I’m a worthless ignorant slut.”

She glared at him and he glared back.

“Say it.” He smirked.

“Especially since I’m a worthless ignorant slut,” she snapped.

He got up and walked around the desk, and she backed away warily.

“You keep away from me,” she said nervously.

“Or what? Huh? I’ve checked your finances, Bell. Without this job, you’re finished.”

She backed away until her back hit the wall, and he smiled as he moved to within inches of her.

“Not so arrogant and haughty now, are you, bitch?” he sneered.

“Leave me alone,” she gulped. “You got the job.”

“I want more. I want... you.”

He looked down at her breasts, and then reached for them. She slapped his hand away and he jerked his hand up around her throat. She gasped as he choked her.

“Listen to me, you slut,” he hissed. “You exist only on my sufferance. I can squash you like a bug any time I want.”

He spun her around, jamming her face against the wall. She gasped for breath, glad enough just to have his hand away from her throat. He groped her behind, and then undid her skirt. She reached for it as it began to slide down and he gripped her wrist.

“Just learn to like it, baby,” he said. “I might not be a whop stud but I can give you the fucking you need.”

He undid the buttons on the back of her blouse and jerked it up. She resisted weakly, not knowing what to do. He jerked the blouse over her head and off, shoving her face against the wall when she tried to pull away.

He undid her bra, and she closed her arms over her breasts as he pushed the straps over her shoulders, and then jerked her panties down. She made a grab at them but missed, and he spun her around again.

She tried to cup her pussy with one of her hands and he gripped her wrists and jerked them up and apart. She felt herself getting light-headed, numbed, and unable to cope. His face blurred a little, his teeth gleaming as he smiled at her.

He jerked her bra off and pulled her across the floor. She stopped fighting. She couldn't fight him. He had her. He had too much on her. What was the point, she thought numbly.

He shoved her onto the sofa and fell atop her, his teeth gnawing at her throat as his weight came down atop her body. His hands moved everywhere, squeezing, groping, and kneading her flesh. He thumbed her nipples, then bent and sucked and licked on them one by one.

She lay there submissively, staring the ceiling, not watching him as he sucked and chewed at her breasts, only grunting as he forced his cock into her. She didn't care any more. He mashed his lips against her as he thrust into her again and again, and she stared up as if he weren't there.

“Hot fuckin' bitch,” he gasped, thrusting in again and again. “You belong to... uhm, me! I own... your... ass!”

He lifted her legs up, jamming them down against her as he pounded down with wild, gleeful strokes. His hips pounded against her upturned buttocks as he stabbed his cock into her again and again. His face was drawn into a cruel snarl of lust and pleasure as he bounced down against her.

Morgan felt tears trickling down the sides of her face, and closed her eyes, shuddering at the humiliation and misery as he used her with wild gusto, then spewed his juices into her belly.

He sighed and eased back on his heels, his hands moving possessively over her naked flesh.

“Yeah. You're good for this at least, baby,” he said. “Not much on technique, but I bet I can show you better. I'll have you fucking like a pro in no time at all.”

He did up his pants and got off her, moving back to his desk. “Get dressed, slut,” he said over his shoulder.

She got up numbly, and picked up her panties.

“Leave those,” he said sharply. “I don’t want you wearing panties again. You don’t need them and they just get in my way.”

She dropped them and pulled on her bra, then her skirt and blouse. She turned and headed for the door.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

She turned and looked back at him through red-rimmed eyes.

“We’re going to go over your campaigns. Just because you ball me doesn’t mean you can slack off around here. Now sit down and let’s get started.”

So, not even able to crawl out of the office with her tail between her legs, she was forced to sit there and talk to him, to listen, to go over her strategies and ideas for the campaign, and all the while endure his smug looks of contempt, and his coarse, obscene remarks.

It was pure torture for Morgan, worse than the rape itself had been. That, after all, only lasted a few minutes. This went on for well over an hour, and felt even more humiliating.

There had to be a way out of this hole, she thought desperately. There had to be.

Three

Chelsea stood still, her eyes glowering mutinously, arms folded over her ample chest as her mother gave yet another tirade on how the place was always such a mess when she got home, and what an ungrateful little bitch Chelsea was.

A month ago she would have said that her mother was okay, basically, though she worked too much. But lately her mother was turning into a real bitch.

Chelsea knew it had something to do with work, but she knew little about work, about what her mother did, and now didn’t seem the right time to find out more.

Obviously her mother was having a hard time, and was taking it out on her. That wasn’t fair, but what could she do? As her mother had pointed out with growing frequency, everything Chelsea had was paid for by her mother’s hard work.

Chelsea herself, meanwhile, lazed away the summer by the pool, or at the mall, or hanging around with her friends.

She knew that was unfair, that her mother should have time off to relax and have some fun too, but there wasn’t anything Chelsea could do about it. Nor could she really get a job, not one that meant anything, anyway.

Why should she waste her time on some crummy burger outfit making the same amount that her mother would throw away on a tip at a restaurant?

Her mother had never asked her to work, of course. And Chelsea was grateful for that. And it was partially because of that, and partly because of feeling guilty about having life so easy while her mom worked so hard that she endured the lectures and nagging without snapping back.

“Do you understand me?” her mother demanded.

“Yes, mother,” she said.

“Don’t use that tone of voice with me, young lady!”

“What’s wrong with my tone?” she demanded in exasperation.

“You know very well what I’m talking about.”

“God. Is it that time of the month or something?”

“Go to your room!”

“Gladly,” she muttered.

She stalked out of the room and down the hallway, then into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

She shook her head in annoyance as she flipped on the stereo and cranked it up loud. Her mother was really getting to be a bitch. If her job was that shitty why didn’t she just quit and get another one?

She moved before her mirror as a good song came on, and began to swing her hips and move her arms in time to the music. She raised her arms, swinging her torso and kicking out with her legs as she danced.

The music changed, and she slowed, trying a new rhythm, then, feeling sexy, gave the mirror a sensuous look, lowering her eyelids as she slid her hands through her golden blonde hair.

She swung her head, tossing her hair and tried to make her body undulate, like she’d seen belly dancers do in Hawaii. She jerked her sweatshirt up and off, tossing it on the bed behind her, then let her taut belly undulate rhythmically.

She shook her head again, and then brought it down, before swinging it back up, tossing her hair loosely. She danced in a slow, seductive way now, grinding her hips, sliding her hands up through her hair, then up above her head, pushing her ample young breasts out as she rolled her hips.

She grinned, turning and shaking her round bottom at the mirror as she looked behind her. She had, she knew, a great ass. A great body, in fact. She wasn’t as tall as her mother, but she was pretty, had a slightly rounder face, but with fuller lips, and had the same thirty-six D breasts. Though on her smaller frame they looked larger.

She undid the button at the centre of her jeans, and then unzipped them. She continued to grind her pelvis at the mirror, swinging her hips and undulating her body. She pushed the jeans down a little, enough to show the top of her pink thong.

Wouldn't Tommie Jones love to see her like this? Or Phil Roper? Or Mike Butler! She grinned at herself, moving slowly. She reached behind her and undid her bra, then shrugged it off, covering her breasts with her hands at first, and then sliding her hands up above her head as she shook her breasts.

She looked sexy, she thought, her pussy heating up a little. The guys would all kill to get into her pants.

She rolled and pinched her nipples a little, making them hard, so they swelled out and throbbed.

She pushed her jeans down a little more, and then let them slide down her legs. She stepped out of them and danced in just her thong, then removed that as well and danced even more lewdly, imagining she were on a stage and being yelled and hooted and whistled at by crowds of leering men.

Then she stopped when the music ended for a commercial. She pulled on a silk nightshirt and went out into the kitchen to get a drink. She didn't want to run into her mother again yet so she snuck forward, listening for her. She heard her voice in her office, talking, so she hurried past and got her drink.

She moved warily as she neared her mother's office on the way back, and couldn't help overhearing her. She was on the phone to somebody.

"I don't want to talk about it," she said.

Chelsea moved a little further forward, moving quietly.

"There's no way I could find anything if I lost this job," her mother said.

Chelsea halted with a worried frown.

"I don't know. I don't know how much longer I can stay there. I'm going crazy, Sue."

There was another pause.

"You don't know him. You don't have to work with him. Believe me, there's nobody worse."

Another pause.

"You know how bad things are out there, Sue. If I left I'd have to get rid of the apartment within a few months. Hell, before too long I'd be living on Chelsea's college money."

There was another pause, while Chelsea gaped at the thought of her mother being broke.

"I might be able to, depending on the circumstances of my leaving, but there's no way I'd find a place that paid as well as I'm getting now. And that's if I could find a place. You know how many ad executives are out on the street looking for anything."

Chelsea had never imagined there could be a problem with money. Money had always been available. Whatever could she do without it? Leave

this place? She loved it. It was the envy of her friends, and the pool was fabulous. Where would they move, one of those dinky two bedroom places where you could hardly breath?

A few of her poorer friends lived like that, in apartments that made Chelsea feel claustrophobic when she was in them. None had the sweeping floor to ceiling glass walls in all the rooms, the fireplaces and huge bedrooms like this place.

She lost the rest of what her mother was saying, and barely had time to sneak into her room and close the door before her mother came out.

Chelsea went to her bed and sat down, worrying. Whatever problems her mother was having at work she certainly had better get over them. Chelsea didn't want to lose this wonderful place. And as for her college fund - she had been dreaming of Cornell for months. What was she supposed to do without money?

What if she couldn't go to college at all? What would she do? Everyone knew there were no jobs if you didn't go to a good college. She could wind up as some kind of dinky secretary or something, answering a phone and typing letters.

She wanted to talk to her mother, but didn't think this was a very good time. She'd go in and see her at work tomorrow for lunch. That always made her mother happy. She felt a little surge of guilt that she hadn't done it in a while.

"Come in, Morgan," Clay beamed, motioning her forward.

She moved forward slowly, ready for anything, committed to acting as stone-faced and unresponsive as possible. Maybe if she acted like she didn't care he'd stop getting his jollies out of humiliating her.

"No. Come around the desk."

She moved around the desk with her campaign in her hand.

"Kneel there," he smiled, sitting back in his executive chair.

"What?" she asked, blinking.

"You heard me. Kneel."

"Why?"

"Because I said so," he said, glaring.

Her face flushed despite her wishes, and she cursed him mentally.

"Now, Bell," he snapped.

She looked down at the rug, and then slowly eased down onto her knees, pulling the hem of her dress up a little.

"You're not wearing any panties, are you?"

Her face turned even darker.

"Well?"

“No,” she growled.

“Show me.”

He’s just doing it to humiliate you, she told herself. Don’t let him know he’s getting to you. You need this job.

She lifted her skirt up to bare her bare pussy, trying to pretend a carelessness she didn’t feel.

“Nice. Nice legs too, Bell. Really nice. You should wear shorter skirts.”

She lowered her skirt without answering.

“That wasn’t a request, Bell. I want you to wear shorter skirts.”

“Yes, sir,” she said.

He smiled. “Tasteful, of course. We know you’re a slut. You don’t have to dress like one. Now, let’s hear your campaign.”

She started to rise.

“Stay on your knees,” he snapped.

She sank back down and opened the folder, laying out the different portions of the campaign on the floor, and telling him her ideas. He sat back in the chair looking down at her, his hands behind his head. He made the odd comment, but both of them knew she was a lot better at this than he was, so he didn’t demand any changes.

“That’ll do for now,” he said. “Now unzip me and give me a blowjob. Looking at your slutty pussy got me a little hot.”

She felt the words hit her like a blow, and struggled to throw them off.

It doesn’t mean anything, she said to herself. It’ll take five minutes. Think of Chelsea and the mortgage. Think of staying around long enough to see this bastard get his. Think of that video making the rounds.

“Come on, slut,” he said.

She moved forward on her knees and reached for his pants. He didn’t move, just smiled as he looked down at her. He shifted his legs apart as she undid his pants and tugged them down a little. She reached in and pulled out his cock, partially erect.

“That’s it, baby. Let’s see how good you are at this.”

She ignored him and bent to it, licking at the head, then sliding her lips over it and sucking. It hardened quickly, and she bobbed her lips up and down on it, sucking and licking as he sighed and laid his head back.

His hands moved through her hair and he groaned in pleasure as her lips bobbed up and down on his tool. Then he jerked her head down hard, almost choking her as his come spewed out and filled her mouth. She swallowed repeatedly, fighting not to gag on his come and his cockhead.

Then he eased up, sliding his hands off her head.

“Okay, baby. Back to work now,” he sighed.

She was just coming out of the bathroom when Prentice motioned her over.

“We gotta talk,” he said, his face tight.

She knew what he meant.

“Come with me,” he said, motioning towards a small staff coffee room. It was a room for secretaries and law clerks, not the kind of place Clark would bother to hide a mic or camera. It was also empty.

“We have to get rid of him,” he said.

“No fucking kidding,” she snapped. “We’ve gone over this before. Even if he gets fired he’s such a little turd he’d probably spill the beans on us anyway, just for spite.”

“I agree. That’s why I think we only have one opportunity.”

“What?”

“We kill the little bastard.”

She looked at him in surprise.

“Are you crazy?”

“No. I’m not fucking crazy! I’m sick of that little bastard bleeding me dry. It’s bad enough he’s got the job I should have, but he’s been working my ass off doing his work, and treating me like a fucking dog. Do you know what that little bastard did this morning? He made me give my report on my knees!”

“Be thankful that’s all he did,” she glowered.

He snorted as he looked at her.

“Yeah, I thought so.”

“What?” she blushed.

“What’s he making you do?”

“The same as you,” she said carefully.

“Don’t give me that shit, Morgan. He’s an unprincipled little scumbag who gets off on humiliating people. He has to have something mega big on you or you’d have never stepped aside for the VP job.”

“So what? He’s got stuff on you too.”

“I’m not a knockout blonde with big tits,” he said.

“Fuck hissed,” she hissed.

“You’re gonna tell me he’s not forcing you to do anything sexual.”

“It’s none of your business.”

“Bullshit! Look, Morgan. The law says you can kill a guy who’s trying to rape you. I bet what that bastard is doing to you can be defined as rape.”

“He hasn’t touched me!” she snapped.

“Right,” he sniffed sarcastically. “Just because he can make you do anything he wants is no reason he’d use that power to get into your panties.”

“Just leave me alone!” she cried, pushing past him.

“Wait.”

He grabbed her arm and pulled her up short.

“I talked to a guy yesterday. He says for ten thousand dollars we can hire a guy who’ll end our trouble permanently.”

“And get us sent to prison!”

“This guy can make it look like a simple accident. Clark can be stepping out onto the street, and all of a sudden a van comes roaring up and squashes him like the bug he is. Hell, it happens a dozen times a day. Nobody’ll think it’s murder.”

She hesitated. It sounded so simple. Pay a little money, and no more Clark.

“I... can’t,” she said.

“Well unfortunately, I can’t do it on my own. The little bastard’s got my finances so fucked up I can’t lay my hands on ten grand in cash without borrowing.”

“So borrow,” she said.

“Right. I borrow ten grand, and the next day pretty boy gets himself wiped out. Then the cops ask me where the money went to. Don’t be stupid, Morgan. The money has to come from somewhere that wouldn’t raise any eyebrows.”

“Such as?”

She didn’t know why she was even talking. The idea was ridiculous.

“If you had money in a safe deposit box, or in cash bonds.”

“I don’t...have that much in cash and bonds,” she said slowly. “At least, not in bonds that are untraceable.”

“How much do you have?”

“It doesn’t matter,” she said, pulling away.

“When you’re done with him screwing you come and let me know,” he called after her.

The idea of murder was horrible, even if it would be done out of her sight.

But the next day Clark had her deliver her report on her knees again, nude this time. And after she’d sucked him off he pulled her across his lap and stroked her breasts and thighs.

“You know baby, there are a lot of uses for a body like this,” he said, licking idly at one of her nipples.

“Remember Mr. Takahashi from Nagumo Industries? He’s coming into town tomorrow, and you know how those Japanese like to have a good time.”

“So?”

“So we always hire a hooker for him. You remember?”

She remembered. She'd been taken off the account when she told the then vice president that she wouldn't do it. There were no hard feelings. He understood. But that was the way a lot of the Japanese businessmen entertained each other, and he felt they had to play along.

“So what?”

“So maybe I can save us some money,” he said, rolling her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

She stared at him in shock, her jaw dropping.

“Mr Takahashi told me what a beautiful woman you were,” he said. “He really thought you were hot.”

“I'm not fucking Takahashi,” she said, almost trembling with rage.

He squeezed her breast and smiled.

“Baby, you'll fuck whoever I tell you to, or you'll be on forty second street fucking winos and drug dealers.”

“You can go to hell!” she snarled, struggling out of his lap and stalking over to her clothes.

“I've done a lot for you, you vile little bastard!” she snarled, as she yanked on her clothes. “But I am not going to be a prostitute for you!”

“You're already a prostitute, baby,” he smiled. “You're fucking me to keep your job, which basically means you're fucking me for money.”

“Fuck off,” she hissed, shrugging on her dress and doing up the zipper.

“You'll do it, baby. You'll act like the pretty girl, drape yourself over him, and do whatever the hell he wants until he passes out from too much fucking.”

“I'll see you in hell first,” she snarled, storming out of the office.

He turned to the reports he had to do, sighing unhappily. There was so much paperwork. Even though he had others do most of it there was some he just couldn't pass off onto his underlings. He picked up a pen and started in on it, wondering whether he'd pushed Morgan too far.

He'd hate it if she quit, after all. He had such good stuff on her that he could get her to do almost anything.... almost.

He pushed himself up from the desk and went down the hall to her office. He'd taken her secretary away as a cost cutting measure, which left her with a lot more work to do, but amused him.

He was surprised then, to find a young lady in her outer office, a beautiful young lady at that, and, on closer examination, one that looked very familiar.

“Oh, hi,” she said. “I was looking for my mom.”

“Your mom,” he said, looking her discretely up and down.

“Yes, Morgan Bell. I’m her daughter Chelsea.”

“Of course. Chelsea. She’s talked about you so much,” he said, putting on his charm.

He took her hand and held it casually, smiling his hundred-watt smile.

“I’m her boss, Evan Clark. You can call me Evan.”

“Uhm, hi,” she said shyly.

Boy, what a gorgeous hunk, she thought to herself.

What a hot little piece of ass, he thought.

“You look even more beautiful than your mother,” he smiled.

She blushed. “Uhm, thanks. I wish I was as tall as her, though,” she smiled.

You’re the same height in bed, baby, he thought.

“Height is overrated,” he said with a wink.

“I guess,” she smiled, realizing he wasn’t much taller than her.

“So. Your mother isn’t here?”

“No. Her office is empty.”

“That’s odd,” he said.

His eyes narrowed suspiciously. Where had the bitch gone?

“Maybe she was going to meet you downstairs.”

“She didn’t know I was coming,” she said.

“Take the day off work?”

“I don’t work,” she said, blushing again.

“Ahh, relaxing in the summer, huh?”

“Kind of.”

“Well, I guess your mom went to lunch early.”

“Darn. I was hoping to have lunch with her.”

“Well, you know,” he said with a look of regret. “You might be having lunch with her a lot more often soon.”

“Why?” Chelsea asked with a worried frown.

“We’re probably going to be having some cutbacks soon, and we might have to let her go.”

“Oh God,” Chelsea said. “But she’s been here so long!”

“Well, yeah, but, that’s life,” he shrugged.

“But... but why her and not someone else?”

“Well, there will be others. As to why here, frankly, she and I don’t get along very well.”

“But... you can’t fire someone because of that.”

“Of course not, but since I have to let some account executives go I might as well keep the ones I get along with best.”

“Well... yeah... I guess... but why don't you like her?”

“Oh, it's too complicated to get into,” he shrugged. “The point is that since I have no particular reason to keep her on and we don't get along, she'll be the first to go.”

He smiled regretfully, then reached up and stroked the side of her face lightly, before sliding his fingers through her hair.

“You're a very beautiful girl,” he said. “Just like your mother.”

Chelsea moved back a step, a little uncomfortable.

“No more friendly than she is I see,” he snorted.

“I'm... I'm not... unfriendly,” she protested, her mind still spinning with the revelation that her mother was going to lose her job.

“You're not friendly, though,” he said. “If your mother was more friendly she'd be able to stay on here.”

“What do you mean?”

He smiled and shrugged, and Chelsea frowned at him.

“Let's just say,” he smiled, sliding his hand through her hair again “that if your mother gave me any reason why I should keep her on, I would.”

“But... she's really good at her job,” she said, blinking rapidly.

“They all are.”

He slid his hand lightly across her cheek, and slid the tip of his finger along her lips.

She stepped back another half step.

He shrugged and pulled his hand back.

“As I said, I have no reason to favor her over others. If I had a reason, well... then that would be something else.”

“Wh... What would be a reason?” she gulped.

He stepped closer and she stepped back again, only to back into the side of the desk.

“I think you know what kind of reason would be helpful, Chelsea,” he said, his hands sliding around her.

“I... but... but you...”

He pressed his lips against hers and her eyes widened. She struggled briefly, but weakly, her head filled with questions and doubt, filled with her mother's words about having to leave their Manhattan apartment, about not being able to send Chelsea to college, about not being able to find another good job.

He pulled his lips back.

“Do you think you might be able to present me with a good reason why I should keep your mother here?”

“I... I don't know,” she whispered.

“Why don’t we go to my office and discuss it.”

He put his arm around her and led her out of the office, then down the hall to his.

Four

Chelsea’s mind spun as they moved down the hall. She had a pretty good idea what Clark wanted, and her belly was clenched in fear at the thought.

What could she do? If her mother was fired... after all her hard work... that wasn’t fair. And what would happen to their apartment. She had to do something if she could. She owed it to her mother, for one thing.

But... she didn’t know if she could go through with it. She was a virgin. She’d given hand jobs, and a couple of blowjobs, all in darkened rooms or cars, but that was it.

Add she didn’t even know this man anyway, and he was obviously a prick to be acting like this. She needed to talk to someone, but who could she talk to about something like this?

The man led her into a large, comfortably furnished office, then took her wrist gently and led her over by the desk. He sat down in the chair and pulled her onto his lap.

Her heart was pounding like a trip hammer as her face flushed with embarrassment and anxiety. She could hardly meet the man’s eyes as he smiled at her and looked her up and down.

“Yes, sir. You sure are a pretty young lady,” he sighed, sliding his fingers through her hair.

He looked down at her firm young athletic legs protruding from the short skirt she wore, and at the firm bulge of her breasts against her blouse.

“What do you think, Chelsea?”

“About what?” she whispered.

“Do you think you could find a reason for me to keep your mom on through these hard times.”

“I... I don’t know,” she whispered, fidgeting with her hands as she looked away.

He slid his hand up and down her back, then up behind her neck. He gripped her neck and slowly pulled her head backwards, then leaned over and kissed her again.

She lay frozen, not knowing what to do.

“Kiss me back,” he whispered.

He pressed his lips down again and Chelsea kissed him half-heartedly. His grip tightened on the back of her neck, and she winced a little.

“You have to do better than that,” he growled.

He kissed her again, his tongue running along her lips, and Chelsea kissed back, pushing her tongue out as she did with Tommie. Surely this wasn't all that terrible, she told herself. She could do this, and then... then everything would be all right again.

Her eyes widened as she felt his hand on her breast, and her hands rose to push it off. Then they halted and fell back as his fingers softly kneaded her breast through her blouse.

His fingers slid up to her throat, then down along the buttons at the centre of her shirt, undoing them one by one. Each button that opened made Chelsea's heart beat just a little louder, and she wondered that Clark didn't hear it as his tongue pushed into her mouth.

He eased his head back, though he held hers down. His eyes moved over her body as he tugged her shirt out of her skirt and pulled it open. Chelsea blushed red as he gazed at her.

Then his hand cupped one of her breasts through her bra, squeezing it. He slid his hand behind her and unclipped her lacy black bra, then shifted it aside to bare her round breast.

No guy had ever seen her breasts so clearly before, and Chelsea felt a small tingle of excitement along with her embarrassment. She'd been pawed and groped and fondled in the back seats of cars and in basements and bedrooms and parks for years, but never under the bright lights like this.

Clark stroked and caressed them, then bent and licked at her left nipple. He slid his lips around it and sucked as he licked, and Chelsea felt a surge of heat as her nipples hardened and her breasts swelled.

His right hand slid down along her thigh, then up, pushing her short skirt up, caressing her inner thighs in a way that made Chelsea's body tremble. His fingers moved higher, sliding carefully along the edges of her panties.

“Such a beautiful young woman,” he said, sliding his lips from her nipple to her mouth.

Chelsea gasped as his fingers moved over her pussy, rubbing up and down against it through her thong. She felt dazed and confused by what was happening. It had all happened so fast, and she just didn't have time to stop and think.

“Have you had many men?” he whispered.

“I-I-I'm a v-virgin,” she gasped.

He pulled up, startled, excitement blossoming. “Really? I didn't know there were any of you left.”

His lips slid along the nape of her neck, his teeth nibbling lightly, and his fingers rubbed insistently at her pussy through her panties.

He pulled his hand away, letting go of her head as well. He reached for her shirt, pushing it back over her shoulders and off, and then pulling her bra off as well. Chelsea cooperated, though she was embarrassed and hesitant.

He gripped her hair behind her head, pulling upwards so she sat up straight, then pulling back. She gasped in pain but didn't fight him.

"Gorgeous," he said, looking at her firmly out thrust breasts. He stroked the undersides of both, and then pushed her body back against the arm of his chair and slid his hand between her legs again.

This time his fingers slid in beneath the crotch of her thong and rubbed at her bare pussy. They moved with far more expertise than the couple of guys she'd let touch her there, and Chelsea was surprised at the pleasure she was starting to feel from down there.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Like that, huh baby?" he smiled, rubbing her clitty.

"I...I - ."

He crushed her lips with his as he rolled her clit between his thumb and forefinger. He pressed another finger against her slit and worked it through the tight pussy lips and into her body. She squirmed and groaned, panting and whining as he pushed it deeper.

"Hot assed little slut," he growled, his lips coming down against hers with bruising force.

Chelsea moaned in pleasure and confusion. It was all too fast for her. She knew she couldn't fight him, that she had to let him do what he wanted, but she felt no real fear that he would hurt her, only embarrassment at a man, a virtual stranger, seeing her and... Touching her like this.

And the feelings rising up inside her were not ones she felt often, not even in the hurried fumbings she had had with boys. Her pussy seemed to be throbbing hotly, and sending tingling hot lust seeping through her veins.

When his fingers moved away she whimpered softly in protest. He unzipped her short skirt and then tugged it, and her panties down. Chelsea shifted her buttocks to help, though she felt a new wave of embarrassment.

She also felt a wave of excitement at being naked in the lap of a gorgeously handsome man. He wasn't a boy, either, but a grown man.

Her mother's boss!

She was naked except for her shoes, and as he laid her back and stroked her body she trembled and felt her loins striving upwards towards his fingers.

He ran his fingers up and down along her sex, stroking especially hard near the top. She moaned, her bottom grinding against him as her heat rose.

He shifted her forward, off him, and downwards onto her knees on the floor next to him. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, and Chelsea looked at it with rapt attention.

“This is for you, little girl,” he growled, reaching for her.

He gripped her hair and pulled her forward, but she offered no resistance. In fact, in a way she was glad, because this at least, she knew how to do.

She licked the underside of the head, then slipped her lips around it and bobbed up and down, going deeper on each stroke. He slid his hands through her hair, humping lightly as she took more and more cock into her young mouth.

But he wanted to pop her cherry, not come in her mouth. There would be plenty of time for her to learn her place on her knees.

On her knees.

He pulled her off and pushed her back so she fell on her back, legs splayed.

“Turn around and get on all fours,” he growled.

She gasped in excitement and obeyed, turning her head as he moved to his knees behind her. He ran his hands over her buttocks, then in between her thighs, cupping her pussy and squeezing it. She groaned and ground her hips instinctively as his fingers kneaded her pussy meat.

He pressed his hard erection against her slit, rubbing it up and down heavily.

“You want it, baby? Want my cock up inside you?”

“Ye...yes,” she gasped.

“Sir. Say yes sir,” he said, slapping her ass lightly, but hard enough to make her gasp in pain.

“Yes, sir,” she yelped.

“Louder.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Say it. Say you want my cock inside you.”

“I...I want your...c...cock inside me,” she groaned.

Just like your slut of a mother did, bitch, he thought to himself.

He pushed his moist cockhead forward, slowly forcing her pussy lips aside, grinding through the tight elastic muscles of her pussy opening as she groaned and gasped in pain and excitement.

He felt her heat and moistness against his flesh as he pushed deeper, then felt her hymen. He battered at it slowly, softly, his hands moving over her body, then under her to cup her fat, dangling breasts.

She groaned as he sank his fingers into her melons and kneaded them roughly.

“Hot little slut,” he growled, thrusting forward.

She gasped as his cockhead smashed against her cherry with greater force, then let out a soft cry as it burst through, ripping her cherry apart and plunging deep into her belly.

She shook and struggled to twist free as he clung to her breasts and held her in place. The pain of his fingers digging into her breasts soon outweighed the pain in her pussy, and she eased off, groaning as his cock sank all the way up into her belly.

“There you go, baby,” he panted. “You got a snatch full of cock meat now. You like it?”

He ground his pelvis against her buttocks, sliding his hands off her breasts and up and down her back.

His hands moved over her body as he worked her pussy opening, using slow, short strokes and grinding his hips against her. He gradually increased the length and strength of his strokes, though, until he was thrusting into her with firm, full motions.

She gasped and grunted and moaned as she was fucked for the first time, her mind basking in wonderment at the feeling of a cock impaling her, moving up and down inside her, at the sensations of pleasure rolling over her, at the feel of his hips slapping against her naked buttocks and his hands digging into her flanks.

It felt so raw and wild and animalistic. She practically forgot the reason she was doing this, forgot that he had blackmailed her into it, forgot her mother and everything else as she reveled in her first fucking.

Her pussy burned hotter and higher as his cock sawed across it. She groaned and humped back, gasping at the greater power of each stroke. Her head bounced up and down as his hips struck her behind with more power, and she moaned as the sexual pressure built up to the point where her skull felt ready to burst.

Then she came, gasping and grunting and gurgling in ecstasy as wildfire ecstasy burned along her nervous system. Her virginal young pussy spasmed and shook around his pumping cock, sucking and squeezing on it as he cursed and slapped her ass.

He slammed in faster and harder, riding her like an animal, jerking her back to meet his strokes as she squealed and grunted in heat. Her pussy was too hot, and too tight, and it ripped the come from him, sucking it down into her belly as he groaned and trembled in pleasure and fell forward atop her.

She sank down onto her face on the floor, her ass still in the air as his cock pumped slower and slower, then buried itself in her twat and emptied the last of its contents.

The both panted for breath, his mouth near her throat. He pushed himself back up after a minute, pulling his limp prick from her pussy crack. He sat back in his chair, pants still around his ankles.

She slowly rolled over onto her side, and looked up at him, smiling shyly as her chest heaved.

“Not bad... for a first... time,” he panted.

He held out his hand, and she slowly pushed herself back onto her knees and moved over before his chair. He ran his hands roughly through her hair, and then pulled her face down against his groin.

“Let’s see if you can get me hard again baby. Then I’ll give you a real fucking.”

She smiled softly and reached for his cock, but he grabbed her wrists.

“Let’s not make it too easy for you,” he smiled wickedly.

He opened one of his desk drawers and took out a pair of handcuffs, then pulled her wrists behind her back and locked them into place.

“Now let’s see you do it,” he leered.

Chelsea pulled experimentally at the cuffs. This felt incredibly kinky to her, but she wasn’t worried. After all, they were in an office building, and he wasn’t some weirdo or something. She bent and slipped her lips around his flaccid cock, her tongue lapping eagerly.

“I still don’t know if we should be doing this,” Morgan whispered.

“We don’t have much choice, now do we?” Prentice snapped.

“But...”

“Shh...Here he is.”

The man was common looking enough, wearing an ordinary suit and tie. There was nothing unusual looking about him. It was hard to believe he actually killed people for a living.

“Mr...Uh, Smith?”

“It’ll do,” the man said, sitting across from them.

“You know who I am.”

“Mr. Jones,” he smirked.

“Uh, yeah, and this is...”

“Miss Brown?” he grinned.

“Whatever you want,” Morgan said with a glare.

“Fine. Do you have the money?”

“Yes,” Prentice said.

He slid an envelope to the man and the man took it, opening it. He frowned.

“A check?”

“It’s not a check. It’s a cashier’s check made out to cash. It can’t be traced.”

“So you say.” He slid it back to him.

“I want cash.”

“But this is - .”

“I don’t care if you say it’s untraceable. I want cash, pure and simple. I know what to do with that. Hundred dollars bills. Half when I take the job, half on completion.”

“Will you do it?”

“Who is it?”

“A man who works here.”

He snorted and waved his hand.

“No problem. You get me the money, he’ll be dead within a couple of days.”

“We want it to look like an accident,” Morgan said.

“How old is he?”

“Not very.”

“Too bad. Well, there are lots of ways for young men to die too.”

“When can we meet again?”

“Tomorrow afternoon. Bring the cash, the name, address, and preferably picture of the guy you want offed, and any information that might help. Put it all in a small cardboard box. Bulging envelopes are too obvious.”

He got up and drifted off, and Morgan looked at Prentice.

“Well?” he asked.

“Are you sure he can do what he says?”

“My friend says he can.”

“Okay,” she said softly.

Chelsea was bent across Clark’s lap, face down, and was gasping and moaning as his fingers moved against her pussy mound. She was panting and whimpering as he drove his fingers deep into the soft, moistness of her vaginal opening, and stroked his thumb across her clitoris.

He smiled and pulled his fingers out, as he had before several times. He slapped her bottom lightly again, then again, as she yelped and gasped and squirmed.

“Tell me,” he said.

“I’m a hot little slut and I need a cock in me,” she gasped.

“Again.”

“I... I’m a hot little slut and I need a cock in me!”

“And what do you do with cock?” he asked, slapping her ass a little harder.

“I... I love to suck cock,” she gulped. “I love to have cocks in my pussy!”

He thrust his fingers up her quim again and she shuddered and arched her back.

“Oh, God!” she gasped, the orgasm getting closer.

He fingered her clit, and she humped back frantically.

Then he pulled his fingers out and slapped her bottom. She sobbed in anguish.

“Please,” she gasped, her cuffed hands wriggling as if to get at her pussy herself.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me!”

“Master,” he smiled.

“Please fuck me, master! Please fuck me, master! Please!” she gasped.

He slapped her bottom again, and she gasped in pain.

“What do you need?”

“A... a cock,” she gasped. “I need a cock inside me... Pleeese!”

He smiled. He had been tormenting her for long, long minutes now, driving her upwards towards orgasmic climax only to back off every time and stop her from going through.

He was delighted at how ignorant, how unsophisticated she was, his mind racing over the possibilities. Morgan was a bitch and always would be. He could force her to let him use her but she would hate him all the while. Her daughter, though, was an entirely different kind of challenge. She was lapping up her first real sexual experience, and his mind was ranging far and ahead as he considered how best to bring her under tighter and tighter control.

Right then he had her because of the threat to her mother’s job. But she was coming to love the way his hands and lips moved over her lovely young body. He wasn’t sure why that was. Some of them just seemed to - snap, when they were presented with a fait accompli, when they had no choice and it didn’t matter to them whether he “respected them” in the morning, when they gave themselves over for a sexual play toy. Some of them really got into it for some reason, even while hating him.

But this little whore was the youngest he’d ever had like this, and her mind was soft and pliable, easily influenced. Oh yes, he would bind her closer and closer, convince her that he loved her, and that she loved him,

squeeze her into a dark little trap filled with passion and fear and lust and love.

Her legs were spread so she couldn't grind her thighs together, and he held her in such a way that she couldn't grind her pussy against him either. His fingers traced a soft movement along her thighs, carefully avoiding her throbbing pussy mound.

He slapped her bottom again, hard.

"You're a cheap little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes!" she gasped.

"Cheap little sluts need to be punished. They need to be spanked."

He slapped her already red bottom again, then again, then again. Chelsea gasped and moaned, but the impacts against her flesh seemed to be transmitting themselves through to her pussy, and sending little explosions of pleasure into her belly.

She groaned and gasped in pleasure and in pain as his hand rained blows on her upturned bottom. The teenager squirmed and moaned and wriggled helplessly as her body was assaulted by starbursts of erotic heat and pleasure. She was on the verge of coming again, and rolled her bottom back desperately.

He lifted her up suddenly, standing and pushing her over the side of his desk. She groaned helplessly, her swollen breasts grinding and rolling against the hard wood as he spread her legs apart. He rubbed his cock up and down her slit and she cried out and humped back.

But instead he pressed his cock against her anus. She didn't even realize at first, and then her mind was so fuzzed and blasted that she could hardly understand it. She almost thought he was making a mistake.

"Ooohhh! Ooohh! UhhhhhH!" she gasped as his thick meat slowly sank into her wrinkled little hole.

"Oooh! Fu.. Fuck meee!" she begged, wanting his cock in her pussy.

"I will, slut. I will!"

He thrust forward hard, and she cried out in pain.

He gripped her hot, sweating thigh and dragged her a little ways to the side of the desk, then jerked her sideways so her pussy was right over the corner.

He thrust forward again, and she grunted and gasped, then moaned as she felt her pussy grinding down on the wood. She ground herself down harder, spreading her legs wider as she ground her sex against the corner of the desk. It hurt but... it felt soooo good.

Clark pulled his cock back, then pushed deeper, slapping her bottom suddenly. She cried out, and his cock drove home to the hilt in her small, tight little hole.

“Uhhhhnggggh!” she groaned.

“You got the whole thing now, my beautiful little slut,” he groaned, squeezing and kneading her buttocks with his eager fingers.

Chelsea knew she did, and could feel it up inside herself. She knew that some people did this, had heard of it whispered about, but had never imagined for a moment that a man would ever push his cock up her ass.

Now it was there, filling her to the brim, cramping her belly, and moving back and forth. But she was so hyper and so hot that she didn't feel the humiliation or disgust or even the pain that she would have thought she would.

Instead she just ground her pussy down harder onto the corner of the desk as the heat rose to almost unbearable levels. She could hardly breath, was so hot... so incredibly hot!

Clark pulled his cock back then thrust it forward. Her ass was tight as hell, and her entire body jerked back and forth as he started to fuck it. This ground her sex over the corner of the desk even more, and she groaned in delight.

Then her breath gurgled, a long, drawn-out warbling sound of exhaled air as her asshole began to spasm around his prong. He thrust in harder and faster, not caring that it must hurt, knowing she wouldn't care as her body erupted in orgiastic pleasure.

Chelsea's mind tumbled and turned and twisted as a howling storm of pleasure rolled over her. She could feel every inch of his cock as it pounded into her pussy, could feel her burning pussy grinding over the corner of the desk, and her swollen breasts sparkling with lust and desire and even pain as she rolled back and forth atop them.

The orgasm ripped her mind to fragments, tearing at her guts as she jerked and spasmed and shook in blissful abandon, her body shuddering violently, her legs bouncing spastically against the sides of the desk.

Then she went limp, gasping and moaning, her eyes closed, her mouth slack, her chest heaving.

Clark eased up his fucking, burying his cock in her rectum and grinding his hips against her as he caressed her body. He smiled in arrogant superiority, thinking of all the things he could do to a stupid little slut like this one, and thinking too of how outraged and horrified her mother would be if she knew what he'd done.

He had the delightful urge to buzz her and have her come in, imagining the look on her face when she found him buried to the hilt in her slut daughter's asshole.

But no, not now, not yet. Maybe he would let her know some day.

For now he was enjoying his possession of this delectable morsel of cunt meat, and wondering how he could better control her in future.

She groaned weakly as her senses returned, and he began to stroke into her again, moving slowly, in no hurry to finish. He had already come once in her pussy so he knew he could stand her asshole for a while longer yet.

"You liked that, huh, baby," he said, stroking her hair.

"Yesss," she groaned.

"There are a lot of fun things I still want to show you."

He stroked easily in her asshole now. He fucked slowly, but made sure to cram every inch into her on each stroke, and then grind his pelvis against her ass cheeks.

"You ever been sodomized before, baby?"

She gasped and moaned weakly.

He slapped her bottom.

"I asked you a question."

"N... no," she groaned.

"Feels good, doesn't it. You'll be begging for a cock up the ass before long. It gets addictive to you hot little sluts."

He fucked steadily, and reached down, gripping her legs and jerking them wider apart. She gasped as her clitoris pressed more heavily against the corner of the desk.

He pulled his cock out and looked down at her gaping hole, then thrust it home again with a single deep stroke. She groaned and trembled lightly.

He pulled out again and then thrust it home.

"You like that, baby?"

"I... it feels... strange," she breathed.

"Nothing like a cock up the ass to show a girl what life's all about," he grinned.

He began fucking harder, slapping his hips against her buttocks and jerking her back and forth on the corner of the desk.

Chelsea felt the heat rising inside her again. This whole situation was so erotic, so exciting, that even doing nothing would have turned her on. Being bent over naked as a man fucked her in the ass was almost beyond belief. His hips slammed against her buttocks with enough force to jar her whole body now, and her pussy meat was grinding down with painful delight against the corner of the desk.

She felt her insides burning up again, felt her spirit soar as the pleasure slashed across her.

He halted and pulled his cock free. She groaned and tried to keep grinding her pussy on the desk.

“You want my cock, baby?”

“Yes! Yes!” she gasped.

“Beg for it.”

“Fuck me! Please fuck me!”

“In the ass,” he said.

“Please fuck me in the ass!” she gasped, her mind flaring with lewd delight at speaking the words.

“Please fuck my asshole! Please shove your cock into my asshole! Please fuck me up the ass!” she gasped, trembling in lust.

He thrust his cock home and she exploded into another orgasmic storm, gurgling and grunting and moaning as he reamed out her bunghole with hard, deep, violent strokes that had her bouncing and shaking against the desk.

Five

Morgan was nervous when she got the order to see Clark in his office. She knew with dread that he would use the occasion to further degrade, abuse and humiliate her, and feared she wouldn't be able to hold up under it again, that she would do something that gave him reason to spread that tape around before the bastard was killed.

She braced herself as best she could before going, even taking a tranquillizer pill. She told herself that she could handle him, that she'd have the last laugh anyway since the little bastard would be dead soon.

But her guts were still tied in a knot when she reached his door and knocked.

“Come.”

She opened it and went inside.

“Lock it behind you, Bell.”

She obeyed him, feeling a sense of hopelessness wash over her.

“Come in and strip.”

She strove to keep her face expressionless as she removed her dress and bra and placed them carefully on a chair.

“The shoes too.”

She frowned, then reached down and undid her shoes, slipping them off.

“Come around her and get down on your knees.”

She glared at him, but held her temper as, naked; she moved around to the side of his bed and knelt before him. He smiled smugly as he slouched in his chair, legs out and apart.

“I wondered where you were yesterday before noon,” he said.

Morgan felt her heart pound.

“I... went to lunch early.”

“You did, huh? Pretty lazy of you, Bell. Don’t I give you enough work to do?”

“More than enough,” she said sullenly.

“But you still manage to go off for early lunches. Anyone I know?”

“No.”

“No. You weren’t off fucking someone, were you?”

“No,” she snapped.

“You got real nice tits, Morgan. I ever tell you that. Put your hands behind your head and arch your back.”

She slowly lifted her arms and slid her hands behind her head, her face turning red despite her efforts to remain calm.

“Arch your back more. More. Spread your legs, slut. Sit on your heels. Good, now spread em’ apart for me. I want to see that little slit of yours.”

“Wh... Why... are you doing this?” she said between clenched teeth.

“Because I can,” he smiled.

He opened one of his desk drawers and took out a long, thin black rod of some sort. He rolled it between his fingers then slapped it lightly against his palm.

“Do you know what this is, slut?”

“No,” she gulped.

“This is a riding crop. Has anyone ever hit you with a riding crop before?”

She stared at him silently, her arms shaking a bit.

“I asked you a question, slut.”

“No,” she gulped.

“Then you’re in for a new experience.”

She pulled her hands down and stood up, backing away.

“You’re not hitting me with that thing,” she snarled.

“Oh yes I am, and you’re going to thank me when I do it.”

“No way,” she said, shaking her head. “I’ve taken enough shit from you. I don’t care if I wind up a secretary or something. I’m not going to take this any more.”

He smirked and reached out to his desk.

“You know I figured you and Prentice were up to something,” he said. “But since neither of you would talk in your offices I was at a bit of a loss to figure out what it was. The answer was incredibly simple.”

He sat up a little straighter. “The same shop that sold me the surveillance stuff I already had sold a little microphone no bigger than a battery. In fact, it looks like a battery. I slipped it into your purse the other day.”

She stared at him in shock.

“I figured, the amount of shit you whores keep in your purses it’d be a long time before you noticed it down there at the bottom, and in the meantime the only thing between your voice and it was a little slip of leather.”

“Would you like to hear what it got yesterday?”

He pressed a button and she heard her voice and Prentice’s.

She slumped visibly as she heard the two of them discussing killing Clark, the amount it would cost, and how they’d like to see it done. Then she heard the stranger’s voice, and his demand for cash.

“Heard enough?”

He turned it off and stood up, the smirk still on his face.

“You’ve been a very bad girl, Morgan,” he said, moving up next to her. “Very, very bad. If I presented this tape to the police you’d be arrested and thrown into prison. Conspiracy to commit murder,” he said in a sad voice. “How disgusting. That isn’t the kind of thing the cops will give you any breaks on either. Straight to prison for years and years.”

He suddenly swung his arm hard, his open hand slapping across her face so hard it spun her around and sent her flying against the wall.

“You fucking bitch!” he snapped. “You try to hire a guy to kill me?”

He reached down and grabbed her hair, tearing her head back, making her scream in pain as he dragged her to her feet. He dragged her across the floor and sent her flying against the desk. It hit her belly hard and she gasped in pain as she collapsed across it.

“Bend over, you whore!”

She gasped and sobbed in fear and pain as she clutched the other side of the desk. She trembled helplessly as he cupped her pussy and squeezed hard.

She screamed in pain, twisting and writhing.

“You think you can get away with anything without me finding out, slut? I’ll show you just how wrong you are. You are going to take whatever punishment I give you, and do anything...ANYTHING I tell you, or I’ll put your fucking ass in prison!”

“We’ll see who looks after that slut daughter of yours then, baby. She’ll wind up alone on the street being balled by fat old men with twenties in their fists.”

He raised the crop and slashed it through the air. It made a hissing sound, then thwacked against the soft flesh of her bottom.

“Aggh!” she cried.

“Just a taste, slut.”

It hissed down against her bottom again, and again she cried out in pain, the sound broken by a sob of misery.

The crop lashed down again, then again, then again, raising nasty red lines on her soft white flesh. She sobbed in pain, her fingers white as she clutched the opposite side of the desk, her body trembling and shaking as the pain ripped through her.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

She clenched her teeth together, tears filling her eyes as pain ripped into her ass cheeks again and again. “Are you sorry, slut?” he demanded.

“Ye...yess,” she sobbed.

“Say it”

“I-I’m...I’m...s-s-soorrrryy.”

“I’m sorry for trying to have you murdered, sir,” he growled.

“Pleeasse,” she whimpered.

Thwap! Thwap!

“Say it!”

“P-p... I-I’m...s-soo s-sorry for...f-for tryin... trying to have... you... you...”

“Murdered!”

“...Murdered...s-s-sir,”

She broke into gut wrenching sobs as the crop sliced down into the burning flesh of her bottom once again.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

He halted, his cock bulging as he eyed her bottom, covered in criss-crossing red lines. He felt an immense feeling of power, power that fed his lust.

He moved up to her and reached over, gripping her by the hair. He jerked her head up, pulling her off the desk, then forced her head back so hard it was almost upside down, and her breasts stuck out hard and taut.

“I’ll teach you which of us is the boss, baby,” he whispered. “I’ll show you who has the power around here.”

He forced her down onto her knees, ignoring her gasps and whimpers of pain as he undid his pants and drew out his cock. He rubbed it over her face

as she panted and whimpered and sobbed, then stuffed it into her open mouth.

“Suck it, whore,” he snarled, thrusting deep into her mouth.

She pawed at his belly and he tore at her hair.

“Put your hands down, bitch! Down!”

She lowered her hands, whimpering, and he fucked her face hard and fast. She tried to suck and lick at it but he pumped too fast, not interested in anything but soaking his cock in spit and degrading her. He thrust the hard, stiff cock against the insides of her cheeks, forced it up along the roof of her mouth, jammed it deep so that she gagged and choked again and again.

He pulled her up by the hair, and flung her forward, slamming her torso down on the desk. He shoved her legs apart, pushing them wide.

“Reach back, whore. Reach back and grab your ass cheeks and pry them open.”

He jerked her hands down and the white-faced woman’s trembling hands reached for her buttocks. She sobbed in pain as they made contact.

“Pull them apart, whore!”

She pressed her fingers in harder, wincing in agony as her wounded buttocks flared with fresh heat.

“Ever take a cock up the shitter, baby? Huh? Ever get fucked up the ass?” he demanded, slapping his hand over her ass and squeezing.

She sobbed anew and he laughed as he pressed his cock against her anal opening. He thrust in firmly, using her own spit as the only lubrication. She grunted and moaned and began sobbing loudly as he thrust hard, jamming his cock into her, raping her asshole open.

“Ohh! Ooh G-G-Gh-God!” she sobbed.

“I am your god, slut!”

He thrust in hard and his cock stabbed deep into her anus. She rolled her head in agony, tears spilling from her eyes as he buried his cock in her and slapped his own hands down on her bottom. He began to hump into her, not waiting for her ass to get used to his cock, not interested in doing anything but hurting her.

He tore his cock back and forth in her rectum until her anal muscles gave up and stopped fighting. Only then did he slow down and take his time as he moved his hands over the sobbing, trembling woman’s flesh.

“You’re gonna be a much more obedient little girl now, aren’t you, Bell?” he sneered. “Otherwise you’re gonna be in prison sucking pussy while you’re whore daughter is on the streets being pimped by some nigger, sucking cocks all day.”

Like she sucks mine, he almost added.

He pounded his cock into her for long minutes, sighing contentedly as her insides sucked and squeezed on it. Then he spewed his load into her bowels and pulled back, sighing in relief.

He moved around to the other side of the desk and sat down, gazing at her teary mess of a face as she lay across his desk.

“Get dressed, slut. You can’t lie around the place all day. You got work to do.”

Clark made a copy of her keys, then, after leaving her with enough work to keep her occupied until midnight, drove to her place and let himself into her apartment.

He looked around with interest, and then headed down the hall to where he could hear rock music. He opened a door and saw Chelsea there, wearing a nightshirt and laying on her bed listening to a CD.

“Hey, baby.”

She screamed and leapt up, gasping in shock as she saw him standing there.

“Ho-how did you get in here?” she gulped. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“I borrowed your mother’s keys,” he smirked.

“You better go. She might come home early.”

“She won’t be home for a long time. I gave her a lot of work to do.”

He moved forward into the room.

“What do you want?” she asked nervously.

“I think you know, honey.”

He slid his hands around her and she struggled briefly before his lips came down on hers. He undid the buttons running down the front of her nightshirt and pushed it back over her shoulders. She was nude beneath, and blushed as he stepped back to admire her form.

“You are one hot looking, sexy girl,” he said, shaking his head.

She felt a wave of pleasure and excitement, despite the embarrassment.

He pulled the nightshirt open and turned her, tugging it back over her shoulders and off. He pulled her back against him, his arms going around her, his hands sliding up to cup and squeeze her breasts. He turned her so she faced the big mirror over the dresser, so she could watch herself as he slid a hand down to her pussy and began to finger her clit.

“E-ewan,” she groaned.

“Dirty little slut,” he whispered, licking and chewing at the nape of her neck.

She began to grind her buttocks back against him and to breath more heavily and he stopped, pulling her towards the door.

“Wh-where - .”

“Show me your apartment.”

“But - .”

“Now, little slut.”

He tugged her out of her bedroom and pulled her alongside him, his arm going around her waist. She squirmed a little uncomfortably, feeling strange, but she obediently led him around the big apartment.

She showed him the games room, and her mother’s office, stressing how hard her mother worked, then the sauna and hot tub, and the room her and her mother used as a gym, with the exercise machines taking up most of the floor space.

She tried to stay by the doorways, but he kept pulling her into the rooms and walking around with her, and she kept looking at the big floor to ceiling windows and all the other apartments around them, their lights glittering in the darkness.

She led him to the living room, and again tried to hang back.

“Stop hanging back,” he ordered, smacking her bottom.

“Ow! Someone will see me,” she whined.

“So what? A hot assed babe like you is made to be seen. Maybe you’ll give some guy a hard-on.”

He pulled her into the living room and its large; floor to ceiling windows, then let her lead him into the main bathroom. She showed him the big sunken tub, and the big shower stall, complete with four showerheads. He pretended not to understand her as she explained how the knobs worked.

“Show me,” he said.

She tried to stand outside, but he put his foot against her pert ass and shoved her under the water. She gasped and tried to come out but he blocked her way.

“I want to see you take a shower,” he said.

“But... why?”

“Because I do.”

She thought that was really strange, but it was also kind of sexy, the idea of showering in front of someone. She backed in and turned on the water, letting it fall around her, then, feeling a little awkward, she grabbed the soap and began to soap herself up.

He sat back against the counter and watched as she soaped up, smirking contentedly, hoping her mother was working hard, and miserable as hell right about now.

“More soap. Get yourself real soapy.”

She soaped herself up more, staying mostly in the corner out of the way of the spray as she ran the soap up and down her body.

“Do your tits more, and that pretty little pussy.”

She blushed a little, but did as he wanted, rubbing the soap up and down against her crotch as she felt her clitty buzzing and flickering with desire.

He began to undo his shirt and tie, and she smiled, wriggling her bottom a little and running her hands over her swollen breasts as he watched. He folded his shirt and placed it carefully over a chair, then undid his pants and placed them next to it. He stripped naked, then stepped in through the open door of the shower.

He let the spray wash over him as he stood there facing her, then moved forward, slid his arms around her, and crushed his body against hers.

She groaned as their lips met, and as his groin ground into hers. She raised a leg and curled it around behind him as his tongue shot into his mouth and his hands dug into her soft, soapy buttocks.

He gnawed on the nape of her neck as he gripped her bottom and forced her left leg up higher, and then jerked it back against the wall. He reached down and gripped his cock in his other hand, rubbing the head against her slit, and then shoved it through her moist pussy lips.

“Ooohhh,” she groaned, her back arching as his cock slid up into her belly.

He threw his hips against her, slamming his meat up into her belly as he ground himself against her.

He Shoved her back into the wall, grinding his pelvis forward, rubbing his chest against her soapy breasts as their tongue slid hungrily together. He pumped into her, his cock sawing heavily upwards towards her clit because of their position.

She whined and moaned in pleasure, gasping and whimpering as the heat boiled inside her and the sexual pressure built up to agonizing force.

He clutched her bottom in his hands, lifting her off the floor and jamming her against his cock as he thrust harder. He pounded her against the wall as the teenager whined and moaned and gasped in delight, her arms going around his neck as she bounced against him.

He twisted away, easing down to his knees, and then lowering her onto the tiled floor of the shower stall as he continued to slide his cock in and out of her.

He reached out and grabbed her legs, pulling them from around his back and jamming them down against the floor to either side of her. He rose above her, feeling power and strength as he thrust down hard and deep,

stabbing his cock into her with ruthless strokes, drawing gasps and grunts of pain from the panting, moaning girl.

Her eyes stared up at the ceiling as he rammed himself down into her, and then began to glaze over as his cock sawed upwards towards her clitoris and plunged back and forth in her tight, overheated sex.

“Take it, baby!” he groaned. “Take my meat! Take it! Take it!”

He hammered his hips against her upturned buttocks, slamming her down into her floor with each stroke. His hips slapped wetly against her buttocks as the water poured around them, and his lips sucked and chewed at hers as she gurgled through a powerful orgiastic eruption of pleasure.

He came in her tight belly, pumping what felt like gallons of semen into the whining, thrashing teen as the orgasm shook both of them simultaneously, then he groaned and eased back, letting her legs unfurl, kneeling between them as they dropped to the floor and she lay there sprawled nakedly under the falling water.

“Hot little slut,” he smiled.

She smiled shyly back.

“You and me are gonna have a lot of fun.”

He looked down.

“But we need to do something about that.”

“Wh-what?” she gulped anxiously, looking down at where he was looking.

“This,” he said, reaching down and tugging at her small thatch of pubic hair.

“Wh-what?”

“Shave it off.”

She stared at him, blushing more deeply. “Why?”

“Because I said to. Now. I want to watch.”

“But - but I - .”

He put his hand over her mouth and frowned unhappily.

“You don’t get to argue, Chelsea. That’s not what good little slave girls do.”

Her eyes widened and he grinned and winked. “Now shave it off.”

He took her arm and led her to the adjoining bathroom and found her razor and scissors, then sat back on a plush chair, watching as the girl, blushing furiously, sat back and spread her legs, then cut away at her golden pubic hair. She soaped herself up nervously, then carefully shaved at her hair.

“Every last bit. If I feel one bit of stubble you’re going to get a very bad spanking.”

She swallowed repeatedly, but continued to shave, searching with her fingers for any stray hairs. When she was done and toweled off, she blushed fiercely to see how naked she looked, at how obvious and bare her slit was.

“Good slut,” he said.

He moved away, pulling her with him.

After rinsing off and toweling dry, he led the naked, and still damp teenage blonde down the hall to the master bedroom, and over to her mother’s neatly made four poster bed.

“Nice bed,” he said. “Does your mother get much action on it?”

“Huh?”

Then she realized what he meant and she wrinkled her nose in disgust.

“Nooo.”

“Why not? She’s a great looking woman. You don’t think she’d like a cock now and then.”

“That’s disgusting.”

“Why?”

“Because... because it is, that’s all.”

“You don’t think I’d like to fuck your mother?”

“Would you? Why?” she demanded.

“Because she’s hot.”

“So am I,” she pouted.

“You’re a little fuck-toy, baby.”

She smiled uncertainly.

Get into bed.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so. That’s the only reason you need for doing anything, baby.”

She crawled onto the bed and sat there uncertainly.

“Where does your mother keep her scarves? I always see her wearing those silk scarves.”

“Third drawer. That bureau,” she pointed.

He opened the drawer and took out a fistful of long silk scarves, then came back to the bed. He pushed the teenager down flat, then gripped one of her arms and wrapped one of the scarves around her wrist.

“What are you doing?”

“Shut up.”

He tied the scarf, then pulled her hand up towards the corner of the bed and tied the scarf around the post.

Chelsea watched with interest, excitement, and a little anxiety.

He moved to the other side of the bed and tied her other wrist to the second post, then went down to the foot of the bed, gripping her legs and jerking them down hard, stretching her out, then spreading them. He carefully tied each ankle to the corner posts, and then moved up to sit next to her.

“What are you going to do?” she gulped.

“Whatever I want,” he said.

He folded another scarf and placed it over her eyes, then tied it behind her head.

He got off her and left the room, padding naked down the hall to the kitchen. He picked up a few things, and then went back. The girl was already writhing on the bed and calling for him.

“Shut up or I’ll gag you,” he said.

He sat on the edge of the bed and reached into the little bowl he had, pulling out an ice cube. He pressed it against the side of her neck, and she gasped and jerked her head aside.

“Wha...”

He ran the ice cube down the centre of her chest, and she strained at the scarves, moaning as the icy drops of water trickled down her belly. He moved the cube up and circled her breasts slowly, then pressed it against her right nipple.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Take it off!” she gasped.

“When I’m ready, slut.”

He circled her nipple, then moved the ice cube to her other nipple and circled that one. He laughed as she arched her back and gasped in discomfort.

“Nice fat little nipples here,” he said.

“Take it oooof!”

He slid the cube down her belly, circled her belly button, and then rubbed it along her slit. She gasped even louder, and then yelped as he forced the cube into her.

“What...stop...no! Oohhh!”

He laughed as he pushed the cube deeper into her slit, using his fingers to jam it up into her belly. She squirmed and moaned; grinding her ass into the bed as the cube simultaneously burned and froze her pussy tunnel.

She wondered how ice could burn, but that was what it felt like.

He produced another cube and ran it over her body, rubbing it slowly along her armpits, then along her breasts, her belly and sides, and along her thighs, then pressed it against her asshole and jammed it inside with his fingers.

“It’s too coooold!” she groaned.

“I’ll warm you up then,” he said.

He reached into his pocket and took out his lighter, then flicked it alight. He raised the pressure so the flame pushed out a couple of inches, then moved it towards her frozen right nipple.

He let the flame dance across it for several seconds. At first she didn’t notice, because her nipple was freezing, and wet, but then she cried out in pain, and he pulled the flame away.

“That hurt!” she cried.

“Good. Sluts need punishment.”

“I’m... not a slut,” she whimpered.

“You women are all sluts.”

He flicked the lighter against her other nipple, and again she cried out in pain.

“Evan!”

“I didn’t give you permission to use my first name, slut. You call me sir, or master.”

“It hurts,” she whined.

“Good.”

He grabbed another ice cube and rubbed it all over her pussy, moving it slowly, then clicked on the lighter again and let the flames wash against her bare mons.

The heat rose and she screamed in pain. He moved the flames around slowly, burning her flesh as she began to sob and cry in real pain, her arms and legs straining against the scarves.

He smiled and pulled the lighter away, shoving it back into his pocket.

“Let me goooo,” she sniffled.

“Don’t forget who the boss is here, baby,” eh said. “You do what I tell you.”

He picked up a cucumber he’d gotten from the kitchen and smiled down at her as the girl sniffled and moaned, and strained against the scarves holding her helpless.

“You do whatever I say,” he repeated, licking his lips hungrily.

SIX

Morgan had spent the remainder of the day almost in a daze. She never went to meet with the man she and Prentice were supposed to pay off, and didn’t know what Prentice had done. She figured Clark had probably played the little tape for him too, and then found something nasty for Prentice to do.

She had to stand up for much of the day because sitting hurt too much. Her bottom burned like it was on fire whenever she tried to sit down, at least for the first several hours. After that it only stung.

By then her legs were aching so much she preferred the pain in her buttocks and sat... gingerly as she went through the mountain of work Clark had given her.

She didn't know what she could do now. Even quitting work was not an option. Clark could actually send her to prison! The thought of that sent shivers up and down her spine, so she tried to pour her thoughts into her work.

She worked until late, and when she got home Chelsea was asleep. She was glad of that. She felt awful, and was fairly certain she looked awful as well.

She stripped in her room and turned her behind to the mirror, wincing as she ran her hands over the now fading red lines. It didn't look as bad any more, and she marveled that he hadn't cut the skin.

It still hurt, though, and the memory of the beating hurt more. Having to bend over his desk naked while he... while he... did that to her was almost beyond belief. She was still a bit dazed at what had happened.

How low could she fall? What would he make her do next?

Then she remembered, and she knew. He would use her as a whore, use her on clients, and make her spread her legs for anyone who wanted her.

She felt a deep depression and helplessness. She thought about just packing up and running, maybe going to California, or somewhere else, changing her name. Surely the police wouldn't chase her that far when nobody had actually been killed.

And what would she tell Chelsea? How would she explain why they were leaving and running to...to where, to some tiny little apartment in some poor part of town. What would she do for a living? Be a waitress in a diner?

No. She had to stay. Surely Clark would ease off after he'd had his fun and games. Well, of course he was angry with her now. She couldn't really blame him for that. She had conspired to have him killed, after all. But he'd get over it.

Eventually he'd leave her pretty much to herself. She'd just have to find a way to put up with him until then. At least for the next few years. She had to get Chelsea into college anyway.

She sighed deeply, wondering how she'd let things get to this state. She crawled into bed, hoping tomorrow would be better, but knowing it wouldn't be.

She got little sleep.

The next day she dressed as Clark had ordered, in a shorter skirt. It wasn't a mini, but was well above her knees, and she was a bit nervous considering he'd forbidden her to wear any panties.

Chelsea slept in, as usual, and she headed to work with a dull, gnawing feeling in her belly.

She was expecting trouble, and got it, though not quite what she had thought. Clark did not force any sex on her that day, which was a surprise and a relief.

However, he took almost any opportunity to humiliate her in front of others, as long as those others weren't senior to him. He sneered contemptuously at her, snorted at her suggestions, told dirty jokes, and even grabbed her bottom openly around a couple of guys, telling her loudly, what a great ass she had.

For a woman with as much pride as she had this was almost worse than his private rapings, and she was burning with hatred by the end of the day.

That was when he called her into his office and, as usual, had her lock the door. She figured this would be the time for his raping, but he showed little interest in that.

"Strip," he ordered.

She expected that, and quickly removed her clothes, hoping nervously, that he wouldn't use the riding crop on her again.

She stood naked in front of him as he opened a small box and took something shimmering and black from it. He brought it over to her and dangled it from his hands.

It looked like a mass of red leather straps, but as she lifted one, she found they were all joined by small round rings.

"Put it on, whore."

She had no choice, and awkwardly pulled the straps together around her body. It never occurred to her that her own daughter had donned a similar outfit, but in a different color, only the previous day. And as Evan bent her over the desk and forced a thick dildo into her pussy and another into her anus and then jammed them in with the tight lower strap, jamming them up painfully into her belly so that cramps rippled through her, she could only moan and gasp and grit her teeth.

Clark strapped her arms back painfully tight behind her back, pinning them at wrist and elbow so that her shoulders ached fiercely, then forced a kind of red ring into her mouth. It was bigger than the ones holding the straps together, but not much. It was pushed in between her teeth, jamming against her jaw to prevent her from closing her mouth, and a pair of red leather straps went behind her head and buckled there to hold it in place.

Then she was forced to her knees before him as he stood above her, grinning smugly.

“Whore,” he spat.

He thrust his cock into the open ring, and gripped her hair, pulling her face forward. She gagged and choked, and then her eyes bulged in fear and alarm as he kept pushing forward. With the ring holding her mouth open she could do nothing to resist as she felt the thick, swollen head of his cock pushing against her throat. She fought nausea, gagging and choking as he forced his cock still deeper.

Her body writhed and twisted, but his tight grip on her hair held her easily in place as his fat cock pushed down into her throat. A part of Morgan knew that deep throating was something survivable, that more - experienced - women had done it often, but the terror of being unable to breath still hammered at her mind as his cock pushed achingly deep into her throat.

Her throat bulged from the inside, his cock sliding ever deeper as he pulled her face up into his groin, jamming her there, forcing every last inch of cock through her open mouth and grinding her face into his groin.

“Lovely,” he sighed, holding the wriggling, writhing blonde in place as he exulted in the feel of her throat around his cock.

He held himself there, feeling her struggles grow more desperate, more frantic, then begin to ease as she became faint, as she began to lose consciousness. He slid his cock back out and she coughed explosively and gulped in air, her chest heaving as she drew in breath after breath. The lack of air was so much more important than anything else that her throat forgot its gag reflex, forgot its discomfort.

And then he tilted her head back again, leering as he pushed his cock through the ring.

“No, please!” she sobbed, her voice awkward and muffled due to the ring.

His cock slid back down her throat, and this time he began to use it as he would her pussy, thrusting in and out, raping her throat, jamming her nose and face into his groin again and again as she shook and trembled. He pulled out again as black spots danced before her eyes, and again she could do nothing but gulp in deep, shuddering breaths of air.

Again he thrust into her, and again, and again, until her throat was raw and aching, her head was pounding and dazed, and her nose felt raw and sore from being slammed into his abdomen. Then he came, pulling back, spurting over her face, squeezing his cock to rub each last drop over her forehead and cheeks and rub it in.

He removed the ring from her mouth, but forced her to keep the leather straps on, and the dildos inside her. He made her dress and then sent her back to work like that, grinning in hearty amusement.

“Come back at the end of the day, whore, and I’ll get you something else to wear.”

This was a nightmare in broad daylight. He continued to humiliate her, to fondle her, to make lewd jokes and remarks around her where others were present. He raped her throat again at noon, and again in the middle of the afternoon, both times forcing the ring into her jaw so that in her desperation and fury she did not bite him. Only at the end of the day was she allowed to remove the straps and the dildo, and given something else to wear.

It was a dress. A small dress. She stared at it, eyes dull, then at him.

“Put it on, slut.”

She took it and looked at it for a moment. It looked like little more than a slip. She pulled it over her arms and shoulders, red-faced at the view she was giving him, then pulled it down.

It bunched up tightly under her arms, more like a shirt than a dress, and she tugged it down over her breasts, then down her belly and over her hips. It was extremely thin, like silk or satin, but very tight, hugging her figure.

It barely covered her buttocks, and was extremely low cut, so that she had to adjust the small cups to hide her nipples. Two small spaghetti straps held the V shaped cups up, but they looked so dainty she worried either or both would burst under the strain as her breasts pushed the material out tautly.

“Nice,” he said. “Real nice.”

He moved around her, and she felt his hand on her bottom, sliding over it through the dress, then going underneath briefly, sliding over her buttocks, then in between her thighs to cup her pussy.

He moved around in front of her again, and ran a hand slowly down her belly; smiling smugly at her as his hand moved over her abdomen, then between her legs, then up under the dress, rubbing her pussy.

He stepped back and pulled out another box, this one thicker, and opened it. There was a pair of red stiletto heels inside. He tossed them to her, and she stepped into them. They fit, to her disappointment.

They went well with the dress. They said the same thing. “Fuck me”. They were so high she was practically on her toes as she looked down at Clark.

“Nice,” he said again.

He moved around behind her and she knew her ass was stuck up and out invitingly. She felt his hands on the hem of the short, tight skirt, rolling it up to bare her buttocks.

“Very nice,” he said. “This ass was made for fucking, Morgan.”

He rubbed her bottom softly.

“I’ll have to make sure I attend to that more often from now on.”

He slapped her ass, and then tugged the hem down again.

“But not today. I have other... er... business to attend to.”

He moved in front of her and leered.

“You don’t think you’re the only slut I have to satisfy, do you? I got a hot little piece on the side too. She’s a hot little bitch who begs for cock.”

He cupped her breast and smiled.

“Think I can get you to beg for my cock, Morgan, baby?”

She didn’t answer, and tried not to look at him.

He closed his fist, squeezing her breast harder. She gasped in pain.

“Beg for it, baby. Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me,” she gasped.

“Sir.”

“Please fuck me, sir,” she whined.

He sniffed in amusement and let her go, moving around behind his desk.

“You’re going to meet Mr. Takahashi tonight at six. You’ll take him out and show him a good time. You’ll obey his every wish. Understand?”

“Bastard,” she said through clenched teeth.

“That’s of no importance. You’ll fawn over him, play up to him, kiss his ass... literally, if he wants you to, then spread those long legs of yours and fuck his brains out. I want a good solid fuck, too, Morgan. If he tells me tomorrow that you were a wet rag in bed I’m going to take the riding crop to your pussy. You got that?”

She nodded her head tightly.”

“I said. Do you get that!” he snapped.

“Yes, sir,” she snapped.

“Love the attitude, slut. I might still take the crop to that pretty ass of yours if you piss me off too much.”

Chelsea looked at him a little worriedly when he came through the door. Last night hadn’t been like she had wanted. He had hurt her, and for no reason either. He had burned her nipples so they stung for hours, and burned her pussy so it throbbed and stung.

Then he had practically torn her pussy apart pushing all sorts of stuff into her. When she had complained, after he had untied her, he had put her on her belly and spanked her ass hard so it had nearly driven her crazy.

She had decided she didn't like him after all, and didn't want to do anything with him. But she didn't know how she could stop. He had a key to the apartment, and he could fire her mother if he wanted to. She thought about telling her mother, but that would enrage her, and what could she do anyway, but quit?

"Hello, slut," he said.

She looked down at the floor.

"Ready for some more fun?"

She shrugged unhappily.

"Get those clothes off, baby. I want to see your hot, slutty body."

Despite herself she felt a warmth in her loins at the words, and at stripping in front of him. She stripped naked, then stood there looking down at the floor.

He had a briefcase with him. He opened it so the lid was towards her, and then took out two thick black, padded leather wristbands of some sort. He took her right hand, and slid one around her wrist, then buckled it tightly in place.

She saw that it had little rings set into the sides, and was very strong indeed. He put the second one on her other wrist, and she realized they had to do with tying her up or something. That scared her, but she didn't know how to refuse him.

He produced two more, only these ones went on her ankles. Then, to her surprise, he produced a fifth only it was much bigger. It was a collar, and slid around her throat, then locked in place with a little pad lock.

Chelsea felt a quivering fear in her belly, but also a growing heat. This was all so kinky and lewd, and she felt...erotic, and exotic.

"Good slut. Now I brought something for you to wear."

He presented her with a box, and she stared at it, blushing, then opened it and blinked in surprise. Inside were what looked like a collection of black straps.

"Let me help you into that," he said, eyes dark slits.

She was reluctant, and kept blushing, at first, but she really had no choice, and he ignored her protests as he pulled the straps around her firm young body.

A round ring sat against her chest just above and between her full breasts. Inch wide leather straps were attached, going straight out to either side, pressing down slightly on the top of her breasts, circling her chest. A third strip went straight down between her breasts, while two more went up and out to either side, to slide over her shoulders.

A second metal ring sat below her breasts, and like the top ring leather strips went straight out to either side, pushing up slightly against the underside of her breasts. A third strip went straight up between her breasts and was attached to the top ring. A fourth went straight down to attach to the third ring, this one over her belly button. Two straps went out to either side of that one and clipped together behind her back.

“Something special,” he said, waggling his eyebrows as he pulled a thick dildo from his pocket.

She gasped and he turned and bent her over, pressing it against her bare sex. She moaned as it forced the pubic lips in and back, and groaned as it pushed into her body. It was fatter than his cock, fatter than anything she’d ever had then, and her pussy lips strained and squeezed against it as he buried it inside her.

“And let’s not forget this,” he said, taking a butt plug from his other pocket.

He pushed down on the back of her head as she tried to rise, and pressed the butt plug against her anus, slowly working it into her as she moaned and panted for breath.

When they were both fully inside he drew the bottom strap of the leather outfit down between her plump little pubic lips and yanked.

“Oww!”

He pulled the strap up between her buttocks and attached it to the ring behind her.

“I-it’s too tight!” she moaned.

“Shh.”

He gripped her wrists and pulled them up behind her neck, clipping the restraints together.

“Oww! Ow! Ow!” she moaned, twisting against him.

He ignored her, forcing her wrists high, painfully high, and then using a short chain to lock them to the back of the collar.

“Evan! It hurts!”

He slapped her bottom hard. “You will call me sir or master,” he snapped.

He drew a wide leather strap from the belt and placed it beneath her arms, which were folded behind her back, then drew the ends around and together. He slid the clasp through the buckle and began to tighten the belt; slowly forcing the lithe young girl’s elbows back together.

“Ow! Ow! Please!” she gasped, her voice starting to break.

“Think of yourself as a slave girl,” he said, his mouth at her ear, his hands gently kneading and caressing her breasts. “A slut slave, a fuck toy, a sex slave.”

He continued to tighten the thick strap, ignoring her pleas as he forced her arms together, forced her elbows together, and then buckled it in place.

He yanked her upright and she staggered and swayed, staring at him with fear in her eyes, her face filled with pain.

“You’ll get used to it, little slut,” he said, pinching her nipples lightly.

He brought a leash out of the briefcase, then snapped it to her collar and led her down the hall to her mother’s room. He stood her in front of the full-length mirror, and she gazed in awe at how sluttish and sexy and lewd and erotic she looked.

Her breasts looked so hot and gorgeous, and throbbed with excitement against the leather straps.

“Now you look like a proper slave slut,” he said, smirking.

Slave slut? She felt her pussy bubbling at the words, and at her own appearance in the mirror.

“A girl like you was built for fucking,” he said, sliding his hands over her breasts. “You’re a fucking machine. A machine built for fucking.”

He slapped his hand on her ass and squeezed it.

“What a tight ass you have.”

He pulled down on the leash, forcing the teenager onto her knees.

He pulled his cock out and rubbed it against her mouth, then thrust it inside.

“Suck me, whore,” he growled.

She moaned around his hard flesh, bobbing her lips up and down, feeling hot and sluttish and wild, and helpless and frightened all at the same time. He gripped her hair and she moaned in pain as he thrust into her mouth, pumping roughly, making her gag as he had before. He pulled out and she gasped, and then cried out as he yanked on the leash so she fell onto her belly.

“Now crawl, fuck-dog,” he said. “Crawl on your belly like a bitch in heat. Crawl to me and beg for my prick.”

Chelsea gasped in shocked excitement and embarrassment. This was all so lewd, so wonderfully sexy, but at the same time so degrading. He seemed angry and unpredictable, and she had no idea what he would force her to do next. She played her part, though, wriggling across the floor, crawling as he walked across the floor to the door and waited. Her breasts ached as she ground them into the floor, and her shoulders throbbed as she rolled and

twisted from side to side, legs kicking and feet pushing at the floor until she reached him.

“Lick my toes, whore,” he growled. “Suck on them. Show me you love your master.”

Chelsea did not want to do that, and her face wrinkled in disgust. Yet, she told herself, he would hurt her otherwise, grow angry, and he had showered, sort of. And there was her mother’s job - .

“Now, slut dog!”

She pushed her head out and tentatively licked at his foot, then slid her tongue slowly up and down against it. She began to feel depraved and wildly slutty because of it. Her tongue lapped at his toes and at his feet, and then, forcing herself, she slid her lips over his big toe and sucked and licked as she looked up at him.

“Good slut,” he said.

He pulled her to her feet, running his hands over her breasts.

“How’d you like it if I brought in a few hundred guys to fuck you, baby?” he leered, his hand stroking her pussy through the thin strap.

She groaned and arched her back slowly, her sex grinding against his hand.

“Hot slut.”

He reached into the briefcase and pulled out something else. It turned out to be a blindfold, which he slid around her head.

“Now I’m gonna let in a bunch of guys,” he said. “There’s only twenty or thirty. They all want to watch you, and then fuck you. You don’t mind that, do you, slut?”

“Wha... what? I... you... aren’t really, are you?”

“Ha. Cant’ you tell?”

She heard the front door open, and then close loudly. She was pretty sure he was just saying it, pretty sure that there was nobody else there. That was why he had really blindfolded her, after all. Still, the thought of other men, strangers a whole bunch of them, staring at her, seeing her like this... it made her pussy bubble.

“What do you think, Mike? Is this a nice set of tits?” his voice asked.

Chelsea felt her heart thumping as a hand squeezed her breasts roughly.

“Mike says you got nice tits, baby,” Clark said.

Chelsea knew there was nobody there, but it made her pussy hot just pretending.

“You’re gonna show everyone a real good time. Aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes... sir,” she gulped.

“Tell me what you love best.”

“I... love to suck cocks,” she breathed. “I love cock. I love to take cocks into my pussy, sir.”

“And don’t forget where else, slut.”

She blushed. “I... love to be fucked in the ass, sir,” she gulped, squeezing her thighs together a little.

His hand stroked up and down the cleft of her buttocks.

“What about women? Wouldn’t you love to suck a woman’s pussy?”

“I... I... yes, sir,” she gulped.

She had never really thought seriously of it before, but figured yes was the right answer no matter what she really felt.

“You really need a cock in you, don’t you, slut?”

“Yessss,” she sighed. “Please fuck me, sir. Please fuck me.”

“Well, I don’t know, slut. Maybe I should spank you instead for being such a bad little girl.”

“I’m sorry,” she whined.

“Turn around and bed over, whore.”

She obeyed, her skin flushed with excitement. She felt his hand moving up and down against her pussy mound, squeezing it, and rubbing her pussy lips, which were forced out to the sides by the tight strap.

“Mike says you got a nice ass, baby. So does Phil. Phil is another guy. He’s a black guy. I bet you’d love to take a big black cock up your snatch. Wouldn’t you, slut?”

“Yes, sir,” she groaned, humping lightly against his hand.

Clark grinned at Phil and the big ex-football star snorted in amusement. Mike, who was thinner, but equally tall, was rubbing his hand up and down the girl’s pussy. He slapped her ass lightly and reached around to fondle one of her breasts.

Evan undid the lower strap at the small of her back and the girl groaned in relief. He rubbed his hand over her pussy and eased his fingers just inside, gripping the base of the dildo and tugging it out, thrusting it in and tugging it out again.

“Tell the men here why you got no pussy hair, slut.”

“I... you... shaved it off, sir,” she said with a little bit of an accusatory tone.

“Then what did I do?”

“Pushed a cucumber up into my pussy, “ she gulped

“You liked that, didn’t you?”

“It... Hurt,” she gulped. “It was too big.”

“Are you complaining slut?”

His hand slapped against her bottom and she yelped.

“No!”

“That’s good. If I thought you were complaining I might need to punish you.”

Mike’s hand was stroking her clit now, as Phil pumped the dildo in and out. She groaned, and he tugged on her leash.

“That’s it, whore. Grind that ass back. Show everyone what a whore you are.”

Her insides were steaming as Chelsea got into the sexy game she thought Clark was playing. She humped back against the dildo, gasping as they drove into her, as they fucked up and down in her moist cavern.

Her clitty buzzed with lust as his thumb rubbed insistently across it, and she whined in disappointment when he pulled the dildo free.

“Feeling hot, baby?”

“Yesss,” she groaned.

“Yes, master.”

“Yes, master,” she gasped.

“What do you want, slut?”

“Fuck me.”

“Beg for it.”

“Please fuck me, master!” she whined. “Please stick your cock in me and fuck me hard!”

“How about if you suck my cock, baby.”

Mike and Phil were already stripping quietly, and Mike sat down on the edge of the couch as Clark led the girl there, then forced her onto her knees. Mike took her hair and pulled her over his cock, and her lips slid around them with a wet sound.

She sucked hungrily, her tongue moving fast as she began to slide her lips down further.

Clark and Phil grinned at each other. She still didn’t suspect. She would when she felt Phil’s cock, which was a lot bigger than Mike or Clark’s. But for now the little blonde slut sucked contentedly on Mike’s cock as he stroked her hair and squeezed her breasts.

Clark leaned forward over her.

“You just love cock meat, don’t you, slut?”

Mike pulled her lips up off his cock and she licked her lips

“Yes, master.”

“I bet that slutty cunt of yours is just dripping for a good hard fuck.”

“Yes, master,” she panted.

“Well, there’s a big ugly nigger here named Phil. He’s got a huge cock that’s all throbbing and hard. He wants to stuff the whole thing into your pussy and fuck the hell out of you. Would you like that, slut?”

“Ye... yes,” she gulped. “Yes, master!”

“Beg him then. Beg Phil to shove his big cock up your hole.”

“P... please stick your big cock up my hole, Phil,” she panted. “Please fuck me with your big nigger cock!”

“Get back to sucking my cock, slut. Phil’s gonna get behind you and fuck you.”

Chelsea let his hands guide her back over his cock, then slipped her lips over it again and sucked. She stuck her bottom out, her legs open, imagining a big black guy sticking his cock into her.

She wondered what Clark would do. Maybe he’d use his fingers to fuck her while she sucked his cock. She could pretend - .

She felt his hands on her hips, but they felt... wrong... too big - .

Something rubbed up and down against her sore, puffy red pussy lips, sawing along her clit. It pushed between her thighs and the full length sawed along her slit as her mind suddenly clicked to the understanding that there really was someone else there.

She stopped sucking, stunned by the realization. She tried to pull her head up but Clark’s hands held her head down as the man behind her pushed his cockhead against her pussy opening.

Her face flushed in terrible humiliation as she realized that there really had been someone there the whole time, someone looking at her naked like this, someone fingering her, someone seeing her and hearing her beg for cock.

And someone pushing their cock into her.

She didn’t know what to do. But then there really wasn’t anything she could do. Her mind fluttered like a small bird caught in a cage as her pussy lips were stretched wider and wider around a thick cock that was starting to push inside.

Was it really a black man? Were there really a whole bunch of men behind her? Were they all watching her like this?

“Suck my cock, slut,” Clark ordered, cuffing the side of her head.

She blinked her eyes inside the blindfold, her mind torn and twisted, buffeted by emotions of humiliation and excitement. Clark pulled on her hair, and she winced, and started sucking again. Behind her, the man pushing his cock in was gripping her hips tightly, and his cock was slowly forcing its way up her tight, but very wet pussy sheath.

He was so big! Was that really a cock? It ached, but it was such a nice ache! She sucked and slurped on Clark's cock as the other one, the big one that he said was black, pushed into her, slowly boring its way through the tight pink folds of flesh.

It filled her pussy tunnel to the brim, making the elastic walls stretch and strain out as it pushed deeper and deeper. She groaned around the cock in her mouth as the man gave a little thrust, then pulled back and gave another.

Clark, meanwhile, was holding a camcorder, and filming her. Despite the blindfold, anyone who knew her would readily identify the face as hers, and he thought he might need something else on her, something to keep her from spilling her guts if things got too wild.

He'd get more, of course, lots more.

Chelsea had almost come to accept that another man was with them, had started to twist her sexual desires higher, winding in the lewd idea that she was being fucked by two men at once, one of them a big black guy she didn't even know.

Somehow it wasn't so embarrassing because she couldn't see him. She didn't know why.

And the feelings in her pussy were making her body shaking and tremble. She was all stretched and filled, and still the cock pushed deeper. She groaned and gasped in pleasure and heat as it jammed into the very bottom of her pussy, mashing up against her very cervix.

She whimpered as she felt a burst of pain. Then a big finger moved between her legs and rubbed against her clitty, and a hot flash fire of lust seared her body.

She shuddered, and pushed back against it.

"That's it, little girl," a heavy, black voice chuckled. "You want that black meat. Don't you, baby?"

Her mind flashed hungrily, and she trembled even more. The sexual pressure built up higher and hotter, until her skin felt ready to burst into fire.

Then she came, grunting and moaning and shaking between the two men, her mind tumbling and spinning in wild, orgiastic fever as the men stroked and kneaded her soft flesh.

Seven

Morgan had never felt like such a whore in her life. The dress she wore... if it could be called a dress concealed little. It was tight across her buttocks, and so short she kept sliding her hands along her thighs to reassure herself that it actually did cover her pussy and ass.

Since she'd come straight from work, and hadn't had any panties there, she had none on now either. That was very worrying with such a short dress.

The narrow triangles which were held up by the spaghetti thin strap around her neck covered the centre of each breast, but left the sides exposed, and if she moved at all suddenly her breasts would swing and the nipples would pop into view.

As if that weren't embarrassing enough she had to face Yoshiro Takahashi, a man she had dismissed as an ignorant sexist leech two years ago and who now had the option of doing whatever he wanted with her body.

Even the doorman at Takahashi's hotel had smirked at her like she was a cheap whore. She had walked through the lobby, drawing many glances from both men and women. She felt humiliated, and refused to look at anybody, refused to meet anyone's eyes.

The elevator was even worse. There were three men in it with her, and a woman in a business suit who looked at Morgan like she were a piece of dirt.

She finally got off, and strode forward, shoulders back, knowing the men's eyes were on her ass. She moved quickly, and felt a wave of relief when the doors closed at last.

She slowed and then felt the anxiety of wondering what Takahashi would want her to do, and how he would react to seeing her this way. No doubt he would smirk in delight at how he could now do whatever he wanted to the woman who had been so cold to him.

She stopped by his door, feeling slightly sick, hesitated, then knocked firmly.

There was a momentary pause, long enough for her to feel a vague hope that he was already gone. Then the door opened. A Japanese woman in a business suit stood there. She was young, in her early twenties, and doll-like in her beauty.

"I... am here to see Chairman Takahashi," Morgan said in Japanese.

The woman bowed and stepped back, and Morgan stepped forward, smoothing her skirt again, wishing again for another inch, just an inch more of fabric.

The woman closed the door and showed her into a sitting room, not speaking. She disappeared, and Morgan tried to sit without exposing herself. It was impossible, and she stood up again, moving to a far wall and pretending to inspect a sculpture.

"Good evening," she heard.

She recognized Takahashi's voice, and slowly turned, smoothing her face and bowing slightly.

At the last instant she remembered her dress. Unfortunately, there was no way to stop now without giving offence. If she did not bow deeply enough, it implied that she did not have much respect for Takahashi.

How far one should bow was determined by how different the status was between the two people. As a senior account executive, she should bow about forty-five degrees. On the other hand, as a whore sent to give him a good time her status was far lower, and she should bow a full ninety degrees, and hold it until he spoke.

She bowed forty-five degrees. It was what she was used to, and even bowing that much threatened to completely drop her breasts out of her dress. She eased back, afraid to look down to see if her nipples had come loose. If they had she would lose considerable status.

"Good evening, chairman Takahashi," she said in Japanese.

He moved closer, looking at her without expression.

"Miss Bell," he said. "How delightful to see you here."

"I'm delighted to be here, Chairman Takahashi," she said.

"Quite a uh, different manner of dress than the last time we met," he said. "Your hair looks much better loose like this."

"I thank you, chairman Takahashi," she said, bowing again.

"I speak only the truth," he said.

The young woman in the business suit came up behind him, holding a dress jacket. He put his arms into them and the woman helped him on with his jacket.

"I will be back early," he said to her.

She bowed low, almost ninety degrees, which would befit a servant, then backed away.

"Well, Miss Bell. Where are you bringing me tonight?"

"Mr. Kirrin and Mr. Joyce will be meeting us at Chez Nues, Chairman Takahashi."

"Excellent."

He put out his arm and she slipped hers through it. The girl opened the door and bowed as the chairman led her through it and down the hall.

She felt worse, if possible, on going through the lobby the second time. Linked with Mr. Takahashi there was little doubt of what she was, not with him being thirty years older and a foot shorter than her.

She strove to ignore them as they went out through the main doors. Mr. Takahashi let her get into the limousine first, which was a blessing since

anyone in there would have a great shot of her crotch as she spread her legs to enter.

Then she sat, very uncomfortably, her thighs tightly together and the hem of the skirt about an inch below her crotch. Mr. Takahashi acted like the perfect gentleman, of course, as he sat next to her, and talked smoothly about business and her company.

Then they were at the restaurant, and her next major humiliation arrived. First there was walking through the restaurant with Mr. Takahashi, wearing the dress, and then, even worse, was getting to their table where Mr. Kirrin and Mr. Joyce, two of the three senior partners in the firm were waiting.

Mr. Kirrin was with his current trophy wife, a bleached blonde of 27 who had two degrees and enormous breasts. Mr. Joyce was with a girl from the secretarial pool he was dating behind his wife's back. Both knew Morgan very well, of course, and both were astonished to see her here dressed like she was.

In Mr. Takahashi's presence neither dared ask, of course, but they were obviously burning with the desire to. Their shock at seeing her as Takahashi's "escort" was almost matched by the way their eyes feasted on her body with such obvious interest.

Both had known her for years, of course, and neither had ever seen her in anything other than a conservative business suit. Even letting her hair down the other day had caused a stir among the senior staff so finding her almost falling out of a cheap slut dress almost made their eyes bulge out.

They both did their best to adjust, though it was confusing. As Takahashi's escort they weren't really even supposed to notice her, except to compliment Takahashi on how beautiful she was. Her job was to sit here and look pretty and sexy, as a kind of statement about his manhood.

It was, she was certain, the longest evening of her entire life. It felt like it was going to go on forever. She even seriously considered excusing herself, going to the ladies room, and killing herself somehow.

After the first couple of hours, the men had had enough to seriously loosen up, and Takahashi had pulled her chair right next to his. He had a broad, drunken grin on his face as he held his arm around her and laughed at jokes Kirrin was telling.

Some of the language and jokes got raw and vulgar, and Takahashi roared with laughter, pounding the table with his fist.

"Yessir, there's nothing like something soft and female to keep you warm at night," Kirrin laughed, squeezing his wife."

"It is hot blood which keeps a man hot," Takahashi said, thumping the table. Hot blood is the measure of a true man!"

He turned to Morgan with a sly grin.

“And tonight my hot blood will be flowing most quickly,” he leered, his hand sliding under her arm and cupping her breast openly.

The other men laughed, but there was an edge to their laughter, a strangled shock that the arrogant Morgan Bell was sitting there in a slut dress and letting a man grope her tit like that in front of them.

The get-together ended after what seemed like forever, and Takahashi and Morgan walked out to the limo, escorted by the others. Takahashi leaned heavily against her, giggling as he stumbled, and his hand groped her ass openly.

“Fair well,” he cried to the others as he stood by the open door of his limousine. “I go to... to conquer new heights.”

He turned and looked up ostentatiously at Morgan as the men laughed in delight.

“Let us know if you need help, Yoshiro,” Kirrin grinned.

“If I not back in two days you come find me.”

The limo driver helped him in, and Morgan quickly climbed in after him, refusing to look back at the others as the limo driver closed the door.

“Now comes the real party,” Takahashi leered.

The others were still standing by the door looking in as Takahashi shoved her cups aside and gazed at her naked breasts. Morgan blushed furiously as she tried to turn away from the window. Then the car lurched forward.

Of course, the limo driver could see her breasts, but that was still better than the others. How she was supposed to explain her dress and behavior to the partners tomorrow was beyond her.

“Lovely. Lovely,” Takahashi sighed, squeezing and lifting her breasts admiringly.

“Why don’t we... uhm, wait until we get back to the hotel, Chairman Takahashi,” she whispered, seeing the chauffeur’s wide eyes in the mirror.

“Ahhh, let me gaze upon your womanly charms,” he sighed, staring at her breasts as he held them in his hands.

The big black cock had just begun sliding steadily in and out of her feverish pussy when Chelsea heard the man who’s cock she was sucking, the man she thought was Clark, start groaning in delight, and realized that it wasn’t him at all.

“Yeah, baby. Suck it,” he grunted. “Suck that cock, baby!”

Her mind was still filled with shock at the realization that there was a second man here. Realizing there was a third was yet another blow to her sanity. The teenager whimpered in confusion as the man thrust his cock up

into her mouth and the other one started pumping with more power inside her overfilled sex.

Both of them were stroking and caressing her body as well, especially her taut, swollen breasts. Chelsea didn't know what to do, and did nothing. The two cocks slid back and forth through her lips as she knelt there helplessly, and her inner heat began to burn away her hesitation and embarrassment.

Minute by minute she felt her cares fade and her pleasure rise. Phil fucked hard now, his hips hammering against her buttocks as his big stiff cock skewered her buttery little pussy tunnel. Mike was humping up hard, pulling her mouth down on his prick as he face-fucked her.

Her belly was heaving and afire with lust, and all she cared about then was the hard and steady pounding of Phil's big cock. She hardly cared when Clark pulled the blindfold off her. Her view was only of Mike's groin and the cock sliding in and out of her lips anyway.

She never looked back at who was fucking her, or sideways at Clark with his video camera. She slurped up and down Mike's hard prick as she felt her insides twisting and swirling with lust and pleasure.

Suddenly Mike jerked her head up by the hair and spurted his juice into her face. She gasped and moaned and whined as Phil's big cock pounded into her, jerking her back and forward, and hardly noticed the wads of juice as Mike rubbed his prick against her face.

Mike sighed and laid back and Phil picked up the pace, ramming his hips into her small round buttocks as he speared her with his monster cock. He reached out and gathered her thick blonde hair in a tail and jerked back on it, using it like the reins of a horse as he forced her head up and back.

He laughed in glee as his cock pistoned inside her soft, tight belly, bouncing his hips off her buttocks as he struggled to keep his balls from exploding.

Chelsea grunted continuously, gasping and sobbing in pleasure as he rode her with wild, savage gusto. She felt her mind flare with heat, and cried out in ecstasy as the orgasm blossomed within her loins and radiated out through her body.

"That's it, slut! Come! Come, you little whore!" Phil growled, stabbing his cock into her spasming pussy tunnel with violent rutting motions that made her buttocks jiggle and bounce wildly.

"UHhh! Uhhhh! UhhhhH!" he cried then, accompanying each powerful grunt with a massive thrust of his mighty organ.

His semen blasted out, gushing down into her hot, spasming pussy as she shuddered and grunted and whined in climactic bliss.

Clark grinned in delight as he recorded it all, then stopped the tape and put down the camera.

“Hot little slut,” Mike said.

“Just like her mother,” Clark agreed.

The same girl bowed them into the apartment, and then got drinks for them as Morgan helped Takahashi to the sofa. Takahashi kissed her, pulling her half over his body as his tongue pushed into her mouth. She kissed back reluctantly, very much aware of the girl standing a few feet away.

He let her go and slumped back, grinning widely.

“Mr. Clark said I was to tell him if I was dissatisfied in you in the slightest way,” he said. “Do you think I will be dissatisfied?”

“No, chairman Takahashi,” she said.

He took another drink and looked at her over the lip of the glass.

“Take that off,” he ordered, motioning to her dress.

Morgan hesitated, looking at the woman standing across from them.

“Perhaps we should go into the bedroom where we can be alone, chairman Takahashi,” she gulped.

“I like it here,” he said, grinning.

He held up his empty glass and the girl moved quickly forward and took it from him, going to the bar.

“Remove it,” he ordered.

Her heart fluttering, Morgan slowly stood and reached down to the hem of her dress. She gripped it and peeled the tight dress up her body, slowly exposing her crotch, then her hips and belly, then her firm breasts as she peeled the dress over her head and off.

The girl brought his drink back and Takahashi took it without speaking, his eyes on Morgan and her nude body.

She moved to sit down and he motioned her back.

“Stand. Let me look at you. You are a beautiful woman,” he said. “Your body is a work of art. Turn and show me your back.”

She turned, terribly aware of the other woman watching. Takahashi reached up and ran his hand over her buttocks.

“Bend forward.”

Her face was hot and red as she slowly bent over and felt his hand sliding in between her legs to cup her pussy mound. He squeezed her sex repeatedly as he mumbled in drunken happiness.

He closed his hand tight and pulled her back. She gasped as she was pulled off balance and fell back across his lap. He laughed, pulling her in against him and running his hands over her body. He fingered her sex, probing at her pussy lips and thrusting a finger up inside her.

“Too dry,” he frowned.

He heaved her over onto the sofa beside him and motioned to the other girl. She stepped slowly forward and bowed.

She dropped gracefully to her knees beside the sofa. Her hands moved to Morgan’s legs, lifting them and opening her. Morgan stared at her in stunned amazement, not realizing, at first, what she intended. Then, when she understood, her face burned.

The woman bent forward and licked up and down along the insides of Morgan’s thighs. Morgan trembled anxiously, wanting to flee but not daring to. She had never had anything to do with women, nor ever felt the urge to. But now she had to sit here as this woman prepared to eat her out.

The young woman licked slowly along her thighs, then her tongue moved along the edges of Morgan’s soft, furry mons. Her fingers rubbed her pussy, and then peeled her lips apart to expose her pink flesh.

She licked slowly along the lips to either side, and then flicked her tongue into her pussy opening. Morgan was shocked to feel the depth to which the woman’s tongue probed, and stared down, frozen, as the young woman lapped and sucked at her sex with slow, expert motions.

Takahashi sat beside them sipping at his drink and watching.

After a couple of minutes Morgan laid her head back, feeling faint at the shock of all of this. She was slumped in the sofa with her legs up and apart, and a young Japanese woman she didn’t even know was licking at her clit.

Takahashi prodded her and she turned to look at him. He gave her glass, and she shrugged and took it, downing the contents in a single motion. She wondered if he’d send the girl to get a refill.

Instead he got up and went himself. The girl licked steadily at her sex, the tongue flitting around everywhere. Her lips moved over her clitty and sucked, and Morgan had to admit that she was doing it better than any man ever had.

What the hell, she thought. I might as well relax and enjoy it. I’ll kill myself tomorrow.

She laid her head back again, trying to tune the universe out. She was aware only of the steady licking and sucking of the Japanese girl, and the feel of her fingers on her flesh.

Takahashi came back and put their drinks down, then motioned the girl back.

“Lay down,” he ordered Morgan.

She turned sideways and laid down on the sofa as the girl stood and moved back. Takahashi stripped quickly, then climbed between her legs and rubbed his erection against her wet opening.

Morgan felt incredibly weird letting a man do this while a stranger watched. But then she'd done so many things that were weird lately, and all of them were so degrading, that she hardly had any pride left anyway.

Takahashi thrust into her, and she gasped as his cock drove in to her to the hilt. His body slid atop her, his weight coming down on her chest and belly. She spread her legs wider, drawing her knees back as he grunted and slid his lips over hers.

"Ahhhhh," he groaned in pleasure.

He began grinding his pelvis into her as his hands found her breasts and his lips rained kisses on hers. She could feel his stiff prong moving inside her unevenly. It didn't hurt. In fact, it didn't feel bad at all. She certainly wasn't going to climax or anything, but it wasn't the worst fucking she'd gotten.

She did her best to meet Takahashi's kisses, and even humped back at him as his cock moved inside her. It didn't take long for him to come, grunting and gasping in delight as his semen shot into her belly.

Then he rolled off with a grunt, and lay on his side, his hand stroking her breast idly.

"Mr Clark," he said, after a minute. "Assures me that you are under his complete control. I find this interesting given the strength you once seemed to have."

She said nothing.

"Will you tell me how this has come to happen?"

"It's a long story," she said.

"I have patience," he grinned.

"I'd rather not."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Stand," he said.

She stood up slowly, again very much aware of the young woman standing a few feet off.

"Go stand there," he called to the girl.

She bowed and moved immediately across the floor to the far wall, then turned and stopped moving again.

"Kneel," he said to Morgan."

She slowly eased down onto her knees, wondering what he was going to do.

"On your belly," he said.

She slid forward onto the floor, lying there anxiously.

"I want you to crawl across the floor to her on your belly. When you get there you will kiss her shoes and thank her for giving you pleasure."

Morgan's guts tightened at the words, and for a few moments she did nothing, but what was left of her pride didn't seem worth risking Clark's anger on. She began to slowly pull herself forward along the floor, first over the rug, her soft breasts grinding against it, then over the polished marble floor.

She didn't look up at the girl as she crawled her way along the floor, and tried to pretend nobody else was there but her. Her ass wiggled from side to side as she gasped and grunted with effort. Her breasts hurt as they rasped over the floor.

She crawled up to where the girl stood and then kissed the tops of her shoes.

"Thank you for giving me pleasure," she panted.

"Remove your shoes," Mr. Takahashi called.

The girl slipped off her shoes.

"Now lick her feet. Suck on her toes."

She stared at the girl's small feet, her mind buzzing with misery and anxiety. She shuddered, then leaned in and licked her feet. The girl raised one briefly and she slipped her lips around her big toe and sucked.

"Enough. Stand and come back."

She pulled herself up and around without looking at the girl and walked back to where Takahashi sat.

"I would not have believed it if I had not seen it," he said. "Clark said he had you under his thumb, but this -"

He shook his head, and then shrugged.

"Come." He rose and motioned her to follow him. They walked down a hall and into the master bedroom. He grunted as he sat on the bed.

"Disrobe," he said.

The girl quickly removed her jacket, and hung it on a chair. She undid the small scarf around her throat, and then unbuttoned her blouse, removing both and putting them on the chair. She undid her skirt and slipped it down and off, then removed her simple white bra, and bikini underpants.

She had small, but firm breasts, and a very narrow waist. She reached up behind her head, and with the pull of a few clips let her hair spill down over her shoulders and halfway down her back.

"Make love," he said, lying back on his elbows.

The girl turned to Morgan, who stared at her in surprise. The girl moved against her and slid her hands over Morgan's shoulders, then cupped her breasts as she leaned up and pressed her lips against Morgan's.

Morgan didn't respond at first, and then decided to just give up. She kissed back, following the younger woman's lead, even sliding her hands around behind her and cupping her ass when the girl did it first.

The girl led her around to the other side of the bed and the two climbed in. Morgan lay on her back as the Japanese girl began licking and sucking on her throat and shoulders and then her breasts.

She licked her way down Morgan's body while the blonde stared up at the ceiling. She sucked and chewed on her clit, her hands rubbing and stroking her thighs, then her buttocks when Morgan lifted her knees.

Despite herself, Morgan felt her juices begin to flow, felt the sexual heat begin to rise inside her. It was slow and sluggish, but as she relaxed more her body gave in to the feelings of pleasure the girl was forcing on her and she began slowly roll her hips at the tingling heat and pleasure

She groaned softly, arching her back a little, her hands sliding through the Japanese girl's long black hair. The girl spread her legs wider and wider, until Morgan whined from the sharp tension in her thighs.

Then she crawled up Morgan's body, spreading her own legs and pressing her crotch down against Morgan's. Morgan felt the girl's soft furry pussy grinding up against her own in a steady motion as her lips came down softly against Morgan's.

Morgan kissed her back, not caring any more, her arms going around her as she ground herself back. She gasped and whined in heated pleasure, her hands digging into the girl's soft buttocks as their pussies and clittys rubbed together.

"Oh God!" she whispered. "Oohh! Ohhhh Jesus! Uuhhhhh!"

She jerked her head back and the girl buried her face in her exposed throat, gnawing and sucking as their clitties rubbed together faster and faster. Morgan humped up, panting and whining as the pressure blasted through her and her body exploded in orgiastic delight.

"Very good," Takahashi said, smiling.

He stood over her as the girl slid off, and held out his hand. She took it weakly and he pulled her out of the bed, leading her to one side of the room. He opened a cabinet and took out a pair of leather restraints, and began to slide one around her right wrist. She jerked her hand back at first, then sagged and gave up, letting her arms go limp and dropping her head as he attached the restraints. The girl came up behind her and attached another pair of restraints to her ankles, and then the two led her to one side of the bed.

Her left arm was raised up and out and the restraint locked to a ring set in the corner of the high bedpost. Her left was raised up and out and a chain

locked it to a ring set in the wall. Then her legs were spread and chained open.

A ball gag was thrust into her mouth and she whimpered, her heart beginning to pound with anxiety. She watched Takahashi open a low cabinet and draw out a whip. It was a short handled thing with a dozen thick black leather laces.

The girl knelt in front of her, and began to kiss and lick at her lower belly, working her way down.

“Clearly you have revealed that your pretence of power was an illusion,” Takahashi said. “Now you shall be punished for the impertinent way you behaved during that pretence.”

She moaned and pulled weakly at the chains even as the girl’s tongue began to slide in between her pussy lips.

Takahashi moved behind her, and she tried to brace herself for the pain to come, her heart beating like a trip hammer.

The whip struck the centre of her back and she screamed, as much in instinct as in pain. The individual laces spread out to strike her back together, and it felt like a dozen bee stings snapping at her flesh. She writhed and jerked against the chains, moaning into the gag as he drew his arm back again.

The girl’s fingers kneaded her buttocks as she drove her tongue up into her pussy. Her mouth was wide, mouthing her entire sex as her tongue pushed forward, and when the flog struck again Morgan screamed and her pussy leapt forward, jamming into the girl’s mouth.

“Women in America do not know their place,” Takahashi growled.

The flog snapped across her back again and Morgan sobbed and screamed, twisting and tearing at the chains in hopeless desperation. The skin of her back was afire, and getting worse, as the flog lashed down across her again, and then again. The stinging pains clawed at her mind as she arched her back and bucked against the pain.

“But they can be trained just like any others,” Takahashi said.

The flog beat against her back, moving up and down its length until Morgan felt as if her entire back was on fire. Yet worse was to come, for Takahashi moved around in front of her and she stared dully, gasping for breath, at the flog in his hands. She felt a mild sense of relief, believing he was finished, then her eyes widened in shock as she saw him draw his arm back.

The flog started out with the strips bunched together, but as it swung up and forward the strips separated, spreading out, and then cracked down across the firm, soft, warm flesh of her chest and breasts.

Morgan shrieked in pain and disbelief. Whipping a girl's back was at least something out of popular fiction, but her breasts?

She screamed again as the whip drew back, thrashing frantically as she tried to pull free, tensing as the whip came forward, and howled as the strips cut across her breasts again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

Between her legs, the girl continued to lick and suck gently at her clitoris, and as the pain rose and the endorphins began to flow through her mind and body she began to feel almost a dazed sense of dispassion, as if she were floating alongside her body. The throbbing, burning pain was now a kind of shield against the sharp, jagged pain of each new blow, dulling it, absorbing it, and she sagged dazedly in the chains, moaning into the gag as Takahashi beat at her breasts and chest and belly, then moved behind her to strike her back once again.

Incredibly, bizarrely, the heat began to rise between her legs once again, a testimony to the girl's skill. And, half conscious, eyes glazed, her hips began to roll and buck against the girl's tongue as Takahashi finally set down the flog and moved in to press his body against her from behind.

She felt his hard erection pressed between their bodies, felt it sliding up and down the cleft of her buttocks and then pressing against her anus. She knew a dazed sense of revulsion but it was mixed with a sense of defeat and submission. She could not fight. There was no point. She gave herself up to the girl's mouth as she felt Takahashi's cock begin to force its way up into her anus.

Eight

Chelsea knocked timidly at the door, looking around nervously. Clark had phoned her, waking her up at eight thirty in the morning, and ordered her to come to this address. She hadn't wanted to, but couldn't say no.

The previous night was still terribly clear in her mind, the lewd carnal eroticism, and the hot, raw sex. She had fucked all three of them repeatedly, in the most disgusting ways. It was almost like a dirty fantasy come to life.

Yet underlining it all was an anxiety and a dark undertone of fear. She didn't like being forced to do these things, didn't like the way Clark and his friends sneered at her and slapped her around.

All three had taken turns spanking her, making her cry. Then they had fingered her roughly until she had climaxed. She didn't mind the fingering, though it was kind of embarrassing, but the spanking hurt.

And now she didn't even know where she was, though she guessed it was Clark's apartment. It was a nice one anyway.

He opened the door and motioned her in. She stepped forward nervously.

"You're looking refreshed from your arduous evening," he smirked.

"I... I can't stay long."

"You can stay as long as I want you to."

He took her arm and led her through a long, wide living room area, then down a narrow hall to a smaller bedroom in the back.

"Get those clothes off."

She scowled at him unhappily, and then reluctantly unbuttoned her shirt. She removed it, then reached down and untied her tennis shirt. When she straightened she saw Clark wasn't alone. Two more men, strangers, had come in, and were grinning at her.

Her arms automatically sought to cover her breasts, and Clark laughed.

"You haven't got anything they haven't seen, slut. We've been watching the videos from last night."

She blushed darkly and looked down.

"Now strip. These guys want to see if your pussy and asshole are as tight as I told them they were."

"The slut here?"

Another man came through the door, followed by two others. Now five strangers plus Clark were standing grouped together watching her.

Chelsea felt her skin turning hot all over, and again crossed her arms over her chest. Her belly twisted and churned as embarrassment and anxiety rose higher inside her.

"We're gonna have a little party, baby," Clark grinned. "But don't worry. You'll be the centre of attention. Now get those clothes off or we'll rip em' off."

She felt her heart hammering as the men spread out, leering at her. She slowly moved her hands down to her pants, fingers trembling, and unclipped them. She felt her groin begin to tingle and hum with anticipation even though she felt horribly embarrassed.

Stripping in front of all these men was not only humiliating, but also kinky and sexy, and she felt her lust coming alive as she slowly pushed her jeans down.

She stepped out of them, then, blushing fiercely, turned her back to them and undid her bra. She shrugged the straps over her shoulders and removed the bra, then, feeling a burst of embarrassment, shoved her panties down, squatting sideways a little to push them down enough for them to slide to her ankles.

She covered her pussy with her hand as she turned around. Her eyes looked down at the floor.

“Put your hands behind your head and spread your legs. We all wanna see that fine fuck machine of a body.”

She felt mortified, yet at the same time felt incredibly aroused. She slowly pulled her hands away from her body and brought them up behind her head. She shifted her feet apart and arched her back as they all stared at her lush, naked flesh.

“Now there’s something needs to get fucked,” one of the men said.

“Nice tits. Real firm looking.”

“Bet they’re real too,” another said.

“No pussy hair. Must be a real whore.”

“Who gets to fuck the little bitch first?”

Chelsea felt her heart skip a beat. She knew a long, hot morning was ahead of her.

Morgan whimpered softly. The early morning had ended for Takahashi, who had gone to his bed, but not for her.

He had bound her wrist restraints together behind her back and put a collar around her throat, then pulled her wrists up and bound them to the back of the collar with a short chain. He had then ordered her to obey the girl and left to sleep.

The girl had led her to a small side room where there sat a strange little wooden frame. It was made of dark, polished mahogany, and gleamed in the softly recessed light. It consisted of a rounded base perhaps an inch high, which supported two upright posts. Atop the two posts sat what looked like a small wooden roof. It was made of the same polished wood, angled together like a peaked roof.

At the girl’s insistence she was forced to throw her right leg across the top of the thing, and then the girl pushed, helping her slide up so she was straddling it, her pussy down against the narrow top. The girl then locked her ankles in place against the base of the thing and left her there.

At first it had not been terribly uncomfortable. But as the minutes ticked past the pressure against her sex began to feel more and more painful. Her groin became sore and raw and tender, and she kept trying to twist her body, to shift her weight, to ease it off her soft sex. But the only way she could really do that was by leaning back to put the weight on her tailbone. And after a while that began to ache so fiercely she had to lean forward again.

The pain grew, and while it was not terrible, not sharp, not jagged, while it was bearable, it was also relentless, unending, and it began to drain her, the way continuous pain will, to make her mind frantic and miserable. Pain

sweat set her skin glistening, and her breathing became shallow and ragged as she slumped forward.

She fought tears repeatedly, and then, alone, finally gave in, and sobbed miserably, sobbed at the unfairness of life, at the way her life had been destroyed, at her hatred and frustration at what Evan had done to her and her inability to fight back.

Hours later Takahashi's hand gripped her long blonde hair and yanked her head up and back. She stared at him dazedly, panting weakly.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Ms. Bell?" he asked tauntingly.

"Please," she said, her voice hoarse and weak. "Please get me down."

"I think not, not just yet. You have a good deal of pride yet to be forced out of you."

"Please!" she cried more strongly. "I'll do anything you want!"

"This is what I want," he said simply.

"Bu-but I - I have to go," she panted. "I - my daughter - ."

"You told me the last time we met that she was seventeen. She would be older now, yes? Easily able to take care of herself."

He fondled her breasts, smiled, and then moved before her. There was a ring set in the wall ahead of her and he attached a pair of small clips to it. Both were attached to long, thin wires, which he fed out of his hand, back towards her. At the end of each were clips, and he smiled as he closed one against her right nipple.

Pain bit into her and she cried out, writhing and twisting.

He gripped her other breast and let the second clip bit down against her nipple.

Again she cried out, the pain intense, tears forming in her eyes once more as she tried to lean forward to ease the pull against the wires.

He gripped her hair and yanked her head back, and she screamed as her nipples were pulled painfully against the clips.

"Did you feel how strong Kimi's tongue was against your sex the other night?" he asked, almost whispering. "Do you know how it became so strong, how she came to be able to push it out so far?"

He twisted her hair and she cried out again, and then he thrust something into her open mouth. Her eyes bulged, then she howled even more loudly as something hard and metal bit down on her tongue. She twisted violently, but only gave herself more pain as he pulled her tongue up and out through her lips. Another clip bit into it, and tears filled her eyes and spilled down her cheeks.

He pulled a wire attached to the clip straight up, forcing her head back, forcing her back to arch painful, pulling her nipples against the clips biting

into them, then attached the wire to a ring up above and behind her and, smiling, left her that way.

It was a couple of hours before she was released. Her groin was hot and felt swollen, as did her tongue and nipples. She screamed when the clips were removed as the pain clawed at her mind.

But then the girl pulled her into the bedroom, where two more young Japanese girls waited, and, as Takahashi watched, they all began to slowly and expertly caress and tongue her body.

At first Morgan, exhausted and drained, almost ignored it. She was so relieved to finally feel the end of the relentless, throbbing pain at her groin, the end of the tight, burning ache at her nipples and tongue, that she just lay still and bathed in the relative absence of pain.

Her nipples, however, swollen and still sore, were exquisitely sensitive, as was her entire groin area. And as the initial pain of having the clips removed faded into pins and needles, the lips and mouths on her breasts began to send startling, luxurious waves of pleasure rolling through her tired body.

She did not even try to fight it, and moaned as two of the women worked on her breasts and the third began to delicately tongue her swollen pussy. When one of the girls straddled her head and sat down on her face she began to lick at the girl's sex almost automatically, trying to imitate what was being done to her, staring up the length of the young girl's slim, tight young body as she sucked and tongued her clitoris.

She came powerfully, shuddering and making intense, guttural groans of ecstasy as fingers thrust deep into her sex and lips sucked expertly at her clitoris and nipples.

When the girl riding her face pulled away and Takahashi took her place she accepted his cock in her mouth without complaint, only grunting and gagging as he pushed too deep in his thrusts.

And then a cock was thrust into her pussy. She recognized it for what it was instantly. It was no dildo, no finger, and no device. She knew there was another man there, and yet could do nothing as she sucked on Takahashi's cock.

Only when he came, only when she drank his juice and he got off of her did she see there were half a dozen young Japanese men now in the room, the girls having left. She whimpered, and closed her eyes briefly as the man thrusting into her leaned forward, teeth gleaming as he looked down at her.

They all took her: one, two and three at a time, as Takahashi watched. And when they were done with her the girls came back and slid their soft,

naked flesh over her, their tongues pushing into her mouth, into her pussy, into her ears and against her nipples.

Towards evening they finally untied her, and she was allowed to dress and leave. Her body ached, but was not badly damaged. Inside, however, she felt broken. She made it home in a daze, and spoke to no one, including Chelsea.

Morgan had not wanted to go to work the next day, but Clark had complained she had already missed a day, “lazing around doing nothing” and warned her that if she wasn’t at her desk at eight-thirty sharp he’d go over to her house and strip her naked in front of her daughter.

She knew she would be in for further humiliation. Word of what had happened in the restaurant would surely get out to the rest of the staff before long. She figured Clark would make sure of it.

She was surprised to find him not even there, and set about her work as best she could.

She had barely gotten started, however, when the door to her office opened and Yoshiro Takahashi stepped in.

She got up immediately and bowed a shaky greeting.

“You certainly look more businesslike this morning than you did the other day,” he observed with a wry smile.

She blushed.

“I must say that, though you were slow at the start, you responded splendidly with a little persuasion,” he said with a further smile. “It has been long since I and Masaki had such an enthusiastic bed partner.”

She blushed again and bowed her head.

“Perhaps we have an exceptional morning in store for us. Mr. Clark has asked me to bring you to a small get-together he has arranged. And I would like to have a small late breakfast first.”

“Where?”

“An address not far from here. Come. We will go to a restaurant first and chat.”

They rode down in the elevator in silence, and got into the back of his limo.

“Will you not tell me what it is this Clark has over you to force you to obey his will? For it seems to me that he is an amazingly... ordinary man to have overcome one such as you.”

She shrugged. There seemed no reason to hide it now, not in the face of what she had done with Takahashi the other night. She told him about Sergio, and about the cameras, which had recorded it. Then she told him of the tape, and he shook his head with a snort.

“Sometimes you Americans are like children,” he said.

She didn't know what he meant by that, and didn't really care. They went to a nearby restaurant, and between bites Takahashi asked her lot of questions about the campaign her company had planned for his companies. Afterwards, they got back into the limo for a short trip.

The limo pulled over to a Manhattan brownstone, and she and Takahashi rode an elevator up to the top floor, and then waited before a door.

It opened, and Clark smiled at them and motioned them inside.

“What am I to see here?” Takahashi asked.

“A small performance, Takahashi-san,” Clark said. “And if you like, a small gift for you.”

He led them down the hall and into a small bedroom. The first thing that caught Morgan's eyes was a naked woman at the far end of the room. She wore a leather mask, which completely covered her face and head. There were two tiny slits for her nose, and that was it.

Black leather straps criss-crossed her body and descended between her legs. She clearly had no pubic hair, for Morgan could see her sex. The strap which went between her legs was clearly tight, but unable to push up against her flesh because it pressed against the base of a pair of thick dildos protruding an inch or two from her pussy and rectum.

She was shaking and trembling, and making whiny, gurgling noises, which were heavily muffled, probably, she thought, but a ball gag in her mouth.

“All right, slut girl. Stand up,” Clark ordered.

The girl stood up on shaky legs.

“She looks... weary,” Takahashi said.

“Uh, well, most of the guys have left,” Clark, grinned. “She's been well used this morning.”

He turned the girl around and bent her over, and they saw the red marks on her bottom. Morgan glared, remembering how she herself had gotten such marks not long ago.

“Bet you remember what this feels like, huh?” Clark grinned at her.

He pushed the girl onto her knees, and her legs spread instinctively, spread wide, as she sat back on her heels.

The redhead moved in holding a flog which resembled the one Takahashi had used on her the other day.

“Put your hands behind your head and keep them there,” he ordered the girl.

The girl slowly raised her trembling hands and locked them behind her head, thrusting those full young breasts out at them.

“I mean it, slut. You keep those hands exactly where they are,” he warned.

The redhead moved forward with the flogging thing and Morgan felt a wave of distaste as he raised it, then swung it down against the girl. The leather strips lashed across her round breasts, and Morgan heard a wail of pain through whatever gag the woman had in her mouth.

The woman held her position, though she shook and trembled violently. The redhead swung the thing down again, and again it lashed across her proudly up thrust breasts. Again she howled into the gag and shook violently. Morgan could see the red lines of pain across her round orbs before the flog whipped down again, then again.

She noticed then that the woman was grinding her pelvis, rubbing herself back against her heels. The rear dildo was now almost fully buried in her anus, pushed there by her own weight on her heels, and as she watched the woman eased her pussy back, jamming the base of the dildo there against her heels. The woman seemed to be getting off on the whipping, and she felt almost awed at that.

The thing whipped down again and again, and the girl’s grinding and humping grew greater as her whines and moans spilled through the gag.

“Lay back and spread your legs,” Clark ordered.

The girl fell back, arching her back several times, her hands still behind her head. She spread her legs and they could see that the black leather strap was now flush with her pussy, that the two dildos were now buried inside her body. The redhead leaned over and unclipped that strap, peeling it out from between her pussy lips. They could barely see a bit of the base of the dildo now, though her pussy lips almost entirely closed.

The lash struck her naked sex with violent force. The woman’s bottom bounced wildly into the air as her legs shook and spasmed, and she screamed into the gag.

Still she jerked her legs open again, and the lash whipped across her pussy with even, regular whipping motions. The girl was almost humping up against the thing now, her body covered in sweat as the strips of leather cracked down against her thighs and groin.

“As you can see,” Clark said. “This one is a natural whore. She gets off on almost anything. I can make her available to you, sir, and no one else, if that’s your wish. You can even take her back to Japan with you.

“What does she look like?”

“Beautiful.”

“Why is she masked?”

“It’s a punishment mask. It blinds her, which puts her in a world all her own, and also gags her so we don’t hear her screams of pleasure.”

“I like hearing screams of pleasure sometimes,” Takahashi grinned, turning to Morgan.

“Enough,” Clark said.

The redhead stood back. The girl’s crotch humped upwards.

“She looks like she needs some help, Morgan,” Clark grinned. “I hear you take really well to pussy eating.”

She stared at him in hatred.

“Come on, get those clothes off and get to work.

“I would like to see how she responds,” Takahashi smiled.

Morgan reluctantly undid her dress and slipped it off, then kicked off her shoes and moved to the bed. She was beyond embarrassment any more, and dropped to her knees beside the bed, her legs gripping the woman’s thighs and pinning them down as she licked at her soaking crotch with her tongue.

The woman’s pussy juices were spilling out around the base of the dildo inside her. Morgan could feel the buzzing under her flesh, and corrected herself. It was a vibrator. Her fingers rubbed at the clitty and her lips slid around it to suck.

The woman bucked up with grunts and groans, while Morgan sucked and licked at her clit, using all the tricks she’d learned the last two nights. The girl screamed into the gag, but it was all so heavily muffled Morgan could hardly hear much.

“Suck those tits, Morgan. Look how big and fat they are.”

She slid up the girl’s body, feeling a tinge of excitement as her own naked breasts rubbed over the woman’s overheated flesh. She stroked the taut, round breasts, noting the red lines of pain which the flog had left, and slid her lips around one fat nipple, sucking and licking at it as the girl moaned.

She ground her thigh into the woman’s shaved pussy as she rubbed her own pussy against the woman’s thigh.

She did start to feel some pleasure, possibly because she was beyond embarrassment now, and possibly because of the woman’s so obvious lust and excitement. She licked and sucked hard on the woman’s nipples, then rubbed her own breasts down against the hard round mounds below her.

The woman bucked up violently again and again, then arched her back so hard Morgan wondered how it didn’t break. Then she went limp, with a long indrawn groan.

Clark moved up behind her and gripped Morgan’s hair, pulling her up and back from the bed. Then he bent over and gripped the other woman by a

sort of handle that was tucked in the top of her mask. He pulled her up to a sitting position, and then dragged her off the bed and onto the floor.

He held her there as she swayed.

“I think you did such a good job, baby,” he said to Morgan, that this little slut should return the favor.”

He reached down to the bottom of the mask and unsnapped a portion of it, the part that covered her face below her nose. It swung free and hung on a strap. There was a thick ball gag in her mouth, and he pulled it out.

The woman gulped in air, gasping deeply.

“Time for you to do a little pussy sucking on your own, slut,” Clark said. He pulled her face in against Morgan’s pussy and rubbed it there.

“Suck that cunt! Suck it! Lick it!”

He stepped back as the woman’s tongue began to flick out against Morgan’s sex.

“She doesn’t have your experience, of course, but I’m sure she’ll make up for it with enthusiasm.

She did, in fact, and despite her dislike of the situation Morgan began to slowly grind her hips as the sexual pleasure rose up inside her. Her lower belly quivered, and her puss oozed lubrication as the woman’s tongue slurped and sucked at her opening.

She rolled her head in slow pleasure, moaning low in her throat as the woman sucked on her clit.

“Yesss,” she groaned, humping against the woman’s face.

She grunted weakly, her skull aching from the pressure. She was going to come. She hated the idea of doing it in front of Clark, but the pleasure was too wonderful to ignore. Even when he moved forward to stand right behind the woman she continued to hump up at him, closing her eyes and pulling her head back.

He reached down and unclipped the rest of the woman’s mask, then pulled the whole thing up and off, and stepped back.

He and Takahashi watched the red faced, glassy eyed young blonde teenager eating out the older blonde, both excited, though for different reasons.

Chelsea didn’t notice it was her mother she was licking. She was beyond noticing much of anything, and her concentration was on the pussy in front of her.

Morgan didn’t notice much either. Her eyes were slitted and her head was pulled back, and when she did see anything of the girl between her legs it was just the top of her head.

“Lick me! Lick me!” she gasped. “Oh fuck! Ohhh! Ohh yess! Ohhhhh yesss!” Oooohh! UnngghhH!”

She came, humping feverishly into the woman’s face as her insides exploded with lust and delight. She jerked her head from side to side and grunted in ecstasy as the orgasm rolled over her.

Then she gasped weakly as it passed. She staggered back several steps, catching herself on a dresser. She opened her eyes and blinked at the woman... girl who slowly fell back onto the floor, also panting for breath.

Morgan’s eyes widened, and her breathing slowed. Her jaw dropped, and she stared at her daughter lying on the floor before her with horror and disbelief. She turned and stared at Clark, who snickered in delight.

“What a precious mother daughter scene,” he laughed. “Oh I love it!”

Morgan was filled with shock and horror, unable to speak or move as she realized the enormity of what she was seeing.

Takahashi however, got over his shock quite quickly. He glared angrily at Clark, disgust filling him. He had already thought the man was scum, but this was too much. Incest disgusted him. That Clark would arrange this incestuous act without the knowledge of the mother and daughter made his blood boil.

Even as Morgan fell to her knees beside her daughter, and sobbed, Takahashi was deciding what to do about such an unprincipled employee.

For though Clark didn’t know it, the deal he had been working out with the partners did not just involve representing his interests. He had, in fact, bought the firm, and he had no intention of keeping someone like Clark around to cause it damage.

A slow smile crept to his face as he watched Clark basking in delight at his prank. He had far more sophisticated methods of getting the goods on people he disliked than Clark did. He already had more than enough, in fact, to put Clark in prison for quite a long time.

“Have you ever committed a homosexual act?” he asked.

“Wh... hat?” Clark asked, distracted from his fun. “Christ, no!”

“You have made love with other men?”

“No!”

You will, Takahashi thought with a smile of contentment, if the stories of your prison system are anything like what I have heard.

As for the two blondes on the floor. The older did good work, and was an enjoyable bed partner. He was sure she would do Clark’s job much better than he was. And the younger one... the younger one looked to be, as Clark said, a natural and enthusiastic bed partner and slave. He would certainly make use of her... though not at the same time as her mother, of course.

He was sure things could be worked out for the ladies to share him.
The end.