

Courtney's Scary Hot Boss

By JJ Argus



Courtney's Scary Hot Boss

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2023

Electronic edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author and encouraging him to continue to write more like it.

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

The first time I saw Letitia Ford I had barely been able to keep my jaw from dropping. It wasn't that she was six feet tall, and had unusually wide shoulders for a woman. It wasn't the short, flat-top haircut or the piercing brown eyes. And it certainly wasn't the very dark brown skin. No, it was the anger on her face as she emerged from her office.

Anger turned on me!

It was a beautiful but scary-looking face, the face of someone about to attack me and tear me apart! And I'm barely over five feet tall in my socks!

Her face abruptly changed from anger to a frown when she saw me at the desk.

"Who the devil are you?" she demanded in a British accent.

"Uhm, Uh, I'm Courtney!" I exclaimed, my voice squeaking slightly in alarm.

She didn't seem very impressed with that.

"Where is Mrs. Donnelly?"

"She called in sick with covid. I was sent up to hold down the desk for her."

"You don't look big enough to hold down a pillow," she said, her scowl lighting up but remaining.

"Did no one train you in my preferences?"

"No, Ma'am!" I gulped. "Mrs. Jennings said someone would be by soon to do that."

She rolled her eyes and issued a sigh of impatience.

"Incompetence. Sheer, bloody incompetence. Come into my office."

"Yes, Ma'am!" I gulped, scurrying to obey.

"And stop calling me Ma'am. It makes me feel ancient. I'm not even forty yet. Call me Ms. Ford."

"Yes, Ms. Ford!"

Personally, forty was pretty old as far as I was concerned, being only nineteen myself!

She jerked her head and I scooted into her office, with her following.

"How tall are you, girl?"

"Uhm, five feet, Ms. Ford."

"Well, someone had an amusing moment when they assigned you to me," she said. "The shortest girl they could find – ." She paused. "And the whitest. Is that hair color real?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford," I said.

Her office was large and impressive, and so was her desk. Actually, so was she!

"It's practically white. So is your skin. We make quite a pair."

Her eyes skimmed briefly over me and I felt an odd little flicker of something in that look. Guys have been looking at me with interest since puberty. I have a round, pretty face, bright blue eyes, and white gold hair. I'm also more top-heavy than I would prefer. And that has often caused me to get an uncomfortable amount of attention.

So anyway, I'm kind of alert to a certain look and that kind of recognized it. Ms. Ford was very strongly suspected of being gay, so I wasn't all that surprised by her interest. But it did kind of alert something within me, and that sent a startling surge of thoughts through my mind.

I mean, the very idea of me and her was... wild! I'd done some girl-on-girl playing around, of course, but boy, the thought of doing it with her was scary and wild at the same time! I would be soooo overmatched!

But she was also oddly masculine in how she spoke and moved, not to mention in how assertive and aggressive she was. And that was both reassuring and kind of hot! She looked extremely fit – like a commando or something! I'm quite fit myself, but not in a way that would be scary to anyone. At five feet tall you learn to be accommodating and not upset people. I've been called 'meek' and 'mild-mannered', but honestly, it's not like I have a choice!

Ms. Ford set out how she wanted email and mail to be handled, how she wanted her messages, and priorities for who could and could not get through to her on the phone, as well as how to screen callers. All the while her dark eyes were skimming over me, and I was feeling more and more... fluttery.

This was my first day at the company and I hadn't planned on being immediately put to work. I was wearing a short, pleated skirt, thigh-high socks (not stockings) high heels, and a pale blue sweater which, I had belatedly recognized, was a bit more form-fitting after its last wash than I really liked.

Ms. Ford, by contrast, was wearing black dress slacks, a black silk shirt, a dark blue vest, and a black blazer. She looked both sexy and menacing.

The more she spoke, in that unusually deep voice, and the more she looked at me, the more my mind kept kicking out the wicked, wild, and outrageous thought of her and me together! And that's really odd for me because I'm mostly straight. But lately, mostly bored. I'd dumped my last boyfriend for being more into video games than me – except for sex, which he liked often and tended to finish quickly.

He said it was my fault for being so 'hot and sexy'. Yeah, okay. Loser! He was just too eager to screw me and then get back to his video games! He also wasn't much interested in oral sex, except as a recipient.

"How can you see through those bangs, girl?" Ms. Ford demanded.

"Uhm, okay," I gulped.

My hair is quite straight, mostly. The tips curve in a little at my upper chest. I do have long bangs, which have a habit of spilling across my forehead so I have to keep brushing them back.

She sent me back to the outer office and I heaved a sigh of relief. But I had this wicked thought drifting through my mind for much of the day. Well, the work is kind of boring when you're a temp, but it could lead to being taken on permanently and that would mean security and a pay bump.

Ms. Ford came out toward noon to talk about some of the things I'd forwarded to her. She leaned over my chair as I brought up the email folders and she went over a few things I should have sent her and a few I shouldn't. Her hand came down on my shoulder as she leaned over, and her face was quite close to mine.

Which started causing those wicked fantasies to spring up in my head again!

She straightened up, no doubt uncomfortable leaning over so much, and then her long, black fingers combed lightly through my hair at the sides and then in back.

Yikes!

"Doesn't this long hair take a while to manage in the mornings?" she asked.

"Ahm... uhm, not really!" I gulped, my voice embarrassingly squeaking again. "I mean... it's usually pretty obedient!"

"Well, that's good. I like obedience in blondes," she said.

I wondered if that was a joke. Surely it was! Wasn't it?!

"Mine, as you can imagine, takes little time or effort."

I didn't know what to say to that which wouldn't be dangerous so said nothing!

She went back into her office, and I continued to work. I went for lunch, then returned early, not wanting to be seen as being lazy. There was an envelope on my desk marked 'urgent' that one of the messengers had dropped off, so I decided to take it in right away.

Ms. Ford was exercising. She'd pulled a yoga mat out of somewhere. She was stripped to a pair of black shorts and a black tank top, black skin gleaming across her taut belly as she stood on her head. Or at least, it seemed so at first. Her body was straight and she was pushing herself up and then sinking down until her head touched the floor, then straightening her arms again.

Yikes!

I couldn't have done that to save my life!

She let her legs collapse inward and gracefully rose upright to look at me.

"Did I not instruct you to knock and wait before entering, girl?"

"Ahm, I'm sorry," I gulped. "I thought you were out."

"Well, next time I'm going to spank you. What have you got?"

I gulped anxiously and thrust the envelope at her, and she examined it.

I couldn't do that to save my life!" I blurted.

"Well, give it a try and see."

"Oh gosh, no! I mean, besides, I'm wearing a thong."

I blushed at saying that given, you know, her being probably gay and all, and those dark fantasies of mine!

She smiled thinly. She reached out and caught my upper arms in her hands, then kind of squeezed.

"No, you couldn't. Do you have any muscles in these arms, girl?"

And then she, no shit, lifted me up into the air briefly and held me with my feet several inches above the carpet before setting me down again!

"Maybe I should get you exercising to keep you healthy. Get the blood flowing under that pale skin. Of course, there's more than one way to do that."

She reached out one hand, slid her index finger into the top of my sweater, and pulled, startling me so I half stumbled forward until only inches separated us. Her other hand slid up around my throat. Well, not really. I mean, it was really more like holding my head or jaw and kind of tilting it up.

I felt a sense of astonishment, and an explosion of uncertainty, and then she kissed me! On the lips! Like, holy hell! I was stunned by the kiss! Yes, I'd had some little fantasies, but they were like flights of fancy, not anything I'd expected to ever come true!

I was so startled I didn't even react as her lips sort of... sort of melted against mine! I felt them pressing harder, even though they were quite soft, and then her other hand came up and slid through my hair in back as her kiss took on more passion!

And wow, it was a good kiss! I mean, guys aren't all that impressive in sex, so far, but some of them were fairly good at kissing. Or so I'd thought. Ms. Ford could have given classes! Then again, she was by far the oldest person I'd kissed. Kissed in a sexual way, I mean. So, she'd had a lot more experience.

And then her hands slid down along my sides and in around behind to squeeze my butt through the short skirt! A moment later they'd pulled it up and were caressing my bare butt!

The shock within me kept ratcheting upward as my mind was battered by the enormity of what was happening! Not to mention spinning its wheels with how to react! Because I just didn't know! On the one hand, this was outrageous behavior from a boss! If she'd been a man I'd have known instantly what to do. But of course, she wasn't.

On the other hand, boy she was a good kisser! And hadn't I had these dark, forbidden, half-formed fantasies already about her?

So, what did I really want?! Did I want her to stop or... or not!?

Then one of her hands nimbly undid the button at the back of the skirt, without me even really noticing. The next thing I knew she was peeling the skirt up my body, and when her long fingers curved in under my loose sweater they peeled that up too! And then my skirt and sweater were both being lifted straight up, forcing my arms to rise up as she yanked them off!

I squeaked in shock and alarm and instinctively tried to cover myself with my hands and arms and she chuckled in amusement.

"What have you got to hide, pretty girl?" she asked.

She gripped my slender wrists and lifted them up above me, then crossed them above my head and held them there in one hand. The other slipped down my back and undid my bra as quickly and easily as she'd undone the skirt.

"Oh! Oh, Ms. Ford!" I squealed.

"Only a 36D? I'd have guessed bigger," she said. "But you're quite petite so I guess they just seem bigger."

She lifted the bra up my arms, too, and kind of held it there with my crossed wrists as she examined me.

"Lovely," she said. "You're a gorgeous little kewpie doll, girl."

I was like OmygodOmyGodOhmyGOD! running through my head on a continuous basis.

She scooped me up in her arms like I was a child and carried me to the nearby sofa, then sat down with me perched across her like a child! Then she simply plucked the waistband of my thong and yanked the whole thing down my legs and off!

Any complaints I might have had were silenced as her mouth crushed mine again, and I was quickly lost in that kiss, my heart pounding like a drum, my pulse racing wildly, and sexual pressure crackling through my body like an electric current!

She pulled my wrists down behind my head, and then a thumb slipped out and caught a thick hunk of hair to force my head back as she kissed her way down from my mouth, along the nape of my neck, and then down onto my breast!

I've had nothing but awe and compliments about my breasts from guys. They love to play with them. But mostly, they play with them like they're squeeze toys, roughly mashing and squeezing them until they ached.

Ms. Ford let her big, brown hand stroke and caress my breasts, her fingers lightly stroking, rubbing, and rolling my stiff pink nipples between them. And when her mouth closed around the center of my breast she sucked rhythmically in a way that almost made my toes curl up!

Her other hand slid down between my legs, one finger stroking along the line of my sex, then sinking in between my pussy lips to ride directly over my already swelling clitoris.

My mind was full of 'ohmygods' still, but now a flood of sensations was flooding through it as well, making it even harder to think straight! And it did not take long before the tip of her finger could curve in and push into me and feel the heat and wetness within.

She let that long finger push deep, then slide out, push deep, then slide out. Then two of them pushed deep and I groaned in pleasure as the heat swept through me.

This was insane! I could hardly believe it was even happening!

The woman was not dainty or delicate. Her fingers were long. And when she added a third one I felt the stretching and straining down there as they turned and twisted and stroked up and down in my narrow pussy. And when she brought her thumb down on my clitoris and started to rub up and down, then from side to side, I felt my mind and body beginning to melt in the heat!

The flood of sensations redoubled, and I felt muscles in my lower belly starting to spasm and quiver! Her mouth was shifting from one breast to the other, and now was opening wide, letting her teeth dig into the soft flesh almost to the edge of pain, then suck hungrily and rhythmically.

I was simultaneously aghast and more excited than I could ever remember! That we were doing this at the office appalled me! But I found it wickedly thrilling!

Her tongue stroked wildly and powerfully across and over my nipples. And it felt at times as though she were trying to devour them! Heat and sexual pressure were pulsing and throbbing within me, growing more intense by the minute!

And then the orgasm just exploded inside me! My hips began to buck uncontrollably! My body began to twist and writhe, my back arching up to thrust my swollen breasts into her face! I cried out again and again, my voice high-pitched, dazed, intoxicated by the passion and pleasure!

I felt like I was sopping wet! Her fingers were thrusting into me non-stop as her thumb rubbed strongly and skillfully across my clitoris!

There are orgasms and then there are ORGASMS! This was the latter, and it felt as if my mind was being drowned in heat and sensory overload as my body spasmed and shook to the release of an overwhelming rush of raw pleasure! It's the kind of orgasm that leaves you trembling and twitching and glassy-eyed, wondering what the number of the bus was that had run you over!

"Responsive little thing, aren't you?" she said in amusement.

Her fingers slid out of me and then slid into my mouth.

"Suck," she ordered, in a voice which was both gentle and very, very firm.

Blinking, confused, I obeyed, sucking on her fingers as they slid in and out through my lips and over my tongue.

She pulled her fingers out and kind of leaned over with me still in her arms, and rolled me onto the floor onto my unsteady hands and knees. She reached down and pulled my shoes off, then gathered in my hair in back, where it was longer, and stood up.

"Come to my desk," she said.

She tugged on my hair, and I gasped at the stinging in my scalp, lurching forward.

"Crawl, blonde girl," she said.

I gasped and whimpered and moaned at the pull on my scalp instinct made me scramble forward on my hands and knees.

"That's it. Along you go."

"Oh! Oh, Miss!" I gasped.

"Forward."

"But... Oh!"

Why was I crawling!? I had no idea other than not doing so pulled on my hair more painfully. So, as she walked toward her desk I crawled alongside her, naked, gasping, and moaning in confusion with my mind still saturated in a dark, sexual passion that was barely diminished by the orgasm.

Naked! I'm naked, I thought dazedly. Naked!

And crawling on the floor!?

We reached her desk and she used her grip on my hair to pull me to my feet, then bent me over the desk until my breasts pillowed out against it.

Crack! She slapped my bottom.

"Don't move, blonde girl."

She opened a desk drawer and took something out, then gathered in one wrist, then the other, crossing them behind my back. I felt... some kind of soft cord or other wrapped around them, around and around like a figure-eight.

"Wha... what are you... what are you doooooing?" I moaned.

Crack! Her hand smacked my bottom again and I yelped.

"I've decided to make you scream in pleasure," she said.

What!? What!?

She tightened the cord and I gasped as I realized my wrists were now tied firmly together behind my back. Then she bent over and gripped my legs, lifting them up and rolling my body over onto its back. She pushed more on the legs, sliding me further onto the desk so my buttocks were almost at the edge.

Then she pulled in her chair, spread my legs firmly to either side and began to lick!

OhmyGod!

"Oh!" I gasped as her fingers sank into me. "Oh! Oh! Oh, God!"

Her tongue swept up and across, over and around, and back over my clitoris like a live thing! Then her fingers pulled me open and her tongue slid down and thrust into me! She pressed her lips against me and her tongue pumped in and out like a small, slick cock!

She let her forearms spread my legs way far apart as she bent over and tongued me, and the tendons in my inner thighs ached! But that was secondary to the churning wave of sensation erupting from between my legs!

My body began to undulate, my hips trying to grind up against her, but her forearms and elbows pinned my legs down. My back arched and my mind became sodden with a dark sense of sexual wonder and pleasure! My head rolled from side to side and my breathing became loud and ragged!

She stood up and opened another desk drawer, then took something out that she then had to kind of step into, like putting on shorts or something. I groaned, trying to get my hands out from under myself because I wanted to squeeze my breasts. They felt swollen and hot! But of course, I couldn't budge them. And I felt a strange little sparkling awareness drift through my mind. I'm tied up! My hands are tied behind my back!

Then Ms. Ford laid a long, black cock along my abdomen, and I raised my head and stared at it, open-mouthed. Like... what!? What!? I was confused! Then I realized it wasn't real. It did sort of look real, though! It had a helmet-shaped head and long shaft with twisting veins along it. But it was attached to a kind of harness she'd put on!

She placed the helmet head against my slick, overheated opening and pushed, and I felt my labia being pushed in, then back, then spreading wider and wider. The 'cock' was thicker than anything I'd ever had inside me, and I shuddered and moaned, heat and excitement rippling through my mind as I stared at it and watched it pushing forward, disappearing inside me even as I felt the head pushing deeper!

Oh my God didn't quite cut it! I felt entranced, staring and feeling in a wondering sense of awe as I gulped in air and whimpered at the tight, delicious ache the thing made as it stretched me wide!

Then her hands slid forward onto my breasts, squeezing and kneading my tender flesh as I let out a helpless moan of pleasure.

"I know you cis girls like big cocks," she said. "Especially you blondes."

I felt like a cat wanting to push up against her fingers as they kneaded my breasts, arching and panting and moaning as they caressed and squeezed me. Then she leaned over, further and further, her hands sliding up to grip my hair and head, and her mouth came down on mine.

I moaned into it as she kissed me. Then gasped again and again as she moved her hips in and back, down and forward, pumping the dildo inside me in short, firm strokes that got longer and longer and threatened to churn my belly into a mass of jelly!

Her mouth was crushing mine, as if it was seeking to enter! I felt my lips forward wider and wider, my body submitting to her as a fiery heat gripped it. The passion rose in intensity and then as she picked up the pace, as she began to really thrust that big cock of hers into me, I came again.

This time my cries were louder, more dazed! She pulled up and back, staring down at me, her hands squeezing my breasts harder as she pumped the big cock into me. It jammed deep in my pussy, every last inch forced into my quivering body, and her hips began to slap against my buttocks!

That made my whole body shudder and tremble even more! My cries became louder, and then one of her hands slid up around my neck, squeezing gently, but tightening until I could only croak out my pleasure and try to roll my hips up against her.

I could breathe but given how my pulse and heart were racing, not deeply enough. I began to get light-headed. Not that I cared! The pleasure was all I cared about! I wallowed in it, gloried in it! Nothing else mattered but the pleasure. Well, and the feeling of that big cock thrusting, thrusting, thrusting up into my spasming belly!

She eased her grip only as the orgasm faded, leaving me dazed, my chest heaving as she bent over and began to suck, lick, and finally, chew on my nipples and breasts!

"Sexy little blonde slut," she purred. "I'm going to eat you all up."

She kissed and nibbled and licked her way down my body until her lips were again wrapped around my clitoris, sucking skillfully. Her fingers thrust into me and her tongue started to sweep across my clitoris with gloriously powerful licks! My hips began to grind helplessly up at her as the heat grew into a feverish presence.

And then she pulled back, rolled me over so my legs fell over the edge of the desk and my feet hit the floor.

Crack! She slapped my bottom.

Spread your legs, blonde girl," she ordered.

Crack!

Dazedly I shifted my legs apart, then felt the helmet head rubbing up and down against me.

Her fingers combed through my hair, gathering it into a tight mass behind my head and she pulled slowly up and back.

Crack!

"Ahh!" I gasped.

"Beg me to fuck you, blonde girl," she ordered.

Crack!

"Oh! Please!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Beg!"

"Please! Please... fu-fuck me!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Say my name, you lovely little blonde slut."

Crack!

"Ah! Ms. Ford!" I cried.

Crack!

"Now beg me to fuck your hot, buttery little cunt."

"Please... please fuck me, Ms. Ford!" I cried dazedly.

The head pushed forward, and I shuddered. It pushed slowly up inside me, forcing aside the tight walls of my sex, and drove deep into my belly. She ground her hips against me, then pulled my hair back and started to thrust. Within three strokes her hips were slapping against my buttocks, and within maybe five I was coming again!

My cries of dazed wonder and pleasure rose until she slipped a hand over my mouth. Then they rose even more! Well, inside my head anyway. Only muffled sounds made it out. But that gave me an immediate sort of sense of freedom. I didn't have to care about making noise! So, I could let go completely!

And I did! I trembled and shook and tried to rut back against the cock plunging into my body and the hips slapping against my buttocks! All my focus was on that cock, on the feel of it thrusting, thrusting, thrusting up inside me! I felt so wonderful, so complete, so perfect with my breasts grinding against the desk and that big cock thrusting up and down inside my belly!

I was frazzled, dazed, panting, and barely coherent by the time the orgasm faded. I was aware of her sliding the cock out of me, and some movement behind me. But I just kind of stood there, bent over, practically drooling on her desk.

When she pulled me back by gripping an arm my legs felt rubbery, so I was happy to sink to my knees. She sat down on her executive chair, then lifted her legs up and draped them across the arms, slumping a little as she pulled my mouth in against her.

I felt a sudden rush of anxiety. I was far from experienced at this! I'd never, in fact, done it before! The girl-girl stuff I'd done involved lots of feeling and stroking and kissing, and then some scissoring where I rubbed myself against the other girls, but no actual oral sex!

But I couldn't exactly plead that I didn't know how to do it since she'd just given me a very good example of how it was done! It didn't occur to me for a single moment to even try to refuse. I owed her! And so, I started to dazedly lick at her pussy, newly aware again that my wrists were crossed and bound together behind my back.

I was not as confused about it anymore, though. She had tied my wrists up because she wanted to. I might only be a freshman in college but it's not like I was an innocent virgin! I'd been on the internet for years! I knew about stuff like this! Sort of...

Of course, without my fingers, it would be more difficult, but I sure wasn't going to complain. Complaining never entered my mind! I licked and licked, trying to do it as she had, wincing a bit as she twisted her fingers in my hair to pull at my scalp.

"Push your bottom out more, blonde girl," she ordered. "And spread your legs wide."

I had no idea why but I did it as I licked.

"That's it. There's a big man behind you who wants to mount you, wants to shove his dripping hot cock into your warm little pussy and ride you like a bitch in heat."

What!?! Holy shit!

"Can you imagine it? Do it. Think about it. Get ready for it. Think how hot that would be."

I gasped as she twisted her fingers in my hair.

"Lick harder. Put your little pink tongue on your lower lip and use that to support it."

I did, moaning as she reached down to fondle my breast.

"Nasty little blonde girl," she purred. "Do a good job or I'll spank your bare bottom for you."

Yikes!

Believe me, I didn't need any more incentives! I wanted to do a good job! I was anxiously certain I was doing a very poor, amateurish job compared to what she'd done. And that made me feel quite... well, inferior. Mind you, almost everything about this made me feel inferior! She was more than half again my age, taller, stronger, richer, more confident, more knowledgeable in every way...

I was under no illusion I would impress her! I was just hoping to be barely adequate!

She sighed in pleasure – I hoped – and slumped down a bit more, then raised her legs up and brought her feet down on my shoulders.

"That's it, you sexy little blonde slut. Lick me just like that," she sighed. "And keep your legs spread. A colleague of mine will be in to mount you any second now."

I felt a kind of psychic jolt at that, but didn't think she was serious. The idea was both scary and darkly attractive, though! At least as a fantasy! And that's what she was trying to do, create a fantasy in my head. It was working, too!

She pulled my head up and back and I gasped in pain as she raised my mouth and my eyes rose to meet hers.

"Are you going to be my little sex toy, blonde girl?" she asked in a husky voice.

She reached forward and her other hand went under my neck, squeezing a little.

"Are you?"

"Y-Yes, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

She smiled in a kind of feral way and eased her hand back.

"Say it."

"I-I'm your little sex toy, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

She jammed my mouth down against her again and I resumed licking, trying to suck at her clitoris the way she'd done for me. I licked harder, even though my tongue was starting to wear out, and then she shuddered, rolling her hips up at me, jamming my face down harder so that really I couldn't do much as she kind of ground her pussy into my mouth.

But she sighed in pleasure as she loosened her grip on my hair and then drew her feet up and back off my shoulders.

"Slutty little blonde sex toy," she said as she used her fingers to comb the bangs from my eyes. "I can see you're going to be quite useful once you're properly trained."

I sighed in relief. She was apparently satisfied with my efforts!

She sat up and then gripped the harness that the dildo thing was attached to.

"I know you prefer cock, little blonde girl," she said. "Everyone knows blondes love big cocks."

She rubbed the head of the thing across my lips.

"Open your mouth wide, slut."

I flinched but obeyed and she rubbed the head back and forth along my lips as though it was a lipstick.

"Tell me you love big cocks," she said.

"I-I love big cocks, Ms. Ford!" I panted.

She pushed the head into my open mouth, then slid it deeper.

"Suck. Lick it. Show me how much you love cock."

This was seriously out of my experience class! But I did as she told me to, sucking and licking at the dildo. I wasn't sure what it was made of. It felt kind of lifelike, though, hard, but not hard plastic. It had a kind of soft coating, like skin, or maybe silicone.

I gurgled as she pushed it deep.

"Do you deep throat, blonde girl?"

I felt my eyes widen and tried to shake my head and she snorted.

"Lazy slut. Too used to satisfying men with your big tits. Well, I'll have to teach you, eventually. Whoever heard of a blonde slut that couldn't deep throat?"

I felt a little unnerved by her calling me a slut so often, but not really insulted because it almost seemed like a term of endearment from her. I mean, it was said so casually, not even as if it was an insult!

"On your feet and bend over the desk again.

I pushed myself to my shaky feet and she turned and bent me over.

Crack!

"Spread your legs wide."

I did and she worked the dildo back up inside me. When it was deep she unhooked it from the harness, then she took something else from the desk and I felt a thin strap going up between my buttocks to the small of my back. She pulled me back a little, then drew two more thin straps diagonally up along my abdomen and over my hips to fasten to the other in the back.

Crack!

"All right, slut. Get dressed."

She pulled me upright and I tugged awkwardly at my wrists.

"Uhm... Ms. Ford...?"

"What? You want me to untie you?"

She gripped my hair in back and jerked my head back and I gasped as my head was forced up.

"But I don't want to untie you. I want to keep you chained up and all helpless," she said in a soft, coy voice.

Yikes!

She did untie me, though, and I hurried to get my things. But it felt very strange trying to walk with the dildo jammed deep in my belly! It was entirely buried inside me, with the base flat with the mouth of my sex to the point of holding the lips of my sex apart.

"Not the thong," she said. "Give that to me."

"But... but why?"

"Because I said so. Do you want a spanking?"

"Uhm, no Ms. Ford," I gulped.

Oh, wow! Geeze!

I put on my skirt and shoes and then my bra and sweater. She combed the hair back from my eyes and gave me a long, lingering kiss on the lips, then smacked my bottom and sent me back to my desk.

And if you think it's easy to even sit still, much less focus on work with a great big dildo stuffed inside yourself just try it!

What was worse she had several appointments that afternoon. And her procedure, she'd explained to me, was that I got up and knocked and saw them into the office. Which meant I had to actually stand up and walk normally in front of them. Which, given the short skirt and lack of panties, was a bit unnerving even without the dildo inside me!

I did it, though, repeatedly.

And then with one guest she had me serve coffee and snacks, which I did, feeling even more unnerved because they were sitting on the sofa, which put their faces about at the level of my crotch. And like I said, I had no panties on!

Nothing happened, though, until the end of the day, except I squirmed a lot in my seat. My mind fluttered with the memory of what we'd done, not to mention her words and that dark fantasy about having a 'colleague' come and fuck me! I was simmering in a dark heat and wondering what was to come between us.

This kind of thing was wildly out of my experience! I'd never slept with anyone more than a few years older than me, for one thing. She was twice my age! I'd also never had this level of sex with a girl! And I'd never been tied up! I'd never had any sort of uhm... sex games, which I strongly suspected she was into with all that talk and making me say outrageous things.

Plus, she was just so out of my class!

Toward the end of the day she called me into her office, and she was all glinty-eyed as I approached her desk.

"Y-Yes, Ms. Ford!?" I gulped, my pulse quickening.

"Ms. Suffolk, did I not instruct you on how to separate out emails from more important people and put them into the proper folders?"

"Yes," I said, my voice squeaking.

"Then why, is an email from the CEO's office in a secondary folder?"

"I uhm... uh, I ... I guess I made a mistake!?"

"Come here," she ordered, eyes dark.

I felt my pulse race as I shuffled forward. She reached out and took my hand then yanked me and I yelped as I stumbled forward, then went sprawling face-down across her lap. She flipped up my short skirt and then put her hand on my buttocks.

"I will not tolerate mistakes," she growled, punctuating each word with a sharp and stinging slap to my bare bottom.

"Ah! Oh! Oh! Ah! I'm sorry, Ms. Ford!" I exclaimed.

"Not good enough, blonde girl."

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ah! Ah! Please! Please, Ms. Ford!" I cried.

Those spans hurt!

"I have very high standards, girl," she said as she undid the strap at the small of my back.

They fell apart and I felt her sliding the dildo slowly back out of me. She pulled it free and rubbed the head against me.

"My, my. You're dripping wet, you little slut," she said.

Then she slid it back inside me and pushed it deep.

"Bad little blonde girl," she cooed.

She began to pump the dildo in and out and then let her fingers curve up across the base so that they rubbed across my clitoris every time.

She was right. I was dripping wet! And my body reacted almost immediately! I squeaked and moaned and shuddered as she pumped the dildo with short, deep strokes.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" she demanded.

"Y-Yes, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Say it."

Crack!

"I'll be a good girl!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Promise."

"I promise to be a good girl, Ms. Ford!"

She gripped my top and peeled it up my body, and I helped her pull it off over my head. She undid my bra and yanked that off, too, then undid my skirt and slid that down and off to leave me naked. She brought my wrists back together behind my back and I felt a dark flood of heat as she tied them together.

Then she started pumping the dildo, twisting and turning it, her fingers rubbing skillfully across my clitoris as my body heated up further. Then she jammed it deep again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ah! Please! Oh! Oh!"

My bottom was getting incredibly hot and achy!

"Do you promise to be a good little slut?"

Her fingers rubbed at my clitoris and my hips jerked against her.

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I moaned. "I promise to be a good little slut!"

She pulled the dildo out and let the slick, helmet head rub against my clitoris, then thrust it deep again.

"Nasty little blonde slut," she said, her voice purring like a satisfied feline.

She pumped it in and out, rubbing my clitoris, then stopped.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I yelped and moaned and gulped in air as she turned my bottom a hot red!

"Sexy little slut," she said, returning to fingering my clitoris and pumping the dildo.

"Tell me you're my slut," she said.

Yiiiiikes!

"I'm your slut, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

"Yes, you are."

She thrust harder, thrust faster, and her fingers rubbed fiercely across my clitoris as she yanked back on my hair!

I lost control of my mind and body and began to cry out again and again! My hips bucked up and back at the thrusting dildo and I sobbed and moaned and gurgled in mindless animal ecstasy as the power of the orgasm caused convulsions to wrack my body.

It was so incredible! The pleasure just washed over me like a tidal wave, sending my mind tumbling wildly, tossing and turning like a cork in the ocean! And all the way she thrust that 'cock' into me like she was stabbing me!

She stopped only when I went limp. Then she kind of rolled me off her onto the floor and stood up. She wrapped my hair around her fist and then tugged firmly.

"Let us go for a little walk," she said.

She didn't actually mean walk. Or at least she walked, but not me. She tugged on my hair to keep me down, then tugged again to make me shuffle forward on my knees. And that's how I crossed the floor back to the sofa, kind of uhm knee-walking across the rug, gasping and wincing whenever she tugged on my hair too much!

The dildo was still inside me, for she'd done up the straps again, and when we reached the sofa she sighed and sat down, lifted her skirt, spread her legs, and pulled my face down and in between her legs.

"Please my pussy, blonde girl, or I'll strap your bare bottom."

Panting for breath, I licked at her as I'd done before.

"Why are you not spreading your legs wide?" she demanded in a stern voice.

I gasped and then jerked my knees apart, continuing to lick.

"Nasty cis girl. I know you want a big man-cock inside your slutty little blonde belly."

This was so wild and freaky and edgy!

She paused several times, jerking on my hair and demanding I tell her I loved licking her pussy. And also, that I was a blonde slut and loved cock. I said whatever she told me to say, as wicked and wild and nasty as it was!

And after she came again she pulled on the harness, attached the strap-on, put me on my knees with my face against the rug, and fucked me into another brain-frying orgasm! Then she had me get dressed.

"It's time to go home, little blonde girl," she said.

I felt another jolt. Because I didn't think she meant my home!

What was I getting myself into!? The words "But I'm not gay!" kept trying to fight their way up out of my throat but my mouth wasn't cooperating. The sex had been edgy and dark and wild and incredibly, intoxicatingly hot! It was like the ride of my life was a wild tiger and I didn't dare get off!

"Once I get you home, blonde girl, I will take pleasure from your soft, lovely little blonde body. Then I'll train you as my sex slave," she purred.

Oh, holy hell!

I felt my eyes widen and my jaw drop but I let her lead me from the office, my mind stunned but struggling with uncertainty. She was probably just saying that, just like that other stuff about me being fucked by her 'colleague' or making me say I was her slut! It was just part of her kinkiness!

Probably!

End

*

This is the first part of a multi-story series on **Courtney's Dark Adventures**. Courtney is a petite blonde with a creamy complexion who finds herself assigned to a six-foot-tall amazon of a woman with coal-black skin who has dark and wicked designs on her nubile young body. Alternately bewildered, anxious, nervous and helplessly aroused, Courtney finds herself being first seduced, then trained by her new boss to serve her sexual needs and that of her friends.