

Emily's New Job

by JJ Argus



Emily's New Job

by JJ Argus



Emily's New Job

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2015

Smashwords edition

JJ Argus has written more than 250 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

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

It was The Big House. Everyone knew about it. A tall, iron fence surrounded it, made of thick black bars with pointed tops, like spears. It was like the spears were a guard around the home of the rich people who lived there, to keep poor people like us away.

“They should be topped by middle fingers,” Danby said. “Give the right 'fuck you' attitude.”

“Their attitude is obvious enough,” Myra said.

The fence wasn't enough. They had woods and bushes around the fence on the outside, and more on the inside, for privacy, and so they wouldn't have to see the grubby poor people who lived nearby.

The house was owned by the Maguires. That was the family which owned the coal mine most of the town was based on. Either you worked for the coal mine or you worked for one of the companies that supplied the coal mine or you worked for something which catered to the people who worked for the coal mine.

Either way, the coal mine was the only reason this town (they called it a city but we all disagreed) existed. Ebony, Wyoming was a 'city' of about six thousand people, a boring city without much to do if you didn't want to join a church group or play organized sports.

So me and Danby and Myra and Barry were just kind of wandering through the woods, doing not much of anything. We were all in that awkward phase where we'd graduated high school but hadn't yet found anything much else to occupy our time with.

College? Give me a break! Not many in Ebony went to college. There was only one university in Wyoming, off in Laramie, but I didn't know anyone who was going there. A few kids were going off to community college, but that was about it.

Nobody had money for that stuff anyway. And frankly, not many had the desire. I sure didn't! I'd just freaking finished school! I didn't want to start in on another four freaking years! And for what anyway? What was there I wanted to learn? I

literally couldn't imagine myself as some sort of doctor or lawyer or engineer. No way I was smart enough for that stuff.

I had my name in around town in various stores, looking for work. Girls didn't work at the mine. Some worked in the offices, but you needed to have some kind of work experience for them to consider you, and I didn't.

Danby found a big rock and climbed up on it, peering through the fence. "I see a pool," he said.

We all muttered jealously. Ebony wasn't exactly a place which put a high premium on public facilities. There were no public swimming pools. The only place I knew to swim was at the old gravel pit south of town.

We all managed to climb up onto the rock, but we couldn't see much. What we did see, and hear, was the top of a waterfall. We were confused by that cause there's no rivers around here.

"They must have built something, like, you know, just to be there," Myra said.

"Who'd build a waterfall in their back yard?" Brad said incredulously.

"Well, if you wanted one and you had more money'n God I suppose you just tell someone to do it," she replied.

It was hot and we were all sweating as we looked through the bars and greenery and imagined what it'd be like to swim in a nice cool pool. Then I got distracted cause Danby was kind of pressing into me from behind. It was a small rock, but he didn't have to press in that close, if you know what I mean.

"Dick," I said, shoving him so he fell off the rock.

"Yer a horny pig, Danby," Myra said.

"You got a nice ass, Em," Danby said with a smirk.

I rolled my eyes. He'd wanted to fuck me in the ass last time we had sex. I had refused, of course, and he had sulked, but he'd been okay after I'd blown him. Most boys were more than content with any kind of sex, them being basically all desperate for it all the time. I didn't have to let them fuck me in the butt, so

wasn't about to. Yuck.

Brad jumped down, and then helped Myra down, though he made sure that ended up with her big boobs pressed against his face for a bit. I'd fucked Brad, too, of course. Sex was no big deal for us, not like it had been with our parents. Besides, we were bored a lot. This was the ultimate hole of a town to live in.

I got down on my own, thank you very much. I was only eighteen. I didn't need someone helping me like I was some prim old lady. I had done track and field at school. We wandered on, gossiping, chatting, us girls slapping the boys hands away when they groped us.

“You could climb up there and get across the fence,” Brad said as we saw an old birch tree.

It had a fairly low branch which went right across the top of the fence.

‘How do you get back after?’ Myra asked.

“Well, you'd kind of need a rope, I guess.”

“You guess. Mister genius,” she snorted.

“We could go skinny dipping in their pool,” he replied, leering.

She paused, and I had to admit that was a mighty attractive idea.

“If we got caught – .”

“Do it at night. Nobody'd see. They probably go to bed early anyway. Long as we're quiet we could have a swim and nobody'd know a thing.”

“You're crazy,” Danby said. “That's the Maguires! If they caught you they'd skin you alive!”

“What can they do? They could maybe kick us out, but that's it. Anyway, if they wake up we just run for the fence. What are they gonna do? Shoot us?”

“I wouldn't put much past the Maguires,” Danby said.

“Nobody'll shoot naked girls, so we just have to stay in front of Em and Myra,”

Barry told him.

“Oh right,” I said.

It was a stupid idea, but we were bored. So it was something we talked about over the following days, especially as a heat wave hit town. To make a long story short, we decided to try it a couple of weeks later. Brad had a rope which he tied knots into to make it easier to climb, then we showed up, giggling and tense, feeling a little wild.

Uhm, yes, there was some alcohol involved that evening, actually.

I won't say I was drunk except I was kinda, well, drunk.

So we four fools wound up wandering in the woods looking for the tree, and by the time we found it we were practically sober again. Practically, not all the way, or we'd have changed our minds. As it was I thought it was a stupid idea, and kind of hung back, but the others pushed me to do it.

The boys helped us get a head start up the tree, though the branch wasn't very high, and was more than thick enough. Brad had already gone up and tied the rope on the branch past the fence, and so as I straddled it and slid forward I could see it dangling there.

“This is a stupid idea,” I called over my shoulder.

“Don't be such a wuss,” Myra said, shoving me.

I crawled forward along the branch till I got to the rope. I'd climbed lots of them in high school. In fact, I kinda liked climbing. So it wasn't any big deal to climb down, except that my heart was thumping pretty hard and I was sweating in the heat.

I was on the Maguires' property!

Myra followed, then Brad and then Danby, then, whispering and giggling and occasionally falling over, we made our way through the woods. There was no waterfall to guide our way, but there was a half moon, and that lit the way so that when we got through the trees and then through a tall hedge we were staring at something we'd hardly ever even imagined.

It was a pool, kinda... I mean, it was a very big pool. It was maybe fifty feet or so long, and thirty feet wide. But it wasn't like a pool. I mean, there was all kinds of rocks all built up all around it. And tons of trees and bushes and flowers.

There was one particular outcropping of rock which was about twenty feet long and maybe ten feet high near one side, and then further along, another one, half as wide but just as high. There were other rocks, big flat rocks, all around the edges, with plants and then a few chairs and lounge chairs.

“That must be where the waterfall comes from,” Myra whispered.

“Wow!”

The idea someone could actually build this huge freaking thing just for... just to sit around was almost impossible to imagine. I mean, I didn't consider myself to be poor, but my parents never had much extra money. Nobody's parents did. We were lucky to be paying for the bills, never mind building some huge wacking big swimming pool!

To the side was the house, and it was enormous. It wasn't even like your normal, everyday house. I mean, it wasn't square or a rectangle or anything. It was all gray stone but it was curved just like the pool, which was kind of an oval, but inched in here and there by rocks.

Myra edged forward and swept her toes in the water, then turned, and I saw her grin in the low light. We were all sweating, not just cause it was hot but because of the tension and nervousness and all. So when she peeled her tank top up and off I wasn't all that surprised.

Hey, it was why we'd come, right?

I joined her, getting a bit excited by baring myself to the boys, but not terribly. I mean, they'd seen me naked before, and I'd seen them, and we weren't really here for sex. Still, I felt that familiar fluttering in my belly when I slipped off my bra and then skinned out of my shorts and panties, with Brad and Danby watching.

They stripped too, and both of them had hard-ons, which made my lower belly thrum a little. I slipped into the pool, though, and figured that when they went in they'd lose their erections.

The water felt wonderful! We all tried to keep our voices low as we swam slowly around, diving under water to twist and turn, then rising, trying not to splash much. I made my way across the pool and over to the big rock outcropping, imagining what it would be like with water tumbling down.

Then I saw the darkness in the rock, and eased in. It was like, a hollow place underneath. I swam into it, exploring, and suddenly there was light everywhere coming from behind me!

I gasped and spun around in the water, then ducked low. The back yard was lit up like a football field! And there were men coming down from the house towards the pool! I pushed myself back further into the darker part of the pool as the other three climbed out on the far side and ran for it.

There were men shouting and making threats, but nobody shot at them as the three, all buck naked, ran for the fence! I saw one man chasing after them but he was kind of chunky and not moving very fast. I didn't think he was gonna catch them.

I, on the other hand, was another story! I edged as deeply into the hollow as I could! And with the light now coming through from outside I could see that it turned a corner. Then you could climb out, and there was like, a padded place there to sit down, and what looked like a big screen TV on the wall!

I climbed onto the padded place because it was right by the wall and I could hide there and peer around the corner. Not that I could see much. I could hear the occasional male voice, and every time I did I cringed lower, horrified at the thought of being discovered and dragged out into the bright light.

Fortunately, things settled down before too long. The lights went out, and things got quiet. I decided to wait a while just to make absolutely sure everything was settled down, before heading for the fence! In the meantime I cursed Brad and Danby repeatedly, and myself for being dumb enough to go along with them.

After things were quiet for some time I slipped into the water again and as quietly as possible, made my way across the pool and climbed out. There was no sign of the clothes I'd left behind, and I cursed vilely, though I hadn't really expected there to be. I was thankful I had changed into my older cutoffs, though, for there was nothing in the pockets to identify me.

I crouched low as I hurried across the stone area surrounding the pool, then, dripping wet, darted across the grass to the hedge. It took me some time to find a way through, especially being naked and all, but I did, then searched the fence for the tree – and finally found it, with no rope.

Of course there was no rope. I hadn't even thought of it, but now that I was staring up at the branch I kicked myself for not having realized that someone would spot the rope and get rid of it! And now what the hell was I supposed to do!?

And then someone turned on a flashlight nearby.

“Stop right there!” a man's voice said.

Of course it nearly gave me a heart attack! And of course, I turned in the opposite direction and started running! Then something hit me, like... like a bee sting, and it was like all my muscles suddenly stopped working as I tumbled forward onto the grass. My body was trembling and shaking and I couldn't seem to control my arms and legs!

Then the wild swirling, churning whatever it was stopped, and I collapsed, gasping, twitching and moaning.

“What part of 'stop' do you not understand, girl?” the man's voice said.

I was too busy drooling on the lawn to reply as he knelt next to me. I felt him taking my wrists and pulling them back, but didn't really care all that much. He cuffed them together, then gripped me under the arm.

“Get up.”

I wasn't capable of doing that.

“You zapped her good, Jed,” another man said with a laugh.

Two men were there and I was naked, but I wasn't as embarrassed as I should have been. My mind was still kind of... reeling.

“I ain't gonna fucking chase her in this heat,” the other man said.

“This'n is worth chasing,” said the other. “Nice tits on her.”

“If I was gonna fuck her she'd be worth chasing, but that ain't happening.”

I felt hands under both my arms now, yanking me to my feet, and while I swayed at first, and my legs were still rubbery, they were able to march me away from the fence. After a minute one of them was even able to let me go since they didn't need both to hold me up.

“I'll go tell Mister Maguire,” he said, moving away.

That left me alone with a guy who had a very firm grip on my arm as he led me along, alone and completely fucking naked! I was getting more and more aware of that as my head cleared, but there wasn't a hell of a lot I could do about it except feel more and more self-conscious and embarrassed.

He led me back to the pool, back to a flat area next to it.

“Kneel down here,” he ordered.

I gratefully sank to my knees, my legs still kind of rubbery. I realized, belatedly, that he'd freaking stunned me with a stun gun! I'd seen that on TV, and felt a flickering amazement at it even amid my grown embarrassment.

“Sit on your heels,” he ordered, jerking back on my hair.

“Oww!”

“Learn to do what yer fucking told,” he growled.

He stepped in front of me, and his hard shoe pushed sharply against the inside of my leg, then against the other to force them well apart as he jerked back on my hair again.

“Now don't fuckin' move,” he ordered in a harsh voice.

I wasn't used to being talked to like that by men! Men usually were very nice to me! Sometimes when one was drunk and I wouldn't dance with them at Dagger's bar, one might snarl at me, but that was about it!

I jerked my wrists, almost instinctively trying to cover my nakedness, and felt another amazement at realizing they were handcuffed like I was some kind of criminal!

I gasped as the man jerked back on my hair again.

“Head back!” he snapped.

I gasped and obeyed, not knowing why he wanted my head back.

Then the big lights came on again and I squealed, trying to close my legs and cover myself. Again he jerked back on my hair, cursing, then shoved his hard shoe in between my thighs, forcing them to spread wide.

“You be polite to Mister Maguire if you know what's good for you, girl!” he snapped.

A figure was walking across the lawn, and the man moved away from me to meet him. They spoke, their voices too low for me to hear, then the first man, the growly, nasty man, moved away, and the other man came forward.

He looked to be in his thirties, somewhere. He was tall and broad shouldered, wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt. His features were not delicate. He had a very tanned and masculine face, with a square jaw, wide, straight bridged nose and dark, wolfish eyes as they glowered at me.

There didn't seem to be much sympathy in those eyes in the moment before I dropped mine in total freaking embarrassment.

“Head back,” he ordered.

His voice was very deep, and though he didn't raise it there was something in that voice that made me jerk my head back. I still couldn't bear to meet his eyes, though, so I looked into the dark sky!

Why was I obeying? I had spent my whole life obeying adults. Okay, now I technically was an adult, too, but the habit remained, and he was a real adult. I was just a girl. He was also a Maguire, a group of people who were constantly spoken about but seldom encountered, like fairies, very rich and very powerful.

And he was a large man. His t-shirt was tight across a broad chest, and muscled arms were bare beneath the sleeves. At five feet, four, I weighed one hundred and twenty one pounds. Under normal circumstances I'm not physically intimidated by men. Naked and alone and caught breaking into his place, and handcuffed... yes, I was physically intimidated. You bet!

“Name?”

“E-Emily!” I said in a squeak.

He stood about six feet back, looking at me, and I squirmed mentally under that gaze. I was completely naked, after all! And I didn't dare try to shift my legs closer together!

“Last name?”

I gulped uncertainly. I didn't want him to know – .

“Do you imagine I can't find out in quick order?” he demanded.

“T-Tanner,” I gulped.

“The names of your friends?”

I froze. I couldn't rat on my friends!

He waited and I squirmed and my insides churned and my face burned and my heart pounded.

“I want the names of those who were with you,” he said.

I said nothing.

He reached behind him and pulled a chair over, then sat down in front of me.

“Loyalty is a commendable trait,” he said, “though they've shown none to you leaving you here like this.”

He was just trying to turn me against them, I thought wildly. What else were they supposed to do!?

“This is private property, but I imagine the fence was more than sufficient notice of that,” he said. “And I actively dislike trespassers. I don't have angry guard dogs and I don't shoot people down, but I value my privacy.”

I still said nothing, still squirmed with a wild, kind of shocked embarrassment at being naked like this in front of a strange man! That he was a handsome man only made it worse, much worse! My eyes continued to try to evade his, but they flicked down occasionally, at least to get the sense of him, the shape of him.

He had five O'clock shadow across his cheeks and under his nose, and a stern look on his face, but I suddenly felt a strange kind of psychic blow that knocked me for a loop. I was naked and handcuffed and helpless in front of him!

I think the horrible embarrassment I felt had finally started to subside enough that some other dark, hormonal side of my mind was waking up to the fact that I was naked in front of a very large, good looking man who, let's face it, was hot.

Intimidating, but hot!

I still felt much like a girl caught by teacher, but I also began to feel a rising sexual tension inside myself.

“How old are you, Emily Tanner?” he demanded.

That, at least, I could answer. “E-eighteen,” I squeaked.

“Sir,” he growled.

“Eighteen, sir!”

“Do you know who I am?”

“N-No, sir!”

“I'm Derek Maguire.”

I gulped. Derek Maguire was the guy in charge of the coal mine. He was, from what my father and his friends and everyone in town said, a miserable, rotten bastard! He was a man with no conscience, and probably no soul!

“You've heard the name, I see.”

I didn't say anything!

The men at the mine hated him. They said he only ran the place because his father owned it, and he had the mind of a computer, and just as much compassion.

“Do you work, Tanner?”

“I-I only graduated last month,” I gulped.

“Sir,” he growled.

“Sir!”

“Then the answer is no. You do not work. An adult who does not work is a blight on the community, a leach on her family, and good for nothing, Tanner.”

I said nothing. It wasn't my fault I hadn't found a job yet!

“There was a time every young girl was married off to a man early on, and started taking care of his house and her children,” he said. “I often think those days should return. At least we'd have less slatternly girls wandering around getting into trouble and accomplishing nothing.”

I frowned uncertainly, but didn't have the, well, I wasn't in a position to stand up to him, or at least, didn't have the courage to!

“You're obviously not a virgin, Emily Tanner, not with the care you take to shave between your legs.”

I flushed hotly, reminded again of how naked I was. I kind of shifted my legs closer together, or tried to.

“Don't close your legs. Your body is the only thing you have which has value right now. I might even give you a job because of that body.”

What?! What the hell was he saying!?

“Or I might call the sheriff to come and take you away and deliver you to your

family exactly as you are.”

I felt myself flinch from the thought of that!

“You have a very healthy body, a very fit body, a very attractive body. I employ a number of servants here at the estate, and when it comes to females I like them to be attractive.”

I felt my eyes dropping to stare at him, despite my embarrassment.

“Why not? Would I drive an ugly car? Live in an ugly house? Wear unattractive suits? Do you see the effort which has been made to make these grounds attractive? Why wouldn't I surround myself with beauty rather than ugliness?”

I had no answer to that. I was confused and anxious and embarrassed and uncertain and wary and ... and there was that thin crackle of sexual tension deep inside me as well.

He stood up and I stopped breathing as he walked over to me. I felt his hand reach down, and then cried out as I felt it gripping my hair behind my head. I have long brown hair, and he had no difficulty getting a thick chunk of it as he jerked me up onto my feet.

He swung me around and in towards a low, flat rock, then pushed me against it.

“Up,” he ordered.

I cried out again as I felt my hair being pulled up, and scrambled up onto the knee high rock, where he turned me around.

“Down on your heels,” he ordered.

I sank down and gasped again as he reached in with large hands and jerked my legs well apart!

“Head back, back arched!” he barked.

“How strong are you, Emily Tanner?” he demanded.

I gaped at him, face flushed.

“I like my employees to be obedient, but have an internal discipline so I don't have to keep after them to do their jobs,” he said.

He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. It was hot and I was sweating too, though more than he was. Then again, my heart was still beating rapidly.

Then he peeled his t-shirt up and off, and the breath caught in my throat!

He was as unlike the boys I had slept with as night and day. His chest was probably twice as wide, for one thing, and he had hair. I mean, he wasn't hairy, exactly, but he had a noticeable sprinkling of hair across his broad chest, and it grew more thickly down the middle of his stomach, right down to the sweatpants hanging low on his hips.

His chest and abdominal muscles were very obvious in the light coming from around us, and when as he stepped closer to me.

“Do you think I have the right to punish trespassers, Tanner?” he asked in a soft voice.

“Y-yes, sir!” I gulped.

“You're sure?”

I was sure I didn't want him calling the sheriff!

“Yes, sir!” I gulped.

And then he had something in his hand, and I stared at it, my eyes going wide.

It was a long, thin black rod, with a handle at one end, and what looked like a short, inch-wide length of leather strap at the tip, which appeared to have been folded in two.

“I use this to punish attractive young women, Tanner,” he said. “I find it a suitable implement which causes pain but no damage. And since I value the appearance of young, attractive women, I also find it appropriate this implement leaves no marks which don't fade quickly.

He leaned in against me until I could feel his warm breath against my cheek.

“It does, however, leave a mark on their minds.”

I jerked as he brought the leather tip down against my left breast, and I realized suddenly how erect my nipples were, how sensitive they were to the touch as he let the narrow leather strap rub softly against me!

“Do you find it acceptable that I punish you for your trespassing, Tanner?” he asked softly.

That thin crackle of sexual tension grew much more powerful, into something which jolted me and rippled through my groin and abdomen! At the same time, my embarrassment and discomfort grew, as did my anxiety!

But what could I say but yes?!

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gulped weakly.

“You're sure now,” he said, still rubbing that narrow strap up and down against my nipple.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I squeaked.

“Good. That will make things much easier. You have, after all, been quite a bad girl, Tanner, and must be punished.”

He drew the little crop back a bit, then swept it forward, using his wrist more than his arm, so that the thin, doubled up leather strap slapped lightly at my nipple instead of rubbing against it.

I flinched, but didn't move.

He did it again.

I gasped, clenching my teeth. It stung a bit but nothing horrible. It was the sexual element of what he was doing that was making my pulse race wildly.

“You've been a bad girl, haven't you, Tanner?” he asked.

The little strap snapped down across my nipple again, and it stung more this time.

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

He rubbed my throbbing nipple with the tip of the thing, then drew it back.

Snap! It struck my nipple and I gasped at the stinging, but the blow wasn't heavy. Still, it stung, and the stinging, the sharpness of the sting, seemed to resonate through my breast!

Snap!

He struck again, then – snap-snap-snap-snap-snap-snap-snap!

The thin strap was a blur as he moved it rapidly up and down, smacking the center of my left breast! The rapid little stings birthed a hot, aching throbbing in their wake, and I found my breathing becoming more ragged.

He switched to my other nipple.

Snap-snap-snap-snap-snap-snap-snap!

I moaned aloud, my breasts starting to warm up a lot under the hard little slapping. I was sweating more, too!

“Oh!”

He reached behind me, gripping my hair, jerking my head up and back sharply.

“Chest out, head back,” he said.

I gulped in air as the narrow tip of the thing rubbed against my swollen, burning nipples.

“Bad girls need to be punished, Tanner,” he said softly.

I jerked again as the narrow length of leather slid off my breast and down my chest, down my belly, down my abdomen, and then I felt it across my clitoris! It rubbed against me there as I began to tremble, my mouth opening and closing, unable to speak.

My wrists pulled against the handcuffs, and my legs started to shift closer, until the thing came free of where it had been touching me and I felt his big, warm

hands on my thighs just below the knees, slowly spreading them further apart. He kept pushing until I let out a cry of pain at the sharp stretching pull from the tendons in my groin!

“You do agree that bad girls need to be punished, don't you, Tanner?” he asked.

He picked up the crop thing again, and rubbed the tip against my clitoris.

“Y-Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I moaned.

He leaned closer to me.

“And you're a bad girl, aren't you,” he said.

I didn't answer, and he drew back, then snapped the little strap against my left nipple repeatedly, stingingly, harder, making me gasp and moan and and tremble.

“Aren't you?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I cried.

He stopped slapping my aching, burning nipple and let the strap rub against me instead.

“But you're going to improve your behavior, aren't you, Tanner?”

“Yes, sir!” I all-but whispered.

He put the crop thing down and took something out of the pocket of his sweatpants. It was a chain, maybe a foot long. The end looked like a pair of narrow tweezers covered in rubber. I rolled my eyes downward as he brought it up against my throbbing, swollen left nipple, and saw him frame my nipple between the 'tweezer's.

Then he let them close and I felt the firm pressure against my nipple! He shifted a little ring on the tweezer upward and I winced as the grip on my nipple tightened. His eyes flicked up at me, then he pushed it up further, and the the two

rubber tips squeezed in still harder, so that I let out a helpless cry of pain.

He raised the other end of the chain, then, and it had the same tip! I moaned as he held the arms open around my nipple, then let them close, and tightened them more and more, until my nipples burned!

“Please!” I finally gasped.

“Sir,” he said calmly.

“Please, sir!”

“Turn around, Tanner.”

Gulping in air, sweating, I turned around on the low rock, and gasped anew as I felt him filling his fist with my hair. He forced me to bend over, way over, and I saw him gripping the chain between his other hand, felt the pull on my nipples.

“Keep your bottom raised high, Tanner,” He ordered.

I whimpered and moaned dazedly as he bent me over until my breasts touched the stone beneath me, then tugged on the chain and hooked it over a low outcropping.

He moved behind me and I blanched at the view he must have, even with my legs together!

Crack!

“Oh!”

The feel of the crop, not the leather tip, but the thin body of it, striking my bottom was sharp and stinging!

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl, Tanner?” he asked.

I felt the slender rod caressing my buttocks as he spoke.

“Y-yes, sir!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Oh!”

The second blow stung, too! What's more, my body jerking at the blow pulled my nipples against the clamps biting into them!

“Say it, then.”

“I-I'm sorry for being a bad girl!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Ow! Sir!”

This was absolutely perverted! It was ... It was kinky! I felt a wild rush of wonder that I was doing this, or at least, that I was involved in this!

“Let me hear you try again, Tanner.”

“I-I'm sorry for being a bad girl, sir!”

Crack!

“Oh!”

Even the words were perverted! And I felt that dark crackle of sexual electricity growing stronger inside me, as if it was jolting me right between the legs!

“That's good to hear, Tanner. Let's hear it again.”

I'm sorry for being a bad girl, sir!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Again, but louder.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I cried.

Crack!

The blows made my bottom burn! And the more he struck the more it burned and the more the burning spread! I also kept jerking my nipples against the clamp, despite trying not to, and they were burning too, though in a duller kind of way!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows added up, and I began to whimper and moan as my bottom flamed!

“Please!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Sir,” he said. “I've told you that before, Tanner.”

“Please, sir!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Please what, Tanner? You've been a bad girl and you're being punished.”

Crack!

“Ow! Please!”

“Do you wish to be forgiven, Tanner?”

Crack!

“Answer me.”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

“Then spread your legs for me, Tanner.”

The words were shocking, despite what was happening! I hesitated.

Crack!

“Now, Tanner.”

Moaning, whimpering, gasping, I shifted my knees apart on the low stone.

Crack!

“Wider, Tanner.”

I let out a choked gasp of pain and obeyed, then gasped again as I felt the narrow tip of the crop rubbing against my clitoris. He stood behind me, his arm down, the crop extended, and let the narrow body of the crop press up against the line of my sex, then up harder, so that it pushed between my labia!

“How many men have you fucked, Tanner?” he asked in a conversational tone.

I gasped at the question as the narrow leather strap rubbed against my clitoris.

“How many?”

“I-I... I... don't know... three or four!” I gulped.

The strap pulled away and the crop cut sharply across my bottom twice.

“How many?”

“I... please five, no six!

“Six,” he mused, the narrow tip rubbing against my clitoris again. “Six? And how many orgasms did you have with these six men?”

“I-I don't know, sir!” I moaned, starting to get befuddled by the sensations he was rousing.

“Lost count? You've had so many you can't remember?”

Crack!

“Answer me, Tanner.”

“No, sir!”

In fact, I had never had an orgasm while having sex. I mean, I'd had them with my own fingers and various implements, including my pillow, but never with a

boy.

I would probably have described the sex I'd had up to that point in time as drunken encounters, and mostly I liked all the kissing, and sometimes the way they'd suck and lick my breasts. I didn't dislike them fucking me, but I couldn't honestly say I'd gotten a whole lot of out it. But that part never lasted more than a couple of minutes anyway.

“How many different men have you performed oral sex on, Tanner?”

God, why did that matter!?

Crack!

“Oh, please, sir!”

I felt the narrow shaft push in between my labia again angled in and up so the tip could rub against my clitoris once more.

“How many?”

“I... ten or twelve, I guess!” I gulped, fighting to keep my hips from moving in response to the crop.

I felt the crop slide off, then slide up along my lower buttocks, then Crack!

“Sir,” he said.

“Ten or twelve, sir!” I cried, as the crop slid in between my thighs again.

“Are you any good at it?” he asked, the strap tip rubbing against my clitoris.

“Yes, sir!” I gulped.

“Really? Because you strike me as a girl without ambition or motivation, Tanner.”

Crack!

“To be good at oral sex one must strive to improve ones efforts.”

Crack!

“Oh! Please, sir!” I gasped, my bottom burning.

The shaft pushed up between the lips of my sex again, then slid slowly up and down before coming free.

“Please what, Tanner?” he asked, coming around to stand in front of me.

I rolled my eyes up, gulping in air, and then he squatted next to the stone and gripped my hair. I gasped as he raised my head a little, feeling the tug against my scalp and also the pull against my nipples.

“Do you see this, Tanner?” he asked in a soft voice.

He showed me the crop.

“Do you see how wet the shaft is where it was pressed against you?”

I flushed hotly.

“Even this is quite damp,” he said, showing me the folded over leather at the tip.

He suddenly slid it into my mouth and down onto my tongue.

“Lick it clean, Tanner,” he growled.

My mind swirling and churning, I licked hesitantly against the leather.

“You have a lovely tongue, Tanner. Stick it out. Let's see how far you can go.”

Helplessly, I obeyed, and he rubbed the tip up and down against my tongue.

“Perhaps you have a natural talent, Tanner,” he said.

He released my hair and instead gripped the thin chain he had hooked over the side of the stone. He lifted it up and forward and I squealed at the sudden sharp pull on my nipples, scrambling up and then off the stone until I was standing in front of him – on the tips of my toes as he lifted the chain up high.

“You will be working here on the grounds,” he said. “As you can see, they are

extensive, and weeding and grass cutting are always needful. The pool requires considerable maintenance, as well. The pay rate is the standard of fifteen dollars an hour.”

He turned and walked towards the house, his hand still on the chain, though not holding it high any more. I struggled along behind him, gasping and yelping whenever my nipples were pulled too sharply. As we neared the house the man who had caught me came out.

“You may remove her handcuffs and give her her clothes,” Maguire said. “She will start Monday at eight sharp.”

“Sure thing, Mister Maguire,” the man said.

Maguire dropped the chain and went into the house, leaving me behind with the other man, who snorted, smirked, then spun me around and unlocked the handcuffs.

“We tossed the clothes we found over here,” he said, pointing to the side of the house.

I quickly found my shorts and jerked them up my legs, blushing hotly, then pulled my tank top down over my head.

“No undies?” he asked with a smirk, bending to lift up a bra by the strap.

I blushed and bent, grabbing my underwear, and he laughed, then led me around the house to the front gate.

I still had the stupid nipple thing on but I sure wasn't going to mention it to him! But when we got to the gate he stopped before opening it, turned and grinned.

“Lift up your shirt,” he ordered.

I hesitated, but then, blushing fiercely, raised my shirt up, and he undid the clamps and took the chain away. I hurried out the gate the instant he opened it, feeling dazed by what had happened.

*

Of course I lied about it. I told the others I had hidden and then sneaked out, got my clothes, and found another place on the fence to climb over and get away. They, on the other hand, told me about how they'd had to sneak in and out of back yards to get back to Brad's house, where they could find something to wear.

My nipples were sore and swollen for quite a while afterward, a constant reminder of what had happened. I was astonished by it, and by getting away as easily as I had. I had expected him to, well, to do whatever he wanted to me. I mean, he clearly had an interest, and I had been helpless. I sure wouldn't have told anyone!

But instead he'd just let me go. A part of me felt insulted by that, though you might find it weird. I mean, did he think he was too good for me or something?! Wasn't I hot enough for him!? Arrogant bastard!

Because I had expected him to, well, to fuck me, you know, to do me. Why wouldn't he!? He was a big man and I was just some dumb girl. It sure wasn't because he was nice! So then, what? I wasn't attractive enough?

Don't get me wrong. I was relieved! But at the same time... I was... not disappointed exactly but... I don't know. It's hard to explain. What he had done to me was outrageous! So why had he stopped?

It sure wasn't hard to imagine what he could have done, what I had kind of been expecting to happen, and the image in my head of him and me... it was making me hot, despite myself. I mean, I didn't like him and thought he was a bastard and had been humiliated but... but the thought of him doing it to me there by the pool while I was handcuffed and helpless was desperately thrilling!

In a dark, kinky, nasty, shameful sort of way.

Shameful? Weirdly, I wouldn't have thought it was shameful. I was ashamed of myself for being aroused at the thought of it, but if he had done it I wouldn't feel that was shameful. I mean, if you're helpless and handcuffed and all, it's not like you need to be ashamed of what someone does to you, right?

My nipples felt sensitive and sore for hours! And every time I ran my fingers across them I thought about the way he had made me bend over so obscenely, and had me as his prisoner! His naked prisoner!

I couldn't sleep for the wild, weird, dark, sexual thoughts and images which kept sweeping through my mind as I lay in bed. I wound up masturbating, thinking about them! And I masturbated in a new way, on my belly, with my bottom raised high, and my breasts rubbing into the mattress. I rubbed my clitoris as I did, my eyes filled with the memory and feel of how I had been bent over on that rock as he rubbed my clitoris from behind with the tip of his crop!

And he had offered me a job. That was the source of a lot of stomach churning thought! No way I could accept it! But at the same time, the thought of working there by that pool, and for fifteen dollars an hour, was powerfully attractive!

But I couldn't go back there! After what he had seen and... and those other men! Of course, they were there late at night, so they were probably off during the daytime... but then there was Maguire himself! What if he had offered me the job just so he could... you know!

Of course, if he wanted to force me he could have done me that night. He didn't need to let me go and invite me back. So that offered a measure of reassurance. But God, the idea of him seeing me again, just the idea, made me blush hotly!

But I went. I know, I know, you'll think I'm crazy! I did! My stomach was churning the whole walk over there! I hadn't even told my parents because if I quit immediately, or if it turned out he didn't really mean to give me a job, well, I wouldn't have anything to explain.

I showed up at the gate at eight, nervous, my stomach fluttering as I looked through the bars wondering how –

The gate slid open on its own!

I gulped and looked around, then saw a camera on the wall. Blushing, I scurried through the gate and walked up the driveway, wearing jeans, t-shirt and sneakers, my hair in a pony tail. I was relieved when the man who came out to meet me wasn't one of the ones from the other night, but I was still embarrassed, wondering what this man had been told about me.

He was tall, and maybe my dad's age, wearing a white golf shirt and black pants.

“You're Tanner?”

I nodded.

“Say yes sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir.”

He jerked his head and nodded that I should follow him. He led me around to the rear of the house, then into a room filled with gardening equipment, including a riding mower. Then, as if nothing weird or sexual had happened the other night, he showed me where everything was, and what everything was, before taking me out and showing me the pump room for the swimming pool.

From there he led me around the grounds, several acres of them, showing me where hedges had to be pruned and grass cut, and weeds removed and sprayed. He was quite professional and I began to lose my initial anxiety in the face of all the information he was determined to give me.

Then we walked back to the pool and I saw a woman sitting out in front of it. The water falls, there were two of them, were turned on, and it looked amazingly beautiful as a blonde girl came out of the house holding a tray.

She bent over and the woman by the pool took the glass from the tray. The girl then turned and walked back to the house.

The girl was wearing a sort of, well, it looked like a long, tight white t-shirt except it was nearly sheer! I mean, even from a distance I could see her breasts, and that she had no bra!

Sully, who was the guy I was with, didn't comment on her, but instead had me go

back into the shed, and then showed me how to turn on the riding mower. Then we went back to a patch out at the side and he showed me how to work it.

I was really starting to get into this being an actual real job!

And fifteen dollars an hour!

But I hadn't forgotten Maguire!

We left the mower where it was and walked back to the shed so he could show me the hedge trimmer, and after that the spray attachment for the mower. It was a lot of stuff to learn and we were at it all morning!

At noon we broke for lunch.

“Just go in and see Bambi. She'll get you a uniform and set you up with lunch,” he said with a grin.

Bambi? I'd never known a girl named Bambi before, but I shrugged and went through the door he showed me. I walked up a hall and into the house, then into a huge, freaking kitchen! Everything was like, marble and teak and it all gleamed and glowed!

And there was the blonde! And the dress or t-shirt or whatever it was was as see-through as I'd thought! It was so thin across her chest it might have been made of some kind of elasticized lace! It hugged her curves and stretched tight over her buttocks, and then ended, the hem barely below her bottom.

It was see through top to bottom, and all she had on, that I could see, was a white G-string.

“Hey,” she said nonchalantly. “You the new girl?”

“Uhm, yes,” I said warily.

“Want lunch?”

I nodded.

“Can't sit around in the house like that, though,” she said. “You need a uniform.”

She smirked.

I felt my stomach flutter again, felt myself going a little breathless.

“Uhm, I'm supposed to work in the garden,” I said, thinking, maybe there's a difference.

“Hot work doing that,” she said sweetly. “Good thing you won't be wearing anything heavy.”

She opened a cupboard and brought out a tiny white t-shirt just like hers.

“I can't – !”

She tossed a small plastic bag to me and inside was a white g-string!

“No way!”

“Way,” she said.

“I can't wear this!”

She shrugged like she didn't care.

“You don't mind wearing it!?”

“For forty bucks an hour? Nope.”

“You get forty bucks an hour!?” I asked in consternation.

“I started at fifteen. Got raised to thirty after six months, and forty after a year.”

The thought of that much money was astonishing to me.

“But... doesn't uh, Mrs. Maguire... mind?”

She raised her eyebrows, then laughed. “You obviously don't know the Maguires.”

She pushed me into a closet and tossed the dress in.

“Change and we can eat. I'll make you something.”

“But –!”

There in the closet I looked at the dress, and looked down at myself, and thought about forty dollars an hour, and thought about Mister Maguire, and that broad chest of his, and that narrow line of hair going down to the waistband of his sweatpants and... and the way I had felt that night...

I blushed hotly as I peaked out of the closet.

“Well?”

‘I can't walk around in this!’

She yanked the closet open and I gasped and crossed my arms over my breasts, which made her laugh.

“Lunch is ready,” she said.

I was hungry! I shuffled forward, arms still across my breasts, but, well, it was only her, and she was pretty casual about her own nearly nakedness, so I sat on a stool like she was and started to eat.

“The Maguires are all perverts. You know that, right?”

I stared at her, my mouth full.

“But I guess if you have tons of money you can afford to indulge whatever you want.”

“How many girls work here?”

“Just me in the day, and Jennie in the evening, and now you.”

“But – !”

“It pays really well, and to be honest, it's the best sex I've ever had.”

My eyes and mouth both went wide at that. No way I was fucking people for money! Why, that would make me a... a prostitute!

“You can always say no,” she said with a smirk. “if you can.”

“What do you mean if I can?”

“It's hard to say no to the Maguires.”

I was extremely doubtful, to say the least, and on the verge of just taking off several times, but I went back to the shed after lunch, arms across my chest, and Sully acted like there was nothing at all odd about me wearing a virtually see-through shirt.

I got to go out and mow, by myself, so it didn't matter that I was half naked, and then did some weed spraying, and again, it was like, well, it's a job, and me being half naked didn't matter. I was nervous and anxious, though, at least, for the first couple of hours. Then I sort of started to get used to it.

I went home at four, changing into my own clothes, amazed at everything which had happened. Aside from the see-through shirt it was like, a real job! And the pay was great, and might even get really great!

But I was still fluttery about things.

I did tell my parents I had taken a part-time job there, that is, one that would be for a few days and might, if I was lucky, be extended. That was to cover myself if I quit or got fired.

I went back the next day, blushing again in my see-through top, but as with the first day, I sort of began to get used to it. But I was still anxiously waiting for the other shoe to drop. I mean, I couldn't keep my arms in front of my breasts all the time! Sully got glimpses, as did other people that worked there, though not often.

In the afternoon, I was weeding a flower bed in the middle of the south lawn, on my knees, bent over, with trowel and fork in hand, and didn't notice anything amiss till the shadow crossed over me. I gasped and straightened up, jerking my arms across my chest and turning around to look up.

It was him!

He was wearing a bathing suit, and I felt a kind of shock wave run through me at all that bare skin!

“Sully tells me you're working hard, Tanner,” he said.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I squeaked.

“That's good. I like to see a girl who works hard and is obedient. Are you a hard worker, Tanner?”

“Yes, sir!” I gulped.

“Are you obedient?”

“Y-yes, sir!”

“Drop your arms, Tanner. I've already seen your breasts,” he said.

Blushing hotly, my pulse starting to race, I slowly lowered my arms.

“You've gotten your shirt dirty, Tanner,” he said, shaking his head.

I looked down to see that my lower arms, especially around my wrists, which had gotten dirty as I weeded, had gotten dirt on the front of the shirt. Unfortunately, my hands were even dirtier, so brushing at my front didn't help.

He snorted.

“Just take it off,” he said.

I jerked, my eyes widening again as I looked up at him.

“Well?”

“I... I... but – .”

“Are you obedient, Tanner?” he growled.

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Then take it off.”

My hands trembled as a wild rush of emotions rippled through my mind. On the one hand, he could see my breasts through the thing anyway, and had already

seen them before, so my embarrassment was dampened by that. But... no, the wild rush was because of the possibility of something else, and I could feel a hot thrumming sensation between my legs!

I pulled the thin shirt up and over my head, then held it unsteadily.

He sniffed.

“Kneel as you were the other night, Tanner,” he said. “On your heels, knees apart, head back. Go on.”

It was frankly really strange how... how ordinary he was being! I mean, it was as if he wasn't asking me, or really ordering me, I suppose, to do anything the least bit outrageous or unusual!

Heart thumping, I did what he ordered.

“Did you tell your friends about what happened after you were caught, Tanner?”

I shook my head anxiously.

He squatted in front of me.

“Oral, Tanner. I want oral.”

I gaped at him.

“Speak aloud.”

“I uhm, n-no, sir!” I gulped.

“You lied to them?”

I nodded helplessly, and he reached forward suddenly and grasped the front of the g-string! He jerked up sharply and I cried out as the thin material was wedged up against and then into the thin line of my sex! I grabbed his wrist instinctively, but it was like grabbing iron!

“Hands down, Tanner,” he ordered.

Trembling, I dropped my arms, gulping in air.

“I don't approve of lying, Tanner,” he said, tugging on the material. “Is that clear?” He tugged again.

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped.

“If you lie to me you will be soundly punished Tug! “Is that clear?” Tug!

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

“Good,” he said, releasing the g-string and standing up.

And then, I swear to God, he just jerked his swimsuit down and let it fall around his ankles!

He was standing in front of me buck naked! And let me tell you, there was a lot of him to see! He was every bit as masculine below the waist as he was above, and I gaped at the sight of his cock, flaccid as it was, because it was long and thick despite being soft!

“Now we'll see if you were telling me the truth about being good at oral, Tanner,” he said.

His hand reached out and slid behind my head, then gripped my hair, which I had bound into a pony tail and drew me up and forward. He gripped his thick cock with the other hand, and rubbed it across my face as he pulled me forward!

My hands jerked up and pressed against his hips to push him back, to pull me back! But he simply fed that cock into my open mouth.

“Let's go,” he said curtly.

Oh! My! God! OhmGod! OhmygodohmyGodohmyGod!

What was I supposed to do!?

Well, for a start, his cock was already growing, and I had instinctively closed my lips – too late, and so, well, as he pulled me forward I ... started to suck. I was too bewildered to think of doing anything else!

I rolled my eyes up at him and saw his dark eyes looking down, and his cock

swelled inside my mouth. I started to feel a weird dark heat and hunger as I sucked, as my tongue licked, and my breaths were moans around him as he grew thicker and harder and I began to bob up and down against him.

Holy shit! That's what I was thinking. I could hardly believe I was doing this!

But with every passing second I felt more... well, excited, despite myself. He was big, the biggest I'd ever seen in person, and I was bobbing as best I could given how tightly he was holding my pony tail. My lower belly was thrumming wildly as I sucked, and I raised my hands to massage and gently squeeze his balls.

He jerked back sharply on my hair, though, and I gasped, pulled half away.

“I don't like you using your hands, Tanner,” he said.

He bent to scoop up my shirt, then tore it down the middle. While I gaped at him he moved behind me.

“Cross your arms behind your back,” he ordered.

Dazed, I did it, and he wrapped the torn shirt around my arms, just about where my elbows were, forcing my arms further back until I gasped at the strain to my shoulders! I know my eyes were wide, and my mind was swirling with thoughts and indecision as I felt him tightening the knot to bind my elbows together!

But as he stood up and moved around in front of me, gripping my hair again, I was silent, making no protest, only staring at his cock!

Fuck, he was so big! He was hard now, and I stared at him as he guided my mouth to his big cock and slid it inside.

“You better be good, Tanner,” he said.

I moaned as his cock slid through the ring of my open lips, pressing strongly on them as it moved through, as it slid up along my tongue and into my mouth!

I was... electrified, in a sense! I mean, even though it had not exactly happened quickly I was still in something of a state of shock as his cock pushed deep into my mouth! But I can't honestly say I was frightened in any way. I was

embarrassed at being naked, but not feeling exactly threatened or anything.

Except in that I felt a very real need to please him, of course, as I would at doing anything else of substance in my new job.

But as he filled my mouth so full and I stared at the shaft before me, and up the length of his hard, masculine body, I have to admit another motive came into play, for I began to feel a smoldering heat within myself, and that heat didn't smolder for long before bursting into flames!

I sucked and licked and my breath moaned out around the thick bar of flesh filling my mouth as he began to pump slowly in and out.

I was scrambling, mentally, that is, to figure out what to do. It wasn't that oral sex was a novelty to me, but it had always included the use of my hands as a very necessary part of the action. And now that was denied me! Now I was helpless to restrain him as he began to pump in and out, even when the head of his thick cock pushed very deep into my mouth!

“You did make a claim at your job interview of being capable of deep throating, Tanner,” he said.

My what!? I had!? Had I? I mean, I could but... but he was so big!

I felt him pulling me forward by the hair, and then his cock pushed even deeper into my mouth, and I gagged as it entered my throat! I fought to clear my mind, something I had learned to do to control my gag reflex, and succeeded to a degree, though my throat still ached as he slid further into it.

And he slid deep! I had never had a cock this big or this long in my throat! I gurgled weakly as I stared at the disappearing shaft, until there was nothing in front of my eyes but his hard male abdomen! And even then he pulled me forward, and another inch or so of his cock was driven into my mouth!

My lips were now pressed firmly against his groin, with the entire length of his thick shaft driven down my throat, and my eyes bulged as my heart pounded! My chest was already starting to burn, and my head was throbbing as he kept me in position, a sound something like a soft groan of satisfaction drifting down from above.

My arms jerked spastically against the torn remnants of the shirt tying them together, but I was essentially helpless as I knelt there before him, helpless and breathless, so that I was starting to get light-headed!

He drew back, then, pulling at my hair so that I saw inch after glistening inch of his wet cock come into view as he pulled himself free of me. I coughed, and gasped dazedly for breath even as he flung me backward by the hair. I groaned as I lay on my back – briefly, for he was suddenly flipping me onto my belly.

I grunted and then gasped as he jerked my hips up, then tore off the g-string!

Crack!

I moaned at the sharp slap to my bottom!

“Spread your legs, Tanner,” he growled. “Spread them wide! And raise that ass high for me!”

His big hands accomplished what my dazed mind couldn't, positioning me to his satisfaction, much as I was the other night, in fact. Only this time I felt the slick, hot head of his swollen glans rubbing up and down against me, then pushing forward, forcing its way into the mouth of my sex!

I groaned dazedly, still gulping in air, staring at the grass my chin was pressed against as I felt the pressure mounting, then felt the thick hot hardness of him sliding into my belly! God, it felt so... so huge! It hurt! But, and it's hard to explain this, it hurt so good!

I mean to say that somehow the aching of being stretched wide made it seem even more darkly, erotically exciting to feel him pushing into me! He was pushing deeper and deeper, and I was aching more and more, but even so my body was thrumming like a live electrical wire!

I blinked and panted and swallowed and just generally knelt there, bent over as he pushed deep inside me. When he started pumping I felt a hot rush of sensation into my lower body. Every time he thrust into me it felt like he was pushing that sensation before him, like something hot and liquid, sending it flooding up into my body!

I knew he wasn't all inside me, and the head was pushing against the back wall

of my sex with every thrust. But the thing is, it was like it was pushing that wall back, pushing in deeper and deeper as I knelt with my face to the ground.

And yes, it occurred to me I was in the middle of a sunny field not that far from the house, and anyone who walked nearby or looked out a window would see us! Of course, they would mostly see him since I was facing in the other direction, but even so, having sex outside in the open was another shock!

Shit! It was all a big shock! It was all so fucking overwhelming! I didn't know what to think or what to do! Fortunately, there wasn't anything I really could do but just... let him do what he wanted.

I know that's not really true. I suppose I could have put up a fuss, could have tried to resist, could have said something, but the truth is I didn't really want to stop him. I mean, I simply wasn't able to decide, the way my mind was sputtering, what I wanted at all!

God! I was just like, some fucking sex toy, just kneeling there being fucked! My arms were still tied, though, and in a strange sort of way, that made things okay. I know you might find that a weird thing to suggest, but it was like, well, what was happening wasn't me being slutty or anything, because I was just doing what he told me to.

And he was the boss, right, the big man, the Maguire. Also, it occurred to me that I'd never had sex with a man before. I mean, someone a lot older than me, and someone who was certainly not about to go and gossip to the people I knew about what a slut I was.

So without the threat to my reputation, and with that strange kind of shield against feeling like a slut, it was almost like this was a free ride – no pun intended. This was not something I had any responsibility for and needed to feel any guilt or worry about.

And God, he was big! I felt so stuffed! I was aching inside – in a delicious way! He was thrusting in and out with smooth, unhurried strokes as his hands caressed my buttocks and slid up and down along my hips and lower back.

And then I cried out as my scalp burned! For he'd grabbed my hair and used it to jerk my head up and back! The pull actually lifted my chest off the ground, and his hand came in beneath to roughly cup and squeeze my breast as he continued

to thrust into me.

Of course, I used my own back and stomach muscles to take most of the weight once I felt the pull, and kept using them as he thrust into me, as he kneaded my breast, as he pulled on my hair.

But I couldn't do that for long! You try it!

“Your body was made for this, Tanner,” he said behind me. “And I think your mind was, as well.”

He shoved my face back against the grass, and began to thrust harder and harder, and I gasped and grunted at every thrust.

“Lovely, warm, tight and wet,” he growled.

Crack!

He slapped my bottom sharply again, then gripped my upper arms in both hands and jerked them back, lifting my face and chest up off the ground again, to hang there in his grasp as he thrust into me.

I felt his hips strike my bottom! It was a light touch, but it was the first time they had, and then came more light touches, then heavier touches, as he managed to stretch me open enough to get more and more of his long, thick shaft into me!

Soon his hips were slapping firmly against my buttocks as he held me there, and my head and breasts were wobbling as he held me aloft! He dropped me, then, and I gasped as my chest hit the ground, as his hands gripped my hips firmly and he thrust even harder.

God! I had never been fucked so hard, especially by something so big! I gasped and moaned and grunted as his big cock punched into me, as his hips slapped hard against my buttocks, and as his big, rough hands moved over my body, alternately jerking on my hair, slapping my ass, or groping my breasts!

Every blow of his hips against my buttocks, every thump of the head of his cock against the back of my sex, sent a deep shock-wave of sensation and pleasure resonating through my body. I felt a sweltering heat growing from within, and my nerve endings seemed to become more and more sensitive so that the touch

of his body against mine made those sensations grow even more intense!

I felt my mind filled with an intoxicating heat, a fever heat as my raised buttocks were struck repeatedly by his solid hips, as his hard, hot spear of flesh drove into me with relentless force and power! I was being fucked so hard, so good, so incredibly that I was drunk on the sensations!

It was the first time I had ever been fucked.

I say that deliberately. I have had sex with guys before, but that was both of us going at it together. In a very real sense, this was not us doing something together, but him doing something to me. I was just... there. I wasn't actually doing anything but kneeling in place as he had put me.

So that was completely new to me. And since I wasn't doing anything the only thing for me was to just absorb the sensations, to just... feel what was happening.

I was on the edge of orgasm for the longest time! And then he jerked my hair up and back again, and that sudden new spike of sensation made me cry out just before his big, muscular arm shot down over my hip and his hand slid in between my legs and found my clitoris.

The sensations redoubled and I exploded into orgasm! The explosion of heat rocked my mind and I cried out in helpless pleasure, the storm of sensations like a maelstrom tearing through my body and mind! And every new thrust was like another surging wave of pleasure which sent the orgasm into even higher orbit!

I had never come when a guy was fucking me before, and I had never come like this ever! The scalding orgasm was far more powerful and intense than anything I'd ever felt before, and I gloried in the wild, animal roar of sensation! The orgasm stripped my mind down to the bare essentials, without a single thought in my head but glee at the howling pleasure, and a desperate hope it went on forever!

Of course, it couldn't, and didn't, but it was the longest orgasm of my life, as well as being the most intense, and when it ebbed and seeped away it left me barely conscious, slack-jawed and dazed, as he dropped his hold on my hair. My face dropped back to the ground, and I stared sightlessly along the grass as he continued to pound himself against my upturned bottom.

The force of his thrusts had my chin grinding back and forth against the grass, but I didn't care. I just groaned and gulped in air, dazed and mind-blasted, filled with an incredible afterglow of satiation and languor.

He halted, at last, and then slid back out of me. I grunted as I found myself alone, no touch of his body on mine, but didn't move immediately. A few seconds later I felt his hands on my arms, felt him untying the scraps of t-shirt.

“Back to work, Tanner,” he said, slapping my bottom sharply.

I gasped at the sting, and as he moved back fell over onto my side.

He pulled on his swimsuit and walked away as I watched.

I groaned low in my throat, and began to become aware of various aches and pains. My shoulders ached, for one thing, from having my arms forced back so sharply. My throat ached, and I ached deep inside. But none of them were, well, painful, not really.

I sat up after a minute or so, and pushed my fingers through my hair.

Fuck! Shit! Holy shit!

So what was I supposed to do now!?

The first thing which occurred to me was to find something to wear! I picked up the g-string. It was torn at the waistband, but that was kind of elastic. I managed to fumble it back on and then tie the string so that, while tight, it did the job. Then I picked up the remnants of the t-shirt.

He had torn that right down the front. I could put it on like a sort of vest, though, and then awkwardly pull it up and tie it together between my breasts. It left some significant cleavage, and of course, even the part it covered, like my nipples, was mostly see-through, but it was better than nothing.

And then I started weeding the garden again. What the fuck else was I supposed to do!?

Of course, my mind wasn't on the weeds, but on what had just happened, trying to understand what had happened and what I ought to be thinking and feeling

and doing about it.

In a very real way, I figured, I had agreed to this when I had shown up for work yesterday morning. After what he'd done to me when he caught me I had strongly, strongly suspected something like this would happen if I came back.

And I had come back anyway.

It was hard, under the circumstances, to feel any great resentment for Mr. Maguire. He had let me go, and I had come back, and then agreed to wear this skimpy outfit. What was he supposed to think other than that I was making myself available to him? For that matter, it wasn't like he was completely wrong in thinking it.

Because as anxious and uneasy as I had been, the thought of him and me, well, it had preyed on my mind like a dark sexual fantasy over the past few days. Over and over I had thought how hot it would have been if he had taken me the way I had been the other day. And he had done just that!

Fuck! He had really taken me! He had fucked me like an animal!

And I had come like a whore! There was both a sense of guilt and a sense of heady delight in the memory of that intense explosion of pleasure.

I kept mindlessly weeding. I say mindless because my mind was busy on other things. But eventually I finished, and then went back to the house. What else was I to do? Sully wasn't in the shed, for which I was grateful. I put the stuff away, washed my hands, then went into the house in search of Bambi and a replacement shirt.

I found her in the kitchen again, only she wasn't even wearing the shirt herself, just the G-string. She also had a kind of metal collar around her neck, and matching bracelets around her wrists.

“Oh, there you are,” she said. “Nice repair on the shirt,” she laughed. “Come here.”

She drew me towards the closet by the arm, and I naturally figured she was going to get me another shirt. I wondered at her being topless, but hadn't asked.

“Take that off,” she said.

Of course, I did as she reached for something behind me. Then she reached around me, over my shoulder, and I felt something against my throat, something metal.

“Wha – what are you!?”

It clicked closed, and my fingers felt metal – a collar just like she wore!

“Here, hurry up. Mister Maguire is waiting.”

I felt a jolt at the words, and my face flushed as I stared at her slipping a silver bracelet around my wrist, and fastening it together.

“But what... is this!?”

“Think of it as an alternative uniform,” she said, snapping the other one on.

“But – ?”

She spun me around and pulled my arms together behind my back, and I felt another jolt as the 'bracelets' were locked together.

“Bambi!”

“We need to find you a name, too,” she said distractedly.

“What do you mean a name?”

“Like Bambi is for me. Like Candy or hmm, how about Cinnamon?”

“You mean Bambi isn't your real name?”

She gave me a scornful look and I blushed.

“But – .”

She snapped a chain to the front of the collar around my neck.

“Come on,” she said.

I gasped as she headed back into the kitchen, pulled along by the collar. A collar!

“But what are we doing!?” I begged her.

“Whatever Mister Maguire wants,” she said as she led me down a much wider hallway.

There was a sweeping staircase, and she headed up it, pulling me along. My head was spinning again and I didn't know which of the dozens of questions to ask!

We reached the top of the stairs and halted as a woman of maybe thirty came out of the room in front of us. She, unlike us, was fully dressed in a blue silk blouse and white dress pants. She was blonde, with a heart shaped face, and blue eyes, and she had large breasts.

“What have we here? The new one?” she said.

I blushed hotly as she examined me.

“This is Cinnamon, Mrs. Maguire,” Bambi said brightly.

“Cinnamon, huh?” she said.

And suddenly her fingers were on my lips, caressing them, and before I could move they were inside my mouth, sliding along my tongue!

“Close your lips, girl,” she ordered.

I was so jolted I did it.

“Suck,” she said softly.

She was pumping two fingers in and out of my mouth slowly, and... well... I sucked! I was blushing hotly as I did so, and her eyes were examining my naked body as my mind squirmed. Bambi just stood there smiling brightly.

“You're the bad little girl who was in our pool the other day,” the woman said. “I don't think my husband punished you properly for that. He's always had a soft spot for pretty little sluts.”

She pulled her fingers from my mouth, but I was still too shocked to say anything.

“Or maybe soft is the wrong word,” she said.

Her fingers suddenly pushed down the front of my g-string, and I let out a cry of shock, starting to jerk back, but Bambi held the chain – the leash to the collar tightly as the woman slid the fingers of her other hand through my hair.

“I’ll have to think of a proper punishment later,” she said, her slick fingers rubbing my swollen clitoris.

Then she pulled her fingers out, licked them herself, and walked down the stairs.

Holy shit!

“Come on,” Bambi said, tugging on the leash.

“These people are crazy!” I exclaimed in a strangled voice.

“Or just very honest,” she replied. “I mean, they do the stuff other people only wish they could do, you know?”

“But – !”

“The fun thing is we get to do stuff other girls only wish they could do too,” she said with a smirk.

She stopped, then tugged the g-string down. I gasped as she giggled then pulled me forward. I almost tripped over them, but my feet came free, and then I was completely naked, my wrists locked behind my back as she pulled me down a long corridor!

“Bambi!”

“What? Shy?”

She opened a big door and pulled me inside. It was a bedroom, and there was Mister Maguire!

What a bedroom! I mean, I’d never been in a bedroom before that had a sofa,

recliner, coffee table, desk, table, television, and bar before!

“Here is your slave girl, master?” she said demurely.

Slave girl!?

I gulped as heat washed over me, inside and out!

Maguire snapped his fingers, and she turned around and put her wrists behind her back. He locked the bracelets together, then turned her around again. He gripped her g-string and pulled up sharply and she gasped, eyes going wide as it dug up into her pussy, just like he had done to me. But he tore hers right off, then and tossed it away.

My heart was pounding, and I was gripped with the same wild uncertainty as I'd felt outside in the yard! But a kind of kinky fascination was gripping me, too, as Maguire stripped himself, then clipped a leash to the front of Bambi's collar.

“On your knees, sluts,” he growled.

Bambi and I dropped to our knees on the thick carpet as he gathered in our leashes and pulled us forward. Bambi started licking at his limp cock, and he guided me in to sucking on his balls. God, this was perverted and wild and nasty and... and thrilling!

We took turns, switching back and forth, licking and sucking on his balls and his cock, which began to grow and harden. When it was hard enough he slid it into Bambi's mouth, then straight down her throat, pumping it in and out a few times before pulling free. Then it was my turn, and I gagged weakly as he pushed down into my throat, gurgling and gasping as he pumped it slowly in and out.

Bambi leaned in to suck on his balls as he fucked my throat, and when he pulled back and slid himself into her mouth he jerked on the leash and, gasping for breath, I leaned in to do the same.

This was the kinkiest shit I had ever done in my life!

“You're both nasty, wicked little girls, aren't you,” he growled.

“Yes, master!” Bambi gasped.

He glared at me.

“Y-yes, master! I exclaimed awkwardly.

“On the bed, sluts.”

He tugged on the leashes and we rose quickly. I followed Bambi to the bed. She threw herself into it, but Maguire jerked back on the leash when I tried to follow.

“I want your head on the edge here. On your back, slut, legs spread wide,” he barked.

Bambi twisted around so her head was near the side of the bed, then lay back, spreading her legs, drawing her knees wide. Mister Maguire pushed me forward onto my knees on the bed, straddling her head, then, gripping my collar and arm, bent me forward so I was laying atop her body, my face between her legs!

Oh! My! God!

I felt his hands on my thighs, jerking my legs wider, lowering my body, and almost as soon as I felt her mouth against me I felt her starting to lick! Then I felt his cock pushing into me!

At first I was almost set to protest again, well, at this girl stuff, but with his cock sliding into me it became something else again! But then her lips started to suck, and her tongue began to stroke strongly against me, and if you've never had someone licking you while you were being fucked, well, let me tell you it blows your mind!

It sure blew mine!

He was fucking me just like he had outside, in much the same position, except now I had Bambi's lips sucking on my clitoris, and my breasts were pressed against her soft belly! This was so kinky and slutty and wicked and wild that my mind was both aghast and wildly aroused by it!

And right in front of my face was her pussy! I knew I should.. you know, but my mind was kind of veering away from it, at least until he grabbed my hair and jammed my face in against her.

“Lick, slut!” he barked in a harsh voice.

I instantly began to lick! And once over my initial reluctance, I tried to do more or less what she was doing to me! I was breathless, overwhelmed, and darkly thrilled at the same time! This was soooo wild and slutty! But nobody would ever know! It was like I was on a different planet, where I didn't have to worry about anything like that!

When the orgasm hit, it hit with a thunderous roar of power, pressure and heat that had me crying out in animal pleasure! It was fucking insane! Bambi was sucking on my clitoris while Mr. Maguire was driving his thick cock into me with deep, hard strokes that shook the bed!

Then we flipped over, and it was my turn to lick Bambi while he fucked her! And when she came he finally pulled us back onto the floor again, put our faces together, and came on both of us! That was yecky, but still weirdly exciting in a dark kind of way.

Slave girl! What a wild concept!

And here's where it got even wilder.

They decided my name was Candy, not Cinnamon, since it kind of went with Bambi. And then Bambi took the leash and led me back downstairs. While her hands were free, mine were still locked together behind my back.

Bambi led me outside and out to the pool, where that woman, Mrs. Maguire, was waiting, laying by the pool in a thong and nothing else!

“Here is slave girl Candy, Mistress,” she said.

“Thank you, Bambi dear,” the woman said, eyes hidden behind dark glasses.

I felt a wild jolt as Bambi handed her the leash and then went back indoors.

“On your knees, slave girl,” Mrs. Maguire ordered sternly.

And... well... what else was I to do!? I knelt down, heart starting to thump as I looked at her. I was blushing and uncertain and anxious, wondering – but then she slipped her thong off and drew me forward by the leash, not between her

legs, but across them.

“Such a naughty little girl,” she said, her hand kneading my bottom.

Oh wow, I thought!

Her hand slid down between my legs, fingers caressing the narrow line of my sex, then pushing inside me! Her fingers pumped in and out, then after a brief pause I felt something else pushing against me, something much thicker.

“Oh!” I gasped, twisting my head around, trying to see.

I caught a bit of something, just a hint of color, as she shoved it into me. It was clearly some kind of dildo, thick and solid, and it slid way up inside me as my pulse began to race.

“I know you like big, hard things inside you, you nasty little girl,” she said.

Crack! Her hand slapped my bottom sharply.

“Slut,” she said, pushing the thing deeper.

“Oh!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Nasty little tramp.”

Crack!

“Fucking my husband. Of all the nerve.”

Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Please!” I gasped.

Crack! “You mean please mistress, don't you, slave girl?”

“Please, mistress!” I gasped.

She twisted and turned the thing inside me, then pumped it in and out.

“You know you have to be punished, you nasty little slave girl.”

Crack!

She paused and I felt her fingers at my bottom, then felt them wriggling into me there!

Crack!

“Bad girl,” she said.

Crack!

“Naughty girl.”

Crack!

“You must learn to be an obedient little sex slave.”

Crack!

Sex slave! Oh wow! Oh God!

I moaned helplessly, squirming there across her lap as she slid the second dildo, I presumed, deep into my ass. Then the spanking began for real, and my bottom was soon burning up as I begged her to stop!

“Will you be a good little sex slave?” she asked.

“Yes, mistress!” I cried.

“Say it aloud.”

“I’ll be a good little sex slave, mistress!” I exclaimed, my bottom flaming hot.

“We’ll see if you live up to that.”

She pulled me off her lap and in between her legs, gripping my hair and drawing me in against her pussy.

“Show me what you can do to please me, sex slave,” she purred.

Which, of course, I did. I wasn't good enough for her, which got me a lot of hair pulling, breast squeezing and slapping, and nipple pinching, to say nothing of more bottom slapping, but eventually I did manage to make her come.

Then it was back to work on cutting hedges. The only difference was I was completely naked this time, well, except for the collar and the metal bracelets around my wrists and ankles. She did oil up my body first with suntan lotion, though.

The dildos were not exactly dildos, or at least, they were, but not the normal kind. They were kind of like very long butt-plugs. Both of them bulged near the base, then went flat so that once they were mostly inside me they would stay there until pulled free.

And I had to keep them inside me, as I worked on the hedges!

It was the most bizarre thing! I mean, there I was naked, cutting hedges, with like two inches of these dildos sticking out of my pussy and my ass! But what else was I supposed to do!?

Quit?

Don't be ridiculous! The sex had been a huge, revelation to me! I mean, not only had I come like crazy, but it was the wildest, kinkiest, most exciting sex – most exciting anything – I'd ever experienced in my whole life!

I was horribly embarrassed when Sully came out to inspect the hedges, but he acted as if I wasn't naked and wearing a collar at all. He ignored it, like he was gay or something! He walked me over to another set of hedges and set me to working on them, then left me there. He was so casual about it that it was freaking weird!

By the time Mrs. Maguire came to fetch me I was getting used to being outside naked like that, though I was still jumpy and aroused. She snapped the leash to my collar, but didn't lock my wrists together behind my back, instead, she made me get down on my hands and knees.

“Come,” she said, then, tugging on the leash.

I was amazed, but I crawled along as she'd ordered, filled with a sense of

wonderment and heat as I crawled across the grass at the end of the leash. She led me back to the pool, where Mr. Maguire was sitting – along with another man, a stranger! I blushed hotly, but was distracted by the sight of Bambi chained up there.

She was under a kind of purgola, her wrists shackled together above her head, not doing much. Mrs. Maguire had me stand up and then pressed my back up against Bambi's back, raised my wrists, and shackled them together to the same hook she was attached to.

Bambi was gagged, though. I mean, she had, like, a black ball in her mouth, with a strap attached to it. Mrs. Maguire fed one into my mouth too! Then, as the two men looked on, she shackled my left leg to Bambi's right, and her left to my right.

“Push your hips forward, sluts,” she ordered.

We both did, and I gulped to see the enormous dildo in her hand! She pulled the one out of my ass, and slid that up inside me, then slid the other half up into Bambi's ass, as we drew back together. With our buttocks pressed together, she and her husband produced a pair of low, narrow posts. They locked into a small hole in the ground, then were angled in towards us.

They put these big, round things onto the posts. They were blue and white and plastic, and had electrical cords. And when they were attached, they extended the posts so they were jammed in against our pussies.

Then they started buzzing something fierce!

I knew what it must be, of course. I'd never had a vibrator. I would have never dared keep one of those in my house lest my family find it. But now I was feeling it buzzing strongly against my clit, and I could hear the one behind buzzing against Bambi!

Mrs. Maguire joined her husband and the other man, sitting down, sipping wine, and chatting about people they knew, largely ignoring me and Bambi.

Fucking bizarre!

I was wildly embarrassed in front of the new man, of course, and hideously self-

conscious. But that faded slowly, and the buzzing vibrations began to have an affect. Soon, both me and the blonde girl named Bambi were grinding our pussies against the vibrators, and grinding our buttocks against each other!

The thick dildo thing in our asses shifted and twisted and ... and it was all so fucking wild... and people were watching and ... and I came! I came violently! And so did Bambi! I came, crying out into the gag, grunting and moaning and sobbing and slapping my bottom against Bambi's buttocks and writhing in pleasure!

They kind of watched us, but then returned to their conversation. They were in no hurry, it seemed. They left us like that, and before long Bambi was having another climax. That had an impact on me since her grinding, slapping buttocks and cries of pleasure aroused me further!

And then I was coming again, and then she was, and then I was, and then both of us were, and then... and then we just kept having orgasms! Fuck! It was insane! I was going insane!

Of course, by Mr. Maguire and his friend fucked us at the end, fucked us in the ass, in fact, but it's not like that hurt at all after all the bouncing and twisting on that big dildo.

It was embarrassing to tell my parents that evening that I was so exhausted because I'd been working so hard! But what else could I say!?

It amazes me, when I look back on it, just how quickly I'd slipped into obedience, into doing whatever I was ordered to do, without fear, without resentment or anger, just because, well, that was what I was told I had to do.

I was paid well, of course, and that was great, but the wild, kinky sex I had every day was the real thrill of that job. I had sex with Mr and Mrs. Maguire, sometimes singly, sometimes together, and sometimes with other Maguires, for he had a couple of brothers and she had a sister. They also had nieces and nephews, and friends.

I didn't mind that, although I got embarrassed a lot, at least at first. They were all these... these filthy rich people, who were so different from me, so in a weird way I felt like it was only natural that I do whatever I was told. I worked for them, after all.

I still did the gardening too, for a while, then Mrs. Maguire sent me off to work for her sister instead. Her sister lived in the city nearby, in a penthouse apartment, and my job there was to be the maid. I had the same uniform, though, and aside from exchanging gardening for washing dishes and cleaning floors, pretty much the same duties.

And again, I didn't mind. I was used to it, by then, and liked both the kinky sex and the money. I was like, the sex slave, and there was enough wild, thrilling heat in being one that I didn't feel bothered by any of the unpleasant stuff – like the punishments I sometimes got.

Being a sex slave is a heck of a good job if you're crazy about sex, and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire had made me crazy for sex! My friends, the ones working, would complain about their boring jobs in cubicles or working in stores. I never complained about my job, not even when I got strapped or whipped. It was way better than any alternatives I could think of!

And still is!

End

*

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Zoe's New Job * Working For The Smiths * Wild in Wyoming * What I Learned in College * Two Teachers * Twenty Nine * Tomb of Darkness * Thrown to the Wolves * The Wolves' Pet * The Wolf Girl * The Tenant * The Submission Game * The Student Librarian * The Straight Girl * The Secretary * The President's Slave Girl * The Personal Assistant to Mister Blake * The New Neighbors * The Nerd Girl * The Mouse * The Millionaire and the Med Student * The Master's Choice * The Lady in the Castle * The Interview * The Girls in

the Band * The General's New Aide * The Director * The Debt Slave * The Secret Room * The Challenge * The Butler * The Banker's Payment * The Banker Babe* The Arrangement * The Accounting Girl * Stripped! * Stocks and Bonds * Slave of the Vampires * Sir! * Rich Man's Yacht * Personal Services * Nigger's Girl * My Boyfriend's Father * Molly's Black Master * Molly's Two Black Masters * Mister Stirling's Chauffeur * Miss Sullivan's New Duties * Miranda's Tower * Masters Fine Leather * Journey into Slavery * Into The Past * In the Vampire's Lair * In The Summer Heat * Her Very Own Pirate * Fiona's Need * Erin's Four Masters * Emily's Debt * * Courtney's Boring Life * Courtney Gets Caught * Chained Heat * Bound in Red Tape * Biker Bitch * Behind the Mask * Back in Time * An English Girl in China * A Slave to the Pack * Owned by the Pack * An Office Affair * A Life of Slavery * A Different Kind of Pet * A Darker Shade of Gray * A Dark Spirit * A Dark Desert Heat * A Dark African Fever * Anything *