



# **Kayla's Discovery**

**By JJ Argus**



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*Kayla's Journey - 4*

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**Smashwords edition**

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

Kayla's mind was preoccupied as she walked through the revolving doors into Harrold-Milkin's building downtown. Otherwise, she would have noted the looks she got from both men and women as she moved through the crowded lobby. Kayla had always been a woman who exulted in her own good looks, and in being appreciated for them.

She still was, of course, perhaps even more than before, but a lot had changed in the last week, since Colin Forrest had decided she needed to prove her obedience to him before he'd help her get to the partners table.

Harrold-Milkin had nearly eight hundred lawyers, of which Karla was merely one among many. It was a very large, and very conservative legal firm run, by and large, by the senior partners. But there were also three dozen junior partners, each of whom took home at least a couple of million dollars a year, and Kayla desperately wanted to be one of them.

Being honest with herself, she knew she didn't deserved to be. She was an okay lawyer, but had only been able to get top marks at law school by sleeping with several professors. She had only been with the firm a couple of years, as well. Most of the junior partners had at least ten to fifteen years under their belts.

But Kayla had never let things like that get in her way. The way to get to the junior partners table wasn't to put years under her belt but to put herself under the belt of one of the senior partners. She had chosen Colin Forrest because he was handsome, reasonably young, and something about him attracted her, something about his strength of will and character.

All had been going along fine until she'd changed a small section of a contract he'd approved. He'd hit the roof, then, and punished her for it, deservedly so, she was willing to acknowledge. He'd pointed out the idiocy of her substituting her legal knowledge for his in no uncertain terms, then offered to end the affair she'd begun with no hard feelings.

That would mean no damage to her career, but no help for it either. And she needed that help if she was going to get ahead quickly. Sure she made over a hundred thousand a year as an associate. But she wanted far, far more. There was too much competition, some of it from people a lot better than she was, and she didn't want to spend years trying to suck up to and impress people.

So she'd agreed to let him test her obedience. Since they were already having an affair, it seemed no big deal that the testing would be sexual. In fact, he was the best lover she'd ever had, so the more the merrier. But Forrest's idea of obedience included whips and chains, collars and shackles, crawling and hard, breathless, even painful sex!

And it had blown her mind.

Kayla had spent her time in high school and college studying and seducing teachers to get marks, absolutely determined to never be poor, like her parents had been. The hours she'd spent since being hired hadn't left much time for a sex life either. Forrest was a ... revelation.

What he'd done to her during that week had shocked her to the core, but she'd had incredibly intense orgasms, scores of them! It had been a week of furious sex, of learning to be utterly submissive, and of exposure, for his wife had taken part, and then several friends. It had been humiliating, at first, even horrifying, but she'd found within herself a sense of dark, frantic sexual heat she'd never even guessed at.

The final test had been a strip tease – on stage, at a mens club on amateur night. Kayla had been dressing and acting conservatively for years to protect her image as a studious and intelligent young woman who deserved to be respected. Stripping in front of hundreds of men had been a stunning departure!

Not that it had been her idea. Not that ANY of it had been her idea! It had been Colin, his orders, and her desperate need to prove her obedience which had drawn her, bit by bit, down the path into the role as a virtual sex slave for him and his wife!

At first, she'd obeyed simply because she was determined to prove herself to him. As he'd said, why should he push her into the partners table if he couldn't rely on her to do exactly as she was told? But gradually, she had come to obey him simply out of habit, conditioned so quickly it amazed her.

Then again, a riding crop across the bottom tended to teach a girl rather quickly.

But during her entire week at the Forrest's home she hadn't worn a stitch of clothing, only a collar and restraints. So it felt... odd wearing clothes again. Her bra and blouse and jacket felt strangely constricting against her soft skin. And

her nipples were still tender from having been pierced by Mrs. Forrest.

She was wearing a new outfit. It was expensive, and made her look great. Kayla didn't have an issue with that. She loved to have people admire her, after all. But in pursuit of her career she'd dressed very conservatively, almost asexually, at the office. This outfit was rather less mannish than was her norm.

She had also tended to pull her hair back, but not now. Now it was fluffed up and silky and tumbled across her shoulders in a new hairstyle Mrs. Forrest had ordered for her. She had golden bangs across her forehead that half covered her left eye, which was irritating in that she had to keep reaching up to brush them back.

Lest she appear too precocious in the hair style she was also wearing glasses now. They were plane glass, for there was nothing at all wrong with her eyes, and they were frameless glasses which gave her a look of rakish intelligence.

Then there was the outfit. Kayla had always worn suits to work in the usual dark grays and blues that most of the senior partners favored. This was an Armani suit in a light blue coloring, and was tighter and more feminine than she usually wore. It also had a skirt, not the trousers she always favored, and the skirt was on the short side.

Oh, it wasn't a miniskirt, for that would have sent some of the partners' eyelashes right up into their faded hairlines. But it was still well above the knees, revealing her long, tanned, well-sculpted legs. The high heels were, of course, standard, but the new ones chosen by Mrs. Forrest were stiletto heels, and four inches high.

All in all, it was an attractive, feminine look, even somewhat sexy, and that differed greatly from the norm for women at Harrold-Milkin. Even the clerks tended to dress in darker clothes and stay clear of anything the least sexy.

But it wasn't like she had been given a choice. Mrs. Forrest had made it clear she would wear whatever she was told to wear from then on, and Kayla wasn't about to disobey the wife of Colin Forrest, especially since she was also the daughter of James Harrold, the company founder and senior partner!

Wearing the light blue, however, all by itself, made her stand out amongst all those crowded into the elevator. Her soft blonde hair shone, and the small dabs

of perfume under her ears was another softly feminine addition. It was a look which was blatantly female, and rather than blending in, made her stand out and be noticed.

It wasn't blatant, though. She was sure she could get away with it easily enough. She was also sure many of the women who saw her would sneer and mutter to each other about just who she was trying to impress with the new look.

There were more subtle additions, however, which none of the watchers would likely have taken much notice of. She wore a gold watch on her left wrist. It was a smooth, flat gold band which happened to have a small black face with the time on it. No one would remark on it, nor on the almost identical gold band she wore on her left wrist.

No doubt, worn for symmetry, they would think, if they noticed at all. She also wore a gold choker around her slender neck. It was smooth and sleek, thicker in front, then narrowing as it curved around her neck on either side, with an open back. Would any of those who saw it connect it with the bondage collars she'd been wearing all week? Likely not, she hoped.

The rings in her nipples were a similar color now. And Mrs. Forrest had insisted she wear them, not studs. That meant she had to be careful if she removed her blazer. Then again, given how tight across her breasts her blouse was, she'd have had to be careful anyway.

She looked every bit the confident, competent, and successful young lawyer as she got off the elevator on the twenty fifth floor. Her previous office had been a small, windowless inner office along a narrow corridor. Colin had arranged for a new office, one with a view, he'd said, but one in a rather isolated location, near rooms the firm used to store furniture and supplies.

She walked along the carpeted hall, checking room numbers, then turned down a side aisle, one without any traffic. And there, around a sharp bend at the end, she found it. She took out her keys and unlocked the door and walked inside, her eyes lighting up as she looked around.

It wasn't a huge office, but it was far bigger than her last one, and the view was fabulous! They were in the middle of an assortment of office towers, but this was LA, not New York. The taller buildings were generally separated by some distance, giving her an excellent view of the city.

The room itself was fairly narrow. At the far end was a modern, integrated desk set, with a wall covering set of shelves and cabinets attached to a U-shaped desk. It was sleek and new and beautiful, and she delighted in it as she hurried over and tested out the new, high-backed leather executives chair.

The far wall, as well as the inner wall along her right was paneled in wood, while the outer wall was mostly glass. Track lights overhead offered discrete lighting, not the ugly, bright fluorescent tubes of her old office. And there was a surprising amount of bare floors before her desk. In fact, she thought she would ask Colin to see if she could put a conference table and chairs in there!

She got up and walked along the paneled wall, frowning, then stopped and pushed on a part, gasping in delight as an entire section pushed in to reveal a small bathroom complete with shower! She had to hold the door in, and as soon as she stepped back it slowly swung back into place.

That, of course, made her press against all the rest of the panels, and another large section pushed in to reveal a closet. She hesitated, as she saw there were already outfits hanging on hangers. She eased in and examined a few with a fluttery stomach.

One or two looked to be business suits, only with much shorter skirts, skirts barely longer than the jackets! One had a tiny green and blue kilt, and a tight, midriff baring white shirt. Another was a nurse's outfit, and still another had a badge, like a police uniform!

Her chest tightened upon seeing these, for they reminded her that her role here was going to be different than it had been before. Forrest had hinted at men here who would be 'pleased' by her, and had already brought one to see her at his house, Brian Jennings, who sat at the junior partners' table.

She had never liked Jennings. He was an arrogant sexist pig. Having to do a strip tease while he watched, having to suck his cock, had made her mind squirm.

The door opened suddenly and she spun about, feeling her stomach begin to flutter wildly as Colin Forrest stepped through. He was, as always, dressed perfectly, in an extremely expensive, tailored suit, his hair perfectly trimmed, a gold ring on his finger which was the twin of the one around his wife's.

Kayla hadn't cared that he was married when she had seduced him. Little had she

guessed his wife had given him permission, since he had seen 'something special' in her, something beyond her full, firm breasts and slim, athletic body.

He had seen a determination to do whatever had to be done to get ahead, no matter the cost. And he had seen a way to make use of it in more ways than one.

“Blonde girl,” he said, having closed the door. “I trust you appreciate your new office.”

“Yes, sir!” she said enthusiastically.

The term 'blonde girl' was not an affectionate nickname. Both he and his wife, and also Paul, a huge Black man he had let use her, used the word 'blonde' as if it was a pejorative, an insult. He had said the word 'blonde' was synonymous with 'whore', that they meant the same thing.

He had also used the term in the same manner as one would use the word 'dog', as in “Good blonde. Bad blonde,” and, “Take the blonde for a walk”.

“You may not have noticed some of it's more discrete elements,” he said.

“I found the bathroom! And uh, the closet,” she said.

“Did you,” he said, moving forward. “Did you notice the padded door? This room is very nearly soundproof.”

She gulped and nodded hesitantly. That was probably a good thing. She presumed he would be having sex with her here and she had become ... expressive as her inhibitions had melted and he had set fire to her mind with his darkly outrageous dominance.

She screamed rather loudly when she came. And she always came with Colin!

He moved behind the door and opened a small panel, then reached inside. There was a sound overhead and she looked up to see a long, slender section of the ceiling opening. Then a long, metal pole swung slowly down and locked in place against the floor! It was... a stripper pole, she realized in astonishment!

She flushed a bit. Mrs. Forrest had been teaching her how to strip, how to use the pole. For the woman used it as exercise, and was amazingly lithe and graceful.

Forrest touched something inside and the pole swung in and up and disappeared into the ceiling, which closed nearly seamlessly behind it. Then there was a clicking sound and much of the wall fell slowly forward, until it was horizontal, a little above the floor. It was a hide-a-bed!

The bed swung up and back, disappearing into the paneled wall. Forrest crossed the room and showed her the small refrigerator in what she'd taken to be a cabinet door behind her desk. Next to that was another cabinet filled with liquor. And next to that a stereo.

He picked up a remote control and a section of wall between the bathroom and closet swung down to reveal a flat screen TV.

“Wow, that's – !”

The TV lit up with a video of her laying back in the dog catch she'd slept in the last week, naked of course, and masturbating with a dildo. She flushed hotly as she saw herself plunging the dildo into her very wet pussy, and then heard herself over hidden speakers, crying in helpless, passionate pleasure!

She'd had no idea there was a camera in that room!

“Rather a perfect portrait of a blonde, do you not think?” he asked calmly.

She gulped “Yes, sir,” she said softly.

He turned it off and the panel slid up to hide the TV.

“Raise your skirt to your hips,” he said.

Flushing more deeply, but starting to feel a wild tingle of excitement, Kayla lifted the skirt up to her waist to bare herself. She wore no underwear, at his wife's direction. Instead she wore a slim gold chain around her waist which drew down tightly between her legs and disappeared between the naked lips of her sex before rising up between her buttocks in back.

There was a small rectangle of gold along the chain, placed directly over her clitoris. It was perhaps an inch in length, and was open in the center to allow her clitoris to push through. The metal pressed up snugly against her flesh on either side, so that her clitoris stood out, and he reached down to brush his fingers

across it so that she gasped and felt a rush of sensation.

“Turn,” he ordered.

She turned around, starting to become breathless as his fingers traced the line of the chain down to her wrinkled little back opening. There was a small round coin-shaped object there, pressed against her. It was discrete, like a small iceberg. But just like an iceberg, most of it was hidden. It was the base of a large butt-plug shoved into her bottom.

He tugged at the chain as if testing if it was firm and taut enough, then turned her around once more. There was no large dildo in her pussy, but a narrow line from the chain disappeared into the mouth of her sex, and using his fingers, to ease her open, he saw the fat ball inside her, or one of them at any rate.

There were four of them, each one inch in diameter, linked together with the small chain. There were weights within them like ben wa balls, so that the vibrations would echo through her lower abdomen whenever she moved.

Compared to the vibrator he had used to drive her insane over the past week, the sensations were restrained, but she'd felt her pussy grow warm the moment they'd been pushed into her, and it had stayed warm and wet since then!

At the very center of the chain around her waist was a small heart-shaped lock. She would be unable to remove the balls or the butt-plug without the key and she wasn't given the key.

Collin had one, of course!

He nodded and Kayla dropped the skirt back into place, smoothing it nervously as he held up a key.

“Anyone who who shows you this, owns your body. Do you understand, blonde?”

“Yes, sir!” she said breathlessly.

“You will obey them utterly. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir!” she gulped, her heart pounding.

“No matter what.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Anywhere, any time. You will treat them as you would me.”

“Yes, sir!”

“And if you don't... well...”

He smiled thinly, then pushed open another one of the wall panels to reveal a row of crops, paddles, straps, whips and chains.

Kayla felt her pulse racing at the sight, felt her pussy thrumming and her nipples tingling hotly. It was, she realized, her mouth agape. It was like... like Pavlov's dog, she realized, which he had learned to condition. Its mouth had watered at the sound of a bell. Her body had a rather different reaction, though...

Colin slid his fingers through her soft blonde hair and tilted her head slightly back to look into her eyes.

“What are you?”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she breathed.

Her nipples were so hard she thought they might explode!

And then he kissed her... gently... on the lips! She was startled, for Colin had never kissed her on the lips before! He had fucked her brains out, had masturbated her, whipped her, used dildos and vibrators on her, spanked her, dragged her around by the hair, tied her up, and done a lot of other things to her, but had only kissed her once before, in the shower, and it had been... incredible!

So too was this. His arms slid around her and his lips moved against her and his tongue caressed her lips, then pushed between them to meet her own eager tongue. His, however, was more restrained, as were his lips. She found herself falling slowly into the passion of the kiss as they stood there together, until she quite forgot to breath.

He drew back, but his hands were still in her hair, his forearms on her shoulders.

“Do you know your grammar, blonde girl?”

She blinked up at him in confusion, still recovering from the incredible kiss.

“S-sir?”

“Do you know your grammar?”

“Yes, sir,” she said uncertainly.

“What kind of a word is 'your'?”

She stared at him, baffled.

“Answer me, blonde.”

“It's... an adjective, sir!”

“What kind of an adjective?” he asked, fingers sliding through her hair.

“It... it's a possessive adjective, sir!”

“Ah, you did learn something in college,” he said. “What does that mean, possessive?”

“I-It means...”

“If you're my slut, then you belong to me. Is that not true, blonde girl?”

“Yes, sir,” she gulped.

He drew his hands back, and traced a finger along the smooth front of her choker.

“This belongs to me,” he said.

He raised his arm to reveal his Rolex and said “This belongs to me. It's mine.”

His hands slid up under her jacket and cupped her breasts, squeezing them softly.

“These belong to me too. You belong to me. Do you understand, blonde?”

“Yes, sir!” she gulped, heart thumping.

“I may choose to have you perform certain tasks, to please others, but I do this because I see a value to myself in loaning something I own to others, or using something I own to seal a bargain or persuade someone. In that sense you can be an extremely valuable possession, far and away more so than this,” he said, gesturing contemptuously at his five thousand dollar watch.

He drew back. “Everything I own is maintained very well, blonde girl. Remember that.”

“Y-yes, sir!” she gulped.

He turned and left, and she stared after him, her pounding heart beginning to slow. What a strange man he was! She'd never met anyone quite like him! He was strong willed, even arrogant, but then he had the right to be arrogant. He treated her like an object, but, as he said, one he valued.

Like a dog, she thought. No, more than a dog. She could rouse his passion, even if not nearly as quickly and thoroughly as he could hers. He said and did outrageous things, things which should have had her reacting with fury, with outrage and indignation. Instead they made her legs tremble and her pussy burn!

It was as if... the more outrageous he was, the more scorchingly hot she found it! She'd never thought of herself as a submissive, much less a masochist, but being treated roughly and cruelly excited some dark side of her mind which made her insides squirm with passion and lust.

And yet there was this other thing, this tenderness, if she could call it that, this candid open admission he valued her for more than just sex. He was happily married to his wife, of course, but she had no thought of replacing Victoria Forrest.

But being his... slave girl, his pet, well, that was another thing...

And people could care for their pets, couldn't they? They could even love them. She'd never had a pet, she realized. She'd never had time for one. Nor had she ever had a lover that she – loved. And no one loved her, she thought, suddenly feeling depressed.

She started as the door opened. There was no knock, it simply opened and a man stood there, looking at her. He was probably in his forties, but not bad looking, she thought, and from his suit, he had money.

He closed the door behind him and she licked her lips a little nervously, her stomach starting to flutter. She hated uncertainty! She had gotten used to being told exactly what to do, and to obeying it. She had gotten used to not having to think before obeying, to not being allowed to think before obeying.

“I'm Liam Matthews,” he said,

One of the senior partners, she knew, and one she'd heard Victoria and Colin discussing. She felt her stomach flutter as he looked at her. He reached out and gripped the edges of her jacket, opening it to display her chest, and the outline of both rings and nipples pushing out against the thin fabric.

“This looks very nice,” he said.

He gripped the front of the blouse and ripped it open, startling her. Kayla gasped, and her hands instinctively jerked up to grasp his wrists.

“Arms at your sides, blonde girl,” he said curtly.

She halted, then dropped her arms, her heart pounding, as he unclipped her bra – which was clipped together between the cups, and bared her breasts.

“Yes, very nice,” he said, examining her. “Colin wasn't exaggerating.”

Even though they'd made her strip before a crowd of men a few days earlier, at a strip club on amateur night, Kayla's face still reddened, for this was the office! It just wasn't the same thing as at a club, or even the Forrest house! Her face burned hotly and her mind spun wildly, fighting against the instinct to slap him and twist away!

He hooked his fingers into the rings and tugged up suddenly, and Kayla gasped in pain, her nipples stinging as she was forced up to her toes. Again her hands jerked up, but after trembling a moment, dropped to her sides.

“Please, sir!” she gasped.

“I hear you're a very nasty little girl, Manning,” he said, looking at her through dark, hungry eyes.

He released her nipples, then moved back and turned one of the comfortable chairs before her desk around before dropping into it.

“Get out of those clothes. I want to see your body,” he said.

Gulping, still flushed, anxious and uncertain, Kayla slid the jacket and torn blouse off and, with nowhere else to put them, placed them on her desk. She shrugged off the already open bra, then unclipped and unzipped her skirt, drawing it down her long legs and stepping out of it.

It wasn't exactly the kind of sexy stripping Victoria had taught her, but then he hadn't asked for that, and she wasn't wearing the right clothes anyway. All she had on now was the chain, and he beckoned her closer.

Pulse racing, she shuffled up before him.

“Display,” he barked.

As if by instinct, Kayla drew her hands up behind her head, interlacing her fingers as she thrust her chest out, arching her back. At the same time, her feet shifted apart on the carpet. Her chest fluttered as he looked her up and down with approval, and amidst the awful embarrassment she began to feel a dark, squirming thread of heat.

He raised his hand, letting it lay on her stomach. It stroked in a circular fashion, then rose up her body and over her breasts, his hand skimming over her, following the contours of her softly rounded body.

“Lovely,” he sighed. “Your skin is amazing. Is anything as soft and pleasing to touch as a lovely young girl?”

His fingers brushed up and down across her clitoris then drew back.

“Get down on all fours, blonde girl,” he said.

Her chest tightened and she started to feel a dark thrum of heat despite her embarrassment as she settled into the familiar position.

“Sit on your heels,” he ordered.

She sat back on her heels, spreading her legs wide, hands on her thighs, legs wide.

“Display.”

Did these people have some kind of handbook, she thought wonderingly. But she obeyed, feeling another hot little thrum of heat at doing this at the office.

“Very nice tits,” he said.

He stood up and walked to the wall, between the bathroom and the closet, and pushed back the panel there. . He moved over to another panel and did something else, and what appeared to be part of the panel came away.

It was only a couple of inches wide, but he swung it up and out and locked into place, a horizontal two by four about six feet long – with a ring at the end suitable, she thought breathlessly, for hanging chains.

“Come here, blonde,” he said.

Gulping she got to her feet and walked over to him. He gripped her arm and turned her roughly about, and she saw him reaching for a thick leather object on a shelf. It was like the studded leather restraints Colin had put on her, but thicker, more padded. He placed it around her wrist and strapped it firmly into place, then placed a second around her other wrist.

He plucked a chain off a shelf and pushed her further into the room, directly under the end of the overhanging beam and raised her hands high above her. Kayla did nothing to resist, but was nervous and confused. She'd been strapped, spanked, and even whipped by the Forrests, but mostly for doing something wrong. She hadn't done anything wrong that she knew of.

There was a little ratchet thing on the end of the beam, and he clicked it. Kayla gasped, feeling the chain pulling up, feeling it pulling her up! She squealed as she was lifted right off her feet to hang, her toes wriggling, no more than an inch off the floor!

“Mouth open,” he ordered.

He grasped her hair and jerked her head back as he gave the order, and she cried out at the pull on her hair as he shoved a ball gag into her mouth, then strapped it around her head.

*Crack!*

He slapped her bottom in a perfunctory fashion as she swung slowly on the chain, then turned her easily, examining her body.

“Nice ass,” he said.

He produced a key from his pocket and unlocked the chain. It fell away, but not to the floor. He tugged slowly on the back one and the butt-plug pushed forward, spreading her sphincter wider and wider until, with a groan, she felt it pull free.

“Too small,” he said.

A moment later she moaned as she felt something thick and long pushing up into her. It spread her wide, and pushed deeper, aching deeper!

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Gasping, she obeyed, though not easily, pulling her ankles out to either side as he worked what felt like a dildo up into her ass. The butt plug Victoria has inserted had been well-lubricated, so she was still slick as he pumped and twisted the dildo and forced it deeper, but she still moaned and gasped as she felt it being jammed up high into her belly.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped against her bottom again as he swung her back to face him. Then he reached into the closet and came out with another dildo, a bigger one. No, she thought, staring, it was a vibrator like the one Colin used on her, which had a kind of sharply angled branch at its base to slide up across her clitoris.

Of course, he had to get the big, thick dildo stuffed fully into her body first!

He tugged on the front part of the chain and the four round balls slowly oozed out between her moist sex lips, then fell to the floor. He pressed the dildo against her opening, and she groaned anew as he twisted it from side to side, forcing the

thick head into her.

He seemed to be enjoying himself, though he was being a little more rough than she was used to. Kayla gasped and moaned and her eyes blinked rapidly as the dildo was jammed higher and higher, but it was nothing particularly new to her at this point, and she bore it easily enough.

Until he turned on the vibrator.

Colin had discovered she had a weakness for vibrators his very first night, and he and Victoria exploited it ruthlessly.

Matthews stepped back, then went behind her desk, opened the fridge, and took out a small bottle, pouring himself a drink.

Kayla hung in place, a new experience for her, one she was starting to find decidedly uncomfortable and exciting in equal measures.

This was so wicked and nasty and absolutely outrageous!

Her arms ached, as did her wrists, despite the extra padding. She quickly discovered that her chest would ache even more if she didn't make use of the muscles in her arms to hold herself up, at least a little. She could not hang freely, not entirely, or she couldn't breath.

Her body felt so incredibly stretched out! She swayed in place, her legs seeming like weights dragging down on her body, weights waayyy down there below her!

Her pussy, meanwhile, thrummed with growing pleasure as the vibrator buzzed away at her. Nor was it the vibrator alone. Her buttocks squeezed tight around the base of the dildo protruding from her ass, and her thighs pressed in against the base of the vibrator. They were somewhat familiar sensations now, and they were sensations her mind fully knew meant heat, sex and pleasure.

She moaned around the gag as Matthews got his drink, then passed by her and sat down in the chair. He sipped from it, watching her over the rim as she swayed slowly in place.

Kayla felt a wild swirling mix of emotions. She didn't even know this man! That fed the embarrassment, even something like humiliation she felt. On the other

hand, her mind had come to associate humiliation with sex and heat and pleasure too.

With the thought of herself as a sex slave! And that thought in itself was wildly, darkly thrilling!

Her breasts felt taut, and throbbed on her chest, the flesh strained by her stretched out position. Her nipples tingled hungrily, wanting to be touched, hard and exquisitely sensitive.

Every time she looked up at him she flushed and dropped her eyes.

She'd first been exposed to a stranger like this a week ago, to Paul, a tall, very Black friend of Colin's who had suddenly just been there in the back yard. She'd found herself needing to obey him, to serve him, to fuck him, simply because he ordered her to do things, and she had become accustomed to obeying.

Besides, she'd known he was there because Colin had put him there. He'd even used the same terms, like 'blonde girl'. But it had still felt bizarre to be naked and sexually submissive to a complete stranger!

As it was now!

Bizarre, and darkly arousing. She was anxious, embarrassed, hot, her mind squirming wildly between deep embarrassment and anxious anticipation and heat.

Matthews got up and walked over in front of her, then raised his hand and lay it upon her belly again.

Kayla felt her chest tightening, the wild thrill of excitement making her pussy thrum even more powerfully.

"I've seen you once or twice around the building," he said.

His hand moved, gliding softly up and down her belly, then sliding up across her chest, curving around the outside of her right breast, then down again, his fingers lightly pinching her nipple.

"I remember thinking to myself, wondering just who that hot blonde slut was,"

he said, his hand sliding down along her abdomen and giving the base of the vibrator a little push.

“That's what I immediately thought, word for word. There was no question in my mind you were a hot slut, with those long legs and that long hair.”

He gripped her hip and turned her away from him, and Kayla felt his hand caressing and kneading her bottom.

“Of course, most women are sluts, or would be if they were allowed to, if they could shrug off their inhibitions and be what they truly want to be,” he said.

She grunted as he pushed at the base of the dildo in her ass, and it jammed up a bit higher.

*Crack!*

He slapped her bottom, then turned her again.

“The way you moved, the way you basked in the attention, the time you must have spent working on this hair so it fell just right,” he said, fingers sliding through her silky blonde hair, “told me you had a lot of excellent potential.”

He caressed her breasts again, his hands sliding almost reverently over them, back and forth.

“I forbid you to have an orgasm,” he said suddenly, as her hips jerked slightly. “Do you understand me, blonde girl?”

She jerked her head up and down, eyes wide.

“If you disobey me you'll be punished,” he said.

He released her and went to the closet, then drew something out and let it unfurl. It was a thick, black, dimpled strap – doubled up, she saw.

He smiled thinly at her then returned to the chair and sat down. He picked up his glass and sipped once more, watching her. Then he picked up a small square box and pushed a button. The panel over the flat screen slid up to reveal the screen.

Kayla gaped, having not even noticed. Then the TV came on and her eyes grew wide.

The scene was the back yard at the Forrest house. She was naked, collared, and on all fours, crawling at the end of a leash held by a Black man in a suit.

The camera followed her carefully as she crawled to one side of the yard, then back again, then took up various positions under the Black man's orders. A part of her cringed at knowing the man had seen this. She hadn't even been aware anyone had been taping it! But another part of her felt a churning heat as she watched herself obey Paul, watched herself kneel, face down, bottom up, arms stretched out.

“Do you like black cock?” Matthews asked.

She moaned weakly as she saw Paul's enormous cock, as he began to push it into her body. Seeing herself like this on TV was astonishing, and horribly arousing, despite the embarrassment she also felt!

The camera angle was from the side and then behind her. The perfect angle to watch as Paul pushed his big cock slowly into her tight, straining pussy.

Then he began to pound her, hard, and fast, using her, riding her, fucking her.

Matthews watched it, then watched her.

“Did you like that? Slut? Did you like being ridden like a bitch in heat?”

She moaned, heat spreading down her chest, and up from between her legs. Her body ached in places, burned in others, and the vibrator buzzed insistently against her swollen clitoris.

“Can't believe we spent three years wasting you on research and precedents,” he sighed. “When you could have been serving the firm in a much more natural capacity.”

Kayla moaned again, staring at herself, watching Paul ride her like a bitch in heat. She heard her own gasps and moans, then her cries of pleasure as he rode her to orgasm, listening to herself scream like a whore.

Kayla had never seen herself having sex before, and was transfixed by the sight of her long, lithe body, the sound of her cries of pleasure, and the way Paul worked that thick, round, black cock into her so relentlessly. It was a horribly embarrassing and wildly arousing sight, and combined with the vibrator inside her, made her hips squirm as her insides thrummed with sexual energy.

“Do you think we should put it out on the interoffice email?” he asked. “Do you think all the other men would like to see what kind of a girl you are?”

Kayla moaned, her hips grinding helplessly as sexual electricity crackled along every inch of her body, as heat and tension pulsed inside her, and her pussy threatened to boil over.

*Crack!*

Matthews drew back his arm and swung the strap in hard across her buttocks.

Kayla cried out into the gag, eyes jerked violently away from the screen as her body reacted by twisting and jerking in mid-air. That set her swinging in place, feet stretching helplessly towards the floor they couldn't reach.

*Crack!*

The strap snapped down across her bottom a second time as she swung around helplessly.

*Crack!*

Matthews stood in place, patiently watching her twist and writhe and turn in place on the end of the chain, waiting for her bottom to be properly positioned again.

*Crack!*

Kayla yelped, the blows stinging, her bottom burning, getting more and more breathless as she swung about by her wrists.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Each blows was carefully measured, well-timed, and struck her bottom perfectly

so as to deliver a shock of pain through her now reddened flesh. And there wasn't a thing Kayla could do about it, not even protest!

'Ah, the freedom, girl," Matthews said, shaking his head.

*Crack!*

"You can't imagine the sense of freedom, to be able to do pretty much whatever you want to a beautiful, sexy thing like you."

*Crack!*

"No worries about pleasing you, about making you happy."

*Crack!*

"No need to seduce you, to make silly small talk."

*Crack!*

He turned and returned to the wall, humming softly to himself as Kayla moaned helplessly, heart pounding and pulse racing, bottom on fire as she twisted slowly on the end of the line.

He returned with a flog, a comfortable smile on his face.

"And let's face facts, after decades of ingratiating ourselves to pretty girls, most of us have a certain level of... resentment, shall we say?"

*Crack!*

Kayla squealed as the short, thin leather laces snapped across her bare back. It was quite different from the sharp, explosive pain of the strap. The thin laces were more lightweight, each producing a small, sharp sting. But that small sting was echoed from the rest of the laces so that her back sparkled as they all snapped down across her soft flesh.

"It's not that we don't like women," he said.

*Crack!*

“Or appreciate them.”

*Crack!*

“Ah, but the sense of freedom is so profound.”

*Crack!*

“Not to mention the freedom to say whatever we want.”

*Crack!*

“To be as rude as we want.”

*Crack!*

The blows came faster for the stings didn't cause her body to move as much, at least, not at first. But as her back began to burn the sensations grew, and Kayla began to swing again, to twist. But that presented Matthews with more opportunity than obstacle, as Kayla discovered when he swung his arm up and out and brought the laces down across her breasts.

“Lovely,” he said. “I love your reaction to pain.”

*Crack!*

The flog snapped across her lower back and Kayla cried out, back arching.

*Crack!*

The flog swung down across her breasts again!

He chuckled softly, eyes hooded, watching her swing, then swung down against her breasts again, and then again, as she twisted and writhed.

He moved forward and turned the crop around, holding it handle first, then pressed the leather handle against the top of her sex.

“Slut,” he said softly. “Show me what a slut you are, Manning,” he purred. “Go on. Show me that you can't restrain yourself.”

He was grinding the handle against her clitoris so strongly it hurt, but her pussy was burning up even more than her skin, and with the vibrator he'd shoved deep inside her filling her body and purring so strongly, she felt a wild overload of sensations burning through her body.

He stopped, moving around behind her, and Kayla felt the dildo being pulled out of her ass. A moment later she felt a shudder of heat and dark excitement as his cock pushed slowly up into her back passage. It was thick and long and she gloried in the sense of being possessed, of being penetrated, of being used so cruelly and roughly and meanly!

And so utterly stuffed full of cock!

Liam was a tall man, but as Kayla's toes hung several inches above the floor he had no difficulty sliding himself deep without effort.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he barked, breathlessly.

Moaning, Kayla obeyed, though her legs felt horribly heavy. She spread them out to the sides as Matthews forced himself even deeper, his hand roughly kneading her breasts, then sliding down to grip her inner thighs and help hold her legs open as he began to work himself in and out.

“Nice and tight,” he grunted, “Especially for a whore.”

He spread his thumbs out as he thrust, jamming them up against her clitoris from either side, squeezing her so it hurt, so it ached, then grinding her swollen clitoris between them!

He spread her legs wider, drawing her lower body back so that he could thrust harder and deeper, and Kayla's body shuddered to the growing force of the blows as his hips struck her again and again.

It was too much for her, and an explosive orgasm tore through her mind and body, one she had no means of hiding even if her mind retained enough discipline to remember she was disobeying him. She trembled and shook, howling out all the air in her lungs, and drawing a quick desperate breath just long enough to howl that out as well.

\*

Kayla felt a sense of wonder that she hadn't spread a thought for kinky sex before last week. She certainly had no idea so many men were into this sort of thing!

Since Matthews had already strapped and flogged her, the punishment he decided upon for her 'disobeying' was more sedate. Kayla stood against the window, her breasts literally pressed against the glass, along with the rest of her body. She was spreadeagled, her ankles tightly bound in place against rings set in the base of the window, her wrists bound up and out to the corners of the frame she was locked within.

She couldn't move an inch! And the frustration of that grew by the minute!

Of course, he had stuffed dildos into her body before departing, into her ass and pussy, in any event. They were thick, but had those rings around the shaft near the base, holding them locked tight inside her, deep inside her!

That meant, as her pubic bone pressed against the glass, she felt pressure against her clitoris, pushing it back against the dildo jammed up inside her, and an ache up high in her belly.

But much of her attention, at least at first, was on the windows and towers around her, for she was pressed right into the windows and anyone looking could see her!

Not easily, granted, and she probably wouldn't be noticed unless someone paused to actually look up at the tower she was in. Then again, there were a lot of windows on the surrounding towers, and if she could see people moving around inside them, people not pressed up against the glass, then they could certainly see her if they came to the windows and looked up – or down, as the case may be.

Her back ached, her legs desperately wanted to bend, as did her arms, but the bonds held her very tautly indeed.

She was no longer gagged, at least, but that just made her face all the more clear and easy to see if anyone chose to look.

Of course, her face would be the size of a pencil dot, or at least, not much bigger. She certainly couldn't recognize any of the people she saw in the windows if she

ran into them again. She could tell which were men and women, and sometimes which were old and young, and what type of outfit they were wearing, but that was about it.

She only had her bare eyes, though. Most people had cell phones and almost all cell phones had cameras with digital zooms.

What if pictures of her got onto the internet!?

“Fuck me! I'm a filthy whore and I love cock! Please fuck me, mistress!”

That was her own voice behind her, coming from the continuously playing video of her many sexual encounters over the weekend. How had they even taken these videos without her knowledge!?

After what felt like hours the door opened behind her, and she moaned in relief as Colin came in. He raised his eyebrows to see her there, then closed the door and came over to her.

“We could arrange for you to do more strip club visits if you really enjoy showing yourself off, blonde girl,” he said, his hand caressing her back.

“I see Liam has been disciplining you. “He's a bit of an angry man, and I'm sure he enjoyed it. But he's a disciplined man. The marks of the flog are fading nicely already.

He reached down and unlocked the chains from her ankles, and then did the same for her wrists.

Kayla stumbled back with a moan and he caught her arm and guided her into a chair. She sat gratefully, bending her arms and legs and delighted to bend her back.

Colin turned off the TV and sat down in the other chair.

“So, I see your enjoying your new office,” he said. “And Liam is enjoying the new office tramp.”

He smirked.

“H-How many... people are going to...”

“Know? Fuck you? I have no idea. Not many, I think. I don't want it becoming common knowledge. Bad for the firm's image.”

“I'm so stiff,” she groaned, rolling her shoulders.

“Nothing better for that than exercise,” he said, pointing at the floor.

Kayla looked at him uncertainly, then got up with a groan and stood back.

“Ankles.”

She bent and grasped her ankles.

“Throw your arms completely around your legs.”

Kayla obeyed, pressing her breasts against her thighs.

“Up and display.”

She groaned, straightening up, arching her back, hands behind her neck and spreading her legs.

“Hands on the floor.”

She bent forward again, until she could put her hands flat against the floor. That involved spreading her legs far apart, of course.

“Straighten and display.”

She straightened up again.

“Hands and knees.”

She dropped to all fours.

“Come here, blonde girl.”

Kayla crawled forward and he reached down to run his fingers through her hair.

“Lovely. And I love the look of your breasts hanging there,” he said.

He tightened his fingers in her hair, pulling her up into his lap, and she moaned, rubbing her face against his groin.

“Would you like a lap-dance, sir?” she moaned.

“No, just blow me,” he said.

She reached for his zipper, undoing it as he combed his fingers through her hair, then drew him out and began to lick and such as one of his hands began to knead her breast.

“Remember what I said, blonde girl. You've been pursuing security and comfort, not law. You could be reading through text books now, writing down precedents, but this is a lot more enjoyable, is it not?”

She moaned and gasped as he rolled her aching nipple in his fingers.

“Yes, sir!” she said breathlessly.

“And is likely to be much more profitable. You're a far better whore than you are a lawyer, blonde girl.”

She rolled her eyes up at him as she took him into her throat, her tongue licking at the base of his cock as he smiled down at her.

“No, I don't want you fucking half the senior table,” he said, “You belong to me, after all, not the company.”

His fingers tightened and she gasped as he twisted her hair back, forcing her head up and back, pulling her lips off his cock.

“Don't you,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“You belong to me,” he said.

“I belong to you, sir!” she moaned, her head twisted back sharply, her hands still on his thighs.

“Again.”

“I belong to you, sir!”

“I like the sound of that,” he said, kneading her breast.

“I belong to you, sir!”

He drew her lips back to his stiff cock and she slid down its length with a moan.

“Nasty little girl,” he said as she took him deep into her throat again.

\*

The condo was a dream! It was four times the size of her rental apartment, and she need not struggle to make payments for she would be living there free! It was forty stories up, with a great view of the city towers to the northeast! She didn't have enough furniture for the place, but fortunately, it was already furnished.

It also had a wardrobe in the walk-in closet which was much bigger than the one at the office. It had a lot more of what she considered 'costumes', as well as a lot of horribly revealing dresses! There was a lavish master bedroom, a very nice guest bedroom and... an empty bedroom, or at least, one with very little furniture. It did have a stripper pole, though, and a variety of hooks, rings and chains along the ceiling and walls.

It also came equipped with a large supply of sex toys, bondage gear, and punishment implements, some of which made her eyes wide, and some of which made her pussy thrum excitedly.

This was the kind of condo she had dreamed of being able to afford! It was probably worth over a million dollars! Yet her rent was to be one dollar a month!

Of course, the cynic in her was fairly sure someone was going to declare a loss and get a tax write-off somewhere along the line, and mortgage payments, at least the interest on them, was tax deductible. Colin had probably even written off all these clothes and sex toys somehow!

Uniforms and business tools, she thought cynically.

She didn't get a lot of time to spend alone enjoying it, though. There had been a woman waiting there when she got home from work the second day she had moved in. She was tall and black and lithe and she smiled coyly at Kayla's startled gasp.

“Didn't your boss tell you I'd be here?” she asked.

“Uhm, no...” Kayla gulped uncertainly.

“My name is Maxine. I'm your dance coach.”

“But I – .”

“Know how to dance? I doubt it, white girl. But let's have a look.”

“But – .”

“Unless you want me to call your boss and say you refused...”

“Uhm, no.”

“Don't blame you. This looks like a pretty sweet deal. You must be damn good in bed.”

Kayla blushed as the woman led her down the hall and into the room with the stripper pole. The woman then stripped down to a thong and bra and leapt onto the pole. As Kayla stared with wide eyes the woman swung herself around it like a gymnast, at one point hanging upside down by her thighs and writhing around effortlessly.

Kayla hadn't had any suspicions when Colin had told her to go home early. Now she knew, and for the next two hours she exhausted herself trying to imitate the Black woman. Maxine was a stripper who worked at a high end mens club, but sometimes took personal requests – like training Kayla.

“You need more exercise. You're in okay shape, but not good enough for a dancer.”

The condo came with an exercise room, of course, and it looked like Kayla would be spending more time there than she had expected.

“Now get those clothes off and we'll continue your training,” Maxine said with a smirk, removing her bra and thong.

Kayla stared at her, then gulped and obeyed.

“On your knees, white girl, and we'll see how much exercise your tongue needs.”

Maxine moved to stand before her, then gathered up Kayla's long blonde hair, letting it slide through her fingers.

“Bitch. I love your hair,” she said.

Then she jerked Kayla's face in against her pussy.

“Lick me,” she ordered.

Kayla licked.

“Keep your hands down, slut. Just use your mouth,” Maxine ordered. “I want to see how good your little pink tongue is.”

Kayla flinched at the order, but obeyed, of course. Obedience was... almost an instinct now, and she licked at the black girl's clitoris as Maxine looked down at her.

“You're still an amateur,” the woman finally said, “but you're not bad. I think I'll need to teach you a lot, though.”

She snickered and jerked Kayla's face in closer.

“Lick me, white girl, Nasty little slut. Lick that black pussy!”

Moaning, Kayla licked at her clit, rolling her eyes up to see the gleaming brown eyes looking back at her.

“Your man said I could spank you any time I wanted if you weren't a good little girl,” Maxine said mockingly. “I might spank you anyway.”

Maxine was with her most of the evening, and did indeed spank her. She also rode her with a dildo and fingered her to multiple orgasms, something Kayla would have thought impossible prior to meeting Mrs. Forrest.

By the time she was able to shower and climb into bed she was sore and exhausted, but, she noted, the moment she started to feel ill-used, she would normally have gotten home very late and climbed into bed exhausted anyway, though more from intellectual work than physical.

The next night another woman waited her, this one an attractive, heavily tattooed redhead. She was a bartender, and taught Kayla how to make a variety of drinks. Then she gave her tongue a workout, as well, before leaving. Kayla had time to watch TV and enjoy her new condo before bed that night.\*

“I presume you read through the proposed contracts and negotiating principals, Manning.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, clutching an armful of folders as she followed Forrest along the corridor.

“Remember these are Japanese. They have rather different attitudes towards women than you might expect from western businessmen.

“Uh, yes, sir.”

“And of course, many Asiatics have a particular preconceived image of blondes,” he said dryly.

She blinked uncertainly.

She had been somewhat surprised to have gotten the assignment, but then, she was a lawyer, so in that respect was glad she wasn't expected to simply sit around all day waiting for someone to come and abuse her!

Forrest turned into the board room and she halted just behind him as the men inside stood up and hands were shaken.

There were three Japanese men in neat, double breasted suits, representing the Yamachi Corporation which was buying out an American company represented by Harrold-Milkin. Forrest was the lead attorney on it, assisted by, she scrunched up her face, Brian Jennings.

The Japanese men all shook her hand, but their eyes were curious, and openly appreciative.

The board room was quite large, with a gleaming mahogany table sitting ten on each side. The walls were all heavily molded and stylized paneling, with restrained lighting from above. The chairs were thick, high backed leather, and quite comfortable. This room was often used, after all, for the senior partners meetings.

“Sit, gentlemen, sit,” Forrest said.

Three Japanese men sat on one side, while she, Forrest and Jennings sat on the other. Papers were soon spread out between them and Forrest began to deal with one issue after another with the man who seemed to be the head of the opposite party, Mister Ito.

As each issue was dealt with Kayla drew out the folder which contained the next issue, the research which had been done, and the two sides' positions and

summarized them.

The Japanese men always stared openly at her as she spoke. When she had finished, Forrest would start, and he and Ito, for the most part, would discuss things. While that was going on the other two Japanese men would pay studious attention – except when their eyes were wandering over to Kayla.

Jennings seemed there mainly to clarify points whenever the discussion turned to patents and royalties, since that was his specialty.

And then she jerked slightly as she felt Jennings' hand on her thigh. She gave no further sign of it, though, except to watch the Japanese men more carefully to see if any might possibly suspect where the man's hand was.

She felt his hand slide up and down her left thigh, then grip the fabric of her short skirt and ease it higher so he could stroke his fingers across her bare skin. His hand slid further in towards her groin, then drew back and he jotted something down on his pad and nudged her.

*Spread your legs, blonde, it said.*

Kayla flushed slightly but shifted her legs slowly apart where she sat. She couldn't see how the Japanese could possibly notice, after all.

Jenning's hand dropped below the table again and slid along her thigh, then rubbed her lower abdomen, sliding lower and lower as she felt her stomach starting to flutter. She gulped as his fingers found the narrow chain, then slid along it to the narrow rectangle which pressed in around her clitoris.

His fingers began to rub her clitoris then as she determinedly kept her breathing quite and steady, giving no sign she was feeling or thinking anything.

Mister Ito began to speak, and a moment later she started again, for she felt another hand on her thigh! This one was on her right thigh, and clearly belonged to Forrest! She gulped, pen in hand, paying close attention to Ito's words, for she was responsible for jotting down any new suggestions or deviations from what was already agreed upon.

Jennings' hand slid off her clitoris, rising up to stroke her inner thigh as Forrest's fingers slid down the inside of her right thigh, then onto her clitoris in turn.

Jennings' hand slid upward to caress her firm abdomen again as Ito and one of the other Japanese men – Kimura was his name – discussed something in Japanese.

Kayla felt a growing sense of anxiety that the Japanese would notice, though neither man beside her was really moving their arm much. Their hands, on the other hand, their fingers, were busily caressing and stroking her in a manner which had her pussy thrumming hotly, her clitoris, almost always swollen due to the way the rectangle squeezed in around the surrounding flesh, felt moist and hot.

Her insides squeezed softly around the four golden balls inside her, moist, as it always seemed now, her nipples tingling and throbbing under her tight blouse and jacket. Her face felt warm, flushed, and she hoped it didn't show much, or that the Japanese would not guess why.

She almost failed to notice Mister Ito's next sentence as he turned towards Forrest.

“There seems to be a disagreement over the meaning of shared resources,” he said. “When our company purchases the assets of Cambridge Computer, we feel that all in-house processes and software should now belong to the Yamachi Company.”

“You certainly will own all public patents and copyrighted materials outright,” Forrest said, removing his fingers from her clitoris, “What this particular clause refers to are manufacturing processes developed in tandem with Markham Research. These are a shared resource.”

“If I might demonstrate, Mister Ito,” Jennings said. “Miss Manning, for example, is an associate of Harrold Milkin. She belongs to no particular department, for example, nor works directly for any of the partners, but is a shared resource, available to those who have need of her services.”

Kayla thought using her as an example was quite odd, surprisingly odd, but not nearly as odd as when Jennings, smiling at the Japanese and still talking, slid his hand up her belly and openly up her chest then in beneath her blouse to cup her breast!

Her eyes widened, though probably no more than the eyes of the three Japanese

men across from them!

“Yes, Miss Manning is indeed a resource which can be shared,” Forrest said.

Ito stared at her and licked his lips, while Kayla's face burned and her chest tightened.

“Miss... Manning is a lovely young woman,” Ito said, regaining control of his expression, now looking quite calm.

“Indeed. She's one of our most useful attorneys,” Forrest said. “I have no doubt she could be useful to you for clearing up any... issues which might arise.”

Jennings' hand had slid back out of sight beneath the table, rubbing her clitoris, but there seemed little doubt in the minds of the Japanese men where it was!

“Manning, would you be so kind as to go and attend to the projector?” Forrest said.

Kayla jerked her head around, staring at him, gulping repeatedly. “Uh... uh, yes, sir,” she said.

She had no idea what he wanted to show on the projector, but got up as Jennings drew his hand back, and moved along the table, her legs reasonably steady. At the end of the table was another, smaller table several feet from the far wall. There was a projector on it, and she moved to turn it on.

“No, no, Miss Manning. Simply move it off the table. Put it on the side there,” Forrest said.

Bewildered, Kayla picked up the projector and moved it off to the side board.

“Now if you'd be so kind as to place yourself back at the table,” Forrest said.

Her heart was pounding as Kayla moved back to the end of the table.

“Turn, please,” Forrest said.

She turned her back to the five men, barely able to breath given the tension building inside her.

“Now bend over the table,” he said.

A rush of heat came to Kayla's face, tension burning within her. She hesitated, but only a few moments, then bent over the table.

“More,” Forrest said. “And spread your legs.”

Moaning inaudibly, horribly embarrassed, but with a rising sense of dark sexuality gripping her, Kayla shifted her feet apart on the rug and bent over, pressing her breasts to the table.

“Raise your skirt up, please,” Forrest said.

Another jarring psychic blow hit her, but with it, another shockwave of sexual pressure. She reached back and raised her skirt up over her hips, baring herself to the five men.

“Most interesting,” she heard one of the Japanese say. “A gold chain.”

“Brian, if you would.”

“Of course, sir,” she heard Jennings say.

He walked up behind her, and she felt his hand on her hip, then the key slid into the lock at her tailbone and the chain fell. He returned to his chair as Kayla stayed in place, heart pounding.

“If you would be so kind, Miss Manning, as to tug on the front of the chain,” Forrest said pleasantly.

Kayla trembled, but managed to work her hand down between her thigh and the table, then up to clasp the chain. She tugged slowly, feeling the movement of the golden balls within her. She moaned as the first one pushed against her pussy lips, slowly spreading them apart as the five men looked on.

Her pussy lips spread wider and wider and she heard something said in Japanese by one of the men. Then it popped out, and her pussy lips slid closed again.

The ball dangled between her legs, glistening wetly as she tugged on the chain and the next one slowly pushed out, causing her pussy to burn hotly. Her pussy

lips spread wider and wider, then the next ball slid out to dangle between her trembling thighs. A moment later, the third came free, and finally, the fourth!

Kayla was sweating by then, her entire body overheated, her pussy sopping wet, her nipples burning as she ground her weight down onto her swollen breasts.

“And the top chain?” Forrest asked.

Barely able to breath, feeling a sense of unreality settling about her trembling body, Kayla slowly pulled on the chain, feeling the large butt-plug slowly pushing against her sphincter, spreading it out wider and wider... and wider still, and then, with a groan, she felt the big butt-plug come into view, and it, the balls, and the chain, fell to the floor.

“Miss Manning needs such devices inside her at all times to concentrate her mind,” Jennings said.

“Those were very... large devices,” she heard Ito say.

“Well, she is a natural blonde, you see, Mister Ito,” Jennings said.

“Blondes are particularly special women,” Forrest added.

“I see.”

“Miss Manning, if you would demonstrate for Mister Ito the resilience and elasticity of your flesh, please.”

Dazed, Kayla wasn't quite sure what he meant, then she felt Jennings beside her, felt him grasp her hand, the one which she had thrust under her hip and which had dangled between her legs. He drew it up and straightened two fingers, then ran them along the line of her pussy before pushing them into her.

Burning with embarrassment and heat, Kayla pushed her fingers deep into her pussy as Jennings returned to his seat.

“You're still quite tight, are you not?”

“Y-Y-Y-Yesssss,” she moaned.

She thrust a third finger into her pussy, moaning, her hips squirming as she held her fingers inside herself, then began to pump them in and out.

“Stop,” Forrest ordered.

He sighed dramatically. “You see how it is with blondes,” he said.

“Indeed,” Ito said.

“No discipline. They will always exceed their instructions where physical pleasure is concerned. That is why it is necessary for strong men to help them to restrain their base impulses. Brian, if you would, please.”

“I'm afraid I injured my shoulder playing racquetball, sir,” Jennings said regretfully.

“Ah, yes, I had forgotten. Perhaps one of your assistants....”

“I think I can take care of things,” Ito said.

Kayla turned her head only a little, but enough to see Ito walking up along the board room table, carrying something in his hand, something long and slim. She moaned and jerked her hand away from her pussy entirely, anxiety gripping her again.

Her legs were perfectly straight, as she had been taught by Forrest and his wife, though spread to either side. The table itself was some inches lower than her hips, causing her to lean further forward and push her bottom straight up and back.

She heard a hissing sound, then a sharp stinging blow to her buttocks which caused her to cry out weakly.

“Young women need to be shown discipline,” Mr. Ito said.

*Crack! The crop, for that was clearly what it was, struck her bare bottom a second time.*

“Yes, I have found that some of them learn better than others,” Forrest said.

*Crack!*

Kayla cried out, the sting hot and sharp.

*Crack!*

“Blondes, of course, well, they find discipline particularly difficult to learn.”

*Crack!*

“Perhaps your discipline is not sufficiently severe,” Ito said.

*Crack!*

The crop slashed across her bottom with stinging force! But then the crop was thrust between her trembling thighs, the shaft angled down, pressing up into the soft flesh of her pussy, forced up between her pussy lips as Ito began to saw the slender leather tube in and out.

Kayla shuddered as it rolled back and forth across her clitoris, then was whipped back and snapped down across her bottom again!

*Crack!*

“The difficulty with blondes, of course,” Forrest said, “Is their ability to turn almost any discipline into a sexual thrill, thus defeating the entire purpose.”

*Crack!*

“Do you believe so?” Ito said.

*Crack!*

“You could check...”

“Oh!”

Kayla felt Ito's fingers slide up and down along her narrow sex, then push into her, twisting and squirming as they sank deeper.

“She is quite... wet,” Ito said, his fingers pumping in and out.

“Of course. I'm quite sure if you check, her nipples will be quite firm, as well.”

*Crack! The crop snapped down across her buttocks again.*

“I have never undertaken an effort at disciplining a blonde before,” Ito said.

*Crack!*

“Clearly it presents extra difficulties.”

“Indeed it does. But persistence will win out... in the end.”

*Crack!*

“Indeed.”

“Well,” Forrest said, his voice seeming to change. “We'll discuss these issues and respond quite quickly. In the meantime, I'm sure Miss Manning will assist you in any way you desire. Manning, come here,” he said.

Kayla heard, but her mind was so buzzed she failed to react.

“Manning!” he growled.

“Y-Yes, sir.”

She stood up, swaying, her skirt falling down around her again, then, face hot, she looked at him.

“You will assist Mr. Ito with whatever he... desires.”

Forrest and Jennings gathered up their papers and left, closing the door behind them.

Kayla blinked dazedly, staring at the door as Ito moved in closer. The other two Japanese men, Kimura, came down the length of the table and she turned in surprise to see the one on her other side. Then the third man, Moto, moved in on her other side.

She licked her lips anxiously, then gasped as Moto slid his hand under her jacket to cup her breast. A moment later Kimura's hand slid between her legs as Ito

cupped her chin in his hand.

“What is your name, girl?” he demanded.

“I-I... K-Kayla, sir!” she gasped.

She moaned as she felt her head pushed upward even as fingers nimbly undid the buttons down the front of her blouse.

“Kayla. Are you an undisciplined girl, Kayla?” he asked, his fingers curling up to caress her lips.

“N-No, sir!” she gulped desperately.

“So you are calling Mister Forrest dishonest?”

“No, sir!”

“Then you are being dishonest with me,” Ito said, his fingers curling up across her lips now, sliding into her mouth, caressing her tongue.

She felt a hand plunging into her small half bra, roughly fondling her breast as another hand moved under her skirt to finger and massage her pussy. Mr. Ito slid his fingers in and out of her mouth as his other hand rose to grope her now bare right breast, while one of the other men, Moto, leaned into lick and chew at the side of her throat, his hand on her left breast.

She felt her skirt unzipped, felt the button unclipped, then the skirt sliding down her hips and down her legs. She moaned helplessly as hands drew back her open shirt and blouse, pulling them over her shoulders. Heat washed over her in waves as the three men ran their hands eagerly over her pale flesh, their eyes filled with dark hunger.

The men exchanged words in Japanese, and then she felt herself lifted into the air and dropped down on her back across the small table. Ito had something in his hands now, a length of black rope! Where had that come from, she wondered dazedly!

But it didn't matter, for he soon had her wrists bound and pulled the rope down under the table. She groaned, her back arching as her arms were drawn sharply

down. At the same time, hands grasped her thighs, pressing them down against the other side of the table, and a moment later, the rope came up from underneath, looping tightly around first one thigh, then the other!

The tendons in Kayla's thighs burned as her legs were forced achingly far apart, her buttocks just at the edge of the table, her legs thrust out helplessly to either side. The table was just deep enough to support her buttocks and torso, but her head and shoulders pulled down over the opposite end, tugged sharply by the ropes around her wrists.

Six hands glided over her body as the men talked in Japanese, fingers stroking her clitoris, pushing inside her, twisting and caressing her nipples, kneading her breasts.

It seemed incredible to her this was happening in a boardroom at work, yet though she twisted and writhed, there was clearly nothing she could do to affect what was happening – or about to happen. One of the men, Ito, moved around in front of her upside down head and unzipped.

His hand reached for her hair, grasped a fistful, and lifted her head up forward as he pushed his cock into her open mouth. Kayla, dazed as she was, closed her lips around it automatically, moaning as she sucked.

*Crack! A line of sharp pain was raised across her right breast.*

She jerked sharply at the blow to her swollen breast! But she kept sucking and licking as the man began to pump his hips in and out.

*Crack! The crop struck her left breast stingingly.*

Ito thrust himself into her throat, and she gurgled weakly.

*Crack! The crop bit into her taut belly, and Ito began to pump eagerly in and out of her throat.*

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The crop snapped down against her flesh as sexual electricity crackled along the surface of her skin. Then someone found the slapper at the tip, and began to swing it down fast and hard against her pussy.

*crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack!*

She squirmed and bucked and cried out, but made little sound with Ito's cock deep in her throat. Sharp little explosions of pain hammered her dazed consciousness even as her pussy continued to burn out of control.

He released her hair and moved away, and one of the others moved in to grasp her hair and shove himself into her mouth. A moment later, a slick hard cock pushed into her sex and hands grasped her breasts. Kayla gurgled weakly around the new cock in her mouth as the man fucking her, surely Ito, drove himself in hard and fast, the table shaking from the force of his thrusts.

The man in her mouth tightened his grip on her hair and began to thrust in and out hard, fast, and deep, using her throat roughly as Kayla shuddered and trembled in helpless, dazed heat. Again and again he smashed her mouth up into his groin as he drove his cock deep into her throat, and all the while she shuddered to the harsh blows of Ito's hips against her thighs.

\*

Mr. Ito liked to play with ropes, it seemed. She wondered if he had discussed it with Forrest, or if Forrest had found out some other way, perhaps through research on the man.

It hardly mattered, she supposed.

I'm supposed to be a lawyer, she thought plaintively, for perhaps the thousands time.

She was in Ito's hotel suite, on her knees on the floor. She was naked, of course. Ito had carefully wrapped soft rope around her wrists, then drawn them back behind her and... up. He had forced them up so high her fingers brushed her neck!

Two loops of rope went around her wrists. They crossed over her shoulders, then down to circle her breasts, crossed each other, then descended down the front of her body, between her legs, and up between her buttocks in back, then up and back to a ring set in the wall behind her, up overhead to a ring set into the ceiling, and down once more to wrap around the thick tail of hair Ito had gathered up at the top of her head.

There was no give in the rope. It was quite tight, and dug up sharply into her sex. There was a knot tied in the two loops just over her clitoris, a knot which dug into her with hot, aching, delicious pressure as she knelt there helplessly.

Her breasts were swollen out by the ropes circling the base of them both, throbbing hotly with every beat of her heart.

And whenever Kayla eased her aching shoulders by lowering her wrists just a little, just an inch, or perhaps even a half inch, she could feel the loops tighten around her breasts, even as the knot ground over her clitoris and the rope pulled up more sharply on her hair.

She could do little to relieve the pressure on her hair other than to force her wrists up higher behind her, and even that was only a momentary illusion of relief. For Kayla was not merely 'on' her knees, but was perched precariously on them, with her ankles drawn up and back, each tied firmly to her thighs.

It was an uneasy perch, and only maintained in balance by the continuing hold on her hair. Which meant every time she swayed slightly, the rope would tug on her hair, and also squeeze tighter around her breasts while grinding the knot against her clitoris.

If that wasn't bad enough, Ito had company. In fact, there were eight men in the room, all Japanese, and thus all the conversation was in Japanese. They were all drinking heavily, their voices were loud and they laughed often.

Kayla was perched in the corner of the room like a piece of art work, though art the men eyed hungrily every time they turned their faces to her. Their eyes, their hunger, was a constant source of anxiety, heat, embarrassment, fear, and crackling sexual tension within her.

*But I'm a lawyer, she thought again.*

She had been kneeling, bound, for the better part of an hour while the men partied. Her knees were killing her, despite the thick rug beneath them, and her shoulders ached fiercely. Despite that, heat suffused her mind and body, a dark, thrilled heat that left her moaning and gasping for breath.

Every movement of her body reminded her of her own helplessness, of the harshness of the bondage, of how outrageous it was that she, a respectable

lawyer, was being treated like this! The knot over her clitoris was almost constantly in motion as her body arched and shifted and moved and swayed unsteadily.

Her scalp kept burning as her hair was pulled, and the ropes looped around her breasts were constantly tightening and loosening as her arms eased down and then up again. Her nipples were sharp, almost stinging little pinpricks of sensation, quivering and pulsing.

There were eight of them! Eight! Were they going to gang-bang her!? The idea was appalling, but had a sharp, darkly glittering edge to it. She had been taken by three men at once at Forrest's house, and the memory was large in her mind, especially since she had seen the video only the other day!

Finally, one of the men stumbled up before her, laughing down, face flushed, and unzipped his trousers. He pulled himself out, hard and swollen, and pushed himself into her open mouth.

Kayla gurgled weakly, wearily, moaning around it, her scalp aching as she closed her lips around it and began to suck. Another man wandered up beside him, looking down, eyes gleaming as he watched. Another moved up on his other side, then two more, and soon she was encircled by the men, all watching eagerly.

She felt bathed in their heat, in their hunger, in their lust! Her body throbbed and pulsed, her skin hot. The man moved closer, driving himself fully into her mouth, his hand going behind her head to grind her face against his groin as he said something to the others in a jovial voice which drew laughter.

Then he drew back and began to pump. He wasn't big, in the way Forrest or Paul or even Liam. That made it much easier for her to breath. That was a good thing, for the man was quite drunk, and began to thrust in and out very hard, even as he jerked on her head to pull her in even harder.

It was hard to breath through that, as his slick cock pumped wildly in her mouth and throat, as saliva dribbled over her lower lip and she gurgled wetly, trying to suck in desperate breaths of air. Fortunately, he didn't last very long, and groaned, grabbing her ears as he buried himself in her throat and ground against her.

He pulled back amid laughter, and Kayla gasped for breath, chest heaving as his colleagues congratulated her. But then another man stepped into place, just as drunk, laughing wildly as he drew out his own erection and thrust it into her mouth. Fortunately, he came even faster. There was some jostling before the third man, which gave her a chance to catch her breath, but then she had another cock stuffed down her throat.

Then another, and another, and another.

They were all drunk, and they all thrust wildly, leaving her dazed and light-headed, swaying woozily, held in place by the rope around her hair. But none of them lasted very long. It was hard to tell time, of course, particularly with her head the way it was, but she doubted it had taken her more than fifteen or twenty minutes to do all of them.

Not that she'd been much of a performer. They hadn't wanted her to suck their cocks so much as they'd wanted to use her mouth and throat to masturbate. They had fucked her throat, rather than having her suck them.

Which left her, in the end, panting, dazed, and swaying in place as the party continued, though fortunately not for long. The men all left except for Mister Ito, who returned, smiling down at her.

“Now we can attend to signing the papers,” he said.

He untied her ankles and her feet thumped to the floor. A moment later she groaned as he untied her hair and she could sink down onto her heels. He chuckled softly at her expression.

“Rope bondage is a hobby of mine. I shared this information with Mister Forrest some time ago,” he said. “I hope you appreciate it as well.”

Kayla was too dazed to appreciate much of anything as he pulled her to her feet, then untied her arms at last. She groaned again as the pressure eased on her shoulders and arms. But Ito wasn't finished with his rope bondage. It was twenty minutes later before he sat down at the table to sign a number of papers while she witnessed his signature.

She witnessed it while sitting across from him naked. He had woven the ropes into an interlacing series of knots and loops which had her breasts squeezed out

again, and which pulled up very sharply between the lips of her sex – with another knot over her clitoris. But her arms and legs were entirely free.

And sitting there, leaning forward, ground her clitoris over the knot again and again!

To say she was distracted as she witnessed Mr. Ito's signature was an understatement!

And when he was done, Ito put her on her face and knees, her bottom high, untied the rope at the small of her back, and sodomized her. As he thrust into her he held tightly to the rope which was jammed in between the lips of her sex, pulling and jerking it to grind the knot against her clitoris as his hips hammered against her upraised buttocks.

It drove Kayla into a harsh, violent climax that almost blew her unconscious as his cock rammed deep into her ass with hard, savage strokes.

After which he tied the ropes together again, had her dress, and sent her back to the office with the signed papers.

\*

The next night, Maxine visited again, leaving her exhausted and sore in many places, not the least of which was her pussy. She had had to give Maxine a very long lap dance as the woman corrected and critiqued her movements, and then ride the very thick strap-on dildo Maxine had worn.

The next day at work she'd been given another assignment. It was not overly complicated but it did actually require her to do a lot of legal research and put together a file for another large corporate merger. It was actually rather dull work, and she felt bored by it, in a way, even though she was glad that Forrest still thought her legal skills were worth making use of.

She had to work with Jennings, though, who pawed her mercilessly whenever anyone wasn't looking. That both aggravated her (she still didn't like him) and aroused her – which aggravated her more. What was much worse was that several days later she had to go to a celebratory dinner with the two of them and several other lawyers from the two companies at a ritzy private club.

She'd been working with them for most of the week, and except for Jennings, all had treated her respectfully. Only once the dinner was over they all went to the 'lounge', or so Forrest had described it, for drinks.

The lounge was a small round room with a long, round leather sofa facing an elevated round stage with a stripper pole! Forrest looked at her, the other men looked at her, all but Jennings with surprise, and pointed at the pole.

“Show the boys your talents, Miss Manning,” he said.

Somehow, he had found a way to humiliate her anew with the same thing. Despite her amateur performance at the strip club before hundreds of men, despite kneeling naked and exposed and having eight men fuck her mouth, despite the goings on at Forrest's own house, she could still find herself horribly embarrassed at men looking at her 'that way'.

And she had no choice but to climb up onto the low stage and start dancing! It was excruciatingly embarrassing at first, but the heat rose quickly as she saw the hunger in their eyes, and every object of clothing she dropped heated her further. When she was down to her bra and thong she was almost trembling with heat.

When she dropped her bra her body felt a wild rush of excitement that almost caused her to lose her grip on the pole. Then she was naked, rolling her hips, grinding her pelvis at them, arching her back, twisting around the pole as they all watched, transfixed.

That wasn't the end, of course. Lap dances came next. Only two of them actually wanted to fuck her, but Forrest let them so she had to ride up and down on their stiff cocks while the rest looked on.

It was too much, and she came wildly, again and again, as if gripped by an unending series of orgasms that rolled through her dazed mind like an out of control freight train. The man laughed and grinned as Forrest was able to finger her to repeated orgasms, even while spanking her, and after many hands had gripped and kneaded her breasts, the other men wanted her mouth or her pussy covering their stiff cocks, too.

“What are you doing to me?” she groaned, laying on the sofa afterward, dazed, exhausted.

He grinned down at her as he sat down, having seen everyone else off.

“Making your life infinitely better than it was,” he said.

He fished something out of his blazer pocket and lay it on her belly, and she groaned, blinking her eyes, staring at it. It was a key chain with a BMW logo.

“Your car is in the garage of the condo. It's yours, in your name, fully paid for.”

She raised her eyes to him in confusion.

“I told you before, Manning, that it wasn't success in law you were after. It was just money. And even money was simply a means to an end. What you've been seeking all this time is not wealthy but security, the sure knowledge that you would never be poor and destitute. You saw law as the way to get that security. I've shown you a better way.”

“But I... don't have any – .”

He snorted. “What, you think I'm going to lose a precious resource like you?”

“You could hire a whore to do what I do,” she said, with some bitterness.

“You are a whore, Manning,” he said calmly. “But if you mean hire a prostitute then now, I couldn't. First of all, despite what you might think, there aren't very many escorts who have your kind of body and looks.

“Second, it's not the availability of your body which arouses men, Manning, or at least, not merely your availability. As you say, any of the men who have taken you so far could hire an escort fairly easily. No, it's that you're a lawyer; a respectable professional woman whose mind and body forces you into loving acts of sexual submission and discipline.

“And it's that it's real. You can't hide what you are or feel, Manning. I have no interest in some plastic professional woman with a painted-on face who will have sex with me with all the emotion my hairstylist displays as he cuts my hair. I know you're not faking orgasm, Manning. I know just how aroused you get.

He slid his fingers into her hair and Kayla gasped as he dragged her forward a little, then forced her to sit up before pulling back further on her hair to arch her

back. His other hand came up to cup one of her breasts and finger the nipple.

“You're the real thing, blonde girl,” he said. “That's what makes you an incredibly valuable piece of ass. And the BMW is just the first of the rewards that will earn you. You like that condo? One year of this and it's yours.”

She gasped despite herself, for the condo was worth a million and a half easily!

“It's not quite partner pay, but it's not a bad piece of coin for a blonde girl,” he said. “And I have no doubt the work will be a lot more exciting and entertaining than sitting in a windowless room reading through law books.

“All you have to do,” he said, his hand sliding down between her legs, “All you have to remember, is to obey.”

She gasped as her forced her head sharply back.

“Do you understand, blonde?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Who do you belong to, blonde girl?”

“You, sir!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I belong to you, sir!”

“Again.”

“I belong to you, sir!”

He released her and sat back on the sofa with a thin smile.

“Then dance for me, blonde girl.”

Kayla ran her fingers through her hair, then, licking her lips, she pushed herself to her feet, hesitated, then climbed onto the low stage and gripped the pole. Music started to play, and her hips began to sway as she looked down at him.

It was true, she realized. She wasn't in love with law, at all. It was just a means to an end. And if she could get what she wanted this way, in a manner which turned her blood to fire and her insides to mush, then why would she want to do anything else?

She rolled her hips, grinding her buttocks up and down against the pole, staring down at him as he watched her.

This was far better than being a lawyer, she thought, far more exciting, far more thrilling, and she had bound herself to it, in any case. There was no real way of turning back, not easily, not without starting over at another firm as a mere lawyer.

She turned and twisted, gripping the pole, leaping up, then twining her thighs around it as she slid slowly down. She threw her long leg out, her toes sliding across his shoulder, and he gripped her leg, drawing it up and in, licking up past her ankle.

“Come here, blonde,” he ordered.

“Yes, sir!” she breathed.

END

### **Kayla's story**

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[\*Kayla's Seduction\*](#)

[\*Kayla's Training\*](#)

[\*Kayla's Submission\*](#)

Kayla's Discovery

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