

# Kayla's Obedience

by JJ Argus



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**Smashwords edition**

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

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Kayla rapped lightly on the thickly padded door and then opened it a few inches to look inside. She smiled brightly towards the desk. “You wanted to see the Rothstein file, Colin?”

He motioned her in and she pushed the door open and moved through on long legs.

“Shut the door,” he said.

She closed the door and started forward, file in hand, eyes glancing only briefly around the familiar room. It was a corner office. Colin Forrest was one of the firm's most powerful partners, and the office spoke of of the money and power Kayla had coveted much of her life.

She had focused on that since her teen years, jammed into a tiny two bedroom apartment with her mother and two sisters, paint peeling off the wall, and cockroaches scuttling across the floors. She had been willing to sleep with teachers in high school to increase her grades, slept with a judge on a scholarship board, and slept with several more teachers in college to get top marks.

Her body, after all, had been her only coin, and she had known it for a very long time. Oh, she was smart enough to get through law school, sure, but not to get the top marks she needed to get into a firm like Harrold Milkin.

There were eight hundred lawyers here, including twelve senior and sixty two junior partners. She intended to crawl out of the mass of 'associates' by any means, hook or crook, and she had immediately focused on the handsome Colin Forrest, tall, athletic, exuding power and authority, and married to a shrewish ice queen.

She had fantasies of something more deep between them, of perhaps becoming Mrs Forest someday, but recognized they were unrealistic. Forest wasn't going to marry some nobody associate from rural California who was half his age. Such marriages didn't go over well with the stodgy senior board.

That didn't mean she couldn't use her body, couldn't use him, as she had other men in the past, couldn't be his mistress and get a lot of what she wanted that way, including some surprisingly good sex.

He looked up as she reached the enormous desk and she felt a quaver in her belly. He wasn't happy about something, and she dearly hoped it wasn't her.

“Take off your clothes,” he said abruptly.

Her jaw dropped a little, and she glanced uncertainly over her shoulder. “Do you think that's wise here, Colin? I mean – .”

“Now,” he said.

She turned towards the door.

“Where are you going?” he snapped.

She turned her head in surprise. “I was going to lock – .”

“Don't worry about the door,” he growled.

He was definitely pissed, and she was starting to think it might be her after all, her mind swirling frantically as she tried to figure out what she'd done that might have upset him. She glanced uneasily at the door, wishing she'd locked it on entry. Not many people would open it without knocking and getting permission but even so, imagine if they found her in here naked!

Kayla put a lot of money into her wardrobe, more than she could afford. It was absolutely necessary to have the right image, and unlike many of the other associates she didn't come from a family with money. It was also necessary to walk a very fine line between dressing sexy, but without appearing to be doing so. Short skirts and cleavage were right out in a place like this, after all.

Her blonde hair was expensively cut, and perfectly straight, parted in the middle to flow like cut silk down around her lovely face and over the light green of her tailored Armani jacket. She slipped that jacket off, now, and folded it over the back of one of Colin's leather visitors chairs.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

He wasn't even looking up at her, but at his computer screen. He made a non-committal grunt and she nervously began to unbutton her silk blouse. There was an art to undressing before a man, but it seemed a waste of time if he wouldn't

even look. She unbuttoned the forest green blouse, pulled it out of her skirt and folded it over the jacket.

She unzipped the skirt and slid it down her long legs, stepping out of it to stand there in stiletto heeled black boots, black thong and bra, but he still wasn't looking. She frowned uneasily. In her experience, men tended to lose their anger at her if they just looked at her enough, and she was 'nice' enough to them.

“Uhm, the boots too?” she asked.

He glanced up at her briefly.

“Keep them on.”

She felt a bit of relief at that. She looked fantastic in the boots, and if she could divert him with sex he should be willing to forgive whatever had upset him. Of course, it still might not be her, but he was acting more than slightly rude and overbearing, and that wasn't like him at all.

She tried to think of what she might have done to anger him as she slipped off her bra and let her full breasts spill out into the light. Not that they spilled far. She worked very hard to keep her body firm and fit and toned. It was so useful in her career, after all. It would be foolish to let it get soft.

Her breasts were too big to not exercise, either. They'd start to sag in a few years if she didn't. So she worked especially hard on her chest muscles, as well as on toning her already perfectly flat belly, and her lovely round bottom. She knew their value, and despite her relatively well-paid job now, they were still among her most valuable assets.

She slipped her tiny black thong down her long legs and stepped carefully out of them, glancing nervously at the door again. She was confident of her body, proud of it, really, and it was always an ego trip to have the men fawning over her, even before they saw much of it.

Colin wasn't fawning, however.

“Lean forward across the desk,” he said, looking at her at last. “Prop yourself on your elbows.”

She smiled tentatively and obeyed.

“Keep your legs straight and your ass high.”

She felt a small quiver of heat in her lower belly at the order. There was something about him, something about how masterful he was, how commanding he was. Kayla had never especially liked men, nor had she ever really enjoyed much of the sex she used as currency. But the aura of power around Colin made sex into something very strange and different.

“Don't let your tits touch the desk,” he said.

She flinched, for he was being crude, and he was not a crude man. So he was being deliberately crude to her, but why? What could he have found out? She had definitely not told anyone about them. Yes, she had done her best to undercut any other associates any time she possibly could, but he surely couldn't be unhappy about that, even if he found out.

You didn't get ahead in this place by being nice, by being weak, by being accommodating. You got ahead by being a real bastard – or bitch, and stomping on everyone else on your way up. And she had found she had a pronounced skill and taste for that.

“Let them hang there so the nipples are just above the desk,” he ordered.

She gulped and looked down, her chest starting to tighten with a strange mixture of anxiety and heat.

He picked up the file, at last, where she'd placed it.

“Am I – .”

“Don't talk,” he said.

She bit her lip, her mind swirling with growing anxiety, very much aware her ass was pointed right at the door. Anyone who came in was certainly going to get a hell of a view! And that would get around the building in no time. She'd be gone, booted, and then what? But he'd be in deep trouble too, and surely he knew that. He was far from a fool, very far.

He read through the file for what seemed an eternity, but was probably only a few minutes. He then sat back and regarded her, dividing his gaze between her lovely face, her soft lips and even softer blue eyes, and her breasts hanging freely below her.

“How much money do you make, Manning?”

She gulped. Him using her last name was definitely not good!

“One – .”

She gasped as he casually reached out and caught her right nipple between his thumb and forefinger. But he didn't roll and stroke it gently. He pinched and stretched it, twisting it slowly so it ached and burned.

“ – O-One hundred and six thousand per year, Colin. You know tha – .”

“Sir,” he said softly. “I think sir is the appropriate term to use for a senior partner.”

She stared at him anxiously, ignoring the way he was stretching and twisting her nipple despite the throbbing ache.

“Do you know what a junior partner makes?”

‘Uhm, well – .’

“Two point seven million last year,” he said. “In other words, they each make roughly what you make in a year every two weeks.”

He released her nipple, stood, up and walked past her, walked across the room, and to her immense relief, locked the door before sitting down in a leather chair near the wall.

“Don't look at me. Look forward.”

She obeyed.

“Spread your legs. Keep them straight. Keep your ass high in the air, but spread those long legs apart.”

Chest tightening further, now starting to feel this was just a sexual game and not some sort of punishment, she carefully shifted her legs apart, giving him an obscene view. Her position was a little degrading, and she felt it, but if he was just demonstrating his power she was more than willing to bear it.

Yet there was a degree of resentment within her. She might have fucked her teachers but she had worked hard at college, and had done good work for the firm the last few years since being picked up. She was a very good lawyer, damn it! Yet if she wanted to be partner, if she wanted to push her way past the others, she needed to something more.

“You don't shave, do you? I meant to ask before.”

“Uhm, no... sir,” she gulped. “I had laser hair removal.”

“Softest pussy I've ever felt.”

She flushed with gratitude.

“Open the top left hand drawer of my desk.”

She was bent over the left side of the desk, so it was not difficult to reach down and open the drawer.

“Reach your hand in and pull out what feels familiar.”

She blinked uncertainly, but obeyed, and her fingers closed around something... thick and round. She pulled it out and saw it was a dildo. It was long, thick and... no, not a dildo, a vibrator, she realized. It was shaped like a penis, but with a little branch penis angling up from the base. How nasty!

“You know where that goes,” he said.

Gulping, her stomach starting to flutter with the rise of real heat now, Kayla reached between her legs and rubbed the head up and down against her pussy, giving him a show as he sat behind her. She wished there was lube here, but at least she actually was starting to get turned on by this for some reason.

She'd slept with Colin three times now, and all three times there had been no question of who was in charge, of who got what they wanted, of who decided

what position or how long or anything else. That was okay since she was pretty much used to doing what needed to be done to please whomever she was sleeping with, but it had been much more abrupt with Colin, more – forceful.

There was something wicked about the way he ordered her around in bed, something very strong and hard and exciting. She felt as though he could hurt her at any moment, even though she knew a man like him was very much in control of himself.

She rubbed the had up and down against the soft, tight lips of her sex, slowly working it in through them into the mouth of her sex. It was thick enough to make her ache a little, but she tolerated that, sliding it deeper, feeling her insides starting to lubricate as she pumped it softly in and out.

“Every inch of it, Manning. I want that stuffed into you all the way to the bottom,” he growled.

His attitude should have angered her, but instead it turned her on. She felt her stomach flutter harder as she pumped the dildo slowly in and out, working ti deeper and then deeper still in her pussy. It slid along the tight, elastic walls of her sex, stretching them as a slight moan escaped her lips. God, ti was thick!

She forced it deeper, and deeper still, gasping a little now as it pushed into the deepest part of her sex, and she shifted her grip further down its length, feeling the little branch cock, and knowing to twist the vibrator around so it would slide up along the top of her pussy and over her clitoris.

“I-It's... long!” she gasped.

“Sir,” he said.

“It's long, sir!” she gulped, aching inside as she tried to force it deeper.

“Want to bet I can bury it?” he asked softly.

She flinched. No, she didn't want him shoving it hard into her! She worked it in and out, forcing it deeper, feeling the little cockhead branch sliding up over her clit as she ached inside.

“You always do your best to look sleek and poised, Manning” he said. “You

have excellent fashion taste, and know how to apply just the right amount of makeup.”

She started to thank him but he immediately continued.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass?”

She gasped and flushed. More crudeness! What was he angry at her about!?

“Y-Yes, Colin but – .”

“Sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she gulped.

“Close the drawer and open the second drawer,” he said.

Gulping, Kayla obeyed, and reached down to feel another dildo. She moaned a little, for she didn't like anal sex. It was dirty. But in his current mood she wasn't going to challenge him. She pulled it out and looked at it, frowning a little.

It was a dildo, but it had an odd sort of ring near the bottom. That was, a few inches from the base it grew wider and wider until it abruptly narrowed again just an inch from the end.

“You can shove it into your mouth to get some saliva on it, but then it goes up your ass, Kayla.”

She gulped. But at least he'd called her Kayla that time.

She licked it, then slid it into her mouth and along her tongue. She slid it deep, making herself gag slightly, which brought a rush of saliva that was her intent.

She drew it out at last and reached around to press the saliva covered head against her back opening, then pushed and twisted. She turned it one way, then the other, pushing rhythmically as she slowly sank it through the tight closure of her sphincter.

This was somewhat more degrading than the dildo, and she briefly considered protesting, but his mood dissuaded her. She worked it in and out, slowly driving

it deeper and then still deeper. It wasn't as long as the other, but it still brought cramps inside her as she felt the wide part spreading her open further and further.

She began to ache, and moaned aloud, shifting her legs wider, considering protesting again. But then the widest part slid through and the thing abruptly closed around the more narrow last inch.

“Now bring your legs together again,” he said.

She obeyed, keeping them straight, feeling her buttocks squeeze around the small base protruding from inside her, feeling her thighs squeeze around the small base of the dildo in her pussy.

“You want to be a partner, don't you, Kayla?”

“Yes, sir!” she said, her voice quavering a little.

“You'd do just about anything to be a partner, wouldn't you.”

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

“What do I get out of it?”

She hesitated.

“I get to fuck you, clearly. But I get that already. What do I get out of you being a junior partner?”

Kayla started to turn around but he barked at her and she turned her face forward again.

“What I want and need is someone who will do what I tell her to do,” he said.

“I will!”

“Exactly what I tell her to do.”

“I will!”

“Sir,” he said.

“I will, sir!”

“No matter what.”

“Yes, sir! I will, sir!”

“And why would I believe that, Manning, when you can't even finish a contract the way I specifically instruct you to?” he asked, his voice soft, but menacing.

Kayla's eyes widened.

“But I – !”

“I specifically told you to insert a clause guaranteeing Rothstein's heirs access to his property in the event of his death for however long is necessary to catalog the contents of the estate.”

“Well... well yes, sir, but I discovered that was part of the legal code for trusts anyway! I mean, it's automatic and so inserting – .”

His hand slapped down hard on the arm of his chair and she gasped.

“Did I ask you to check my work and to substitute your judgment for mine?” he asked softly.

“N-N-No, sir,” she gulped.

“Do you imagine you are more qualified than I am, more knowledgeable about the law?”

“No, sir!”

“You are no-doubt unaware of it but there is a bill before the state house now replacing that guarantee with one which is much more weak. You aren't aware of that, are you?”

“No, sir!” she gulped, eyes widening. “If I'd known then – .”

His hand slapped down on the arm of the chair again, silencing her.

“What you did, was to ignore my specific instruction. Is that not correct?”

She drew in a shuddering breath, anxious and genuinely worried now.

“Y-yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir!”

“You're sorry? Do you think that helps me when my reputation is at stake? Do you have any idea how much I bill per hour, Manning? Do you think people pay that kind of money to get an amateurish mistake like that?”

She cringed. “I was wrong. I'm really, really sorry, sir!”

“A little pussy on the side is not nearly as valuable as my reputation, Manning,” he said. “If you think that will protect you, you had best think again.”

He stood up at last and walked over to stand behind her, then moved past her to close the second drawer and open the bottom drawer. He took something out and tossed it on the desk and she stared at it in confusion.

It was a sort of leather belt only it had no buckle, and seemed quite soft, dimpled, wider than normal, and lay doubled up, perfectly flat on the desk under under where her hair hung.

“If I'm going to do anything for you, I need absolute obedience,” he said. “And I need to be convinced I'll get that obedience. And to do that, I think we're going to have to establish what happens when I don't.”

She felt the breath leaving her as she stared at the belt. Surely he didn't mean... he couldn't mean... !

“There was a time, you know, before your time, before my time, really, when children got the strap fairly regularly for wrongdoing. In some places it was worse. Some schools, oddly enough the more pricy ones, gave you the cane. Generations of schoolboys felt the sharp, stinging bite of the can across their ass whenever they were caught acting up.

She felt his hand on her bottom, felt it gliding lightly over the soft skin, sliding over the curves and kneading her gently.

“Of course, the cane leaves a rather nasty mark, and that would be a shame. Your ass, Manning, is a work of art of a sort. It's nature's art. I wouldn't want it marked up. But the strap, well, that won't cause any sort of damage.”

He picked it up then and she gulped, heart pounding.

“This will sting,” he said. “I expect you to not move. Do you understand me, Manning?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she squeaked.

“Are you capable of obeying instructions?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she said, her voice quavering.

Crack!

The sharp blow drove stinging pain into Kayla's startled mind and she cried out in pain, rising up instinctively off her elbows and half twisting around. She felt his hand at the back of her neck almost at once, roughly shoving her over the desk again, hard, pushing her down so that her breasts pillowed out against the top of the desk.

“What did I just tell you?” he demanded.

“I-It hurts!” she squealed.

“It's supposed to hurt, Manning,” he said caustically. “That's how children are punished.”

She moaned weakly.

“I won't fire you for this, Manning,” he said. “I just won't exert my influence on your behalf. I am not, in other words, threatening you if you get dressed and walk out. You can do so and work your way up to the partners table on your own, in good time, if you can.”

In twenty years or more, she thought, if she can claw her way out in front of the hundred so other associates!

“Or, you can establish just how obedient you can be, and reassure me that I would be making the right choice in pushing for your inclusion among the junior partners.”

“I-I’ll obey you,” she gulped.

“Sir,” he growled.

“I’ll obey you, sir!”

“Then raise your ass again.”

She moaned and obeyed, and she felt his hand sliding over her bottom once more, then easing down between her thighs. She felt him pressing his fingers against the base of the vibrator and grunted as he pushed it in deeper. Then there was a click and it started to buzz, or rather, then little branch which was angled up across her clitoris did.

Kayla had tried using a vibrator once, and it had been so... uncomfortable, she had tossed it away. The sensations were simply too raw and overpowering.

Now she felt the same level of intense sensation spilling up through her groin, and moaned helplessly, squeezing her thighs together as she held herself in position.

*Crack!*

She gasped, and clenched her teeth, her hips jerking but then resuming her position.

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

The blows were carefully measured, each one landing heavily, producing a jagged jolt of stinging pain which lit up her bottom. Kayla dug her fingers into the palms of her hands and moaned, enduring it, wondering how many blows he would land before satisfying himself.

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

Her bottom was turning to fire now, and she thought desperately about all that money. Children endured strappings, so she certainly could!

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

She moaned helplessly, her bottom flaming hot, the sharp snaps of stinging pain now seeming to echo, to resonate through her entire lower belly! But.. they weren't as sharp as they had been, and there was a shift in the sensations rolling through her from the vibrator, as well.

That shift became more pronounced, and as the sharpness of each new blow fell she felt a rising sense of sexual tension gripping her, felt her lower body thrumming with the intensity of the energy he was rousing in it, pain and pleasure intermingling, twining like dark lovers.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She writhed and moaned, gulping in air, lowering herself so that her breasts pillowed out against the cool surface of the desk again. She could feel how hard her nipples were now, how they tingled as she jammed them against the desk. Her breasts were hot, and she shuddered as she squeezed down on them.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Her bottom was one mass of flames now, but it was a steady flame, a steady throbbing ache, dull not jagged, and in its midst was the wild, rising heat coming from between her legs, seeping up through her belly and into her chest and then spiking clear up into her brain!

“Spread your legs, Manning,” he ordered coldly.

Panting, moaning, but frantically glad of the order, she shifted her legs apart, hoping that meant her strapping was done.

“Stretch your arms out in front of you,” he said.

Moaning, she obeyed, gulping in air, staring along the length of her trembling arms as she lay her chin on the desk.

“What will you do for that partnership, Manning?”

“Anything, sir!” she gasped.

“Are you strong enough?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Are you obedient enough?”

“Yes, sir!”

“And who gets to make that decision in reality?”

“Y-You do, sir!”

She felt his hand against the base of the vibrator, felt him push it in, grinding it, twisting it so that the buzzing little branch ground from side to side across her clitoris. The sensation jolted her and she cried out weakly, her hips bucking, trembling as the sensations mounted inside her.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, Manning,” he ordered.

She cringed, but it was only a mild thing. And almost immediately she felt a hot rush of excitement, a dark, warped, eager excitement the likes of which she could not remember ever experiencing!

“Please fuck my ass, sir!” she moaned.

“I will, Manning. But not just now.”

She felt him yank the vibrator back, pulling the long, thick dildo part up from the depths of her pussy, sliding it completely free. A moment later she heard his zipper come down, and a part of her waited eagerly to feel him inside her.

Then she did, shuddering as the head of his cock circled her opening, then pushed into her.

“Oh! Oh fuck!” she gasped, starting to arch up.

He shoved her back down and she cried out as he forced himself deep, deep into her pussy, not stopping until his hips were grinding against her upraised and overheated buttocks.

“You're a good lawyer, Manning,” he said. “but you're a great fuck.”

She moaned as he started to do just that. His hands were on her waist as he thrust

in and out with hard, deep strokes that ground her thighs against the edge of the desk. She felt the wild heat of sexual desire rolling through her in waves, and knew a sense of wonder at its strength. She had only ever come once with a man, and that was Manning last week. And now... now she was sure she was going to come again!

He rode her like a savage, slamming into her, and she she writhed and cried out and started to rise she felt him wind her hair around his fist and jerk it down and back sharply. She cried out, head jerking back, scalp burning, but his fist shoved down between her shoulder blades as he continued to pound himself into her again and again and again.

The orgasm exploded within her, and aware as she was of the door, that they were in an office, she cried out again, her hips jerking back in convulsive, bucking movements as her insides burned with a white hot flame of pleasure, her mind melting under the heat as he continued to ride her like a bull.

He jerked on her hair, slapped her bottom, and rammed himself into her as she came, as her body trembled and shook and her mind tumbled like like a drowning man in a surging, storm-tossed sea. But she didn't care if she drowned in this kind of pleasure! She didn't care what happened as long as it kept washing over her!

Somewhere in the midst of it, perhaps because of her spasming, sucking pussy, she drew him into it, and he leaned over her, his hot breath in her ear as she felt his teeth against the nape of her neck, panting, grunting as he thrust into her with a final flurry of short strokes, coming inside her as her movements became more still and then stopped.

He eased up and back off her and she heard his zipper go back up. She was sprawled over the desk, eyes slitted, tremors still passing through her body at the intensity of the storm of pleasure which had taken her.

“You're coming to my place this weekend,” he said. “There's a vacancy coming up on the junior partner's table in a few months. My wife is out of town, and I'm going to take the opportunity to test out just how obedient a little girl you are, Manning.”

Kayla groaned weakly, only slowly pushing herself up off the surface of his desk, taking deep breaths as she slowly straightened, turning to look at him.

He slid his fingers through her hair, then over her cheek, and finally, along her soft lips. Two fingers slipped over them and along her tongue, and she blinked, startled.

“Obedience,” he said, eyes boring into her.

She licked them softly, and nodded.

\*

There was no question of her not going. She needed him to push her forward when there were suggestions around the senior table for who to elevate from the ranks. God knows no one else would do it. She'd only been here a few years. Her work was good, but not remarkable. She was aware that him pushing her forward was unfair to better qualified candidates, but had no remorse or guilt over that.

Fuck em! She would do whatever it took. She wanted that money! She wanted that position! Oh, others might think her existing salary was pretty good, but given her wardrobe needs, her car payment, the rent on her middling okay apartment, and her student loan, she had barely enough to get by on.

She wanted that money and would fuck anyone she had to!

That being said, she was still more than a little stunned by what had happened in his office. The strapping had been painful but, she reflected, not really all that much on the scale of things. It was just that she wasn't used to pain. It had made her ass sore for a bit, but the red and soreness had faded quickly.

It wasn't just the spanking, however, it was the way he had treated her, the overbearing, even cruel way he had strapped her and then used her like... like a whore! It was degrading! And yet, it had set her mind aflame even more than the strap had her bottom! She had never felt so utterly sexual and sensual in her life!

And she couldn't recall a more amazing, more powerful orgasm, either!

Would he strap her again? If he did, so what, if it produced that kind of pleasure!?

She was aware, vaguely, of kinky things involving straps and canes and getting

tied up. But her interest in the world of sex, and the long hours she had put in as a law student, and then as a junior lawyer in a big firm hadn't really allowed her much time to reflect on them, let alone experience them. Nor had she had much interest in any case.

Now she started to wonder if Forrest might be into some of that kinky stuff. She was both nervous about that and... intrigued, in an anxious sort of way. Whatever he wanted to do with her, she would pretty much let him. Hell, not only would it make her a partner ten years early but... if it was anything like what had happened in his office it was going to be... exciting, to say the least.

And then the box came, delivered to her apartment. She was confused, not knowing who could have sent her a big box like that. There was nothing to show on the outside, and she got a knife and cut open the wrappings. Lifting up the lid she gazed in at a pair of very high heels, a small leather skirt, a red top, and a pair of black fishnet stockings.

And inside was a note.

“Wear this – all of it – and NOTHING ELSE. Take a cab to the corner of Fourth and Main at exactly 10:00PM tonight. I will pick you up.

“Fourth and Main?!” she squeaked.

Was he kidding!? Wear this?! Outside!?

The heels were very strappy, with what looked like six inch heels! The skirt... God!

She stripped quickly, anxiously, her chest tight. She pulled on the skirt, which was tight, eve for her slim hips. It was not even a mini. It was a micro-mini, barely covering her buttocks! The top... She gulped and pulled it down over her head. It was spandex, hugging her like a second skin, and reinforced under her breasts to thrust them up and forward into the gaping cleavage!

“I can't wear this!” she wailed.

The heels fit nicely, and were even kind of sexy, she admitted to herself, but the six inch heels made it very hard to walk. And then she saw there were two more objects in the box, which had been hidden under the top. One was a butt-plug,

the other what looked like three dog collars, if two of them were meant for chihuahuas!.

They were black leather, studded, with rings set in them. The first was obviously a collar and the other two... went around her wrists, she thought dazedly. She put them on, then tottered across the apartment to her bedroom, opened the closet door and stared at herself.

There was no doubt what she looked like. There would be even less than no doubt at ten pm at Fourth and Main, which was the heart of the area men went to pick up hookers!

She stared at her cleavage in horror. Dressing conservatively had been an absolute requirement since law school. There were contacts made there, after all, and it was important no one thought she was a slut. She didn't look like a slut now, she looked like a prostitute! And if she bent over at all – !

She turned her bottom to the mirror and bent over, blanching as the skirt slid up past the bottom of her buttocks.

She couldn't!

But she had to! He was testing out her obedience! And, desperately reading the note again, she realized what the phrase nothing else meant! It meant no underwear!

Trembling, she eased off her thong, then peeled off the clingy top, removed her bra, and pulled the top on again. It hugged her breasts tightly so that they were fairly clearly outlined, her nipples very precisely and obviously pushing out through the thin, tight fabric. The reinforced, elasticized area under them still squeezed them up and forward, and together.

And if she bent forward it wouldn't just be her ass on display!

She couldn't! It wasn't safe! Suppose she was attacked!? Or arrested!?

*Obedience.*

Fuck!

\*

The first challenge she faced was getting there. She couldn't drive there and leave her car, not in that area, and especially not if Forrest was picking her up and taking her somewhere for the weekend. That meant a cab. She had no intention of waiting in this outfit in front of her apartment building so her neighbors could see!

She called for a cab for the building next door. She took the stairs down, lest she run into anyone on the elevator, nearly falling and killing herself on the stupid high heels. She left through the fire exit, and then hurried around the front of the building, nervously aware that being in an alley dressed like a hooker after dark was not the best, safest thing to do.

She kept her head down, blushing, chest tight as she walked past her doorway and over to the next building over. It was, thankfully, not as well lit as hers, and she kept away from the door, praying the cab would arrive quickly.

Thankfully, it did, but the moment she slid in and looked up at the cabby she knew he thought she was a hooker. He leered at her.

“Where you goin', baby?” he asked.

“Fourth and Main,” she said, blushing hotly.

“Of course,” he said, pulling away from the curb.

His eyes spent a lot of time on her in the mirror, particularly on her cleavage, and there wasn't a thing she could do about it but sit there and feel horribly embarrassed. That bastard, Forrest!

She got off on the corner, heart pounding, and swallowed anxiously. She glanced at her watch, and saw it was quarter to ten. She had had to come a little early lest she be late and he pass by and leave her there.

But it meant she was alone there, pacing up and down on the corner, gulping and blushing every time a car passed by and looked her over.

And then a car didn't pass by! It pulled over and the passenger window rolled down.

She turned away from it.

“Hey, baby,” he called.

She walked further away.

“Hey, bitch!”

“Fuck off!” she yelled.

He cursed her and peeled away from the curb. Two black girls just up the street were staring at her, and she blushed and turned away, cursing Forrest again, and getting increasingly nervous.

And then an immense Black man walked towards her! Her heart pounded harder and harder, and she tried to turn and walk in the other direction, but it wasn't like she could move quickly in the ridiculous heels, and he lengthened his stride, then turned and stopped in front of her.

“Who you working for?”

Kayla gaped at him, then turned and strode briskly in the other direction. But his longer legs and her absurdly high heels made it easy for him to catch up and move in front of her again.

“Who you working for?” he demanded again.

“N-N-Nobody!” she squeaked, eyes wide.

“You don't work this part of town, baby, without working for me,” he said in a dark, sinister voice.

“I-I'm not – .”

A car pulled up next to them, a dark black Porsche.

“How much for the girl?” a voice asked.

She gasped, turning as she recognized it, and saw Forrest looking out at her.

“She ain't trained yet,” the black man said. “I think I need to take her back to my

crib and train her up some.”

“I think I can manage that,” Forrest said.

“Okay, you wanna waste yer money,” the man said. “A dollar? That too much?”

“It sounds expensive, but all right.”

Kayla gaped at him then at the black man, who steered her calmly to the car, opened the door and put her inside.

“Don't forget my dollar,” he said, leaning in.

Forrest passed him the dollar and pulled away from the curb.

“Best do up your seat belt, Manning,” he said. “Wouldn't want to be stopped by the police.”

Kayla stared at him, her heart still pounding.

“Yes, he works for me,” he said calmly.

“You... You... bastard!” she exclaimed.

“Actually, I'm considerate,” he replied. “There's no telling what could happen to a pretty young woman around here at this time of night, especially one dressed like a whore.”

Kayla flinched. “You picked the clothes!”

“That hardly nullifies my comment,” he said.

She glared at him.

He glanced down at the hem of her short skirt. Seated, it was, of course, even shorter, and he had merely to pluck the material up slightly to see her naked sex.

“Good girl,” he said. “I trust you're ass is ready for my cock.”

She flinched and pursed her lips.

“Obedience,” he said. “That is what I wish to instill in you; the ability to obey precise instructions without question.”

“I did what you said!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, and I acknowledged it. Though, of course, you calling me a bastard is gross insubordination. Had you done so at work it would have drawn a hearing from human resources. I, of course, have other disciplinary methods in mind.”

She flushed and licked her lips.

“You really want money badly, don't you,” he said.

“You have money. You don't know what it's like to not have it.”

“You make what most people in this country would regard as a very good living.”

“You know better. If I want to get ahead at the firm I have to keep up appearances, while paying off my student loan at the same time.”

“Ah, keeping up appearances,” he said softly. “Most people need to do that out of pride.”

“It has nothing to do with pride.”

“Well, that's good. Pride has no place in the relationship I intend with you.”

“What does that mean?” she asked suspiciously.

“A proud junior partner tries to set her own course, rather than following the orders of her superior.”

“I'll do whatever you say!”

He glanced at her. “Sir,” he said.

“Sir,” she grumbled. “But you didn't need to dress me like a whore. Suppose people see me in this outfit?”

“You don't like it? Fine then. Take off your top and skirt.”

She gaped at him, then looked out the window at the passing traffic.

“The windows are sufficiently tinted. Do it. Now.”

Kayla hesitated, but then, her anxiety rising instantly, removed the seat belt, reached down and undid her top, peeling it up and over her head. Blushing, she undid the short skirt and slid that off, as well.

“Put your wrists together behind your back and turn your back to me.

Kayla started to feel that hot, trembly sensation in her lower belly, the kind he had roused in her earlier, but obeyed. He reached out and did something with the two studded leather restraints, and when he drew back she found them locked together.

“Sit straight.”

She turned back towards him, heart thumping, and he glanced at her.

“You have gorgeous tits. But I've said that before,” he said.

“If the police stop us...”

“I'm not worried, so neither should you be.”

“You're not the naked one!”

“No, I'm just they would assume was kidnapping you or something. Spread your legs apart.”

Kayla drew a shaky breath and shifted her high heels apart on the floor, and his hand slid in against her lower abdomen, rubbing gently.

“Lovely,” he said. “Your skin is amazingly soft. It's a tactile pleasure just to feel it.”

His fingers slid lower and she jerked as they found her clitoris and began to almost idly stroke against it.

“Th-this is insane!” she gulped.

“Nonsense. It's quite sane, just a little unusual. But I'm a man who does pretty much as he wishes. I worked hard to get the point in my life where I can do pretty much as I wish, and I intend to enjoy it.”

He glanced at her, his hand sliding up and stroking her stiff nipple.

“And I intend to enjoy your beautiful body, given how you've presented it to me on a platter.”

His fingers slid back down between her legs again, rubbing softly as he turned the corner.

“Slump down in the seat,” he ordered.

Kayla felt a jolt at the word, but obeyed.

“Draw your knees up and spread them apart.

Again she obeyed, a flush spreading down her body.

The car stopped at a traffic light and Forrest reached down beside him and picked something up, turning to her. Kayla gasped as she recognized the vibrator from earlier. She watched, eyes wide, as he stroked the head up and down along her sex, then moved it up her body, stroking it lightly across her cheeks before bringing it down to her mouth.

“Lick,” he said softly.

She froze a moment, then licked timidly.

“Mouth open. Wider.”

He slid the dildo into her mouth, and Kayla moaned around it as he pumped it gently in and out. He pulled it back quickly, though and then pressed it against her lower lips and sank it slowly into her body.

The light turned and he accelerated forward, eyes on the road as he pumped the vibrator slowly in and out, driving it every deeper.

Kayla was gripped by an air of unreality, hardly believing she was slumped in a

car in an obscene position with her hands bound behind her, staring at the thick body of the silicone cock as it pushed in between the taut, straining lips of her sex, pushed deeper and deeper.

She felt it inside her, working its way up into her body, and moaned as he turned and twisted it, then thrust it deeper still. She winced, but knew it was no good protesting, as he jammed it all the way in, letting the little angled cockhead press in against her clitoris. He turned it on and took his hand away, turning onto the highway and accelerating rapidly.

“Keep your knees wide,” he said.

Kayla groaned, the buzzing sex toy making her clitoris scream with sensations. The sensations were, as before, raw, intense, and uncomfortable, and her hips jerked convulsively as she moaned unhappily. After a minute or so, however, the sensations shifted and seemed to change inside her. Her pussy thrummed around it and her hips started to grind up instinctively.

“Don't move.”

She froze, biting her lower lip, heart thumping as her insides began to burn and churn, as her pussy muscles spasmed and the heat spread along the surface of her body. Her nipples were hard and tingling and her breasts longed to feel his hands or lips on them.

“So in exchange for my help in making you a junior partner I get your total obedience, is that correct, Manning?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“And, of course, get your body.”

She closed her eyes and shuddered.

“Is that correct?”

“Yes, sir!”

“I want you to say it aloud.”

“Y-You get my body!” she said in a helpless tone.

“And I can do anything I want to it.”

She moaned low in her throat.

“Say it.”

“You can do anything you want to me!”

“Sir.”

“You can do anything you want to me, sir!”

“You will cease to address me by my first name at work. That sort of familiarity breeds rumors, especially if I'm pushing you forward as a junior partner. Understand?”

“Yes, sir!”

He slowed down and turned. Kayla could no longer see over the dashboard but didn't really care, especially since he unzipped his pants as he drove, then pulled out a very stiff, thick erection.

“Suck my cock,” he said casually.

Gulping, feeling a little shock-wave pass over her at his crudity, Kayla sat up, turning and twisting herself awkwardly. He gripped her hair and she cried out as he used it to drag her forward across the console between the front seats until her face was pressed against him.

“Suck,” he ordered in that same casual voice.

Kayla felt a wave of indignation, of outrage, but at the same time, slid her lips over his cock as he had ordered. Not for the first time, she thought to herself that he was deliberately being offensive, trying to goad her into disobeying him, and was determined not to give in. Her knees were on the floorboard and her breasts pressed into the side of his hip as she began to work her lips up and down on his erection.

“How is that pride thing working for you, Manning?” he asked.

She flushed anew but kept sucking, thinking of the money, of being a partner.

And besides, she was turned on, and his nastiness was actually exciting some part of her she didn't begin to understand. Of course, the vibrator inside her was making her bottom want to jerk and buck, as well, and she gasped around his cock as she felt him gripping the thing and beginning to pump it in and out of her.

“Nasty little blonde slut,” he said.

She moaned as he shoved the vibrator fully into her, then shifted his hand to her head, pushing down. She gagged weakly as her lips slid further down his shaft and the head pushed into her throat.

She gurgled helplessly, his hand firm atop her head, pushing her face into his groin and holding her there even as her head began to pound and her chest to burn from lack of oxygen. She started to twist and pull back.

“Don't move!” he barked. “Let's see how you obey me, Manning.”

Kayla froze, eyes wide, her chest burning more and more, her body fairly trembling with the desperate need to jerk up and pull free so she could breath again!

Finally he relented, pulling on her hair sharply. It hurt, but she didn't care as her mouth and throat slid up his cock and she was able to breath again.

“Nasty little slut,” he said, before forcing her back down onto his cock again. This time it was slick and covered in saliva and slid smoothly down her throat until her face was jammed against his groin once more. But while she had gulped in air she was still breathless and moaning.

“Don't move, slut,” he said softly.

Her head was pounding! Her lungs burned!

Finally he yanked her head up once again and she drew in a desperate, shuddering breath of air as he held her up by the hair. She felt beads of perspiration on her forehead and was light-headed as she drew in deep, shuddering sobs of breath.

“You need to learn to hold your breath longer, Manning,” he said.

She groaned aloud as he pulled her head up and back by the hair and then flung her back from him. She toppled backward, still gulping in air, chest heaving, and landed on her back on the floor.

“Knees wide, Manning. Up and wide.”

Chest heaving, the dazed blonde drew her knees back and spread them as much as she could while laying on the floor of the car. She groaned as the car came to a stop. Then his right foot came off the gas and he shifted in his seat, bringing his foot down between her legs, pressing it against the base of the vibrator.

“Oh! Oh! God!” she gasped, twisting and arching as he pressed down on it. He now only jammed the head into what felt like it was the back wall of her pussy, but ground the little vibrator head up and down against her clitoris. Aching pain and a dark, fierce pleasure tore through her and she sobbed helplessly, dazed and breathless as he worked his foot against her.

Her hips began to grind up against him in time to the movements, and her head fell back, jaw slack, still gasping for breath as a fever began to sweep through her mind, pushing everything but heat and pleasure away, focusing her all her thoughts on the silicon spear inside her.

“Are you my whore, Manning?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, sir! I'm your whore, sir!” she moaned.

The words were shocking, humiliating, and darkly thrilling.

And she was on the edge of orgasm, her throat gurgling helplessly as the pleasure washed over her. It hit, and she cried out, hips bucking up even as he pressed his foot down more sharply, in harsh little pushing movements that both jammed the tip of the dildo into her cervix and ground the vibrator part over her screaming clit.

Kayla writhed and twisted and sobbed at the wild power of the orgasm, her entire body jerking and spasming as her nervous system was overloaded by the force of the sensory storm unleashed within her. It was an incredibly intense orgasm, like none she had ever felt before. Even in the office earlier, he had

pulled the vibrator away to fuck her at the end.

Not this time.

This was her first orgasm by vibrator, and the circumstances were so darkly thrilling that the intensity was even more powerful as she rocked and jerked in helpless heat, head twisting and rolling on the floor of the car as she arched and gurgled in dazed animal pleasure.

The car accelerated, and she lay on the floor, staring blankly at the darkness overhead, still twitching on occasion, tremors making her moan as the vibrator continued to buzz away at her.

He reached down and slid the thing out of her body, leaving her feeling utterly – empty, as he shut it off and put it away. It was several long minutes before she could think clearly, and before she could think of what to say. She started to rise but his voice lashed out.

“Did I tell you to get up?”

She sank back with a moan.

“You do what I tell you and only what I tell you, Manning. Isn't that clear?”

“Yes, sir!” she said, still trying to settle her pounding heart.

“Maybe someday you'll prove to me that you have both initiative and an acceptable understanding of the law for me to let you make decisions on your own. But day is not here.”

The car turned and went over a small bump, then came to a stop. He turned off the engine and got out, then came around to the passenger door and opened it.

“Come on,” he said, reaching in and grasping her arm.

He half dragged her up and around, and she stumbled and almost fell as he put her on her feet next to the car. It was, of course, dark outside. They were on a curved brick driveway in front of what looked like a very nice ranch style home. Across the street were tall hedges, and behind them, set back from the road, another house, with bright windows.

She suddenly realized she was outside naked, and gasped, her head spinning from side to side, checking for watchers.

Crack! His hand slapped against her bare bottom.

“Ow!”

“Let's go. Inside.”

He held her arm, leading her up to the double front doors and she scurried along as quickly as she could, eager to be indoors again. The door opened and she rushed forward, tripping over the sill and almost falling again before he pulled her up by the arm.

“Have you been drinking, Manning?” he asked.

“It's these... fucking shoes,” she grumbled. “I can't walk in them.”

“Well, then. Don't.”

He closed the door and pushed down on her shoulder, forcing her to her knees, then bent over behind her and unlocked the restraints so her arms came free.

“On all fours,” he said.

They were in an entrance hall, with a chandelier overhead, and a long, gracefully curving stairway leading up to a second floor.

“This way,” he said, heading to an open door on the left. “Crawl.”

She felt a little shock, but then, after a brief hesitation, crawled slowly towards where he stood by the doorway, feeling self-conscious, resentful, and, a sense of dark wonderment at what was happening and how she'd allowed things to this far, combined with what was to come.

She crawled into what appeared to be a living room. It had a very high ceiling, high windows on the left, and a huge stone fireplace. There was a carpet ahead, and she crawled onto it, grateful for the softness under her knees as he followed.

It was a very large room. The furniture was heavy, ornate and tradition, with

carefully carved wooden frames below a pale eggshell texture with a swirling green pattern. It didn't seem like the sort of furniture he would choose, and she suddenly remembered his wife. It was easy to forget, at work, that she was, in essence, and adulteress.

“Get on your feet,” he said.

She stood up in relief.

“Over there, see the bar? Go and make me a scotch and soda.”

She nodded jerkily, and walked carefully across the floor and over to the heavy mahogany bar. She stepped behind it, examining the bottles, and found the scotch. There was a small fridge, and she quickly pulled out a bottle of soda.

It felt... odd being naked like this, doing such a routine thing, even odder to be doing it with the studded leather restraints around her wrists and the collar around her neck. She'd only come a few minutes earlier but already she was beginning to feel a familiar prickle of energy in her body, her nipples stiff and tingling.

She made him a scotch, wondering if she was going to be allowed a drink herself, then carried it back to where he'd taken a seat on a luxurious chair.

“Here,” she said.

He shook his head.

“No, Manning. I want you to kneel beside me and bow, then offer it up in your arms and say “Please, sir, here is your drink.”

She looked at him in disbelief, then gulped, feeling that twisted rush of indignation mixed with heat. Clearly he was testing her again, but it felt so... deliciously kinky and nasty!

She sank to her knees, blushing a little, then raised her arms high and bowed her head.

“Please sir, here is your drink,” she said.

She felt him lift it out of her hands and raised her eyes.

She didn't see him do anything but the fireplace came on. It looked very old fashioned, but was clearly a modern gas fireplace. He sipped his drink and regarded her. She looked back, anxiously waiting his next instruction.

“Sit there,” he said, pointing at an identical chair facing his.

She sighed and climbed into it, turning around to face him, crossing her legs.

He smiled thinly.

“Oh no, Manning. Don't hide your beauty. “Slump low like you did in the car and drape your legs across the arms.”

Kayla flushed, her stomach starting to thrum with energy again as she obeyed, slumping down, spreading her long legs across the raised arms of the chair.

“Entertain me,” he said.

She stared at him in confusion.

“Masturbate for me.”

Kayla felt jolted by the words, and gasped aloud, flushing with embarrassment even as that dark, wicked sense of kinky heat rose in the back of her mind again. He was such a nasty pervert!

She looked down the length of her body, feeling her heart beating faster, and ran her hands up and down over it. She massaged her breasts as he watched, twisting and rolling her nipples between her fingertips, then let her right hand coast down between her legs.

She blushed as she began to rub her clitoris, as he watched casually, simultaneously embarrassed and aroused at doing such a thing in front of him. She'd never exposed herself like this to a man in her life, and certainly never considered doing anything like this while anyone watched!

She made a play of masturbating for him, but the sensations as her fingers caressed her clitoris were entirely real, and the eroticism of doing something this

kinky was very quickly arousing her. Her fingers slipped delicately into her pussy and she pumped them in and out as she stroked her thumb across her clitoris.

God, she thought in amazement. I'm doing it for real!

That shocked her, as well. Pretending to masturbate for him was one thing, but... really doing it!?

Yet her fingers moved faster and her pulse raced, heat flooding her body as she rubbed her clitoris and pumped her fingers inside the smooth, soft, warm, moist walls of her pussy. Her head fell back and her chest rose and fell more quickly as her breathing quickened. Heat suffused her body as her hips began to grind up against her fingers.

*Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought in shock.*

“Stop.”

She halted, panting.

“Get on the floor, on hands and knees.”

Gulping, she pulled herself up and slid onto her hands and knees on the floor.

“Crawl over to that cabinet there,” he ordered, pointing.

She crawled over to it and looked back.

“Open it.”

She pulled open the front of the cabinet and gaped at a very large, thick black cock.

“Take it out.”

It's too big, she thought anxiously, heatedly.

“Rise up on your knees and place the base underneath you.”

Moaning softly, Kayla obeyed, hair spilling over her eyes as she looked down at

it.

“Now sink down on it.”

She knew that telling him it was too big was pointless. She sank down, groaning as the fat, round head pressed against her pussy. She felt the pressure growing, felt it ache dully, but also felt her pussy lips being forced in and back, slowly... slowly. She rocked slightly on it, her weight riding the tip of the dildo in short, rhythmic up and down motions, and then with a helpless cry, she felt the lips of her sex slowly strain wide and allow the fat head to push forward into the mouth of her sex.

“It... it hurts!” she groaned.

“Pain and pleasure, Manning. Pleasure and pain,” he said. “But above all, obedience.”

She was sopping wet inside, which helped, but the dildo was the thickest thing she'd ever had inside her. She sank down slowly, gasping, moaning, easing down inch by slow inch.

“Start masturbating again.”

Her fingers trembled as she began to rub them against herself. Her clitoris was swollen and throbbed as she stroked her fingers across it. Heat rushed up through her body, and she sank down further, and then still further, moaning in heat and pain as the thick body of the silicone cock pushed deeper inside her.

It was halfway inside her when she thought it must surely not be able to go further, yet she wanted it deeper, needed it deeper, quite aside from his orders. She raised her head, staring at him through the tangled bangs which had fallen across her forehead, gasping as she rocked herself atop it, as she rubbed her clitoris and squeezed her breast, as she forced herself down further, inch by aching inch.

Two thirds of it was inside her, then three quarters, and her aching, straining pussy burned around it as she let her weight sink her down still further.

“Crawl to me,” he ordered.

Panting, trembling, she fell forward onto her hands and crawled up to him.

“Suck my cock,” he ordered.

Moaning, she crawled up into his lap, undoing his zipper, opening his trousers, pulling him out eagerly as she began to lick up and down the hard shaft. She let her fingers massage his balls, rolling her hungry eyes up at him as she tongued and sucked on the base of his cock and his balls, her fingers sliding up and down the long, thick shaft as she raised her lips and enveloped the head.

He slid his hands through her hair, and reached down to cup and massage her breasts as she sucked him. She slid her lips up and down, then all the way down, taking him deep into her throat, massaging his balls as she rolled her eyes up at him, her hips grinding convulsively against the aching dildo inside her.

She gasped as he roughly pulled her head up and back by the hair, holding her in place as his free hand stroked her cheek.

“Are you going to be a good girl, Kayla?” he asked softly.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she said breathlessly.

“Say it.”

“I’ll be a good girl... sir,” she gulped.

He forced her hair back further and she gasped, her hands jerking up to grasp at his wrist.

“No,” he said. “Hands down.”

She moaned, but her trembling hands dropped onto his thighs as he forced her head back further. Then his other hand slid down her belly and in between her legs, his fingers finding her clitoris and stroking it insistently. Kayla moaned, her hips grinding convulsively against his fingers as heat burned up through her belly.

“Go kneel on the floor again, with your face against the floor and your bottom raised and aimed at me.”

He released her hair and she half fell away, gulping in air as she blinked her eyes dazedly. She turned away and crawled away from him, heat swirling within her as she positioned herself and bent low, groaning as her stiff nipples rubbed against the rug below.

She placed her face and chest against the floor and spread her legs as he slid forward behind her. She felt his hand on the dildo and moaned as he pulled it slowly back, then pushed it forward again. Her eyes closed and she shifted her knees wider, groaning as the thick dildo moved in and out of her, as he pushed it deeper still.

His hand slid in between her thighs, fingers stroking her clitoris and Kayla groaned weakly, her hips beginning to roll against him as her mind settled into a dazed fever of hunger and need, dark pleasure pulsing within her as he drove the dildo in and out harder and deeper. It ached even more, but the pleasure burned at her mind.

“Ohh!” she cried, as he thrust the dildo particularly deep.

“Close your legs,” he ordered, drawing his fingers back.

She dazedly obeyed and he moved to the side, then, a moment later, she gasped as she felt a sharp blow against her upraised bottom.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” she gasped, her head jerking up and twisting around.

“Face against the floor,” he said.

She whimpered, turning her eyes away from him, noting the belt in his hand as she pressed her face against the floor once more.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The belt swept down to snap sharply across her bottom again and again, and Kayla shuddered, moaned and cried out weakly as the sharp stinging blows resonated through her belly.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Are you going to be an obedient little junior partner, Kayla?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she croaked.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“You're sure that's what you want?”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

“I have my doubts, little little girl,” he said. “I have my doubts that's what you really want.”

His hand slid in between her thighs and she moaned as he roughly caressed her pussy.

“I think what you want is a life of wealth, and being a partner is just a means to that end.”

*Crack!*

“Isn't that right?”

“No, sir!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“Are you sure?”

*Crack!*

“Yes, sir!”

*Crack!*

“We will see how determined you are, little girl.”

*Crack! Crack!*

He moved away, then returned to kneel behind her. Kayla gasped as she felt his fingers pulling at the butt-plug she had put inside herself before leaving the

house. She moaned weakly as it slowly pulled free, then gasped as she felt something pushing into her in its place. She thought it might be him, at first, but quickly realized it was another dildo, if not quite as thick as the first.

He slid it deep into her bottom, then pumped it in and out, working it deeper still. When her moans became gasps and cries of pain, he decided it was deep enough and produced a slim black elastic cord. He wrapped this cord around her waist, then drew it down between her legs, circled the two dildos and then drew it up between her buttocks to fasten to the back of the cord circling her waist.

He grinned then.

“Lean forward,” he ordered, showing her another of the thin elastic cords.

Kayla obeyed, groaning softly, and watched as he slid the cord under her chest, wrapped it around the base of her left breast. He pulled the cord taut, tight, closing the loop, and she gasped as her breast throbbed and pulsed, the flesh forced out harder.

He drew the cord behind her back and around her ribs, to wrap it around her other breast just as tightly, then tied it off to the other end of the cord around her right breast. Now both breasts throbbed, and as he ran his fingers over them, her nipples tingled hotly. He seized them between thumbs and forefingers, rolling and caressing them, and she shuddered in excitement.

“Go and make me another drink, Kayla,” he ordered.

Moaning softly, Kayla eased up onto her feet, then stumbled across the floor to the bar.

“No, take my glass back and fill it,” he said.

She returned to where he had resumed his seat in the chair, flushed, breathless, and filled with a dark hunger, a powerful sexual need and desire. She licked her lips and picked up the glass, then made her way back to the bar, thinking of how wildly kinky this all was.

The two dildos ached, but it was a dull, sweet ache, and her entire lower belly thrummed with a dark sexual energy and pressure. She could feel her buttocks rubbing against the dildo protruding from her bottom as she moved, and her

thighs grinding against the base of the one sticking out of her pussy.

The elastic cord was tight, however, pulling them up firmly against her body and digging into her hips as the pressure forced it down.

She knelt before him, bowed, and raised her arms with the glass in hand.

“Please sir, here is your drink,” she said.

He lifted the drink from her hands and took a sip, eyes examining her over the lip of the glass.

He crossed his legs ostentatiously.

“What do you think of these shoes, Manning?” he asked coyly.

She looked at them uncertainly. They were black leather, gleaming and polished, probably very expensive.

“They're... very nice... sir,” she gulped.

“Would you say these shoes are dirty?”

“No, sir.”

“So, no problem then, for you to run your tongue across them?”

She gasped and stared at him. He smirked a little and then nodded.

“Yes, Manning. I want you to do just that. I want you to make it clear you understand the sort of... arrangement you're involved with here.”

He kicked his foot up a little and looked at her.

“Grasp the shoe, and then bend and lick it.”

Kayla felt a rush of anger at his order, resentment, indignation, and embarrassment, but also a dark thrill. The thought of doing something that...degrading was a shock, but given the context of her nudity, the dildos, the collar around her throat, well, the whole sexual perversity of what had been happening between them all day had left her blood boiling.

And this was more of the same.

She shifted over, blushing, then grasped his foot and bent over. She hesitated, then licked along the top of his shoe, feeling a wave of dark excitement even as she wallowed in her own degradation. She licked harder, her tongue running up and down his shoe, her eyes rolling up towards him as he watched.

He cocked his toes up and back.

“Don't forget the bottom,” he said.

Flushing hotly, she shifted herself to the front and pursed her lips, then leaned in and began to lick along the bottom of his shoe. This was not nearly so clean and shiny, and she could taste the grit he'd picked up wherever he'd walked.

“And don't forget the other shoe,” he said.

Moaning weakly, she sank down below where he held his leg aloft, down onto her elbows, down lower, to lick along the shoe that rested on the floor.

She had half forgotten her determination to obey, her realization he would try to make her disobey. Her mind was wrapped in a wild, dark dream of thrumming heat and bubbling pleasure as he drew her into the wild, shocking, wicked and thrilling role of a submissive sex toy.

Her insides ached around the thick dildos he'd stuffed into her, ached deliciously.

“I think you can work on my cock again, little girl,” he said.

Kayla eased up, panting, flushed, and he opened his pants again, pushed down the zipper, and drew himself out. He reached for her hair with his other hand, pulling her in and pushing his cock into her open mouth. She slid her hands around him and began to lick and suck, bobbing up and down, her swollen, throbbing breasts grinding against his thigh.

He twisted his fingers in her hair as he pulled her up and pushed her down, and she gagged a little, getting breathless as his cock blocked her airway each time he pushed her down.

“Hands behind your back,” he ordered. “Wrists together.”

Moaning, she drew her hands back behind her, and felt his fingers on them, felt him drawing the leather restraints together and locking them there. The sense of vulnerability and helplessness made her pussy thrum and squeeze hotly around the thick dildo.

He eased up, drawing her back by the hair so that she cried out in pain, then stood, legs apart, drawing her mouth down his cock, her hair wrapped around one fist while the other hand pulled in against her head from behind. She gurgled and then gagged weakly as he began to work himself in and out, thrusting his cock up and down in her throat and mouth.

Her head pulsed and her chest burned and she saw black dots dancing before her eyes as she ran out of air. He pulled back and she sucked in a deep, desperate breath as he held her in place. He pulled her back onto his cock, plunging deep into her throat again, pumping in and out as her eyes started to go glassy, and the black dots appeared again.

He pulled out, and she sucked in air, her face moist with perspiration now as he again thrust himself deep, and started fucking her throat. Again and again he pulled out, then thrust back into her and fucked her as she became progressively more dazed and light-headed.

Finally he literally threw her back onto the floor, and she landed heavily on the thick rug, dazed, gasping for breath, eyes wild, chest heaving so that she hardly noticed him kneeling between her splayed legs. She heard the buzzing, and gasped dazedly, moaning, as the vibrator pressed against her glistening, swollen clitoris.

Her dazed mind focused on sucking in deep breaths of air, but her body reacted, perhaps reacted even more powerfully. Her hips began to twist and roll and buck, and she moaned low in her throat, glassy eyes staring up at the ceiling as her chest heaved, and then as he ground the vibrator harder against her pussy, hard enough it ached and burned, the orgasm flashed up her body and she cried out in animal pleasure, her body jerking and twisting and thrashing wildly.

She arched violently, then again, her head rolling from side to side as the powerful orgasm tore up her spine and through her mind. Her feet jerked and bounced on the floor and she gurgled in breathless, dazed ecstasy, eyes rolling back in her head as the power of the orgasm crackled through her overheated

body.

\*

He let his hands glide over her body as she recovered, as she caught her breath and her eyes began to focus once again. She moaned low in her throat, still dazed, and still gripped by heat. Her breasts throbbed, and she ached hotly, deliciously, from the pressure of the thick dildos jammed inside her.

This was all so insane, she thought weakly. He was such a pervert!

“I think it's time for you to come to bed,” he said, easing up and back, getting to his feet. He watched for for a long moment, then bent over and grasped her by the arm. She moaned weakly as he lifted her upward, but as he did so her weight began to come down on the dildo protruding from her bottom and she yelped in pain, forcing herself up onto her knees.

“Come, my obedient little partner. Let me show you my bedroom.”

Dazed and moaning softly, she was forced to lurch forward on her knees, wrists still locked together behind her. He wrapped her long hair around his fist, using it as a leash as he led her across the floor and then into the corridor.

Along the marble tiled floor, then on hardwood, then along carpet, she hobbled and lurched on her aching knees, almost losing her balance several times but being drawn back by a quick, sharp pull on her hair. He led her finally into his bedroom, where a tall, four poster bed complete with canopy awaited.

He dragged her up onto the edge of the bed and positioned her there, face down again, her bottom up and legs spread.

“Don't move,” he ordered.

Moaning, she gulped in air after her difficult walk, her knees aching.

He moved to a walk-in closet and began to undress, as Kayla knelt in place, bottom raised high, throbbing breasts pressing firmly into the bed beneath her chest, nipples sparkling like live electric wires as she waited his attention.

She turned her head once, or started to.

“Didn't I say not to move?” he demanded sharply.

She froze and jerked her head back into position, facing across the bed.

He continued moving around, and then went into the en-suite bathroom. She heard the water running, and even a radio come on. She felt how surreal it was to be kneeling there as she was, so obscenely displayed, waiting for his attention, like... like some sort of slave girl!

She was a lawyer! She had finished fourth in her class! Granted, she'd had to sleep with a few professors to get her marks up that high, but even so! And yet, she was kneeling, tied, restrained, moaning weakly as she waited for him to come and use her body however he wanted to.

She stayed in position for what felt like an hour, though it was probably more like fifteen minutes. Finally, he returned, and she felt his hand on her bottom, sliding up and down, caressing her soft flesh, then easing in between her legs.

“Do you want me to fuck you, little girl?”

She was surprised to realize she did. Despite the massive orgasm, and despite the fact he'd done nothing since then, she was still very aroused.

“Yes, sir!”

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me, sir!”

His fingers slid between her legs and she moaned as they stroked across her clitoris.

“Nasty girl,” he said.

His hand came down on her buttock. Crack!

“Are you a nasty girl, Manning?”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

*Crack!*

“I'm a nasty girl, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Are you my slut, Manning?”

She could not deny it.

“Yes, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“Nasty little slut.”

She groaned as he released the thin elastic cord, and its pressure came off the two dildos and her hips. She felt him gripping the base of the dildo in her pussy, sliding it slowly back out, and moaned again, groaning as it finally pulled free and that deep, dark ache began to fade.

But almost at once, his own cock pushed into her. The relief was still there, and in fact, redoubled. His cock felt so much... different than the silicone dildo! It wasn't as thick, nor as long, but the real difference was in the warmth and texture, and the knowledge that it was, at least, a real cock inside her.

She moaned and her pussy spasmed weakly around it.

*Crack!*

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I'm a nasty little slut, sir!”

She moaned as he thrust himself deeper, as he buried every inch inside her and began to grind himself against her. Not only did she exult in the feel of his cock inside her but his body was pressing against the base of the dildo jammed into her bottom, forcing its nose to grind against her deep inside.

Again, pain and pleasure mixed, twirled and intertwined within her as he began to ride her hard and fast, the bed starting to shake beneath her as Forrest buried himself inside her again and again. She cried out as she felt him yank back on her hair, as his other hand slapped against her bottom and her even more violently.

She felt as though her brain was wobbling within her skull, grunting and moaning dazedly as her body flared with heat and the feverish sexual pressure built up rapidly within her. Sex had simply never been like this, and she had no idea how to cope with it! Nor was there anything for her to do given her bound state, given she was to simply do whatever he told her to do!

He rode her into another orgasm, as she cried out, as she twisted and writhed and shuddered to the power of the sensory eruption within her, and rode her right through it and out the other side. Gasping, moaning, eyes slitted, her body continued to shake and shudder to the harsh thrust of his hips and his cock, and she moaned as he slapped at her bottom again, as he yanked at her hair, as he drove himself into her, riding her right up into another orgasm less than a minute later.

And then another.

\*

Kayla woke with a groan, eyes fluttering in the bright light, and felt a sense of confusion. She opened her eyes, realizing she wasn't in her bed, wasn't in her apartment, and then it all came crashing down as she tried to instinctively move her hands to brush the bangs from her eyes and found her wrists still locked together behind her back.

A hand reached out and grasped her breast, startling her anew, and she turned to see Forrest laying there on his side, regarding her.

“How is my obedient little junior partner today?” he asked.

Kayla stared at him, her mind trying to adjust even as his hand slid casually down her belly and between her legs. She gulped, and her hips squirmed instinctively as his fingers delicately caressed the lips of her sex and her clitoris. They slid back up along her body again, kneading her breast before stroking her cheek and sliding over her lips.

They dipped inside, sliding along her tongue, and she flushed, mind still fighting to adjust to these new circumstances.

“Suck,” he ordered.

She only thought about it momentarily, then obeyed, closing her lips, sucking on his fingers as he slid them slowly in and out of her mouth, her eyes on him as he watched her.

His fingers pulled free, then dropped to her other lips, to her other orifice, and pushed against her. She inhaled sharply as they slid into her pussy and his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris.

“Do you know what's in store for you today?”

She shook her head.

“Say no sir.”

“No, sir,” she half whispered.

“Obedience training,” he said with a soft smile.

Her eyes widened, but her mind understood, in a way. Yes, the law firm, the partnership, the need for obedience, yes. She remembered that. But it was all being overshadowed by this wild, kinky sexual submission thing which was simply enthralling her. Her life had been very calm, very staid, very focused on work. And now... now this wildness!

He rolled over atop her and she moaned as he adjusted himself between her bent legs, as he propped himself on his elbows, his heavy body pressing her down, his face right above hers. Her arms were locked tightly beneath her, and she felt a hot rush of energy and excitement at just how helpless she was.

“Are you my slut?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gulped.

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut... sir!”

He was grinding his pelvis against her and she felt him hardening, felt his cock thickening. He raised his hips, then guided himself into her and started to thrust. And again, she was helpless. It was... bizarre, in another sense. For Kayla, her sex had always been so carefully planned, her actions designed to impress, to get what she wanted.

Now she had no actions to make. There was nothing for her to do. Unless he told her to do something.

He started to thrust, casually, comfortably, and she gasped and panted weakly underneath him, then cried out as he grabbed her hair and jerked her head up and back. His lips came down on the nape of her neck, up under her earlobe, licking, kissing, even biting her softly as his hips worked in and out, up and down.

It didn't take long for either of them.

After, he got up and put on a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt, then motioned for her to get out of bed. She did so, feeling unaccountably shy. He turned her around and released the clip between the restraints, and her arms were free for the first time in many hours.

But then he took something, a chain, and clipped it to the ring on her collar.

“Hands and knees,” he ordered.

Kayla sank uncertainly down onto her knees, then onto all fours.

“Crawl,” he ordered, moving forward and tugging on the leash.

A rush of shocked dark heat enveloped Kayla, starting in her lower belly. She lurched into motion, then started crawling alongside him as he led her out of the room and up the hall.

She was crawling like an animal!

She crawled down the hall and through the central foyer then down another hall into the kitchen.

“Sit on your heels. Don't speak. No, legs wide apart. Hands behind your neck, back arched.”

Kayla obeyed, somewhat startled, but excited regardless. She watched him pour coffee from an electronic coffee maker, then place it on the table and sit.

“Do you eat breakfast, Kayla?”

She shook her head slowly.

“You must eat something.”

“I... just.. coffee... sir,” she said.

“Not very filling.”

He got up and went to the counter, then took down a paper packet of some kind. He took milk from the refrigerator, poured a powder into a cup, then poured in milk and stirred it. He poured the milk into a bowl and then sat the bowl on the floor.

“Come here.”

She dropped her hands from her neck, then hesitated a moment before dropping forward and crawling forward. She saw the bowl looked like it had chocolate milk in it.

“Drink. Don't use your hands. Raise your bottom high and your knees wide.”

Gulping, Kayla lowered herself to her elbows, her breasts feeling hot and

sensitive, her nipples very hard as she pushed them against the floor. He moved past her and sat down at the table behind her, facing her. Kayla was very much aware of him watching her as she licked at the chocolate substance, then licked again. She pushed her lips into it and drank, for it was chocolaty, and besides, he had ordered her to do it.

But as she drank she was helplessly aware of how obscenely displayed she was as he looked at her.

“Drink every drop,” he said.

And again, there was nothing to do but obey, so she did, maintaining her position as she drank, until she felt somewhat full and the bowl was empty.

Afterward, he led her, still crawling, out the back door. He had a lovely yard, with tall hedges. The center of it was occupied by a long, wide swimming pool, surrounded by alternating light and dark shades of gray stones. There was still a lot of lovely green grass, however.

He sat down in a padded chair and had her sit on her heels next to him.

“Uhm, sir?” she gulped.

He raised his eyebrows. “I told you to not speak, Kayla.”

She bit her lower lip. “But I need to pee,” she said, flushing.

He sighed and stood up, walking back into the house. Kayla watched him uncertainly, wondering if he expected her to follow. But then he returned, and she gasped to see him holding something, a short, thin... stick-like object.

“Once again, what you've done is to substitute your judgment for mine,” he said. “I told you not to speak, and you decided that I must be in ignorance of basic information, and so disobeyed me.”

“But – !”

He held his hand up and looked sternly at her.

“I would have asked shortly. No matter now. Place your chest on the ground,

your bottom high, legs together.”

Kayla gulped and obeyed.

“Bottom higher.”

She raised her bottom higher and then yelped as the thin stick cut across it.

“Bad girl,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Always obey me.”

*Crack!*

“Ungh!”

“Naughty girl.”

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

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

The stick, whatever it was, was very lightweight, but it stung when it cut across her taut skin, and Kayla found her breathing growing ragged as her heart pounded and her bottom began to burn.

Fortunately, he stopped after ten blows.

“Now, you may crawl over there next to the tree and pee,” he said, indicating a young tree about ten feet away.

She rose onto all fours, turned and stared at him.

“Now, Kayla, or you won't be permitted to go to the bathroom for some time.”

“But – .”

“Obedience,” he said softly.

Flushing, her mind squirming, Kayla stared at the tree. The trunk was only a few inches across, and certainly would provide no cover for her, but half in a daze, she crawled onto the grass, grateful for its softness against her knees, crawled to the tree and then turned and looked back at him again.

“Male dogs raise their legs, but female simply spread them apart and lower their hind ends,” he said as he sat down.

Kayla felt a sense of shocked outrage at his cavalier arrogance, but it stroked something deep and deliciously dark inside her. And besides, she had to obey him. So, blushing furiously, she spread her knees wide, lowered herself, and peed into the grass next to the tree – as he watched her!

Is this what I went to law school for, she thought dazedly.

“When you're done, you move a little further forward, and rub yourself against the grass,” he said.

She did so, feeling overwhelmed by the rush of mixed emotions, the heat, the shame, the wild, outrageousness of it. She crawled back to him, and he produced a dildo.

“Go fetch,” he ordered, throwing it onto the grass.

She gaped at him, then turned her head.

“Now, Kayla.”

She turned and crawled towards the dildo.

“Faster!”

She crawled faster, her breasts wobbling beneath her, reached it and then, after a moment of hesitation, bent her head and picked it up in her teeth, then turned and crawled hurriedly back to him. She dropped it into his hand, breathless, panting, and he ruffled her hair, then threw it out again, further.

“Fetch!”

She turned and crawled as rapidly as she could across the grass, returned and dropped it into his hand, even more breathless.

“Consider this your morning exercise, Kayla,” he said, sliding his fingers through her hair.

He threw it across the grass again, and, panting heavily, she crawled after it. She was starting to sweat, though it wasn't terribly hot yet, and her chest was heaving as she dropped it into his hand again.

“Good girl,” he said, patting her like she was a dog.

Outrageous! Bizarre!

And intensely hot!

He threw the dildo again, this time into the pool, and she crawled to the edge, then leapt in, gasping and swimming towards where it had sunk. Apparently dildos didn't float. She caught it with one hand, swam back to the surface, put it into her mouth, swam to the edge, climbed out, and crawled over to him.

He took it, but slapped her bottom stingingly.

“No using hands. And I want you to swim like a dog.”

He jerked on her hair and she cried out as she was forced roughly up and back.

“Like the bitch in heat you are,” he said softly, leaning in and licking and sucking on her bare breasts.

He released her hair and tossed the dildo into the pool again, and Kayla, panting, crawled to the edge and dove in. She dove down into the water, opened her mouth, caught it between her teeth, then swam for the surface and pulled herself out again.

When she could barely move, he finally relented and let her sit on her heels. But first first he applied suntan lotion, all over her body... very slippery suntain oil. He made sure she was thoroughly covered, but spent considerably extra time

between her legs, stroking and rubbing and caressing her, then sliding his slick fingers up into her and pumping them in and out.

The dildo followed, jammed achingly deep before she was allowed to sit on her heels, panting, moaning weakly, alive with sexual hunger and arousal as he read the newspaper, eyes flicking towards her as she sat there, back arched, fingers interlaced behind her neck.

“You can drop your arms and rub your clit,” he said. “Masturbate, but don't come. Do you understand, little slut?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she panted.

Moaning, she began to rub her clitoris, her swollen, overheated, very slick clitoris, her other hand massaging her hard breasts, her stiff nipples, all under his idle, casual gaze.

“Ohhh,” she moaned, forcing herself even deeper onto the dildo, wanting it absolutely buried inside her, wanting it to ache.

Her body thrummed with sexual energy, and it grew rapidly as she fingered herself, to the point she was very near orgasm. She paused, staring at him desperately.

“Do you want to come?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Beg.”

“Please may I come, sir!”

“Face against the ground, bottom high, legs wide.”

Moaning helplessly, the overheated girl obeyed rapidly, and he slid off the chair, grabbing a cushion off another and tossing it onto the ground behind her. He knelt on the cushion, then ran his hands over her slick bottom. He drew her hands back behind her and locked them together, then slapped her buttocks.

She groaned as she felt his cock, already hard, sliding up and down along the

inside of her thigh, pushing up across her clitoris, and then... he pressed himself against her back opening. She gasped, eyes widening, but made no protest as he slowly pushed himself down into her ass.

His open hand pressed down against the side of her head, jamming her against the ground as he started to thrust in and out. Kayla gurgled and moaned and gasped with growing heat and passion as he thrust himself deeper and deeper into her body, groaning as she felt cramps deep inside, crying out as his hips finally met her buttocks and he began to really pound her.

Then his other hand slid under her and began to rub against her clitoris and the world came across in a wild, screaming explosion of heat and sensation that tore a loud, lung emptying cry from her open mouth. Her hips bucked violently as her face was drawn back into a rictus of shocked pleasure, convulsions wracking her body as he continued to pound his heavy hips against her.

She slumped dazedly to the ground as he eased back, releasing her, jaw slack, chest heaving, mind blasted.

“Now perhaps it's time to begin your obedience training,” he said, only a little winded. “I'm sure that when this weekend is done with, Kayla, you're going to be a different woman at work. And of much more value to me than I would have otherwise thought possible.

END

**Coming soon: Part Two of Kayla's Journey – Kayla's Training**

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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