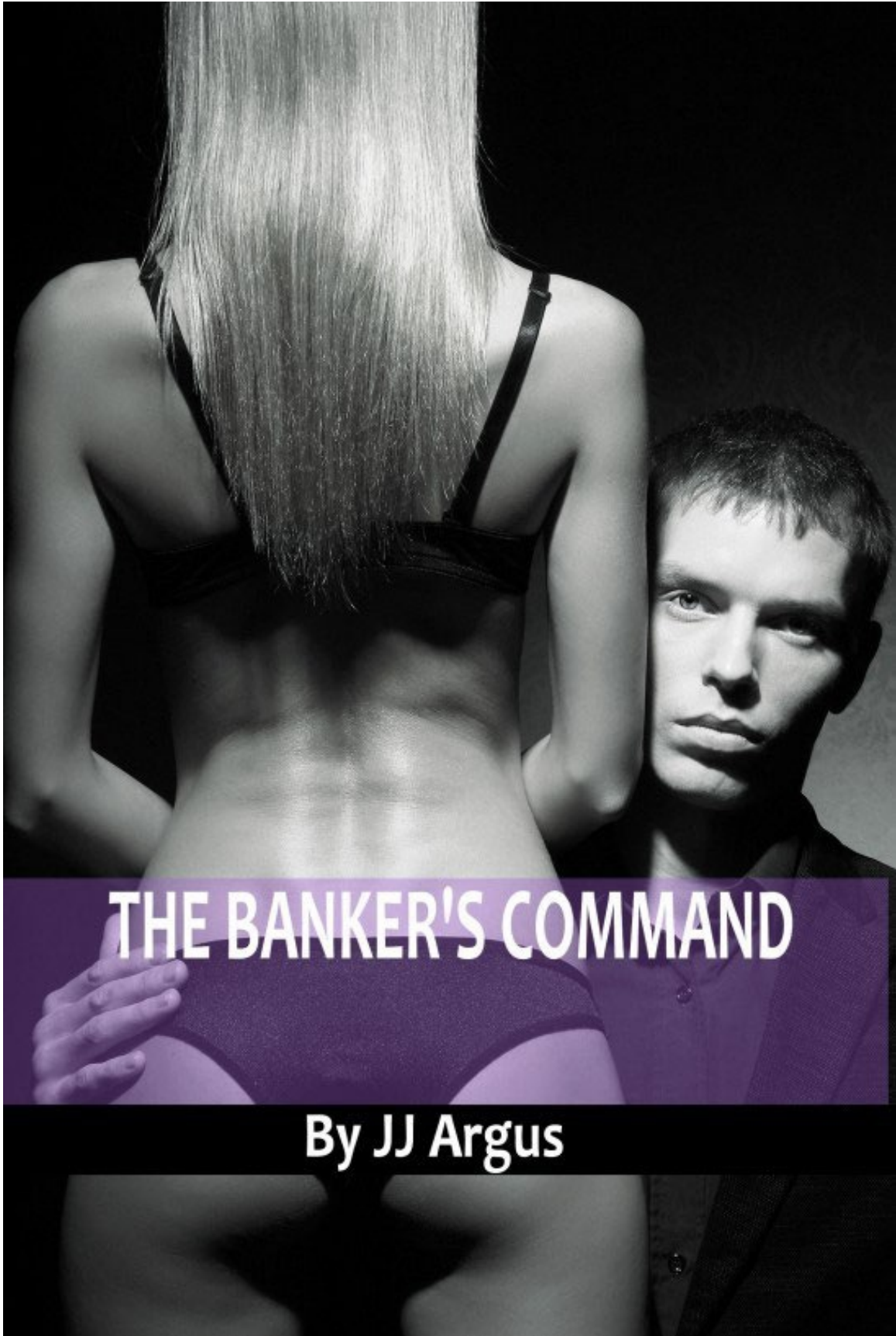


THE BANKER'S COMMAND

By JJ Argus



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Sophie's Submission 2

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Smashwords edition

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

I had never felt so adrift in my life. I had always been confident and thought of myself as fully grounded: the sensible one. Now I felt as though I were leading a bizarre double life. One part was normal and predictable. I was a second year college student taking Accounting at the city college. I was a pretty girl, though a bit nerdy, and liked to read and play with numbers. This sort of thing was just so not me!

I live with my parents and brother and sister in a respectable four bedroom suburban home. I rarely date, preferring to read and surf the internet when not doing my homework or working my part time job as a waitress. I was utterly, at least in my own mind, unremarkable and 'normal' to the point of being boring.

Two weeks ago I'd approached David Conway, the Vice President of the bank which held the mortgage on my home. My father had lost his job and had a drinking problem and had borrowed too much to pay back any time soon. If something wasn't done we would be out of a home, and, given my father's credit record, and lowered income, God only knew where we'd end up.

He had a startling proposition. In exchange for pushing back the payments I would give up my waitress job and work for Conway part-time. At a lot more money. That, in itself, would not have caused me any stress. Quite the contrary, in fact. But David Conway was a strange and perverse man. He was a tyrant who required instant obedience.

And he wanted more personal services from me than most any other personal assistant would ever have agreed to perform!

I had half suspected it from the interview, and almost resigned myself to what I thought would be groping and perhaps even pressure for sex. I hadn't expected the spankings! I hadn't expected the dominance games. I had feared I would have to have sex with him but hadn't imagined it could be so incredibly intense, so shockingly pleasurable, or so rough and degrading!

He used me like a whore! And yet, despite my shame and anger, my body, and yes, my mind, responded as if I was one! I had no idea why. In fact, I was bewildered by my response to him. I hated him, and given a choice would never see him again. But I didn't have that choice. I needed to keep him on side with the deal I'd made. I needed to keep my family in possession of our house.

That was what I clung to, yet hovering around that sense of almost martyrdom in submitting to his perverse lusts was the thing I really didn't even want to admit to myself – that the thought of going back to that office filled my body with a strange dark fever lust. I had never really been much for sex, and certainly had found my earlier sexual experiences with boys messy, unpleasant, and not really all that exciting at all.

Yet when Conway used my body, when he bent me over and just... just used me like a whore, my body burned with hunger, lust and passion, and the orgasms were more intense than I'd imagined it possible to experience!

What was fucking wrong with my head!?

That was what kept filling my mind – along with the flashbacks, the mental images of what he'd done to me, of what I'd done, and the echo of heat, pleasure, shock and other intense emotions which had accompanied it all. It had been four days since my last session, and every day that passed made my stomach churn with more anxiety as I approached the next one.

The helplessness was the worst, and the lack of knowing. For whatever he wanted me to do, I would have to do, and I had no idea what he would ask of me the next time. So there was no way to mentally prepare myself for it.

Acting 'normal' around people at school, around my family, made me feel strange. No one seemed to sense any difference in me, yet I felt different. The things he'd done... !

And there my mind would flash back again to images of what Conway had demanded of me.

Really, they weren't all that shocking, I supposed. Of course, I'd given him oral sex. No big deal. That was really not even really sex, after all. He had made it worse by insisting I learn how to deep throat him, but I was actually rather proud of myself for doing so. I hadn't been at the time, of course. It had been difficult. But now I was rather proud of my new-found ability.

He'd spanked me more than once. That was bizarre! I'd heard of it, of course, of couples playing games that involved spanking. But I'd never imagined I'd be part of such a couple. Not that we were really a couple. He was much older than me and already married, after all. But thinking back on the spankings confused me,

as well.

They'd been traumatic, painful, humiliating, and hot, very, very... hot. Now when I masturbated, and I was doing so much more often than ever before in my life, those spankings, or fantasies of them, often played a major part in my excitement. That and the riding crop, the stinging blows across my bottom as I was bent over the table, just before he took me for the first time...

What really unnerved me, though, was not just the sex, or the... dominance he insisted on, but the lack of passion on his part. He didn't really seem angry when he spanked or cropped me, and he didn't seem especially lustful when he fucked me. It was as if he were performing a normal work function in disciplining and using my body.

Though I wouldn't describe him as cruel, there was no warmth in his voice as he gave me curt orders, just the arrogance of command. And it really didn't change when it came to sex. He ordered me to bend over and spread my legs in the same tone as telling me to get him coffee, or reformat a letter. It was as if it were all part of my job, and he was simply seeing to me in that fashion.

Training me at my 'job'.

At nineteen it was all extremely confusing, even without throwing in the bewildering flare of hormones, emotions and the continuous assault on my pride and dignity.

* * *

“Are you coming home before work, honey?”

I shook my head. “No, it's easier to go straight there.”

“The bank doesn't mind what you wear?” my mother asked, frowning.

I shrugged. I was wearing jeans and a button-down blouse. It would not do for work, but Conway had already told me he didn't like my choices of clothes, and that my look as his assistant was important to his image. So he supplied the outfits. So far they'd consisted of very short skirted dresses.

“No, they don't care,” I said. “It's after hours, after all, so it's not like he gets

many visitors.”

My mother hugged me. “You're our hero, you know, Sophie!” she said, giving me a kiss.

I felt myself blush. “I just went to talk to him,” I said uncomfortably. “If I hadn't played soccer with his daughter for years I wouldn't even have known him.”

“It was so nice of him to agree to hire you,” she said.

I fought not to roll my eyes. Conway was many things, but nice was not among them. He'd told me right from the start that he was a bastard. He'd made me say it too, just so I didn't forget. And he'd told me he would demand total obedience. I just hadn't realized at that time what that meant.

But at least my hiring was explained to my parents very easily. I had told them that now that I was an employee of the bank, even if part-time, they qualified for a reduced mortgage. I didn't tell them that two thirds of my salary was going to help pay off the loan. Of course, I didn't tell them how exorbitant my salary was either. My mother wasn't terribly bright but even I would have wondered.

Not many nineteen year old, part-time personal assistants with no experience made \$40 an hour, after all.

I went to school, and tried my very best to keep my mind on my studies. Whenever it veered off my stomach started churning with anxiety, and, occasionally, my nipples would harden. As the day wore on, it got worse.

* * *

The outfit waiting for me was a surprise. Yes, there were the same black stiletto heels. But the black pencil skirt was actually of an appropriate length, a few inches above my knees. The white blouse was rather ruffled, almost Victorian, in fact, with a high neck. And there was a short jacket to go with it.

Was Conway reforming or something?

There was no lingerie to go with it either. Did that mean I could wear my own? Apparently!

But I paused a long moment. He had been very clear in his instructions to me. I was not to take any initiative or make any decisions on my own. I was not to make assumptions. I was to obey his orders instantly, strictly, to the letter, and without questioning them.

And last week he had told me I was to wear nothing in his office that he had not approved or selected. So I would either have to ask him, which I did not want to do, or not wear any underwear. Given the modesty of what he'd selected for me, and my desire to put off that sort of discussion (which would likely lead to something immediately sexual) I decided to simply not wear my bra and panties.

I put on the outfit. It fit, as expected. I even liked the way I looked in the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. I looked very professional, and not at all sexual or slutty. I took off my glasses, and posed for myself, pleased. The jacket was a bit short and tight, but wasn't really intended to be buttoned.

And all those ruffles were a bit much, going down the front of the shirt and right up around the high collar, but at least no one would look at it and wonder what kind of a girl would wear such an outfit to work.

I put my glasses back on and went out into the outer office, walking carefully on the high stiletto heels. I'd gotten better the last two weeks, but still found it odd. I had little previous experience in wearing high heels, especially not five inch stilettos.

I pulled out my chair and sat down, then logged onto the computer and began to sort through all the emails, shifting one after another into the appropriate folders for him to check on later, or his regular assistant to deal with in the morning.

But my stomach still churned, waiting anxiously for the hammer to fall, for him to call me and want... something.

In fact, the wait was starting to stress me out.

I was getting a lot done, though, even though I double checked it all. I did not want another spanking, or worse, to feel that thin, stinging crop across my bottom.

The buzz of the intercom, when it came, made me jump, and her heart skip a beat, then the churning in my stomach intensified.

“Yes, sir?” I asked.

“Coffee.”

Conway did not waste words on politeness.

“Yes, sir.”

I rose and went to the expensive coffee maker. It would make a cup in under a minute. I did so, putting in the one lump of sugar and small dab of milk he liked, then turned and walked carefully to the door to the inner office. I knocked twice, waited for him to say “Come”, and entered.

The office, as always, was a clash of heavy, glowing dark wood shelves, cabinets and furniture against two huge walls of glass looking out on the darkening city. It was enormous. If you've never seen the office of a bank vice president you really can't compare it to anything else.

He was reading some papers at his desk and did not look up. I carried the cup over to his desk, butterflies swirling in my lower belly, and set it down carefully.

Then, lacking any further instructions, and not expecting thanks, I turned and walked back to the door. I was reaching for it, feeling a sense of relief, when his voice caught me.

“Wait.”

Gulping, I turned in place.

“Yes, sir?”

“Come back.”

Chest tightening, I walked back across the deep, thick blue rug to his desk. He was still reading. He picked up his papers, not looking at me, turned the chair away from the desk, and then pointed at his crotch with his free hand.

I felt a sense of breathlessness, and stared at him as he looked at the papers. After a few seconds he turned and his eyes narrowed.

“What are you waiting for, Dale?” he demanded.

Pulse rising, face flushed, I moved around the desk, then hesitated again. He again looked up at me, scowling now, and I quickly dropped to my knees in front of him. I leaned in, fingers trembling just a bit, unzipping his expensive trousers, undoing the button and clasp then reaching in to draw out his cock. He was not erect, but as my fingers closed around him and I lowered my lips to him I felt his cock pulse and begin to come to life.

I raised him up, licking slowly up the length of him, along the underside, the way he had taught me. My right hand massaged his balls as my left stretched out his shaft, and I licked back down, taking his balls into my mouth, one at a time, sucking and massaging them as his cock hardened further.

I licked back up the shaft, mouthing him, then when I reached the top, angling it toward me and, with my lips pursed, pressed down, letting him 'force' my tight lips aside and slide up into my mouth.

I rolled my eyes up to see the underside of the papers he was reading.

The man was almost unbelievably arrogant! What a bastard he was!

I looked down again, focusing on my 'job', sliding halfway down his shaft, sucking as I moved, licking, then sliding back up again. I worked on the head as my fingers slid down, sometimes massaging his balls, sometimes stroking the shaft. Then my mouth slid down again, further, taking the head almost into my throat before sliding back up.

I began to bob up and down, letting my mouth, lips and tongue work on him, then, with a deep breath, forced myself lower. I gagged briefly as he pushed into my throat, but fought it off, forcing myself lower still, feeling a strange mix of elation at my success and shame at that elation. My lips slid all the way to the base of his cock, my nose jammed in against his pubic hair as I rested there, then I eased slowly back up.

He didn't speak to me, didn't moan or gasp or make any other sign I was doing anything pleasurable. On the other hand, he didn't criticize me either, nor tug on my hair nor say anything disparaging about my oral skills.

Which meant I was doing it right. And again I felt that sense of pleasure and

relief.

I licked and sucked at the head, then licked up and down the shaft as I held it in my hand, working my way down to his balls again, sucking and licking them before licking back up the shaft. I took it into my mouth and straight down my throat.

And there was a knock at the door.

I felt eyes go wide, but his hand almost immediately came down on my head to hold me in place.

“Yes?” he called.

I heard the door open.

“Your girl isn't out front, Mr. Conway,” a male voice said.

“She's busy at something,” he replied.

The desk hid the person's view of me, as long as he didn't come into the room, but my heart thumped alarmingly and I squirmed against his groin, his thick shaft filling my throat and making it impossible to breath!

“Mr. Sanderson wondered if you had completed your review of the Astern Project. He needs your signature today.”

“I'm working on it. I'll have my girl bring it over to him in an hour.”

“Thank you, sir. I'll tell him.”

The door closed, and the fear and tension drained out of my mind, reminding me that I was getting desperate for air. But Conway's hand was still on my head! I tried to push up a little, but he held me down, and the only way I was going to get off was to struggle. If I did that he might punish me! But my chest was burning and my skull was pounding and I was starting to feel light-headed!

I felt his flat hand close in around my hair, and then he gripped it in his fist, pulling me up the length of his shaft and off.

I knelt, shaking, gasping, gulping in air, my face prickled with sweat as I trembled.

“You're getting better,” he said, not in any particular friendly tone. “You're far and away better than you were your first day.”

He forced my head back. my hands went instinctively up to where his hand pulled on my hair.

“Hands at your sides,” he growled.

I dropped my hands to my sides, chest still rising and falling quickly.

I felt his hand on my breast, squeezing me through the shirt.

“No bra,” he said. “Good. Since I didn't provide one. You are indeed learning.”

He released my hair and set the papers down. His cock was rigid, thick and reddish, especially at the head, angry looking as it pointed up at me.

“Take off your clothes,” he said.

I gulped and my head turned rapidly to the door, then back at him imploringly.

“Now,” he growled.

There was no point in protesting. He'd already punished me for daring to presume my judgment might be measured against his.

I shrugged out of the tight jacket, then unbuttoned the blouse, pulling it up and off. My face flushed, I undid the skirt, and then slowly stood up, again glancing nervously at the door as I let the skirt slide to my ankles and stepped out of it.

“Get on,” he said, bringing his legs together.

Heart thumping, I moved forward, straddling his legs, gripping the arms of his leather chair as I lowered myself over him. I paused, since he evidently wasn't going to do it, and reached down to grip his cock, raising it up and settling it in place as I sank onto it. I felt a hot surge of ... something... as soon as it touched me.

I felt the pressure of the slick, swollen head against my pussy lips, felt them pushed in and slowly forced back as my weight sank me lower. I grunted at the ache, as they stretched, for he was thick as well as long. Then he filled the mouth of my sex, and as I sank lower, a wild, dark heat spread up through my body and mind at the sensation, at the feel, of that slick, silky flesh moving up inside me.

The sensation was intense! The feel of his thick hard shaft pushing up, up, up deeper into my belly was indescribable! It somehow fulfilled me in a way that was so... right... like no other feeling I had ever had in my life. I groaned at the thickness, at how it stretched me out, at how full I felt, but at the same time the feeling was glorious!

A heard myself moan softly as I sank so low the head was jammed against the back wall of my pussy, but even the aching was deliciously hot, and I gripped the back of the chair in white knuckled fingers as I rose again, then sank lower. His hands were on me now, sliding up and down my ribs, then one going up to cup my breast as the other cupped my buttocks.

He drew me in with the latter hand, as his mouth found my erect nipple, and he began to suck and chew as I rose slowly up and down, up and down, my very flesh now crackling with some dark sexual electricity that made my body tremble. I was intensely aware of the unlocked door, of the possibility of discovery, but I had no choice about that.

And the feel of his thick, slick shaft driving up into me again and again was like a narcotic, making my mind float, making me care about nothing else but the surge of pleasure. His hand on my bottom squeezed and kneaded me, then a finger probed at my back passage, and I moaned as it pushed into me.

He had taken my virginity there last week, and it had been shaming but also shockingly erotic. I did not want him to do it again... not... really... but I knew at the same time that he would, if not now then later, or tomorrow or next week.

My breathing was becoming more ragged as I rode him. My buttocks were now flattening against his thighs as the continued punching of his cock against the end of my pussy seemed to have persuaded my body to accommodate more length. It ached, but ached in a darkly delicious way that was taking my breath away!

The incredible tightness of my pussy around him, especially my sex lips, as I

rode up and down, was sending heat rushing through my body and mind. My body flared with a rising passion, my breasts aching and full, my nipples tingling as he shifted his mouth from one to the other and back again.

I was riding him faster, glorying in every deep penetration, my face flushing deeper, the flush spreading down my chest.

Crack!

His hand slapped my bottom, and I gasped, but kept riding.

And then his hand found my hair, gripping a thick fistful, jerking my head down roughly as his mouth found mine. His kiss was hot, passionate, hungry, and, I realized dazedly, the first time he had kissed me on the mouth. His tongue invaded me, swirling and twisting, caressing and conquering my own, which rose uncertainly, like a butterfly.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom again, and I moaned into his mouth.

Our mouths remained locked together for an endless time, then his fist yanked my head back sharply, painfully, so I cried out, my back arching. I felt his mouth, his tongue, his teeth on my breasts, my nipples.

“Hands at your sides!” he barked.

My hands dropped from where they had reached up for his wrist, and I moaned as he bit and sucked on my nipples. Then he was grasping my bottom, rising with me in his arms. He turned, setting me down on the edge of his massive desk. His hands shifted quickly, grasping my legs above the knees, jerking them hard up and apart so that I abruptly fell back onto my back on the desk.

I felt the papers and files under my back as he spread my legs wide. He was still in me, and his big hands slid down to my ankles, or rather, up, as he held them up and apart. His hips began to work now, driving his cock deep into my overheated body with long, hard, powerful strokes.

He leaned forward, forcing my ankles back, then back further. I moaned as he let his weight and strength press them downward, my bottom rising as my body was bent sharply. He let my legs come closer together, then jammed my ankles down even more as he leaned over me. Now I felt the desk against the backs of my feet

as he thrust harder, my buttocks bruised by the force of his powerful strokes.

I grunted and gasped and moaned as he increased the speed, his hips slapping my buttocks sharply, his hands bending my body in two, pinning back my shoulders. I felt a wild rush of heat and passion, crushed, bent, helpless, grunting, totally submissive to his sexual hunger. There was nothing for me to do, to consider, to think about, nothing but feel him inside me, nothing but watch him driving into me, nothing except be the recipient of his hard, pounding strokes.

The orgasm started slowly, which was not normal for me, and it seemed to linger at a low level for long seconds before suddenly intensifying, spiraling upward higher and higher as my mouth opened in a breathless gurgle of exultation. My hips tried to buck up, for all the movement I was able to accomplish, and my head thrashed from side to side as his pounding hips and skewering cock continued to drive it higher.

I wanted to scream, and would have were it not for lack of breath.

Breath. I should be breathing, a part of me thought.

I ignored it. I wallowed in the passion, the incredible sensory storm which seemed to go on and on! Nothing else mattered! I was jammed back onto my shoulders by his powerful grip, my ankles forced behind my head now as he rammed himself into me.

And then, finally, when I thought I would pass out, the storm of sensations relented, and he slowed his mad pounding stroke, slowed, then halted, out of breath at last, which was at least something for this man who showed such calm lack of reaction.

He took several deep breaths as he stood over me, leaning over me, his cock still buried inside me now starting to soften.

He regained his normal aplomb very quickly. And even as I lay sprawled across his desk, chest still heaving, he was brushing off his immaculate suit and looking at me with a bit of a sense of irritation, as though I was in the way of his work.

But then he turned to the cabinet behind him, bending, opening a door, and took out a long length of something black. It was, I saw, rope.

“Stand up, Dale,” he ordered.

I stood on shaky legs, still gulping in air. He draped the rope across the back of my neck, then across my shoulders on both sides. It was about as thick as my index finger, but soft. He pulled the two parts together above and between my breasts, then tied a small loop in them, then, holding them together, another, lower, then another at my waist before roughly turning me and bending me over the desk.

Crack!

I gasped at the slap to my bottom.

“Spread your legs.”

I obeyed, of course, and he turned away, then turned back. I gasped as I felt the pressure against my sex, felt the hard yet soft force of something... yes, the dildo. I remembered now, how he'd used it on me the previous week. I groaned a little as it slid into me. It was even thicker than him! I felt my fingers tightening, pulling into the palms of my hands, my breasts pillowed out beneath me against the desk.

Crack! “Raise your bottom higher.”

I jerked and obeyed as he began to pump and twist the dildo, working it deeper, then still deeper. I groaned at the depth of the penetration, yet felt a dark hunger building again inside me. And then, I felt his hand, flat against the base of the dildo, flat against my sex, still pushing. The dildo sank into my body and the lips of my sex closed behind it.

Then the pull on my hair, and I gasped as he forced me to stand upright once more. He turned me and lifted the rope, tying another loop down low before drawing it in between my thighs. He pulled the two lengths up my spine and fed them in under the loop which was behind my neck. I felt him pulling the two ropes down, which forced them up harder against my sex, sinking the two of them between the lips of my sex and pushing up against the base of the dildo.

He drew the two ropes down beneath my arms then around front, just above my breasts. They went through the loop he'd left in the double rope going down the front of my body, then back across the tops of my breasts, pressing them

downward, before going behind me. There I felt them pulling tight, crossing each other.

He drew them back around my ribs and across my chest, just under my breasts, or rather, pressing up against the bottom of both, and, just like before, going through one of the loops he'd left in the double rope going vertically down my front.

Now he began to pull harder, tightening the ropes. I gasped as I felt the pressure against my sex, around my ribs, and squeezing my breasts. The ropes went back around me, then returned around my waist, pulling in tight again, tying off there.

“Get dressed and get back to work,” he said, sitting down.

What a bizarre man! What a strange, perverted man!

Yet what could I do but obey? I got dressed, pulling on skirt, blouse and then jacket over the ropes, and going back out front. I looked at myself anxiously in the bathroom mirror, but there was no indication of anything amiss. No one looking at me would guess at what lay beneath the clothes. Well, as long as I kept the jacket on, for my nipples were pushing out very firmly and obviously against the thin white blouse.

I returned to my desk and sat – carefully. There was some pressure against the base, but not a painful amount. It had sunk inside me. Where there was pressure, however, was at the top of my sex. There were two ropes descending between my legs, side by side, and by accident or design they squeezed in against my flesh so as to trap my clitoris between them.

The pressure there was not heavy, but any pressure there felt... intense. What was more there was a knot just above putting more pressure on my clit.

I tried to focus on work, but the haze of sexuality surrounding my mind grew, fed well by the continuing sensations from my body and the awareness of the strange, kinky rope-work he had performed on me.

Half an hour later, the intercom buzzed.

“Dale, come in here.”

I obeyed, knocking and entering. Moving tended make me even more aware of the pressure!

He had a folder in his hand. "Take this to Sanderson's office."

"Yes, sir," I gulped.

I took the folder and walked out again, feeling both relief and oddly disappointed that he did nothing more. Then I faced the trip upstairs.

Fortunately, most had left for the day. There was no one in the hall, nor in the elevator as I rode up the two floors. I passed one man in the hall who eyed me with interest, the way men do look at attractive women, then knocked on Sanderson's office door and entered.

The man behind the desk, not Anderson, I knew, for he was too young, looked up at me. I recognized him vaguely. He was Sanderson's assistant. I doubted he was as personal an assistant as I was, though.

"Oh, hi," he said. "You have Mr. Conway's signature?"

"Yes," I said.

I handed it to him as he stood up.

"Wait one," he said.

He didn't knock on the inner door, but opened it. "I have Mr. Conway's signature on the report," he said. "Do you have anything for his assistant before she returns?"

He beckoned me forward, and I stepped into the room reluctantly. The man behind the desk looked up at me, and I felt a flush, wondering if he could somehow guess. But of course, he couldn't.

"Did he say if he planned on going to the Denway meeting tomorrow?" he asked.

"No, sir, but I can check," I said.

He nodded.

“Okay, thanks.”

It was all so... banal, so ordinary. Yet I was dizzy with the strangeness of conducting these ordinary tasks while my breasts throbbed and nipples tingled from the pressure of the ropes around them, with a dildo lodged deep in my belly and my clitoris feeling sore, aching and slick with my own juices.

I went back to Conway and asked him, then called up Sanderson's office to report.

I wasn't able to get right back to work, however, for Conway sent me on another errand, this time downstairs and across the street to the dry cleaner to pick up a suit for him. Again, it was a banal job, yet my mind and body were soaked in a growing sexuality, and it felt somehow indecent to be walking around among regular people with my body criss-crossed with ropes, and a dildo jammed inside me.

I felt like a wild, kinky slut, but undercover, like a spy who risked discovery and exposure!

Imagine if I was hit by a car and they saw this at the hospital! I had to drop my eyes every time someone looked at me, as if they might suspect!

I returned with the suit, and hung it on the rack inside his closet, then started to leave.

“Come here, Dale.”

I turned at once, flushed, and cursing my own eagerness.

“How do you feel?”

“Fine, sir,” I gulped.

He eyed me with disapproval. “I didn't ask for bland assurances, Dale. Open your blouse.”

I flushed and unbuttoned it, then opened it to bare my breasts. He looked at my

hard nipples and nodded with evident satisfaction. He stood up and reached for them, taking them between his thumbs and forefingers, then pinched to the point I winced and gasped.

He pulled them out, stretching them, raising them, his fingers digging in so the pressure made me gasp again. My nipples felt hot, burning from the pressure.

He released them and I shuddered with relief.

“Bend over the desk.”

I obeyed without question, heart pounding, and felt him raise my skirt up, bare my bottom.

“Spread your legs.”

I obeyed again, staring at the door across the room. I felt him tugging on the ropes where they passed over my back opening. Then I felt his fingers there, slick with something, something slippery and thick. I bit my lip as his finger pushed into me and pumped slowly in and out. Then I felt something bigger, thicker, and almost protested, though I knew there was no point.

It was not his cock, which was both relief and disappointment. It was another dildo, I supposed, pushing up into my ass, twisting, pumping, working its way deeper and deeper until my sphincter closed behind it. At that point I felt the intense fullness, the aching inside me as he tugged the ropes back into place.

“Back to work,” he said.

I closed my blouse and went back to my desk, sitting down even more gingerly, feeling the ache, the fullness inside me. It was getting much harder to concentrate on anything, and several times I caught myself rubbing myself against the chair.

I sweated, waiting eagerly now, for what must surely come. I was awash in sexual desire, wanting to feel him inside me in place of the dildos, wanting to have his hips striking my buttocks, to feel him riding me like the whore I was, using me, fucking me!

My nipples ached, and every movement seemed to draw them across the soft fabric of the blouse, which now felt almost like sandpaper for how sensitive my

little pink buttons were! When he didn't call after a while I contemplated acting up, doing something I wasn't supposed to so as to draw punishment. I imagined him making me strip and get across his lap, his hand on my buttocks, then fingering my clit as he had done before.

I eyed the clock, wondering how long he would wait, for normally I only worked until eight. And then at eight-fifteen, with my hand on his office door and my heart thumping, ready to do something, anything to relieve the incredible sexual pressure, the outer door opened and my father came in!

I gaped at him.

“Daddy!?! What are you doing here!?”

“Hello, sweetheart,” he said, coming in and giving me a quick hug. “Wow, don't you look professional!” he said, admiring my outfit.

Thank God I hadn't been wearing the same short skirt as I had the first two weeks, I thought!

“What are you doing here?!”

“I came to give you a drive home!”

I stared at him.

“Don't worry,” he said. “I'm sober. I've been cutting back the last couple of weeks.”

He took my hand and gave me a sorrowful look. “It shames me that you have to work here to help us keep our house,” he said.

“It's... nothing,” I stuttered. “I mean, it's even a better job than I had...”

“It still shames me you had to come and deal with this man on my behalf,” he said. “I wanted to thank him for his kindness, too.”

Oh shit!

“You don't need to do that!”

And then the inner door opened and Conway was standing there, frowning.

“Uhm, Mr. Conway, this is my father,” I said. “He came unexpectedly to drive me home.”

Conway eyed my father doubtfully, then smiled and held out his hand.

“Delighted to meet you, Mr. Dale,” he said.

My father shook his hand enthusiastically, and the thought occurred to me that the hand he was shaking had been pumping the dildo in my ass earlier, squeezing my breast, pulling on my hair...

“I want to thank you for your kindness and understanding, Mr. Conway,” my father said.

“Think nothing of it. I was happy to help. In fact, Sophie has been a dream employee. She's been very useful at relieving some of the stress on me.”

I eyed him suspiciously.

“That's great, great!” my father said happily.

“But we were just wrapping up an important and confidential file. If you could give us three minutes...”

“Oh sure!” my father said.

“Just take a seat. She'll be right out,” Conway said.

He eased me into the inner office as my father sat down in one of the visitor chairs, then closed the door, turned and glared at me.

“I had something planned for you, Dale,” he said in a soft growl.

“I'm sorry, sir!” I gulped.

“On your knees!”

I dropped to my knees, heart thumping, horribly aware that the door was two feet behind me and my father was sitting not far from it.

Conway unzipped and pulled out his cock, then gripped my hair and shoved himself into my mouth. I moaned around it, but kept my arms at my sides, sucking and licking. He grew rapidly, filling my mouth, then pushing into my throat.

“Imagine if he suspected what you were doing right now,” he said in a low voice.

I rolled my eyes up at him as he tugged back on my hair, pulling his cock back, then thrust forward again. He was not using any finesse now. He was fucking my mouth, my throat. I fought to control my gag reflex as he thrust in and out, his cock caressing my tongue continuously all along its length. He jammed my face into his groin again and again and I feared my father would hear the wet, gurgling sound through the door.

Suddenly he pulled off my glasses, then pulled free of my mouth. He squeezed his cock and came, spilling himself over my face in thick white creamy wads.

He exhaled and smiled.

“Spread it over your face like it was a skin cleaner,” he said.

Flushing, I obeyed, spreading his cream over my chin and jaw, along my cheeks, and even up across my nose and forehead. I worked it into the skin so that it would not be visible, knowing he had no intention of letting me wipe it off.

He smirked and handed me my glasses.

“Tomorrow,” he said.

God!

I got to my shaky feet, and he grabbed my arm and drew me in close.

“Leave your clothes here,” he said. “Wear what you have home. You can return it tomorrow.”

I went back out through the door. My father smiled happily. I nodded, not trusting my voice, my throat still aching.

Walking back downstairs with him felt bizarre, with the two dildos stuffed inside

me. They moved slightly as my body moved, just like the ropes shifted and tightened against my breasts, and against my clit, as I moved. The sexual haze began to rise once again, though I did my best to fight it off.

It was an agonizingly long drive home as I fought to pay attention to him and not squirm.

I wanted to run up the front path, but of course, couldn't in the stiletto heels. I did nothing to draw attention to them, either. Fortunately, my father hadn't noticed. I would have to get them off quickly, though, because my mother would wonder.

"We're home," my father called.

"Oh good," I heard my mother say from the other room. "Sophie, your boss called and said you should call him as soon as you get in. Something he forgot!"

"Okay," I said.

That gave me an excuse, at least, to get upstairs before she saw the heels or wondered at the clothes. I hurried to my room and closed the door, locking it, then picked up my cell and called him.

"Mr. Conway?" I said.

"Dale," he said. "Where is your computer located?"

I blinked in surprise at the question.

"Uhm, you mean at home? My laptop?"

"Yes."

"Uhm, here."

"Where is here?" he asked impatiently.

"In my room."

"Excellent. Turn it on."

I did so, mystified.

“You'll find an email from me. Open it and click on the attachment.”

I did so, of course. Something opened, a program. It asked my permission to run. I knew I couldn't say no. It opened and installed something. I saw the light on the top of the screen blink as the web-cam turned on, and flushed.

“Excellent,” he said.

I stared at it, breathless for a long moment.

“Take off your clothes,” he ordered.

I did so, quickly, not really thinking about anything but the way the hunger was now scorching my mind.

“Move the chair out of the way,” he ordered.

My small desk was at the foot of my bed. I drew the chair aside, heart pounding as I looked at the screen, which now showed me on it, a naked me, body flushed.

“Untie the rope,” he said.

My fingers trembled as I obeyed, and I groaned as the pressure was released against my pussy.

“Lay back on the edge of the bed,” he said. Raise your knees, spread them apart. Then grip the dildo, ease it out of your body.”

I felt the hot wash of carnal daring, of hunger and passion and a shocked, wicked excitement as I obeyed. I squeezed down on my pubic muscles as my fingers eased down to spread the lips of my sex, and the base of the dildo slowly pushed out into view.

“Now pump it in and out,” he ordered.

Oh my God!

I did it, gasping, the sensation of movement at last incredible! I pumped the dildo in and out of my body, knowing he was watching, staring at my own image in the screen, the heat burning me up as my hips began to roll up against the

plunging dildo.

Why was I doing this!? I couldn't do this! But I was so hot, so aroused!

The fingers of my other hand moved to my clitoris, my hot, sweating, swollen aching clitoris, and the touch was exquisite, incredible! I cried out weakly, my fingers immediately beginning to rub frantically across my clitoris, sending a flood of intense sensations pouring through my body.

The fact he was watching me through the camera only made it all more exotic and kinky, and the orgasm exploded with enough force to set my hips bucking uncontrollably. My back arched, my head jerking back and rolling frantically. I felt a scream welling up inside me, and desperately rolled over, jamming my face into some clothes I had left on my bed, screaming into them, rubbing my breasts against them, my bottom thrust up and out.

I pumped the dildo hard, fast, even desperately, jamming it into the volcanic heat of my pussy as my fingers sawed frenziedly across my clitoris. I cried out again and again, the sound thankfully muffled by the pile of clothes and bedspread below my face. Even as I went insane with the intensity of the release, however, something inside me knew to keep pointing my sex at the camera, so Mr. Conway could watch.

My hips rolled and ground and I sobbed into the clothes as the orgasm overwhelmed me. Then, as it slowly faded, my knees slid apart on the bed, and my body collapsed onto my belly, my eyes glazed.

I had dropped the phone, of course. I found it, picked it up, panting, and held it to my ear.

“Such a bad girl,” he said. “You'll have to be punished tomorrow evening, of course. When you show up, I expect you to be wearing everything you had on when you left, including the ropes.”

Then he hung up.

* * *

It was evident that Conway was simply playing sexual games with me. Oddly, that seemed a comfort. I mean, at least I knew where I stood. He was a man.

That automatically made him a sex-hungry pervert. I was a woman, well, technically. I still thought of myself, for the most part, as a girl. And it felt weird to be screwing with Taylor's father. But then again, he was a handsome, powerful man, and there had always been a hotness to him.

And it wasn't like she was really a good friend anyway.

So could I really complain? I mean, I was young, single, and looking to explore life. This was a wild, hot, thrilling affair which would probably teach me a lot. And despite the fact it was like riding a high speed roller coaster you weren't quite sure was safe, it surely was an experience that I would learn from. Already I felt oddly more mature and sophisticated.

I doubted many of the other girls at school had ever taken part in anything as kinky as this! And that was a change, since I had always sort of thought of myself as kind of socially backward in a lot of ways. Sex, of course, being one of those ways. It was odd to think of myself as this... this hot seductress of wealthy, middle aged men.

Looked at it coldly, it was like I was a mercenary who had seduced him so that I could make a lot of money. That made me in charge, kind of. That was reassuring, or would have been if I really believed it. At least it made me feel less like a pathetic little girl being taken advantage of by a sophisticated man.

And wasn't I getting more out of it than him? I mean, all he was getting, really, was sex. I was sure he could get that lots of places. I was getting it too, of course, and it was teaching me a lot about everything to do with sex. And that was on top of the ability to protect my family's house. So really, wasn't I coming out ahead of him?

Again, a sop to my pride, I guess.

It made me anxious thinking about what I'd done in front of my web-cam though. What if he had recorded it!? What if he put it on the internet!? God! Imagine people I knew seeing that! I would simply die!

But he was a sophisticated man, not some panting, pimply faced boy. He wouldn't do that.

It still made my chest tight thinking about it.

There was no question of going straight to work the next night. I had to come home first to change, because he'd insisted I wear what I'd worn home. And I knew him well enough by now to know he hadn't meant just the clothes.

Getting the dildos inside my body wasn't difficult. In fact, I found that I was wet, my nipples hard, before I even tried. It was a little difficult working them completely inside, and I ached before it was done. But then I had to put the rope on. I remembered how he'd started it, though, putting the rope across my neck and letting the two sides dangle down in front of me, then winding them together, and leaving little loops.

It actually wasn't all that complicated. I felt my breasts starting to throb as the ropes pushed against them, squeezing them a little bit, but really, the only hard part was tying the rope behind me.

Of course, now I had to take the bus, wearing all that! And it ached deep inside as I sat down. I felt extremely self-conscious, as well, though of course, no one could know. Then again, I was wearing really high heels. And that probably got a few looks, particularly from the women.

My nipples remained hard throughout the trip, tingling so much I wanted to touch them. I walked into the building with a sense of relief mixed with anxiety,

hoping Conway would want me to at least take the dildos out so he could fuck me, and then maybe dress me in something else. I definitely didn't want to have to sit down all evening with these inside me!

I toyed with the idea again of acting up. If he simply ignored me I would act up. Then he would want to spank me and... do other things to me. The idea was daunting, for I didn't like pain any more than the next girl, but my memories of the previous time he'd spanked me were imbued with a dark, thrilling sense of heat and arousal.

The pleasure had been much more powerful than the pain.

I needn't have feared he would ignore me. No sooner did I step in the door than he called me into his inner office. I closed the door behind me, locking it, just in case.

“Sir?” I asked, my voice a little shaky.

“Come here, Dale.”

I obeyed, of course, and he looked at me from behind that huge desk for long seconds. It struck me again how he didn't leer, didn't smile, didn't show anything about what he was thinking. Again, it was like he was just... my boss, and talking about work things.

“Strip,” he said.

Just as if he'd say “get me a coffee”.

I stripped of course, not quiet eagerly but...

He shook his head as he looked at me. “I can tell from here the ropes are not tight enough,” he said. “But no matter.”

He stood up and came over to me, then without preamble untied the ropes and pulled them off. He gripped my wrists, and I felt that hard, powerful, heavy grip around my slender flesh, drawing them effortless up and back behind my neck. Then he removed my glasses, placing them on his desk.

“Arch your back,” he said.

I did, heart beating faster, a flush spreading down my chest as he looked at me. He let a hand trace the line of my jaw, then slide downward. His finger circled my hard right nipple, and I felt myself longing for him to touch it. Instead his hand flattened just below my breast, then cupped it lightly, still not touching the nipple. His hand moved slowly down my body, and I felt my stomach flutter.

“You have exquisite skin, Dale,” he said. “I would imagine many men would be aroused simply by touching any part of you, from neck to ankle.”

Really!?

He sounded absolutely serious, not like he was trying to compliment me at all!

“Are you an obedient girl, Dale?”

I didn't think so but I knew the answer he wanted.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

“Hmmm,” he replied.

He moved over to the credenza and opened a drawer, then took the crop from it. I felt my stomach gurgle, but didn't move as he returned.

My breathing came quicker as he raised the crop. It was short and slim, with a kind of flat leather tongue on the end about the size of a large postage stamp. He had called it a slapper. He rubbed that slapper now back and forth across my tingling right nipple.

I winced as he tugged on my hair, forcing my head back further, making me arch more, pushing my breasts out. I stared, transfixed, at the sight of the crop rubbing and circling my nipples, the sensations flowing through my breasts and chest as my mind roused further.

“Lovely little nipples,” he said.

And then he drew the thing back a few inches and let it slap against the center of my breast. I winced and flinched, but it didn't really hurt. The idea however, produced a wild flare of heat in my mind.

“Like your mind, however, they need to be trained,” he said.

What did he mean by that?!”

He slapped the thing down against my nipple again, and then again, kind of sweeping it back and forth in quick movements so fast it blurred. I winced again and again as the tip flicked back and forth across my nipple. Then he turned it, letting it slap down against my nipple again, fast, repeatedly. The individual blows didn't really hurt but repeating it was making my flesh much more sensitive, and turning the center of my breast pink.

My nipple began to ache, to burn, to throb, as I stood there, back arched, hands behind my neck, my breathing becoming more ragged as I fought against instincts that wanted me to cup my breast.

He switched to the other nipple, and I gasped again, as the thin crop blurred, sweeping down rapidly, slapping against my breast until that nipple burned and throbbed, too.

“Spread your legs, Dale,” he said.

I did so, panting as he let the crop slide down my body, slid the long, thin shaft against my sex, and let it caress my clitoris.

He drew it back, then let the leather slapper rub against my clitoris. Like my nipples, it was tingling and swollen, and I fought to keep from showing anything as he rubbed it, then winced and gasped as he began to slap against it.

“Have you ever used a vibrator, Dale?”

I blinked in surprise at the question, my mind swirling with the sensations and emotions inside me.

“N-No, sir!” I gasped.

He drew back a little, then went to the credenza and came out with... these leather bracelets...

I looked at them uncertainly, not sure what they were, what purpose they served.

“Give me your hands,” he said.

I hesitated, then straightened, dropping my arms, thrusting my hands out at him. I watched with a sense of heart thumping anticipation, anxiety and excitement as he slid the leather bracelets around them, then pulled the buckle tight around them. They were made of strong, but soft leather, with little stainless steel rings and clips set into the leather on opposite sides.

“Your feet,” he said.

I blinked at him, looked down at my legs.

“Put your foot up on the edge of the desk,” he said, a little impatiently.

I obeyed, and watched him buckle another of the things around it, then with the other ankle. Finally he picked up what could be nothing but a collar. I felt a strange sensation as he slid it around my throat and then buckled it behind my neck. It was a mixture of anxiety and raw heat. This was so kinky! What was he going to do next!?

He produced what I first thought was another leather strap, maybe to punish me, but it turned out to be a leash! He snapped it to the ring in the collar, and then ordered me to my knees.

“We'll see how obedient you are, Dale,” he said.

He ran the tip of the crop down my chest, circled my breasts, then slapped lightly against my right nipple.

“On all fours,” he said.

I hesitated a moment, then fell forward onto my hands.

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped, as he brought the crop snapping down across my buttocks.

“You obey at once. You don't hesitate. Why would you hesitate, Dale? To think about whether or not you wish to obey? You don't need to think. You only need to do.”

He tugged sharply on the leash, and I gasped as it forced me back up. Then he gripped my hair, finishing the task of setting me back on my knees.

Crack!

I winced

“Back straight at all times. Shoulders back, chest out,” he said.

I knelt there tensely.

“Now. Get on all fours.”

I dropped forward onto all fours at once, and felt the crop against my buttocks, then sliding between my thighs, rubbing across my clitoris.

“Better,” he said.

He tugged lightly on the leash.

“You will keep your head up, and your bottom high as you crawl,” he said.

Crawl?! What was he – ?

He started to move forward, pulling on the leash, and I hurriedly crawled after him.

His office was large, and, thankfully, thickly carpeted. He moved forward, and I crawled along at his side, carefully keeping my head up, getting the crop snapping down across my bottom whenever he didn't like my positioning. We crawled to the far wall, then back to the other side, then circled the room.

This was so incredibly bizarre!

But it felt steamy, darkly sexual and exciting! My pussy throbbed around the dildo still inside me!

“Sit back on your heels, knees well apart, hands behind your neck, back arched,” he barked.

I did so, and got several quick, stinging snaps of the tip of the crop against my

nipples for being too slow.

“Elbows back.”

“Back onto all fours.”

Another snap of the crop across my buttocks for being too slow, and I had to repeat it.

“Now, chest against the floor, arms outstretched, bottom high, knees apart.”

Two more snaps of the crop made my bottom sting, then he gripped my thighs, adjusting them to his taste.

“Your upper legs are to be completely straight,” he said. “Start out with your knees together, legs perfectly straight, bottom as high as possible. That's it. Now you spread your knees apart, straight out to the sides. They should not be angled forward at all.”

The crop caressed my buttocks, caressed the lips of my sex, rubbed against my clitoris, then slapped lightly as he spoke, as he settled me into what he regarded as the proper position.

It was an extremely lewd position! Even obscene! And he was standing behind me!

But I wasn't ashamed of him seeing me any more. He had seen me naked enough now that this was only a nasty, hot, sexy, exciting game!

I felt, rather than saw him getting down behind me, and felt my pussy throbbing. I felt his fingers rubbing against my clitoris, and barely suppressed a moan of pleasure. Then I heard a click, and a buzzing sound. Something else touched me there, and my eyes widened. It was something that felt rather like the silicon sex toys inside me but... it ... moved!

And then I knew. It was a vibrator. He'd asked me about them minutes earlier after all!

I had never felt one, and now, with one pressing against me, I didn't, at first, see what it was that this was supposed to do. I mean, I know what I had heard, but it

produced no great sense of pleasure in me. In fact, the sensations it was producing were actually rather unpleasant, too strong, making me want to jerk my body away.

But that slowly changed, shifted, as if the sensations inside me were rearranging themselves somehow, and when he began to rub the vibrator up and down against my clitoris the sensations changed even more. I gulped and fought to keep still, but soon could not. My body began to tremble lightly and my pussy throbbed powerfully around the dildo inside me.

I realized my hips were kind of rolling and grinding against the vibrator as my body began to quiver. It was like an electric current passing through me, only it was vibrations instead and... and my lower body... the insides... it was like I was coming apart there! The sensations were too intense!

I went from aroused to overheated very quickly, then into a fever where my hips were grinding back desperately against him as I approached orgasm!

But he stopped, leaving me panting, gasping, moaning, and wanting to thrust my fingers back to finish the job!

“On all fours.”

Crack! Crack!

The crop snapped across my buttocks as I was slow to respond. I gasped and rose shakily.

Crack! Another stinging blow as I tried to arrange myself properly.

Then he tugged on the leash, leading me around the room again.

“On your heels,” he ordered.

I sat back quickly, back arched, hands behind my neck. I got to see the vibrator now as he played it around my nipples, then over them. My nipples quivered and trembled, but I longed to feel it down lower, down between my legs!

“Stand. Hands behind your neck. Back arched.”

I stood up, but got another blow, then positioned myself.

“Legs apart.”

Crack!

“On your heels.”

Crack!

“On all fours.”

Crack!

“Face down.”

“Crawl.”

I had to move quickly to avoid the snap of the crop, and he kept repeating things so I was soon out of breath, shifting from one position to another as rapidly as possible.

Panting, chest heaving, face and chest flushed, he had me sit on my heels again. This time he drew my arms down and back and when he released them I felt the leather bands were locked together.

“On your face.”

I had to kind of throw myself down, grunting as I landed on my shoulder and rolled onto my chest. Then I drew my knees in and raised my bottom high. I shifted my legs apart, gasping with effort as the crop snapped across my buttocks.

He bent down and unclipped the leash, then I felt the vibrator against my pussy and moaned helplessly. He played the vibrator up and down across my clitoris and it felt like my clit was vibrating at the same time! My hips began to grind back as the heat inside me spiraled upward!

He drew back and walked across the room. I moaned, staring forward at him.

“On your belly,” he said.

I grunted and let my hips down so I was basically laying on the floor on my belly, staring up at him across the office.

“Now crawl to me. On your belly.”

Shit! Why was he doing this! I wanted him to fuck me! I wanted to come!

“Crawl to me, slut.”

Slut!? The word outraged me, but it also aroused me for some reason. I mean, me a slut?! Me!? I was so far from a slut! I was boring and dull and .. and well, aside from him had almost no sexual experience. What I had had was pretty dull and ordinary, too.

I let my mind bask in the thought, the thrill, the idea of me as a wild, carnal slut!

“Now!” he barked.

I grunted with effort, and it was an effort. I had to kind of roll my weight from side to side, and push with my bare toes to slide forward across the rug. And while my body moved across the soft rug easily enough my breasts were much more sensitive, particularly my erect nipples!

I reached him, finally, gasping and trembling a little from both the exertion and arousal.

“Raise your hips. Spread your legs wide, as if there's a man behind you who wants to enter you.”

I groaned but did so, my mind aflame with heat and passion.

“Will you obey me, Dale?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I panted.

“Are you an obedient girl?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Are you an obedient slut?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gulped.

“Say it.”

“I'm, an obedient slut, sir!”

“Again.”

“I'm an obedient slut, sir!”

I rolled my eyes up towards his face, so very high above me, then was distracted as the tip of his shiny leather shoe prodded my chin. I looked down at it.

“Clean my shoe, slut,” he said.

The word was jarring.

“Now.”

I didn't know what he meant – .”

“With your tongue.”

Fuck!

“Now, slut.”

I moaned as he let the gleaming shoe rub against my lips, then pushed my tongue out. I felt a rushing heat sweep through me as I licked at his shoe. I rolled my eyes up at him, grunting weakly, as I slid my tongue back and forth along the side and top of his shoe.

What a slut I was! This was so freakishly kinky!

I gasped to feel him gripping my hair, a thick mass of it in his big fist. He pulled up and I struggled to rise, but he didn't wait. My scalp ached as he forced me up on my knees, unzipping his trousers at last. He was hard, and I felt a sense of amazed heat again at the size of him as he rubbed himself back and forth over my face.

“Do you want my cock inside your mouth, Dale?”

“Yes, sir!” I moaned.

“Beg for it.”

“Please may I suck your cock, sir!?”

He pushed it into my mouth and I moaned around it, sucking, bobbing as best I could with his fist filled with my hair. He began to pump in and out, and pulled me towards him until his cock slid into my throat.

There was a knocking sound.

“Yes?” Conway called out.

Someone was at the door!

My eyes bulged, and I tried to jerk back, but couldn't. My face was firmly pressed against his groin, his cock buried in my throat.

“I have that report you asked for, Mr. Conway,” a male voice said.

“Bring it in.”

I felt my pulse racing. Surely he hadn't just said that! But then I remembered the door was locked.

“The door is locked, sir,” the voice said.

Conway pulled back on my hair and glowered down at me.

“Did I tell you to lock the door, Dale?” he demanded.

I moaned around his cock as he pulled himself free.

“Did I?” he demanded, tightening his fingers in my hair so that I cried out.

“No, sir!” I cried.

“Then why did you? Did I not make it clear to you that only I make decisions of any kind here?”

“I was afraid someone would come!”

He snorted. “You are the one who is going to come.”

He put his erection back into his pants and then started across the room, and I gasped and winced and moaned, for he had a thick chunk of my hair in his fist. He used it as a leash, and I had to kind of crawl along awkwardly at his side on my knees until we reached the door.

“On your heels,” he ordered.

Still gasping, my mind spinning, I quickly sat back on my heels as he'd taught me.

“Legs apart!”

I shifted my knees apart, and the crop bit at my breast until I jerked my straightened, pulling my shoulders back.

My heart was pounding, but I was sure he was going to just open the door a little and take the report. I mean, he was just scaring me. Where I knelt he could open the door a little and no one on the other side would see me. My mind was frantic with that thought.

He didn't open the door a little. He opened it wide!

I froze! My face felt suddenly scaldingly hot, and I dropped my eyes to the floor without even seeing the man's face!

“Head back, Dale,” he growled.

He stepped to me, and I gasped as he jerked back on my hair, forcing my head back.

I saw the man. He was quite young, handsome, my age, really, or a few years older. I wasn't sure if that made it worse or not! I was mortified! Speechless!

“What do you think of my personal assistant here, Paul?”

“She's very attractive, sir,” the man said.

He was amazingly low-key in his reaction, as if I were standing there in a dress and Conway was introducing me!

OhmyGod!!

“Does the sight of her make you hard, Paul?”

“Yes, sir,” the man said.

Like Conway, he was wearing an expensive suit. I risked a quick glance and saw the crotch of his trousers was bulging out. More heat flamed within me, but it wasn't all shame. Some of it was of a different sort.

I don't think I can adequately convey just how shocked I was. I mean, I wasn't moving, but my mind was... I should have been screaming, babbling and running around in circles, hysterical, if you will. My mind was almost that way, yet it was a sort of frozen hysteria! I was too shocked to move or do anything!

The man unzipped his trousers and pulled his cock out. I gasped, my mouth dropping open.

Not in invitation, I assure you! I was overwhelmed with everything, and had no idea what to do!

I felt my hair being gripped, by Conway, pulling me forward. I moaned, kind of shrinking back helplessly, but then the man's cock was rubbing against my mouth.

“Open your mouth, Dale,” Conway ordered.

I had gotten used to obeying his orders.

The man's cock slid into my mouth and I felt a strange sort of mental cracking, a rush of something I couldn't identify, a softening of ... I didn't know what. I moaned weakly as I sucked on him, not looking up. I felt Conway's hand go away, this man taking my hair instead, pulling me forward.

“She's only partly trained,” Conway said.

What did that mean? I didn't know or really understand or really care.

I was naked and sucking some strange man's cock!

I gasped as my hair was jerked back, my head twisted to the side. Now Conway's cock was free of his trousers, and he pulled me forward onto it. The other man moved aside, closing the door as my face was pulled in against Conway's groin. When he eased back finally, I was light-headed, gulping in air in deep, gasping breaths.

He released my hair and I saw the other man, Paul, move forward.

He was naked!

OhmGod!

It occurred to me, through the shocked haze surrounding me, that I hadn't seen any of Conway's body except his cock. This guy, Paul, was entirely naked. And, well, to be honest, even in my shock my eyes appreciated what I saw. He was an athletic guy in his early twenties, with nice shoulders, slim hips, a nicely developed chest, and a cock which stuck up and out in a way which was deliciously erotic.

He snapped his fingers at me, and after a dazed roll of my eyes up at Conway, I walked forward on my knees. He slid his fingers through my hair and drew me toward his cock, feeding it to me. My lips closed around it and I slid down, sucking, licking, because I had no idea what else to do.

There was a chair there, perhaps Conway had put it in place. Paul sat down, pulling me down the length of his cock.

Crack!

The crop snapped across my bottom sharply.

“Bottom high and out, legs apart,” Conway growled.

I obeyed, moaning, sucking, licking at Paul's cock as I felt the crop slide in to caress my clitoris. A moment later the vibrator moved against me.

I was getting over my initial shock and horror. The humiliation which had gripped me was fading, in large part because Paul was naked, too. I was still

very embarrassed! But the wild, dark sexual games Conway had been playing had prepared me, to some extent, for an even wilder one.

If I'd had my wrists free, and a moment to think, I still might have run screaming from the room. But as I bobbed up and down on his cock and his hand moved down to knead my breast, I reminded myself I had no real choice but to obey Conway in whatever he wanted, however shocking it was.

I kind of gave up thinking about it, gave up worrying about it. I was his to play whatever nasty games with he wanted.

I felt Conway's fingers at my sex, felt him spreading them, gripping the base of the dildo, and sliding it slowly out of me. For a long moment I felt vacant, then he pushed into my body and I shuddered at the realization he was fucking me right there, with another man's cock in my mouth, in my throat. I was having sex with two men at the same time!

Me!?

Horribly embarrassed or not, the heat began to build up inside me once again. Conway's cock felt so right inside me, moving, pumping, his hips now slapping against my buttocks. The heat began to eat away at the embarrassment, suppressing but never fully eliminating it. My mind still writhed with a wild mixture of emotions, not the least of which was anger and resentment, and a sense of despair.

But there was also a dark, almost masochistic resignation and anticipation. Poor me, poor helpless little me, being abused, being used, being so lewdly, nastily, erotically molested! Why would that excite me, arouse me? I had no idea. My mind wasn't exactly working properly. I was getting light-headed from lack of oxygen from all the times Paul pushed me all the way down his cock and held me there.

Then he pulled up on my hair, and I winced and gasped in pain, forced up off his cock, forced to one knee, then up off my knees as Conway eased back. Paul drew me remorselessly up and forward so that I straddled the chair and him, then drew me down. I moaned as I sank down on his thick cock. It penetrated me and slid deep as my wobbly legs dropped me fully down onto his thighs.

He pulled me forward to kiss me hard, his free hand kneading my breast.

Conway moved forward, on his feet to Paul's left. He gripped my hair and jerked my head forward, slid his cock into my mouth as Paul slapped my ass.

“Ride me,” he ordered.

Whimpering, I began to ride up and down on him as he shifted his mouth onto my nipples, sucking and chewing hungrily.

His other hand cupped my buttocks, then pressed against my back opening, gripping the edges of the dildo, the base just barely there, and pulling it out. He thrust it back, pulled it out, and thrust it back as I rode him and Conway pulled my mouth forward onto his cock.

At some exchange, some understanding I hadn't caught, Conway pulled out, pulling me by the hair, forcing me up and back so that I staggered to my feet. Paul stood up as well, and the two each gripped an arm, leading me over to the sofa. I didn't resist.

Paul sat down, kind of laying back along the sofa, and Conway shoved me against the edge of the sofa. I knew what they wanted. I climbed onto it, onto Paul, straddling him. I felt Conway gripping the leather bracelets binding my wrists, undoing them and then pushing me so I half fell forward onto Paul.

Crack!

His hand slapped down on my buttocks.

“Ride him, slut.”

I flinched at the word, much more now that someone else was there to hear it!

But I sank down on Paul's cock and began to do as I was ordered.

Conway climbed onto the sofa behind me as Paul pulled my face down against his chest. I felt him pulling the dildo out of my ass, then his cock pushed into me there. And I had two of them, two hard male cocks inside my body... together!

It was so impossible that this should be happening! It was like a dream! A part of me was numbed by it! But there was a raw heat in my body and it flared higher and higher as the two men thrust in and out of me. They didn't move quickly,

didn't ram into me. Their hands were firm but gentle as their cocks moved inside me, and their lips began to play across the nape of my neck, my earlobes, my face and mouth, their hands caressing my body.

I began to feel a part of them. No, that isn't right. I was a part of the three of us, and things began to feel oddly natural. Heat enveloped me, flaring up and down in intensity as the sensations they roused in me swirled and shifted. Paul's soft skin was between my thighs, against my belly, under my breasts while Conway's hands gripped my hips, my breasts, his cock pumping steadily in my ass.

But all the sensations began to narrow, to focus on my lower belly, on the two stiff cocks moving inside me there. A sense of wonder replaced the numbness, and that dark masochistic side of myself I had only recently begun to know existed revealed in the obscene lewdness of being sandwiched between the two men.

My breathing was becoming ragged, and the exotic, erotic sensations coming from inside me, from the wildness and dark thrill of feeling those two cocks pumping in my lower belly, began to rouse a fever within me. I felt guilty about it, felt like a slut, for it detracted a little from my masochistic sense of being the poor abused girl.

But it didn't really matter. I writhed and gasped and moaned and whined as my hips ground down against Paul and my buttocks thrust back against Conway. The orgasm took me, shattering my mind so that nothing mattered but the wild, animal pleasure. It took me body and soul. I writhed and shook and my blood seemed on fire as the heat flared with impossible intensity.

It drained away slowly, leaving me gasping, moaning, but still, unlike earlier times, still energized, still feeling the wild sensations as those two cocks moved inside me, as those four hands moved on my body, as they stroked and kneaded and ground against me, as they bit and sucked and kissed and nibbled at my flesh.

It was impossible that the wild pleasure should flare again so soon, no more than thirty seconds later, but it did, and I cried out with it, sucking in deep, frantic breaths of air, my head rolling, unable to suppress helpless cries of pleasure! It rolled my mind and sent it tumbling, dazed, and then, barely conscious. I was slack-jawed, groaning, as the two men continued to thrust into me.

Another orgasm shook me, less than a minute later, and then another. Pleasure and heat were all. It was like a drug, and I exulted in it, a wild, sexual animal in heat! I barely clung to sanity!

And then it was over, and I lay dazed along the sofa, hardly aware of the men talking as they moved away. The door opened and closed. I was aware of that, peripherally, but uncaring. Then a hand in my hair and I moaned as my head was forced up, and I rolled my eyes to see... Paul.

I blinked in confusion.

“On all fours on the floor, Dale,” he ordered, pulling me down off the sofa.

He had the crop in his hand, and it snapped across my bottom with stinging force.

“Head back, legs apart,” he ordered.

Crack!

I yelped, assuming the proper position. He snapped the leash to my collar, and then led me across the room, crawling, then back.

“Chest down, bottom up,” he ordered.

Crack! I was too slow. Crack!

I gasped and positioned myself.

“Now sit back on your heels.”

Crack! Crack!

I yelped, almost protesting, trying to hurry, drawing my arms up and back, arching my back.

I had no time to think, let alone protest!

Face down again, on all fours, on my heels, on my knees, on all fours, crawling, leashed.

He had no shoe but I licked his bare foot, gasping as the crop snapped down across my bottom.

Who was I? Who was he?! It didn't matter. All that mattered was moving my body so that I didn't feel those stinging snaps of the crop!

“Into the corner,” he ordered, as I crawled.

He turned me, had me kneel, only when I brought my hands behind my head he seized my wrists, pulled them back against the wall. I rolled my head up and back to see him clipping a short chain which hung from the wall to my wrist bracelets.

“Sit down. Now,” he ordered.

I sat unsteadily, gasping, and he knelt before me and then gripped my ankles, lifting them up and back. He rested them against his chest, then pulled my ankles up and back farther, then apart, and there were more chains to clip to the leather straps around them.

It was an obscene position, kind of leaning back a bit against the wall, my arms locked overhead, my ankles lifted up and apart, backs of my feet pressed against the wall.

He had a ball in his hand. I wondered what it was for until he pressed it against my mouth.

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

I obeyed, of course. He had to kind of squeeze it, wedge it to get it into my mouth, but it was made of some malleable sort of stuff covered in what, silicone? I moaned around it as it filled my mouth, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. He pulled a small, slim strap around my head, locking it in place.

I stared dazedly at him as he fiddled with an odd looking device. It was sort of like a dildo. I got that much. But an inch or two from the base it had a sort of second cock sprouting up and out at an angle. It wasn't really a cock, but like a small head, say. He thrust the bigger one into my gaping pussy, and I moaned as it stretched me wide and pushed deep.

He pushed it in until the other part, the branch part, caught on the top of my pussy, making it impossible to push deeper. He drew a thin cord around me, pulled it out the other side, drew the two sides forward behind the thing, and tied it off so it was locked tightly against me. Then he twisted the base and it began to buzz sharply, powerfully.

A vibrator.

He got to his feet, went over to the door, picked up his clothes, and got dressed, then left the room.

Meanwhile, the unpleasant intensity of the buzzing toy began to shift, as it had earlier, changing, making my groin hot and throbbing, buzzing, vibrating. Sensations rolled through me, and my breathing came faster and faster.

The orgasm, when it came, and it was not long in coming, was intense! My body heaved and quaked and thrashed against the restraints, my belly aching, my heart pounding. I cried out weakly, then, as I realized how muffled my voice was, relaxed still further, not needing to restrain my cries.

The second orgasm was even more powerful. The third made me scream, I mean actually scream! I had never screamed during orgasm before. I screamed so loudly – though of course it wasn't that loud with the gag – that my throat ached!

There were more orgasms but I lost track. I was sweating heavily, chest heaving, my muscles flashing and spasming again and again until my insides ached with the strain of it. Still I came, writhing and twisting and sobbing as the nerve endings between my legs seemed to become even more sensitive to the buzzing vibrator.

It was like... torture, but an incredibly pleasurable one. It drained me to the point of exhaustion, both mental and physical. I was slack-jawed and barely conscious when Conway removed it and unstrapped me. I couldn't move except to tremble and twitch and jerk.

I think... I think he had me position myself like he had earlier, like Paul had, snapping the crop across my bottom and breasts to inspire me to movement. I don't remember much. You know how a soldier can be shell shocked? Well, I was kind of like that. The orgasms howling through my body had dazed me, shocked my mind.

He had to help me dress. I remember that, and put me into a cab, and give the man my address, because I was like a drunk. I was better, though not completely, by the time I got home. I was able to stumble past my parents and up to bed. But there I lay naked across my bed, feet on the floor, moaning softly, my hands moving gently over my body as I wondered what I was becoming, what Conway was doing to me.

And what he was going to do to me next time.

End

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