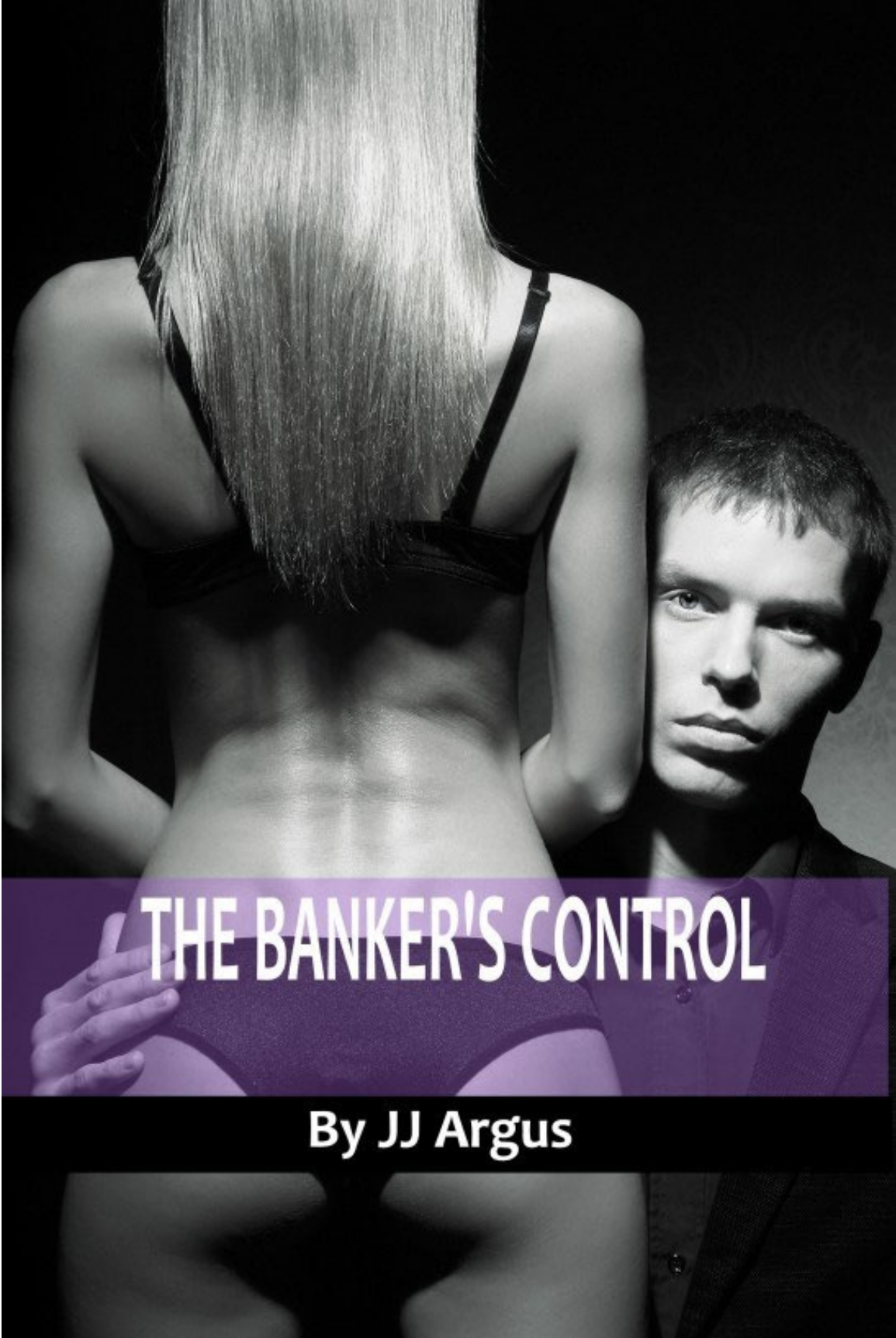


THE BANKER'S CONTROL

By JJ Argus



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Sophie's Submission 4

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Smashwords edition

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

David Conway was a bastard. That, in fact, was putting it mildly. To his credit, he didn't hide what he was. In fact, he'd told me the day he hired me. He'd not only told me he was a bastard, but had made me say the words back to him.

He was a tyrant who did not allow anyone to question his decisions. I was, he told me, there to do as he told me, nothing more and nothing less. I was to obey him instantly, without thought, for why would I need to think? When he said jump, I was to jump. He'd even made me jump up and down to demonstrate.

So why would anyone work for a man like him? Well, four times my previous salary, for one. Mind you, my previous salary was as a waitress, so wasn't much to write home about. It had been adequate, though, as a part time job while I went to college.

It had not been adequate, when my father lost his job and took to drinking, to make up for him not paying the mortgage on the house he and I and my mother, brother and sister lived in. David Conway was a bastard, but he was also the father of a girl I had once played soccer with, and the Vice President of the bank.

We'd met, and I'd had girlish fantasies about him at the time because he was so, well, strong, so handsome, so stern and self assured. Here was a man, I'd thought. I'd been quite right, but also quite underestimated just how much of a domineering man he was. I'd suspected from the way he looked at me and the words he used that he was attracted to me at the time.

But that hadn't really mattered. The deal to work for him also included a delay on the foreclosure of our house, one he could explain as a benefit for an employee. I'd do just about anything for that, including a little sex. And that was what I had thought of sex at the time, as a little thing. He was an attractive man. If letting him grope me some, even doing a few five minute sex sessions, would keep our house, well, I'd endure it easily enough.

I hadn't imagined a bare-bottom spanking might be part of the deal. What a shock that had been! It had been mortifying! And yet, even then I'd felt a strange dark yearning within me. Sex had come, of course, since then, wild, raw, violent, savage, incredible sex which had been unlike anything I'd ever imagined!

The orgasms I'd had at his hands had been by far the most intense of my life.

He'd used me, dominated me, forced me, quite literally, to crawl before him. He'd spanked me, strapped me, even flogged my breasts! He'd given me to other men without even consulting me, without my consent!

Or resistance.

Because David Conway had changed me. My inhibitions had been battered, my pride smashed down, my sense of who and what I was utterly changed. I hadn't thought a lot about sex then, hadn't thought much of myself, to be honest. But in between him treating me like his sex toy the honest admiration in his voice as he spoke of my beauty had left me breathless.

He told me my skin was so exquisite, the touch so erotic, that it could make any man hard. And he'd said it while caressing my neck, not some other more erotic part of me!

I'd have said I was a fairly ordinary college girl, a bit on the nerdy side, and rather boring, before David Conway had messed with my mind. Now I was intensely self aware of myself as a sexual person, as a person that men wanted, watched, yearned for. I dressed differently, and I know I acted differently, too.

He had had me go to a hairstylist, a very expensive one, and had paid for it. My hair had been cut in a way I hadn't thought possible, and given a subtle red tint to make it look much more exotic and beautiful. It hung like silk over my shoulders, and so I could hardly blame him. He had also bought clothes for me to wear, short skirts, tight tops. They were for work, but wearing them had changed my thinking on clothes, and now the clothes I wore at home and to school were more stylish, tighter, accentuating my body more

The changes were obvious on the surface, but what he'd really done was under the surface. His constant insistence on instant obedience, and the wildness of punishment and pleasure had almost robbed me of my will! I did what he said now almost without thought, the way he wanted me to. But that was spilling over into the rest of my life too! I had discovered a tendency towards submissiveness now, whether in class or with my family or friends.

I didn't argue. I didn't get angry.

And I was also far, far and away more sexual underneath. It took so very little to set my lower belly to throbbing with energy now, to set my mind alight with

hunger and excitement. I was so very much aware of my body as I moved, and of how others saw me, and my mind was always filled with the wild, thrilling images, like flashbacks, of what he had done to me, what he and other men had done to me at work.

I was only nineteen years old! I'd had sex twice before him, with two guys, both of whom had been less than sober, neither of whom had lasted very long or been all that good. I'd also given about half a dozen blow jobs in my life.

The first blow-job I gave David Conway had lasted longer than all of my previous sexual experiences combined, and had included him teaching me what he wanted me to do, and exactly how. It had also included my learning to swallow every inch of his cock, whether I liked it or not!

He had taught me to do many things, but principally, he had taught me to obey. To instinctively, instantly obey. It wasn't like he really hurt me. The sharp little smacks, mostly on my bottom, stung, of course, but it was more that they came so instantly, so constantly, so predictably, any time I hesitated or failed to obey or questioned or resisted.

After a while you stopped doing those things, instinctively.

You learned to obey.

Like when he had ordered me to start visiting one of those laser hair removal places. He had complained at the start about my shaving my pussy, but then come to enjoy it. Still, it wasn't adequate, so he wanted my hair gone completely, wanted the smoothness to my skin there that he felt at my breasts. It was embarrassing, but I had little choice.

Every Thursday and Friday I worked for him in the evening, doing whatever he ordered me to do. The experience had changed me utterly, and I was finding it very difficult to cope with trying to be a normal nineteen year old college student the rest of the time, for I wasn't the person I had been.

Dating? Dating college boys? Pale faced, cringing weaklings? They were boys! After being taken by a man I had no time for boys! They were so flattering, but in that silly, shy, blushing, or false cocky way that anyone who'd been with David Conway knew was not confidence at all. No, I needed a man.

I needed a man!

Masturbation was all well and good, and I did it often now, but I needed more than just sex to satisfy me. I needed ... I needed to be taken, to be used, to be manhandled by a strong-willed man who knew how to handle himself – and me.

That was what those boys didn't understand, with all their fawning and flattering. If they'd stop being so nice, if they'd get me alone and just shove me against a wall and tear off my clothes they could have me. I wouldn't resist. I couldn't resist!

I lived for Thursday and Friday! I walked through the days in a haze, eagerly and anxiously, and yes, also fearfully watching the clock, watching the hours tick down to the end of the day, when I had to go to my 'part time job' as his assistant.

My mother and father were both so proud of me. I'd saved the house, after all. My father had even stopped drinking and was looking for work. If they only had the slightest, faintest idea of the cost, they'd be horrified. I was determined they never find out.

I had my hair up tonight, my chestnut hair with the reddish tint that went so well with the fashionable blood red tinted glasses he'd bought for me. The first thing I did when entering the outer office was to check the back of the door. That was where he hung the dress he wanted me to wear that evening.

Instead of the dress, which usually hung neatly on a hangar, on the hook, there was nothing but a collar. It was a studded black collar, with a ring set in the front below a stainless steel plaque which said 'slave'.

I stared at it uncertainly. Did this mean he wanted me to wear my regular clothes, and also put on this collar? The collar was extremely noticeable. Anyone who came in would certainly see it. I suppose with my street clothes they could pass it off as something a weird teenage girl might wear, but Conway had always been pretty definite about how my appearance reflected on him.

I slipped it off the hook and then went to the inner door, which was, as usual, closed. I tapped twice, somewhat timidly. It was always his position that I didn't need to ever ask for clarification since his orders were always plain and simple and needed no thought.

“Come,” he said.

I opened the door and eased it open, then sort of leaned in.

“Yes, Dale.”

“Uhm, this collar, sir,” I said, hesitantly.

“Why are you not wearing it?”

I paused. “I wasn't sure what you wanted me to wear it with.”

“With whatever was on the hook, Dale,” he said.

“There was nothing else on the hook.”

He looked at me with raised eyebrow. “Indeed? And your point is what?”

I stared at him. “You want me to be naked?”

“No, Dale, I want you to wear that collar.”

“But... “

“There's that word again,” he growled.

“I mean, I can't just be naked.”

“You've been naked before.”

“But... all evening!? What if someone comes in and sees me!?”

“Then I suppose they'll be quite pleased. You're quite an attractive young woman and have an excellent body.”

“But...”

“Take off your clothes, Dale. Do it now,” he ordered.

Gulping, feeling my stomach starting to whirl and spin, I peeled off my t-shirt, then toed off my tennis shoes and slipped out of my jeans. I hesitated again, but

he was still looking at me. He had on his darker blue pinstriped suit tonight. It was tailored to his athletic body and probably cost five thousand dollars or more. He held that square jaw of his up arrogantly as he watched me intently, and I reached behind and undid my bra, then slipped off my thong.

“Put it on.”

I lifted the collar and placed it around my throat, then reached behind to buckle it.

“Very good,” he said, turning back to the papers on his desk.

“But I can't just wear this!” I exclaimed.

He looked up impatiently.

“Are you attempting to substitute your judgment for mine, Dale?”

“I... no but – .”

“There's that word again,” he said in a chilly voice. “Come here, Dale.”

Wincing, I walked across the carpet. It was thick and soft, and as luxurious as everything else in his enormous office. Everything here was dark, gleaming walnut and mahogany. The ceiling was fifteen feet high, and so were the floor to ceiling windows which made up the entire south wall.

I walked past the shelves and around the sofa and coffee table, past the meeting table, and around the chairs in front of his desk to stand before him.

“Around here, Dale,” he said.

I walked around the huge walnut desk and he opened a drawer.

“If you can't wear just that then – .”

He took out, well, miniature versions of the collar. There were four of them, and he snapped his finger for me to hold out my hands. I did, feeling a little breathless as he put two around my wrists. He had me put each foot on the edge of the desk and fastened the other two around my ankles.

“Is that better?” he asked.

“If someone comes in...”

“Turn around.”

Gulping, I did so. I sensed him doing something, getting something, but knew if I turned my head I'd get spanked.

I gasped, but only a bit, as I felt something cold and hard pressing against my back opening. It was rounded, and thick, and spread me wider and wider as it pushed up into me. It was a butt-plug, I was sure. I'd worn them before, though this one felt like it was steel. It slipped into me, and left only the thin flat coin-like base behind.

“Bend over.”

Crack!

He slapped my bottom sharply and I yelped, half stumbling forward.

“Now get to work.”

“But – .”

“One more word and I'll take the crop to you.”

Flushed, I went back to the doorway and picked up my clothes, then, a bit breathless, hurried to the front door and locked it. We didn't get many visitors, it was true. I mean, I worked after his regular assistant and almost all the rest of the staff had gone home. Plus, he was not a popular guy. He was, in fact, a bastard, and no one wanted to come near him if they could avoid it.

But the thought of working out here all evening naked was bizarre! Oh sure, he'd made me stand naked in his window before, inside his office, or do other things in his office, or in a boardroom, but this was different!

But I didn't really have a choice, so I sat down gingerly, turned on the computer, and tried to focus on my work. That was rather hard, though, since every time I heard a sound out front I gasped and jerked my eyes towards the door.

Nothing much happened for almost an hour. I did get him coffee, which again, felt weird, just carrying in coffee, naked, setting it down, and then, leaving again. Being naked at the office was inextricably bound with dark, kinky sex in my mind. So my body was already humming with sexual energy, waiting for the shoe to drop, as it were.

Then the outer door handle turned, or tried to, and I gasped. There was a knock as I fairly leapt out of my chair and grabbed my clothes.

“What are you doing?”

Conway had come to his door and was scowling at me.

“I’m – .”

“Why is the door locked? I don't recall telling you to lock it. Are you attempting to show initiative again, Dale?”

He crossed the small office and opened the door, and I hadn't even managed to get my jeans on yet!

Fortunately, it was just Paul, and he'd not only seen me naked before, well... let's just say him seeing me naked was not a shocking thing. Still, the door was wide open, the hallway right there!

Conway let the door closed as he shook Paul's hand.

“Take those off and bring us some coffee,” he said to me. “And keep the door unlocked.”

“But sir!”

“What have I told you about that word?”

He spun me around by the arm and slapped my bottom sharply, sending me scurrying to the coffee.

Then he and Paul disappeared inside his office. I eyed the outer door nervously as I quickly made coffee for Paul, then turned and knocked on the inner door before entering with the coffee.

They were sitting at the meeting table, going over a small box of promotional materials, including mouse pads with the banks name on it, notebooks, stress balls, pens, and T-shirts. I slipped the coffee on the table next to Paul, then hesitated. I know that complaining went against everything he'd been instructing me at for the last month or more, but being naked just an unlocked door away from the hall could get us both in big trouble!

“Sir I – .”

Conway stood up and quickly slid his hand into my hair, then tugged it up and back.

I gasped, my hands raising automatically.

“Hands down,” he barked.

They dropped to my sides almost at once as he brought a purple stress ball against my mouth and then squeezed it in tightly as he worked it past my teeth.

I moaned as I felt the foam rubber fill my mouth, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. He released my hair, then turned me around, slapped my bottom sharply, and sent me out, as he and Paul laughed together.

“Do not take that out of your mouth,” he called after me.

He'd used a ball-gag on me before, so I wasn't entirely shocked. This ball, though, felt more insulting and less sexual. It still served the purpose of making it impossible to talk, though, and keeping my jaw open as it sat there, my lips pressed against it.

I tried to get back to work, but now was even more nervous, for the door wasn't even locked! Anyone could come in, and then when they saw me like this... !

Ten minutes or so later Paul came out. I stared at him and he smiled. He was a very good looking guy, much closer to my age than Conway. I'd actually seen him naked, too, while never having seen more of Conway than his cock. And he had a great body! He had short, brown hair and a smoothly shaved, soft-skinned, but very masculine face, even though it wasn't as wide or square as Conway.

“Don't worry, Dale, we need that lovely mouth of yours too much to always keep it blocked up,” he said as he paused at my desk.

But he too slid his hand into my hair and I gasped as he pulled, raising me to my feet. I gasped again as he bent me back and leaned into suck and chew on the center of my breast. His other hand slid down my taut abdomen as he bent me back, and his fingers rubbed at my clitoris as he chewed on my nipple.

“When I become a rich man will I have a slave girl like you?” he asked as he straightened.

I wanted to say that I wasn't any slave girl, that it was just Conway's kinky game, but of course, speech was impossible. I wondered what he knew about me. Did he know why I'd accepted this job and stayed at it? Did he know about my family and the mortgage? Would he care, or would he still think of me as this slutty girl who did whatever Conway told her?

Whatever he told me, too.

He released me and patted my bottom with a little laugh, then opened the door and left. I sat back down, swallowing repeatedly, breathing hard. I could still kind of feel his hand between my legs, and my nipple was sore where he'd been sucking and chewing on it.

I eyed the door nervously. And I wasn't just afraid some stranger might show up. I was afraid it would be a stranger Conway had called. He liked to humiliate me in that way. He'd done it before after all. Oh, he hadn't admitted it, but the delivery man who had come last week and basically just opened his zipper and pulled his cock out had surely been acting on his orders.

So had the janitor, who had come in, supposedly unscheduled, while I was naked and chained to the wall in Conway's office. The man had acted so nonchalant as he had cleaned out the trash cans, then, finding me behind the door, used soapy sponges to clean me before asking Conway if he could use me. Conway had said yes, of course, and the man had taken me against the wall, as casually as anything, like it was routine.

I knew Conway was just doing it to shock me, to embarrass me. There was nothing to say he wouldn't do it again, either. It wasn't like I'd complained. I thought maybe he was just getting me used to the idea that I was a thing, a

sexual toy, a sexual object that he could use, or loan out or give away to anyone he wanted to. And all I would do was, submit to whatever was done.

I was paying off the mortgage, and my family weren't out in the street. That was what I could use to justify submitting. That felt kind of noble, and I liked to think of myself as a noble, well, victim, the poor innocent submitting to the evil landlord kind of thing. If I ignored the incredible orgasms and the wild thrill of dark, sensual heat which gripped me almost every time I was there that absolved me of a lot of guilt and shame over being so weak.

The ball was causing me trouble. It was inside my mouth, and kept my mouth open, and so it made me want to drool. I had to swallow repeatedly, and it was one more thing which made it hard to concentrate on my work.

And then the door opened. I looked up with wide eyes as a man walked in. He was an older man, like Conway, maybe even older, with gray in his sideburns. He too was wearing an extremely expensive suit, his charcoal. He had a narrow face, with dark eyes and a slightly receding hairline, and I gasped and rose, then froze like a deer in the headlights, not knowing what to do!

“Well, well,” he said, eyes looking me up and down as he held the door open behind him. “You must be David's new.... assistant,” he said, reading the plaque on the collar.

My face was burning up, and I half forgot to breath. I had snapped my thighs together, and was trying to cover my breasts with my arms.

The inner door opened and Conway was there. “Thought I heard voices.”

“Only mine,” the man said. “Obviously not hers.”

The two men chuckled briefly and shook hands.

“Wish I could do that with my wife,” he said, indicating the ball in my mouth.

“Wish I could do it with mine,” Conway said with a snort.

The man closed the door behind him and they started into Conway's office.

“Dale, come,” he ordered, much as though calling a dog.

I stared after him, heart pounding, face still flaming, then braced myself, with the help of my pussy, which was starting to heat up, as well, and then went to the door. They were already settling down on the sofa as I closed the door behind me and started forward.

Conway held his hand up and I halted.

“Crawl,” he said.

God!

I sank to my wobbly knees as he and the man watched me. The other man had crossed his right leg across his left and was grinning at me as I crawled slowly forward to where they sat.

“Got her well trained,” he said.

“Only started, but she's a natural.”

“Nice body on her.”

“Nice? Allan, please!”

He snapped his finger at me.

“Heels!” he barked.

I sank back onto my heels, then at a glare from him quickly spread my legs apart and straightened my back, bringing my hands behind my neck as I arched.

“Very nice,” the man said.

“She's not very nice, Allan, she's fucking gorgeous,” Conway said.

I felt a little rush of heat at his praise.

“She's what, twenty, twenty-one?”

“Only nineteen,” Conway said.

The other man, Allan, shook his head. “She's your daughter's age.”

“But not my daughter.”

“Clearly not.”

My pulse was racing, and my chest tight as they looked at me.

“Feel those tits,” Conway said.

Allan reached out and laid his hand on my breasts, caressing it as I trembled slightly.

“Very soft,” he said.

“Natural, too. Dale, turn around, face down.”

I winced inside, another rush of embarrassment filling me as I obeyed. I turned and bent way over, laying my chest on the floor, raising my bottom high and then spreading my legs for them.

“Very nice,” I heard Allan say. “Quite the obedient little thing.”

“Ha,” Conway said. “Not quite yet. When I’m done with her she’ll submit to a doberman if I tell her to.”

My eyes widened as I stared forward along the floor. A doberman! I would not! What a pervert! I was not his slave! I was just... he was using me in a kinky game! And as soon as the mortgage was paid off I’d tell him what I thought of him!

“Would you like a drink?”

“Scotch.”

“Dale, go and get Allan a Scotch and soda.”

I started to rise.

“Crawl there, Dale.”

I flushed and crawled across the floor to the bar in the corner. Once I was behind it I opened the small fridge to get the club soda, then reached up for a glass.

“You may walk back, Dale, but put the glass on a tray.”

I heard them speaking softly as I obeyed, stirring the glass, then rising. I put it on one of the small silver trays, then turned and, still blushing hotly, returned to them.

“The way to present it is on your knees, Dale,” Conway said.

I gulped and sank to my knees, tray in hand.

“Now bow forward at the waist, and raise the tray high in your hands.”

Confused, I obeyed, presenting the tray with the glass on it as I bowed low. The man, Allan, chuckled, and lifted the glass off the tray. I stood and brought the tray back to the bar, and then hesitated until Conway snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor next to where they sat.

I walked back, there being no objection to it, and then sank to my knees.

He looked at me and I flushed and spread my knees, sat on my heels and brought my hands back behind my neck again.

“Watch this,” he said.

I didn't think he was talking to me.

He suddenly had a dildo in his hand, a big one... only... a bit odd looking in that it had a large base, and a kind of well, branch down low which angled up sharply, a small branch. There was also a suction cup on the bottom and he placed it on the floor right in front of me.

“Sit on this, Dale,” he ordered.

I was still blushing ferociously, my pulse still racing, my heart still pounding. I blanched, but obeyed, rising up on my knees, then sinking down as he moved it below me. I gasped softly as it penetrated, as it spread wide the lips of my sex, and then I sank down on it as the two men watched me, sank down lower and lower, as it buzzed softly inside me.

“All the way, Dale,” he said.

That required shifting my heels out from under me, but that was okay, since my feet were starting to ache like this. I shifted my feet apart and sank down between them, gasping as the tip of the thing jammed up very deep inside me, then gasping again as I finally slid down to where that little branch angled up off it and discovered it was buzzing more strongly than the rest of the thing.

He and the man then turned their eyes away from me and starting talking about advertising and promotion. They discussed prices, and how many of the things to distribute to various branches of the bank in various parts of the country, as well as other ways of getting more business.

They looked at me now and then, but mostly just sat back across from one another, Conway sipping his coffee, Allan sipping his scotch.

I knelt not two feet from their chairs, fingers interlinked behind my neck, back arched, legs spread as I knelt there, impaled on the vibrator thing inside me. I was horribly embarrassed in front of this stranger, and yet, over the past few weeks Conway had been teaching my body and mind to associate shame and embarrassment with heat and passion and pleasure.

And that little hook thing, the little branch thing sticking out of the base of the dildo was jammed right against my clitoris! I started to feel the buzzing deep inside, feel it influencing my own internal muscles. I felt my clitoris swell and throb in time to the vibrations, felt the wild surge of sensations travel up through my belly into my chest.

And I felt that slow sense of arousal turning to something much deeper, much darker and more intense, as my body thrummed with energy and my mind began to wallow in a kind of strange, sensual heat that made it hard to keep still.

Conway casually reached out and fingered one of my nipples, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger.

“Something about a young girl's hard nipples I find extremely erotic,” he said.

“Not exactly a shocker, old boy,” Allan said, looking at me.

“Would you like her?”

Allan raised his eyebrows.

“Not to keep, just to taste.”

“Who wouldn't? But I'm not really into public displays.”

Conway grinned and rose from his feet, then left the room. That left me alone with this stranger, sitting on a vibrator, naked. I felt the breath go out of me, and something like panic amidst the heat, but it wasn't the panic of fear, exactly. I just felt oddly abandoned, and uncertain without Conway there.

Allan looked at me and I looked back, my eyes huge.

He took out his cell phone, his Blackberry, and then held it up. Before I'd even understood what he was doing he'd snapped a picture. I gasped, but didn't know how to protest.

“Come here, girl,” he ordered, sitting up somewhat and spreading his legs.

I didn't hesitate. I slipped forward onto my hand and knees and as he patted his crotch, I slid around his leg and rose between them, then undid his trousers and opened his zipper. All the while I was wracked by a twisted flood of emotions and thoughts which ranged from denial, to outrage to excitement and passion to anger and indignation and hunger.

He gripped the stress ball, and gently worked it out of my mouth as I dropped my eyes in embarrassment.

He was hard as I pulled him out, and I held him in my hand, licking the underside of the head like an ice cream cone as he looked down at me. I pressed his cock back, licking slowly up and down the shaft, sucking on it sideways as he reached down and began to knead my breast.

I felt a wordless sense of something which said, indignantly, that I shouldn't be doing this, but it was a smallish part of what was going through my mind as I pursed my lips and pressed down, letting the head slowly push into my mouth and along my tongue. I felt a wave of hunger and excitement and forced my lips down further, sucking as I bobbed up and down.

He was combing his fingers through my soft hair as he kneaded my breast, and I sucked and bobbed, working myself down, then taking him deep into my throat.

“Oh yes!” he gasped, pushing down on my head, jamming me in against his groin. “Oh yes. Fuck!”

I felt a little flare of ego, glad Conway had shown me how to deep throat. I eased back out, taking in a deep breath, then slid back down again, taking him deep once again.

He pulled up on my hair with a gasp.

“One more of those, girl, and I'll be done!” he said, panting. “And as beautiful as your throat is I don't want to come in it.”

He pushed me back, pulling on my hair, pulling me up and forward onto the sofa as he moved behind me. I gripped the back of the sofa, spreading my legs as he pulled the dildo out of me. I felt him rubbing the nose of his cock up and down along my moist, throbbing pussy. He pushed forward, and I felt a rush of pleasure and wild excitement as I focused all my attention on his cock sliding up into my belly.

It was different having a real cock inside me. It was a different feel, and a different emotional sense. I groaned as he ground his pelvis into my buttocks. Then he started thrusting, hard and fast. His hips slapped against my buttocks again and again as I gripped the back of the chair and closed my eyes, moaning softly.

I felt his hands on my breasts, and opened my eyes, blinking as his hips continued to slap against me, as his hands eagerly pawed and groped me. Then he drew one hand up and off, grabbing my hair again, yanking it back.

By now, my hair, which had been neatly done up, was mostly tangled and down, and he wrapped it around his hand, jerking on it as he thrust.

And that was something that I absolutely loved! I don't know why, but being taken from behind while my hair is being pulled was always an incredibly wild ride for me! I gasped and moaned, spreading my legs just a bit more, raising my bottom as his cock drove into me again and again, loving it!

I was already so hot, my mind having been squirming and twisting with heat even before Conway had shoved the vibrator into me, that it didn't take much. I came within sixty seconds, gasping and sobbing and thrusting back frantically

against his hard hips as the orgasm swept me up in its embrace.

God it was good! It was sooo good! I closed my eyes, gasping and moaning and clenching my teeth as the world narrowed to that wonderful cock punching into me. And in superb timing, he lasted long enough to drive me right through it to the end before he spent himself in my spasming, burning pussy.

He pulled harder on my hair, forcing my head and upper body up and back against his chest. He twisted my head back and kissed me, his lips surprisingly soft despite his excitement.

Conway rarely kissed me, and when he did it was a crushing, bruising thing where his mouth threatened to devour me! This was surprisingly nice, even showing something which at least resembled affection.

“You are a truly beautiful girl,” he said.

I felt another little ego boost, but as the heat began to dissipate I felt a rush of guilt and shame, too. I mean, what the hell! Was I some kind of fuck toy Conway could give to any man who happened to come by? And it wasn't that I was especially mad at him. No, it was my own actions which troubled me. I'd just basically done anything they wanted, including fucking this guy just because. Conway hadn't even needed to order me to!

What a total whore I was!

Allan had me get back on the floor as he zipped up and went to get Conway. There was a lot of low masculine laughter from out front before they came back.

“You can go now, Slave,” Conway said.

Slave? I'm not your slave, I wanted to say.

But I kind of was, in a way.

They were in there about another thirty minutes, then Allan came out alone. He grinned at me, then paused at the door. He took a gold pen from the breast pocket of his jacket, and a notepad from inside, then wrote something on it.

He folded it up and handed it to me with a wink, then left. I frowned and opened

it. On it he'd written a phone number, and next to it the name "Wanda" and then \$1000 per night minimum.

What the hell did that mean?!

He obviously knew I couldn't pay that much so it had to mean he figured someone would pay me that much. And there was only one thing I could possibly do to earn it. That made me angry. Did he think I was a prostitute or something!? Bastard! I scrunched it up and tossed it into the trashcan.

\$1000 a day?

That was \$355,000 a year, a ridiculous amount of money!

Of course, if I took the weekends off it would only be uhm... I did the calculations and it worked out to \$260,000 a year. Which was still an absurd amount of money.

But I was no hooker!

On the other hand, Allan had not seemed like the sort of guy who would be picking up strange women on corners. No, he was talking about a high class call girl thing. What an idea! Me as a high class call girl!? It was laughable!

I was going to finish technical college, and become a payroll clerk somewhere, which was decent, reliable money.

And I'd only have to work ten years to make about as much as I could make in one year as a, well, a call girl, no, an escort. I wondered how many men you had to ... visit... each night for that much money. But no, no, the whole idea was ridiculous! I had my pride, after all.

Sort of.

* * *

The next day I entered the office and looked quickly on the back of the door.

Again, there was only the collar, and now, the four small restraints. I flushed unhappily, but not without a degree of heat and excitement. I stripped and put

them on, then sat down. I waited for Conway to call for coffee, but nothing happened. Eventually I got up and knocked on his door, only to get no answer.

I hesitated, then opened it. He wasn't in. The lights weren't even on! What the hell was I supposed to do now!?

I was not supposed to show initiative. I was to do what I was told, nothing more.

I went back to my office and eyed the door, then locked it. Yes, yes, I know he'd told me not to, but he wasn't here. I wasn't going to stay here naked all by myself! Maybe he'd left early for some reason? Maybe he was sick today.

I quickly put on my clothes again, then took off the collar and restraints. I felt relieved but also disappointed. As much as he stressed me out, I never got through an evening here without an orgasm, and he hadn't really done much with me the other day. After Allan had left I'd given him a blow-job, and that had been it.

I was expecting a lot more tonight, and he hadn't even shown up! I shrugged and sat down, then started through the work. It didn't take super long, and then, for want of something else to do, I went into Conway's office, poking around, looking in drawers and closets. I turned on the TV and sat down behind his desk, enjoying the sight of the lights of the city as I flicked through the channels.

Then I heard someone trying the outer door and I hurriedly shut things off and went out to unlock it, my heart starting to beat. If it was Conway I was in trouble!

It was Paul!

I gulped and stepped back as he gave me the eye.

“Are you supposed to be dressed like that?” he asked.

“Uhm, well, I did put on the collar and stuff but... he's not here! I couldn't stay here naked without him being here!”

“Why not?”

I stared at him. I mean, it was obvious, wasn't it!?

He left the collar and restraints for you, right?”

I nodded reluctantly.

“Then he wanted you to wear them and nothing else.”

“But what if someone shows up!?”

“Do you think he didn't consider that possibility? Do you think he forgot you? Are you substituting your decisions for his again?”

I bit my lip and shook my head.

“Yes, you are. Now get the collar and restraints on and lose the clothes.”

I obeyed, stripping in front of him, blushing as I did so even though he'd already seen and done lots with me.

He pushed his hand into my hair and kind of pulled me forward a step as he looked down at me. My pulse rate immediately skyrocketed as I remembered how he'd thrown me up against a wall, once, torn open my shirt, ripped off my panties and just taken me like that. It had been one of the most erotic experiences of my life!

Of course, he'd done it at Conway's orders. But that hardly mattered. He was, if anything, better looking than Conway, with a broader chest and wider shoulders. He was much younger, too, in his early twenties I thought. Certainly no more than twenty five.

He smiled at me, his eyes flicking up and down.

“Hands behind your head.”

I obeyed without thought, my breathing becoming more ragged almost immediately as he released my hair.

“Drop your arms to your sides and kneel.”

Again I obeyed.

He shook his head in a kind of wondering manner.

“Man I wish I had a sex slave.”

I blinked at him and flushed. That was one of the things Conway had made me chant as I crawled back and forth between his feet and Paul's. I'd had to say I was Conway's sex slave.

“You're Conway's sex slave, aren't you,” he said challengingly.

“Y-yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Again.”

“Yes, sir.”

He snorted in amusement.

“Say it.”

“I-I'm David Conway's sex slave,” I said, my stomach fluttering at the words, and at the way he looked at me.

Of course it was silly. I mean, the idea of a sex slave was absurd. But it was the kind of hot, nasty, exciting game playing that Conway seemed to really like. And to be honest, it made my insides squirm and burn with heat.

He pulled me to my feet by the hair, then turned me around, drawing my wrists together behind my back and then locking the restraints together. He grinned at me and attached a leash to the collar.

“Come with me,” he ordered.

He opened the outer door, not the inner door! I gasped, jerking back, but he glared at me and pulled and I stumbled forward through the door and out into the hall.

Naked! I squirmed and gasped, staring wide-eyed up and down the empty hallway.

“Let's go.”

He pulled me to a nearby stairway and then up the stairs! It was a pretty typical office building stairway, with metal rails and concrete floor and steps. We walked up a flight, my heart pounding in my head, and he opened the door to the next floor and looked outside for a moment. Then he pulled me after him.

I looked around wildly as he pulled me along, not rushing, but striding calmly

along. It was almost seven so most people had, of course, gone home. He led me into the boardroom. Not A boardroom, but THE boardroom. This was a large place with expensive walnut paneling, a carpet so thick you could practically disappear into it, and a long, wide oval table. This was where the board of directors met.

He closed the outer doors. There were actually two thick wooden outer double doors, then two thick, inner, padded double doors. The board of directors did not want anyone overhearing anything that might be said in here.

Paul gripped me by the hair behind my neck and pulled me forward until my bare belly hit the edge of the table, then kept pushing so I was forced to bend over, until my bare breasts pressed against the cool, glossy wood. I almost automatically spread my legs apart for him, raising my bottom.

Not doing so would have gotten me a slap very quickly, at least from Conway.

I gasped as I felt something pushed against my back opening. I had been a virgin there when Conway had taken me. Had it really only been a few weeks ago? I'd been shocked, shamed, and yet had come to feel the dark, wild heat of being used there. Now I felt Paul pushing something into me that was round and slick.

It slowly forced my sphincter open, then wider, then it eased, then it widened, then it eased. It was weird! It felt almost like...

I turned my head, knowing I would get a slap, and I did, one which made me gasp in pain, but before I turned my head back I saw the round metal balls in his hand. They were shiny, like stainless steel, and the size of golf balls and linked together by a thin cord. I gasped as another was pushed up into my ass, then another..

I could feel them bunching up within my back tube, could feel them slowly being forced deeper as each new one was pushed into me, making me groan as I felt more and more full back there.

Then something was pushed into my pussy. I moaned, my legs twitching a little bit further apart as I felt it pushing up into me. I was disappointed, though, for it didn't feel very big. I had grown used to Conway's big cock, and the dildos he used on me, none of which were small. For that matter, Paul was even bigger than Conway.

Then I understood. It was that awful little silicon clip thing. It was short and slender, with two arms attached by a spring clip. One arm slid up into my pussy while the other arm slid up the outside of me, which means over my clitoris to begin with.

And that was the vibrator part.

I was wary about vibrators. Conway had once shoved one into me and left me bound and gagged while I came and came and came. The constant muscle spasms had made me ache so horribly inside! On the other hand, the orgasm had been wild and mind blowing.

This was weaker, though, meant more to tease, to arouse, than to blow the mind. And it started doing its job almost immediately.

Paul gripped my hair and pulled me up and back, straightening me on my feet. He let me under a chain which now hung from above. I stared up at it as he took my wrists and raised them together, linking the restraints together, then slipping the hook on the end of the chain between the links.

He studied me for a moment, then circled me, before going off to the corner. There was a table there, upon which sat some electronic equipment, including a computer.

The wood panels on the wall slid aside to reveal a large flat screen TV. It was huge! It flipped on, and I gasped as I saw myself in it! I was in bright, living color on the high definition screen, and twisted around to turn my back to the screen, and the camera atop it!

I was facing towards the windows, but also towards where Paul sat at the computer, and the picture on the screen was of me, face first. I gasped, staring at the board room table, upon which another camera had been placed.

“Turn around, Dale,” Paul ordered.

There seemed no reason to refuse. I turned around, my mind squirming at the sight of myself naked on that large screen. The TV must have been seventy inches or more!

“Is that about right?” I heard him ask.

It seemed odd he would be asking me for my opinion, but then I heard a voice coming over the speaker. It was Conway's voice.

“That seems good,” he said. “Nice, quick work, Paul. Let her hair down, though, and remove the glasses.”

I gulped and my chest got tighter, my pussy starting to thrum just at his voice! But then I felt a sharp shock, a dark thrill, as I realized, which I should have, perhaps, from the beginning. The TV on the wall was part of the board rooms video-conference system. That meant it could be transmitting this image, live, to ... anywhere!

He was watching me even now! Probably on his laptop!

Paul moved away from the corner and removed his jacket, sliding it onto the back of the chair, then bent to pick something up. I turned my head, even though I know I wasn't supposed to, and felt another shock. He was carrying a sort of strap, more like a double strap. It was like a leather belt folded in two, but much softer leather, and wider. No, this was a deliberately made strap meant for only one purpose!

I moaned as he moved behind me, but didn't have to turn my head any more. I could see him on the TV as he set the strap down, then moved up behind me. He unfastened my hair, letting it spill down around my shoulders, and even combed his fingers through it a few times, before gently removing my glasses and carrying them back to place them safely on the table.

Then he picked up that strap – double strap thing and moved to stand off to the side, just behind me. Again, I stared at him in the big TV, breathlessly waiting his first blow. Instead, the TV screen split in half, and Conway appeared, sitting on what looked like a sofa and looking at me through the screen!

“Can you hear me, Dale?” Conway said.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I all-but squeaked.

I hadn't seen him in anything but a suit since I'd met him. Now his image came on the TV, on half the TV anyway. The other half had me. He was on a leather sofa, relaxing in a light green sport shirt. His perfectly coiffed hair even looked a little windblown and untidy! But he still had that incredibly firm jaw and high

cheekbones, to say nothing of those dark, steely eyes.

“Do you see how good the image in the TV is, Dale?” he asked calmly. “I have one in my office, too, you know. And I can operate it through my cell phone. Do you know what I saw tonight?”

I blanched.

“I saw you not wearing what you were meant to be wearing, sitting at my desk with your feet up.”

I felt a flush creep down my face, an awareness I had sinned and been caught at it.

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“Did you think I wanted you to sit at my desk and watch TV?”

“I-I... you didn't say no,” I gulped, knowing how inadequate that was.

He just looked at me, and I realized I'd have been better off keeping my mouth shut.

“And you were wearing your own clothing?”

“I-I didn't think anyone would come by!” I protested.

“Do I pay you to think?”

“No, sir,” I gulped.

“You are provided with a perfectly good office, which is, in fact, more ergonomic than mine for the purposes to which you put it. I can only imagine your choosing to work in my office instead is a matter of a person very, very low in the general order of things getting above herself.”

I flushed and shifted my weight from one foot to the other, feeling the buzz from the little vibrator, and a few background sounds from outside the office. God, it was weird being naked like this with my arms chained above me!

“You are, after all.. what, Dale? What are you?” he asked.

I gulped. "I'm your sex slave, sir," I said, feeling a wave of breathlessness at the words.

"What else?"

"I-I'm your slut, sir," I gulped, flushing, my pussy starting to thrum more powerfully.

"Say that again?" he said, putting his hand to his head and pretending he hadn't heard.

"I'm your slut, sir!" I said more loudly.

"So what should happen to a slut and a sex slave who misbehaves, Dale? Hmm?"

I licked my lips and stared at my image on the screen, or more specifically, at Paul standing behind me.

"Oral answer, Dale," he said.

"I ... she ... she should be... punished," I gulped.

And then I felt a wild shock as someone handed him a drink! Someone female, given the hand I saw on screen!

A moment later a blonde woman of about thirty sat down next to him on the sofa, her own drink in hand. I recognized her as Sara Freemark, his regular daytime assistant. I'd met her a time or two, though she almost always left before I arrived. I felt a sudden shocking sense of humiliation, but before I could even begin to cope with it Paul's arm jerked back sharply.

I saw but didn't see the long double strap swing out, then screamed in surprise as it cracked against the underside of my buttocks! The sting was... very sharp! It was an explosion of sudden pain that jolted my mind when it was already gripped by the shock of being exposed before Sara Freemark in just about the most humiliating way possible!

The strap was made, as I said, of a softer leather than you'd find on belts, but it was heavy, and the impact was redoubled, because even though the folded over

strap was together, it came apart as Paul swung, which meant the first strap hit my bottom first, and then the second impacted against it to make it a kind of double crack, though so close together the sound was as one.

The impact kind of lifted me up and flung me forward, my legs almost leaping out from under me so that all my weight came down, briefly, on my wrists. Then I twisted and rolled back with a dazed cry of confusion, steadying myself just as the strap slashed in again and cracked squarely against my buttocks.

Again I screamed, my lower body flung forward as pain and heat filled my soft flesh!

Oh I suppose it wasn't exactly horrible. I mean, on the face of it I was being strapped on the bar bottom. But my mind had been knocked for such a loop by the presence of Sara Freeman, a woman I barely knew, sitting there staring at me that I was reduced to babbling incoherence! And with the sudden sharp blows I couldn't quite center myself.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap swung in and snapped painfully against my buttocks again and again as my thinking shattered and I almost lost control of myself. Then he stopped, mercifully, leaving me trembling and shaking and gasping for breath, still trying to cope with the woman's presence, so to speak.

“You've met Sara before,” he said in a casual voice.

I couldn't answer. I couldn't look! My eyes were staring down at my feet, my face burning almost as much as my buttocks now were!

“How do you do, Ms. Dale,” I heard the woman speak.

She sounded amused.

“You're being rude by not answering, Dale,” Conway said.

I gasped as Paul pulled on my hair, forcing my head up, my face towards the screen, but my eyes darted frantically aside. I couldn't look at the woman! She was so neat and calm and casual in her pink sweater, smirking out at me from Europe!

“What do you think of my night-time assistant, Sara?” Conway asked.

“Well, she has a lovely body,” Freeman said. “I can see the attraction. Very nice breasts. Very round. I think they'd look nice with rings in the nipples.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes, nice, neat ones, like those ones we saw on the dancer in Marseilles.”

“Yes, I think they would too. Paul, see to it.”

“Yes, sir,” Paul said.

“A tongue ring might be a good idea, too. It will enhance her ah, skill-set,” Freeman said in amusement.

“Indeed,” Conway replied.

“The presence of Miss Freeman seems to be bothering my little sex slave, Paul,” Conway said. “See to it.”

“Yes, sir.”

Paul released my hair, but a moment later he produced a black silk scarf, already apparently folded over and ready, and slid it down over my eyes, then pulled it back behind me, combed my hair out from under it, and tied it behind my head.

The thing was, as my mind focused mostly on Freeman, that she hadn't seemed at all surprised, or even slightly shocked. I mean, even if she knew he was having an affair with me you'd think she'd be shocked at, well, my being tied up and strapped. But she acted like she saw the same thing every day! Was it possible Conway was doing the same thing to her!?

How could she be so calm, even so!?

“Legs apart,” Paul ordered, his foot sliding between my ankles and forcing my right leg aside.

I repositioned myself, still staggered by having seen Freeman, or more precisely, her seeing me. She was probably still seeing me!

Even as Paul's hands began to glide up and down my body.

She must be fucking him, the whore! He had probably tied her up and whipped her too! Maybe lots of girls!

Paul's hands caressed my breasts, his fingers rolling and plucking at the nipples, and I thought about her words, about Conway's words. Pierce my nipples!? That would hurt! On the other hand, the idea was darkly exciting, as well.

Paul's hand moved down between my legs and his fingers began to caress my clitoris. A part of me cringed at him doing this when she was watching. But another part of me far preferred it to more of the strapping.

I had been exposed to strangers before, Paul being the first of them, but they had always been men, and they had quickly become part of Conway's nasty little game, using me roughly (and thrillingly) and then departing.. It was different having a woman look at me from afar, a fully clothed older woman looking down her nose at me!

I felt lips, teeth, and then a tongue on my nipples, sucking and chewing and licking, and continued to flinch and moan in embarrassment, knowing that woman was watching. Then his lips trailed up to the side of my throat, and I groaned as he jerked my head back by the hair.

“What are you?” he growled into my ear.

I couldn't bring myself to say it, and winced as he jerked harder on my hair.

“What are you?”

I moaned helplessly, then gasped in pain as he pinched my nipple.

“What are you?”

“I'm a slut!” I exclaimed, shame flooding me.

“What else?”

“I'm a whore!” I moaned.

“Who's whore are you?”

“I'm David Conway's whore,” I all-but whispered.

I felt my mind sinking into a kind of despair at the reality of the words. Illusions fell away, but a kind of weary acceptance also began within me. What did it matter if Freeman saw? She obviously had always known. And I rarely saw her anyway.

I let my head fall forward as Paul released my hair, kissing and tonguing his way down my back. This was what I was. This was what I had to be until the mortgage was paid off and I graduated. That was all there was to it. I had no choice.

Nothing mattered but doing what I was told.

I felt his hands caressing my breasts again as he moved around in front of me, then kissing his way down my chest and belly. I had felt his tongue on my pussy once before, though not for long. I'd already been on the edge of orgasm at the time, and it had almost immediately driven me over the edge.

Prior to coming to work here – was it only about five week ago – I had had sex with two boys in my life, and given oral sex to six. No one had really paid much attention to me down there in response, and certainly Conway had shown no inclination to make use of his tongue for anything other than a lashing.

Now as my mind began to assume a sort of calm, if disgraced acceptance of what I was – a whore – I felt his tongue starting to stroke up and down along the edges of my sex. I can't say I ignored it. I mean, it was the first time anyone had tried to perform oral sex on me, really, so I was at least... curious. But I was not excited by the prospect.

Why had he had to show her!? Just to humiliate me more!?

I felt the lips of my sex parted, felt his mouth, his lips and tongue moving in, stroking and sucking and caressing, and despite myself felt a flicker of pleasure.

As they say, time heals all wounds, though. I had been utterly mortified to see Sara Freeman looking at me. That had lasted for a bit, then had calmed to mere abject humiliation. Then that had sank to mere embarrassment mixed with

shame. But even that was starting to dull. You could only be embarrassed of the same thing in front of the same person for so long before that embarrassment started to pass.

And what Paul was doing down there was... distracting, to say the least.

And oh what a good time to be distracted! I didn't want to think about things!

If Sara Freeman was there, and as calm about it as she was, then she had seen it before, I thought. Had she participated? I wondered if when they returned I would have to have sex with her. Would Conway require it of me? I hadn't had anything to do with girls, really, but I certainly knew it was a popular thing in porn, and among men.

I was of two minds about it. I was mildly curious, had always been, but the idea was horribly embarrassing. Still, doing it with her, while Conway watched, well, that could be... rather... kinky.

And so, slowly, in a strange sort of way, I kind of accepted her into this kinky game of his as a participant, even though she hadn't done anything yet, and that made it more tolerable for her to be watching me now.

Paul's hands kneaded my buttocks, then slid up to cup and squeeze my breasts as his tongue and mouth began to work on my clitoris with more determination. His tongue was extremely agile, his lips sucking, and massaging me with a delicate softness, a warm, slick, delicious tactile touch that could not come from anything unnatural, and certainly not from mere fingers.

I felt myself becoming aroused again.

Well, I was a whore, right, so why not?

I felt the clip removed. Good, it was just getting in the way of his delicious tongue. I moaned low in my throat as his tongue began to stroke across me again, then let out a louder, longer groan as I felt something pushing up into me. A dildo, I was sure. I loved, penetration, as I think I've said, and the dildo pushing up deep kicked up the responsiveness of my body several notches.

His tongue and lips had my clitoris throbbing and burning as the dildo pumped in and out, and I felt my breathing become rougher and more shallow, my pulse

racing and my hips starting to grind against his mouth. The sexual heat became more intense, and began to burn away my inhibitions along with all other concerns.

I groaned as he thrust the dildo deep then stopped licking me. A moment later he jerked back on my hair.

“What are you?” he growled.

“I'm a whore!” I said, flushing, mind squirming not only in embarrassment now, but a sort of defiant dark pleasure at the knowledge Freeman would be watching and hearing.

“Sir,” he said, slapping my bottom.

“I'm a whore, sir!”

“What else are you?”

“I'm a slut, sir!” I gasped.

“Are you a sex slave?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm a sex slave, sir!”

He started licking me again, and I groaned, head falling back now, grunting as my hips ground slowly against his mouth.

Again he stopped, and again I felt my hair jerked back.

“What are you?”

“I'm a sex slave, sir!”

“And what happens to sex slave who misbehave?”

“I—I...”

He slapped my bottom sharply.

“They're punished, sir!” I gasped.

“Yes.”

I moaned as he released me, but I felt another wild surge of excitement now, knowing Freeman was watching. Why? Why when I'd only just minutes earlier been mortified?!

Crack! The strap snapped up across my buttocks from below and I cried out in pain, hips leaping forward.

“Legs together,” I heard Conway say.

Moaning, I obeyed, feeling a soft thrill as my thighs pressed my pubic lips in even tighter around the base of the dildo Paul had shoved into me.

“Feet back, sex slave,” he ordered.

I gulped, but obeyed.

“Lean forward. Push that lovely ass of yours high,” Conway ordered.

I remembered that there was a camera behind me, and felt another dark thrill, knowing he, and yes, Freeman, would be seeing. I pushed my feet back so that I was on the balls of my feet, leaning forward a little.

Crack!

This time I was more prepared. I cried out, but didn't move much.

Crack!

I gasped, moaning.

Crack!

“What are you?” Conway demanded.

“I'm a – .” Crack! “Oh! W-whore, sir!” I gasped.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

My ass was starting to burn under the sharp bite of the strap!

It stopped, and I felt his tongue returning to my pussy. I groaned, letting him grasp my legs and pull them forward and apart, feeling myself relaxing my stiff stance, almost melting downward into his mouth.

The heat within me began to rise again, my breath coming in deep, ragged gulps of air as my hips began to grind against him. God, I'd never felt sensations so deliciously erotic and pleasurable as his tongue and lips against my clitoris!

I felt my torso kind of undulate, my hips grinding slowly in and out again.

“Are you a sex slave, Dale?” Conway's voice demanded.

“Y-yes, sir!” I panted.

“And what happens to sex slaves who misbehave?”

“They're punished, sir!” I groaned.

“Precisely.”

I groaned, not wanting that tongue, those lips to leave me!

Then I felt a familiar sensation. It was the flog! It landed very softly against my back, the laces striking with no force whatsoever. I was confused, at first, in the midst of my heated arousal, my focus being entirely on what Paul was doing between my legs.

Then I felt the laces landing again, harder, this time, and the awareness cut through everything else to make me gasp, to make my eyes widen behind the blindfold. Paul was still between my legs licking me! Who was there!?

Thwack! The laces struck my lower back, and I let out a gurgling cry of pain and confusion.

Someone else was there!

Thwack! They struck my upper back.

Each lace was quite thin, and stung only a little. It was all of them falling together which rained stings across a given area of skin which made it a startling thing, not to mention painful.

Thwack! It landed again, and I let out a broken whimper, my mind battered again by the awareness someone else was there. Yet after Freeman, it couldn't really feel too shocked, and as I said, other men had temporarily and without notice intruded into Conway's dirty little game before.

That I could not see him made his presence somewhat less real, and less embarrassing, than it otherwise would have been.

Thwack! I gasped, the flog hitting harder now, half a dozen or more sharp stinging claws across my back!

But Paul was still sucking and licking at my pussy, and my hips were still grinding against him!

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The flog snapped down across my back again and again as my hips ground into Paul's mouth. They served as a kind of brake on the wild rise of heat between my legs, but in a way, they also added to my sense of arousal.

The dildo was pushing up and down inside me, hard and fast, almost punching me, deep inside, and now the flog shifted, moved, and began to snap down across my breasts. I squealed and twisted, but Paul's hands held me tightly in place, grasping my thighs as his tongue stroked across my clitoris.

“Arch your back, slave,” Conway ordered.

I obeyed, shuddering as the thin leather laces snapped down across my upturned breasts, crying out as they snapped down again, and then again.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Paul tugged the dildo out and his fingers pushed up into me instead. I groaned as what felt like three or four of them jammed up into the moist, overheated opening to my sex. They twisted and thrust as he licked and sucked, and I shuddered and moaned in ever rising heat, feeling myself sinking into that kind of sexual fever again, where nothing else mattered but the wild, animal pleasure!

I groaned and cried out in dazed pleasure, twisting and writhing as the flog cut across my breasts, and his fingers squirmed up deeper into my pussy. I felt his thumb pressing in then, and felt a dark thrill, a wild marvel that he could push them all into me, if only the tips.

But it wasn't just the tips, I realized. Well, for the thumb it was, but the rest were deep inside me now! I felt what had to be his knuckles against my swollen pussy lips! His hand twisted and turned, and I felt even more slickness, as if he'd lubricated it. His tongue lapped at my clit, and the flog shifted behind me, striking my back.

I groaned as his finger pushed up again and again, straining my opening, making me ache, almost to the point of pain. His thumb was pushing up hard, his knuckles grinding across my pussy lips.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I gasped. “Please!” I cried.

Then it was... I felt... his hand narrowing, felt his lips pushing deeper and... I realized that his knuckles had passed into me, for all five fingers! I was open-mouthed, gasping, ignoring the blows from the flog, as I felt the heel of his hand push through my aching pussy lips, which were able to ease a little more closed behind it.

Around his wrist!

That was impossible!

He could not have gotten his whole hand up inside me! Even if I could feel it up inside me!

And then the blindfold was pulled free, and light assaulted me. I gazed down dazedly at the top of a strange woman's head. She was blonde, and short and slender, and the wrist which protruded from my pussy belonged to her. It was not a thick wrist. Even for a girl it was slender.

But it was still a wrist! Her whole fucking hand was inside me!

I shuddered, tearing my eyes away. They rose up to see Sara Freeman and Conway looking at me, both of them obviously excited. I couldn't speak, couldn't think. I could feel the blonde woman's hand pushing slowly up higher and deeper into my body!

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The flog cut across my back, then shifted, as Paul moved around to begin on my breasts again.

The world reeled around me. I moaned, head falling back, gasping and moaning as the girl continued to lick me, as Paul continued to flog my breasts, and as her hand turned slowly from side to side, and pushed still deeper into my belly.

It was kind of amazing how easily I adapted to the third person in the room being a woman, but maybe because of how much overshadowed that was by having a hand inside me! Inside me!

It was turning slowly from side to side, the fingers creeping higher, and I stared down, moaning, gasping, as I felt her fingers kind of push out inside me. I felt each finger claw softly across the walls of my sex, one by one, until they had all closed into a fist inside me. Then the fist pushed higher. I saw her wrist sliding deeper, saw her forearm pushing up, spreading me wider again.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The flog cut into my breasts again and my head was flung back in a cry of pain, for he was hitting harder now. The woman was sucking and licking harder at my clitoris too.

Then Paul moved behind me, and I prepared for more flogging. Instead I felt his hand on my ass, felt him gripping something, and it turned out to be the string of those balls he'd pushed into me. He tugged on it and I grunted as I felt movement inside me, felt the balls shifting, and then felt myself being opened up from the inside.

I moaned as the first ball popped out of me, then the second, then the third. All the while the girl is sucking on my clit and pushing her fist higher inside me.

And now I felt Paul's lips on the nape of my neck, and his hand sliding around to knead my breast.

I was going insane with it all! And there in front of me was Conway and Freeman watching!

The fever heat spiraled up out of control and I felt myself starting to undulate again, my hips grinding into the girl's face as the balls kept popping out of me behind. Then they clattered to the floor and I felt empty – for a moment. Something pushed into me that I knew was Paul, and I shuddered as his cock slid up into me as smooth as silk.

My sphincter muscle tightened around it, and he started to bite down on the nape of my neck as his hips ground against me.

The orgasm came like a tidal wave, rising up higher and higher, startling me then, for it rose higher still, then startling me more, for it kept rising, then it crashed down upon me, and rose still higher so that I was shaking and crying out again and again. The girl's fist twisted and pumped inside me as Paul began to pump behind me, and still her mouth sucked hard on my clit.

I was only nineteen. This was just too much for my mind to cope with! I twisted and writhed and cried out in mindless animal heat, convulsions wracking my body as the two of them turned my insides into a steaming mush!

I had never had an orgasm that powerful. I mean, as intense and wild as my climaxes had been with Conway, this was even more incredible! There was a fist inside me! Way up inside me! My pussy was squeezing and sucking on it, my pussy lips aching and straining around her forearm, and at the same time I could feel Paul's big cock pumping in my ass!

It was insane! It was just too much! I felt my mind battered to the point of losing any control over myself as the incredible orgasm made me scream myself out of breath and then stunned me into not even remembering to inhale! I don't know how I even stayed conscious! I twisted and writhed uncontrollably, and only the sturdy restraints around my wrists kept me on my feet.

The orgasm reached a thundering crescendo in my ears, sensations rippling through me like an endless scream. I felt the woman twisting her wrist from side to side within me, then drawing down slowly and pushing up. I cried out again

and again, my mind blown, my body trembling and shaking as the orgasm rose and fell like a roller coaster.

Or maybe it was just one orgasm after another. I didn't know and I didn't have the thinking processes available to care. I was in the midst of a hurricane of sensations and all I could do was gurgle and moan and sob and cry out again and again as my sanity, what there was left of it, seemed to slowly leak away.

* * *

“You're home a little late, honey?”

I started, then got control of myself. “Yeah, the... the bus was late,” I said.

In fact, I had been sitting stunned, at the stop when it drove by. I had been dazed since leaving the office. It wasn't just that screaming, howling, endless orgasm, either. That had threatened to shatter my mind. It had left me dazed for a long while, shell-shocked.

Just as well. Performing oral sex on a woman was not something I'd ever had much ambition for, but that's what I'd been doing. The girl, a blonde named Megan, had instructed me, with Paul helping focus my mind with the crop snapping against my bottom, my pussy, and my breasts.

Conway said he wanted me all ready for when he introduced me to Sara Freeman in person.

He was driving me insane!

“Busy tonight?” my mother asked as I headed past to the stairs.

“Not terribly,” I said.

“That's good.”

I trudged up the stairs, and quickly stripped and went into the bathroom. The thin red marks were all over me from the flog, especially across my breasts. I shuddered a little. They didn't really hurt but still..

My bottom still stung, though, a little. Bastards!

And what was going to happen next time? Was I going to be at the mercy of Sara Freeman too? It was all so out of control and I didn't know what to do! Then I thought about that paper and went back to my room. I had fished it out of the trash several times, and finally brought it home. I opened it and looked at it again, then picked up the phone.

Whoever it was was probably closed, but then again...

“Hello?”

I gulped. It was a woman's voice.

“Helloooo?” she asked in a kind of musical voice.

“I-Is this... Wanda?” I asked in a hesitant voice.

“That's me. Who's calling?”

“Uhm, I was given your number and name by a ... a man named Allan,” I gulped.

“Oh? And what did he say?”

“He didn't say anything exactly. He wrote on it \$1000 a day minimum.”

“And was this something he felt you would pay or earn?”

I laughed, a bit hysterically. “I uhm, could never pay that for anything.”

“Send me a picture. This is my cell phone. Then we can meet for an interview. We'll see what your ... skills are.”

“I just wanted to know...” I said in a rush, “Uhm, was that for, like, I mean, how many times a night?”

“How many times? You mean how many... clients?”

“Uhm, yes.”

“That would be one, of course. Though the fee your Allan quoted is on the low side for us. Then again, we don't take on new ... customer service

representatives very often. If your Allan knew this number and my name, though, he must have had a reason for believing you had the necessary resume to seek employment here.”

“Uhm, kind of.”

“Send me the picture and we'll meet.”

I gulped as she hung up, then looked across the room at myself in the mirror. Conway had succeeded in shattering my inhibitions, especially about sex and nudity. He'd also hugely increased my desire for sex, especially the dark, kinky kind. That was the only reason I could even consider this.

I sent her a picture, it was mostly just head and shoulders, and it probably wasn't what she was looking for, but I didn't have any, well, bikini pictures or such of myself.

A few minutes later she replied by text.

Not the kind of pic I need, but no matter. Your Allan sent me a better one yesterday night, along with a brief description. I think I can probably use you, though there'll be some further training involved. His price estimate was low, though. Double it.

I stared in disbelief.

When can we meet?

End

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

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