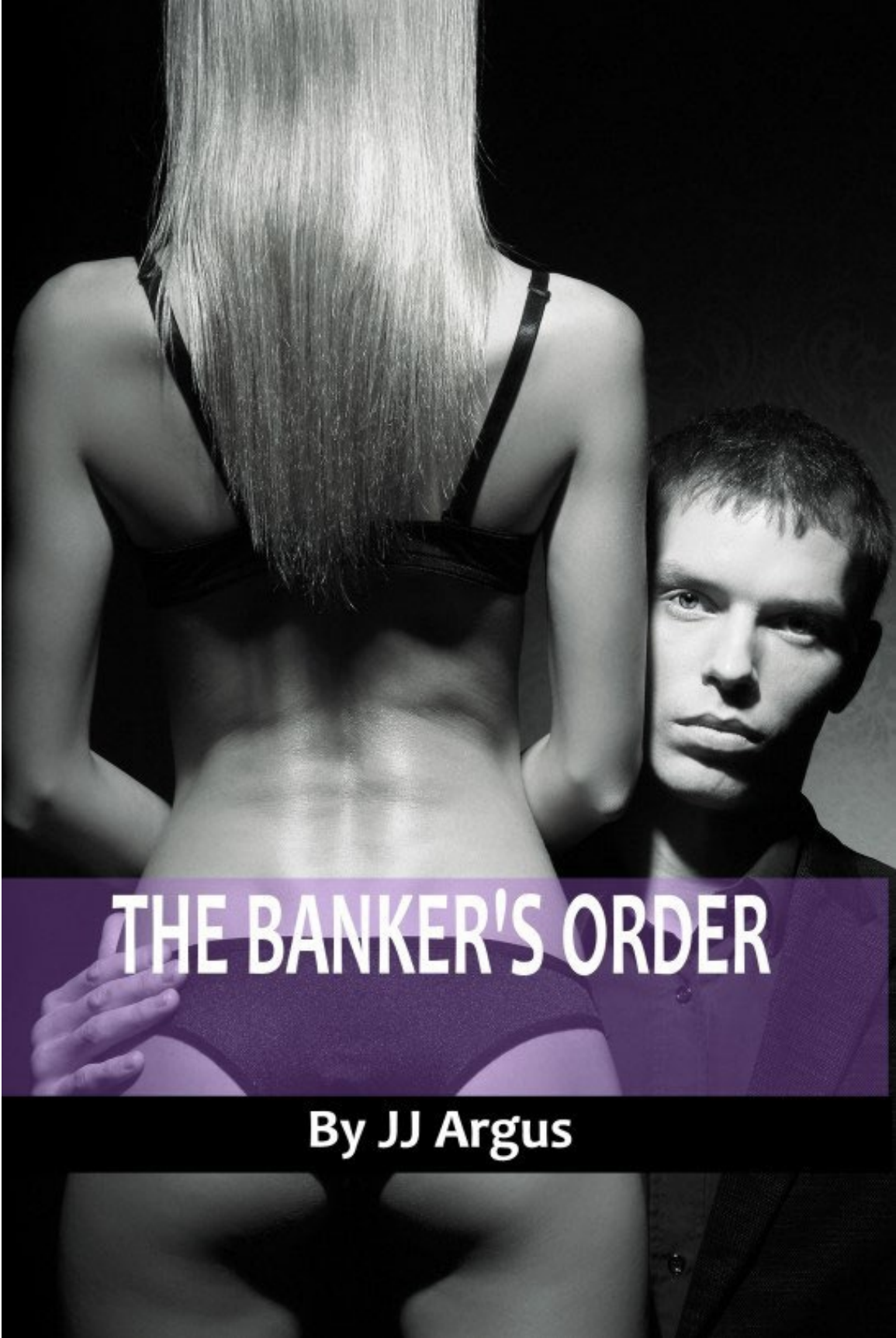


THE BANKER'S ORDER

By JJ Argus



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Sophie's Submission 3

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Smashwords edition

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

I accompanied him to the board room. My boss. Mr. David Conway. I followed behind, of course, watching him move was like watching a big, powerful tiger move through the jungle. Except this jungle was the open office. And just like in the jungle, everyone watched him warily, fearful he would come nearer. David Conway was not well-loved, by any means. He was feared. And for good reason. He had a lot of power, and not much conscience when it came to using it.

The wonder was that I didn't fear him, not really. I feared what he would make me do, and I feared myself, for I wondered what I would not do any more, and wondered why I allowed him to control me as he did.

He was in a splendidly tailored suit, of course, which fit his tall, athletic physique perfectly. I was a respectable outfit today, perhaps because of this late meeting which would require me to be out and about. I had a high-necked cream silk blouse over a tight Armani skirt which fell to about five inches of my knees and black heels. They were high, but nothing like the stilettos he'd had me wearing on previous occasions.

My hair was now in a loose, longish bob, curling in as it brushed my shoulders, and I wore my thin, frameless glasses. I was the image of a professional assistant.

The fact I wasn't wearing any panties was not something anyone would notice, nor the butt-plug, a large one, Mr. Conway had put into me before we'd left the office. I also wore a kind of clip. It was small, consisting of a slim arm which penetrated my sex about four inches, and a second which rose up along the outside of my body for about two.

They were held together by a spring clip which made them squeeze in against my flesh from inside and outside. This kept it from slipping free. The purpose of it seemed to be that the outside arm was hollow, that is, consisting of two slim bars which pressed into my flesh on either side of my clitoris, joined together by a crossbar which likewise pressed into my flesh rather firmly just above.

The physical effect of this was to sort of squeeze my clitoris out and make it very sensitive to the slightest sensation.

But again, you wouldn't know this as I trailed him through the outer office with

the expensively hidden lighting, carrying several slim binders of information he would use in the meeting, and a notebook to take the occasional note.

The executive section of the building was elegantly appointed with wood paneled walls, glossy wood furniture, and a series of carefully lined up decorator lamps which rode every table and desk. They were more the type you'd find in a living room than an office, though the lampshades were uber modern and slim.

There were more of them in the board room, sitting along an enormous mahogany table polished to within an inch of its life. The table was surrounded by a couple of dozen high-backed leather chairs, while rows of smaller, simpler chairs lined the long wall.

The room was far from full. There were two men and a woman sitting together on one side of the long table next to the door. They were all middle-aged and dressed for business. They were department heads, powerful people in their own right. But they were clearly on their best, most careful behavior here. Conway walked around to the other side of the table and pulled out a chair, nodding to me to do the same.

I gave him a lot of room, after handing him the first binder.

“All right. This is going to be a short meeting. Let's get through this as quickly as possible,” he said, flipping open the binder.

“Midwest expansion,” he said. “David.”

I handed him his own pad, and he took a gold pen from the breast pocket of his ridiculously expensive suit as one of the men started reading numbers for new accounts. He wrote something quickly, then slid it aside to me as he looked at the man across from us.

The note said: take off your skirt and spread your legs.

I froze, feeling a sense of disbelief. Despite how outrageous he had gotten in his demands, I knew he didn't want anything getting out about our, shall we say, less than professional relationship. But on the other hand, if there was anything I'd learned over the past few weeks it was that when Conway gave me an order he required it be carried out instantly.

He had made that point quite clear on numerous occasions, starting with the day he had hired me. No hesitation was accepted for no time was needed to consider his orders. They were simply to be obeyed without need of thought.

I felt myself flush anyway, recalling my wonder that the skirt had a zipper going all the way up the side. That had seemed unusual and unnecessary.

Did I mention that Conway picked out my clothes? He'd said when he hired me that I represented him, and he wanted me dressed stylishly, in clothes I couldn't afford to pay for myself. After all, the only reason I was working for him was poverty, or more to the point, that I needed him to ease the requirements for my father to pay off our mortgage.

That was how it had started. It was either agree to work for him or move. And move where? Especially with my father unemployed? Where would my family go? So instead of working after school as a waitress I came here for several hours, working as his personal assistant. And that meant everything from taking notes to giving him any sexual favor he desired.

He was a very attractive guy for an older man. I mean, he was twice my age! But I never would have agreed had I not been desperate. And if I'd known what a pervert he was I still might have refused. I'd suspected he'd had sexual designs on me, and almost resigned myself to them. But his desires were as much on my mind as my body.

He glanced aside at me briefly, and I flinched, knowing he was warning me I was taking too long to obey. The table was probably more than six feet wide, and waist high, well, on me higher than that. But the danger was still enough to set my pulse racing as my hand dropped down, found the zipper and slowly began to ease it down.

I felt my heart beating faster the lower the zipper moved. I could feel the fabric getting looser, easing apart, the tight waist falling open. Then as I reached the bottom, the skirt came apart. I raised my hand back into view, dropping my other hand, gripping the fabric, and loosely pulled it across so the skirt fell completely open.

I gulped, slowly spreading my legs wider and wider under the table. If anyone dropped their pencil ...

The man across continued speaking about marketing opportunities, a new sales director, and projected volumes for another few minutes. Then Conway called on the next man to discuss bond directions and investment opportunities.

Several times Conway indicated I should note something down, a number or name, and I did so, despite how my mind squirmed. Every time one of those across looked my way I feared they knew, or might guess, or that they might somehow lean over and look under the table.

My pulse continued to beat quickly. And yet, despite the alarm and anxiety I felt, my clitoris pulsed even harder. The throbbing came in time with the beating of my heart, and I felt as though it must be terribly swollen.

Then one of the men got up! I gasped, but he didn't bend. He simply went to the wall and turned down the lights. Up towards the head of the room a screen lowered from the ceiling. There was a projection device hanging from the roof above the table. The man used his laptop to throw up an image on the screen as we all looked that way.

And I felt Conway's hand come down under the table, felt his fingers slide lightly along my abdomen. Then his finger found my clitoris, swollen as I had suspected, and I barely restrained a loud gasp at the sensation which flooded my body! He stroked his finger lightly across my clit, up and down, up and down, as the man across pointed out the fundamentals of the chart on the screen.

My heart seemed to be beating more loudly, or perhaps it was just my imagination. My groin warmed rapidly, and I quickly felt as though I were sopping wet as the heat rushed up my spine and made my nipples tingle and harden within the cups of my bra. I kept tight control of my breathing and my movements as Conway's finger continued to stroke my throbbing clitoris, trembling slightly.

Then his hand drew back as the man rose to turn on the lights, and the screen went blank.

What had they even been talking about? I had no idea!

I sat there with my legs spread wide and my clitoris throbbing almost painfully!

“All right, thank you,” he said.

It was a message, and they all took it, rising and leaving.

He wrote something in his own notebook

“Go and close the door,” he said.

I gulped, looking at the open door, hyper aware of being nude below the waist.

He raised his eyes, frowning, and I hurriedly pushed back my chair, then scurried around the table. It was between me and the door, fortunately, and as I rounded the corner, well, the door was at a discreet angle. I was able to hurriedly push it closed before turning around.

“Take off your top,” he said.

I looked at him like a deer caught in headlights as he looked at me.

In addition to the huge, floor to ceiling window behind him giving a view of the city, and a large building just across the street, there was a smaller window which ran the length of the inner wall, covered by lace curtains. The curtains did not make what was going on invisible, just hard to define.

I had little choice, though, and my fingers trembled as I unbuttoned the blouse, then pulled it back over my shoulders, looking nervously at all the windows across the street, and able to see people moving or working.

“Remove the bra.”

I gulped, then reached down and obeyed, standing naked except for my pumps.

He looked at me, then snapped his fingers.

I came around the table slowly, heart thumping, until I was fully visible.

“Hands behind your neck, back straight,” he said.

I obeyed, arching my back somewhat. And waited.

He looked at me, his face expressionless, but his eyes moving constantly up and down my body.

“You really are a work of art, you know,” he said, his voice softening.

I gulped. What did that mean!?

“Every man who sees you wants you. Do you realize that?”

I didn't think he actually wanted an answer.

He stood up and moved closer, close enough to reach out his hand and let his fingers caress my breasts, then coast down my belly. Abruptly, they closed around my forearm and roughly jerked me around so my back was to him. He grasped both arms quickly, pinning my wrists together, pulling back sharply so that I gasped in startlement.

Holding my wrists in one hand he let the other glide up and down my belly and chest, over my breasts again.

“Skin like silk,” he said. “But that doesn't do your skin justice. Just touching it is an erotic experience.”

I blinked, wide-eyed. Compliments? Since when did he compliment me!?

He shifted his grip on my wrists, managing to draw a thick chunk of my hair in with it, and I gasped in pain as he jerked back more sharply, then let his fingers glide up and down my body again.

“I do not want you to come. Do you hear me? Do you understand me, girl?” he said. “If you allow yourself to reach orgasm you will be punished.”

I gulped, for punishment meant a sharp, painful strapping, or worse!

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

I jerked them apart, and he pushed me in against the table, against the corner of the table, in fact. I gasped in pain as the soft flesh of my pussy was ground against the hard wooden corner. Then I moaned as he pulled sharply back and down on my hair and wrists, forcing my back to arch severely. My bottom pushed back automatically, in part to ease the pressure against the corner of the table.

I heard his zipper going down. It seemed very loud in the boardroom.

Then I felt the long, warm length of him against my inner thigh, felt a sense of breathlessness as the round helmet head sought my entrance, pushed against me, and pushed up through the taut lips of my pussy.

I felt that familiar dark thrill of being penetrated by his thickness. It spread me achingly wide, almost to the edge of pain, then slowly pushed upward through the tight moist envelope of my elastic flesh, driving deeper and deeper into my body as he held me tightly in place.

Beyond the curtains I could see occasional movement in the outer office, which made me slightly frantic. But then, it was better lit out there. The lighting in here was more subdued. Still...

“Oh!” I gasped.

God he was deep! I felt so full!

My back was aching, but my breasts were taut, hard, my nipples tingling and rigid.

He shoved himself fully inside me, his hips pressing against my buttocks, forcing me forward so the top of my sex was jammed into the hard wood. I groaned at the pressure against my clit, still swollen out by the clip around it.

Then his free hand slid around my ribs and coasted softly across my straining breasts, my nipples burning! I moaned helplessly and he ground his hips into my bare buttocks, then drew back, just a bit, an inch or so of thick, slick cock sliding out between the tightly clasped lips of my pussy.

“Ungh!” I gasped as he drove that inch fully back into me.

The head of his cock was lodged so deep, so achingly deep, jammed against what must surely be the very back wall of my tight passage!

“Do you know why I can do this to you, Dale?” he asked softly, his breath warm in my ear.

“N-No sir!” I gasped.

“Because you're my bitch.”

I gasped as he ground himself against me again, drew back, then thrust up.

“Aren't you?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped in a strangled voice.

“I want to hear you say it.”

“I-I'm your bitch, sir!” I moaned helplessly.

“Say, I'm David Conway's bitch.”

“I'm David Conway's bitch!” I gulped.

His cock drew back two inches, then thrust in. The pressure of his hips against my buttocks ground my clit against the corner of the table and I gasped in pain as my clitoris was crushed.

“Again,” he said.

“I'm David Conway's bitch!” I said in a strangled whisper.

He drew back three inches, and started pumping more quickly, his hips jamming me up against the corner of the table with every deep thrust.

“I want you to say it every time I push into you. Do you understand, Dale? I want you to say it with every stroke.”

“I'm David Conway's bitch!” I gasped. “I'm David Conway's bitch! I'm David Conway's bitch!”

He was using longer strokes now, six inches at least, then seven, and I felt my insides churning, my blood racing. My entire lower belly was awash in heat and sensations!

I had to speak faster and faster, the words tumbling over themselves until I was hardly aware what I was saying. But I had to keep saying them!

“I'm David Conway's bitch! I'm David Conway's bitch! I'm David Conway's

bitch!”

I realized that I was nearing climax. Despite the hot aching as my clitoris was ground against the corner of the table, my body was thrumming with sexual power, my nipples pinpoints of crackling sexual energy. I moaned helplessly, trying to resist it. I actually ground my pussy harder against the corner to try and make the ache rise so as to fight the pleasure down.

But that only worked so far. Then the grinding, aching soreness began to twist within me and form a strange dark, masochistic sort of heat which began making me even more aroused!

And just when I thought I wouldn't be able to take it any more he pulled out and jerked me back away from the table. Using his grasp on my hair and wrists, he roughly forced me to my knees, keeping my head back. He moved in front of me, his cock rigid, and shoved it into my open mouth.

There were few preliminaries. He drew in on my head, pulled my mouth down the length of his cock, and before my dazed mind could adapt, he was already pushing into my throat. Within seconds, my mouth was jammed against his groin, pressed against the soft material of his trousers. He held me tightly, looking down at me, then began to thrust.

Like before, the thrusts were small, perhaps just an inch, in and out, in and out, in and out, hard, fast, jamming my face into his groin with every thrust as his cock moved up and down inside my throat, across my tongue, through my lips.

My chest ached, my head pulsed, and I started to sweat as black dots danced before my eyes. I started to feel light-headed from lack of oxygen, and then his cock jammed deep, and I felt it pulsing, pulsing, before it slowly began to soften.

He drew back and cast me away so that I fell back sprawling onto the floor, gasping for breath.

“Get dressed and get back to the office,” he said calmly. “Don't go anywhere else.”

He zipped up, then opened the door, left, and closed it behind him.

* * *

I had thought I'd known what sex was when I'd come to work for Conway. That was why, although I'd been anxious, I had resigned myself to letting him have me if that was what it took to protect my family and their house. My father had screwed up badly, and now the bank held the mortgage and could legally have foreclosed at any time.

Now my high wages were helping pay down the loan, which had been extended.

So it was worth it. Yes. But I hadn't known what this kind of sex was like. I mean, I'd expected pawing and groping, maybe a blow job, or, at the worst, having sex for five minutes now and then. But as I said, he was a very attractive, sexy man. I'd once had fantasies about him, girlish fantasies, when I was younger and he'd been simply the barely known father of one of my soccer teammates.

I had had sex, after all, several times! I'd learned how to do oral sex. It wasn't anything to write home about, but hey, I could do it.

The weird thing, one of the weird things, was that despite how roughly, how outrageously he treated me, the sex was... shockingly hot. I'd never felt so aroused, so inflamed as when he used me like his, well, his bitch. Nothing I'd ever done had come close. Was I becoming a masochist? Why did it turn me on when he degraded me, when he treated me like a whore?

When he called me a slut!

He seemed to have some sort of secret instruction manual to my body and mind, one I'd never even seen myself, certainly one none of my previous admittedly young, admittedly selfish lovers had suspected could even exist.

I was frazzled, to say the least, when I returned to the office. I had done my hair as best I could, but I was still flushed, and my nipples and clitoris still ached and throbbed alarmingly! I would have gone into the bathroom and masturbated, but his order to return immediately precluded that.

I did my best to control my breathing, and looked at the screen of my computer monitor, checking emails.

“Dale,” he called through the open door to his inner office.

I got up, legs a bit shaky, and went to the doorway.

“Yes, sir?”

“Come inside.”

He was sitting in the corner, on the big leather chair next to the recliner.

I gulped, and walked in, standing before him.

“Strip.”

I obeyed, quickly, of course, eagerly.

“Shoes as well.

I slipped them off, and he indicated the wide, flat low coffee table before him.

“Get into the table on your knees, back to me.”

Flushed, I did so, already leaning forward before the order came, bending to place my overheated breasts against the cool wood, my arms stretched before me.

I just knelt there at first. A minute ticked past, then two. I knew from previous experience I wasn't supposed to, but I slid my head slowly, inch by inch, to the side, rolling my eyes, trying to see what he was doing behind me.

He was reading from an open file folder in his lap.

“Raise your bottom higher, Dale,” he ordered, not looking up. “And look forward.”

I obeyed, and another minute ticked by, then another.

“I want you to reach back between your legs, Dale,” he said, “draw your arms down beneath you and place your hands on the edge of the coffee table between your legs.”

I raised my chest up a bit, then obeyed, awkwardly, sliding my arms down beneath me before settling upon them, my fingers folding across the edge of the

table as I knelt in place, bottom high.

Another minute ticked by, then another. Then I heard him moving in his chair. I felt something against my right hand.

“Take this. Use it,” he directed.

It was a dildo. A big one. I moaned, but I raised it up, finding my moist opening, slowly pushing it into myself. The clip was still there, but didn't interfere, as I slowly forced the thick dildo deep into my pussy. Without further instructions, I wasn't sure, but began to move it in and out, pumping it, fucking myself while he watched.

Presuming he was watching!

“Deeper,” he ordered.

I bit my lip, pushing harder, groaning as I let the palm of my hand press down tightly against the base of the dildo. I twisted it slowly from side to side, aching from the pressure deep inside as I tried to get it deeper into my body.

It wasn't easy. It hurt. But I was so aroused! And somehow, the wild heat masked the pain! I don't know how long it was but I got all but perhaps an inch or two inside me!

Then he handed me a second, identical dildo. “Remove the plug. Insert this.”

I moaned. The first few inches weren't difficult, but my anal muscles began to clamp down on the thing as I worked it deeper and deeper. But he was insistent, wanting it almost buried inside me, and not caring how much it ached!

“I have that report you wanted, Mr. Conway,” another voice said.

I squealed in shock, spinning onto my side, drawing my legs together, arms trying to cover myself!

The man standing in the doorway behind Conway was Paul. I felt a surge of relief amidst the shocked horror. He, at least, had already seen me naked. In fact, he'd fucked me. Conway had invited him to, and I hadn't managed to find a way to refuse! He was younger than Conway, closer to my age. But he was handsome

and really athletic, and I had been utterly humiliated when he'd come in the first time and found me naked on my knees!

But then I'd had to perform oral sex on him as he sat back in a chair, and Conway had taken me from behind at the same time! It had been humiliating, and scaldingly exciting! And then Conway had ordered me to straddle the man, slide down, and ride his stiff cock. I should have been catatonic with horror. Certainly there'd been a good deal of shock, but it was shock that I was actually obeying.

And then had come the intensity of the dark sexual heat, flooding my body, searing my mind, sending me into incredible orgasms!

“Get back into position,” Conway growled fiercely.

Face burning, I hesitated a moment, and then complied, utterly mortified once again as Paul stood back and watched.

“Resume your position,” Conway ordered.

I bent and drew my arms beneath me, heart pounding.

“Now continue masturbating.”

Could a person die of embarrassment!?

I suppose... I suppose I knew that was what I was doing, but I hadn't thought of it that way, not exactly! And now he had said it, and said it with Paul listening and looking on! I was... shocked, wanting to rebel, to refuse, to spring off the table, fling on my clothes, and run off!

I froze.

“Paul, would you open the drawer of that table over there, please,” Conway said.

I didn't look around, did not want to see him! I heard movement, the sound of a drawer.

“Bring the crop.”

I cringed.

Then I heard more movement, right behind me. I didn't have to turn my head much to know Paul was standing at the foot of the table, just to one side.

“Give her a swat of that across her bottom,” Conway said.

My face flamed even hotter! He was going to have Paul – !?

I gasped aloud as the crop snapped across my buttocks, raising a line of fire across my flesh!

“Are you going to do what you're told?” he demanded.

I whimpered.

“Again.”

Crack! The crop struck again, and I let out a helpless cry of pain.

“Again.”

Crack!

“Do it,” he said, remorselessly.

Crack!

My fingers shook, but the stinging blows jerked my hand upward, bit by bit, until I gripped the base of the dildo.

Crack!

Half sobbing, I pulled it out, then thrust it in again, pulled it out, then thrust it in.

“Use the fingers of your other hand to rub your clitoris,” Conway ordered.

Whimpering, I complied, breathless, my head pounding, my skin burning.

“Remember, you are not to climax without my permission,” he said.

As if I would!

And yet, I realized, I was still aroused, and as Paul sat down and they began to discuss something to do with interest rates, the horrible sensation, the utter humiliation, began to fade, and then it began to twist into something else. The dark, shocking, degrading sexuality of this was starting to set parts of my body aflame!

My breathing was ragged, my pulse racing, as I pumped the dildo and rubbed my fingers across my swollen clitoris! I had a hard time keeping my lips together, keeping from making any kind of noises which would clue them in to just how aroused I was becoming!

“That's enough. You can stop masturbating for now.”

I froze, face burning again at the word.

“Put your arms out in front of you again.”

Moaning, panting, I obeyed.

“Keep your bottom high. Keep your legs wide.”

They discussed interest rates for another five minutes while I knelt like that, the dildos protruding from my pussy and bottom. The heat eased down somewhat, but still burned hotly.

“What is that device?” I heard Paul said.

I trembled.

“You can't mean the dildo so I'm sure you mean the clip. It accentuates the sensations to her clitoris.”

“Makes it pretty easy to play with too.” I heard amusement in Paul's voice.

“Yes. You told me once about what a pro you thought yourself with your tongue. Why don't you see what you can do with this?”

“I think if I touch her she'll explode,” he said in amusement.

“Then she'll be punished.”

I heard movement behind me. I gasped and flinched as I felt his hands on my buttocks, then on my inner thighs. A moment later I felt his mouth surrounding my clitoris.

Now let me point out that I had performed oral sex on a number of boys in my nineteen years. All the guys had appreciated it, but few had felt the urge to reciprocate, and those which had, well, they'd been perfunctory, and not very good. Nor was I really in the mood then I was in now.

I don't know if words exist to describe the sensations which coursed through my veins when his mouth enveloped the top of my throbbing sex. Shock, certainly, amazement, and then, then it all just was washed about by the intensity of the raw, wild sensations!

His tongue began to... to lick at me, slowly, almost teasingly, like a sleepy dog. And my bottom rose up with every slow lick, fell back, rose up with the next, fell back, completely without my volition! My eyes were wide, stunned, my mouth the same as my body reacted to the flood of sexual stimulation. I forgot everything else. As for his order not to come. I couldn't have cared less, and even if I could remember it, and even if I could have cared, my mind wouldn't have remembered.

I came, violently, my bottom jerking up and down and back against him with frantic need as I sobbed and gurgled breathlessly at the avalanche of sensations!

I couldn't maintain my position. I bucked back wildly, rutting like a mindless animal! And when the orgasm which tore through me finally subsided, I collapsed, gasping, my knees sliding apart until I was flat on the table, my legs tumbling off onto the floor.

“Would you say she disobeyed me, Paul?”

“It certainly seems that way, Sir.”

“How should I punish her?”

“This?”

“The crop? No. No, I think something more... educational.”

I didn't really pay any attention to them. I lay there in a dazed, languorous afterglow, groaning helplessly. God it had been an incredibly intense orgasm!

“Observe,” I heard.

Movement, I paid no attention to, then I felt strong hands gripping my arms, drawing them together behind my back. I felt soft leather wrapped around my wrists, then my forearms, then higher, drawing my elbows tighter and together together and forcing my shoulders up and back.

I groaned helplessly, raising my head off the table, trying to look around. Conway was leaning over the table, and I gasped as my elbows were forced back together!

Then he shifted lower, drawing my legs up and together. I felt the same kind of leather around my ankles, then just below my knees, then above them, binding me tight.

He moved back and I squealed as he seized my hair and dragged me off the table, letting me tumble onto the floor.

Thankfully, the floor was thickly carpeted.

“Go stand against the far wall, Paul.”

I gasped as he pulled up on my hair again.

“Remember what I had you say in the boardroom?” he asked.

I rolled my eyes wildly up at him.

“Say it.”

I cringed, breathless for long moments, and he jerked painfully on my hair.

“I'm David Conway's bitch!” I gasped.

He nodded and released my hair, standing straight.

“You will crawl over to him on your belly. And you will say that the entire time.”

His voice took on a hard edge. “You will not stop talking until you reach him!”

I moaned, staring across the room. How ... crawl on my belly!?

And so... and so... I did.

It was slow going. With my arms behind me and my legs tightly together, I had to use my weight to kind of wriggle forward across the floor like a snake, or perhaps a worm. I had to do it while both men looked on. I had to do it while somehow breathlessly chanting the words “I’m David Conway’s bitch.”

It didn’t take a half an hour to reach Paul, but it felt like it. And my breasts ached for I was grinding them against the carpet below me, rubbing them along it with my weight above!

I reached Paul, gasping for breath, raising my head up and back, rolling my eyes up.

“Now clean his shoes,” Conway ordered.

I felt... numb by the order, shocked, but not surprised. I looked at his polished boots, hesitated.

“You’re thinking again,” Conway growled. “I told you not to think. You aren’t required to think. There is no decision to be made. Do it!”

I licked, licked up and down his shoes, gasping and moaning, trying to work my way a little further forward so I could use my neck muscles to move my head around, licking along the top and sides. I was humiliated as I did it, but almost immediately that took on a dark, savage tone that had my pussy throbbing around the dildo buried inside me.

How!?! How could licking a man’s shoes arouse me!?!?

But it did!

“Now turn and crawl back. This time you will say you are my whore.”

I'm David Conway's whore," I gasped, as I wriggled about and headed back to him.

"I'm David Conway's whore! I'm David Conway's whore! I'm David Conway's whore! I'm David Conway's whore!"

Flushed, panting, I reached where he was sitting, and he pushed one of his shoes out to me. I didn't need further instructions. I moaned and whimpered as I licked at it, rolling my eyes up at him, feeling a scalding wave of heat rippling through me.

Then I had to crawl back to Paul, this time saying I was David Conway's slut, and when I was done licking his shoes, I had to turn and crawl back to Conway.

"I'm David Conway's sex slave," was what he made me say.

Again and again and again.

My breasts were red; burning and aching, when I finally reached him. He filled his fist with my hair and dragged me up between his legs, then up across his lap as I squealed and moaned in startled pain.

I felt his hand caressing my buttocks, sliding down between my tightly bound thighs, fingers pressing against the base of the dildos lodged there.

Crack!

"Ahh!" I cried at the stinging slap.

I heard the inner door being closed.

Crack!

"Oww!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Please!" I cried. "Don't!"

"But I can do what I want with you," he said in a mild tone. "Do you know why?"

Crack!

“I said, do you know why?”

I was speechless.

Crack!

“Say it. What were you saying as you crawled across the room to me?”

“I-I-I'm ... I'm... D-David Conway's sex slave!” I gasped breathlessly.

Crack!

“Precisely. Say it again.”

Crack!

“Say it!”

“I'm David Conway's sex slave!”

Crack!

“Again!”

“I'm David Conway's sex slave!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Keep saying it.”

And so I did, and he paused, and I felt his finger find my clit, rub against it. I moaned, panting for breath.

Crack!

“Did I tell you to stop?”

“I'm David Conway's sex slave!” I gasped. “I'm David Conway's sex slave!”

He continued rubbing my clitoris as he slapped my bottom with his other hand. The spanks were sharp, stinging, painful! My bottom began to heat, then burn!

But inside, my mind and body were burning even hotter!

Sex slave!?! The very words were scorching my mind! Oh, I didn't take them seriously, of course! I didn't even consider taking them seriously! I wasn't anyone's sex slave! But the idea, the thought of it, even playacting the role... in front of them both.. made my body tremble, literally, tremble with the intensity of the arousal I felt!

He stopped, leaving me nearly breathless, still kind of gasping out the words. I felt the leather straps removed from my ankles, from my legs.

“Get onto the table again.”

I tried to slide off him, lost my balance, and started to fall. I would have cracked my head against the table had he not caught me. He redirected me onto it, and I kind of slid up, crawling, positioning my knees on the edge again, bottom raised high, knees wide, moaning, trembling.

I saw that Paul had sat down on the chair on the other side of the table, facing me. My eyes flinched away from him in shame.

“Do you want me to fuck you, girl?”

God, did I!

“Let me hear you beg for it.”

Crack!

“Please!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Please fuck me!”

Crack!

“Please fuck me, sir!”

“Who wants to be fucked?”

“I... y-your sex slave, sir!”

My face flamed.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck your sex slave, sir!” I moaned.

“You mean ... master, right?”

The word burned within my mind.

“Please fuck your sex slave, master!”

I was nineteen. All this ... kinky shit was far from my imagination. Only older people thought of things like this. But now I was infected by the notion, inflamed by it, helpless before it, shamed and humiliated but trembling with a wild, helpless carnal need. I was feverish!

“Please fuck your sex slave, master!” I half sobbed.

I felt his hand on my aching bottom, felt his thumb against my clit. He gripped the dildo and slowly drew it up and out, inch by slow inch. Then I felt his cock against me. Oh God! The sensation was just so much better! I mean, it just made me shudder as he thrust himself into my body. I let my eyes flicker across Paul. I couldn't meet his eyes! It was too humiliating!

But his presence, I now realized, was making me even more aroused!

I heard soft, repeated cries, and realized they were coming from me. They accompanied every thrust of his cock. The cries became more passionate, more... geeze, I don't know, crazed sounds about the right description. And he was driving me insane! I was in a fever!

The orgasm washed over me like a flood of sensations. My cries came faster, more desperate, more crazed! The intensity of the orgasm grew even more powerful, and I bucked and shook and rutted back like a whore against his cock! The hard, steady hammering of his hips against my buttocks was hammering my

mind to pieces!

I felt his hand in my hair, dragging my head up and back, lifting my upper torso up off the table and then holding it there. My scalp ached, but I didn't care. I noticed Paul moving forward, but didn't care. I noticed his cock, and felt a flicker of interest, but my mind was being battered by a hurricane of sensation.

Then his cock pushed into my open mouth and straight down my throat. He took hold of my hair to hold me up, and he started thrusting in and out as Conway continued. I felt a pair of hands, different hands, on my breasts, kneading and squeezing them, pinching and plucking and twisting the nipples.

I was going insane!

I thought the orgasm began to fade, but then it picked up again! Then it began to fade, and then It picked up again!

My muscles were spasming wildly! My stomach muscles in particular, ached fiercely! I twas too much! I would have begged him to stop but Paul's cock was filling my mouth and throat.

It continued, and I screamed soundlessly against the raw, wild sensations clawing at my mind! I couldn't escape them, and the orgasm went on and on, the sensations horribly intense!

The two men thrust into me again and again and again, using my body for their pleasure until both were sated.

I was barely conscious at that point. They left me laying boneless and limp, chest heaving, laying on my bound arms on the floor, trembling, twitching, and dazed.

* * *

“Hey, Sophie, want to go toe Moxies Friday night?”

I turned my head and then shook it slightly. “I have to work.”

“You work every Friday and Thursday and Friday evening. You need to get a life, girl.”

I smiled. "I need the money."

In more ways than one.

"You're going to be stuck in some office the rest of your life. Sucks to do it now when you're still in school," Rita said. "Why not call in sick a day and come party?"

"They don't have anyone to replace me," I said. "And I'd lose a lot of money."

She had no idea how much. I was being paid an outrageous amount, though of course, given my duties, perhaps not.

I should say, the remuneration Conway was paying was great. I was not getting much of it. The majority was going to help pay down the loans my drunken father had taken on our house. It was the responsible thing to do, but my family had no idea, nor, of course, did my friends. My family simply thought that, as an employee, I was given the benefit of employee terms for loans.

And no one had a clue the sorts of things I did as a personal assistant.

I had come to understand I wasn't replacing anyone. Conway had a full fledged secretary during the day. But he worked much longer hours than most would accept, so she went home at five and he made do after that. Until he had hired me a few weeks back. There was work for me to do, little things, clerical things, like sorting mail and messages, doing photocopies, taking things to the mail room, that sort of thing.

And of course, getting him coffee and such.

But he'd made it clear before he hired me he had no tolerance for employees who didn't do what they were told. He was an A-type personality, driven and controlling. Of course I'd known he wouldn't be fun to work for. And he hadn't hidden his interest in dominating me utterly. I had suspected, from the start, that he had an interest in my body. But I knew it was more than that now.

He was... remaking me. I didn't know if he was just amusing himself, or if it was some sort of intellectual project. Nor did I know what the planned results were. I feared where he was taking me, what he would make me do. But more than that, I feared my response to it all. I feared the incredible passion and hunger he

roused in my body, for it came from sick, perverted origins.

And it was influencing me outside of work. I felt... sexy, or at least, very sexual now, much, much more than I ever had before. I looked at myself more in the mirror, especially naked, dressed more provocatively, and had much more kinky fantasies. And every time I thought of the things he made me do I was filled with the dual emotions of shame and passion.

I had done a science paper once in high school on cocaine. I've never tried it. But from what I've read, it's not addictive, at least, not physically addictive. But it is psychologically addictive in that those who use it want that feeling again, want that sensation again, that pleasure again, even while knowing it's bad for them.

Conway was like that. What he was doing was like that. I was appalled by it, but my mind felt helplessly drawn to the pleasure and wild dark thrills and passion. I was nineteen and led a boring, normal life, or had. This 'part time job' with Conway was far and away the most exciting, passion, thrilling and sexually exciting experience of my life by far.

Losing my virginity hadn't even come close. That was scary, painful, embarrassing, messy and not at all satisfying.

I left Rita as I climbed onto the bus for home. I felt slightly anxious in my short skirt as I climbed the stairs, but I knew it wasn't really short enough for anyone to see up, at least, not up any great length. It was just that, before meeting Conway, I never wore short skirts. I rarely wore skirts at all. Even this skirt wasn't what most would really call short. It wasn't a miniskirt by any means, but it wasn't anywhere near my knees either.

I thought of men checking out my legs, and felt a little flare of excitement. The men's eyes on me as I walked down the aisle... I never used to notice. Then again, I never used to wear tight tops or short skirts. Maybe they weren't on me before.

“Every man who sees you wants you.” That was what he'd said. The idea made my stomach tight.

It made me think like I was... prey, an object that all these men wanted to jump on like wild beasts, to ravish me, to devour me!

I sat down next to a middle aged man. He ignored me, or pretended to. But sitting had eased my skirt up higher, of course, and I knew he was aware of my bare legs. Was he thinking about me, wanting to see me naked, wanting to fuck me?

Probably.

Yes, I was hyper aware of my sexuality now. And it was getting worse. I masturbated every single night without fail, and almost every morning, as well. My fantasies were more lurid than they'd once been, and my orgasms much more powerful. I had to be careful to keep myself quiet so no one else in the house heard.

He rang the bell and I got up so he could slip out, then moved in next to the window, gazing out, wondering what outrageous demands Conway would put on me next time. God, he was so kinky! Yet, for the first time I'd seen something in him the last time, in the board room, the way he'd looked at me. It gave the lie to the cool and aloof manner he liked to present. He was.. intrigued, fascinated, perhaps? He certainly had a thing for my body, if not for me!

I let my mind toy with the idea he could come to appreciate me as much.

I didn't pay a lot of attention to the man who sat down next to me. He was big, wearing a suit, and kind of squeezed me against the side of the bus. I was thinking and looking out the window. I saw his hands without paying attention to them, in his lap.

Then his right hand moved, the fingers on his thigh. Since his leg was very nearly touching mine that meant the backs of his fingers were actually touching my bare thigh. That was no big deal, though, and I mostly ignored it.

Until his fingers started moving, kind of brushing my thigh as they moved slowly against his own leg. I looked at them as if they were something alive, all by themselves, and felt a faint tingling in my belly. Slowly, they shifted, turned, and then the pads of his fingers were brushing along my thigh!

My first instinct was to give him a glare, get up and leave. But I froze, feeling a breathless sense of ... something, as his fingers brushed more firmly, caressing my outer thigh in slow stroking motions. I kept my face averted, as if I was looking out the window, but felt my chest tightening. I was... embarrassed but

there was more, a strange sense of distance, as if watching something else.

His fingers became more confident, sliding higher along my thigh, up under my skirt, stroking my skin.

What had Conway said? Touching my skin was like an erotic experience?

I gulped, showing nothing as the man, whoever he was, slid his fingers further across my leg, now firmly atop it, fingers reaching down onto my inner thigh as he began to stroke up slowly, up, down, up higher, down a little, up higher, up beneath my skirt, and up higher still!

My heart beat faster, and I felt a wild mixture of embarrassment, indignation and... and arousal.

It was as if the first two had triggered the second! Was it because of the indignation and embarrassment Conway repeatedly caused me? Always in a sexual context?!

My legs were not tightly together. I felt the tension in my thighs to pull them tighter, but resisted as his fingers slid higher along my inner thigh.

I was not wearing panties.

He discovered this now, and I bit my tongue, fighting to not move at all.

His fingers brushed the lips of my sex, discovering, exploring. I was completely bare, for Conway wished it that way.

He found my clitoris.

My face was flushed, my pulse racing, as his fingers rubbed across my clit, other fingers sliding lower, tracing the line of my sex. I was already wet! I felt one of his fingers penetrate me, sliding inside as he continued to stroke my clit! My heart pounded in my chest, and my body was tense to explode out of the seat, to bolt, to run, to flee!

But I just sat there as the steady stroking of his finger across my clit roused a growing sensation of bubbling pleasure which grew and intensified until it was hard to keep from squirming, to keep from grabbing his hand and jamming it in harder against my pussy!

What must he think of me!? He must think I was some kind of pathetic weakling for not slapping him! Or maybe a slut!

Was I both?

But as with Conway, the wild dark thrill of heat and passion outweighed my indignation and pride, leaving me helpless and breathless, unable to resist as the man slid his finger deeper into my overheated pussy.

God! What if I came!? That would be mortifying! And could I keep from hiding it from the other bus riders around me!?

We were some distance from my destination but I reached up, an impulse, a wild, desperate impulse, and yanked the cord, then stood up. I never looked at him at all, but tried to force my legs past his. It wasn't possible, of course, and he rose to move out of my way. Head down, I brushed past him, hurrying to the front door.

The bus slowed, stopped, and I got out, gasping, breathing at last. I took a deep, shuddering breath, then turned.

He had gotten off the rear door.

I froze, then turned quickly away, after getting a glimpse of a man who was older than Conway, but shorter, with broader shoulders. I started walking away, not even going in the direction I needed to go.

And then I felt a hand on my arm, gripping it firmly, drawing me aside.

“Wha-- whaa... d-don't!” I gasped as he pulled me off the sidewalk, down a narrow drive. There was an old house, or what used to be a house, red brick, with peaked roof. Now it was some sort of consultancy, the back yard a parking lot. It didn't matter. I didn't care. He didn't either. He pulled me along the house, firmly but not roughly, until we turned the corner, then turned me around and shoved me against the brick wall.

I felt his hands on my hips, jerking me backwards, then on my head, shoving my upper body forward. He grabbed my wrists, jerking my hands up and out, slapping them against the wall. Then he slapped my ass!

That did something to my mind!

My mind froze. Any thought of resistance or running locked as he jerked my skirt up to bare my bottom. He jerked my legs further back, further apart, in the classic police pose.

Then I felt his cock against my inner thigh, felt the head reaching up, pressing against my moist sex. I stared at the wall, dumbfounded, my mind spinning, unable to comprehend how – !

And then I felt the pressure against my opening, felt the head of his cock forced through into the mouth of my pussy, and then sliding up deep as he jerked back on my hips!

OhmyGod!

My eyes were probably huge. I know my mouth was, as he started thrusting in and out hard and fast. His hips struck my buttocks sharply again and again, and his hands held my waist tightly as he thrust into me from behind.

This couldn't be happening! That was one of the thoughts locked into my frozen mind!

How could I – ? How could I have let this happen!?

But every thrust of his cock sent a wave of liquid heat up through my gut, up through my belly, flooding my nervous system. I gasped and moaned as my body shook, as he used me, as he fucked me.

I was ... what was I? I was a ... a sex toy for any man to use? Had Conway somehow imprinted this on my brain so that they could see it?

God! I was going to come! I was so close, gasping, moaning, sweating, my body shaking to his hard, powerful thrusts!

And then he finished. Just like that, he zipped up and disappeared. I stayed in position, dazed, still frozen, skirt up around my waist, as if waiting for the next man to come up against me.

Slowly, the heat eased, and my mind unlocked. But my first thought was of the

intense arousal gripping me, and I had the urge to masturbate right then and there.

Then anger took over. I didn't deserve to come! What a slut I was! What a weakling! To let some stranger just use me like that! No, you whore, I told myself, You don't deserve to climax!

And so I tugged my skirt down, defiantly giving the finger to the heat pulsing through my veins, and walked back to the sidewalk, headed for the store I had been planning to shop at.

I was determined. Though my mind was wrapped in a fog of arousal and self-condemnation, I went shopping, got the things I had been going for, and then returned home, on the bus.

Sitting down, my pussy felt as though it was sopping wet.

I ignored it.

I got home with my bag, said hello to my mom, talked about dinner, then disappeared into my room. Almost immediately I stripped, then stared at myself in the mirror, posing, looking sexy, letting my fingers caress my body.

A work of art? Erotic art? I let my fingers slide over my flesh, over my breasts, and my stiff, tingling nipples. I felt desire gripping me, and slid my hand down between my legs, feeling the throbbing of my clit. I moaned softly as I stroked my fingers across it, remembering the man on the bus. The heat exploded within me, and I was soon panting, moaning, rubbing desperately.

No! I didn't deserve to come!

I stopped myself. What I deserved was to be punished like the slut I was!

I cupped my breasts, then let my fingers close against my nipples. I winced as I pinched them, then gnashed my teeth as I pinched harder. I stretched my nipples out, gasping as the pain. But the pain was really just... heat, burning. My nipples burned as I pinched them, as I pulled them up and forward, distending my breasts.

“Whore!” I whispered accusingly at myself in the mirror.

I turned away from the mirror, bending over the foot of my bed, then twisted around, drew my hand back, and slapped it sharply against my bare bottom.

I winced. It stung, and hurt my hand almost as hard as my bottom!

I went to the closet and looked through my belts, finally pulling out a very thin leather one and resuming my former position. I swung the belt around and it snapped across my buttocks with a stinging snap of pain. Another and another and another bit into my bottom as I moaned and bent lower, jamming my face against the mattress.

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

It hurt, but it wasn't making the heat go away. I felt I deserved it, though, for being a slut.

I probably still had his come inside me.

I stopped and went into the bathroom, quickly showering. It didn't make me feel clean, though.

No, that was wrong. I didn't feel dirty. I felt slutty. And while I felt guilty about that, there was also a strange sense of... satisfaction. I don't know how to explain it. It was as if part of me thought being a slut was something to celebrate. Being a creature of sex, a wild sexual animal was... well, so not me!

I was just dull little Sophie Dale. Bright, yes, but not an exciting girl by any means. Pretty, of course, in a girl-next-door sort of way, not really sexy or anything.

Or at least, I used to be.

* * *

I refused to let myself orgasm.

I got little sleep that night. My hands kept roaming my body, kneading my breasts, stroking my clitoris, penetrating myself. But always, when I became too heated, I jerked them away to let myself cool down.

It was hard to focus on school the next day, too, especially with the impending visit to Conway that evening.

My mind was still roiling and spinning with confusion and uncertainty.

I arrived at the office, stomach knotted in tension but dark thrill of anticipation overriding it.

I saw the dress he'd left on the back of the door, and felt anger. I ignored it. I sat down at the desk and began to look through the messages.

The intercom buzzed.

“Yes?”

“Get me a coffee.”

“Get your own coffee,” I replied, hanging up.

My chest was even tighter than my stomach now!

The door opened very quickly, of course, and he walked into the outer office, hovering behind me, no doubt looking down.

I ignored him.

“You're not wearing the outfit I picked out.”

“I can pick out my own clothes, thanks,” I said not looking up.

“In my office.”

He turned and walked away. I glanced around rebelliously, then, licking my lips anxiously, I obeyed.

“Close the door.”

I closed it behind me and turned to confront him.

“Strip.”

I stared at him a moment, literally trembling, then obeyed. It wasn't any erotic strip, though. I stripped quickly, almost throwing my clothes down to stand defiantly naked before him.

“I don't like your attitude, Dale,” he said.

I sniffed. What could he do? Fire me? Well, yes, that gave me pause. But I didn't think he'd do that. I thought he'd... punish me.

And I knew I needed to be punished, deserved to be punished.

“Think I care?”

His hand shot out and wrapped around my throat, closing tightly. I couldn't breathe!

I didn't move. I knew he wasn't going to strangle me. That would be insane, and Conway was anything but.

I didn't even raise my hands in a feeble grasp at his powerful wrist.

But then again, I didn't have much time. He jerked me in close against him and his lips crushed mine before I could even think of a response. I was shocked. That hadn't been what I'd expected! But I didn't move. My arms were still at my sides as he held me by the throat, his other hand grasping my hair now as his tongue thrust deep into my mouth.

I was getting light-headed, starting to quiver and shake as I restrained any movement. My fingers trembled, wanting to leap up and grasp his hand, pull away.

He shoved me back... back, back, half carrying me until I struck the bookshelf which filled the wall behind me. Then he released my throat. I gasped, aware of the perspiration on my forehead as he jerked my wrists up above my head. He undid his silk tie in a second, then wrapped it around my wrists, binding them tight to..

A curve of metal, decorative but also... functional... for this, above my head.

He drew back, staring at me, then let his fingers caress my body, my breasts, my

belly, then my pussy. I turned my head away, not looking at him, my mind squirming as I continued to gulp in air.

“You're being a very ... naughty girl,” he growled.

“So punish me!” I said challengingly.

He snorted, and his eyes narrowed. Then he moved back, leaving me for a moment. He got something from a drawer. What was it? A dildo!

He returned. It was a strange sort of dildo. It had a fat round ball at the base. I wondered how that was supposed to work, what purpose it served. Then he seized my hair, jerked my head up and back. My mouth opened instinctively, to cry out, and the dildo slid through my parted lips, along my tongue.

And into my throat.

I gurgled weakly as the dildo pushed lower. Then the fat ball was against my lips, and he was... squeezing it. It was made of some sort of malleable substance which compressed so it fit past my jaw and then expanded once within my mouth. It was, I realized, like that ball gag he'd used on me a few weeks ago! Only it had a cock attached to it which was deep inside my throat!

He moved away again, and I struggled to breath with the dildo filling my throat! Only, not quite. I found I could breath, with effort, though not as much as my mind thought I needed!

He came back, and he had a whip in his hand. It wasn't the crop he'd used before, but a flog. I'd been looking at such things on the internet over the past few weeks, since meeting him. I stared at it, eyes wide, almost forgetting to breath! It had a short handle, and a number of slim leather laces attached. I moaned to see it!

“Arch your back,” he growled. “Push your chest out. Slut.”

Slut!?

I moaned but as if in a daze, I obeyed, then cried out as he brought the flog whipping down. The laces cut across my breasts, none of them particularly heavy, each biting, stinging. The combination of all of them hitting together,

though, was... intense!

I fell back against the bookshelf, gasping for breath, staring down at the thin pink lines across the pale white skin of my breasts!

“Arch your back,” he ordered.

He gripped my hair, jerking it back, and I whimpered, arching my back.

The flog cut down across my breasts again, and I cried out, almost silently, little sound getting past the dildo filling my throat and the fat ball filling my mouth.

The sensation, the heat, the stinging, weren't a surprise this time. I jerked back, but then resumed my position.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The sound wasn't loud as the thin leather laces snapped down across my breasts again and again, but it thundered in my head! He swung again, and the flog struck my taut belly, then my abdomen.

He gripped my arm, roughly spinning me around to face the books.

Thwack!

The flog cut across my back!

I screamed, eyes wide, gasping, shuddering, whimpering.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

I jerked and twisted and sobbed, light headed from lack of sufficient air as my pulse raced.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The flog cut downward across my lower back, then back up again.

Suddenly it hit the floor and I felt his hands grip my hips. The memory of the man who had taken me in the alley was still omnipresent, and this felt like the same thing!

Sex-heat roiled my mind, a fever gripping me as I felt his cock pressing up against the inside of my buttocks. Then it pushed forward, not into my pussy, into my ass. I realized this was another punishment, and knew I deserved it, reveling in it!

I hadn't been wearing a butt-plug. It was harder to take him, and he was less patient. But I didn't care. It was good that it hurt! It was right that it hurt!

It filled me to overflowing! I could feel him deep in my belly!

Then he started to use me like the whore I was. His big cock pushed in and pulled back, harder, faster, and then even deeper, battering down my sphincter muscle until his hips could strike my out-thrust buttocks with bruising force. Every deep, impaling thrust made me cry out in pain as cramps rippled through my belly, but my mind rolled in heat as I pushed back, sobbing and moaning as he sodomized me.

I cried out as he jerked back on my hair, forcing my head up and back. His other hand roughly groped my breast. He didn't need to hold my waist. I thrust back desperately, yearning, wanting, needing something!

The orgasm! But I didn't deserve an orgasm! Except... this ... yes, this punishment, this cruelty, this outrageous sodomy, yes, it freed me! And I threw myself into the orgasm as it tore apart my mind. I screamed as much as my breath would allow as I rode the incredible feeling of his cock thrusting up deep into my belly to an immense climax!

I floated on a scalding, churning sea of sexual pleasure, mindless, an animal, a sexual animal, feeling nothing but pleasure, and the aching wonder of that big cock thrusting up into my belly again and again and again, as if it would never stop!

My throat was blocked, my jaws held wide, my wrists bound, and that incredible cock kept punching up into my belly as the pleasure shattered me and left me dazed. It was so good! So good! And that was all I could think. So good! So good!

And then it was over. I was hanging from my wrists, my body limp, muscles turned to jelly, mind barely conscious as he turned away. I moaned weakly, dazed. I felt him pulling on my hair, forcing my head back. Then his fingers dug

in around the edges of my lips, grasping the ball, squeezing it, compressing it, tugging it up and back and out.

The dildo slid up from my throat, slowly, then out, and I gasped and coughed and gagged even as I gulped in desperate breaths of air.

I shuddered and found my feet, relieving the aching pain I hadn't realized was coming from my wrists.

He untied them and I sank to my knees, trembling, as he went to a closet and picked out another tie.

He returned, grasped my hair casually, and pulled me across the floor. I scrambled to follow, on my knees, for he kept his hand low. He pulled me to the door and threw me out into the outer office, then closed the door behind me.

My clothes were still inside. There was no alternative but to wear his.

As was usual, there were underthings, too. One was a lacy black bra, with tiny cups which barely supported my breasts, and barely covered my nipples. Then came a G-string, also black. Sexy, lacy black stockings clung to my legs up high on my thighs. The skirt was short, flouncy, and high waisted, and it came with a white blouse which had a kind of fringe of lace collar around my throat.

Oddly, there were two identical blouses, same size, too. I wondered why, but only briefly.

Did he stay up at night picking out sexy clothes to dress me in? Was I his barbie doll or something?

No, I was his slut, his bitch, his sex slave. He'd had me say it last visit, repeatedly.

My skin felt sore from the flogging, and my insides ached from the hard pounding he'd given me with his big cock. The orgasm had left me drained.

For a time.

I did little for the first half hour, then started getting my act together, and going through the mail.

The outer door opened, and Paul came in. I gulped, froze, but he ignored me and walked past. He knocked on the inner door, then went in and closed it behind him.

I felt my stomach start to knot. Perhaps Conway had sated himself, but Paul, he was fresh, and young, more my age.

I remembered the feel of his mouth on me last week, and my thighs twitched as I began to squirm a little. Nothing had ever quite felt like that before.

I began to calm down as the minutes went by. Apparently he was just here on some sort of business. I waited to be called in, but it didn't happen.

I remembered crawling before them last week. God, that had been incredibly degrading!

And yet, incredibly dark and thrilling as well!

The inner door opened and then closed, as Paul emerged.

“He said he still wants his coffee,” he said.

I blushed, wondering what he'd told Paul.

Then I gasped as he seized my hair, jerking my head up and back across the top of my chair. My hands jerked up to grasp his wrist – and stopped, falling limp as he leaned in behind me, licking and chewing and sucking on my throat.

His right hand pushed down the front of my blouse, into one of the little cups of my bra, fondling my breast. I could feel my nipples go instantly erect against his skin.

He straightened, backing up, and pulling me out of the chair by the hair! I staggered back. He virtually threw me against the narrow credenza. Then he was on me, grasping the front of my blouse. He tore it open, sending buttons flying. His body pushed in against me, forcing my buttocks back across the credenza as I gasped in shock and confusion, my skirt riding up high.

He grabbed the front of my G-string, and I felt the pressure against my back before it tore and pulled free. I let out a cry of shock, then his lips crushed mine

as his body crushed me up against the wall. His hands were everywhere!

In moments, his cock was buried inside me! I gurgled and moaned as my legs were forced wide, as his heavy body thrust violently against me. He tore my bra off, yanked my hair back, bit into my throat, my earlobe, mauled my bare breasts, and all the while his hips hammered into me with a relentless attack!

It was all so... so completely out of control! I was shocked by the suddenness of it!

But now his hands were on my bare buttocks, and he was thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, and my legs curled around him as my tongue met his, as I ignored the ache in my back as he crushed me against the wall!

His cock thrust up into me, hard, angry, violent, and my pussy spasmed and squeezed and burned around it. I was breathless, gasping, moaning as he used me, as he fucked me, as his heavy body crushed mine back.

And then he finished. I wasn't close to an orgasm, but my body was burning up with heat as he released me. I sagged on the credenza, well, half on, half off, gasping, clothes torn.

He fixed his tie, gave me a smile, did up his zipper, and left.

I sagged to the floor, my insides aching, my mind blank. God!

I staggered into the bathroom after a minute, running cool water over my face. I slipped back out to grab the spare blouse and came back, putting it on.

Now I understood why there were two.

Conway didn't make mistakes, after all.

I brushed my hair, then went back to the credenza, looking for my glasses. They'd fallen off while he had ... attacked me! I found them on the floor and slipped them on. Jesus, what was Conway doing to me!?

Coffee. Yes, coffee.

I poured it, made it, and then tapped on his door, stomach churning, wondering

what he'd do next.

“About time,” he growled.

I walked it in, still wearing the ridiculous stiletto heels he'd insisted I wear whenever around the office. I watched him warily as I placed the coffee on his desk.

I started to back away.

“Wait.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“Take this.”

He handed me an envelope.

I returned and took it, then started for the door.

“Wait.”

I froze.

“Crawl.”

I stared at him in confusion.

“Crawl to the door.”

“But... why?”

He glared at me and rose, then grasped the back of my neck, bending me over his desk even as he opened one of the drawers.

“Raise your skirt.”

Gulping, I pulled the short skirt up. I had no spare g-string, and since Paul had ripped the one I'd been given, I wore nothing.

Conway had a short belt in hand, a strap. I winced as he struck it down across

my bottom.

“Ah!” I gasped.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“What have I told you about questioning my orders?” he demanded calmly. “I said that my instructions would be clear and concise and needed no further explanation. You don't have to ask why. You don't have to think. You simply have to do.”

Crack!

He pulled my skirt down and jerked me up to my feet, then handed me the envelope.

“Now go.”

I stumbled away.

“Crawl,” he snapped.

I dropped to my knees, then, not knowing what else to do with it, clasped the envelope between my teeth as I crawled across the floor to the door. I reached up and opened it, then crawled through, rising to my feet on the other side.

The man was crazy!

How much of this could I put up with, I wondered.

Then I thought about my house, the mortgage, my mother.

I could put up with a lot.

I sat down gingerly, then examined the envelope. It was to go by messenger to someplace across town. I picked up the phone and called the mail room. There was only one person there at that hour, but that was enough. I requested a messenger be called and then returned to my work, at least trying. It was hard to focus my mind. It kept dwelling on that wild, unannounced sexual attack by Paul.

Perhaps oddly, I felt no resentment over it, except that I hadn't come. And the more I thought of it, the more my mind recalled it, the more erotic I thought it was. God! He'd just... taken me! He'd dragged me out of my chair, flung me against the wall and did me! Hard! Jesus! It had been so wild, so shocking and sudden and... what an incredible thrill!

A dark thrill, a scary in the way of being completely out of control thrill.

Just flung up against the wall and ... taken!

Was I Paul's bitch too!?

Yet I was sure Conway had planned it. That was why the extra blouse. But why? Was I some sort of gift to Paul? Conway didn't need to please Paul, or anyone else. So why?!

The outer door opened. A man was there, a solid looking man, in his late twenties, in a very nice dark suit which looked tailored. It showed off a powerfully looking, broad-shouldered body. The man had short dark hair and dark glasses. I could see he had a strong jaw and full lips, but the eyes were completely hidden.

“You called for a messenger?” he asked in a soft, rich voice.

“Uhm, yes,” I said, more than a little startled.

I mean, you don't expect a messenger to look like this.

“It's this envelope,” I said, picking it up off the desk. “The address is on it.”

“And what about my tip?” he asked.

I blinked in surprise and looked up at his face. He wasn't smiling or anything, then I noticed movement down below, and dropped my head, and eyes... as he pulled his cock out of his zipper!

To say I was shocked would be an understatement! I was stunned!

And then he reached behind my head, pulling me forward, my open mouth sliding over, just barely, his thick, hard cock!

I didn't even struggle! I was that stunned!.

I felt his hand tighten on the back of my head as he pulled me further down his cock. I gurgled in confusion and my hands jerked up, dropping the envelop, pressing against his belly.

“Hands down!” he growled, jerking me forward out of the chair.

I slid off onto my knees, and... my hands dropped... I mean, with hardly a thought. I felt a ripple of fear, rolling my eyes up at him, then gurgled again, all my attention quickly back on his cock as it pushed into my throat. My hands trembled, my wrists and lower arms jerking as if wanting to rise up, but they held at my sides as he pulled me down the full length of him until my face was pressed into the fabric of his groin.

What the fuck!?

He held me tight, but... it was like Conway had done... even the words used... and even as my head pounded from lack of air, as my chest burned, I hesitated in an agony of indecision to do anything about it! Not that I could!

He pulled me back. I was dazed, gasping, coughing, gulping in air as he yanked me to my feet by the hair. He gripped the front of my blouse and tore it open. Another set of buttons popped across the room! He spun me around, yanking the blouse off over my shoulders, then shoved me hard against the back of my chair so I bent over the back while he unzipped my skirt and jerked it off.

Crack!

His open hand slapped my bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs, slut!” he growled.

Crack!

I gasped in pain, jerking my legs apart.

Crack! “Wider!”

I moaned, spreading my legs, my belly digging into the chair back as I felt his

cock pushing against my opening. It jammed against me, penetrating me, thrusting deeper as he grasped my hair, jerking it up and back.

Crack!

His cock drove into me hard and deep. It ached! But he didn't hesitate, starting to thrust almost immediately, slapping my bottom as he rode me, as he used me, as he fucked me, jerking back on my hair as he did, groping my breast. His hips beat a bruising tattoo against my buttocks as he pounded me, and then, leaving me panting and moaning weakly, he picked up the envelope and was gone.

I was still dazed! Holy shit! What had just happened!?

God damn Conway, that was what!

I was angry! I straightened up, a little wobbly at first, then stalked towards the inner door. First I scurried back to lock the outer one, then I opened the inner door without knocking, prepared to give Conway a piece of my mind, to yell at him, to tell him I was done!

He was standing facing the door across the room, arms folded across his chest.

The sight of him halted me in my tracks momentarily, and everything came back to me, including the fact I needed him. Rebelliousness raged inside me anyway, but when he pointed at the floor I sank to my knees, still trying to decide what to say, how to complain, how much I dared risk given it was my family's house and...

“On your belly,” he ordered.

Anxiety and dark heat started to rage within me, and I fell onto my stomach on the rug.

“Crawl to me on your belly.”

Bastard!

“Do it, slut!”

The word rippled through my belly, as it always did. It simultaneously shamed

and thrilled me.

I began to crawl across the floor, across the rug, on my belly, mind still reeling with indecision, with wanting to scream at him, and yet... it wasn't just fear that kept me silent, for that darkness, that masochistic sense of searing erotic hunger was rapidly building within me again.

What Paul had done to me, then this... this other guy... were so fucking outrageous! And yet they made of me a sexual creature, a sensual creature of dark, kinky sex, and... and to some degree it was a person I yearned to be! God knows it was more exciting than being me!

I reached him, breasts aching from being mashed against the rug.

He pushed his foot forward, and another wave of dark hunger swept over me. I eased forward, running my tongue along his shoe.

“You came to complain to me. You came in without knocking, to dispute something I had done, as if you had that right, as if you could judge me, as if you were permitted to decide something I did was wrong,” he said, in his incredible arrogance.

He bent over, grasping me by the hair, dragging me up to my knees, then my feet. My hands jerked and trembled, as they'd done with the stranger, the courier, whoever he'd been.

“Cross your wrists behind your back, slut,” he said.

I did and he pulled something out of his desk drawer. It was like... well, a small paint brush with very stiff bristles.

He jerked my hair back so my back arched, and then swept it across my left breast, including my nipple. I cried out at the feel, the sharp rough burning as the bristles clawed across my soft skin!

But it was so quick, so sharp, and done. My body jerked, but I kept my wrists behind me.

He did it again, and again, and again and again, first on one breast, then the other, then the first as I trembled and my hips jerked and I moaned and gasped

and cried out weakly.

The little flog or brush or whatever it was made my breasts burn!

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Whimpering, I obeyed, and it snapped down against my pussy! My hips bucked repeatedly as I gasped and moaned and gulped in air.

He stopped, and my skin felt... raw, as he opened the desk drawer again and tossed the brush thing into it. He pulled out a pair of restraints, and snapped his fingers at me.

Trembling, flushed, I thrust out my shaking hands, and he slipped the restraints around them, then grasping my hair again, he roughly marched me back to the door, back to the wall next to it, actually, behind it. He closed the door, then raised my wrists, locking the restraints together, and slipping the clip over a hook I had never noticed before.

I cried out as he yanked my hair back, and he carefully worked a ball gag into my open mouth. Then he went back to work.

I was up against the wall, arms raised high above, on the balls of my feet, breasts pressed against the cool plaster, wrists hot from the tightness of the restraints.

He worked for another hour or so, while my ankles burned and my wrists burned and I felt a growing sense of detachment from my body. My mind kind of floated in a strange haze of dark eroticism, of aching discomfort, of anticipation and anxiety, face against the wall, waiting.

There was a knock on the door. My eyes widened instantly.

“Come.”

I had locked the outer office door, I thought desperately.

“Good evening, sir,” a man's voice said. “Okay if I clean?”

“You can clean but don't vacuum.”

“Yes, sir.”

The voice was distinctly black!

The door was on my right, and I was behind it as it was pushed wide. Someone came into the room, and I jerked my head around, desperately trying to see. The door, mercifully covered me as someone moved around.

How late was it? I had never seen any cleaners when here before!

Then, turning my head to the left, I saw a reflection on the window, saw a man in a grayish uniform emptying a trash can into a large can on wheels. He took something out, a rag and a spray bottle and quickly sprayed the table, wiping it down. He did the same over in the corner to the coffee tables. He worked very quietly and quickly, perhaps not wanting to be in the big man's office any longer than necessary.

He came across the room, dusting the shelves, then pulled the door wide!

I moaned helplessly, pressing my face against the wall, expecting a shocked cry from behind. Instead he simply wheeled his cart closer. Then I felt something against my back, a sponge, a warm, wet, soapy sponge! Without any evident shock, the man quickly and efficiently cleaned my back and shoulders, running the soapy sponge along my arms and down my buttocks, between my legs, down my legs...!

He jerked back on my hair, and I cried out into the gag as he ran the soapy sponge down my chest, up and down across my breasts and down over my belly, then against my groin!

He rinsed it off, and continued, cleaning the soap off my body.

“Do you mind, sir?” he asked, calling across.

“No, no, just do it quietly.”

“Thank you, sir.”

His fingers pressed up against my back passage, pushed into me, slick, soapy, pumping in and out, working deeper as I stared in shock at the wall. Then his

cock pressed into me. His body pressed me into the wall, his knees squeezing my thighs together as he worked himself up into my ass!

This could NOT be happening! Was the world going insane, or just this place!?

Or just me!”

His cock began to thrust in and out of me as his heavy body squeezed me against the wall. I felt one of his hands slip around my hip, his fingers reaching my sex, stroking my clit. The other hand slid around my ribs, cupping my right breast as he thrust into me in short, sharp little motions

I realized that there came a point where you ... can't evaluate the world based on old rules which no longer apply. It was like everything was different. All the conventional rules I had lived my life by were gone. There were no such rules here. This place was like another universe, another place outside of society. I was quite literally a sex object here, and it seemed, a sex object any man could and would use whenever they felt like doing so, in any way they desired.

It made no sense, and yet, it did. I had no control here. I was a sexual object, a sex toy!

In that way, 'slut' wasn't an insult, but a descriptive term.

I had no decisions to make here. I had no ability to refuse or even, as Conway said, judge the right or wrong of anything. I was only here to obey, to do as I was told, instantly, without thought.

I was a... a thing.

Yet that thought didn't fill me with remorse or anguish. This was not, after all, my life. This was a part-time thing, a place I came where all the rules were different, and which did not affect my 'real' life.

Acceptance gained me a measure of calmness, or at least, an easing of the shock, embarrassment and anger inside me.

I sagged against the wall, moaning into the gag, as his cock thrust up and down inside me, as his fingers caressed my clitoris and kneaded my breast. I was a sex toy, hanging on the wall, like a raincoat or umbrella, ready for anyone to use.

He used me, then he went away.

After a short time Conway came up behind me. I groaned as he pulled back on my hair, then his hand slowly moved up and down along my back, along my spine, then caressed my ribs, my hips, coasted over my buttocks.

“Beautiful,” he said ever so softly.

I groaned as he gripped my wrists and literally lifted me up off my feet, pulling the linked restraints off the hook. He released my wrists, seizing my arm instead where I would have stumbled and fallen, kind of marching me across to his chair. He sat down and pulled me belly down across his lap.

Crack!

I cried out into the gag, legs kicking feebly.

Crack!

His hand snapped sharply across my upraised buttocks, but my hands were still locked together, now hanging just off the floor. All I could see through the curtain of my own hair, as my head hung down, was the upside down image of my own legs hanging over the other side of the chair.

Crack!

His hand moved up and down my body, caressing and stroking the skin, pausing every few seconds to slap my bottom. Then it slid along my buttocks, between them, pushing in between my thighs to caress my pussy.

Crack!

His fingers spread the lips of my sex open, dipped inside.

Crack!

His other hand was slapping me now, in between caressing my back, in between kneading my breast.

Crack!

His fingers pushed into me, and I moaned and wriggled, gasping at each blow, panting for breath through the ball gag.

Crack!

My bottom was hot, the skin aching!

Crack!

His fingers twisted inside me, pumping in and out slowly.

Crack!

I twisted slowly, gasping, moaning, feeling a rising tide of dark sexual energy rippling through my body even as my bottom burned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I moaned as he roughly kneaded my breast, as he pinched and plucked at my throbbing nipple.

Crack!

His fingers pumped in and out of me, and he spread my legs wider, shifting his own leg in between them so my pussy pressed down directly against it.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He began to spank me steadily, even as his fingers pumped in and out of me. My body jerked with every slap, jerked so that my pussy ground against his leg, against the soft, silky fabric of his suit trousers.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I'm not sure when the jerking became deliberate, for my mind was swirling and dazed by heat and shock and confusion. But I was rubbing myself against him now, grinding my pussy, my clit, against his leg as he spanked me, as he finger-fucked me. There was nothing moral about it, nothing thoughtful or delicate or even all that conscious.

It was wild dark hunger and need!

I moaned, unable to breath as much as I wanted because of the gag, dazed in part because of it as he turned my bottom to fire and my insides to molten lava.

He picked me up as if I was weightless, rising, turning me over. I dropped heavily onto my back on his desk, and he didn't need to spread my legs for me. I jerked them apart without thought as he unzipped.

His cock plunged deep into my belly, and I stared up at him, at the hunger on his face, the intensity in his eyes, and came like a flash-fire, arching violently, head jerking and rolling and thrashing as my hips bucked up against him! He drove himself into me with no restraint, his cock pounding into my belly as the orgasm consumed my mind!

He reached up suddenly, jerking on my head, reaching behind it, undoing the strap. He tore the gag out of my mouth so quickly it hurt, but then his heavy body was atop me, his hand in my hair, his lips on mine. He was filled with lust and hunger as he kissed me with bruising force.

Conway had rarely kissed me before. Now his tongue invaded my mouth as his body pressed down on me, and his hips lunged, driving his cock into my pussy again and again until the slowly fading embers of the wild orgasmic fire reignited and my body began to grind and roll back up at him.

I kissed him back, desperate, filled with animal need, drawing my legs up around him as he rode me. I screamed into his mouth as I came again, writhing with heat and hunger, focused on the heat and passion and sex to the exclusion of all else in the universe.

God! God! God! The pleasure was impossible! It was insane! I was insane! And a small part of my functioning mind realized that regardless of the need for money, to protect the house, I could never do without this raw, violent heat! I was hooked like an addict!

I screamed into his mouth, then sobbed helplessly, gulping in air as he continued to ride me, to pound me, to use me, and then came himself, leaving us both trembling and spent.

He recovered much more quickly, of course. He was his usual emotionless, dapper self while I was still draped across his desk, slack jawed and dazed.

“Back to work, Dale,” he growled. “I don't pay you to lay around daydreaming.”

* * *

“You look tired, dear,” my mother said as I came in the door.

“There was... a lot of work tonight,” I gulped.

“Oh!” she said, concerned.

“Oh it was... fun,” I hurriedly assured her. “It was way more exciting than being a waitress.”

“Well, that's good. But remember, dear, you can quit any time.”

No, I couldn't.

“Yes, mom.”

“You should get a good night's rest tonight. You work tomorrow too, after all.”

I shuddered weekly, wondering what Conway would have me doing the next day, then headed up to bed.

End

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