

# The Little French *Brat*

by JJ Argus



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## **About the author**

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

*All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.*

# Chapter One

The décor was late eighties. Fluorescent lights overhead shone down on dingy industrial carpet, with cubicles spaced carefully up and down the aisle. It was a building badly in need of renovations, with clunky, malfunctioning heaters, air conditioning, plumbing, and electrical systems.

“I’m bored.”

“I’m more bored than you.”

“No, I’m more bored than you.”

Amie gave him a sour look and Patrick smirked at her.

“You’re a stupidhead,” she said.

“That’s not good English, you know, froggy.”

“Don’t call me froggy, you stupid American.”

He snickered. “It is quiet around here isn’t it?”

“I have nothing to do.”

“Good thing we work for the government. In the private sector they’d lay us off or something.”

Amie sighed sat back in her desk, looking sourly at the inside of the small cubicle.

“I know what we can do,” Patrick said.

“No.”

“I haven’t said it yet.”

“You always want to do the same thing.”

“But this time I want to do it in on the eighth floor instead of the fifth floor!”

“We’re not doing it on any floor. Go and play with yourself, horny man.”

“Okay, I don’t have to do anything. You can do all the work.”

“No.”

“How about if I just sit here and stare at your boobs then?”

She rolled her eyes at him and gave him the finger.

American men were children when it came to breasts, she thought. Not that Frenchmen were all that sophisticated either. She made a face, thinking of her last boyfriend from Quebec, the idiot. He was one of the main reasons she’d finally decided to come and live in the US for a while. That, and it would improve her English.

Amie was from Quebec, but her parents had had her when they were on a shopping trip to New York, which gave her U.S. citizenship. She’d never had a lot of interest in that before, but getting away from her idiot boyfriend had given her the added nudge to come south and work. Her English was improving rapidly, but she still had a thick French accent at times. Here, they seemed to think that was cute, though.

Of course, Patrick mostly just lusted after her boobs. She didn’t even think they were really very big at all. It was just that she was so petite that they looked bigger than they were. At barely five feet tall, almost any sized boobs would look big. Then again, she thought, they weren’t exactly small either.

They filled out her blouse very nicely, and looked larger than they were because she had a slender chest and very slim waist.

He made a show of staring at her chest, and she crossed her arms over her breasts, but felt a little tingle of excitement all the same.

“Pervert.”

“You have a really... tight... body,” he said, leaning in and lowering his voice.

“How would you know?”

“I mean your body is small but very – firm looking.”

“Stop staring at my body, pig. I should complain about harassment.”

“You won’t, though. You like me.”

“Think so?”

“I know so,” he said confidently.

“Well I don’t like you well enough to go in the supply room with.”

He grinned and shrugged.

“My idea wasn’t about that, though,” he said. “My idea was we got to a movie.”

She stared at him incredulously. “It’s only twelve-thirty. We don’t get off for three more hours. I’m bored NOW.”

“The boss isn’t here. Half the building is off on vacation. Who’s going to notice if we’re gone for a couple of hours?”

She pointed her finger at a cubicle up the way, where Ronald, another clerk sat. Ronald was more or less in charge when the manager was away.

“He’s too busy browsing the internet. Oooh, wait, I have an idea.”

He went away and she saw him go into Ronald’s cubicle. He came back a couple of minutes later smirking.

“I told him I was going to have to go to Circuit City to buy some more portable hard drives because we’re out and people were asking for them.

“Both of us?”

“I don’t have a car, so you have to drive!”

She shook her head and smiled. “But it takes a lot longer to see a movie.”

“Not necessarily. I didn’t say when we were going. I said sometime this afternoon. So we go now, and he probably won’t notice when we leave so he won’t know when we actually started. Anyway, he doesn’t give a shit.”

“What movie?” she asked doubtfully. “Anyway, I don’t have a lot of money.”

“It’s afternoon matinee! They’re only five dollars. And the Cineplex is only a few blocks away.”

He leaned in close and grinned. “I’ll buy the popcorn!”

They snuck out the back door, then went around the rear and downstairs into the garage where her car was parked. Ten minutes later they were pulling into the Cineplex parking lot when it started to rain. “Shit,” she said.

They parked and ran inside. Amie’s hair was cut in a punkish look, and the rain couldn’t really do much damage to it. She wore a short, dark, pleated skirt which was also fine. Her blouse was a bit damp, though, but fortunately it wasn’t white. Still, when the cool breeze of the air conditioning hit her she felt her nipples beginning to stiffen inside her bra.

Patrick took her hand and she jerked it back in surprise.

“What are you doing!?”

“This is our first date. Don’t I even get to hold hands?” he asked, grinning.

“This is not a date, you!”

“Aren’t I good dating material?”

He was actually very handsome, she thought, though a little too “cute” for a boy. Still, he had very blue eyes, nice, shaggy blonde hair and a great body.

“I don’t know. It doesn’t matter. I work with you.”

“So?”

“So I don’t date people I work with.”

“You’ve had lunch with me lots of time.”

“That’s not a date.”

“Now we’re going to the movies.”

“This is not a date either. Now buy me popcorn, stupid boy,” she said, smirking.

He bought a large popcorn, and two small peysis which were not very small, and they went into the theater.

“This must be a crappy movie,” she said. “There’s nobody here.”

“Nobody goes to the movies in the middle of the afternoon in America, except during the summer school holidays.”

They sat up in the balcony, and talked about work, and Chicago, where he was from, and Quebec, and then the lights went down and the movie started with car chases and gunfire.

And Patrick let his fingers caress her thigh just below her skirt.

She rolled her eyes up at him, then brushed his hand off.

He really was kind of cute, though, she thought, and funny, and nice. And he looked like he had a great body, slim, but well-muscled.

A few minutes later, his fingers stroked along her thigh, and danced back before she could do anything. She snorted in amusement.

He tested her again a few times, and she began to feel a sparkle of sexual interest, her chest tightening. His fingers caressed her thigh again, then slid further forward, stroking the soft skin of her inner thigh. She felt little butterflies in her stomach as she anxiously wondered how long she should wait before shoving his hand back.

But she found she didn’t want to shove his hand back. His fingers felt very good there against her thigh, rubbing so lightly, so delicately – and sliding ever so slowly further in beneath her skirt. Her breathing got faster as the fingers crept higher. She looked at him and he looked at her, and it was as if they were daring

each other to see who would stop first.

His fingers were stroking lightly right at the edge of her thong now, and then they slipped over her crotch and rubbed her through her panties. Amie felt her clit starting to swell and her pussy lips grew warmer as his fingers rubbed gently against her. She had to turn her eyes away from him, her face flushed, a stupid grin on her face as she rolled her eyes around, looking to see if anyone was close by.

His fingers slid upwards along her slit, up to the top of her thong, and then eased down inside.

She felt a shockwave hit her when his fingers made contact with her clit, and moaned softly. Her legs involuntarily jerked apart, as if her own body was on his side, and the soft pads of his fingers rubbed lightly across her clit, sending warm, pulsing waves of excitement and heat through her body.

She felt herself slumping a little lower, and fought to keep her breathing soft as his fingers eased downward, stroking her slit, and then one of them pushed into her, dipping and swirling around in the small mouth of her tight pussy. She reached for him – or tried to, but found that she was jammed in against the seat, her left arm pinned against the arm of the seat, and when his finger slipped deeper inside her and his thumb stroked against her clit she could hardly think straight, her pussy flooding with moisture and her head rolling back as she gulped in air.

She wriggled back upright, pulling her arms out from where it was pinned, and then reached for him at last, her hand sliding up and down along his thigh, then over his groin to squeeze his bulging erection. She fumbled at his pants and got him unzipped, then reached in and pulled him out of his pants. She wrapped her small fingers around his shaft, pumping them up and down as he rubbed her. He was not too big, thank God, she thought, for she was a tiny thing herself.

She grinned at him, looked around, then turned about and bent over to lick at him. She heard a strangled gasp, and opened her mouth, taking him inside, sliding down the head and shaft, sucking lightly, then licking at the underside of the head. She sucked wetly at him as she felt his hand on her head, and heard his heavy breathing above.

His cock, slick and warm, filled her mouth as she pushed downward, her lips

sliding along the shaft as she took his head deep into her mouth. She sucked lightly and bobbed up and down while he made soft, guttural sounds and reached under her to squeeze her breast through her thin blouse.

She pulled out, smirking up at him from under her lashes, holding his cock as she licked long, slow laps up along the sides.

“You’re very... good at that,” he said, panting.

She smirked up at him. “You think?”

She took him into her mouth again, bobbing up and down, sliding her lips further and further down the stiff, slick shaft. She felt the spongy head pushing against the entrance to her throat, and swallowed it, sliding her lips down further as his body jerked and he made a gurgling sound above her.

She slid her lips down all the way, her fingers pulling his fly wider so she could warp her lips around the base of his cock. She slid back up slowly, and just as his head popped back out of her throat he exploded. She felt his juice filling her mouth and she sucked harder, and swallowed it repeatedly, still bobbing and sucking as he groaned and slumped limply in his seat.

“I-It’s good to work for the government,” he panted.

She raised her lips and grinned.

“Do you have other talents I should know about?” he asked breathlessly.

“Lots,” she said.

He eyed her breasts within her sweater and licked his lips. “I’d like to see them.”

“Maaaayybeeee,” she said. “If you’re lucky.”

He reached for her again, and a young mother with two small children came up and sat down further up the aisle. He glared at them, and she shrugged and smirked.

## Chapter Two

Amie muttered to herself as she pulled the jammed paper from the photocopy machine. She hated this machine – and hated doing photocopies. For that matter, she wasn't very fond of many of the things she had to do as a junior clerk. Still, it paid the bills, and there were worse jobs out there – a lot worse. Working in a government office gave her sick leave and medical benefits. There was a pension too, but at twenty three that wasn't something she put any thought to.

“Smile.”

She turned and frowned suspiciously at Patrick as he snapped a picture of her.

“What are you doing with that?” she demanded.

“I am the new official photographer for the directorate,” he said smugly.

She made a face.

“For when they have presentations and meetings and stuff. I can take a picture – or just loan the camera out and let them take pictures, then download them to my computer. Anyway, I got the camera and have to install the software on my computer.”

He shook the box he held in his other hand.

“They gave you a camera? They don't know you very well,” she said, turning back to the machine.

“They know what a responsible employee I am!” he said, bending and snapping another picture of her.

“Stop that,” she said.

“I'm practising.”

“Practice on yourself, you.”

“I’m not as beautiful as you.”

She snorted. “That’s for sure,” she said.

“Hey!”

She giggled. He was so easy.

The machine growled and then died, and began beeping.

“Argh,” she said, kicking it.

She squatted down and pressed the button to open one of the paper drawers, and he snapped another picture.

She looked up at him impatiently and he grinned cheekily. He did it well, too.

“Want me to take some naughty pictures?” he asked, sotto voice, grinning.

“What are you talking about, fool?”

He winked and rolled his eyes down at her chest, and she put her hand over the cleavage which had been revealed.

Not that she wore shirts which showed any cleavage to work, of course. But she wasn’t exactly flat chested, and squatted low and bending forward had given him a very good look down the top of her sweater.

“Go away,” she said.

“Come on, baby. I promise not to show anyone!” he said excitedly, grinning and looking around.

Amie felt the words tug at her mischievous side. Work was boring, after all, so why not have a little fun. And anyway, he was cute, and a friend, so it wasn’t like he was going to show the pictures around.

She looked around the photocopy machine, then grinned up at him and took her hand away.

“Kind of...push them up,” he whispered.

She snickered, then put her arms against the sides of her breasts as he snapped another picture. She winked at him and drew her arms in across her chest under her breasts, squeezing them up and together as the camera snapped again.

Someone approached and she quickly turned back to the paper drawers as he put the camera away.

“Let me see,” she said after the woman had passed.

He grinned and turned the camera around, holding up the rear so she could see the screen. She opened her mouth, and blushed. She had shown a lot more cleavage than she had thought she’d be showing!

Then he shifted the picture – and the second was worse.

“Don’t let anyone see those!’ she hissed.

He grinned. “I want to see them on my computer.”

“Patrick!”

He hurried back to his cubicle and she threw some paper into the drawer, closed it and stood up. Then she halted. She couldn’t leave all these documents here. The manager would throw a fit. She muttered and hurriedly finished her photocopying, grabbed the documents and copies and hurried back to her own cubicle, then crossed the aisle to his.

His desk faced the entrance, so she couldn’t see what was on his screen until she entered and came around behind him. Then she gasped at the sight her cleavage. They looked huge!

“I think this should be the cover for our monthly newsletter,” he said. “The topic would be how much time we spend reloading those little drawers on the photocopy machine.”

She giggled in spite of herself. “Turn that off!’ she hissed.

“Nobody can see, and I’m getting a woody.”

“You’re such a liar,” she said, blushing a little and involuntarily looking down at

his crotch.

“No, no, just the sight of you is making me hard,” he said.

She sighed and folded her arms beneath her breasts, partly amused, partly embarrassed.

“We should definitely take more pictures,” he said. “I always wanted to be Hugh Hefner.”

She shook her head and rolled her eyes again, and he shifted to the first picture. She was surprised that even then, without doing anything, there was an awfully interesting shot down her sweater. She hadn't though it showed much of anything. Then again, she wasn't looking at it from up top. That was something she'd have to keep in mind. She was only five feet tall, so almost everyone looked down on her – literally.

Their manager stopped at his cubicle and started talking about new procedures to carry out for requesting forms. Both of them pretended to pay attention, but Patrick shifted his hand on the mouse and brought up the big cleavage shot again. Amie kicked him under the chair but he just smiled softly. Ms. Kingston, fat, forty five, and unpleasant, with no chin and eyes resembling a dead fish, droned on, unaware.

“And it's important to keep in mind the necessity of oversight in the function of administrative procedures,” she said.

They both made agreeable sounds and she went away.

“Idiot,” she said, kicking his chair.

“Yes, she is, isn't she,” he replied. “I think I'm going to put this on the internet.”

“Delete it,” she said, reaching past him.

“No, no no! It's a work of art!”

She struggled to get at the delete key and he fended her off, fairly easily. But she realized she was pressing her breasts fairly heavily against his shoulder as she leaned over him, and his face, as he turned, was inches from her breast. Despite

herself, her nipples had hardened within her bra, and he suddenly reached up and pinched one.

Amie yelped and jumped back with a look of shocked outrage – but it was an amused outrage, an I-can't-believe-you-did-that outrage.

“You pig!”

He grinned and nodded his head eagerly, and she giggled slightly.

“Delete those pictures.”

“Say pretty, pretty, pretty please, my beautiful, wonderful Patrick.”

She snorted disdainfully. “Ass head,” she said.

“Oh well,” he said. “I guess these go to Playboy. I'm sure they'll pay a lot for a couple of beautiful shots like this.”

“Oh please.”

She moved closer, watching his hands warily. He was not a big man, and she doubted if he ever exercised in his life. She, on the other hand, was quick, strong, and still did the exercises she had learned in years of school gymnastics classes.

And besides, this wasn't at all boring! And he was cute!

She turned quickly, and pushed herself back against him, using her back to shove him away from the machine and press him into the side of the desk while her hands quickly darted to the keyboard. But he threw his arms around her, pinning her arms back against her and pulling her body into the chair with him.

“Let me go!” she demanded, giggling.

“Oh I don't think so. Trying to use my computer is a violation of security procedures, you know.”

“You better let me up.”

“Or what?” he said, tauntingly.

He leaned in and nibbled lightly on the tip of her ear.

“Oooo!” she cried, twisting her head from side to side.

“You're so tasty,” he teased.

She squirmed in his lap, and then, began to squirm more deliberately.

“You better let me up,” she said, just a bit breathlessly.

“Or what?” he demanded.

She looked over her shoulders, smirking, grinding her small bottom against his lap, and what she felt growing rapidly there.

“Is your little pee-pee getting hungry?” she taunted in a voice barely over a whisper.

“Are you gonna feed it?” he asked back.

“Nope. He's going to get all hungry for nothing and then he's going to start to cry.”

He laughed softly. “You think you can make me come in my pants?” he demanded.

“I bet I could! Then you'll have to change your pants.”

“You make a mess you clean it up,” he said.

She giggled again, her chest more than a little tight, her stomach fluttering. She rolled her hips against him, grinding herself against his erection, and he shifted his arms on her, trying to hold her while shifting her body. They wrestled excitedly, their hands fighting for purchase. She was limber and lithe but he was larger and stronger.

In the end he resorted to an old trick. He managed to pin both her arms with one of his, temporarily. Then his hand shot up behind her head, gripped her hair and pulled her hair backwards. As her arms escaped his one handed grip her hands instinctively shot up and back behind her head to free her hair.

He grinned, grabbing both wrists in his hands, crossing them and pulling them down behind her to pin with one hand.

Amie giggled, face flushed, panting as she ground her bottom against him, but her giggling stopped when she felt his free hand drop onto her thigh and begin to caress her soft skin through her gray, dress pants.

The summer weight pants were quite thin and her awkward position had spread her legs apart. Now as Patrick's fingers slid in along her inner thigh she felt just how close they were to her groin.

“Patrick!” she gasped.

He chuckled in her ear as her legs tried to snap closed. He pulled back on her hair and her legs instinctively opened as she tried to balance herself, and his hand slid up higher, caressing her inner thigh just below her groin.

“Someone is going to come!” she gasped.

“No one comes here except you and Simmons and she's on her way to a meeting.”

“S-someone else might come!”

“Like you?” he purred.

His fingers inched higher as they stroked her thigh, and then her skin crackled as his hand moved directly over her groin and cupped her through her pants.

“Hmm, what have we here?”

His fingers slid in against her pussy, rubbing her through the thin fabric as she gasped and her eyes went wide. Her face flushed more deeply, and she struggled in earnest for a moment – until his fingers slid up and she felt them slide across her clit.

A jolt of pleasure ripped into her and she gasped, her hips jerking convulsively as his fingers stroked up and down.

“D-Don't!” she squeaked.

“Maybe I can make you come in your panties instead,” he said with a broad grin.

He shifted her, using his grip on her wrists, turning her body to the side so she lay back past his left shoulder and he could look down on her more comfortably. The way her back was arched made her breasts strain against the fabric of her top and he felt his cock throbbing as he looked down at it.

She was being deliciously passive, despite her pretence of struggles. She wasn't seriously protesting, not getting angry at the liberties he was taking, and unless he was completely misreading her, her body was getting as hot as he felt.

He pulled a little harder on her wrists, and she let out a little whimper of pain and – and something else, something filled with heat and hunger and passion.

He let his fingers trace the line of her sex, up and down through her panties, stroking especially insistently towards the top of her slit, and he was rewarded with another whimper, one which had little to do with pain.

“Mmm, this looks tasty,” he said.

He bent and took the center of one breast into his mouth, sucking her through her blouse and bra, closing his teeth on her as his fingers rubbed at her clit.

“D-Don't!” she gasped.

He pulled a little harder on her hair and she gasped, head forced further back. His cock pulsed with his ability to control her, with her submission to his physical strength. His chest was tight and his pulse racing as he felt a growing confidence in his dominance of the beautiful young French girl.

He fought to control his own breathing as he leaned in kissing and sucking the nape of her neck, letting his tongue trace in under her earlobe, down then down under her jaw. His right hand covered her sex, squeezing and rubbing lightly through her thin gray trousers. Then, abruptly, he slid his hand up, popped the clasp at the front of them, pushed the zipper down, and thrust his hand down inside.

“No!” she gasped, twisting and wriggling.

But he knew what the source of her protest was. It wasn't a denial of his touch

but a fear of discovery here in the doorless cubicle. And his excitement forced him to risk it as his fingers slipped into the thin pocket of her panties, her thong. They pushed down and he felt the smoothness of her flesh, the moist heat there. She was sopping wet, and he could feel her swollen little bump as his fingers rubbed across it.

“Gonna make you come in your pants, Amie!” he taunted breathlessly.

He pulled her head upright and crushed his lips against hers, silencing her whining and protests, She was panting, gasping and sweating, her eyes wild. At first she tried to twist her head free, but then her resistance melted away and her tongue pushed up against his. He rubbed insistently at her clit, then eased his fingers further down along her slit.

“No hair, eh?” he whispered. “You're all smooth and soft and silky – and wet.”

Amie shuddered and let out a helpless cry of pleasure and passion as he forced his finger into her slim body, pushing slowly up through the hot, tight folds of her sex.

“Fuck!” she gasped. “Fuck! Oh!”

“Slut bunny,” he taunted in a low voice, chewing and sucking on the nape of her neck.

Her hips began to work against his fingers, slowly at first, then with a rapid buildup until she was grinding frantically against him, her small, tight bottom rubbing and rolling on his thighs as her breath grew rapid and desperate.

He pushed his fingers up deeper, feeling an intense sense of masculine conquest at her passionate reaction to his touch. Then she began to ride his fingers, twisting around and wedging a knee in against the arm of the chair, bouncing feverishly atop his fingers as she whimpered and moaned and her breathing became so harsh he feared someone nearby might hear.

When he brought his thumb up against her clit she let out a startled cry, her eyes going wide, and then another started gasp which forced him to release her hair and clamp a hand across her mouth.

It was good he did, for she howled, bouncing and writhing, jerking and twisting

atop him, riding his fingers and thumb to what seemed to him like a shattering orgasm. She cried out again and again into his hand, her back arching repeatedly, and then went limp.

“Wow!” he whispered.

He eased his hand out of her to find it glistening with her juices. Grinning, he rubbed his fingers across her lips, then slid them inside and across her tongue.

The little French girl had been laying back limp, languorous in the afterglow of her climax, but now she twisted her head free and made disgusted sounds as he laughed at her.

“Bastard!” she whispered.

“I think you taste nice,” he said, slipping her fingers into his mouth.

She forced herself off him and jerked her pants closed, doing up the zipper, glowered at him poutily, then flounced out of the office.

## Chapter Two

Over the next week Patrick irritated a number of people with his picture taking, and took quite a few pictures of Amie. Most of them were nice enough, but he never missed an opportunity to get something “naughty” as he called it, like the one of her completely bent over a desk with her bottom in the air, or reaching for a high shelf, showing some belly. And he loved her tartan pleated skirt, taking pictures of her all morning.

“Put away the camera, you,” she said finally. “How many pictures of me do you need?”

“I love that schoolgirl look.”

“I’m not a schoolgirl. Just because I wear a pleated skirt. Sheesh.”

“And that shirt and vest.”

“You like little girls, Patrick?” she taunted.

“When they look like you, yeah!”

“Pervert.”

“I’m a guy,” he said, sitting down next to her desk. “You think the other men don’t notice you?”

She shook her head in irritation.

“Especially when you dress like that?”

“I’m dressed properly.”

“Your skirt is kind of short.”

“It’s not short!”

“It’s short-er!”

“But it’s not short.”

“No, the nuns might complain if it was shorter.”

“Fuck you.”

He laughed. “I bet you can’t walk anywhere here without any man nearby turning and looking at you.”

“Don’t be stupid,” she said, blushing.

“Want to bet?”

“No. Bet how?”

“You walk down the main hall and I’ll stay back with my camera and turn it onto video mode and we can see the men as you pass and see if they notice you.”

“That’s stupid. What do I win?”

“I buy you lunch.”

“Do you have to be there?”

He laughed.

“And if I lose I have to buy you lunch? You eat like a horse.”

“No, if I win I get to take naughty pictures.”

She smirked. “How naughty?”

“Complete nudity isn’t required,” he said.

“Ha!”

“A picture of you bent over, with your skirt up.”

“What if I’m not wearing anything underneath?”

“All the better!”

“Maybe I’m wearing big old grannie panties. Wouldn’t you be disappointed?!”

“Yeah,” he admitted.

Amie felt a little thrum of excitement. Usually, in fact, she wore boyshorts, and often bikinis, but today she had a black thong. She didn’t really think he would win, but the idea of having show him her butt in a thong was – daunting and exciting. Amie did not have a very good self-image. Men told her she was very cute, and had a great body, but she found that hard to believe. She had been chubby and ugly when she was younger, and wasn’t really sure when or where that had faded and men had started looking at her with interest, nor was she completely convinced they weren’t just perverts who didn’t care if a woman was ugly so long as she had the right equipment.

She was short, and thin (except for her breasts), and wore glasses, and her hair was punkish black tangle which would seldom allow itself to be tamed. She had gone through a goth phase, and her hair still reflected that. Now she was just a metalhead, and dressed – well – almost normally - most of the time. She’d even gotten rid of the piercings – the ones in her nose and tongue anyway.

After all, she wasn’t a kid anymore. She was twenty-three!

That was practically a grown-up! Even if she didn’t feel like one. And even if she hadn’t grown “up” very high.

They had go out into a busier section of the big government building they worked. Patrick stayed well back, using the zoom feature of the camera, and Amie walked as normally as she could, though she felt a little self-conscious, and blushed a bit to herself. She kept her head down as she walked, passing the occasional man, or men stopped to talk, then out to the elevator hall, where she pressed the button to go up.

She very carefully did not look at any of the men around her, though the thought they’d all be looking at her – which was ridiculous – made her uneasy, and both embarrassed and excited, oddly enough.

It was impossible to think of herself as a “hot” woman that men stared at going down the hall. That sort of reaction was for the likes of Tiffany, tall, blonde with

fake boobs. Men stared at her everywhere, and she loved it. Short and dark-haired, Amie was used to not being noticed. The idea that men might be looking at her was rather odd, and she wasn't at all sure she was comfortable with it.

Patrick joined her on the fifth floor, grinning, and motioned her into an empty meeting room.

“What?” she said.

“Watch.”

He played back parts of the video on the small screen of the camera. Rather than following her, the camera mostly watched the men around her. She saw a tall man turn from his conversation with a woman, his eyes following her for a few seconds before he turned back. Further on, another man turned his head completely to watch her, and she felt her face warming.

The security guard by the elevators stared at her legs and her butt as she walked by, and turned to watch her at the elevators. And another man, a big fat guy, watched her from behind and gave his head a little shake.

“They weren't looking at me,” she said, blushing.

“They were looking at you and thinking how much they'd love to get into your panties,” he taunted. “especially the fat guy!”

“Fuck you!”

“He was imagining you bouncing up and down on his belly!”

“Shut up!”

“You owe me pictures, baby!”

“No way.”

“Welcher!”

“I'm not lifting my skirt at work! What if someone sees?”

He grinned and closed the door, then locked it.

She rolled her eyes and heaved a deep sigh. “This is stupid. I have an ugly butt.”

“Looks pretty nice to me.”

“You’re a pervert.”

“I’m a guy.”

“Just because they looked at me doesn’t mean they were like, looking at me. You know.”

“They were looking at you thinking of how you looked naked,” he taunted.

“Fuck off!”

“Bend over, baby!”

She giggled and blushed. “This is stupid.”

“If the picture is ugly I’ll delete it.”

“Promise?”

“Of course.”

“And you can’t show it to anyone.”

“Sure.”

It was only a thong, she told herself. Girls walked around on beaches wearing just thongs in lots of places. Of course, SHE had never done so.

Sighing, she bent over, her elbows on the table and stuck her butt out. He snapped several pictures, and she looked away to hide her face.

“Let’s see those cheeks, baby!” he whispered with a snicker.

“Pig.”

She reached back, her blush deepening, and lifted her short skirt up to bare her bottom. The camera snapped and snapped again, as he moved around behind her.

“That’s enough.”

“No, no no!” he said urgently. “Give me a minute!”

The camera flashed repeatedly, and she kept her face hidden, but she was starting to feel very – turned on, despite herself. This was so kinky and naughty! Imagine doing this at work! If people found out – . Wow.

“Okay, now pull your thong down.”

“No way!”

“Not all the way, just a little, for effect. Please! Let me show you.”

She felt her insides squirming with rising excitement as Patrick gently gripped the edges of her thong and eased it halfway down her butt, then drew back and snapped more pictures. She was starting to feel a sense of breathless anticipation, as though she were about to something wild and – dangerous – and thrilling.

“Just a little more,” he said.

He eased the thong down so it was bunched up right over her pussy. She could still feel the crotch pressed against her there, but the rest of her was bare to his eyes.

“You have a fantastic ass,” he said.

“I do not,” she said, blushing.

“Fuck, yes you do. You have an incredible ass.”

“I’m too skinny.”

“Are you crazy? You think men like big, fat asses?”

“Yes.”

“I can barely keep from touching yours. It’s like a magnet and my fingers are steel,” he laughed a little.

“Yeah?” She grinned mischievously. “Go ahead.”

“What?”

“Touch it.”

“really?”

“You scared?” she taunted.

“Ha.”

He slid his hand onto her bared bottom, stroking the warm, downy skin.

“Your skin is so soft,” he said.

She shifted, and gasped as her thong slid down her legs. She froze, then started to stand upright, but he put a hand on her back, snapping a picture.

“Don’t take a picture of me like that!” she protested.

“You have an incredible pussy,” he said, putting down the camera.

“Patrick,” she gulped, feeling breathless.

Her nipples were hardening against the table as she felt his fingers caressing her inner thighs. She knew she should stop him, should straighten up and turn around, pull her thong up and leave, but she froze, heart pounding, as his fingers stroked gently up and down along her inner thighs, getting closer and closer to her bare, shaven sex.

“I like clean floors instead of carpets,” he said jokingly.

She blushed furiously, then let out a little gasp, and jerked half upright as his finger lightly traced the line of her sex.

She felt his hand against the back of her neck, pushing her back down, and let herself be forced back down onto the table, her breathing becoming more ragged.

“You said I should touch you,” he reminded her.

She'd said he could touch her ass, but she hadn't said her naked pussy! But Amie

let herself be held without further resistance as his finger slid up across that tiny bump at the top. The jolt of pleasure that made her knees weak and she gasped aloud.

“And this one is veeeery nice,” he said, his finger rubbing a little more firmly along her slit, easing the taut lips slowly apart to reveal the mouth of her sex. Her lips were small and neat and tight, and as his finger slid through he could feel her moisture already beginning to dampen his finger. He grinned and took his hand back, licking his finger, then slid a finger downward to her clit and rubbed up and down.

Amie shuddered, and her bottom rolled upwards convulsively.

“Don't!” she breathed, pushing up against his hand.

“Hey, be a good little girl or you'll get a spanking,” he said.

Then his hand slapped against her bottom to demonstrate.

Amie gasped again, partly outraged, partly aroused and excited.

“Don't you d-dare!”

He chuckled dramatically. “I can do anything I want to you, little girl. You're my prisoner,” he said.

She wriggled against his grip and he slapped her bottom again.

“Settle down, French slut.”

“I am not a slut!” she gasped indignantly.

“You're going to be MY slut,” he taunted her.

“I am not!”

He reached up to his tie, which was loose around his neck, undid the knot and slid the tie off. The boardroom table was long and very wide, but it had holes strategically placed along it in order to use electrical equipment, and he had plugged in cords many times so knew there were metal support poles just

underneath.

He abruptly took his hand off the back of her neck and grabbed her right wrist, then looped the tie around it, tying it before she even realized what he was up to.

“What are you doing!?” she gasped.

He snickered as he forced her wrists together. She was only just starting to resist as he looped the tie around them both, then did it again, pulling them tight.

“Patrick! Are you crazy! We're at work! Someone might come for a meeting!”

He tied her wrists tightly and then held them down, his body pressing against her from behind, his cock, hard, grinding against her as, giggling, he shoved the tie down through the opening.

He held her wrists in place, bent sideways, stretched his other arm down under the table, bent, and then with a quick movement, released her wrists and dove down for the tie. Amie started to pull her arms away but he grabbed at the tie in time and yanked it down.

“Patrick!” she cried indignantly.

He grinned up through the table, wrapped the tie around the support pole and tied it, then slid out from under the table to see her head turned around, glaring at him.

“You untie me, you fool!” she demanded.

“Uh huh,” he said, grinning.

Cursing, she tried to kick back at him and he danced aside, then moved in closer and dropped to his knees behind her, grasping her legs to hold them still. He was face to face with her pussy by then and licked his lips excitedly.

“Hmm, this looks like good eating,” he said.

“Don't you dare!” she said, her words holding more shocked excitement than outrage.

Oral sex. She loved to give it and truly loved to get it. But she rarely did. Her last boyfriend hadn't wanted anything to do with touching her pussy with any part of his body other than his cock. The one before that had been drunk half the time, and the one before that was too young and macho to care much about her pleasure. Getting good oral sex had been a fantasy of hers for years. She was practically a virgin in that regard.

He slid her panties down and off, then gripped her thighs firmly and forced them well apart, his tongue licking slowly up and down along her slender thighs, up towards her pussy, but not quite onto it. She moaned softly, and he grinned at her responsiveness.

He let his fingers rub along the edges of her pussy on both sides, then slowly spread her lips open and blew gently, then harder along her slit, into the tiny round mouth of her sex, then across her clit.

Her bottom jerked and her legs flinched and she gasped again.

He let one finger press against her, then pushed it into her, blinking at how tight she was as her hips bucked back against him.

“What a tight little pussy,” he said.

He slid his finger deep, twisting it around within her, then let another finger rub gently against her clit. Amie gasped and her hips jerked back even harder. He had been intending to just tease her a little, but the feverish way her hips began to work and the noises she was making made it all-too evident that it was too late to do anything but keep stroking as she climaxed.

“Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Fuck!” she gasped, her hands pushing her partly upwards

Her mouth gaped open as she gulped in air, her face flushed as his finger pushed deeper into her pussy and began to pump in and out. His fingers continued to stroke back and forth and from side to side over her clitoris, and she panted helplessly, her eyes glassy behind her glasses as her hips ground into edge of the table.

“Huhh! Huhh! Huhh!” she gasped, her bottom jerking back and jerking frantically.

“You’re gonna come for me, eh, baby? You’re gonna come for me, little French girl?” he said.

But her gasping breaths were become more frantic, and louder, and he looked with concern at the door. “Not so loud,” he hissed.

She moaned and gulped in air, her breasts pillowing out against the cold wood beneath as she put her mouth against her upper arm. His fingers rubbed and pumped and heat suddenly suffused her entire body. She cried out into her arm, her body jerking and quivering violently as the orgasm raced through her nervous system. Her hips rolled back convulsively as he rubbed harder, and the pleasure ripped through her body like a surging storm.

And then, slowly, it faded, and left her limp and gasping, eyes glazed over as he grinned down at her and rubbed lightly. Her hips spasmed back several times, and she moaned as she finally let her head straighten and pulled her open mouth away from her arm.

“Guess you liked that, huh?” he said with a grin, his fingers kneading her buttocks.

## Chapter Three

Amie groaned in response, and he slid his hand upwards onto her back, raising her shirt and light sweater up, sliding his hand along her spine and delighting in the softness of her warm skin.

“Pateek,” she groaned.

“I like making little French girls come,” he said with a leer.

He got the camera and snapped pictures of her gaping pussy, glistening with her juices, then moved to the side to get pictures of the French girl's flushed face and tousled hair, her glasses crooked and her mouth open as she gulped in air.

“D-Don't!” she panted.

Grinning, he pushed her blouse up her body and undid her bra and filled his hands with her soft breasts. That made her gasp again, eyes shifting into focus as she pulled against the tie binding her and holding her down.

“W-We're at work, Pateek!” she moaned in protest.

“So? The door is locked.”

“Someone might come!”

“Yes, you!”

He paused, then grinned and looked around the room. There was a low cupboard by the wall and he slid open the doors, hoping to find tape. Instead, in a shadowy corner, he found a spongy blue stress ball someone had left behind. He laughed and pulled it out, then loomed over her, gripped her hair and pulled her head up and back.

Her mouth opened wide in protest, and he pushed the stress ball against it. The ball was too big for her small mouth, but it was very malleable, and he was able to work it through her teeth easily enough before she even realized what he was

trying to do.

“Now you won't make any noise,” he said, releasing her hair and kissing her on the cheek.

She tried, though, and they were indignant noises as she kicked back at him in outrage.

He slapped her bottom sharply and she yelped.

“Don't be a bad little French girl,” he taunted.

He ran his hands over her perfect little round bottom, then slapped it again, just because he could.

“Otherwise daddy will have to give you a spanking,” he taunted.

She made more rude sounding sounds and he slapped her bottom again, and then again.

“Spread your legs, slut!” he taunted, giving her another slap to force her to obey.

Amie moaned and spread her legs wide, then wider still at another slap.

Patrick leaned over her with a grin, chewing lightly on the nape of her neck as his

“You be ma beeeatch!” he said.

He released her breast and slid back down to his knees behind her, grasping her legs and jerking them wide.

He gazed at her tight, neat, smooth sex before sliding his tongue in and tracing her pussy slit in the same way he had just done with his fingers. If she was so responsive to fingers, he thought, wait till he gets his tongue on her!

Amie's eyes grew wide and round as she felt his lips close around her clit. She had been starting to get genuinely annoyed at the danger, but the sudden jolt of shock as his mouth began to suck on her clit made her legs go rubbery. Her clitoris was incredibly sensitive due to the orgasm, and at first the sensations his

mouth brought were almost uncomfortably strong.

She gurgled weakly as his tongue lapped across her small sex, then his fingers pried her pussy lips open and his tongue pushed into her.

Her eyes went wide and she gasped and moaned into the gag, soft cries of intense pleasure beginning to force their way through the makeshift gag filling her mouth.

Patrick's mouth sucked her clit and all the surrounding flesh into it. He sucked softly, rhythmically, mouthing her pussy as his tongue flitted from side to side. He found himself tightening his grip on her slender thighs as her bottom began to buck and jerk and she began to gasp and moan into the gag. He grinned to himself, working his tongue harder as he spread her thighs even further apart.

Amie began to make strangled noises, her hips grinding feverishly as he tried to hold her still and keep his mouth locked onto her pussy. He felt his cock straining against the crotch of his pants, but was thoroughly enjoying driving her crazy and not eager to do anything to change that.

He was sucking and mouthing her clit and the discomfort had given way to a blossoming series of sexual shockwaves that her eyes rolling back in her head and her hips jerking spasmodically.

His hands clutched her thighs more tightly, pulling back as he opened his mouth and took her entire pussy into it, sucking and licking, his tongue pushing and squirming up into the incredibly tight depths of her pink pussy as Amie's thinking collapsed under towering waves of sexual heat and pleasure.

Amie was in another place altogether. She had never felt anything quite like the touch of Patrick's tongue against her. It was so warm and shockingly soft, so slick and slippery yet its touch had a tantalizingly delicious friction to it. The tactile sensation was making her entire body burn with an molten heat she had rarely ever felt.

For the truth was, that Amie had always climaxed very easily: very quickly, and very easily. That meant that to her, a quicky wasn't a bad thing at all, and her boyfriends to date had not felt the need to spend a lot of time in getting their own pleasure, for it took very little to make her come.

So to her, sex was something which took a few minutes, a quick, pleasurable sport. And the orgasm was the end of it, for the most part. Now, not only was Patrick continuing things well after her climax but she was getting her long dreamt of oral sex, and it was blowing her mind.

And as she was discovering, the pleasure did not diminish after her first, quick climax, but grew more powerful.

Now she screamed into the stress ball, her entire body writhing and jerking as she instinctively sought to jam her burning sex back against his mouth. The orgasm rolled over her in intense, powerful waves, and the pleasure was so stunning, so fantastic she prayed it would never stop.

And then Patrick thrust two fingers deep into her erupting pussy, all the way licking and sucking at her clit, and Amie felt as though her orgasm – had an orgasm! Her body thrashed and jerked like an epileptic in a fit and she thrust herself back against the source of the pleasure like a maddened animal.

And then the world began to black out, for she had been unwilling to breath, unwilling to do anything which distracted her from the glorious pleasure of her sexual climax. Black dots danced before her eyes, and the world swirled around her pounding skull as her eyes rolled back in her head.

The orgasm eased its terrible intensity, and she gulped in air, gasping, panting dazedly, sweating. She was hardly aware of where she was, of who she was.

Patrick was rewarded by a wild, warbling cry as she came. He felt her pussy sucking and spasming around his finger as her tight little bottom thrust back into his face and he licked furiously at her quivering clitoris as she twisted and writhed and cried out again and again into the ball gag.

He could take it no more, and stood up, unzipping as he ran his hands up her soft back. He pressed his purplish red cock against her tight, thin, moist opening and pushed into her slowly as she lay quivering, dazed, and practically drooling on the table.

“Fuck you’re tight,” he whispered as he worked himself in and out. “You’re like a fucking virgin!”

She groaned weakly, then shifted her legs further apart. Her shoes had fallen off

while he'd held her thighs spread so wide, and now she rose to her bare toes on the rough carpet, groaning as she felt him pushing into her. She ached a little, but it was a delicious ache, as he filled her and then some, pushing to the bottom of her pussy and grinding himself against the back wall of her sex.

I can't believe, she thought weakly, that I'm doing this at work. I'm out of my mind! Oh my God!

Her body felt rubbery and boneless. The orgasm had torn through her like a firestorm, leaving her limp and spent. She groaned weakly as he ran his hands up and down her bare back and then slid them underneath to cup her breasts.

This was insane!

But it was so wild, so hot, so exciting, so wicked!

Despite two violent orgasms in the space of a few minutes she was still almost physically trembling with excitement, shell-shocked at being naked at work in the board room – bent over and – .

“Uhhhhhhh!” she groaned as he thrust himself deeper into her from behind.

He drove in and out slowly, his fingers kneading her breasts, and then leaned over her, kissing and biting gently at the nape of her neck.

“You like that, baby?” he whispered. “You know how fucking hot you are!?”

She was still wrapped in the fog of lethargy and contentment from the orgasm, and grunted weakly as Patrick's cock moved in and out of her. She could feel her own wetness, though, and felt a slow rising sense of embarrassment about her reactions to him. He must think she was some kind of idiot schoolgirl or something.

“Uhhmm! Uhmm! UhhmmM!” she groaned as his cock moved in and out.

He pulled out, suddenly, and then his mouth was on her again.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped.

She didn't think she could stand another orgasm like that so soon!

“D-Don’t!” she moaned into the gag.

He ignored her, his hot, wonderful mouth sucking her. Amie felt her pussy burn and throb. She writhed and twisted on the table, and then half crawled atop it as if to escape. He followed her with his lips, then gripped her thighs as she twisted, and helped her roll onto her back. She gasped, staring up at the ceiling lights as he rose between her legs again, an evil grin on his face.

“Heloooo,” he said, rubbing his cock against her pussy.

She groaned as he pushed into her. Then he was leaning over her, kissing her, his tongue tongue and teeth at her throat and under her ear, and she gasped weakly, her hands pulling feebly against the tie as he thrust into her again and again. She felt impaled and helpless, and overwhelmed by it all as her body heat began to rise once again.

He drew back, leering, and undid her skirt. “I want you completely naked!” he said with a leer.

Then he was scooping up her legs, pulling her little skirt out from under her bottom, and up her legs to toss behind him.

He untied her wrists and then pushed her shirt up over her head and off, then undid her bra, as well.

Now totally naked, she groaned excitedly, the wood cold against her bare back as she spread her legs wide and he entered her again.

“You have an incredible, fucking body,” he said.

His fingers kneaded her breasts, and she moaned and put her hands on his wrists, pushing them in harder, twisting slowly, languorously as his hips worked in and out. She threw her slim arms around him and he scooped her up as she wrapped her legs around his hips so she was sitting on the edge of the table

She grunted and gasped and moaned to his quickening thrusts, rising off the table now, riding him, squeezing him with her thighs as she pressed her breasts against his chest. And then he came with a gurgle, staggering forward, dropping her bottom back on the table, thrusting frenziedly as she unwrapped her legs, twisting and writhing as he thrust into her again and again and again.

“Oh fuck!” he gasped, coming inside her, digging his fingers into her full breasts, burying his face in the nape of her neck.

She lay back spreadeagled, chest heaving, eyes slitted as he sank to his knees. He was gulping in air too, and bent over, shaking his head, amazed at what had just happened.

He took a deep breath, then another, then untied his tie from the bar under the table and stood up.

He looked down at the gorgeous female flesh spread before him and groaned at its beauty.

Amie sat up weakly, groaning, and reached for the ball in her mouth.

Patrick grinned. He grabbed her wrists and pulled her forward off the table. Amie looked at him in confusion, but he was not quite ready to let this wild scene end. He turned her and pulled her slender wrists together behind her back, then wrapped the tie around them again.

She tried to resist, but she was weak and still dazed by the screaming power of the three orgasms, and he tied her wrists easily enough before turning her back to face him.

She was glowering and he grinned and kissed her nose.

He chuckled and pushed her down onto her knees, then started to reach for the ball in her mouth.

“Now, little one, let's see about your oral skills,” he said, pushing her to her knees.

“All right, everyone, we'll just use this boardroom,” a voice said as the handle rattle.

They froze, their eyes widening.

“It's locked,” came the voice.

“Don't worry, I have a master key,” said another male voice.

Amie thought her heart would stop.

Patrick quickly jammed his cock back into his pants and zipped up as Amie rolled back under the table.

“Patrick?”

“Oh uhm, Hi, Mr. Anderson,” Patrick said.

“Were you uhm, doing something in here?”

“Oh no, I was just rearranging the chairs and cleaning the table,” he said quickly, kicking one of Amie’s shoes under the table. “I didn’t know the door was locked.”

“Well we need to have a brief meeting, if you don’t mind.”

He stared at them, frozen, helpless. “Uhm, sure, okay. No problem,” he said.

The director came in, trailed by four more people, and pulled chairs out from the board room table. Patrick looked around frantically, and saw that her clothes, which had thrown behind him, had landed in a pile underneath a portable chalkboard. No one had noticed them.

He backed out of the room slowly, a stupid look on his face, while Amie sat huddled under the table naked, gagged, her hands tied behind her back.

## Chapter Four

Amie squatted under the table, her knees drawn up against her chest, completely naked, wrists pulling desperately against the soft fabric of the tie binding them together. Her eyes were enormous as she stared at four pair of legs moving to the table and drawing out chairs. Her heart was pounding as she heard the sound of objects being placed on the table, and the people – including the director – sat down and pulled in their chairs.

She scrambled awkwardly back as their feet and knees approached her, only just managing to get out of the way but she was only a few inches from shoes on either side of her, and before long someone was bound to stretch their legs out. She eased carefully back along the length of the table, trying not to think of being spotted.

It was a large table in a small room. As long as no one dropped their pencil or something, she should – maybe – be safe from discovery. Besides there were only four of them.

And then there were several more voices, and greetings, and several more people came into the room, then several more, and chairs began to be pulled out all around her as people took their spots around the big board room table. Amie continued to twist her small wrists against the tie, cursing Patrick for a variety of things, not the least of which was his knot tying skills. Though she supposed being naked and being tied up naked really made little difference should she be spotted except that she would at least have a chance of covering certain parts of her anatomy from view.

And then the fire alarm went off.

There were a lot of muttered complaints and laughter, but everyone got up again and filed out the door, heading for the stairs. Amie peered around the room and saw no sign of feet or legs. Alone, she let her body fall backwards onto her back, then pulled her legs up and back, her bare feet pressing against the underside of the table as she rolled up onto her shoulders and forced her wrists down under her bottom.

Panting, heart pounding, she sat up, her wrists now tied in front of her, and pulled the tie up to her mouth, biting at it and tugging the fabric free of the knots. Hands free at last she scrambled out from under the table, stared around wildly, then scurried to her clothes, grabbing them and crawling back under the table. She dressed frantically, but couldn't find her thong. Muttering, she crawled back out and then looked around the floor.

“Hey, it's a fire alarm!”

She turned with a gasp to see a self-important woman with a yellow hardhat on that said “fire warden”.

“Everyone has to leave when the bell sounds. Let's go!”

So Amie was forced to join the crowd at the stairs – without her underwear. The skirt was short, though it wasn't like it was a miniskirt or anything. Still, she felt uneasy on the steep stairs. Fortunately, no one was looking back ... and up.

Outside, she lit a cigarette, her hands shaking, and finally started to breath again.

Patrick sidled up next to her with a grin. “Good time for a fire drill, huh?” he said.

She glowered at him then punched him hard on the arm. “You almost got me fired,” she hissed.

“How was I to know the accommodations manager would show up right then and there. No one else has keys to those rooms except administration – us. I take it no one spotted you.”

“No. It was very close, though. I almost had a fuckeeng heart attack.”

“Aren't you French girls supposed to be okay with nudity. Don't you all go naked to the beach”

“I'm not a French girl I'm a Quebec girl. We don't have many nude beaches in Quebec. It's too fuckeeng cold. And an office building is not the same as a beach, you know, moron!”

“I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you.”

“How?”

“Well, you seemed to like it when I licked your pussy,” he said with a grin. “I could do that again!”

She punched him in the arm again, and looked around quickly. “Shhh!”

“No one heard. No one is close.”

She moved further away from where the crowds were gathered anyway.

“You are really responsive,” he said with a grin, lowering his voice.

She shrugged, embarrassed.

“I mean reeeaaally responsive. I love how excited you get!”

“I like that kind of things is all,” she said uncomfortably.

“Yeah but you’re very ... well, you make me feel like I’m really good.”

“You’re good with your tongue anyway, when you’re not using it to talk.”

“Ha, ha. You can ride my face anytime, baby,” he said with a leer. “But I think next time we need to stuff something into your mouth so you don’t make so much noise.”

“Did you have anything in mind?” she asked, smirking.

He grinned back. “I can think of one thing.”

She snorted.

Everyone started moving back to the building and she finished her cigarette and tossed it on the ground.

“Messy French chick. You shouldn’t throw things on the ground. This is America, you know, the land of the clean.”

“Your cities are filthy,” she said.

“We like filthy, but only when we’re talking sex.”

“Hey, did you take my underwear?”

He stared at her in surprise. “What? No. You mean you’re not wearing anything?”

“No.”

He grinned hugely and looked down at her skirt.

“You can’t see anything.”

“I’ll walk up the stairs behind you.”

“I’m not going up the stairs!”

“You have to or they’ll find your thong,” he said, grinning.

She shrugged. “It doesn’t have my name on it.”

She smirked. “They saw you there alone in the room with the door locked. They’ll probably think you were playing with them. They’ll think you’re a pervert.”

He stared at her, then bit his lip. “I’ll run up there fast,” he said, hurrying ahead as she giggled.

She returned to her cubicle and sat down. She was very aware that she had no underwear. And it felt - naughty. She was feeling kind of hyper over what had happened upstairs, amazed at herself, and almost giggling at how much she’d gotten away with.

And how good it had been!

Wow!

The feel of Patrick’s mouth on her pussy had been incredible! She was definitely going to have to get more of that!

She wasn’t certain he was good boyfriend material, but he was certainly good for

– other things!

She tried to do some work, but couldn't concentrate very well. Then she got an email from Patrick, which said "I found them – and I'm keeping them!".

She laughed, and got up, going down the aisle to his desk. He looked up at her and smirked.

"Give them to me," she said.

"I like you without," he said, smirking.

She looked around and gave him a stern look, and he stuck his tongue out and waggled it up and down.

"Want to ride this, little girl? I can make you scream," he teased.

"Shut up. I'd like to see you keep quiet if someone was doing that to you."

"I'm a man. We don't need to make loud noises like you little girls."

"Ha."

"It's true."

She moved further into the room, sitting on his desk, and his eyes immediately flicked to her skirt. She grinned and looked behind her, up and down the aisle.

"So you think you are so strong and manly and don't react to anything, eh?"

She spread her legs slowly apart, and eased her skirt up, and smirked at his instant reaction. She was sitting on the edge of his desk, just inside the cubicle. But she could turn her head and look up the aisle easily enough. It felt almost as though she was exposing herself in public, and she felt her pussy starting to throb and warm as he licked his lips and grinned at her.

Then she smoothed her skirt back down again and enjoyed the look of disappointment on his face.

Someone walked past her, and she smiled at him again, feeling mischievous again. She gripped her skirt and pulled it up completely, then spread her legs and

rubbed her pussy lightly as he stared. She looked down and was satisfied at how his pants bulged out.

“Do you like that?” she purred.

“Oh yeah,” he whispered.

She squeezed her breast with her other hand, and stroked her finger along her pussy.

Then a man turned the corner ahead and walked towards her and she brought her legs together and smoothed her skirt down. She let him pass, then leaned back against the cubicle wall, drawing her left knee up and back, raising her skirt again. She felt her breathing quicken as she rubbed at her pussy, and watched his face become flushed as he stared at her excitedly.

She felt the sexual heat spreading up her body, filling her with that familiar warmth and need as her own body became flushed. She felt her pussy becoming wet, and her finger slick. She probed lightly within the mouth of her sex, then drew her finger out and teasingly slid it up to her mouth, sliding it through her pert lips and sucking and licking gently as he stared with wide eyes.

She smirked and slid the finger inside herself again, pumping it in and out as she stroked her thumb across her clitoris. Sexual electricity crackled along her body now, and she had to keep remembering to look up and down the aisle to make sure no one caught her.

She reached over and picked up a marker from his desk, then slowly pushed it into her pussy as she rubbed at her clit.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

She pumped the marker slowly in and out, in and out, thrusting it deeper and deeper, until it was almost completely inside her. She turned and looked around, then shifted her position. She put one foot on the floor against the desk, then the other foot on the desk and drew her leg further and further apart as she leaned back against the cubicle wall.

“Fuck you’re sexy!” he whispered.

She waggled her tongue at him, and eased the marker out, then pushed it back in again. She had her knees back almost as far as the cubicle wall now, and straightened her leg, pulling it up and back and wide, her foot actually pressing against the cubicle behind her as she pumped the marker in and out.

A sound alerted her, and she jerked her legs in and down almost at the last second as she sensed someone coming, and Patrick quickly grabbed a binder and put it over his crotch as she turned up to see Ms. Kingston, the manager.

“Come on, you two,” she said impatiently. “You’re late.”

“Late?”

“There’s a team meeting in the board room. Did you forget again?”

“Uhm, yes.”

“Let’s go!”

Amie slid carefully off the desk, squeezing her pussy muscles around the marker as she followed Kingston up the aisle. Although really, she was so tight there was no chance the marker would fall out. Patrick came close behind her, and grabbed her ass through her skirt, squeezing her. Then as the aisle widened, he lifted her skirt and squeezed her bare bottom while she walked almost beside Kingston, fighting to show no reaction.

There were ten people in the room already, gathered around the board room table. Patrick sat down, his binder in his lap until he was under the table, and Amie sat next to him – carefully, feeling the pressure against her pussy, against the marker. She felt a tremor of dark excitement as she looked around at the other clerks, and folded her arms across her breasts. They had no clue, she thought, with a mixture of smug excitement and wary anxiety.

Her pussy squeezed tight around the marker and she felt the heat in her groin spreading upwards as she rolled her eyes up at Patrick, then away.

“First, we shall be discussing the processing of travel claims,” Kingston said, reading from her carefully written agenda. “I have been getting a lot of complaints about this. I think it might be helpful if we re-familiarize ourselves with the departmental procedures involved in processing travel claims.”

She turned to the television on the stand which was always parked in the corner, and fumbled with the remote control. The screen came on, and someone turned out the lights.

Amie felt Patrick's hand on her thigh, and fought a giggle. His fingers caressed her through her skirt, then slowly eased it up – higher and higher along her thigh. Since they had come in late they were at the end of the table, and everyone else was looking towards the front, where the TV was showing images of a very businesslike clerk type holding up a travel claim.

Amie felt the skirt bunching up higher, and then his fingers slipped underneath. They rubbed the top of her thigh, then slid slowly in to rub along the inside before gliding in further. She gasped softly as his fingers slipped across her clit, and spread her legs wider as she leaned back in her chair.

His fingers rubbed gently at her clit, then eased up from under the table. She turned to him and he looked past her to make sure no one was looking, then slid his fingers along her lips, and inside. She smirked and closed her lips around them, sucking and licking his fingers as he pushed them slowly in and out.

He pulled them out and slid his hand down between her legs again, and she reached across and began to rub his crotch through his pants. Her fingers sought out his zipper and eased it down slowly, then her small hand slipped inside and into his boxers, folded around his stiffening cock, and squeezed.

He leaned in carefully, his lips next to her ear. "Slut," he whispered.

She grinned evilly, and stroked her thumb along the inside of his cockhead, but then he slid two fingers in against the base of the marker, and tried to tug it out. She slumped lower in her chair, watching the backs of the heads of the other people in the room intently, as Patrick eased the marker in and out, in and out, and stroked his thumb along her clit.

The wild, dark, dangerous thrill of doing this in the middle of a meeting had her heart racing, as she fought to make no sounds. She slumped a bit lower, face flushed, lips closed tightly now as Patrick's stroking fingers made her clit quiver and swell and flood her body with pleasure and heat.

Her body began to pulse with the intensity of the heat inside her, and before she lost control completely she knew she had to stop or she was going to come – and

come in a way which would attract attention. But she didn't think he could bring herself to stop him. It was just too damn good!

And then he stopped himself, pulling his fingers back, grinning at her, licking his fingers, then gesturing at her to turn her head around and watch the TV. She glowered at him and let her fingernails rake his cock a little so he winced and she giggled.

He frowned at her, then slid his hand back under the table, but his fingers bypassed her clit, slid lightly down her slit, and then pushed against her wrinkled little anal opening.

He gave her a challenging smirk, but Amie hardly saw it. He might think he was taunting her, but he had inadvertently discovered her secret. Amie was absolutely in love with the fantasy of anal sex. Her last boyfriend – the idiot – had refused to do anything that 'dirty', and she'd been too young and shy to propose it to the one before that.

But she used her fingers and toys on herself every time she masturbated, and the sensations were incredible to her, making her ready to explode even faster than touching her pussy.

Patrick didn't seem to realize what reaction he had caused, for he was dipping his spit-wet finger deeper and deeper, waiting for her to push his hand away.

Amie was fighting to keep her eyes from rolling back in her head as his fingers rubbed at her wrinkled opening, and dipped and pumped just inside. When she didn't protest or push him off, his finger slid deeper still, and Amie shuddered, her hips bucking up involuntarily as the sensations pulsed within her. Her eyes started to roll back in her head as he looked at her curiously, then with a growing smile on his face. He twisted his finger in her ass, driving it deeper, then pulled it back out, slid the marker out of her pussy, and pushed it down into her ass.

She inhaled sharply, and her hand shot downward, but she was too overheated, too excited, and a sudden wave of raw sensation made her jerk her hand back helplessly as she arched her back, rolled her head back, and struggled desperately to stay quiet

Patrick had pushed the marker several inches deep at this point, but stopped suddenly, drawing back in some alarm at her reaction – in a crowded board room

at work. He pulled the marker out, put his cock back into his pants and tried to cool things down before they both wound up getting fired.

“Okay, enough, enough,” he whispered.

Her pounding heart rate began to slow, and she struggled to ease back into a proper sitting position, pushing the hair out of her eyes as she grinned at him.

“Chicken,” she whispered.

“You’re crazy.”

She giggled softly.

She reached out and grabbed him by the shirt front, jerking him forward, then kissed him hotly, passionately. He kissed her back, but his eyes rolled past her towards the backs of the heads of the people they worked with, and he drew back firmly, shaking his head.

“You are crazy,” he whispered.

She grinned and nodded.

## Chapter Five

They had dinner at a small restaurant not far from the office and chatted about things, often joking about the people they worked with and the idiots they worked for. Patrick asked her about Quebec, and they talked about music, for they were both big heavy metal fans. Afterwards, he asked if he could drive her car, which she doubtfully agreed to.

“Okay, so this steers, right?” he said, pointing at the steering wheel.

She smirked, and then took his hand and put it on the shift “Guess what this is for?” she said, pumping his hand up and down on the gear shift.

He grinned. “It’s for pretty little French girls to masturbate with?”

“Uhm, NO,” she said. “It’s for gay boys to put their hands on so they always have something to play with.”

“And you don’t like to play with things like that?” he taunted, pulling her hand from the gear shift and putting it on his crotch.

“This does not feel like very much to play with she said, rubbing his groin.  
“Ooo, wait, it seems to be growing bigger.”

“But I prefer playing with other things,” he said, sliding his hand in between her legs and under her skirt.

They kissed gingerly, then with growing passion, their hands between each other’s legs. Amie undid his zipper and pulled his cock out, pumping her fist up and down, and he eased his finger into her pussy, then rubbed lightly against her wrinkled anal opening to make her moan softly against his mouth.

His hand rose to squeeze her breast, and his fingers deftly undid the buttons down the front of her blouse, then slipped in around behind her to undo her bra.

Amie’s breaths came faster and she looked quickly around the rapidly darkening parking lot, then her attention was drawn back to him as he pushed her bra aside,

bent, and took the centre of her breast into his mouth, sucking excitedly at her nipple as his hand slid back between her legs.

Her nipple throbbed in his mouth, and she groaned and ran her fingers through his hair. She opened his shirt and ran her fingers over the soft flesh of his chest, feeling the hardness beneath as he opened her blouse further and licked and kissed her breasts. His hand was under her skirt stroking and rubbing her as she shuddered and spread her legs wider.

“L-Let’s go in the back seat!” he panted.

He opened the door and got out, pulling her with him. Amie giggled excitedly, looking around wildly to make sure no one was watching, then followed him into the back of the car. He pulled her prone beneath him and opened her blouse completely, licking and sucking at her nipples as his fingers slid down between her legs.

She reached for his crotch, rubbing him through his pants until he licked his way down her belly and spread her thighs apart to drive his tongue inside her. The feel of its slick, soft heat made her buck her hips upwards involuntarily, and gasp in pleasure. She clutched her own breasts, her breathing quickening as his tongue lapped at her sex and his lips sucked lightly on her clit.

“Fuuuck!” she moaned

His thumbs spread her open and his tongue lapped at her. He slid a finger inside her as his tongue worked its way up across her clit. Then he lifted her thighs higher and pushed them back against her, raising her ass higher, and let his tongue lick downward. He licked all the way down her tight slit – but didn’t stop. His tongue slid over that tiny bit of bare skin between her pussy and her wrinkled little anal opening, and Amie’s eyes got wide as she felt his tongue lapping at her THERE.

She couldn’t speak, but made soft gurgling sounds as he licked up and down her pussy, each time sliding past it to lick at her ass. She groaned helplessly, twisting and wriggling beneath him as he made her skin burn like fire and set her insides churning with lust and excitement.

“Oh my God!” she gasped in a choked voice as he pushed a finger deep into her slippery back opening.

She bucked and jerked so violently he was pushed back, and, grinning, shook his head, then reached past her for the glove compartment, for a few things he'd brought with him. The first was a length of soft black rope. He rolled the gasping girl over onto her belly and drew her shirt and bra completely off before pulling her wrists together behind her back and tying them.

“Patreeek!” she moaned in breathless protest.

He rolled her over onto her back and she looked up at him dazedly as he pulled her skirt off and tossed it behind him.

He plunged his face between her trembling thighs again, his tongue thrusting into her open pussy. He replaced it with his finger, pumping it in and out slowly as he sucked at her clit, and Amie felt the orgasm exploding inside her as her body shook and jerked to the waves of sensations pouring over her. She twisted and writhed and cried out again and again as the intensity of the orgasm lashed her senses and her hips bucked uncontrollably up against him.

Then the orgasm faded, leaving her limp and gasping.

He rolled onto his side, and undid his pants completely pushing them down, pulling his cock out and pulling her up into a sitting position, then bending her over him as he sat back. Amie moaned and slipped her lips around it, sucking excitedly.

He grunted in pleasure, his hands stroking her soft flesh, and Amie momentarily lost control of herself as one of his fingers pushed into her ass again while his thumb began to stroke against her clit.

Then she began to suck, bobbing her lips up and down on him, sliding deeper and deeper. She took him deep into her throat and he groaned in pleasure and jerked against her. She grinned inside herself, eased back, and sucked lightly on his balls as she pumped her hand up and down his cock. She licked along the shaft to the head, then let her teeth come out, gnawing playfully along the head, letting his cock slide slowly through her teeth into the warm, moist welcome of her mouth, and then deep into her throat.

“Fuuuck!” he gasped.

He gazed out into the darkness of the parking lot, then as she rose to give him a

grin, he had a sudden idea and opened the door.

“What are you -- ?”

He pulled her out into the open, and Amie, still panting excitedly, looked around her anxiously, head swivelling as he forced her away from the car.

“Are you crazy!” she hissed, struggling to go back to the protection of the big SUV.

He grinned. He had pulled his pants back up and so was fully clothed. Amie was completely naked, her wrists tied behind her back so she was unable to even attempt to over her sleek young body with her hands.

“Patreek!”

He gripped a thick chunk of soft hair behind her neck and used it to guide her along, and again felt that pulse of excitement as he realized he was fully in control of her, able to do anything he wanted. Her body glowed pale in the reflected street lights as her small feet moved over the gritty pavement, and then onto a small patch of grass next to it.

He pushed her down onto her knees and pulled his cock out, rubbing it against her face as he pulled her up and forward by the hair.

“Suck that cock, bitch!” he taunted, rubbing it across her face.

Amie moaned excitedly, but her eyes continued to roll wildly as she looked around her for anyone who might see. He guided her mouth onto his cock, though, and she had little choice then. Besides, she decided, the sooner he came, the sooner he'd let them get back into the car.

She rolled her eyes up at him, his face hidden by the shadows, and felt a surge of heat at kneeling like this, tied up, out doors, right next to the street, sucking a guy's cock. It was so wild and nasty and kinky and dirty!

She took his mouth deep, slowly forcing her throat up the length of his shaft until her lips were wrapped around the base. She moaned and rolled her head a little, sucking, and then slowly pulled back – or tried to. She felt a jolt at realizing she couldn't, that he could hold her there with his fingers on her head

and in her hair, as long as he wanted to.

Her hands pulled against the rope but she could not break free as he forced her mouth back down to the base of his cock, then pulled it out, then pushed it in, fucking her throat and mouth slowly until she started to become light-headed from lack of air.

He pulled out at last and she gasped and gulped in air, panting, sucking in deep breaths while he rubbed his spit wet cock back and forth across her face.

He pushed the head into her mouth again, and she tried to turn her head away, still kind of breathless, but again discovered she had no choice. His cock pushed into her open mouth as he pulled her hair up and forward, and she groaned around it as he fucked her mouth slowly and firmly.

She felt – helpless – and more. A strange sort of passivity came over her, and it made her pussy bubble and burn. She was like, his bitch, like he had said, and he could do anything he wanted to her. Of course, given her diminutive size he could anyway, but having her arms tied only made it that much more obvious. Amie had been physically pushed around all her life, mostly in play, from friends, both male and female. She had been lifted up, tossed around, carried upside down, draped over shoulders like a bag of potatoes, and dangled by her ankles. She had never really tried to resist, especially the guys, for she was half their weight and size.

But now for some reason, the way Patrick was completely dominating her was doing something dark and exciting to her lower belly, and she moaned around his cock as he forced it deep into her throat.

“Suck that slut, bitch!” he growled hoarsely.

Amie knew he was taunting her, teasing her, pretending, but the words drew a dark pulse of excitement to her groin.

He pulled out abruptly and she gasped helplessly as he bent down and forced her head back, forced her body to arch violently. His hand slid between her legs and fingered her pussy as she moaned in helplessly pleasure. He bit the center of her breast and she cried out softly, trembling with the heat he was raising in her body.

“On your face, slut!” he growled, pulling her forward, bending her over.

Her face in the weeds, she gulped in air, a feverish heat taking over as his spit-wet cock rubbed up and down along her sex. She groaned helplessly as he slowly pushed into her, filling her. His slick cock drove deep into her tight little pussy and she cried out as the ache deepened her arousal.

He slapped her bottom, and then to her shock, she felt his finger push into her ass!

“Ahggh!” she gasped, “Oh! Oh God! D-don't!”

He chuckled evilly and wriggled his finger, pushing deeper, slapping her bottom sharply as he worked his cock in and out of her.

“Maybe I should fuck your tight little ass,” he said.

Her wrists pulled helplessly against the rope, and she jerked her head up frantically to look around them.

They were in a small side-street behind the parking lot, which itself was behind the mall where the restaurant was. Across from them was a school, dark and empty at this time of the morning. Further up was their own office building, a few lights showing through the darkness. The street was quiet all around, but anyone could be watching from the darkness, listening...

He fucked harder, deeper, and her orgasm was shattering, her hips bucking back against him as he covered her mouth with his hand and thrust forward. His finger pushed deep into her ass, as well, twisting and turning inside her, driving her crazy.

She wanted to beg him to fuck her in the ass, to take his finger out and thrust his cock into her back there, but she was breathless, dazed, gasping, gulping in air.

He pulled out, abruptly. Had he come, she wondered fuzzily.

“Up,” he ordered, pulling on her hair as he rose to his feet.

She gasped and moaned as she forced her rubbery legs under her. He led her back to the car and loaded her in, then started the engine. He laughed to see her

slumped, naked, panting, then pulled out of the parking lot and turned up the street.

He didn't go far, however, pulling to a stop next to their building.

He got out, went around the car, and lifted her out and down.

“What... where... what are you... doing?” she panted as he set her down and led her towards the stairs.

“Having fun,” he said. “That's what life is for.”

They worked in a three building complex. Off to one side of one building was a small raised courtyard, up a narrow flight of stairs from the street. It had hedges along the side, and stone benches for employees to sit. It was the main smoking area, and Amie had spent a lot of time there – but never like this.

“Oh my God, you're crazy!” she gasped.

He grinned. There were were no lights here. The only light came from nearby street lights and through the glass side door to the building. He forced her to her knees and then pulled his cock out, rubbing it against her face.

“Suck cock, french girl,” he ordered in a mock snarl.

She moaned and obeyed, letting him pull her face forward onto his cock, gulping and sucking, taking him deep into her throat as she knelt in the middle of the courtyard. He pulled her in and out, fucking her face and throat, and she gurgled helplessly as his thick shaft moved up and down in her throat.

He pulled out, pulled her to her feet – again by the hair, and led the moaning, whimpering girl over to the side, to one of the stone benches. He pushed her forward so Amie was kneeling along the bench, and entered her again, slowly pushing through the super tight folds of her sopping pussy, filling her belly.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Amie groaned, face cool against the polished stone.

His finger pushed into her ass and she yelped and cried out, her breathing becoming harsher and more passionate as he fucked her, slapped her bottom, pulled on her hair and fingered her ass.

A second finger pushed into her, and an orgasm had her twisting and writhing and rolling her hips back, crying out in heat and pleasure as the sexual electricity tore through her body.

Then he pulled his fingers free, and her glassy eyes went wide as she felt the soft, slick, rounded nose of his cock pushing into her ass.

“Oh! Oh no! Oh my God! Oh don't! Don't! Patreeck!”

He pushed into her, slapping her bottom stingingly each time her sphincter clamped down. The slaps made her yelp but involuntarily released her squeezing anal muscles.

He sank into her slowly, deeply, as she whimpered and moaned and trembled before him, and when he started to slowly pump in and out her mind simply disintegrated.

She was already nearly trembling with heat and lust and excitement, and feeling his cock pushing slowly down into her anal tube drove her mind into a state of hyper excitement that had sexual electricity crackling through her nervous system. Her mind narrowed to a pinpoint of attention as she let herself revel in the feel of penetration, as she followed his thick, slick cock every inch of its journey down into her belly.

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped in a choked voice, writhing and twisting in wildfire heat.

He chuckled and ran his hands up and down her body, then seized a thick length of hair and slowly lifted her upwards, holding her torso horizontal to the bench as he began to thrust in and out, in and out, in and out. Every stroke loosened her up further, and then his cock reached bottom and his hips began to slam against her round little bottom, jerking her forward with every thrust.

He stroked faster, harder, his hand yanking on her hair, his other either kneading a plump, swollen breast, or slapping her bottom. The blows against Amie's bottom came so rapidly the sensation was unending, and his cock thrust up and down inside her with an exquisitely intimate caress that made her want to scream.

And then she did.

The orgasm seemed to be unstoppable, unending. She screamed helplessly, her voice a howl of wanton passion, rising and falling, echoing along the street and between the stone buildings. On and on it went, and just as she thought it was ending he thrust harder, and reached between her legs to jam his nail against her clitoris - and the orgasm redoubled.

The intensity of the sexual storm was so wild and so violent she hurt her throat screaming, and didn't even realize she was making a sound. Then she sank slowly into slack jawed oblivion.

He had to carry her across the courtyard and down the stairs, then heave her limply into the car before driving off.

\* \* \* \*

They had another meeting the next day, though it was considerably less interesting, so far as Amie was concerned. Ms. Kingston had a long list of procedural changes, which annoyed, irritated and upset everyone. No one liked the woman. More importantly, no one respected her. Amie had heard that her previous staff had formed a conga line and danced up and down the aisles when they'd been informed she was moving on. She could believe it. The woman was clueless about the work but insisted on making changes anyway, no matter how much extra work that created for everyone else.

One of her ideas today was that all the credit cards be locked in her safe.

"I don't understand," Sheila said. "I've been here ten years and there's never been an incident with the credit cards. None have ever been lost or misused. This is going to greatly inconvenience all of us who use them constantly to pay for goods and services."

Amie looked at her sadly. Why she was even bothering was beyond her. Her eyes flicked to Kingston's flabby face. It was clear she had heard the words, but equally clear they had no actual affect on her. Kingston did not listen to people who were beneath her, and she certainly didn't ask them their opinions on anything, despite her lack of experience. Sheila was trying to talk to her as though she was a human being, as though logic could be shown her and this would somehow change her mind. But Amie knew Kingston had no interest in logic or argument. She didn't care if things took longer and were inefficient. She

didn't care who was inconvenienced either.

Kingston cared about Kingston, and was determined that nothing would go wrong in her group that could possibly be laid at her feet. So she micromanaged everything, and wrung her hands anxiously about every decision, however small, delaying decisions for weeks, sometimes months if there was no "policy" she could hide behind.

Kingston was one of those managers who cared primarily about making herself look good to senior management, and ensuring she never looked bad, no matter what it took.

Unfortunately, micromanaging usually ended in disaster, and the fact Kingston actually knew little to nothing about financial or administrative matters didn't help. She clearly didn't enjoy the work either. But she was determined to get into the ranks of executives, and financial and administration experience would be a neat little paragraph on her resume to impress a promotion board some day.

Her eyes, looking faintly glassy, looked at Sheila as she gave her a sad, phoney smile. "We have to be aware of our responsibilities to ensure the proper security of government assets," she said, completely ignoring everything she'd said.

Then she turned her head down and moved on to the next item.

Patrick rolled his eyes at her and Amie shrugged.

The meeting droned on, or rather, Kingston droned on, and Patrick found it increasingly difficult to keep his eyes open. Fooling around with Amie would have done that, but they were right up front, and that would have been far too dangerous. So he tried to keep himself awake with a variety of erotic fantasies, or planning his grocery list, or thinking of what new video games he'd like to try out.

And finally, he found something to open his eyes, and keep him awake. It was a decision, and it immediately made the blood move less sluggishly in his veins and had his heart beating faster with anticipation. It was slightly risky, but not terribly, and it was very, very hot.

He rolled his eyes towards Amie and smirked. She frowned and looked back suspiciously, and he smirked even harder.

They weren't the only ones bored out of their minds. As soon as the meeting let out half of them would go out for a cigarette break. The others would go back to their desks to check email. No one would be moving around very much in their section.

The anticipation kept him from falling asleep, but made him more and more anxious for the stupid, fat faced woman to finish. Finally she did, and Patrick was the first one out the door. He hurried up the aisle, round the corner, and into his cubicle, with Amie following along behind her curiously.

"What's your hurry?" she asked.

He turned and grinned at her, then sat down at his chair as she frowned suspiciously, then sat across from him.

"That woman is so boring!" she said in a low pitched voice.

"Definitely. She nearly put me to sleep."

The rest of the group were disappearing even as they talked, heading off for coffee breaks or smokes, or anything to wake them up.

"You know what I need," he said, grinning at her.

"A lobotomy?" she asked brightly.

He smirked. "It's not my big head that needs work. It's my little head."

She stared at him without understanding, and he leaned forward, grabbed the wheeled chair she was sitting on, and pulled it over to him as he leaned in against her.

"Suck my cock, slut!" he said in a low pitched voice.

"Fuck you," she said back, her voice equally quiet.

He grinned and gripped the front of her shirt, pulling her forward.

"Hey!" she gasped, almost falling off the chair, and catching herself on one knee.

"Under the desk, slut!" he growled in a mock growl.

She gaped at him, then at the desk, then at his leer and giggled, her head turning to look towards the doorway. He yanked her forward and she yelped, spilling forward onto hands and knees. Then he used his legs and feet to shove the petite woman under the desk, and rolled his chair in after her.

“Stupidhead!” she growled, slapping at his knees and legs.

“Suck cock,” he growled, looking down at her.

He unzipped and pulled his cock out and she sat back.

“I don't want to touch your steenky little penis,” she said.

“Suck my cock, bitch,” he demanded.

“Say pretty please.”

“I swear I'm going to tan your little ass for you.”

“Oh, that's so nice. I love a good tan.”

“You don't get to work I'm going to tie you up and face fuck you,” he said.

“Rapist,” she taunted. “Wanting to rape a poor little girl like me! Pervert!”

He grabbed for her and she snickered and scuttled back deeper under his desk and he thrust his legs out and then clamped them against her sides, yanking her forward. She squealed as he pulled her within reach of his arms, then laughed as he fought away her feeble attempts to grab his wrists and yanked her face forward into his groin, rubbing her against him.

She bit him lightly through his trousers and he gripped her hair, twisting her head back, then, despite her attempts at deflection he managed to pin first one slender wrist, then the other up behind her head and wrap her hair around them.

“Now I've got you, slut!” he growled.

He unzipped at last, and drew his cock out. Amie scrunched up her face as he rubbed it back and forth over her skin, but when he jerked back on her hair her mouth opened in a gasp of pain, and he pushed his cock into her mouth.

She moaned softly around it, sucking and licking at once, and he pulled her hair, pulling her forward, sliding her lips down his shaft.

“Suck that cock, you French slut,” he taunted in a low face.

She rolled her eyes up at him and let her teeth slide along his shaft.

“Don't you dare or I'll make you squeal in a way you won't like,” he warned.

She laughed but sucked him deeper, then he pulled her all the way down and she moaned again, gurgling as he pushed into her throat. He spread his legs and jammed her face down against his groin, both hands on her head and in her hair as he pinned her in place.

“Yeah! Swallow that cock, slut,” he groaned.

He ground her face into his groin and sighed in pleasure as her throat quivered and trembled around his prick.

“Patrick, I wanted to talk to you about the way training costs are allocated and paid.”

Amie froze at the sound of Kingston's voice, her heart skipping a beat.

Patrick yanked his hands up and back and pushed his chair in a little deeper.

“As you know, there is a central training budget which is responsible for paying all training and education costs,” Kingston said coming into the office.

Amie was frozen in place. Kingston, from the sound of her, was standing in the doorway no more than two or three feet behind her. She was so close that if it weren't for the side of the desk she could have reached out and grabbed the woman's legs.

But of course, the desk was there, and, unless Kingston came around the side, she couldn't see Amie. Amie gazed at the slick shaft sticking out of her mouth, then sucked tentatively. A mischievous thought occurred to her, and she resumed licking, bobbing her head up and down on Patrick's cock as Kingston spoke.

She fought not to giggle at the thought of Patrick trying to maintain his

composure, and pushed herself forward, taking the head into her throat again, forcing her lips further down the shaft all the way to where they were pressed against his zipper.

She held herself still there, for a few seconds, while Patrick quivered against her, then began to slowly work her mouth, lips and throat up and down its length. Patrick's right hand shook a little as he brought it down beneath the desk and pushed feebly at her face, and she easily fended him aside, working her mouth up and down his shaft as Kingston talked about decentralizing budgets and ensuring proper management oversight.

"Are you feeling all right, Patrick?" Kingston asked.

"Y-Yeah!" Patrick gasped.

"Your face is quite flushed."

"It-it's hot in here," he gulped.

He tried shoving Amie back with his feet, but she gripped his thighs, and closed her teeth on his cock warningly, scratching lightly along the shaft as she slid her mouth up and down.

"What I think we need to look at doing is developing a new procedures manual," she said. "We can list every task and detail, in a step by step fashion, how that task should properly be undertaken."

Amie slid her lips down his shaft, sucking and licking hungrily, her hands forcing his thighs farther apart to make room for herself. She felt the head pushing against the entrance to her throat, and forced her lips forward, taking him into her throat as her lips slid all the way down his shaft.

Kingston was still droning on, and Patrick was trying desperately to give no sign of the sensations pulsing within him as he pretended to listen. He was failing, though, but was quite literally saved by the bell. Kingston got a phone call, and hurried back to take it, and he gasped and reached down to grab Amie's head and hair, thrusting forward, pulling her back, face-fucking her for several long seconds as the fever took hold of him.

He pulled out with a vengeance, and while she was still gasping, came in her

face, shooting his silvery weed across her forehead and cheeks, then, grinning at her as he used his cock to smear it over her face in a smooth, even coat.

“Now you can walk around the office with my come on your face,” he said as she climbed out from under the desk.

She smirked, ran her tongue teasingly along her lower lip, then turned to leave. At the doorway, she bent over slightly, lifted her skirt, slapped her bare bottom, then continued with a laugh.

“You watch out, baby,” he called after her. “You’re gonna get a smack one day!”

“Promises, promises!” she taunted

## Chapter Six

They had dinner at a nearby restaurant the next evening, and then Amie drove Patrick to his place, which was nearby. It was a small condo townhouse, narrow, but cozy, with a bright galley kitchen, and a large, oddly shaped living room. A gas fireplace was at one end, and a big screen TV sat against the middle wall.

“What a dump,” Amie said teasingly, giving him a saucy look.

“Yeah, well, I’m sure you’re just surprised that it’s so clean. I understand people in France don’t use soap much.”

“I’m not from France, stupidhead,” she said.

“Quebec, France, what’s the difference. You’re still a little frenchie.”

“And you’re still a stupid American.”

“Brat.”

“Pervert.”

He slapped her bottom and she squealed and leapt forward, twisting and coming down laughing.

“Do you want something to drink, brat?”

“I don’t drink, you yankee pervert!” she said. “Are you trying to get me drunk so you can take advantage of me?”

“I don’t need to get you drunk for that, slut.”

“Slut? You call me slut? I’ll kick your ass,” she said.

She slapped his face lightly and tried to backpedal, but laughed instead as he bent and hefted her over his shoulder, then slapped her ass before dumping her on the sofa.

She sat up and examined the remote control for his TV, curling her legs beneath her as he went back to the kitchen and got a couple of soft drinks. When he returned she was fooling around with his PS3.

“What are you doing, frenchie?”

“What games do you have? I have a PS3 too.”

They looked through his games, but Patrick had other games in mind, and grinned as his eye slid down her back and saw the top of her thong peaking out from her jeans. He slid his right hand down to the waistband, thrust his fingers under it, and yanked – hard.

“Wedgie!” he cried.

Amie squealed as the thong was pulled violently upwards, half lifting her off the sofa. Patrick jumped to his feet, laughing, pulling on the thong, and the petite girl was pulled off the sofa. She leapt to her feet and swung at him, but her arms were too short, and he was yanking her backwards as well as up, forcing her to stagger backwards cursing and flailing and grabbing at her thong as it yanked up against her pussy.

He led her back to the stairs which led down to the bedrooms and bathroom, lifted her thong up atop the cornerpost to the banister, and slipped it over it before leaping back with a laugh.

Amie was, in effect, hanging from the rail by her thong, her feet an inch above the floor. The thong hurt as it jammed up against her pussy, but she could only laugh as she hung there. And when he turned quickly, wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, her head tilted up and back, her lips parted, and she kissed him eagerly.

He made no attempt to lift her off the banister. Instead his hands slid up her hips, bringing her blouse with it, pulling it up and over her head and shoulders. His hands moved behind her back, undoing her bra, and pulling it forward as they kissed, then, grinning, he eased back, undid her zipper and the clasp on her jeans, and pulled them down and off, leaving her in just her thong – still hanging from the post.

“Get me off here, you fool,” she said.

She turned and twisted, grabbing the rail behind her, but Patrick grinned, leaping aside, bending to the kitchen counter, and snatching up a boot lace sitting in a bowl with other junk. He leapt back, grabbed her wrist, and wrapped the boot lace around her slender wrist.

“What are you doing, idiot!?”

She twisted and wriggled but didn't put up any serious fight as he drew her other wrist back behind her and quickly wrapped the lace around it, then tied it tight. He me moved around in front of her, and she grinned up at him as she hung helpless in place, her pussy throbbing, her nipples tingling, her breathing going ragged.

“Pervert!” she said.

“Frenchie!”

“Wierdo!”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah!”

He reached out and took her small pink nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, then pinched them sharply.

“Oww!”

“Tell me I'm a god.”

“You're a freak!”

He gave her nipples another twist, and she yelped, trying to kick out at him. Kicking, though, jerked her pussy harder against the crotch of her thong, and she yelped again, then laughed.

“Tell me I'm your god.”

“You are a freak!”

Her wrists pulled and twisted against the boot lace, and he grinned and squeezed

her breasts, then bent and sucked on first one nipple, then the other, his tongue licking and twirling against them.

Amie was breathless with excitement and anticipation. The crotch of her thong was jammed up hard into the soft flesh of her pussy, but the pain was a dull ache which only added to her heat. She made no attempt to resist as Patrick slid a hand down to where the thin cotton was jammed so tightly into her body, and rubbed her there.

The sensation of his fingers stroking across her clit made her shudder helplessly, even through the panties. He dropped to his knees in front of her, mouthing her sex, then began to lick her strongly through the thin fabric.

At first, she laughed, headily, but his wet tongue was moistening the fabric, and in effect, thinning it, making the sensations of his lapping and licking more powerful against her tingling, throbbing flesh.

“You’re a freak,” she groaned.

He ignored her, mouthing her sex, his breath hot against her moist pussy as his tongue lapped at her clit through the now wet material.

Amie was almost groaning with the throbbing heat of her pussy as her wrists pulled feebly at the shoelaces and her head pulled back in a soundless moan of pleasure and ache.

He stood up, grinning, and gripped her hair with one hand, her breast with the other.

“Am I a god?”

“Freak!” she gasped.

He grinned.

He rubbed her pussy through her damp thong, then gripped her buttocks and lifted her off the post, carrying her backwards until he sat heavily on the sofa. He let her drop atop him, twisting her sideways so she fell, belly-down, across his lap. He ran his hand over her small, white bottom, enjoying the tactile pleasure of her soft skin against his hands, then drew his hand up and back.

“This is your best side, Amie,” he said, slapping her bottom.

“Oww!” she yelped, kicking and twisting as she pulled her wrists against the shoelace.

“Now, admit that you’re a naughty little French brat and you deserve a spanking.”

“Freak!” she shouted breathlessly, “Pervert!”

He slapped her again, and she yelped in pain.

“Stop that! You pervert!”

“Say I’m a naughty little crackwhore and I deserve to be spanked.”

“Fuck you!”

He tugged her thong down around her knees and slid a hand between her thighs. She tried to jerk her legs closed but his finger was already on her clit as the corner of his hand pressed up into her pussy. His thumb rubbed at her anal opening, then slowly sank inside.

Amie wriggled and twisted, but he gripped her tightly with his other hand as he pushed his thumb deeper into her ass, then slid two fingers into her pussy at the same time. He grinned, knowing her weakness now, and drew his thumb up, then slid it into her again. He was rewarded with a helpless groan of pleasure.

“Say you’re my beaatch,” he ordered.

He pumped his thumb in her ass, then slapped her buttocks sharply.

“I’m your bitch!” she gasped weakly.

“Say I’m Patrick’s little bitch!”

“I-I’m Patrick’s little biiiiitch,” she groaned.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped, legs kicking, but he thrust his thumb especially deep into her ass and she shuddered and writhed in pleasure.

“Say I’m Patrick’s little fuck toy,” he taunted.

“Noo!”

He slapped her bottom, then rubbed at her clit. He grinned and turned his finger downward, scratching lightly at her clit instead of rubbing it.

“Say it,” he ordered.

“I’m Patrick’s little fuck toy!” she gasped, her bottom thrusting up against his thumb.

He grinned and stroked his fingers against her clit, driving his fingers back into her pussy, as well.

“Fuck meee,” she groaned.

“Say I’m a naughty little girl. Please spank me.”

“Noooo. Fuck meee!” she whined.

He pulled his fingers free instead, sliding his left hand down around her slender chest to cup and knead her breast.

“Say it, little fuck toy.”

“I’m a naughty little girl. Please spank me,” she groaned.

His left hand slid off her breast and slapped down against her bottom. His right slid back between her legs, thumb pushing down deep into her ass while his fingers slipped into her moist pussy and stroked across her quivering clit. She shuddered and rolled her hips upwards against him, and he slapped her bottom again – and again – and again.

The sharp little stings of his open palm sent strange, dark shudders through the churning heat of her excitement as his fingers continued to tease and taunt and stroke her to a feverish intensity. She was beyond speech, gasping and moaning and grunting and yelping as his fingers worked her over and his hand slapped down against her now pink bottom.

Patrick grinned down at her squirming bottom, then pulled his thumb out. He slid his arm beneath her, raised her hips higher, and plunged his mouth down between her buttocks, his tongue circling and swirling around her wrinkled little opening, then dipping within.

Her reaction to that was so violent it knocked him back, and her upper body twisted and fell over the side of the sofa. He caught at her hips to stop her from tumbling to the floor, then lifted a flailing leg, spreading them apart, and repositioning her so she was straddling him, bent over, her head hanging down between his legs, hair brushing the floor.

He gave her bottom another slap, then spread her buttocks wider, bending over himself to tongue her anal opening and make her squirm and twist. Laughing, he unzipped his trousers and opened them, pulling out his very stiff, purple-headed cock.

He grinned at her as it sprang up then gripped her hips and worked her back against the head. It slid softly into the moist, spit-wet opening, and when the head was lodged firmly inside he gripped her shoulders, raising her upright. Amie shuddered and cried out as she slid down onto his shaft, eyes going wide as she felt it forcing its way up through the tightness of her ass.

The orgasm exploded within her, and her anus spasmed wildly around him as she slid down its length to the bottom. Her body shook and bucked and her head jerked back repeatedly against him.

Patrick thrust a hand down between her legs, and two fingers began to rapidly stroke across her clit.

The orgasm which was tearing through her redoubled, and she cried out as the intensity flayed her mind. Her body trembled and shook and her hips bucked uncontrollably as the climax set her muscles spasming and her mind spinning. She started jerking up and down on his cock, working her legs frantically, gasping and grunting as she ground herself atop him.

The orgasm howled like a storm through her mind and body, and when it faded, left her dazed and panting, sagging back against him limp and gulping in air, eyes slitted and jaw gaping.

“You is ma beatch,” he said with a grin, kissing the top of her head.

Amie could only groan weakly.

He let her recover, then lifted her off him and sat her on the sofa beside him. She groaned and set her head against the side of the sofa as he pulled off his pants and went to the bathroom to wash off his deflated cock. Amie's mind had returned to some semblance of alertness when he returned and sat beside her, and she looked at him as he turned on the TV.

"Untie me," she said.

"Nope."

"What do you mean nope? Stupidhead."

She drew her feet up and thrust them out at him, and he batted them aside.

"Untie me, American pervert."

"You is ma beeeatch. You said so."

"I'm not your bitch, you gay boy," she said, shoving her feet at his face.

He grabbed her ankles to pin her feet together, then rose, and sat on them.

"Oww!"

He shifted his position, pinning her feet and ankles down. She was sitting sideways along the sofa, and with her wrist tied could do little but curse at him.

"Watch the movie," he said. "It's a good movie."

She settled down, glowering at him a little. In truth, she was quite enjoying herself. With her previous boyfriends, sex had been quick, and then had ended, and that had been that. Patrick clearly still wanted to play. And Amie loved playing.

"Get your fat ass off my feet," she ordered.

"Say pretty please, master."

"Nooooo!"

“Then I’m not moving.”

“Pretty please, master.”

He smiled and got off her feet, and she thrust them up at his face. He batted them aside, and threw her legs over the front of the sofa so her feet thumped on the floor. She jumped to her feet, then thrust her foot at him. He grabbed at it and she danced back..

“Stupid American pervert!”

“Sit down and watch the movie, froggy.”

“NO!”

She moved to stand in front of the TV instead, taunting him.

“Move.”

“Make me!”

He jumped up and she squealed and ran around behind the dining room table. He chased her, turned and spun backwards, and caught her coming away. He lifted her onto his shoulder, slapped her ass, then carried her back to the sofa and dropped her on it.

She drew her knees back, and jabbed out at him with her feet.

He pointed his finger at her. “You’re acting up, frenchie! Don’t make me punish you.”

“Stupid American pig pervert gay boy!”

He glowered at her, then smirked and turned away.

“Where you going, pig boy?” she demanded.

He disappeared from sight, and then returned with an actual length of rope.

She stared at it and smirked. “What are you going to do with that, pig boy? Tie yourself up?”

“You’ll see, brat.”

There was a heavy potted plant hanging off to the side. He reached up and pulled it down, then darted towards her. She squealed and kicked at him but he pinned her ankles together, then tied the rope around one ankle and pulled her off the sofa, dragging her across the floor on her bottom, then lifting the rope and feeding it through the hook in the roof.

He pulled, and Amie squealed as her foot was yanked upwards, then up higher still. Finally, she was hanging by one ankle, as he grinned at her and tied the rope off against the wall.

“Let me down, pig boy!” she cried, twisting slowly in place.

“Maayyybbee, I will,” he said. “If you agree to be a good little girl.”

“Eat me!”

“I’ll do that whether you’re good or bad.”

“Pervert! Freak!”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

Her free leg had been pulled down by gravity, and opened her up so that he only had to lean over, dig his fingers into her buttocks, and then run his tongue along her pussy.

“Let me dooown,” she groaned, “pervert!”

His tongue lapped at her clit, and he pushed a finger into her, then a second, pumping them in and out as he licked. Amie groaned weakly, staring at his ankles, her wrists still bound behind her as she wriggled and twisted. She felt his tongue sliding back and forth along her sex, then a small shockwave swept over her as his tongue licked all the way down her pussy and across her wrinkled anal opening.

“Bastaaard,” she groaned.

His tongue circled her anus, dipping and twirling, the sensations making Amie

jerk and gasp and moan in helpless pleasure. His tongue licked its way back up her pussy and his lips sucked lightly and rhythmically at her clit as his fingers pumped in and out. Then it slid back down and swirled around the opening to her ass before drawing back again.

His finger pushed into her ass, twisting and turning, pumping lightly, but pushing deeper with every stroke. He felt her anal muscles squeezing down on his finger as he pumped it in and out, and abruptly drew back with a grin, darting into the kitchen and leaving her hanging.

“Patrick!” she called. “You stupid pervert American pig!”

“Now, now, my sweet,” he called. “I’ll be right there. No need to tell me how much you miss me.”

“Let me down, you weirdo!”

“Tsk, ts. Such disrespect. I’m afraid I’m going to have to punish you, naughty girl.”

“I’ll kick your ass,” she said.

“Now don’t be getting all hot and bothered,” he said, returning.

He squatted down next to her head, grinning. “I think I can cool you off.”

He reached out and slid a hand over her breast, and Amie squealed as she felt the freezing cold of an ice cube in his fingers.

“Ahhhh! Stop it! Pig! Bastard!”

“Say, I’m sorry for not being more respectful of you, you beautiful god you.”

“Fuck you, weirdo!”

He grinned and rolled the ice cube across her nipple, and Amie squealed and cursed and twisted around. But that availed her little, for he simply let the ice cube slide along her chest to her other breast, then over her ribs.

“Patrick!”

Laughing, he slid the ice cube down her spine – or rather, up her spine, and then held it just above her little back hole, letting an icy cold drop of water drop directly into the centre. That caused another squeal, and he had to grab Amie’s free leg to keep it from hitting him as he rubbed the ice cube against her anal opening.

“Stop it! That’s too cold!” she shouted.

“Is it? Let me warm you up then.”

He pulled the ice cube back and licked at her instead, stroking his tongue around and around her small, chilled opening, twisting and squirming it as he pushed it into her.

Amie’s complaints ended in a breathless gasp of heat and pleasure, and she groaned aloud as he pumped his tongue in and out.

“Say, please fuck my ass, Patrick,” he said.

“Please fuck my ass, Patrick!’ she gasped.

“Say please shove your big hard cock up my tight little ass you, gorgeous man.”

“Please stick your big hard cock up my tight little ass, you stupid weirdo,” she said, panting.

He put the ice cube in his mouth, then put his mouth over her clit, sucking and licking. Amie squealed and twisted, the strange, contrary sensations swirling within her of his soft tongue and the coldness of the ice cube. He slid downward, squatting next to her, and took the centre of her breast into his mouth, sucking at her nipple even as the ice cube rolled around against it within his mouth.

“Please fuck my ass, you ugly freak,” she gasped.

He chuckled and moved back, spitting out what was left of the ice cube as he went to the wall. He untied the rope and let her slowly down onto her back on the floor, then untied it and rolled her onto her belly.

“On your knees, brat,” he growled in a pompous voice.

Amie had no difficulty obeying, panting weakly, frazzled and overheated as she raised her bottom. Her wrists were still tied together behind her as she pressed her chin against the floor and shifted her knees apart. She gasped as she felt his fingers against her anus, then his tongue swirling and stroking and dipping. He slid a finger into her, then another.

“Keep that ass up high, you little French brat,” he said, slapping her bottom.

“Ooo, your cock feels much bigger than usual,” she said, with a fake groan.

“Smart ass,” he said, sliding his finger deeper.

“Ooo, it’s much longer too,” she said.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped and then laughed.

“Untie me, stupid pig pervert American freak.”

“How about if I rape your tight little french ass instead?”

“With your little tiny wiener?” she asked, challengingly.

“Little brat,” he said.

He pulled his fingers out and moved in behind her, rubbing his cock up and down along the length of her pussy, stroking it against her clit, then pressing it against her back opening. She was small and tight, but the head of his cock pushed into her easily, and though she groaned as he pushed into her, he could feel her opening before him as his cock slid deeper.

Her ass spread slowly, grudgingly, but with a slick, warm, sucking sensation which pulled his cock in deeper. She felt him sliding into her like soft silk. He stretched her open enough to ache a little, but her muscles were well-prepared, and she reveled in the deep penetration and the warm throbbing deep inside her belly as the nose of his cock nudged the bottom of her anal tunnel.

Having her wrists tied behind her merely added to the wicked, kinky thrill of what they were doing, and her eyes closed as she gloried in the heat sweeping over her body, and the feel of his hips pressed against her upturned bottom.

“Fuck me,” she groaned. “Fuck my ass.”

He yanked back on her hair and kneaded her breast.

“Say, suck my filthy french whore ass,” he demanded.

“Fuck my ass, you filthy American whore.”

He slapped her ass and thrust hard enough she cried out in pain.

“Try again, slut.”

He pinched her nipple and she squealed and twisted.

“Say it, french whore.”

“Fuck! Fuck my ass,” she groaned.

“Fuck my French whore ass,” he corrected.

“Fuck my French whore ass,” she groaned as he ground himself against her.

“Oh!” she cried as he traced his finger over her clit.

“Nasty little slut,” he taunted.

“Fuck my filthy fucking whore bitch frog ass!” she groaned, writhing and twisting before him.

He slid back, then drove himself deep and she shuddered and groaned.

“Say I'm your god,” he ordered.

“You're my asshole god!” she groaned.

He slapped her ass and pulled his cock free.

“Say it, slut.”

“You're my god! You're my wonderful, beautiful god!” she begged. “Put it in!”

“Say please rape my whore ass, master.”

“Please rape my whore ass, master!”

Chuckling, he thrust into her again and began to pump in and out, steadily, then faster. He grabbed her hair and yanked it back, twisting and pulling at her head, and both slapped at and kneaded her breast as he called her his french bitch and his nasty little fuck toy. It didn't take long to ride her into another orgasm, and she cried out in wildfire pleasure, twisting and writhing and rutting back at him as he rammed his cock into her as hard and fast as he could.

“Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Oh! Fuck! Ungh!” she gasped, her face flushed, eyes wide and glazed. “Fuck! Fuck mee! You’re killing me!” she groaned. “Oh fuuuck!”

.As she went limp, he slid himself out of her. He wanted his entertainment to last all evening, and grinned in satisfaction as her slitted eyes and heaving chest.

Then he hurriedly got up and went to the kitchen, returning with a small cucumber and some butter. He steadied her on her knees, spread her legs wider, then thrust himself slowly down into her ass again, pumping slowly in and out a few times before pulling free.

Her little hole was still open and he pushed the cucumber into the butter, then pushed it against her opening. It was cold, but she was hot, and relaxed, and the cucumber slowly pushed into her.

“Ooohh! That's cold!” she moaned. “What is it!?”

The cucumber was only in her an inch or two, and already it was much wider than his cock. He twisted and turned it, slapped her ass, and pushed harder, and it slowly spread her anal opening wider and wider as it slid deeper.

“Wha-what is it!?” she gasped, trying to look behind her.

“You're gonna get reamed, brat.”

“Dooon't!”

“Did you say don't stop? Don't worry.”

He slapped her bottom and pushed the cucumber deeper. It spread her still wider and she shuddered and groaned, then yelped as he slapped the base to force it that much deeper.

“Say I'm a dirty little slut who loves to have her ass fucked.”

“Noo,” she groaned.

He slapped her bottom again.

“I”m a dirty little slut who loves to have her ass fucked!” she gasped.

The words were so filthy! Saying them made her pussy throb and burn.

He had half the cucumber inside her now, and now pumped it very slowly in and out of her tight ass while Amie cursed in French and writhed in pleasure and pain. Slowly, he forced it deeper and deeper, until there was only an inch or two left. Then he gripped the panting girl's hair and forced her to stand, lifted her over his shoulder, and carried her downstairs to the bedroom.

He flung her on the bed and then quickly fastened the ropes he had prepared to the four corner posts. She squirmed and twisted a little after he untied her wrists, but he had little difficulty overpowering her and tying her spreadeagled to the bed.

She looked up at him, flushed, chest heaving, her ass incredibly full as he grinned down at her.

“Bastard!”

“You mean god.”

“Bitch, slut, pussy.”

He grinned and got more ice, and he soon had her writhing and twisting and squealing and begging him to stop as he ran the ice cubes over her breasts, under her arms, along her ribs, and thighs, and across her clit.

When he dropped between her legs and started to lick, though, she was soon twisting and moaning in overheated pleasure again, and with his tongue lapping

at her clit and his fingers pumping inside her she came with a shriek, bucking and twisting and arching violently as the pleasure tore through her.

“Say please fuck me, master,” he said with a grin.

“Please fuck yourself, master,” she panted.

“Maybe I need to heat you up more,” he said.

He lit a candle, and she gasped and pulled against the ropes. “No! Don't!”

“Say Patrick is my God and my master.”

“Patrick is my little wienerboy and -- ahhhh!”

He trickled hot wax down around her left nipple and across her breast, then did the same to her right. He smirked down at her, letting the wax pour down around her nipples to completely cover them, then he moved lower, pouring wax down around her pussy.

“Patrick is my God! I worship Patrick! Patrick is my master!” she gasped desperately. “Patrick has the biggest cock in the world!”

“Say I'm Patrick's sex slave.”

“I'm Patrick's sex slave,” she gasped.

“I'm Patrick's fuck toy.”

“I'm Patrick's fuck toy,” she moaned.

He got his vibrator – Patrick had a number of toys to play games with his female visitors – and turned it on her, and she was soon twisting and thrashing and climaxing again and again as he thrust his fingers into her, jammed his hand against the cucumber, and tongued, sucked and used the vibrator on her clit.

“Please! Please! Patrick! No more!” she whimpered. “No more! NO! AhhhggghH!”

She came again, shuddering and bucking, her body pulling against the ropes as the orgasm sizzled up and down her spine.

She was exhausted, her insides aching, her hair a frazzled twisted mess, her face red, and she had given up challenging him, saying anything he ordered her to say. She had had too many orgasms to count, and was astonished at them, and that he was continuing. Was it possible to be fucked to death? To be masturbated to death? To be licked to death?

Patrick chuckled, then climbed along her body, straddling her, moving up until he was at her shoulders. He slid his hands under her head, raising it up as he leaned in, his cock sliding over her lips. Amie moaned and closed her mouth around him as he leaned in further, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

“Yeah,” he groaned. “Suck that cock, you dirty little slut. Suck my cock, slave, nasty little french whore. Suck it. Lick it, fuck toy. Dirty little girl. I'm going to spank you again then fuck your ass!”

He spread his knees wide, leaning in, thrusting his cock slowly in and out as he pulled her head upwards. He could feel the head of his cock sliding back and forth along her tongue, could feel the head nearing the back of her mouth.

“Swallow that cock, you nasty little sex slave,” he groaned, forcing her mouth up higher as he thrust into her.

His cockhead jammed against the entrance to her throat for a moment, then shifted its angle down and slid into her throat and down it.

He groaned at the feeling along his shaft, gasped as her gagging and choking made her throat squeeze and spasm around him, but eagerly forced himself into her to the balls and held her head up, groaning and grinding himself against her face.

“I'm gonna fuck your brains out,” he gasped weakly, grinding his hips now, pumping up and down, fucking her throat, fucking her face.

Amie gurgled and gagged weakly around it, having been startled by the penetration and not really ready for it. Now she tried to control herself as he began to fuck her, as his cock slid in and out of her throat. She couldn't help gagging a little, but controlled herself as he pumped, even though her head pulsed and throbbed and the pressure began to rapidly mount in her chest from lack of breath.

She twisted and writhed, pulling against the rope with growing desperation, and finally he pulled his cock out of her, allowing her to breathe again. She gulped in air, gasping, chest heaving, groaning as he rubbed his spit-wet cock against her face.

Then he moved around her, turning completely around and kneeling above her head, looking down her body. He tilted her head back and guided his cock into her open mouth again, ignoring her gurgled protest as his shaft slid along her tongue.

He couldn't lay along her body because she was so much shorter than him. But he could lean in along her body, and reach her pussy with his tongue. And that was what he began to do even as he pumped his cock slowly up and down in Amie's mouth.

His tongue against her clit soon had Amie twisting and writhing and moaning again, and sucking avidly on his cock as he rolled his hips in and out. And when he thrust deeper she pulled her head far back to ease the angle and took him deep into her throat, more ready for him this time as she found his balls now resting against her eyes.

Heat enveloped her and her hips ground up against his tongue as wild, dark hunger spilled through her veins. But his own arousal was causing him to thrust into her harder and faster, dazing her and making her gurgle and gag weakly

When the orgasm howled through her head was already throbbing with lack of oxygen, and somehow, that made the orgasm all the more powerful, the sensations rippling through her body all the more intense. She thrashed wildly beneath him, screaming silently into the fat, hard shaft blocking her throat, eyes wide as she arched and twisted and shook with the violent release of sexual energies.

He came in her mouth about the same time, and pulled out just as she was sure she was going to faint – not that she cared. She lay limp and dazed as he climbed out of bed and snapped more pictures. Then he untied her and positioned her on her hands and knees while he took more.

He slapped her bottom from time to time, but Amie, groaning, eyes slitted, shifted and posed pretty much as he wanted as he took picture after picture. It didn't really seem to matter that much given what he already had of her.

## Chapter Seven

“Why do you always tie me up?” she asked as they lay in his bed afterwards.

He stroked his fingers through her hair and grinned, loving the feel of her soft breasts against his bare chest.

“Gotta keep control of you,” he said. “I’m a control freak. And you’re a little brat.”

“Ptreeck,” she protested.

“I don’t know. It’s just hot, seeing you like that, all vulnerable and helpless with those big brown eyes, completely at my mercy.”

He combed his fingers through her hair and then tightened his grip, pulling her head slowly but firmly up and back as she gasped a little. He forced her head back and licked along the nape of her neck as his fingers kneaded her breast.

“I like... being able to do anything I want to you,” he said.

“You can’t... do... anything... you want,” she gasped weakly.

“Anything,” he said with a grin.

He rolled over, rolling her over onto her back, but keeping his grip on her hair, forcing her head so far back she was forced to arch powerfully. Her hands were up behind her head, gripping his wrist but not able to dislodge it. He grinned at the sight, running his free hand over her breasts then down between her legs. As soon as his fingers stroked across her clitoris there was a noticeable reaction from her body as her legs twitched wider and her hips jerked up.

“Oh!” she moaned.

“You are such a hot little slut,” he said in awe. “I could fuck you forever.”

“Okay,” she gasped.

He grinned and released her hair. She slumped back to the bed, panting, and her rolled out of bed, went to his closet, and snatched up his camera.

“Pateek,” she complained. “You have enough peectures.”

“Arch your back again, like before. Pull your head back, so it doesn’t even show in the picture.”

She bit her lip but then obeyed, and he snapped a number of pictures of her naked, knees raised but spread wide, back arched sharply. The pictures, taken from between her splayed legs, showed only the underside of her chin, and some hair spilling down on either side of her neck.

“Now get on all fours, showing me your better side.”

She gave him the finger, but rolled over, letting him take pictures of her from behind. Her face was again not in the picture, just her “better side”. She giggled, feeling a sense of arousal, and dropped her chest to the bed, reaching back between her thighs, sliding two fingers into her pussy and spreading herself open for more pictures.

“Slut,” he said.

She felt like one, but in a hot, exciting way.

\* \* \* \*

“Kingston’s all hyped up,” Andrea warned her the next morning.

“How come?” she asked curiously, not really caring.

Andrea grinned. “Some weirdo posted porno in the elevators if you can believe it.”

Amie's face scrunched up into a frown of confusion. “Porno?”

“Pornography, naked pictures.”

For some reason that set off an alarm bell somewhere in the back of Amie’s mind, perhaps because of the pictures Patrick had taken of her the other day.

“Were they hot?” she quipped? “Was it a pretty boy with a big penis?”

Andrea snorted. “It was a girl. And I haven’t seen them. Peter saw them and took them down and then brought them to Kingston, the idiot.”

Just then Peter, a man in his early thirties came down the aisles, holding some papers.

“There was more,” he said to Andrea. “The loser posted more up as soon as I took the last ones down. I swear. Some people are incredibly immature.”

‘Not to mention perverted,” Andrea said.

Amie grabbed the papers to see, steeling herself to show nothing.

“Yuck,” she said casually, the bottom dropping out of her stomach.

It was her. They were the last few pictures Patrick had taken of her, including one with her squatting on the bed, back to the camera, sliding her pussy down onto the cucumber. She was bent forward so little of her head could even be seen from directly behind her, but even so she blushed a bit as she let them go with a sniff of disapproval.

Patrick was posting these up at work!?! He was insane! She was going to kill him!

She sidled away from them and hurried into Patrick’s office.

“You are crazy!” she hissed.

“Mois?” he asked with a smirk.

She glared at him as she came around his desk, and then gasped as she saw that there was a picture of herself naked and spreadeagled, tied to the corners of his bed, being used as his desktop wallpaper.

“Are you insane!?” she gasped, horrified.

“What? It's a great picture,” he said as if perplexed.

“If someone sees that -- .”

“They'll know what a hot, perverted slut you are,” he taunted.

“You're the pervert!”

“And you're the slut!”

“Take that off before you get us both fired!”

“You take it off,” he said.

She pushed past him, reaching across his body for the mouse. He eased the chair back and she scooted in, and then sat down on his lap, clicking at the computer, bringing up the menu.

She was wearing a simple denim dress with a relatively short skirt, and Patrick caressed her legs as she worked, then slid a hand higher and higher up along her inner thigh until he could rub at her pussy.

She slapped his hand away and tugged her skirt down, and he snatched at the mouse and clicked off the menu.

“Merde!” she whispered.

“Slut,” he whispered back.

“Ass face,” she snapped.

He cupped her breasts through the thin denim and she pushed back with her hips and bottom so his chair rolled backwards. Then she stood up, clicking the menus quickly. Patrick rolled back forward a little and tugged the hem of her dress up over her hips from behind, and Amie let out a gasp of laughter and tried to snatch it down as he reached for the mouse again.

“Stop it! Idiot!” she hissed.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he whispered.

“No!”

She clicked on the menu and he suddenly reached up under her hem and gripped her thong, then yanked it down.

She yelped and grabbed for it, but he forced it out of her small fingers and pulled it down around her ankles.

“Patrick!”

He snickered and yanked one of her feet out from under her, then the other, and she cursed him and finished clicking the menus to remove and delete the picture.

“Give those to me!” she demanded, turning around.

Instead he put them into his top desk drawer, turned the key, and put it into his pocket.

She glowered at him, then turned and walked out of his cubicle.

He quickly followed.

“Asshole,” she said.

“I know. That's why you love me.”

“I don't love you. I hate you!”

“ But you love my cock.”

“Your tiny little boy wiener cock? I don't think so.”

“Let's go somewhere I can fuck you like the whore you are,” he said in a low voice.

“Fuck yourself,” she said, as she stomped out of his office.

He hurried after her, grinning as they walked along the narrow corridor.

“Slut,” he whispered.

“Faggot,” she whispered back.

They turned and walked into the wider hallway where the elevators and bathrooms were and he grabbed her arm.

“Wait a second.”

He went into the mens room, and Amie glared at the door for a moment, then leaned against the wall to wait. But he was back out again almost immediately, motioning her over. Amie frowned and walked over.

“What?”

“Come on inside.”

“Noo!” she said incredulously.

He took her arm and yanked her inside, and she gaped at him, and around her at the empty bathroom. It was not large. It had two urinals against the right wall, followed by three stalls. The sinks were along the left wall.

“Fuck! What are you doing!?” she exclaimed.

He hurried into the last stall and pulled her in after him, closing the door, and turning with a wild grin on his face.

“You’re crazy!” she whispered as his arms slid around her and his fingers dug into her buttocks.

“Crazy for you!” he said with a leer.

He backed up and sat down on the toilet, pulling her with him, and Amie found herself straddling him as their lips met in a long, soft, moist kiss. His hands came up between them, cupping her breasts through her dress, then kneading them. Amie moaned softly, pressing her lips more heavily against his.

He slowly unzipped the front of the dress, pulling it down to her waist, sliding his hands inside to cup her breasts through her small, thin lacy bra.

“Patrick,” she moaned.

“Shhh,” he said. “No one can see you.”

“But....!”

He unzipped her dress all the way to the hem and it opened up, then he pushed it

back over her shoulders, forcing it past her reluctant attempts at holding it in place, and taking it off.

Amie felt a hot, crackling surge of sexual electricity roll through her belly and groin as he undid her bra and removed it, as well. She knew this was insane, but it was also wildly, thrillingly exciting.. Being naked in a public washroom – especially a men’s room, was a huge shock for the shy girl, and she had to fight the urge to yank back on her clothes as Patrick stuck them on the back of the toilet with a grin, and began to suck and lick at her hard little nipples.

“You’re so crazy,” she panted, running her fingers through his hair.

“And you’re so hot!” he replied, taking a nipple between his teeth and biting gently.

The bathroom door opened with a bang, and Amie gasped as they heard a man walking over to the urinals. She froze, and Patrick grinned at her, then licked and sucked at her right nipple as they listened to the man urinating.

She lifted her feet off the floor as the water ran in the sink, and Patrick continued sucking and licking at her breast. Then the man left and the door banged closed.

“This is so stupid!” she exclaimed. “We could get fired!”

“Take off the shoes too.”

“What? Why!?”

“Because I say so, brat,” he growled.

He reached down and unstrapped them, then pulled them off, and she didn't resist as her bare feet pressed now against the cool hard tiles below.

She was completely naked in the men’s room – at work!

This was completely insane!

She reached for his groin and undid his pants, then tugged down the zipper and pushed his pants downward. He lifted his cock out, already rock-hard, and rubbed the head up and down against her tight, neat slit. Amie shuddered softly,

feeling how moist she was already. She raised herself up a few inches, letting him guide his cock into her, then sank slowly, groaning with excited pleasure as she felt the firm, warm flesh push up into her slender body.

“God!” she moaned.

“You’re so fucking tight!” he gasped.

“Fuck me!”

She sank lower, feeling a little pain, but it was a good pain as he filled her and her buttocks pressed against his thighs. His hands moved up and down her back, caressing her soft, downy flesh as their lips met again, and Amie began to grind herself against him, revelling in the feel of his hard cock moving around inside the tightness of her belly.

His hands slid down to her buttocks, squeezing and kneading them as he began to raise her up.

The door banged open again, and they froze as someone entered. Like the first man, he moved over to the urinal, and Amie grinned evilly as she began to move up and down again, her pussy flooding with liquid now as her excitement mounted.

He sucked and licked at the centre of her breasts as she rode him slowly and gently to the sound of the man urinating. Then he moved over to the sink, and Amie lifted her feet, sitting fully atop his cock as the man washed his hand, turning her head to watch the man’s movement through the crack between the door and the frame.

If he turned and stared, would he see all the are flesh through that thin crack and wonder?

He moved over to the paper towels and dried his hands, then left the room. Amie sighed, dropped her bare feet to the floor again, and began to ride Patrick’s cock in earnest, grinning at him as she rode up and down, then gasping as he slid a hand between her legs, to where his cock penetrated her, and began to rub his thumb across her clit.

“Oooooohh!” she moaned.

He began to suck and chew at her nipples again, his other hand sliding down her back to cup her bottom. He brought his hand to her mouth, sliding his fingers into it, and she closed her lips to suck and lick at his fingers. He grinned, pumping them in and out, then pulled them free and slid his hand behind her again. His fingers pressed against her anal opening, then, rubbing and stroking her there.

Amie gasped aloud, then cursed softly as his finger pushed into her bottom.

She rode faster, feeling her inner heat flaming, her body flushed with excitement, her mind swimming in an intoxicating stew of sexual hunger and passion. She was going to come – in the men’s room!

And then the door banged open again.

She cursed silently, and sank down fully onto Patrick’s cock as a man came in to use the urinal. Then the door banged again and a second man came in. Patrick grinned, letting his finger squirm deeper into her ass while he squeezed her breast.

Amie buried her face in the nape of his neck, using his flesh to muffle her helpless moans of pleasure.

“How you doing, Al?”

“Oh, pretty good. You working hard?”

“Well we’re in the final stages of the Trident Project. We hope to roll out the draft report next month.”

Patrick thrust his finger deep into her ass, and Amie jerked against him, her mouth wide against his flesh. He slid a finger down between her legs again, rubbing at her clit, and she tried to slap his hand away as the men continued to chat. One of them moved over to the sink, and she pulled her feet up and propped them against a pipe behind the toilet as he ran the sink and washed his hands.

The other man joined him, then they dried their hands and left, and Amie finally dropped her feet to the floor and began to ride him frantically, gasping and moaning and cursing softly, then burying her face against his throat as the

orgasm swept over her. She jerked and shuddered, her hips grinding and bucking as she impaled herself on his cock again and again, and his fingers rubbed her clit mercilessly.

“Bastard,” she moaned breathlessly.

“Slut,” he whispered back, slapping her bottom.

His pants were open but still on. He reached down and slid the belt out of its loops while she still leaned forward against him, then drew it around behind her, grinning as he looped it under one arm, then took her other arm and pulled it up and back. Suddenly he had the belt looped around both, high, just around her elbows, and was tightening the loop.

She inhaled sharply, and tried to twist away, but it was too late, and her slim arms were forced back sharply behind her, her elbows jammed together as her hands stuck out across the back of the opposite hip.

“Patrick!”

“Say master.”

“Fuck you! You're going to get us fired!”

“Say please may I suck your cock, master.”

She gaped at him helplessly. “You're crazy!”

“And you're my brat,” he said.

He lifted her up off his lap, standing up himself, then slipped his pants down and stepped out of them. He folded them and put them on the back of the toilet, then sat down again, reaching for her, gripping her upper arms and forcing her down – not onto his lap, but onto her knees on the floor!

“If anyone comes in they'll see!” she hissed.

“Better hurry then, brat,” he said.

He gripped her hair and guided her mouth down onto his cock, gazing down at

her lips spreading around his shaft.

Amie moaned and sucked and licked at his soft cock, unsure what he wanted. She gasped as he jerked back on her hair, then guided her mouth onto one of his balls.

“Suck my balls, slut,” he said in a sneering voice.

God, it was so nasty, so perverted! She couldn't help feeling a sudden hot stab of lust despite the rising anxiety and fear of discovery filling her mind. If anyone came in they would be sure to see her.

Not at first, though, she thought. It was true that she was all-too visible now in the wide space beneath the door stall door. But the stalls next to them would hide her from the sight of anyone coming in the door or at the urinals.

Of course – if someone came in and went straight to the stall next to them – or straight to the sink, he would almost certainly see her immediately.

She licked anxiously up his cock, kissed the shaft, pursed her lips, then pressed them against the head, letting her mouth slowly open, her moist lips sliding slowly apart as his cock penetrated her mouth and slid in. It moved across her waiting tongue, and she began to lick along it as her lips moved lower as his free hand kneaded her breast.

The door opened.

She gasped, but before she could react, the man was over at the urinals. Her heart pounded furiously as Patrick pushed her head down, forcing her lips lower, sucking him, bobbing her lips up and down even as she tried to pull her up. A sudden thought came to her. If the man turned to look over his shoulder he would see the big mirror over the sink, and would certainly see her legs underneath the door!

She bobbed her lips for several more long seconds regardless, then he yanked her to her feet and pulled her onto his lap. Amie brought her feet off the floor, raising them up and back behind the toilet as the man finished and went to the sink.

“You are fucking crazy,” she whispered into his ear.

He smirked and bit into the nape of her neck as he fondled her breast, then slid his hand behind her again to knead her bottom and rub at her anal opening.

She moaned softly as the man washed his hands. Then he dried them, and the door banged closed as he left.

She slid back, thinking to get to her knees to suck him again, but Patrick told her to stand, pushing her back, then turned her around to face the stall door.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

He gripped her hips, pulling her back towards him, then pushed her legs apart.

She turned to look and gasped as a shockwave jolted her mind and body. His tongue pushed unerringly towards her anal opening, then began to swirl and circle her wrinkled hole.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped, almost falling forward, her legs going rubbery.

She moaned and spread her legs, pushing her ass back towards him as Patrick’s tongue circled and twirled then pushed lightly into her, dipping in and out. Her breaths began to come in shallow, ragged gasps, and despite just having come she felt her insides thrumming with sexual hunger again, the crackling tension of lust and passion racing through her nervous system as Patrick thrust his tongue into her ass.

He rubbed at her clit with his other hand, and slid a finger up inside her there. Then he drew his tongue back, pushing his finger up her ass, pumping it in and out.

He pushed her forward, and she stumbled weakly, gasping, chest heaving. Then he was standing behind her, pressing his cock against her anus, jamming it inside.

Amie let out a choked cry of pleasure, and bent lower, pushing her ass back towards him, revelling in the soft flesh over his hardness as she felt it pushing into her ass, stretching her out, filling her up.

The door banged open.

She clenched her teeth against a curse as a man walked over to the urinal and began to urinate. Patrick stayed where he was, working his cock slowly into her tight little ass, but she knew they were racing a very quick clock. The man would not take long, and then...

Patrick came to the same conclusion, and eased back, pulling on her hips. He sat down and pulled her down with him, and Amie squatted, straddling him, trying to take him deeper faster. But she was a petite girl, and had to go slowly. She still wasn't about to let that wonderful cock out of her ass, though.

She balanced her feet on the edge of the toilet seat as the man moved to the sink.

Then the door banged open again with another newcomer. Amie cursed to herself furiously, but it got worse, for the new man went into the stall next to them. She looked down and could see his feet and lower legs. He sat down, and she rolled her head back in frustration and anxiety.

She gasped as she sank lower, as more of Patrick's cock slid into her. The man beside them sat down, and she shook her head and pressed her lips against Patrick's throat to help muffle her groans. His fingers kneaded her buttocks as he helped hold her in position. The first man was now at the sink directly in front of their cubicle, washing his hands, and Amie thought she would soon go insane if she couldn't ride Patrick's cock properly.

She forced herself lower, despite the pain, and then eased up again, slid lower with a groan, and raised herself up. Then Patrick tightened his grip on her ass and leaned forward. He stood up with her in his arms, turned around, and bent forward to lay her on the toilet. His grip quickly shifted up her legs, and Amie found her head jammed against the back of the toilet tank as her bare ankles were pressed against the top corner.

Patrick leaned in against her and began to pump his cock slowly in and of her tight, throbbing ass, and Amie felt waves of heat and excitement sweep through her as he moved faster and faster.

The man at the sink finished and was gone, and, mercifully, the man sitting next to them finished quickly, flushed the toilet, and went to the sink. He wasn't even out the door yet before Patrick was thrusting fast and hard.

His hips slapped against her buttocks as he jammed her ankles up and back

across the top of the toilet and against the wall. She shuddered and moaned, her legs spread wide, her bottom raised high as he drove his prick into her with long, deep, feverish strokes. Both of them were breathing raggedly, gasping for breath as the heat overwhelmed them, and Amie let out a soft, shuddering cry when he released her ankles, letting them fall across his shoulders, shifting his grip to her breasts, squeezing them and pinching the nipples.

He shifted his hands again, grasping her hair, yanking it back, his other hand diving between her legs, his fingers reaching for and finding her clit and rubbing harshly.

The climax surged through her veins and she let out a choked helpless cry of pleasure as the orgasm exploded in her belly, the waves of crackling sexual electricity sizzling along her nervous system and into her brain. Her eyes became glazed and her jaw opened wide as she gurgled in animal pleasure, her body still being rocked by the hard, rapid blows of Patrick's hips, his cock still slicing deep into her belly with every powerful stroke.

The climax nearly overwhelmed her. She half fell forward against the tank as she clamped a hand over her mouth to suppress a howling cry of pleasure. Patrick seized her ankles, holding them up and back as he slammed into her again and again, drilling his stiff cock deep inside her and making her eyes roll in her head as he finally came inside her.

## Chapter Eight

Patrick's brother Mark was a lot like him. They were about the same size, but Mark was thicker around the chest and shoulders, and a couple of years older. Amie was not happy to learn he would be staying over with Patrick for a few days. She'd never had a wild sex life like this and didn't want it to end, or even be interrupted. Her last boyfriend had been a real dud, and the one before that not an awful lot better. Neither had set her mind aflame like Patrick and his dangerous, nasty, kinky sex games.

She was, by nature, a shy girl, which was one of the reasons why the danger of being exposed in their wild antics was so shocking to her system. If anyone ever did walk in on them while they were doing something nasty she thought she would surely die. But until then, the danger only made the sexual heat burn hotter.

Her shyness was enough to even lend her the strength to withstand his torture the first evening Patrick was there. They were in his bedroom, with Patrick sleeping on the couch. He had tied her spreadeagled to the bed and used his tongue and lips and fingers and vibrator to rouse her to heights of feverish hunger - then stopped, repeatedly, not letting her surge forward into a desperately desired orgasm.

"Beg me."

"Please!" she gasped.

"Louder. Beg me to fuck you. Say, please fuck me, Patrick!"

"Please fuck me, Patrick!" she moaned.

"Louder, slut."

"Please fuck me, Patrick!" she moaned a little louder.

"No, louder."

‘Noooo,’ she whined, aware of Mark in the living room.

“Say it, slut. Beg me to fuck your hot little cunt.”

“Please fuck my hot little cunt!” she whined.

“Louder.”

“Noooo!”

“Scream it.”

“Noooo!”

He teased her with his tongue, then used ice cubes to pull her back from the edge, again and again, as she writhed and twisted and arched and bucked her hips up in desperate need.

“Fucking bastard!” she gasped breathlessly.

“Beg.”

“Fuck you!” she gasped.

He chortled and eased back, then slid the vibrator he was using deep into her pussy. It was less effective against her clit than it was touching it, but there was the added psychological effect as it penetrated her and spread her pussy wide.

He untied her ankles and flipped her onto her belly, then pinned her legs together, sitting on her thighs as she squirmed and moaned and cursed at him. He untied her wrists, then yanked them back behind her, placing her left hand on her right forearm and vice versa, then pinning them with his knee so he could tie them there.

“Fuck meeee,” she whined.

“Louder.”

“Nooo!”

He chuckled and spread her legs wide, then began to tongue her anal opening.

“Oh fuck! Oh! Oh!”

He screwed his finger deep into her tight little ass, pumping it in and out as he rimmed her. Then he slid up and pushed his fat cock down into her as she shuddered and groaned and whimpered in pain and pleasure.

“Fuck my ass!” she gasped.

“You didn’t say please master,” he said.

“Fuck my ass, stupid pig!”

He thrust forward and she let out a gasp of pain as his cock drove deeper.

He worked himself slowly, patiently deeper, until his thick prick was buried in her quivering body, then he ground himself against her, patient, enjoying the obvious intensity of her need, and in going slow to delay its fulfillment.

“Fuck me harder!” she whined.

“Say that louder.”

“Nooooo!”

He laughed softly.

He could feel the vibrations through inside her from the vibrator, his hand sliding down her belly to gently rub her clit as she gasped and thrust her bottom up at him.

He eased up and back a little, then combed her hair out and pulled on it, forcing her head up and back. He slipped the ball gag between her lips and gently pushed it deeper, until it was snugly set, filling her small mouth, then drew the straps together behind her and buckled them together.

Then he slid out of her and pulled her to her feet, bent, and lifted her over his shoulder. She moaned and then gasped as he walked to the bedroom door and opened it. He carried her outside into the small hallway, then out into the living room where his brother slept on the sofa.

He pulled the naked girl around to the chair next to the sofa and sat down, then forced the wide-eyed girl's legs apart and pulled her backwards so she was straddling him, facing a sleeping Mark.

Her eyes were fixed desperately on Mark's closed eyes as she felt his cock pressing against her anus, and she moaned into the gag as she felt him pulling her back, and she slowly sank down onto his cock.

Then, with the vibrator stuffed up into her pussy purring wildly, she began to ride Patrick's cock, gasping and moaning as his hands, which nearly encircled her slim waist, lifted her up and down.

The sensation was too hot for her to resist, and she was soon working her legs, as well, and when Patrick slid his finger down between her legs and started to rub her clit her mind burned under the waves of liquid fire which spilled through her body. The orgasm hammered into her and despite her best efforts she cried out again and again as she took Patrick's cock deep into her ass again and again and again, her head flung back, her back arched achingly far as she twisted and writhed and impaled herself repeatedly.

\* \* \* \*

Since Mark needed to get downtown, he went in with them the next morning in her SUV. Patrick drove, as usual, a sop Amie made to his delicate male ego, as she put it.

"This is nice," mark said, gazing up at the big SUV.

"Yeah, it gets me around" Patrick said as went to the drivers door, opened it, and climbed in.

"Gets you around," Amie snorted.

"What's mine is yours, what's yours is mine," he said blithely.

Patrick opened the passenger side door and motioned but Amie shook her head, pulling open the back door instead, and climbing up into it. It was a high climb for someone barely five feet tall, and Patrick gave her a boost, his hands firm on her tight little butt.

The rear was large, the seat leather, and at first she sat next to the door, but as the SUV moved off into traffic she slid sideways to hook her arms up onto the backs of the two front seats and lean forward. She could see much better here, and liked the high view. It was one of the reasons she'd bought the thing..

"You're sure a lot higher up in here than in my Ford," Mark said.

"Amie likes being on top," Patrick said.

She stuck her tongue out at him and he laughed at her.

"I like to be on something big for a change," she said with sniff.

"Ooo," Mark said. "Poor Patrick."

"Hey, I'm more than big enough for this midget," Patrick said.

"Are you saying you have a midget cock?" Amie asked teasingly.

"I have a huge cock," Patrick said.

"Dude, I don't want to hear about your dick," Mark said.

"It's a tiny little thing you need a microscope to see," Amie taunted him.

"Nipple twist," he said, reaching back and pinching a convenient nipple, then twisting it sharply.

Amie yelped and slapped her hand down, jerking back on the seat as he laughed at her.

"Maudit Anglais couchon!" she said.

"None of that froggy stuff. This is an English city," Patrick said loftily.

Mark grinned. "I think her French is cute."

"You want a little French kiss from a little French girl?" Patrick asked with a laugh.

"Hey, any little French girl wants to kiss me can do so," Mark said with a grin.

“Maybe I will,” Amie said, teasing Patrick again.

“Hey, you belong to me,” he said, waving his finger at her.

“Fuck you, I do. I belong to me,” she said. “I can kiss anyone I want!”

The truck stopped at a red light and she grinned, then pushed her slender body forward between the front seats, her left arm across the back of Patrick’s seat, leaned around and kissed Mark, feeling very bold and enjoying teasing Patrick. He reacted very fast, and his arm slid around behind her head as he turned his head, kissing her back on the lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth with a force that startled her.

“Hey!” Patrick said.

He slapped Amie’s bottom and she felt a giggle start up inside her, for this was, after all, just a joke on him. But then his hand shot in beneath her skirt and gave her a squeeze between the legs that suddenly had her pussy throbbing and the blood racing through her veins. She was pressed up against Mark, after all, in the middle of traffic! To have Patrick groping her like this was wild and insane!

She yelped again and jerked back, falling back onto the rear seats as the car started forward, the two men laughing and grinning at her.

“Couchon!” she said to Patrick.

“Slut!” he taunted.

“Yes, I am a slut. I fuck many, many men!” she said. “And girls too, and dogs and ponys!”

She slid forward again, feeling very coy and cocky. “Maybe if you’re lucky I might even let you touch me some day,” she said.

“You might, huh?’

“Maaaaaybeeee.” She turned to Mark. “Your brother, he always complains that he is virgin,” she said. “And he always is after girls but none will let him touch them.”

The SUV stopped at a red light. Patrick turned suddenly and slid his hand behind her head and yanked her forward. She squealed as she was pulled forward between the seats and halfway across his body. He kissed her passionately, holding her in place with his left hand as his right cupped her breast and squeezed it through her sweater dress.

As he pulled her halfway into his arms she felt a hand on her butt, and gasped as Mark said “Now this is a pretty sight,” while running his hand lightly across her bottom.

True, it was through the skirt, and he was only touching her butt, which was no huge deal and all, but with Patrick’s tongue in her mouth and his hand on her breast she felt the heat starting to build into the kind of fever that had often made her lose control of herself lately.

She pulled back, glaring at both of them. “Behave!’ she said.

Mark just grinned. Patrick wagged his tongue at her. “I could do you right here in the car, right in the front seat,” he said.

“That’s because you are a horny little boy,” she said.

“Yeah, he always has been,” Mark said. “I’m a horny big boy.”

“Yeah, sure,” Amie snorted.

“It’s true, baby. I’m more man than most girls can handle.”

“Amie likes to handle it,” Patrick said with a leer at her. “And swallow it all down.”

“Not too hard with you,” she sniffed.

He pointed his finger at her warningly and she stuck her tongue out at him. He made a mock grab at her and she ducked back, laughing. Then she slid forward again, turning to Mark. “Did you know that your brother has the tiniest, teeniest little itty bitty boy cock in the entire world?”

She pulled back as Patrick grabbed at her but he caught the front of her sweater dress and she squealed and laughed as he pulled her forward between the seats,

and pulled her face down against his groin.

“You want to see it up close?” he demanded.

“I know what I’m seeing up close,” Mark said.

Pulling on the elastic sweater dress had, of course, pulled it up, especially as she was half sprawled across Patrick’s seat, and the hem of the dress had ridden up to reveal that she was wearing a small pink thong.

Amie yelped and twisted, but her struggles, and Patrick grabbing hold of her body actually only served to pull the hem up completely so she was effectively bare below the hips except for the thong. Mark laughed and gave her bare bottom a slap.

“You have a really cute little butt there, Amie,” he said.

Amie gasped, knowing what a show she was putting on, perhaps not only for him but maybe anyone outside. She twisted back and threw her weight back. Patrick, still clutching at her, but could only use one hand as the other was on the steering wheel. He got a handful of the thicker material of the turtleneck, though, and as the sweater dress was already up around her hips, it was simply yanked the rest of the way off as she fell back onto the leather seat clad only in bra and panties.

Mark and Patrick laughed uproariously while Amie yelped, face flushing red, and tried to cover herself with her arms.

“Give me my dress, you bastard!”

“Uh uh! You can go to work like that!” Patrick said, chortling.

Amie’s face was red, for to make matters worse, she had worn her pink bra, which had lacy little half cups. She couldn’t exactly try and go forward to get her dress without revealing an awful lot to Mark. Then again, Mark was awfully cute, and this play acting, this silly sexual game playing, had her pulse racing and her pussy throbbing with excitement. Being able to show herself off without anyone thinking she was trying to show herself off was something of a forbidden thrill.

She abandoned efforts at hiding herself and lunged forward, grabbing at her dress. But Patrick yanked it back.

“Uh uh. I’ll give it to you only if you confess that I’m the best you’ve ever had in bed. I’m your dream lover and you only wish you could keep up with me.”

“Ha! You’re only the best in your dreams!” she said. “Give my dress, you moron!”

“Let’s have a vote. I vote you go naked.”

“I vote with you,” Mark said.

“You don’t get a vote!” Amie said.

“Let’s have the undies now,” Patrick said.

“Forget it!”

The rear of the SUV had tinted windows so she wasn’t especially worried about anyone seeing her, but it felt bizarre to be half naked in a car driving down a busy road, and what if they were pulled over by a cop? What if they had an accident? What about when they got to work!?

Having Mark looking at her well-displayed cleavage was also doing funny things to her, and butterflies were swirling around in her belly and tightening her chest.

She eased forward and punched Patrick in the ribs. He yelped in pain, and grabbed at his side, and while he was distracted she threw herself forward, grabbed the dress, turned, and tried to throw herself back in the rear of the truck. But they had hit another red light, and he had both hands free. He grabbed at the dress, and caught a piece, though, and then to distract her, he threw his other hand forward, hooked his fingers under the waistband of her thong, and pulled.

Amie yelped and let go of the dress as she threw herself backwards, but that just tugged her thong down over her butt, and Patrick laughed in delight and yanked it the rest of the way off, leaving her curled up, knees together, half laughing, half embarrassed as Mark stared with interest.

Patrick smirked as he swung the thong from his finger.

“Just one more item to go!” he said.

“I should drive to work with you every day,” Mark said.

“Patrick! Give me back my clothes!” she demanded.

Grinning, he undid his seat belt. “I’ll help you dress,” he said.

“I don’t want your help, pig!”

“You want to drive, Mark?”

He had already pulled over to the curb, and Amie shrank down as he opened the door and climbed out - with her dress and thong in hand. Laughing, Mark got out as well, and while Mark got in behind the wheel Patrick climbed into the rear as Amie slid back into the far corner.

“Go away!”

She kicked out at him and he caught her ankle and yanked her halfway down along the seat, falling atop her as she squealed and struggled to push him off. Then his lips came down on hers, and her fighting eased as she felt herself slipping away into the hot fever of wild, kinky, thrilling heat.

“Get off me, bastard!” she said breathlessly.

“Beg,” he said, grabbing her hair, yanking her head back, and kissing her again.

She was laying full length along the wide leather seat wearing nothing but her bra, and Patrick had settled between her legs. She could feel the bulge in his trousers rubbing against her as his tongue swirled and twisted against her own inside her mouth. He was twice her weight so there was no shoving him off, and she wasn’t at all sure she wanted to. But she felt a wild swirl of mixed embarrassment and exhibitionistic heat knowing Mark was up front watching in the rear view mirror.

He couldn’t actually see much, she thought wildly, but still...

And then Patrick unzipped himself and brought his cock out, hard and eager. She gasped and twisted, trying to roll from one side to the other. She wasn't sure if she was actually resisting, or just trying to put on a show for Mark's benefit, but as soon as she felt the slickness of his cock rubbing along the mouth of her sex she shuddered and her legs flinched open.

"You want it," he panted, leering.

"Fuck you!" she gasped.

Then he pushed into her, harder and harder, and she felt herself slowly giving way, spreading open, further and further until the head of his cock slid slowly up into her hot, pulsing sex tunnel.

She shuddered and her legs jerked wider, then she couldn't repress a groan of pleasure as he pushed deeper, filling her aching full. She was momentarily breathless, gasping, gulping, jerking as the pleasure and heat rippled through her body, then her knees rose and spread and she groaned aloud as his cock slid deep into the center of her belly.

Their tongues twisted and turned together as their lips moved in a hot, feverish feeding of lust and hunger. Amie's hands slid up over his shoulders and grasped his hair, pulling him down against her as he ground his hips into her in a slow, grinding motion.

It felt like the wildest, sluttiest thing she had ever done, and heat baked her as she clutched him between her bare legs and felt his cock twisting and churning inside her.

When he started to thrust in and out she felt herself gasping and moaning, despite her best efforts at repressing it, and blushed at the thought of Mark hearing even as her skin flared with heat and excitement at Patrick's daring and kinky attack.

"Bastard!" she gasped breathlessly.

"Brat!" he taunted, his hips working up and down slowly, his cock sliding slickly up and down her tight, spasming pussy.

Then, suddenly, he rolled over, taking her with him, and she gasped as she was

now on top, and at least her backside was fully visible to his brother. He snickered as she tried to pull free, and she cursed him, but knew that he just thought he was being funny. He didn't see any reason in the world why she should be embarrassed to be seen naked. He said she had an incredible body so why on earth would she be embarrassed to have someone see it. Men!

But in truth, she was so hot, so wild, so filled with hunger and lust that a part of her was actually aroused at the thought of Mark looking at her. That was far from her usual feeling, but as the waves of sexual heat swept through her the kinkier, the wilder, the more thrilling Patrick's perverted little scene became to her.

He was thrusting slowly up into her, and Amie could not stop herself from thrusting back against him, pulling her knees in against his hips so she could ride harder. God it felt so good up inside her! And besides, Mark still couldn't actually see anything, well, anything important.

Patrick's hands dug into her buttocks, then, jamming her in and down against her each time he thrust up, and he pulled down on her hair and crushed her lips against his.

She pulled her knees up further, and rode him fully now, gasping, panting, moaning softly, and in the throes of a wild fever he sat up himself, with her straddling him, and before she understood anything he had swung around frontward so he was sitting properly on the seat. He shifted sideways as well, into the middle of the seat, and Amie's face flashed hot with embarrassment even as her excitement also rocketed up.

There was no question what Mark could see now if she moved! She was locked firmly around Patrick's hips, and if she stayed as she was he could only see part of her buttocks. But she would have to stay unmoving - and she couldn't. She shuddered at the heat within her and then rose slightly, trying to ride him with very, very shallow strokes so Mark couldn't see.

And she couldn't. Her strokes grew longer and then longer, and then Patrick's hands slid under her bottom, pulling her up fully and then back down again. Amie grunted and gasped, trying to ignore the view Mark must have, the full, behind shot of her pussy riding up and down on his brother's stiff cock. But the fever had her and she couldn't stop.

The fact the car was moving through traffic, that there were cars on either side, only made it a wilder, more thrilling ride, as she impaled herself on his fat cock again and again and again.

What a slut she was! But the thought couldn't halt her heat. In fact, it just added to it.

“That building there,” Mark gasped. “Turn into the garage.”

Amie hardly heard him. She was riding up and down on his cock on her way towards what she knew would be a massive orgasm. The truck turned and dipped down out of the sunlight, stopped briefly, then continued on as she rode Patrick's hard shaft.

But then Patrick stopped her, his hands pulling up on her bottom on the upswing, lifting her right off his cock. Before she understood what he was doing he pulled one leg around and was twisting her around. She gasped weakly, grasping the back of the front seat, and found herself turned completely around facing the front windshield.

They were in the garage, passing between rows of cars and trucks.

Patrick lifted her up and she felt the nose of his hardness pressing up into the mouth of her sex. She groaned and sank back down, taking him deep into her belly again.

Mark pulled into an empty parking space, and turned to look at them. Amie felt her face flush and turned her head away, but she was still riding up and down on Patrick's cock and could not bring herself to stop for anything!

Her eyes flicked down towards his crotch and she saw how hard he was, and then she felt a sudden hot flash of excitement at the thought of taking him as well. Not only would that be incredibly kinky, but he would no longer be a spectator staring at her. He would be a participant, and that was a lot less embarrassing!

She rode harder at the thought, the throbbing heat between her legs growing worse. Breathless, she leaned forward, gasping moaning, and reached for him. He scrambled sideways, released the backrest of the passenger seat, and it fell backwards to let him shift around on his knees.

She unzipped him and pulled his cock out, almost faint with the heat now as she wrapped her small fingers around his cock and then took it into her mouth.

She felt hands on her back, at her neck, and her bra fell away, leaving her naked but for her shoes. She felt a climax surge through her veins and forced her lips down Mark's cock as it hit, crying out silently as the heat swept over her.

Yet it wasn't an orgasm. It was merely a prelude, a higher level of wild sexual pleasure. She bobbed her lips up and down Mark's cock while riding Patrick, and hot sparkling flashes of heat tore through her brain as two hands mauled her breasts.

She forced her lips all the way down Mark's cock, taking him deep into her throat, and he gurgled and gripped the back of her head, holding her against him even as her hips rode up and down on his brother's stiff prick.

It was Patrick who pulled her away from him. He gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back, pulling her back fully against his chest, arching her back so her full young breasts thrust out invitingly. Her eyes were slits, her jaw slack as she moaned and shuddered and continued to slowly ride his cock.

"I didn't say my girlfriend could suck you off," he said. "but if you want, you can give her something she really likes."

He ran his fingers down between her legs, rubbing at her clit, and Amie's hips ground frantically against them as she mewled in pleasure. Then he turned her around again, taking her into his arms, and turned himself around with her until he lay back along the back seat with the slight girl straddling him.

He pulled her lips down against his and Mark moved into the rear of the SUV with his slick, dripping cock.

Amie cried out when she felt it pressing against her anal opening, and the pressure drove her over the edge. She screamed into Patrick's mouth as the orgasm tore at her. It was massive and all-encompassing, so that she jerked and flailed and rutted wildly on his cock, making it almost impossible for Mark to actually enter her.

The force of the orgasm made her muscles spasm and her body convulsed helplessly atop Patrick as she tried desperately to impale herself on his cock as

fast and as deep as was humanly possible. Nothing else in the universe mattered but the wall of pleasure pouring down on her, and she was locked into the pure ecstasy of being swamped by its power and intensity.

It went on and on until, forgetting to breath, not caring about breathing, she almost lost consciousness, and then it finally eased and left her limp, gasping, laying on Patrick's chest, slack jawed and breathless.

She gulped in air weakly, her mind fluttering like a butterfly, confused, bleary and drunk on the sensations which had poured through her. Yet slowly she started to fit her shattered mind back together, and began to be aware of Mark's cock pushing against her again, already inside her, slowly sliding, pushing, driving down into the tightness of her ass.

She groaned weakly. It ached, but despite the ferocity of the orgasm the heat had not left her and she felt a wild thrill at the thought of having a cock in both holes at the same time.

Oh My God! I'm at the garage at work, she thought wonderingly.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh! Wait! Slowly! Ungh!"

She brought her hands down flat against the seat on either side of where Patrick lay, half rising up, She kept her body angled forward, but turned to look behind her as Mark slowly worked his cock deeper, using slow, short strokes to relax her sphincter. He felt amazing back there, despite the pain, and even more incredible with Patrick still hard inside her pussy.

She was peripherally aware of someone walking by outside, but in the darkened garage, no one could see through the tinted glass, and she bit her tongue as Mark's cock thrust deeper still.

Hands kneaded her breasts, and fingers plucked and stroked and rubbed and twisted her stiff nipples, but she didn't even know whose they were. A hand on her back pulled her chest down against Patrick, and then Mark's cock began to pump in real strokes as Patrick thrust up into her from underneath.

At first she just winced, gasped, moaned and yelped at the ache. She was a slight, slim girl, and having two hard cocks inside her was far more than she'd ever thought she could stand. But then the aching eased and the heat rose up

around her, and she was carried off into a fever once more, moaning and whimpering as two hard cocks took turns sliding in and out of her belly

“Mon Dieu!” she gasped, as both of them thrust into her at once and a rippling climax started to roll up through her belly.

She felt impaled on Mark’s cock even as Patrick thrust up into her again and again. The climax, which was short-lived, left her gasping, and then rolling up through a second climax and then a third and a fourth as the two thrust in and out in tandem and the wild sexual fever of it all tore her mind to pieces. She gasped and moaned and grunted in animalistic heat as the two men thrust in and out of her and their hands raced over her body, and then a stunning orgasm almost knocked her unconscious and left her collapsed limply on Patrick’s chest.

She was only peripherally aware of Mark moving away, climbing back into the front seat, and grunted weakly as Patrick rolled over and lay her on her back on the seat.

“Well, I guess it’s time for work now, right, Frenchy? He said, a little breathless.

She groaned weakly, chest heaving, heart still pounding, gulping in air.

“I’m too tired to work,” she moaned.

Patrick cocked his head to one side. “Okay. Mark can take you home. I’ll tell everyone you’re sick.”

And just like that he got out of the SUV, leaving her with Mark - naked.

## Chapter Nine

Amie was startled, and then felt, despite the sense of sexual languor enveloping her, a sudden sense of anxiety and then self-consciousness. She liked Mark. And it wasn't like they weren't acquainted, given what had just happened. But she'd only known him less than two days. Now she was alone, naked, in a car with him on her way - home - with him. This was entirely unexpected, and well beyond her experience.

It was one thing to fuck a guy with Patrick here, but to do it by herself!? That would be cheating, sort of, on Patrick, except they didn't exactly have anything official going, and except he clearly wanted her to. Which was bizarre! On the other hand, it was his brother, and he was cute, and had been feeling a growing sense of dark sexual interest in being dominated of late, by Patrick, in letting him tie her up and in the excitement of him calling her his slut, and his bitch, and "making her" do nasty things.

Of course, Mark wouldn't "make" her do anything, not really. He seemed to be a very nice guy. And yet, he was a broad shouldered guy who could manhandle her even more easily than Patrick did should he want to. And he clearly enjoyed handling her!

"Do you have my clothes?" she asked a bit shyly.

He grinned at her in the rear view mirror. "Uh huh."

"Can I have them?" she said a bit waspishly.

"Pat said to keep you naked because you were a nasty little french slut and you liked it better when you were naked."

"I am not a slut!" she exclaimed indignantly.

He raised his eyebrows and she flushed. "I don't go having sex with strangers all the time. I mean, this is not something that I uhm, do."

“Why are you hiding yourself?” he asked with a grin. “I’ve already seen - and touched - every part of you.”

She shrugged uncomfortably. She was indeed sitting there with her knees tight together, one hand in her lap and an arm across her breasts. “I don’t know,” she said awkwardly.

“So Patrick says you like to suck cock,” he said with a grin.

Again she flushed, then scowled. “So? I’m a girl!”

“Are you ever,” he said with an admiring tone. “Nothing at all wrong with you liking to suck cock.”

She sniffed and looked away briefly.

“So you do, right?”

She shrugged a little embarrassed.

“Just admit it,” he said, grinning.

“Okay, I admit it.”

“Say it.”

“What?”

He grinned broadly. “Say it. Go on.”

She felt her face flushing but also felt a tingle of heat running through her belly. “I like to suck cock,” she said defiantly.

“Now you can stop hiding your breasts. They’re beautiful breasts, you know. And they feel incredibly soft and firm in my hands. I love how you can squeeze them and then they spring back into perfect shape the instant you take your hands away.”

She licked her lips, feeling her face heat again.

“Go ahead,” he said, gently teasing.

And it made no sense to be trying to hide herself after what he'd already done to her. That was certainly true. She removed her arm.

“Gorgeous,” he said. “Your breasts are big and yet really firm. Your nipples are actually tilting up! You know how rare that is in breasts that size? I love your breasts!”

She shrugged a bit awkwardly but couldn't deny she enjoyed the compliment.

His eyes kept flicking back and forth between the road and the rear view mirror.

“You should sit back in your seat,” he said. “And spread your legs more.”

“You just want to stare at me,” she said accusingly.

“You bet I do!”

She let out a bark of laughter, but cowering like a little girl was silly and unlike her. She tended towards defiance more, and so she defiantly spread her legs wide and arched her back for him. “Like that?” she asked sarcastically.

“Very much. Though you need to spread your legs wider.”

She laughed. “I can't spread my legs any wider. Shit.”

“Put your feet on the seat.”

Feeling the heat rising, she did so, her feet spread as wide as she could get them, slumping down a little now, showing him her pussy.

“That is a beautiful little pussy,” he said. “It's so neat and tight and smooth and pink. I feel like jumping back there on top of you right now.”

“Watch you don't crash my truck,” she said.

“I'm watching the road, don't worry.”

“You look like your watching me.”

“I am watching you. I know a girl as hot and beautiful and sexy and slutty as you can't resist the idea of being naked like that and not touching herself.”

She smirked at the mirror. “You want me to touch myself?”

“Well... I can’t touch you at the moment.”

She laughed again, and let her hands teasingly cup and knead her breasts.

“You like my boobies?” she teased.

She pinched and plucked at her nipples, then slid a hand between her legs, fingering her pussy.

It was to tease him - for she loved teasing the boys - but the heat flared within her, and while she told herself she was just teasing him she stroked her fingers across her swollen clit with growing excitement that slowly built up an intense sense of hunger and desire within her. She felt daring and wild as she rubbed her clit, as he watched, and slid a finger into her pussy.

The act was becoming real, and Amie slumped down further, her breathing becoming more ragged as her fingers stroked her clit and pumped inside her moist pussy.

“That’s it, baby,” he said softly, “do it for me, little slut. Nasty little French girl! Do it for Mark!”

And so she did. She’d never masturbated in front of anyone before. Doing so sent a churning, crackling wall of sexual electricity rippling up and down her spine. She was soon gasping and panting and moaning as her fingers thrust deep into her pussy and her hips began to buck against them.

“Nasty little brat,” he breathed. “Such a bad little girl, masturbating in front of people like that!”

And then she came, her hips bucking violently against her fingers as her head rolled back against the back of the seat and passion and heat swept over her.

\* \* \* \*

Amie flushed red as Patrick came in the door and saw her on the floor.

Mark had brought her home, given her her clothes so she could dress, and then

the two had come back to the house , and then he'd gone out. She had been both startled and relieved by that, and then had wandered about wondering what to do for the day, and feeling a little annoyed. What was with him leaving her anyway? Had he had his fill and was now going to go and do someone else? And why should she care given she hardly knew him?

But then he'd returned, stripped her, and shown her the things he'd bought, which included a studded leather collar, and studded leather wrist and ankle restraints, which he had put around her as she had sort of pretended to resist. The sight of herself in them had made her pussy spasm, and almost made her come, and for the rest of the day he'd kept her naked and in the leather restraints. He'd made her clean the floor, scrubbing on all fours - naked. He'd made her suck his cock - with her wrists locked behind her back, he'd even made her kneel and be his footstool while he watched TV!

And he'd also spread her legs and driven her to the edge of insanity with his tongue - which was even more skilful than his brothers - before ramming his cock up her tight pussy and pounding her until she screamed.

He'd gone to fetch Patrick home at the end of the day, leaving her on her knees, sitting on her heels facing the front door, her wrists locked behind her back, her ankles locked together. He'd put a big dildo with a suction cup on the bottom on the floor, and impaled her on it after shoving a butt-plug up her backside.

Now the brothers came in to find her kneeling as left, her hair somewhat askew, a faint sheen of perspiration on her skin, arousal filling her.

“And what have you been doing while I've been at work, you little brat?” Patrick demanded.

“I've been fucking your brother,” she said defiantly, teasingly, tauntingly.

His eyes narrowed. “You nasty slut,” he said. “I think you need to be punished.”

“By you? Ha. You are a puny man. I'm not scared of you.”

Patrick pulled her up, half carrying her to the sofa and pulling her down across his lap. While Mark went to get a couple of beers he began to apply his hand to Amie's backside. At first she laughed at him and called him names, wriggling and twisting, and telling him what a tiny cock he had and that his little boy hands

weren't hurting her at all.

But as the spanking continued her rebelliousness began to wane. As the pain mounted she began to yelp and cry out. The two brothers had their beers and talked about football while Patrick teased her with the dildo and butt-plug, with his fingers and hands, interspersing that with hard slaps to her already bright red bottom.

After she had come several times he heaved her onto Mark's lap while he left the room, and then Mark began to spank her and tease her as well..

She wound up kneeling before the two, sucking their cocks, one at a time, or even once with both in her mouth at once. Then she rode Patrick's cock while Mark fucked her in the ass. After that, she made dinner - still naked. Then her hands were locked behind her back again and she had to eat out of their hands.

It was unnerving, at times, invigorating at others, thrilling throughout. Her heart never quite settled down to a regular beat. Just when she thought they were finally worn out and nothing would happen but a little pinching and groping they both smugly ordered her to sit on the coffee table, then lay back, then spread her legs and put her feet up on opposite sides.

Then she had to masturbate, first with her fingers, then with dildos, while they sat there drinking and watching her.

At first she mocked them, and pretended to masturbate, using exaggerated movements and making exaggerated noises, but as she continued the heat became to real, and the sexual energy burned through her resolve so that she wound up masturbating for real, her movements, her gasps and moans and then cries of pleasure unfeigned as the brothers smilingly watched her performance, and took pictures and videos.

For the next two weeks, while Mark was there, she never wore anything around the house other than the collar and restraints, and had as much sex as even she could have hoped for. Even after Mark left, though, she and Patrick continued their kinky little games at home, with her never wearing clothes, and often shackled or tied in some way.

She gave up her apartment and moved in with him briefly, until they both moved to a larger house. One that could accommodate more guests. Mark was the first

virtual stranger to have had sex with her, but he was far from the last. Having sex with more than one man at a time was a dark, kinky thrill which her mind had now accepted, and within a month there was a second newcomer - Paul, and then a month later, Paul and Evan together - with Patrick.

Wild, thrilling sex filled her life, and Amie had no doubts about the wisdom of her decision to come south to change her life.

END

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