



The Millionaire  
& The Med Student

JJ Argus



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# **The Millionaire & The Med Student**

By JJ Argus

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

# Chapter One

The first time I saw the girls at Baxter I felt a jolt which ran right from my groin, up through my chest. I felt a tightness in my chest, a churning in my lower belly, and a soft, persistent thrumming between my legs. There was no way I could wear that! No way! No mater how much they tipped here!

Baxter was a very expensive restaurant in upper Manhattan, one I'd never heard of, and certainly never before sat foot inside. It had been my boyfriend Colin's idea I try for a job here. He hadn't been in here before, either (obviously!) but he'd heard from a friend of a friend, a doctor, actually, that they were hiring servers.

Colin and I were far removed from doctors, as yet, though, in salary as well as abilities. We were both med students at NYU. He had a scholarship. I was trying to pay my way. I had the loan and grant, but they didn't cover everything, which meant I needed a job. The problem with that was they didn't give you a lot of free time at NYU medical school, and I didn't have the skills to command much of a salary.

That meant I needed something which would pay a lot more than minimum wage, or I simply couldn't earn enough in the hours I had available. Even a part-time job was going to cut into my studies!

But wear those outfits!?! No way!

I supposed they were.. classy, in a way. I mean, they weren't the cheap tartan short skirts and bra tops you'd find in a sports bar. But they covered even less!

There was a black vest with small red trim which would have looked fine beneath a blazer or suit jacket. But it was worn without jacket or shirt. The cleavage wasn't too bad, but there was a lot of side boob on display as I watched the girls moving around.

A lot! The vests were tight against their chests, holding everything in place, but it was clear no one was allowed to wear a bra, and the vests were typical,

covering the shoulder, and going around the ribs, but leaving a wide gap under the arms.

The skirt... it was black, short, tight, and didn't quite go all the way around. It started at the front of the left hip, then circled the hips to the back of the left hip. The whole side was bare except for a gold chain holding the top together. And clearly, there was no room for panties either, or I'd see the strings going across those bare hips.

Add a thick black bow tie around their throats, and a pair of black fuck-me shoes, and that was what the girls wore. And they had clearly all been hired for their looks. Every one of them was beautiful and nicely built. There were no flat chested girls I could see!

So I immediately realized that coming down here to interview was a waste of time because there was no way I could wear something like that in public! Still, the very idea of wearing that outfit, which, I decided, was kind of classy, in a way, made me a little giddy, for some reason, and gave me a kind of aching heat low in my abdomen.

“Bethany Gray?”

I gulped and turned my eyes away from the girls to a short, busty girl wearing an identical outfit.”

“Uhm yes, but – .”

“Come this way,” she said, turning and hurrying away.

I bit my lip, then followed, deciding there would be nothing wrong with doing the interview. I could leave after and then not return any phone calls.

We walked around the bar and through a door which said Employees Only, then down a short, narrow corridor, around a corner, and stopped at a doorway.

“Bethany Gray for an interview, Mister Diangelo.”

She turned away and nodded me in, and I reluctantly stepped into the office. It was small, but surprisingly comfortable, with a patterned blue carpet, a heavy wooden desk, and bookcases along the wall. The window behind the desk was

floor to ceiling, and looked out on some small bushes hiding the parking lot.

The man behind the desk stood up and came around as I entered.

“Do you prefer Bethany or Beth?” he asked, holding out his hand.

“Ahm, uhm, Beth is fine,” I said.

“Beth. I'm Dean. Have a seat, will you?”

I nodded and gulped again.

Dean was somewhere north of twenty five. He wore a blue, three piece suit with really nice, shining black shoes I thought were probably Italian. He had a haircut which parted his hair at the left, and was probably intended to make him look more mature, but his hair had spilled downward to give him some bangs across the top of his forehead, making him look kind of boyish instead.

His face was soft, almost feminine, in a way, perfectly shaved, with high cheekbones, a small nose, and perfect teeth between sensuous, smiling lips. Gay, I thought. He must be gay.

He sat back on the edge of his desk and motioned me into the chair in front of him.

“You're a medical student. How much time do you have for a part-time job?”

“Uh, well, not a lot,” I confessed.

“Which is why you want to work here, for the tips.”

“Uh, yeah. I mean, yes, sir.”

“We're right on the subway line, easy to get to. A lot of students like the thought of working here. And they all have your time problem. Which means for a new girl, weekends are out, as is Friday night. Stand up.”

I stood up uncertainly.

“You look hot,” he said. “What are your measurements?”

I opened my mouth to protest indignantly, but instead, my measurements came out.

“Th-thirty six C, twenty-three, thirty six,” I gulped, barely refraining from adding something snippy to that.

“Tattoos?”

I shook my head.

“The reason I'm asking these questions, Beth, is clearly that we're hiring not merely for competence, which I presume you have given you've worked several summers as a waitress, and are smart enough to be a med student, but for looks.”

He stood up and waved his arm towards the door.

“You've seen the front. Do you have any idea how much money we put into the décor? This is not a diner or a pub. This is a place millionaires and billionaires go to entertain and to eat top quality food. They expect to pay a lot, they expect the food to be perfect, and they expect everything to be beautiful and of a kind with the décor they have in their homes and offices.”

He sat down again, looking at me. “And yes, the outfits the girls wear are revealing. I've tried to make them stylish and restrained, yet sexy, and as long as the girls who wear them are toned, and act in a graceful manner, that's what they are. Everything about this restaurant says sleek, including the staff.”

I wasn't sure what to say to that.

“These people, and let's face it, most of them are men, also expect top-notch service. Familiarity is out. This is not a sports bar. You don't call people by their first name here. It's sir, or mister whatever you are, and said with respect. It's the treatment these people expect and require.”

He stood up again and stood very closely in front of me. Since I was a head shorter I had to cock my head back.

“These people don't generally have the time to linger, and their meals cost an average of a hundred dollars per person, not counting wine or alcohol,” he said. “They also tend to tip well. We average thirty-five percent. That's a hundred

dollar tip on a meal, Beth. There aren't many places in this city you could make that kind of money?"

A hundred dollars from one meal!? I kind of gaped at him, open mouthed.

"You share that out, of course, with the cooks and busboys, which means you generally get fifty percent yourself."

That was standard, but my rapidly calculating mind said that would give me a couple of hundred dollars for one evening, depending on how busy it was and how many customers I'd had!

"Let's see what you look like in the uniform," he said.

I cringed, but the thought of that money... and then there was also a kind of fluttering in my chest at the thought of me wearing one of those things, and a double power fluttering at the thought of wearing it in front of him!

The change room wasn't what I was used to. It was as stylish as the front of the restaurant, with leather chairs. The lockers were wood, not metal. There was a dressing mirror running down one wall, with stools in front of it, and around the corner, a separate shower and bathroom.

The short girl came in shortly after I entered the room, and handed me a plastic bag containing the 'uniform', such as it was. I was a bit anxious putting it on, because I was right. There was no room for underwear. The good part was that the skirt part actually had underwear attached. You couldn't wrap it around, but had to step into it, and pull it up. Then the chain hooked across the hip.

At least I wouldn't flash anyone if I took a long stride!

The vest was as it looked, except it had a bra attached to the front, soft, half cups clearly designed to plump up breasts and squeeze them together. The vest buttoned tightly, and I gulped as I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked... hot! But I just wasn't used to displaying this much flesh in front of people!

Well, I told myself, I displayed a lot more at the beach, so really, was this so bad? I adjusted my breasts a little, and gave my hair a quick brush. I was breathing harder again, and feeling that thrum low in my belly.

Did I mention the vest didn't come down to the top of the skirt? There was about a three inch space of bare belly there, low on my abdomen, for the skirt was not only short but low riding.

I turned to the side and cringed! I couldn't walk out in this! It wasn't too bad as long as my arms were at my sides, though, I told myself. But whenever they moved forward... I turned to the side and bent forward, extending my arm as if I was putting a glass on the table, and cringed even more! If the best wasn't so tight against my chest anyone would see my whole boob!

As it was they would only be able to see the side, and not the, well uh, the front, you know, the nipples. But still, I just wasn't used to exposing this particular part of my anatomy, not even at the beach!

But it was tastefully lit outside, I thought again. The lighting was low, with candles on the tables. People would only get little flashes and glimpses in the dark, and they were millionaires and billionaires! It wasn't like they were going to ogle and whistle and grope me or anything!

I hurriedly dug out my small makeup kit and put on some lipstick, then, licking my lips, and forgetting I was not going to really take the job, I went out into the hall and back to Dean's office.

He was on the phone, but waved me in. I stepped through the doorway, my chest tightening again as I determinedly faced him, not wanting to expose myself from the sides.

Still holding the phone, and making brief answers to somebody, he pointed at me and twirled his finger. Blushing, I turned slowly in place, arms at my sides, then returned to facing him.

“Yes, fine,” he said, hanging up.

He came around the desk again and I gulped as he ran slid his fingers up under the material of the best, and tugged it lightly, his fingers running along the inside. That meant the backs of his fingers ran along my belly, of course.

But he was being very clinical. He did the same at the shoulders, then took my arm and almost casually spun me to the side.

“Lean forward and stretch out your arms as if serving a tray,” he said, clearly intending the same sort of test which had first come to my mind.

I blushed hotly, but did it, feeling the thrumming in my lower belly get even more intense as he looked at the side of my boob! I gulped as his fingers slid into the vest along my ribs, seeing how tight it was, and wondered frantically if he would dare do the same with the fabric pressed tight against my breasts!

He didn't, which was a tremendous relief, though also a bit, well, disappointing, in a weird way.

“You look good,” he said. “You'll have to buy your own shoes. High heels, black, stilettos, four inch heels. Make sure the best stays tight. Otherwise stylish and sleek can just become low class. It has to squeeze your breasts up against your chest so all anyone can see from the sides is ... just the sides,” he said.

I gulped, flushing again.

“What's your schedule like? We'll see what would be the best times for you.”

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I returned home somewhat in a daze. I could hardly believe I'd agreed! Walking around in that outfit was going to be like... like walking around naked! Well, maybe not naked, but my stomach was fluttering at the thought. I didn't quite understand why I also felt a kind of squirmy excitement, too, though chalked it up to how hot Dean was, and how much money I might make.

“So?” Colin asked, looking up from his desk.

We lived in a one bedroom place just off-campus. It was tiny, and I'd like to say it was full of partying and fun, but the truth was we spent most of our time at the table studying. Our fridge was full of energy drinks, and when we threw ourselves into bed we were normally too tired to do much more than pass out.

”Got the job!”

“Excellent!”

Colin is a bit nerdy. He's slim, has long, unkempt hair, and wears reading

glasses. He's fun, though, and we get along great. I just wished there was more time to be lovers instead of roommates.

“So how much does it pay?”

I hesitated. “The tips are supposed to be super, though I have to share them with kitchen staff, of course. He says I could make, like a hundred dollars a shift in tips.”

I was underplaying things because I wasn't sure myself if Dean was being entirely honest.

“Hundred bucks!?! Pretty cool, Bethy! Hopefully you won't have to pull too much time away from studying.”

“The uniform is a little... revealing,” I said cautiously.

He looked at me and then began to grin. “How revealing?”

“It's... stylish,” I said. “I mean, it's a black top and black skirt but... the skirt is kind of... short and uh, kind of open on one hip.”

He snickered and sat back in his chair, grinning broadly. “Cleavage? Tell me there's cleavage!”

I frowned at him, but then Colin had never exactly minded showing me off whenever we were together. If he had his way I'd probably wear a bikini everywhere so he could bask in how hot his girlfriend was. Some girls might have been bothered by that but I've always kind of liked it. I mean, I sort of took it as a tribute to how hot he thought I was, more than anything else.

And given I spent much of my day in rather sexless hospital scrubs and much of the rest in the sort of conservative clothes would-be doctors are supposed to wear, well, I kind of liked it that he thought I was sexy (or anyone else!)

“Yes, there's cleavage, though not a lot. I mean, it's a uh, tasteful place.”

“So where is it? I want to see you in it!”

“It's not here. You keep it in the locker room at work. They even wash it for

you.”

“Oh, come on! I want to see it on you!”

“Maybe I'll bring it home sometime,” I said, frowning with disapproval.

“Get a picture. I want to see you.”

“You're always wanting pictures of me,” I said with sniff.

Naked, preferably.

“You're hot, Bethy.” he said with a grin. “Why wouldn't I want pictures of my hot girlfriend in something sexy?”

I rolled my eyes, then yelped as he pulled me onto his lap, his hand going immediately to my breast and giving it a squeeze.

“I bet you'd make a ton of money as a stripper,” he said with a smirk.

“Yeah, you'd love that,” I said.

“You're a great dancer,” he said with a grin. “And you give great lap dances!”

“You're just a horny nerd,” I said as his fingers kneaded my breast. “Any girl would impress you.”

“I don't THINK so,” he said, his fingers sliding up under my shirt.

“I have to get ready for lab,” I groaned, as he maneuvered his fingers under my bra and started to roll my nipple.

“Does that include a shower?”

“I showered this morning.”

“You'll be wearing scrubs to lab, so you won't want this,” he said, tugging my blouse up under my arms. I raised my arms and he pulled it off, then unfastened the bra.

“I need a bra!”

“Only takes a second to put it on!”

The thing was, I really was rushed and really didn't have the time, and to be absolutely honest, as fun and nice and decent and sweet a guy as Colin is, he really isn't much in the bed department. So I slipped down onto my knees, knowing I could short circuit this little bit of lustful play quickly by, so to speak, disarming him.

And that was easy with Colin, and easy with my oral skills. I don't know how unusual I am in that department, but I gather most girls don't deep throat, or at least, don't do it well. A few girls I know claim they can do it but really only when they're really, really aroused.

It's not that I have no gag reflex, but, well, I just seemed to have learned to overcome it. It's really all psychological, when you think about it (no pun intended), because we swallow food all the time without issue, yet will gag with the tip of a finger pushed into our throats.

But not me. And I was the first girl Colin had ever known who could deep throat. He'd never gotten over his delight at it, and so all I had to do was tug down his pants and slide my lips and tongue in against him to have him hard as a rock.

Personally, I like giving oral sex. I know I'm good at it and I kind of take pride in it. But we're so damned busy that I mostly use it as a way of satisfying Colin when he has some excess energy. Sorry, but that's what it's like being a medical student. You just have no damned time!

So almost as soon as I could get my mouth around him he spread his leg and lay back. I felt a little shudder of pleasure, but it was more in the sense of having power, you know, the power to just make him go boneless like that as I bobbed up and down and sucked him.

As soon as he was slick and throbbing I gulped him down.

“Fuuuuck!” he groaned.

That was his normal reaction, his hands going down to my head, pushing ever so gently, which for Colin was very expressive. He's a very gentle man, after all, and there's just no way he would try to force anyone to do anything. That's one

of the reasons we get along. We're both planning to go into pediatrics, too.

I stayed down a few seconds, then slid slowly back up, feeling the fullness in my throat with a sort of distant sense of pleasure, then allowing it to pop free so I could work my tongue against the underside of the head. I pulled it out and rubbed it against my cheeks, giving him a sultry look, then slid it back into my mouth and sank all the way down again.

My mind flicked to the time and I started to bob up and down with him in my throat. I wriggled my tongue as I did, though I didn't think that had much effect further back in my throat. It made him curse again, though, so it must have been reasonably effective.

It didn't take long. It never did when I deep throated. On the few occasions when I had time I liked to make a bigger deal of it and take my time teasing and taunting him, working on his balls and such, but I just didn't have time right then. And I knew he'd be pleased regardless.

## Chapter Two

It was very odd changing into the uniform at work three days later. I had gone from working on cadavers at the morgue, wearing my green scrubs, to wearing this slinky black thing, from loose, sexless, shirt and linen pants to this incredibly hot, revealing, sexy thing that would have had everyone in my classes staring.

I hoped none of them were rich enough to come here!

I met a number of the other girls at the shift change. They were all beautiful, all seemed friendly enough, and all were apparently unconcerned with nudity. Everyone just got naked, then quickly pulled on their uniforms. A lot were college girls, like me, though, and had very little spare time. I blushed a lot as I was getting into the outfit, not even able to keep my panties on, and then blushed afterward, still feeling pretty darn exposed!

Andrea was in charge. The difference between her and us was she wore a shirt under her vest, and her skirt was six inches longer, three inches higher, and not slit down the side. She was in her late twenties, with short brown hair and an attitude. Dean had an air of authority. Andrea was just bossy.

“Do not bother the customers,” she warned me. “Do not flirt with the men. Act professional and always, always smile and be friendly.

“What if someone gropes me?” I wondered aloud.

“Smile and ignore it. You can tell me and Dean will speak quietly to him. You will not cause scenes here,” she warned.

We didn't, like other restaurants, have a group of tables. We would be assigned, in order, as customers came in. If we were too stupid to remember which customers were ours and where they were we wouldn't continue to work there.

“Don't bend over too much,” she warned me. “If you drop something on the floor, you squat and get it, and watch where you're aiming your knees. That vest

will not stand you bending all the way over, and we don't want you flashing the room.”

Neither did I!

But to be honest I felt an almost breathless sensation when she went me out to my first customers. My nipples were hard, and my stomach was swirling. I felt like everyone must be staring at me! The room was, however, tastefully dim, and while male eyes scanned me I don't think anyone was exactly staring.

Even so, I felt self-conscious, embarrassed and... well, hot, aroused, excited in a kind of shamefully narcissistic way. I know, you're not supposed to get turned on because guys are looking at you, but I couldn't help myself. Even so, I tried to keep the exposure to a minimum as I approached the table and the two men there.

They were in their fifties, probably, but wearing expensive suits.

“Good evening, gentlemen,” I said with a smile, presenting them with menus. “Welcome to Baxters. May I get you a drink before eating?”

Their eyes turned to me casually, and while they didn't gawk I felt the quick flick up and down, and felt a little sense of breathlessness knowing they were checking out how much flesh was being revealed. I was self-conscious and a little embarrassed, but felt that hot thrum between my legs get stronger.

It didn't matter they were old enough to be my father or that I had zero sexual interest in them. I felt this incredible sense of being practically naked, of shamefully exposing myself in front of strange men! And while it was embarrassing it was exciting too.

They ordered wine, and I went and fetched it. That meant, and my chest tightened still further, I had to walk back to them with the tray holding the glasses. And we were to hold the trays in both hands for safety sakes, which meant my arms were pushed a little forward. When I got to their table I smiled at them, and then had to lean forward to take each glass from the tray and place it on the table.

I put the first glass in front of the man to my left, then picked up the second and placed it in front of the men on my right. I just caught the first man's eyes sliding

up and in to where the side of my breast was revealed out of the corner of my eye, and flushed hotly.

I walked back and out through the employee door. The way it worked at Baxters was that Andrea kept her eye on everyone, and they would signal her when they wanted something. Failing that, I would return in five minutes to check on them.

I felt a strange mixture of emotions. I felt flushed, right from my face halfway down my body, embarrassed, and anxious. But my mind squirmed with this strange dark heat that kept my chest tight and my nipples throbbing.

The other girls were pretty casual about it.

“You get used to it,” Cathy, one of the girls said as we waited for a signal.

She meant you got used to the way guys could look at you in the tiny skirt and top. I didn't dare reveal that it had an affect on me other than embarrassment and self-consciousness.

And it didn't get better.

Or at least, it got less embarrassing, and I felt less self-conscious, but if anything, I felt more excited as I paraded around in the tiny skirt and revealing top. I was getting off on being half naked around all those men!

I don't mean I was turning into a nympho or anything, but I was feeling pretty hot the whole shift! And, after a while, to be absolutely honest, I kind of stopped trying to be modest. I bent over excitedly, reached out even more excitedly, and felt a warm rush at exposing the sides of my breasts to anyone looking!

And as the evening progressed, more men were looking. The dinner people left, and we got more people who were coming back from the theater or other engagements. Often they had women with them, and the women looked at me and the other girls with hooded eyes. That made me embarrassed again, for a bit, but then I kind of felt nervy and daring showing off in front of them.

The tips were a thrill, too.

The two guys I had served first had left a hundred dollar tip. That was fifty bucks for forty five minutes of doing almost nothing!

The couples coming in later ate less and had smaller bills. They also didn't tip as much. But then there were the guys stopping in for dinner after a long night at the office: bankers and stockbrokers and the like. They were often alone, and paid more attention to me. They weren't all twice my age, either. Some of those guys on Wall Street made a ton of money while still pretty young.

It felt deliciously... naughty, for want of a better term, to be letting them run their eyes over me and I could only imagine what they were thinking, what they wanted to do to me!

It was honestly pretty strange feeling so turned on, and for so long! I just, well, I'm busy, like I said, and didn't have a lot of time for sex, nor did Colin. But I really felt like a hot thing as I pranced about, and was doing my best not to show it, not to show off, not to act like a slut, and to be my usual reserved self.

I made two hundred and fifty dollars in tips that night! I was ecstatic! I could hardly wait to tell people! And then I realized that I was limited in who I could tell. If I told people at school and at the hospital they'd be demanding to know how I could make that much in tips. I didn't really want them knowing I dressed in such a revealing outfit at my job.

I was bubbling over with excitement about it all (not just the money) when I got home, and to be honest, was ready to tear Colin's clothes off. Unfortunately, when I got there I found nothing but a note telling me he was going to be out until late in the morning with his anatomy study group.

I felt crestfallen, but it wasn't like I didn't understand. We both had these groups, and all-nighters were not unusual. I took a quick shower (habit), then headed for bed. I'd eaten at the restaurant so could get a quick few hours in before my first class in the morning.

I couldn't help looking at myself in the mirror, giving myself a vamp look, arching my back, and imagining all those men seeing me like I was now. It made a hot little ripple of excitement run down my body and in between my legs.

I snapped off the light, padded into our bedroom, then snapped off the light and climbed into bed. Only I was restless, unusually so, and I snapped the light back on, slid naked out of the bed and over to the closet. I pulled a few boxes out of the way, then rummaged in another I hadn't touched in a while. There at the bottom was my vibrator. It wasn't a big thing. It was about the size of a very

narrow egg, with a three inch handle.

Pulse racing more than usual, I grabbed my pillow, and the two Colin used (he has a bad back) and propped myself up against the headboard, then slumped down a bit and spread my legs as wide as I possibly could.

The vibrator didn't work. I cursed and examined it, then climbed out of bed and fished around in the kitchen drawers for new batteries, popping them in and flicking the switch to get a satisfying buzz. I returned to bed, lay back, and drew my legs nice and wide. I groaned, enjoying the strain in my tendons as I stretched them as far apart as I could.

Then I slid the vibrator in along my open sex, sliding it up and down against the swelling lips of my pussy, then up across my clitoris. There was an instant burst of sensation, and I groaned, laying my head back against the pillows, sliding the little vibrator up and down repeatedly.

I didn't have any specific sort of fantasy. My mind flitted over the evening's events, and I replayed them with minor variations here and there, like being naked, or topless, or being dragged into someone's lap to be pawed and fondled right in front of everyone.

My breathing grew more and more rapid, and I felt my body grow flushed and warm. I wriggled my hips and groaned aloud, feeling the aching strain in my groin from my stretched legs adding to the thrumming heat as the sexual tension built up higher and higher.

My hips began to kind of buck upwards as the sensations built and multiplied. I was gasping for breath, my head rolling from side to side as I felt an incredible wave of sexual heat taking hold of me. My free hand trembled as it moved up my body and found my breast, squeezing it repeatedly as I ground the little vibrator down harder and more forcefully.

The orgasm hit, and I felt, even as it sent my mind tumbling, a wave of gleeful delight at just how intense, how powerful it was! I sort of gurgled out all the breath in my lungs, and knew that if I wasn't still restraining myself I could have cried out loud! It was the best orgasm I'd had in a long, long time!

It left me gasping, stretched out, and more than a little dazed for long seconds.

“Wow!” I breathed.

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Next morning I was bleary eyed and wearing my scrubs as we observed a gall bladder operation, and my friend Stacy and I discussed internships likely to be available at which hospitals.. We had a three hour lecture, after that, then lunch, then we did rounds at the university hospital. Colin and I exchanged texts several times during the day, but we were both pretty busy for casual chit chat.

When I finally got home, after two hours studying in the library, Colin was already in bed, which wasn't really surprising given his all-nighter. It was mildly disappointing, though, since, for some reason, I was still horny.

I think it was the reminder that I was an attractive girl that men liked to look at. And wearing that outfit – by far the most sexy and daring I'd ever worn in public, had really excited something within me. I'd thought of it often during the day, wearing the shapeless scrubs, my hair pulled back tightly, wearing white tennis shoes.

It had been a long time since Colin and I had gone anywhere I could dress up – not that I'd ever worn something that revealing before! I did have a few low-cut tops (well, not really low) but hadn't worn them in a couple of years. I'd never worn four inch heels with sexy little straps across the foot either. What a difference between those and my tennis shoes!

I got the vibrator again and went into the bathroom for my shower, then turned on the water and pulled down the top of the toilet before placing a towel over it.

Already excited, I sat, then leaned back. That caused me to stop and find another towel to drape down the back. Once again, I sat and then slumped back, drawing my legs up and spreading them wide to the sides as I ran the vibrator up and down against my pussy.

It didn't take long, even less than it had the other night. I slumped lower, gasping for breath, spreading my legs achingly wide apart as I rubbed the vibrator against myself. This time I thrust two fingers into my pussy, pumping them in and out, closing my eyes to let wild images rush through my mind and draw me closer and closer to climax.

I let out a little cry when it arrived, quickly muffled, and followed by shuddering groans as my hips ground furiously up against the vibrator.

Wild!

I had my shower, pulled on my nightie, then put the vibrator into my night table and went to bed.

Tomorrow was another busy day, after all.

## Chapter Three

I found I really liked the job, even though I knew I shouldn't have. I don't mean I shouldn't have liked the money, for of course, I did. But I felt mildly ashamed of myself for being so turned-on by having a bunch of guys leer at me.

That's an exaggeration, of course. This wasn't that sort of place. The clientele was normally very well-behaved, very dignified. The men were always in suits and ties, very expensive ones, if I was any judge. The women were either in business outfits or something else quite smart and fashionable.

And nobody really leered at me that I ever noticed. They smiled and chatted and their eyes wandered, but no one really got out of line much. Oh, on occasions, someone's hand would slide along the back of a girl's thigh, or even, daringly, in under the open side of the skirt and over her buttock before she moved away.

But those were rare, and Dean would quietly and firmly speak to the gentleman involved, who had usually had a few too many of Baxter's expensive wines.

I had only been working there three weeks when Andrea sent me to Matthew Cameron's table.

As I approached, the first two things which caught my attention were his age and his face. He was hot and he was young. I don't mean he was my age. There weren't a lot of men there in their early twenties. But he was probably this side of thirty, if only, and his obviously tailored suit showed an athletic body with nice shoulders.

More importantly, there was his face, the most obvious feature of which were his eyes. They were dark and yet bright at the same time, with a sharp look of intelligence and intensity to them. One look at him and I knew he was a troublemaker, one of those rich boys who thought they could get away with anything and that the world owed them a living.

He looked up and down without staring. But he didn't try for a moment to hide that he was looking. There a sense of arrogance in his look as he examined me,

of absolute confidence he could do pretty much whatever the hell he wanted to do.

“Good evening, sir,” I said. “Welcome to Baxter.”

I felt a little breathy, as I often did, and deliberately placed the menu on the table before him. His head turned to examine the open side of my best and I felt another little rush of heat.

“And what's your name, my sweet?” he asked, in a delicious low voice with an even more delicious English accent.

“My name is Bethany, sir,” I said, working very hard to seem completely immune to him.

“Lovely name, that,” he said, sort of slouching back in his chair.

“Thank you,” I said brightly. “Can I get you a drink before you order, sir?”

“What would you recommend... Bethany?”

“Well, sir...”

“Matthew. Call me Matthew,” he said.

I hesitated but we weren't supposed to argue with the customers.

“We have an excellent selection of wines, Matthew,” I said, “But of course, that depends on what you'll be eating. Or would you prefer some other kind of spirit?”

“Why don't you fetch me a small vodka, then, my dear,” he said.

“Certainly, sir. I mean, Mathew. Do you have a preference on brand?”

He shrugged carelessly.

“That's a lovely outfit you're almost wearing, Bethany.”

I flushed a bit. “Thank you, sir.”

“Matthew,” he said.

“Matthew,” I said, feeling a little rush as he looked me up and down again.

Cocky bastard, I thought.

“Bring me a vodka, Bethany,” he said.

“Yes, sir.”

I turned and headed for the bar, rolling my eyes and exhaling. Whoa. He was good looking, but so arrogant! I couldn't help wondering, though, what he would be like in bed. I mean, like I said, Colin was sweet, but definitely no lover. I wondered if this guy's self-confidence had any real basis.

I brought the glass back, on a tray, of course, with a napkin, as usual. I leaned over, feeling that breathless rush again, reaching out to set the napkin on the table, then carefully placing the glass atop it, while Matthew examined the open side of my vest – and my breast!

“Have you ever considered the vagueries of human nature, Bethany?” he asked casually.

“Ah, in what respect, uhm, Matthew?”

“Depending on what the female of the species generally covers under cloth, the male of the species, that is to say, our species, finds it deliciously erotic to be able to look at that part of her body unclothed.”

I flushed and swallowed.

“I mean to say, in some places, the stray flash of an ankle would be considered devastatingly erotic.”

He glanced down my bare leg to my bare ankle.

“And even where they are revealed there's a certain delight,” he added.

He raised his eyes to mine. “Now as a general rule, we're not unused to cleavage, and it still draws the eye like a magnet, but the side of the breast, that is a rare

and delicious spectacle for the male eye.”

“I uhm... I'll – .”

“Would you bring a cloth, Bethany. I feel this table really hasn't been adequately cleaned.”

I blinked, startled. “Oh, I'm sorry!” I exclaimed. “I'll get a cloth right away!”

I left and felt my heart pounding. It wasn't like he was the only one to look at the side of my chest. I mean, that's what the outfit was made for, right? But he was certainly the first one to actually mention it!

And there was something exotic about him, and I don't mean his accent, though that was part of it. He just seemed sleek, like a cat, with his thick brown hair and high cheekbones, his full lips and his cocky gaze, he sent hot little ripples of excitement up my spine.

I returned, and so flustered was I that it wasn't until he had started back that I was jolted by the suspicion he'd only said the table needed cleaning in order to have me, well, do it. Because, of course, it would require I bend over and well...

By the time I'd returned to his table I was virtually certain of it, and one look at the table confirmed it. My heart was beating rapidly, though, and I only barely considered remonstrating with him before smiling (a bit shakily) and leaning over to give the table a quick rub-down.

I deliberately didn't look at him as I wiped the table, but I was absolutely certain he was examining the open side of my vest. I was using my other hand to clean, but that meant my left was on the table. In either case he certainly had a good view!

I was flushed with embarrassment, but the inner heat, much lower down, was far more powerful. I wasn't sure why, but I was really getting off on him looking at me!

But it was my leg his hand touched! I stiffened as I felt his hand on the back of my thigh. It caressed me softly, slid up along the side of my thigh, which was completely open, then slid forward over my bare bottom beneath the skirt.

“You're not allowed to touch the servers, sir,” I gulped.

“Matthew,” he said, his hand caressing my bare bottom.

“You aren't – .”

I gasped as his hand slid in between my thighs and gave my pussy a soft rub through the panties that came with the skirt.

I jerked upright, forcing his hand out, and gave him a stern look.

“You're a lovely girl, Bethany. What time do you get off?”

“We're not allowed to date the customers, sir,” I said firmly.

“Who said anything about dating?” he asked with raised eyebrows. “I was thinking more, up against the wall in the dark, you know?”

I felt a flash of heat and felt my eyes widen.

“Have you decided what to order, sir?” I asked.

“Are you on the menu?”

“I'm afraid not, sir.”

“Matthew.”

I frowned at him and pursed my lips.

“I have a boyfriend,” I said.

He shrugged away the words. “Does he make you... scream?” he asked in a patently serious manner.

I frowned again, and felt a hot little flutter in my stomach to go with the flush of embarrassment in my face.

“I'll come back when you're ready to order... Matthew,” I said, turning and heading back to the bar.

I felt wildly flustered, even though I had done reasonably well to conceal it. God, what a pig! How dare he suggest that!? Did he think just because I worked in a restaurant I would fall at his feet?!

Arrogant rich boy!

Andrea signaled me within two minutes. Somewhat recovered, I made my way back to his table, and gave him a stern look.

“What can I get you, sir?”

“Matthew.”

“What can I get you, Matthew?”

“I will take the *côte de boeuf*, medium rare, Bethany.”

“And would you like anything with that, Matthew?”

“Forgive me, but such an open ended question, Bethany. It brings to my mind an image of you laying naked across the table, with garland and butter and a warm, meaty sauce.”

I blinked at him, half outraged, half aroused.

“I'm not on the menu,” I said sternly.

He shrugged and sat back with a smile on his face.

“I'd still like to butter you all over, my dear, and see where that led to.”

I gulped and reached for the menu, and found his hand, surprisingly large and strong, gripping my wrist, gently but firmly.

“Not so quickly, my sweet. I may want desert,” he said in a soft voice.

“I... we... there is a separate desert menu, sir,” I gulped.

“And I suppose you aren't on that either.”

“N-No,” I gulped, tugging on my wrist.

He smiled and released it, and I took the menu back, giving him another stern look.

I wasn't about to complain to Andrea, though. I mean, I was unsettled and kind of uhm, embarrassed, but I was also... I don't know, feeling a very dark sexual tension. I mean, I'd never even considered sleeping around with guys before, that is, guys I didn't know, but every time I looked at him I felt a little jolt of heat low in my abdomen.

*Up against the wall!?*

What a cocky bastard!

I was free of him for about ten minutes, then Andrea signaled and I went back to his table.

“I would like another vodka, Bethany, my sweet.”

“Yes, sir,” I said.

“Do you live around here, Bethany?”

I hesitated. “No, sir.”

“Matthew.”

I shook my head.

“Interesting city, New York, much like London in the contrasts one finds. There are places where one almost feels in a third world country, and every manner of ethnicity is in full display, and then there are peaches and cream girls like you who look like you grew up wrapped in silk.”

I wasn't quite sure what that meant, to be honest, and looked at him in confusion.

“Do you like being a waitress, Bethany?”

“It pays well,” I said, “The tips anyway.”

“Ahh, and is this you're life's ambition?”

“I'm a medical student,” I said with a sniff.

There! If he thought I was some poor little girl who was going to be impressed by his nice suit and expensive watch and, well. I was going to be a doctor!

“Ah, a medical student,” he said with a delighted smile. “I considered becoming a doctor once, but it was entirely too much work. Besides, you're expected to touch naked people. Now I have no reluctance when they look like you, Bethany, but when they look like that – .”

He waved his hand towards the next nearest table, which was about six tables away, given he'd sat in an empty corner on a Tuesday night. A very fat, gray haired man sat there with his very thin, gray haired wife. They both looked to be in their late seventies.

“I'm going into pediatrics,” I said.

His eyes brightened. “Well, how clever of you. You've avoided the whole issue!”

I rolled my eyes and left for his vodka.

I returned and felt another flush as I set the napkin down and then the glass atop it.

“You shouldn't stare. It's rude,” I said.

He smiled. “How can one not appreciate beauty like yours when it's on open display, Bethany?”

I rolled my eyes.

“With skin as soft as yours, glowing with fresh, pure... sex.”

I gulped.

“Stop that!” I said.

“Stop what?”

“I'll be back with your meal,” I said, turning and marching away.

Up against the wall!

I had this image of his lips on mine, his heavy body pressing me back against the wall, my leg curled up around his hip as he thrust into me. How wild and nasty and hot would that be!?

I brought his food, which of course, meant more of his eyes on me, more of that smoldering look of his, and he got his hand up under my skirt for a few seconds, too, as I laid out the plates.

“Matthew!” I hissed.

“I apologize, Bethany. This is most unlike me, but I feel like a man who hasn't eaten in forever, and the food on display is irresistible.”

“I am not food!”

“I bet I could eat you for hours, though,” he said without batting an eye.

I flushed hotly, and left him to eat – his food!

A couple was assigned to me, and I went to look after them, managing to keep somewhat busy over the next half hour or so before Andrea sent me back to the corner table.

“Can I get you anything else – from the menu – Mathew?”

He grinned appreciatively. “No, my sweet, just the bill. But er, you could do something for me?”

“What? I asked suspiciously.

“Meet me outside.”

“I told you – .”

He shrugged my objection off. “Do you get a break? I would like to chat with you for a few minutes? Perhaps just outside?”

“I... forget it!” I gulped.

“What about when you get off work? I could drive you home.”

“I can get the subway,” I said firmly.

“I promise I've never once assaulted a girl – who didn't want me to,” he said with a brash grin.

“I – what do you want to talk about? I told you, I have a boyfriend.”

“How long have you lived in New York?”

“What? My whole life. Why?”

“I'd like to make you a proposition.”

“I'll bet.”

“It's worth considerable sum of money to the person who can show me around the city.”

“There are tons of people you can pay for that.”

“Certainly, but I like you. I honestly do. You're charmingly sweet but still in control of yourself, and no dummy, if you're a medical student. Give me five minutes outside.”

He handed me a credit card with the invoice and I turned away, not trusting my voice. When I got to the cash I saw he'd included a 50% tip on his two hundred dollar bill. I pursed my lips, not sure to be pleased or indignant. I liked the tip, of course, but if he thought he could buy me for a hundred dollars he was sadly mistaken.

I took him back his card, and as I handed it to him he took my hand, drawing me sharply forward until my face was only inches from his.

“I think you're hot,” he said in a low growl.

I gulped and pulled my hand free and he grinned impudently.

“I like to see all the hot places,” he said. “I'm sure you'd be an interesting guide.”

I wasn't sure if that meant what I thought it did, and scowled at him.

“I spend my time studying, and then work. I'm afraid I don't have much time for sight seeing.”

He got out of his seat, that confident, cocky look still on his face.

“I tip well,” he said, handing me something.

I took it automatically, even as he turned and walked out and by the time I noticed it was a bill... a thousand dollar bill! – he was already walking out the door!

I stared at it in awe, appalled and excited at the same time! What the hell! He'd already tipped me! What was this for!? Did he think this was so I would come outside with him and... and let him... do whatever!?

I stuffed the bill into my best before turning back for the bar. I was supposed to share tips, but he'd already tipped me, so this was for what exactly? It wasn't like I was trying to cheat anyone but I did not want to have the conversation producing this bill would cause.

A thousand dollars!?

I'd never even seen such a bill! It was ridiculous! If he thought I was hot, well, if he was that horny he could hire some expensive, high class call-girl to come to his hotel for this! So... if it wasn't for sex then what was it for?

## Chapter Four

I bit my lip, knowing it was ridiculous to even consider it, but to be honest, I was turned on, and he was hot, and the idea of a little flirting and maybe even a little groping – well, it was a powerfully exciting thought! And maybe there'd be some money in it too. I mean, I knew New York pretty well and... but the idea was ridiculous!

Call me an idiot if you like. God knows I called myself one for the next half hour while I continued working, my mind spinning continuously as it veered wildly from one side to the other.

There was a narrow corridor that went past the kitchen and led to a fire door into the alley. The busboys used it to throw garbage into the bin, and the few smokers still on staff went out there to smoke on their breaks. The alley had the bin on the left, and then went up to Broadway. Behind the bin (empty at the moment) the alley continued on to Sixth Avenue. It was generally where the cook, Dean, and the bartender parked their cars, nose to nose.

I made my way quietly out through the fire door, propping it open with the little stick kept there for that purpose, then out into the dark alley, looking around anxiously. My heart was kind of thumping and I was feeling wildly stupid as I looked around for him. I hadn't told him yes, and I hadn't told him when my break was, and there was no reason for a rich, handsome guy like that to hang around just on the off chance I'd come back here.

I felt a sense of relief when I didn't see him, along with a slowly dawning sense of disappointment. The truth was, my life was kind of predictable and, well, if not boring, certainly lacking in anything you could call excitement.

And then I was blinded by the headlights of a car near the end of the Broadway side of the alley. The car started forward, driving deeper into the alley as I blinked and turned my head away. It stopped about twenty yards up, and the lights went dark. I gulped, my pulse racing, and started to head back for the door.

“Bethany.”

I gasped, and whirled around as he strolled forward. He was smiling, but it didn't look quite so cocky here in the near dark. He'd undone his tie, and unbuttoned the first button of his silk shirt, but still looked like a million bucks.

"I... you shouldn't have left me that bill," I gulped.

"Consider it an advance on payment."

"For what?" I asked with a scowl.

"To show me the city."

"I told you I'm not a tour guide, I said, backing up a pace as he moved closer.

"I'm a man who generally gets what he wants, Bethany," he said with a soft smile, his eyes boring into mine.

"Yeah? W-well I'm a girl who generally only does what she wants!" I replied, backing up another pace.

"And what does Bethany want to do?" he asked softly, stepping forward another slow pace.

"Bethany wants to get some fresh air and then go back to work," I gulped.

"Does she? How dull that sounds."

"I'm not here for fun and excitement," I said, easing back again.

"My sweet, dear, lovely girl," he exclaimed, easing forward some more, "What is life worth without fun and excitement?"

I had backed up past the garbage bin, so that the light over the door was now blocked. It was darker, and he moved forward suddenly, his arms sliding around me.

"Don't!" I gasped, trying to jerk backward.

The thing was, there was a fire escape behind me, or at least, the support poles for the fire escape which went up the side of the building. His hands at the small of my back kept me from backing into it, but my head went back and I banged it

against the post.

“Ow! Shit!”

“Backing away from good things sometimes leads to bad things,” he said with a slow grin as I rubbed my head.

“Look, you, I – .”

And that was as far as I got before he kissed me! I don't mean a little peck on the cheek, or a daring kiss on the lips either. I mean his lips were suddenly on mine, his hand in my hair, and neither of them were going anywhere, even as I squirmed and tried to back away!

His other hand was still behind me, on my back, and then there was that pole behind me – and him in front of me! I suddenly felt trapped and totally hammed in! I didn't feel afraid or anything, though. For some reason it never really occurred to me Matthew might do something, well, violent. And, in fact, all he was doing was kissing me. He wasn't trying to tear my clothes off, or even grope me.

And as all this spun through my alarmed mind another thought started to really take hold, which was that this guy was one hell of a good kisser! I mean... I mean like, if kissing was an Olympic sport, Matthew was truly on the team! The only guy who had kissed me with any seriousness over the past year was Colin, and Colin was a definite amateur compared to Matthew.

It wasn't just technique, though he had that down pat. His lips never seemed to stop moving, and were forceful without being harsh or crude or rough. His tongue skimmed along my lips, or against my own tongue, or darted in, stroking, caressing, sliding deliciously across my flesh!

Which was... yeah, great! But it was the passion in the kiss that really began to curl my toes! Matt loved blow jobs. He loved groping me. He kissed me in an affectionate way, but this was an animal heat and hunger that started to arouse the same in me!

But it flustered me, because I had been in the process of firmly putting him in his place, or at least, that had been my last intention, back when my mind was working more smoothly...

But right now my body was pressed up against his, my head pulled back, and his lips were doing amazing things as they alternated between massaging my lower lip, sliding from side to side, and then turning as his head turned, at an interesting angle that allowed his tongue to dip in along the top of mine and ...

My hands had been reflexively pushing against his chest but suddenly were sliding up over his shoulders without any conscious thought on my part.

His right hand slid off my back and a hot shudder ran through me as it slid up and down my side. Of course, my side was bare higher up, under my arms, which were now on his shoulders, and that meant the palm of his hand was very softly caressing the bare side of my breast! He drew his hand back and let his fingers take over that job, and I found myself breathless, as if his mouth had stolen all the air!

His hand slid upward and his thumb pushed in under the vest, far enough in to find my erect nipple and begin to rub and caress it, and another jolt shook me. Then I realized his hand wasn't in my hair, wasn't forcing me to continue the kiss, and then found it sliding up between our bodies, having already undone two buttons on the vest.

I moaned into his mouth as it caught the next, and the last, and my vest came apart! Then his hands, both of them, were up in front of me, cupping and lifting my breasts, squeezing them up and together, his thumbs stroking across the nipples in a way which just let the tip of his thumbnails catch each nipple!

It couldn't be a coincidence since they were both doing it at the same time! The soft pad of his thumbs would stroke deliciously across my nipples, then his thumbs would turn to the sides and let the nails just lightly scratch across both nipples in a way which added this strange, sudden sharp sting of heat to them both.

And then suddenly his hands abandoned my breasts, sliding up onto my shoulders, then over them. Too late, I realized he was carrying the vest with them, as it slid over my shoulders. He pushed forcefully, pulling my arms off him, forcing them back as he pulled the vest off completely, and I felt a wild rush of excitement and anxiety as I realized I was now completely topless!

I gasped, jerking my head from side to side, looking around, looking behind me! There was no one, however and then I squealed as I felt his hand at my bare hip,

the one with the chain holding the little skirt together, because he had deftly undone the chain! I grabbed for it but his hands darted up and grasped my wrists, pulling them up and back!

And just like that, he was pressing me back against the fire escape pole, pinning my wrists to the pole above my head as he slowly ground his hips against me.

“What do you say, Bethany?” he said in that soft, low, accented growl. “Is tonight for fun and excitement after all? Is this going to be one of a long string of nothing days that falls behind you on your way to middle age, or is this going to be a day you remember when you're an old granny?”

He pinned my slender wrists together in one large hand, then reached back to his neck and whipped off the tie. Before I had a clue what he intended he'd wrapped it tightly around my wrists, then did it again as I started to struggle. He laughed softly, then I felt the soft silk jerk tightly around my wrists!

A moment later he dropped his hands and my hands stayed where they were. I gaped at him, then twisted my head up and back, staring at my wrists, tied together to a brace in the pole above my head.

“Are you crazy!” I gasped.

“Oh definitely not,” he said in a soft, amused voice.

And then he slid his arms around me and kissed me again. At first I tried to jerk my head away, anxious, a bit frightened, but mostly shocked. I fell into the kiss slowly, though, maybe since nothing else was happening. My skirt was... well, it had fallen forward off that hip, but it was still in place, with his body pressed against me.

And his hands were moving softly, deliciously, up and down my bare back. They weren't doing anything else, just caressing my back, sliding up and down the skin. His hands were large, as I said, and though they were warm, they were very masculine hands. I moaned again into his mouth, feeling a rising, spiraling wave of heat which was growing almost suffocating in its strength!

I was getting so... so hot, so aroused, so incredibly turned on! It was an almost completely unfamiliar sensation! Oh, I'd been turned on before, most recently while kind of getting off on guys staring at me half naked.

This was in a whole other class. This was something that made it hard to breath, that had my nipples burning, my pussy thrumming hotly, my body trembling. My skin felt incredibly sensitive, and the nerve endings, particularly in certain areas, far more so than ever before!

And then I heard voices!

They were male voices! Spanish male voices! It was a couple of the busboys, coming out to have a smoke! I gaped past him as he turned his head around. When he turned back to me there was a glint in his eyes, a mischievous, daring glint, not one of fear of exposure at all.

He bent over, and his hands slid down my body. I felt his lips envelope the quivering nipple centering my left breast in a smooth, warm, moist, delicious embrace, sliding in and over them, and wider and wider until he had the center of my breast in his mouth. He bit down gently as his tongue began to tease my nipple.

Meanwhile, his right hand pushed down my abdomen and into the skirt which half hung off my hip. As it pushed lower, the skirt slid down my hip and dropped around my ankles! His fingers found my sex, and I felt my hips buck involuntarily as I barely restrained a cry!

The twin sensations of his mouth on my breast and his fingers on my pussy sent a wild spike of hot, jagged sensation tearing through my body, and an almost equally hot spike of emotion ripping through my mind!

I stared past him at the garbage bin, desperately afraid one of the busboys would come around behind it and see us! See me! At the same time these incredibly intense sensations were flashing through my body and mind as Matthew began to... to chew on my breast, his tongue alternately flicking and licking at my nipple, and his fingers found my clit!

It took only seconds for him to demonstrate that his fingers were as familiar with a woman's body as his tongue and lips, and I gasped out the last of the air in my lungs, as my eyes went wide. Which was a good thing, because when his fingers plunged up into my body I think I would have cried out loud enough to attract the attention of the smokers if I'd had any breath to do so!

He slid down my body, and my eyes got even wider, jerking down to stare at him

as he lifted up my foot and took the skirt out from around my ankles, then forced my legs wide! That tightened the pull of his tie around my wrists, but more importantly, he was staring right into my groin, and a moment later, his mouth did exactly what it had over my breast!

I shuddered and my hips bucked again as I began to gulp in ragged breaths of air. His hands slid up the front of my body to knead my breasts, then down along the hips and behind me, grasping my buttocks. His lips, meanwhile, found the throbbing, swollen button they were seeking, and I let out a helpless squeak as the closed softly around it and he began to ... suck.

It was not a hard suck. It was a very soft, slow, measured suction, at first. But then it sort of began to fluctuate, getting hard and soft, hard and soft, hard and soft. And it built up, even as his fingers kneaded my buttocks and pulled me firmly against him.

“D-Don't!” I gasped in a strangled whisper.

I heard laughter from just the other side of the bin.

His lips eased back on the suction, and then his tongue pushed forward. I let out a strangled moan, my entire body starting to quiver like a plucked guitar string! I stared at the bin, stared at the parking lot, gulping in air through my wide open mouth, trying desperately to keep from making any noises to reveal – .”

More laughter, and then the sound of movement! But a moment later, the door closed firmly. I had just a moment to consider how I was supposed to get back inside when Matthew's tongue began to move against me with a sudden rush of strength and speed.

My hips bucked against him and my body began to writhe and arch. I let out a helpless cry of pleasure which would certainly have drawn the attention of the busboys had they been there, then a wild squeak of shock as he slid his hands up my front again to squeeze my breasts with sudden roughness.

At the same time he licked still harder, and then closed his lips against me.

“Oh! Fuck! Oh! Please! Please! Fuck! Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Oh! Ungh!” I gasped.

And then he stopped and stood up, leaving me panting, gasping, wide eyed and in something like a sexual fever. His left hand gripped my hair roughly, jerking my head up and then crushing my lips forward to meet his.

I felt his other hand slide in between my legs, felt his fingers rubbing along the moist, swollen lips of my sex, then pushing inside me, pushing inside roughly, hurting me. But the wild dark thrill of it all brushed aside the pain like it was nothing, just as it did the way he was pulling on my hair! Because a moment later his thumb began to roughly stroke across my clitoris., and the shimmering wall of heat became a bonfire, a volcano!

The orgasm caught me in its grip and just held on, like a dog with a rag doll in its mouth, shaking its jaw wildly up and down. The pressure was so intense I felt my eyes rolling back in my head! I shook violently, gurgling in the wild, intensifying rush of sensations, of pleasure, of heat that threatened to have my entire body explode!

I felt my body convulsing, jerking violently against him as I cried out, almost screaming, fortunately into his mouth, which muffled the sound. My lower body was bucking wildly, as if I could drive myself further onto his thrusting fingers! I wanted to impale myself! His thumb stroked furiously across my clit, and I gave a final convulsive motion and went limp, breathless, gasping, dazed, and all but hanging from my wrists!

As I recovered, Matthew ran his hands over my body in a kind of pleased exploration, skimming up and down slowly, gliding across my overheated skin, softly following the rounded contours of my body, apparently in no hurry whatsoever. I was... bewildered by that. Why hadn't he fucked me already!?

The sex I'd had over the past year was almost always hurried, and I had ever reason to hurry now. I wondered how long I'd been gone already! Surely it had already been fifteen minutes! It seemed like an eternity!

My God, I was completely naked in the alley where anyone could find me, and I'd just had the most explosive orgasm I could ever remember!

“Now what should we do next?” Matthew purred.

I moaned, chest still heaving.

“I-I have to get ... back to work!” I gasped.

He snorted, then his hands slid onto my breasts, and his fingers caught my still-stiff nipples. I squeaked as he pinched them both sharply and pulled them up and forward, forcing my chest up and out.

“Oh! Oh! Don't! Ow!”

“I don't think you get to leave me just yet, little Bethany,” he growled.

“M-My break must be over!” I gasped, my nipples aching, burning!

“And I have no intention of rushing through such a ... delicious meal,” he said.

“But I-I have to get back!” I gasped, knowing how ridiculously selfish that must sound to him.

I mean, he'd just given me an incredible, amazing orgasm as the prelude to what I was sure would be incredible, amazing sex, and I'd done nothing for him, and now I wanted to leave?

“I-I can do anything you want... after work!” I gasped.

A rash promise, but I didn't really know him at that time.

“And how long before you get off?” he demanded in a dangerous voice, still pinching my burning nipples.

“Soon! Please! Ow! Two hours!”

He glowered at me in the darkness.

“I could just leave you like this and take off,” he said, releasing my aching nipples.

I felt a jolt of fear.

“But that wouldn't be... gentlemanly of me, now would it?”

He reached up and untied my wrists, and I almost collapsed against him. He took my arms to steady me, then bent and produced my vest.

“Two hours,” he said. “Or I’ll come looking for you, young Bethany.”

## Chapter Five

I had to scurry around to the front and come in there, complaining the bus boys had taken the brace out of the door while I was out getting some air. But amazingly, I was back only a little late, and nobody seemed to notice. I felt shell-shocked, dazed. Had that really happened!? Had I just let a perfect stranger strip me naked and tie me up in an alley and then...

Oh wow! Oh wow! I was crazy! I thought of all the things which could have happened, including the humiliation of being spotted by the busboys! And then I felt a wave of guilt. I mean, I hadn't had sex with him – technically – but I had cheated on Colin!

With that guilt came a little anger, though, directed at Colin. Why couldn't he do the kinds of things Matthew had done!? It wasn't like it had taken him that long, either! But no, Colin was always busy, and even when he wasn't he mostly wanted to get his own rocks off. When he performed oral sex on me it was like it was some kind of duty.

Matthew had seemed to relish it.

That had been the most incredible, wild, passionate lovemaking I had ever felt in my life! And he hadn't even really done more than just get started! God! And what was more I had committed to meeting him after work and... doing anything he wanted...

He had tied me up! He had stripped me naked and tied me up! What kind of kinky stuff was he into!?

Maybe, I thought anxiously, I could give him a blow job, and he would be as impressed with my deep throat skills as Colin and consider that enough. A part of me thought that would be the best. It still wouldn't exactly, technically be cheating on Colin – completely anyway. But another part of me desperately wanted to feel more of what I'd felt in that alley...

Time crawled. Because Baxter was a restaurant, rather than a bar, it closed at

eleven, during the week. And the customers trailed off after ten. I had little to take my mind off what had happened, and kept getting these hot little flashes of memory, not just the memory of him doing what, like in a video, but the physical memory, the wild surge of emotion and sensation that had erupted within me.

I think my nipples stayed stiff for two fucking hours!

Anyway, I wouldn't have a lot of time. If I wasn't home by midnight Colin would start to worry, so I'd have to tell Matthew that, well, a quick blow-job would be preferable. Yeah, that was the way things ought to go.

Then I remembered Colin had another all nighter with his study group tonight.

I felt a hot rush of excitement at that, along with a sense of fate betraying me. Of course, I could still lie to him... tell him I had to be back home soon... I had classes tomorrow...

But it was like... when I thought of going home to bed, going to class, it was all like it was in black and white, while the thought of being with Matthew was in wild, sharp, crystal clear color!

The restaurant closed and I got changed into jeans and t-shirt, holding my bag in front of me to hide my still hard nipples. I felt a breathless sense of anticipation combined with alarm and anxiety as I headed out the door onto Broadway. There, for a moment, I felt a sense of huge disappointment as I looked around and failed to see Matthew.

Had he given up in disgust and gone to find some other girl?

And then the lights came on in a car up the street. It pulled away from the curb, accelerated rapidly, and then turned in sharply to stop in front of me. The passenger window opened and I looked in to see Matthew there.

He jerked his head at me to get in, and I gulped and then obeyed.

“N-Nice car,” I gulped as he pulled away from the curb and the window rolled up.

“It's a rental,” he said.

It was a BMW. I'd never ridden in a BMW before. It had a kind of subdued elegance to it.

“How would you describe me, Bethany?”

I blinked as I looked at him.

“Uhm... I uhm... hot?”

“Hot will do. Do you think I have a hard time finding women interested in... going out with me?”

“No.”

“No. I haven't, not since I was twelve. When I was a younger teenager, in fact, I was rather embarrassed at the blatant things girls did to get my attention. It's been that way ever since.

I wasn't sure where this was going, and felt this giant wall of anxiety at what I was doing here and what he would want to do to or with me! And I had told him I'd do anything he wanted!

My word meant something to me, by the way. Oh I know it was kind of under duress, but still... and to be honest, it wasn't just that which had put me in this car.

“I don't wait on women, my girl. They wait on me.”

“I uhm, sorry,” I gulped.

Letting a guy do oral sex on me and then stopping was, I guessed, a pretty selfish thing, but it wasn't like I'd planned it!

“I think you have a lot to make up to me.”

I gasped as the car suddenly veered off the road and dropped down a long ramp. Then we were in an underground garage crowded with cars.

“My hotel,” he said without turning around.

I felt another pulse of anxiety and looked around anxiously.

“The-the thing is, uhm, I have classes tomorrow and – .”

He gave me a sort of ... look. It was kind of a mixture of annoyance, tolerance and amusement.

Then his hand shot out quick as a viper and grabbed the thick ponytail hanging behind me. He jerked my head towards him and smiled.

“You said you would do anything I wanted,” he purred. “I intend to hold you to that.”

“B-but – !” I gasped.

He let go of my hair and turned sharply, then accelerated, throwing me against the seat back. Then he turned sharply again and parked against a thick column. It wasn't crowded here because the elevator doors were at the far end.

“Strip,” he ordered, turning off the car. “Naked.”

I looked around and gulped.

“I don't – .”

“Now,” he said in a low growl.

I sucked in a breath of air, heart thumping, then peeled the t-shirt up and over my head. The BMW had tinted windows, after all, and we were in a slightly darker area away from the main flow of traffic. Not that there was a lot of that at eleven on a Wednesday night.

I blushed as I undid my jeans and slid them under my buttocks, then kicked off my sneakers and pulled them down my legs and off. I hesitated, then reached behind my back and undid my bra, blushing even more now.

I mean, it was pretty dark in the alley. And while this was a parking garage it was plenty bright enough to see everything clearly. I slipped the straps over my shoulders, kind of half covering my chest with my arms.

“I uhm, my thong... I mean, we can..”

His hand shot out fast, like it did sometimes, and grabbed the thong, then jerked it roughly down under my buttocks, then down my legs and off. I felt a sense of indignation, of something almost like anger and resentment at his high handedness.

“You don't have to – .”

His hand, well, two fingers of his hand, were suddenly against my lips.

“No speaking,” he said in a near whisper.

Then, surprising me, he got out of the car! I stared at him as he walked around behind it, then opened the passenger door.

“No way!” I squeaked.

The man had hands as fast as vipers! He grabbed my arm and jerked me out of the car, then pulled me forward as I was still wide-eyed and in shock, swung me around front of the car and pushed me roughly back against the stone column.

I blushed furiously, my mind spinning through almost every emotion you can imagine, and then he whipped the tie off and grabbed my arm again, whipping it around my wrists.

“Wait!”

He ignored me, tying it, pushing my other hand away when I tried to interfere.

“Anything I wanted,” he said.

I hesitated and he grabbed my other wrist, tying it tightly with the first, then jerking my hands up above my head and tying the tie off to a pipe which went through the post. The post itself was large, about two feet wide and the same long, so we were hidden from the rest of the garage.

He sat back against the hood of his car then and looked at me. I looked back anxiously, gulping, looking around, wide eyed. I was naked again in a public place! Only there was a lot more light here! I blushed hotly under his inspection, pulling feebly against the tie.

“Y-You don't have to tie me up,” I gulped.

He nodded, taking out a small cigarette and lighting it. I quickly realized it wasn't tobacco.

“What's your last name, little Bethany?”

I licked my lips. “Ross,” I said.

“Middle name?”

What was this, a job interview!?

“Elizabeth,” I said shakily.

The stone was cool against my back. The concrete was cool against my bare feet.

He pushed himself off the BMW and moved in against me. I gasped, my head pulling up to stare into his eyes. A moment later I felt his hand between my legs, and jerked in something like alarm.

“You have very soft hair,” he said.

His fingers pulled free the little elastic on my hair and released it, and he combed it out.

“Very soft and full and rich.”

He pulled my hair up and out and bent to press his face against it.

And, oh yes, the fingers of his other hand were spreading open the lips of my sex and coasting up and down between them. His thumb, meanwhile, was idly rubbing my clit!

“You have long hair for a busy medical student,” he said.

“I-it's not long!” I gasped.

“Past your shoulders. I knew a medical student once and she had it cut in a short bob just below her chin. She said even that was too long.”

He rubbed his face in my hair a little.

“Have you ever dyed it?”

I shook my hair, then gasped as his middle finger sank into me, sliding all the way up to the knuckle. It began to slide slowly in and out, and then a second joined it.

“You'd look good as a blonde,” he said. “You have very fair skin.”

He released my hair and his other hand slid down my chest, caressing my body.

“Very soft skin, too,” he said quietly.

I heard a car drive in somewhere in the garage and started, jerking my head from side to side, but I couldn't see around the post.

“Should I invite them over to watch?” he asked.

A dart of anxiety shot through me. I was crazy to be here like this! Anything could happen!

His fingers pushed in and out of me, and I moaned helplessly, his thumb stroking across my clit in the same way he'd done my nipples. The soft pad rubbed at it, then he gave his thumb a twist so the sharp edge scratched it lightly. The sudden pain was almost immediately brushed away by the pad of his thumb again, and somehow made its softness even more obvious.

“Do you often cheat on your boyfriend, Bethany Ross?” he asked.

“N-No!” I gasped.

“But now you're going to let a strange fuck you,” he said crudely.

I flushed.

“And you're going to come like a whore. Aren't you?”

I had no idea what to say to that!

He pushed his fingers deep inside me and ground his knuckles against my clit.

My mouth opened and I gurgled, my buttocks grinding into the rough stone column behind me as I whimpered in dazed heat.

Then he pulled his hand back, and abruptly grasped my hips and jerked me around to face the column. He jerked my hips out and back and then slapped my ass sharply.

*Crack!*

I gasped at the sharp sting, then his left hand slid down my belly and abdomen and in between my legs as his right caressed my buttocks.

“Nasty little college girl,” he whispered.

His fingers... they sort of... they slid down between my legs, pressing in firmly against my soft, overheated flesh, and caught my clitoris between them.

*Crack!*

“Are you being a bad girl, Bethany?” he asked softly.

“Yes!” I croaked.

I heard footsteps on the stone, then voices, a male and a female, chatting about something. A soft laugh.

*Crack!*

“Please!” I gasped, more alarmed at the noise than the pain.

“Are you a bad girl?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

“Say ... yes, sir,” he breathed.

I jerked convulsively.

“Yes, sir!” I moaned.

Oh this was all too fucking wild for me! Was this even happening to me!? It

seemed impossible!

The fingers of his left hand were... stroking up and down against me, with my clitoris caught between them!

*Crack!*

His hand slapped my bottom sharply and I squeaked in alarm and pain.

The voices were not close enough for me to make out the words, but they would surely hear that sort of sound!

“Such a nasty, naughty little girl,” he said softly, fingers stroking, hand caressing and kneading my buttocks.

He pushed up with the heel of his hand, forcing my hips back further. I groaned dazedly, rising up onto the balls of my feet!

“I love the look of your breasts from the side, Bethany Ross,” he said. “Much more now than before.”

*Crack!*

I gasped.

“Say thank you sir.”

“Th-thank you, sir!” I squeaked.

“Say I'm a bad girl, sir.”

God, he was a pervert! Then again, men tended to be.

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Oh! Please!”

*Crack!*

“Say please sir.”

“Please, sir!”

*Crack!*

But you're a bad girl, Bethany Rose. Bad girls should be punished, shouldn't they?”

*Crack!*

“Oh! God! God! God!”

I was grinding myself against his fingers as the sexual heat became like... like steam wafting up all around me. I felt incredibly overheated inside, my mind churning, my chest tight, my lower belly thrumming with an incredible amount of energy!

“You look like a girl who wants someone's cock in here, Bethany. Do you?”

“Y-Yes!” I whined.

“My cock?”

“Yes!”

*Crack!*

“Sir, Bethany.”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped, moaning, unable to keep still.

“Would you like my cock inside you, Bethany?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

“Beg.”

Beg? I was bewildered, outraged, but incredibly aroused. I had no idea how the world had come to this, how I had come to a situation where I was tied naked in a garage with a stranger demanding I bet him to fuck me! It was incredible! It

was impossible! I didn't beg for sex! Boys had been begging me since I hit puberty!

“Please fuck me, sir!” I gasped.

He snorted and eased forward, pulling his fingers free of my pussy, then moved behind me.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” I gasped, jerking my head around.

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

Panting for breath, I shifted my trembling feet apart.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Push your hips back and spread your legs,” he ordered harshly.

## Chapter Six

I was almost on my toes now! My wrists were pulling against the tie, having used up all the slack now as Matthew moved in behind me. The sound of his zipper going down was very loud. But then, a moment later another car drove into the garage.

I trembled, and then gasped as I felt what had to be his cock pressing against me. God, I was sopping wet! His cock rubbed up and down my sodden opening, against my swollen, burning flesh, and I could feel my hips jerking as my muscles spasmed.

“Beg me again, Bethany.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I gasped.

I felt the nose pushing against me and moaned excitedly. He pushed forward, and I felt the pressure against my opening growing. I twisted my head around, trying to see a thing since but a part of his hip. I grunted as he pushed harder, and then his left hand went down over my hip and drew my belly back as he pushed again.

What!? What the ... fuck!? What? That was what was going through my dazed mind.

I could feel the softness of his skin, the warmth, and the pressure grew greater as he pushed harder against me. I felt a sharp ache as the lips of my sex stretched wider and then wider still, and then I felt something pushing up into the mouth of my sex.

That couldn't be! He must be holding something else! But it felt.. felt very like... like flesh but... it was too fucking thick!

“What – ?” was all I managed to get out.

I heard a conversation again, another couple walking across the garage. Her high

heels made a clicking sound on the hard concrete floor.

Fuck!

I ached as he pushed forward! But it was a kind of hot, bubbling, quivering, wild ache that had my eyes open wide in disbelief and my mouth gaping.

He slid back then pushed forward, deeper, round, thick, stretching the walls of my sex as he slid deeper inside me.

He was twice as thick as Colin! Easily!

I shuddered, the ache going deeper inside me as he gripped my hips and pulled me back.

“Oh! Wait! Wait!” I squeaked.

He eased the pressure, his hands sliding up and down my belly, then up to cup my breasts where they hung. His fingers kneaded them as he leaned forward against my back, his tongue and lips now on my shoulder.

He pulled a hand off my breast, then slid it through my hair, pulling it aside, exposing my neck. It returned to my breast as his lips moved in along my collarbone, then up against the nape of my neck.

His hips drew back a little, then pushed forward, and his cock slid up deeper inside me. Fuck! Fuck! How fucking big was he! I mean, granted I wasn't exactly a slut but I'd had guys before! I mean, other than Colin! Colin was about... normal! This was... too big!

But the pain was doing something inside me, twisting my insides so that they felt like melting under the heat my body was generating! My breasts throbbed in his hands, and I gurgled weakly as his teeth closed on the nape of my neck and bit into my skin. His lips began to suck, and I felt a wild feverish rush of hunger!

I pushed my hips back against him, embracing the pain, wanting him inside me, desperately wanting to know how big he was, wanting to feel his hips against my buttocks!

“I don't think Andrew will be able to cope with all the new customers he'll get!”

I heard a woman clearly say.

Then a door closed.

Matthew thrust forward and I cried out as I felt a spike of pain inside me.

But then I felt his hips against my buttocks. Heat spilled down my bare back and I moaned dazedly, stuffed, full, impaled! God, he was impossibly thick and long and... all the way inside me! I had never felt a man that deep! It ached! But it ached so... so incredibly...

He drew himself back slowly, inch by inch. Then he pushed forward. He pulled back, and then pushed forward, and I ached and burned with a desperate fever, my fingers white above me as I pulled and twisted my wrists against the tie.

I felt his lips leave me as he straightened.

*Crack!*

I gasped, and then gasped again as he gripped my hips, jerking them up and back. His hands slid down to reach the front of my thighs, forcing them apart so that I was again on the balls of my feet. And he started to thrust in and out in short motions, not as deep as he had been. His cock slid in and out with startling, shocking, delicious pressure against every part of my sex!

“Fuck! God!” I moaned.

“I am like a god, yes,” he said arrogantly.

“Bastard!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

I gasped at another slap to my bottom.

“That's sir, Bethany. Sir.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

*Crack!*

“God!”

I gasped in pain as he seized my hair, jerking my head roughly up and back.

“Say it.”

“Sir!” I cried weakly.

His hips moved continuously, that thick... log of a cock sliding in and out of me. He pushed deeper now, and it was easier to take than it had the first time. It still ached, but not nearly as much, and I squeaked and gasped at the deep penetration.

He started to use longer strokes now, the strokes astonishing me, making me quiver and tremble. I felt utterly stuffed by his big cock, and it was moving in and out with strokes which now acquainted me with just how much I could be stretched, just how deep inside me a cock could go!

He abandoned my hair, gasping my hips again as he began to thrust harder, and my upper body kind of collapsed forward so that my breasts mashed against the cool, rough stone of the column. Mathew thrust into me again and again, and my body jerked and swung, my breasts grinding against the rough stone.

I took a breath, and the heat rushed over me. I took another quick breath, another, another, the heat rushing, rushing, rushing, each breath shorter, sharper and more ragged than the one before until the orgasm swept down upon me with full force! My breasts burned! My pussy was on fire! And the air rushed out of me in a rough, raw, ragged gurgling cry of animal pleasure as he increased the force of his strokes.

His hips slapped against my bare buttocks, jarring me again and again, and I cried out all the air I had and clung on the raw, ragged edge of not caring if I ever breathed again, not wanting to breath in case it interrupted the burning, boiling power and strength of the orgasm tearing about my insides!

I felt light-headed, dazed, and still quivered violently, gurgling as his hips pounded against my buttocks. Then instinct took over and my burning lungs forced me to suck in a long, shuddering breath of air that I almost immediately exhaled the same way, trembling and grunting as his hips pounded against me and my breasts ground against the stone!

I felt myself collapse bonelessly, except I couldn't. My wrists were bound tightly up above, and he had his big hands on my thighs just under my hips. My face got slack, and my cheek rubbed against the column as I grunted dazedly, still feeling the impact of his hips against my bottom, still feeling that thick cock thrusting up into my belly.

It pulled free, then, and he spun me around. I gasped dazedly, back against the pillar, until he grabbed my hair and jerked my head violently up and back again. My cry of pain was swallowed by his mouth as his lips crushed mine, and his powerful body pinned me against the column as his tongue thrust into my mouth.

Then he jerked back again, leaving me gasping. He sort of squatted low as he grabbed my leg and forced it up and back, and I dropped my chin to my chest and saw him.

Even in my dazed shape it widened my eyes.

He pushed himself into me, then grabbed my other leg, his hands sliding up along them as he raised them up, and finally holding them behind the knees, pressing my knees back against the column.

He pushed into me, and I stared, entranced, open mouthed, amazed, as inch after inch of his thick, red, hard, veined cock slid into me, disappearing through the straining lips of my sex. I squeaked and whimpered, stunned by the sight, by the feel I now associated with it.

Something that big couldn't be got inside me!

But it did, and as his hips pressed against my buttocks my wide eyes raised up and back and I stared at him as his dark, hungry eyes bored into me.

“God! God! God!” I gasped.

“Sir,” he said, starting to thrust.

Heat spilled over my body as he plunged into the deepest pit of my stomach, drew back, and thrust in again. My wrists were aching as the ties dug into them painfully. Then he thrust his entire body forward and his hands shot down to cup my buttocks. My legs were pressed up against his chest, hemmed in by his arms on either side.

And he continued to stroke, every deep thrust of his incredible cock sending a hot rush of what I can only describe as ... lust, billowing up through my body. I know, I know, size doesn't matter. Well, guess what? It fucking matters! I mean, when you see something like that and it's going into you, and you feel it filling you, and aching, and ... maybe it doesn't matter to some girls but I felt a shock of heat gripping me.

The harder he thrust, the more it ached, the hotter I got. I was drunk with the heat, intoxicated, gurgling and shuddering and moaning and whimpering and trembling in his arms as he drove himself into me.

Time had no meaning. Nothing in the world had any meaning but the heat engulfing me there in that garage. I didn't care about classes or Colin or anything else. Right then and there I was this rabid bitch in heat, and only the wild shuddering rushes of pleasure mattered for anything.

I came again, sobbing in breathless heat, twisting and arching and trying to drive myself harder against him, my head thrashing from side to side. And then my spasming pussy and gurgling cries of pleasure brought him, as well, his face clenched in pleasure, his breath abruptly stopping as he thrust violently into me.

He eased back, and it seemed to me he was shaking as he lowered my legs to the floor. He stumbled back, half falling against the hood of the BMW, head back, eyes closed. His cock seemed still hard at first, well, almost, but then it slowly softened, deflating. Even limp it was impressive.

It seemed to take him long seconds to get control of himself, and then his eyes opened, and they stared at me, and his face took on a look of... of raw heat and hunger.

I was swaying on my feet, panting, moaning, my lower body feeling vacant.

“T-turn around,” he panted.

I stared at him breathlessly.

“Turn around!” he snarled.

I gasped at the tone, and turned my face to the column.

“Push your hips back and out. No! Don't spread your legs!”

Gulping, I did as he ordered, feeling a hot rush of some bewildering emotion, and, incredibly, more heat.

“Don't move!”

He put himself back into his pants and I heard another car drive in, then a single pair of footsteps across the floor towards the elevator. He returned and I stared at the belt in his hand. It was black, very black, and seemed to be made of a kind of soft leather, yet it was doubled in his hand as it had never meant to be anything else for it was too wide, surely, to go through the loops of his trousers.

“What happens to naughty girls, Bethany Elizabeth?” he asked.

I felt a prickle of alarm, and yet... and yet I felt a strange dark jolt of heat as well.

“What happens to bad girls, Bethany?” he demanded.

“They... they get punished!” I gulped.

“Have you ever been spanked, Bethany Elizabeth?”

“N-N-No!” I squeaked.

“Strapped?”

“No!”

“Sir,” he said.

“No, sir!” I gasped, my chest tightening.

“But you're a very bad girl, aren't you?”

“Yes!” I whispered.

*Crack!*

The belt... the strap, slashed in suddenly across the center of my buttocks. I squealed as much in shock as in pain, my hips jerking forward as heat flared across them.

“Push your hips back, Bethany,” he growled.

Gulping in air, my head stuffed with dazed emotions, I pushed my hips back and out.

*Crack!*

I gasped as the strap cut across my buttocks, right at the bottom. I wasn't bent way over, so the flesh across my bottom wasn't pulled taut. I was bent forward at perhaps a forty five degree angle at most, and the strap cut in against the soft undersides of my buttocks a second time, sending another jagged jolt of pain and heat up into my body.

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

The strap cut down across my buttocks again, and again, and again! And each blow sent a jolt of pain into me, and a growing sense of heat in my buttocks. But I found myself holding my position, gasping, shuddering, wincing, even crying out, but not moving! It was like my mind was... transfixed somehow, aghast, yet helplessly frozen as he brought the strap down against me.

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

The heat burned. My bottom was red and hot and aching!

“Are you a bad girl, Bethany?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

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

This was so incredibly outrageous! It was so kinky and wild! I was enthralled

with it! As much as my ass was burning, my insides were burning more!

“Say it, Bethany.”

“I-I'm a bad girl!” I gasped in a choked voice.

Oh my God this was so outrageous! But... but the wild play of sensations, of endorphins, of heat within me swirled and churned and it felt as if that sharper burning from my bottom sort of merged with the heat within, and then the cracks of impact resonated right through my groin and made me shudder with dark pleasure!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Say it, Bethany.”

“I'm a bad girl!” I half sobbed., fighting to keep my hips from jerking wildly.

His hand abruptly thrust between my legs, cupping my sodden pussy, squeezing it, massaging me, his fingers finding my clitoris. They thrust into me, two, then three, as he rough stroked my clitoris, and it took only... seconds, it seemed, before my hips were grinding desperately against him.

His other hand coasted up and down my side, pausing to knead my breast every time it passed over.

Then he stopped, reached up, and untied my wrists. I would have fallen had he not grabbed me. My legs were made of rubber! He lifted me into his arms, swung me around, and sat me down on the hood of the BMW. My bottom was stinging and burning, and definitely didn't like me sitting down yet, but a moment later he yanked my legs up and apart and I was spilled backwards onto my back on the car hood as he sank to his knees in front of it.

The BMW sloped down low, making my pussy at just about the right height for his mouth as he gripped my thighs to push them up and apart. I moaned, my pussy aching. I felt stretched and strained and bruised, and yet his tongue was delicate, his lips soft, and after a few moments of wriggling and moaning protests, I sank back onto my back, staring up at the ceiling, groaning.

His fingers stroked my straining labia, gentle as his tongue found my clitoris.

God! Wasn't this over! Was it ever going to end!? Did I want it to ever end!? What time was it anyway! Surely not much time had passed!?

I began to lose my focus as he licked and caressed me. It seemed incredible to me that I could possibly get aroused again after that incredible orgasm, after two incredible orgasms! But Matthew appeared to have more understanding of my body than I had and I was soon, God help me, writhing and twisting and gulping in air as his mouth threatened to devour me!

I wasn't nearly as well hidden here, by the way. I was laying naked, basically almost spreadeagled on the hood of his car, facing towards the rest of the garage and elevator, and the column was a good eight or ten feet in front of me. Anyone who drove in would see me, if they were looking this way!

I didn't lose my fear of that, but it didn't matter. I couldn't have stopped him. The thought of someone seeing me was horrifying, but the heat he was pumping into my body was like a narcotic, and could not be resisted.

And then he rose up above me like a demon – or a god – and I watched through glazed eyes as he unzipped and drew himself out again.

Impossible, I thought dazedly.

Hard again, already, he pushed in against me, and I whimpered and moaned at this new stretching and straining and aching. I stretched my legs as wide as I possibly could, gasping for breath as he lowered himself atop me and sank that long, beautiful cock deep into my body.

I think I came immediately. It was just that the orgasm wasn't the incredible, massive ones he'd already given me. It was more like the one I'd gotten with my vibrator. His body crushed me against the car, and my arms slid up around him as our lips joined together. I tried to wrap my legs around him but he reached back, shoving them back, so I let them just fall apart, as wide as they would go, the stretching, straining tendons in my thigh just adding to the wild heat and churning sensations engulfing me.

He ground himself against me, then began to thrust, harder, and harder still. I squeaked and gasped and shuddered and clung to him, and came again, another arching, bucking, gasping climax like I'd had a minute earlier. But then another hit me, and another, only it was more powerful and I cried out dazedly.

I wrapped my legs around him again and he grabbed them, yanking them up and back, his big hands wrapped around my legs just below the knees, forcing them back against my shoulders, then spreading them apart. I gasped and moaned as he leaned into me, thrusting, thrusting, grinding, thrusting, his eyes fixed and intent.

His hands slid up, or rather, down to my ankles, straightening my legs, letting my hips slide a little further down towards the end of his car. He forced my legs back against the car, raising my buttocks up into the air so his plunging hips could smack them back down.

Another orgasm hit me, more powerful than before, and my insides were aching! It wasn't from the thick hard cock churning up my belly, either, but from the way my muscles spasmed and clenched wildly during the orgasms.

“Please!” I gasped breathlessly, dazed. “Please!”

Another orgasm hit me and I cried out in heat and hunger, shaking and trembling against him, and still he thrust, pounding down against me until I thought I would go insane!

“Please, sir!” I cried. “Please!”

And my next orgasm flashed over me, massive and overwhelming. I screamed out the air in my lungs, and dragged him into the climax, his hips moving furiously, his cock pounding into me as he spilled out his own heat and let out a breathless gurgling cry of pleasure.

He let my legs fall back against the hood of the car and collapsed atop me, panting for breath. We lay there for at least a full minute without moving or talking. Then he slowly pushed himself off me and I grunted, glad of his weight off my chest, hardly having been aware of it before.

“I'm a bad girl,” I all-but whispered, sprawled naked across the car.

“A very bad girl,” he said, his voice a bit shaky. “I-I'll be back in town next month, Bethany Elizabeth, Ross,” he said, pushing the hair back from his forehead as he steadied himself. “I will see you then, and you will show me the... hot spots of New York.”

He shook himself and combed his fingers through his hair, then zipped up.

“And if you're a bad girl,” he said in a soft voice, “I shall have to punish you.”

\*

He helped me dress, and then drove me home. It was astonishing to me how little time had passed. We had probably spent half an hour in the garage, maybe forty minutes. So little time to so radically change a person.

And I was changed. I stared around the empty apartment, then stripped and stared at myself in the full-length mirror on the back of the closet door, amazed at the person I was seeing. Instead of ordinary, acceptably pretty Bethany there was this... this hot, sensuous, kinky slut who had just been pounded into multiple orgasms by an incredibly gorgeous man.

My breasts were tender, my nipples sore. I was even more tender down lower. I had never been taken like that in my life. I had never even imagined I could be taken like that! I had never imagined that level of... pleasure, of heat, of excitement, the sensory overload, the wild, incredible rush... I had never imagined them.

And I knew I could not turn my back on what had happened and carry on life as I had been doing. Yes, I had my studies. Yes, I wanted to be a doctor. But I was more than a student, more than a professional, or would-be professional. I was a sexual creature, and I was going to experience the wildness of life, the fire, the excitement.

No matter what it took.

Colin was either going to change or he was going to be gone, I knew, not without a degree of alarm and sorrow. But either way, Matthew would be back next month and when he arrived I would... do anything he wanted.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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