

The President's Slave Girl

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By JJ Argus

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

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Chapter One

Erin Flynn was the about the same age as the unpaid interns, but no one would be likely to mistake her for one. The interns generally came from Harvard and Yale, and got the much coveted, unpaid position through much lobbying by influential relatives.

It was the White House, after all. Putting that on your resume was a near guarantee of good things in the future, and that's without adding in all the connections which would be made while interning there. Long hours of unpaid work, most of it drudgery and research, were more than worth it for an up and coming member of the elites.

For all their unpaid status, though, indeed, for all their lack of status, the interns looked like what they were; the highly educated children of the elite. They had five hundred dollar haircuts, manicures, plastic surgery, often enough, and wore the best designer wear.

Erin did not look like anyone's favorite daughter. The clothes she wore were from the big box discount shops along the highway, and definitely not fashionable. Her tastes ran to goth darkness and party girl glitter. She had thick framed glasses, and her habitually unkempt brown hair was pulled almost absently back behind her with an elastic.

The morning she was to meet the president, she had pulled on whatever seemed most clean from off her bedroom floor. That had been a short, pleated checked skirt, a white, button-down blouse with ruffles along the button line and cuffs under a blue V-neck sweater, and black sneakers.

Pretentious, she was not.

Without meaning to, that set her apart from almost every other employee in the building. But then, Erin was often setting herself apart from others without meaning to. Her social skills were, at best, rudimentary. Computers had been her fascination since adolescence, not people.. That had gotten her a degree by eighteen, a masters at nineteen, and a PHD by twenty one.

It had not, of course, gotten her much of a social life, except on the internet, but that didn't overly bother her. Her mind was almost always too busy focusing on something which had piqued her curiosity to dwell on things she didn't have, wasn't sure she wanted, and didn't know how to get.

Her mother had died when she was fourteen. Her father was an alcoholic she had no contact with, and she had no siblings. But she was not particularly lonely. Her mind was too active to worry about being alone. People were mostly trouble anyway, be they girls who were snide and overbearing, or boys who wanted nothing more than to grope her and get into her panties.

Computers were much more reliable, and more interesting, if it came to that. Computers, unlike people, never bored her by droning on about things of no consequence she had no interest in. Nor did she have to worry about how to shut them up or go away.

That was how David Cutter came to hire her as his assistant. He'd been her teacher for some of her classes at Cal Tech, and later hired her when she graduated and he was working at an internet startup company. But that had been just something to keep him busy as he waited for the political cycle to run its course.

He was now a presidential aide, and his job, was to find out what the government wasn't telling the White House. Every bureaucrat wanted to put the best face on everything under his charge, of course, and so information was massaged as it worked its way upward until, by the time it was handed over to the Cabinet, much less the White House, it had been washed clean of as much dirt as possible.

Bureaucrats liked to look good, after all.

So one of Cutter's jobs was to rummage through the computer systems of various government departments – he, of course, had total access, whether they liked it or not – and try to find out what the bureaucracy was trying not to let them know.

Erin's desk was in a small (tiny) outer office of his, in the basement of the White House. As far as anyone knew she was a sort of receptionist slash administrative assistant. Indeed, she did take calls and messages for him on occasion. But for the most part, Erin's job was to surf her way through the computers and try to

find what David wanted found.

She had been a hacker since the age of twelve, after all. And she'd been very, very good at it. Having all the access codes made it much easier, of course, but the amount of information to look through required a very agile and structured mind, and a widespread knowledge of how information was stored and organized on a variety of computer systems.

It did not require much in the way of social skills, which was good. Erin was uncomfortable in social situations, except on the internet, for she had little familiarity with them and didn't like being out of her element.

She did not notice, at first, when someone came in. People very rarely visited David. Most didn't even know what he did. Those who knew, generally very senior staff, tended to have him visit them. Besides, she had two twenty seven inch LCD monitors on her desk, and they faced towards the door, for security reasons.

Erin was leaning forward, scrolling quickly through a menu, when someone cleared their throat, someone male, from the sound. She pulled her face out of the screen she had been scanning and leaned back in her chair, cocking her head upwards to see the man standing over her. She recognized him, though she'd never met before, and was frozen for a long few seconds.

“Hi,” he said pleasantly.

Her mouth worked, but little came out. Then she jumped to her feet, blushing a little.

“Uhm, uh, hi. I mean, hello... uhm, Mr. President!” she gulped.

“We haven't met,” he said with a smile. “I'm certain I'd have remembered. You are the PHD David spoke of hiring a few months back to help him?”

“Uhm, yes sir. I'm uhm, Erin,” she said nervously.

He extended his arm across the monitors, and she nervously reached up and took it. He was a big, broad shouldered, handsome man with thick brown hair. He had perfect teeth, she noted. Then again, all politicians did. He looked younger in person than on TV. He was the youngest president since Kennedy, she knew.

“I'm Joshua,” he said with broad grin.

“Uhm... uh, I'm not sure I'm allowed to call you that,” she said helplessly.

He laughed in amusement. “I suppose where other people are around you'd better stick with the title.” He shook his head with a bemused smile. “Everyone else does. I suppose if I'm still here after eight years I'm going to forget my name.”

“I'm sure your wife uses it,” she said.

He seemed to make a face. “You'd be surprised at the things my wife calls me.”

Erin had no idea what to say to that, so said nothing.

“How are you enjoying work in the White House?”

“Uhm, it's fine, fine,” she said. “I mean...” She shrugged. “It's the computer that matters.”

“David said you were... ah, dedicated,” he said with a repressed smile.

“You mean I'm a nerd,” she said. “It's true.”

He laughed. “Do you collect comic books and have a superhero costume at home?”

“No, and no,” she said, making a face. “I'm not that nerdy. I do love science fiction, though.”

He smiled in amusement. “I was just thinking that for a pretty girl, maybe a paperclip is today's version of taping your glasses together.”

She looked down for an instant and blushed.

The fact was that she was a short, slender girl, and to save money (and not being overly fashion conscious) she often shopped in the teens section of stores. That worked on most levels, except that she was also a fairly well-endowed girl for her height and frame, so her blouses tended to either have sleeves which were too long or chests which were ... tight.

The current blouse had popped its top button that morning. It was not a blouse meant to be buttoned to the throat, so its top button was not particularly high. Losing it left the blouse kind of gaping a little obviously for an office, and it was too hot in the basement office, especially with all the computers, to wear her sweater.

Her solution had been to force a paperclip through the fabric of the blouse, then twist it around through the buttonhole to hold it closed. That was an imperfect solution at best. The blouse was still a little more 'open' at the top than was strictly proper for an office, but at least people wouldn't be able to see her bra.

Then again, she remembered, she'd been leaning forward scanning the monitor when he arrived, and he was looking down at her. Geometry and angles were certainly no mystery to Erin, and she blushed a bit more, wondering just how good a glimpse she'd given the President of the United States.

The thought embarrassed her, but also sent a sudden thrill to her chest. Imagine the President of the United States looking down her blouse! Her friends on the internet would freak!

“It uh, the button popped,” she said, blushing.

“I can't imagine why,” he said with a straight face that made her chest tighten further.

She pressed her lips tightly together. Her blouse was quite tight across her ample chest, and he was saying, without admitting it, that he had indeed noticed that, and enjoyed it!

But she didn't want him to think she was some kind of slut!

“Uhm, I often shop in the teens section,” she blurted.

He raised his eyebrows. “You don't look like a teenager.”

“Well, no but it's way cheaper, and uhm, it fits, mostly. I mean, except uhm, sometimes in certain... places.”

“I forgive you,” he said with a slight smile.

She rolled her eyes.

“I mean, I wasn't trying to flash you or anything!” she said hurriedly.

“I didn't think for a moment you were,” he said. “I hardly noticed.”

She snorted and gave him a significant look.

“What?” he said innocently.

“You're a guy,” she said.

“Definitely!” he said with wide grin.

“Did you ever see that Seinfeld episode where George got caught looking at a girl's cleavage?”

“I did. And Jerry was absolutely right. Looking at cleavage is like looking at the sun. You don't stare at it. Far too dangerous to do that. You get a glimpse and look away. But you must be used to that, a lovely girl like you.”

She snorted. “I'm not lovely. I have crappy clothes and I'm not blonde or fashionable or anything.”

His eyes seemed to widen. “My dear Erin, one gets tired of plastic mannequins after a very brief time. Real people are far more interesting to talk to, and to look at, for that matter.”

His eyes seemed to flicker downward for a moment, but it was brief enough she wasn't certain. It did remind her her skirt was a bit on the short side, though, and not exactly normal office wear. David didn't care. He was as much a nerd as she was, and as gay as a three dollar bill. Now she let her mind toy with the idea of the President being interested in her.

It was ridiculous, of course, but for a girl who had been into science fiction and fantasy for much of her life there no flights of fancy too high to interest her. That was all it was, of course. He was twice her age and the President of the freaking country! Not to mention he was married to a woman who was, well, not the kindest or gentlest of women.

No, Erin definitely did not want Victoria Allen pissed at her. The woman had laser beam eyes and was rumored to rule over the residence staff like a queen, and not a soft-spoken, smiling queen either; more the screaming, snarling, off-with-their heads type of queen.

Still, having the President look at her in that way couldn't help but make a girl feel a little breathless!

“There are a lot of plastic blondes around here,” she said with pursed lips.

“Definitely,” he said in emphatic agreement.

He hesitated, his eyes flickering down again. “Let me ask you something Erin... can I call you Erin?”

She shrugged.

“My daughter, as you know, is getting to be that age.”

“Uh huh?” she asked uncertainly.

She hoped he wasn't going to ask her advice about teenage girls. She hadn't understood them even when she was one.

“She's starting to hint about getting a tattoo. If you didn't want a girl to get a tattoo, what would you say to them? I mean, not that there's anything wrong with tattoos. Umm, I understand a lot of young girls get them now.”

“A lot of them are idiots,” she sniffed.

“You don't approve of tattoos?”

She rolled her eyes. “They used to be a way to act rebellious and dangerous, to show how hip and leading edge you were. But then they just became something you do because everyone else does it. Most of them aren't very creative. Most aren't very well done. And sticking permanent ink into your skin has never been my idea of a bright thing to do.”

“So you never got one?”

She shook her head. “I did think about it when I was way younger. My father, who was kind of drunk, said that a young girl's skin was like the perfect finish of a flashy sports car, and you don't put graffiti on a sports car.”

“Uhm, interesting thing to say to your daughter.”

“Yes, well, he was a drunk.”

He nodded understanding.

“Anyway, it's not leading edge any more. It just makes you a fashionable follower of what everyone else is doing.”

She almost unconsciously thrust her finger up into her open mouth to indicate what she thought of fashionistas and he laughed.

“You are a very interesting person, Erin Flynn. I'm delighted to have met you.”

“Uhm, thanks,” she said.

“I was passing by and thought I'd ask David something, but I can see behind you he's not in.”

“He was in. He went to pick up a birthday present for his boyfriend.”

“Ahh. Okay. Ask him to call me when he's back, would you?”

“Yes, sir,” she said, straightening up and saluting.

That seemed to surprise him for a moment, and for a moment she wondered if she'd insulted him, or given him the wrong impression, that maybe she didn't like taking orders from him, but then he grinned and saluted back.

“Maybe I'll have more orders for you in future,” he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

“Uh...”

Then he turned and left, closing the door behind. She let out a breath she hadn't been aware she was holding and looked ruefully down at her blouse. Of all the days for the stupid button to pop!

On the other hand... the President had looked down her blouse! Woah! Wasn't that something to remember!

She turned and scampered into David's office. There was a mirror on the back of the door. She closed it and looked at herself assessingly. Wasn't too bad, she thought, chewing lightly on her tongue. Oh well, she had things to do, and had better get to doing it.

It was only after work, when she got home and just as she was about to undress that she remembered her geometry. Of course, the president's visit was still fairly high on her mind, so before she undressed she found a mirror and then leaned it forward. The president, she thought, had probably been about hmm, three feet or so above her as she had leaned forward over the desk.

She knelt down and adjusted the mirror a bit, then leaned forward about as much as she had been when she'd been scrolling through the menu. She felt her face flush and she sucked in a breath of air.

“Oh fuck!” she said softly.

“Shit!”

Her mind squirmed a little. The view had simply been too damned good! Even if the button had been in place, well, the fact was that gravity pulled her breasts downward when she leaned forward, down against the blouse, which pulled the neck open more. With the paperclip there, it could be pulled considerably wider.

If the President had been looking, and from what she knew of guys, cleavage drew their eyes like magnets drew steel, he'd have gotten a terrific view down the front of her blouse. And she was wearing a shelf bra, because it supported her breasts well but didn't try to shove them together. But that meant the tops of her breasts above the nipples were mostly bare.

There was a lot of creamy flesh on display to anyone in the right position, and unless she was mistaken, the president had been in just the right position!

No wonder he had been so interested in talking to her! He'd practically flirted with her!

Not that she was terribly familiar with flirting.

She sighed and peeled off the blouse. She was definitely fixing that button tonight!

But even so, she let her mind fantasize about the President having the hots for her, having an affair with her, marrying her. Imagine the national scandal! The press snapping pictures wherever she went!

Ridiculous, of course, nor did she have any desire to have anyone staring at her or talking about her!

Erin was a bit of a clean freak, though, and took a shower after work. In the shower, her mind still on the incident that day, her hands slid over her slick, soapy body and she felt a flush of heat starting to pulse within her. She propped herself into the corner and pulled down the hand shower, then turned it up against her sex, her eyes fluttering as the heat grew hotter and her body began to thrum with sexual energy.

It didn't take long. It never did. Her hips were soon grinding, her buttocks slapping against the wall behind her, and then orgasm rushed over her and made her gurgle in pleasure, head drawn back, eyes closed, as tremors shook her body.

Who needed men, she thought, when you had a shower massage.

Chapter Two

Her apartment had been termed a 'small loft' in the ad she'd responded to. It was amazingly cheap for an apartment so close to the center of town and not in gang territory, and she'd found out why when she'd arrived. It was tiny.

It was basically one room, one small room, with a tiny kitchenette at one end across from an even tinier bathroom. The bathroom had a shower barely big enough for even Erin to stand in and close the door. The stove had one burner. There was no oven, and the fridge was more of a minibar. On the plus side, she could afford it.

Anyway, it wasn't like she planned to do any entertaining.

She had found an interesting furniture platform built by a Japanese company for the 'bedroom'. Basically, it was the size of a king sized bed. The 'bed' part, was about five feet off the floor. A step down from that, was the 'desk' part, which had a long, slender, L-shaped desk as its outer wall, and had just enough room for a chair.

There was a door under the 'bed' part, which, if you were very short, or at least, agile (even Erin wasn't that short) allowed a person to go inside, where clothes could be hung up and other things put on shelves. The desk part had two large sliding doors which gave access to the shelves inside.

The storage was needed since the loft had no closets, nor room for dressers. And aside from the modular bed setup there was just room for a two person sofa against the wall, facing a slender, expensive flat screen hanging on the opposite wall

Erin woke from a dream where the President was kissing her in a bright, sunny meadow, a picnic basket beside them. She yawned, ran her fingers through her untidy hair, and threw back the sheets as she swung her legs over the side of the bed. She stood up, on the 'desk' portion of the platform, naked, as usual, for she didn't wear anything to bed.

She gripped the bar, and stepped onto the narrow, curving staircase down. It was five steps to the floor of the apartment, and she took two, then hopped down and headed for the kitchenette. She paused to turn on the TV, then checked to make sure the coffee was just about ready before turning it down to simmer.

She turned on the shower, stepped in, and showered quickly, washing her hair this time, then stepped out, throwing a towel around herself to dry off.

She hesitated. She usually pulled her hair up into tufts and spikes, which was her own instinctive rebellion against all the pretty mannequins she saw at work. It was more of a surrender, actually, an indication she wasn't even going to try to compete with them and their perfect hair, noses, teeth and breasts. Not to mention their expensive wardrobes, jewelery and makeup.

This time, though, she simply brushed her hair straight as she used the blow dryer. It was getting longer, she noted. Without being pulled up it reached her shoulders. It didn't look bad, she thought, still under the ego-boost of having the President himself lech at her the other day. It might get in her way a bit, though, more than her regular do anyway.

But not a big deal, she decided. She didn't bother with makeup as she tossed off the towel and considered her wardrobe. She opened the cupboard door under her bed and ducked low, walking in bent over, then dropping to her knees before the bar on which her clothes hung. Then a streak of rebellion hit her. She was not going to try to play dressup like the mannequins.

She grabbed a pair of pants, a sweater and a scoop necked T-shirt, berating herself for thinking of wearing something dressy to her little basement office. It wasn't like she ever saw anyone anyway, other than David, who was, of course, gay. Oh, she passed people in the hall going to the cafeteria or bathroom, but she ate at her desk, and then went home.

The pants were thin white linen capris, and the sweater was a cream scoop neck. The t-shirt under it was more of a tank top, but the sweater's neck was a bit low. The tank's neck gave her an extra inch for plenty of modesty.

Of course, if she was leaning over and someone was looking down her top, well... but that wasn't likely to happen. The President was the first visitor she'd seen in six weeks, and he wasn't likely to be back any time soon.

And if he did come back and wanted to look down her shirt, she thought in amusement, that was fine with her!

She was only three subway stops away the Metro Center station on 13th street, and when she climbed above ground she had a four block walk to the White House. In jeans and a sweater she didn't look like anyone special, which was just the way she liked it. Erin liked blending into the background. That left far fewer chances of uncomfortable social contact.

She was rather surprised she'd talked easily enough with the President the other day. Perhaps it was because it had felt so surreal to be talking to someone she'd only ever seen on TV. But he'd been very casual too, not leering or demanding. He was a handsome man, too, with nice shoulders. He'd played baseball in college, she remembered reading, and he jogged. She remembered seeing some news item about his determination to keep fit.

Erin herself was similarly determined. It was all-too easy to turn into a flabby person with no muscles when you spent all your time in front of an LCD monitor or TV. She partially solved that with her Wii. She had a number of games on it which called for a lot of very active movement requiring she jump and twist and move her arms and legs a lot.

She especially loved shooter games, but those didn't keep her very active. So she played hand ball, tennis and played virtual catch with herself. The dance game was the one she had the least affection for, but she had to admit, it made her move in every direction at once, in constant motion with almost every part of her body. It really got the blood flowing and muscles snapping.

Her building also had a swimming pool. At first she hadn't gone near it. Appearing in a bathing suit in front of people was not something she was very comfortable with. However, the pool closed at nine pm, and one of the custodians was a Star Trek freak and had given her a key so she could sneak in after that.

Of course, it had been more in the way of an effort to seduce her than an act of kindness, and she'd found him showing up all-too often while she was swimming. He was a little flabby but not a bad guy, and that might have gone somewhere if he hadn't gotten a job somewhere else.

She still had the key, though, and used it almost every night. She'd also gotten

more comfortable with the place now that she didn't worry about visitors. Instead of wearing her conservative, dark blue one piece, she'd taken to wearing a bikini – which she never wore in public because people stared at her boobs – and even more lately, daringly, she'd swum naked.

That had sure led to the blood moving! She'd been both terrified and excited the whole time she did her laps. The feel of the water caressing her bare skin had made her nipple tingle so much she could hardly keep her hands off them, and the last two times, she'd climbed out naked into the darkened room, gone to one of the showers, and showered, naked – and masturbated while doing it!

She knew it was crazy, but it was also a crazy thrill! She took precautions, blocking the doors so no one would show up and catch her naked, but it was still pretty wild to her.

She showed her White House pass. Even though they recognized her – she kind of stood out – they still inspected it carefully before waving her through the gate. They checked her pass again at the building entrance, then she went through the metal detector before heading downstairs.

She was already starting to regret the decision to wear the sweater as she walked down the corridor. The sweater was thin, but it was still a sweater, and it was warm in the basement. It would be warmer still in her little office with the computers there.

She grumbled at herself as she let herself in and closed the door behind. David's door was closed but she could tell he was in. He was on the phone. You could always tell by how someone spoke. Besides, the light was lit on her phone.

She never turned off her computers. They ran data sweeps during the night. She brought up the monitors as she slid into her chair. She scratched her head as she checked the logs to see what had happened with them, then frowned in confusion. It looked like her sweeps had been terminated early.

She scowled. There'd been a system reset. Since their system was a closed one, with just she and David on it, that meant it was his fault. Unless she'd done something... She tapped keys and entered queries. No, it was one of his dumb sweeps that had overloaded their shared system.

She glared at the screen, then peeled her sweater up and off in exasperation. As

often happened, annoyance at one thing added to her annoyance with another. When the hell was he going to get environmental in here to fix the A/C?!

The phone light went out and she swiveled her chair and kicked his door (it was a small office).

“Hey, big gay guy!” she called through the door. “What did you do to fuck up the system last night? My sweeps were all wasted!”

She pushed herself up out of her seat and opened the door, which banged right into him, knocking him back and sending a file of papers flying.

“Oh, shit, I’m s – !”

It wasn't David the door had hit, though, but President Allen.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped.

“Erin!” David cried.

“I mean, darn I’m sorry!”

The President was rubbing his arm where the door had hit, and then bent over to grab the files. Erin dropped to her knees at once, scooping up papers.

“Mr. President, I’ll get those!” he exclaimed, rushing around his desk as the President squatted there in front of Erin.

“Oh that’s all right,” he said. “No harm done, though I might have a little bruise on my arm.”

“I’m really sorry!” Erin exclaimed, handing a mass of papers to him.

“Oh, no problem. Accidents happen,” he said. “Though in earlier days I’d have had you flogged for this.”

“You can flog her now for all I care!” David said, glaring at her. “Erin, get out of here.”

She handed the last of the papers to Allen, scrambling to her feet, face flushed.

“I really am sorry, uhm, Mr. President.”

“Don't worry about it, Erin,” he said. “I've survived worse hits. David, if you could get the rest of these read for my Two O'clock meeting...”

“They'll be ready, Mr. President,” David said.

Allen winked at her, waggled his eyebrows a little as he looked down her shirt – which David certainly didn't see, and then left.

“Erin, for God's sakes – !” David started.

“I had no way of knowing he was in your office! He's NEVER in your office!”

“You still shouldn't just barge in like that! And what are you wearing?”

“It's hot in here!”

“You don't wear a tank top to the White House, Erin!”

David himself was wearing a suit and tie.

“There's no air out there! You have a window and an air conditioner!”

It was a very small window high up on the wall, and a very small air conditioner. But it made a difference.

“If we could leave the hall door open – .”

“Can't. Security.”

She rolled her eyes.

“What did you do to my sweeps?”

“I had to terminate them because I needed all the random memory for mine. Mine was a priority,” he said, holding up his hand to forestall her protests, “From the boss. He needed it today. You want to bitch, go bitch at him.”

It was about two hours later that her phone chirped at her. She frowned and pulled it off her belt. She rarely got texts. She just didn't know many people in

real life well enough to tell them her phone number. She really only got the smart phone because her active mind bored too easily. If she was on the bus or subway or in a waiting room she needed something to do.

Bad girl, the text said. Assaulting your president is a federal offense.

She stared at the text, then turned her head to look at David's partially open office door. She slid off her seat and poked her head through the door. He was at his desk examining some paper files.

He looked up. "What?"

"Did you just test me?"

He stared at her. "Does it look like I'm texting you?" he asked sarcastically.

She frowned suspiciously and drew back, then looked at the phone. She didn't recognize the number.

Who is this? she texted back.

Even if you don't deserve to get flogged, a spanking would probably be in order, it replied.

She gaped at it. Who the fuck would – !? But the only person who knew, surely, was President Allen himself! Surely he wasn't... texting her? Maybe he'd talked to someone, told them about David's dumb assistant downstairs who had hit him with a door. Maybe that person had decided to text her. But how would he even know her number?!

And why would he take the risk of her filing a harassment claim?! Of course, she had no idea who it was but she was pretty sure it could be found pretty easily.

That was a very nice top you were wearing, the next text said.

It couldn't be Allen! Could it!?

It's a little tight and thin, though. I could see the pattern of your bra through the fabric.

Was this creepy or was this hot? She couldn't decide.

What was I wearing yesterday? she texted back.

There was a pause.

Something white and frilly. The view from above was extraordinary, the next text said.

Holy shit! Either it was him or he'd been talking to someone a lot about her!

I sewed a new button on, she texted back.

Aawwww, the next text said.

She giggled and shook her head.

Her fingers flew over the keyboard. I don't wear clothes to flash men!

My life would be so much happier if you would, the next text said.

Why? Are you going to be dropping by every day to look down my top, she texted.

I would rather look there than at what David is showing me, the next one said.

She wasn't sure what to say to that.

I think you still owe me for bruising my arm, the next one said.

Sorry, she texted. Uhm, what would you like me to do?

Oh my. Now there's an opening to give a guy, the return text said.

Erin giggled.

If I come back at two will you stay in your chair and not hit me with the door?

I promise!

You know, that top of yours looked very nice, but it would look even nicer if you

didn't have the bra under it.

Erin felt a sudden tightness in her chest, and a flutter in her lower belly. Holy shit!

I don't think David would approve, she texted. He already bitched at me for wearing the top.

David won't be there, the next text said. He'll have to go and see someone and will leave the documents in a folder on your desk. I can pick them up.

Her initial, and stupid reaction, was that the President didn't have to come and pick up documents.

I can send them by messenger, she texted.

Now what fun would that be, came the reply. Besides, there are security implications, which I'll tell David when he makes the same suggestion.

Erin felt the flutter in her stomach grow stronger. Were they really talking about her removing her bra so he could stare down her top better!? That was insane! On the other hand, wow, the President wanted to look down her top! Holy Crap!

If it was the president. What if it wasn't?! But who else could it be!?

This was insane!

I don't know... she texted.

What if I ORDER you to, it said, which she took to be joking.

I'm not sure you have that authority, she replied.

I can nuke Moscow but I can't get a girl to take her bra off, the reply said. That's sad!

You're crazy!

Sure am! Don't tell the media, came the reply.

She glanced at the clock, her chest still tight, her nipples feeling very tingly as

she considered her options. It was insane. No way was she going to flash the president! On the other hand, fuck, it was the president!

She tried to focus on her work, but it was very difficult. She was feeling tense, and aroused. When David came out saying he had a meeting she almost had a heart attack. He handed her a blue folder.

“Give that to the president. He'll be stopping by on his way to the situation room. Don't say anything but sir!”

“Okay, okay!”

He left, and she looked at her watch, the tension mounting. She couldn't! But if she didn't, and then he was disappointed... she didn't want to disappoint him!

She slipped into David's office and closed the door, then slipped off her tank top and then her bra.

God, this is insane!

She quickly pulled her top back on.

It was tight.

There wasn't a lot of cleavage, though. Of course, when she leaned over, oh yes, there was more than ample then. Without her bra restraining her breasts, her thirty eight D cup breasts, they pulled the thin fabric down enough to make the neck gape!

You don't have to lean over, she thought, heart pounding.

She went back to her desk, almost trembling with excitement, anxiety and anticipation. She told herself this was insane about every ten seconds. Several times she had just about made up her mind to put her top back on.

Then the outer door opened and she was breathless as President Allen walked in.

She stared at him and he grinned and waggled his eyebrows.

“You have some nerve,” she gulped.

He leaned over, his hands on the edge of her desk. “You don't get to be president without having nerve, Erin,” he said with a cocky grin.

She was sitting back, arms kind of folded over her chest.

“I don't think your wife would be happy at your texting girls at work,” she said.

He made a face. “Have you ever seen my wife? Not much makes her happy.”

Woah, she thought. Trouble in the first family. She hadn't heard anything about that.

“There's a lot of stress in this job,” he said. “It would be nice to be able to relieve some of that stress on occasion.”

What the hell was he saying, she wondered frantically, her heart pounding.

His eyes flicked down and he gave her a kind puppy dog look.

Erin rolled her eyes and pulled her arms away, embarrassed, and at the same time, pleased at his instant reaction. He kind of sucked in his breath as he saw how the tight top molded to her body. In fact, he reacted, well, like the geeks she'd known! Surely he had a lot more experience than to be that turned on just by seeing her in a tank top without a bra!

She felt her stomach swirl and felt a hot thrum of energy coming from rather lower than that. Licking her lips, she leaned forward, putting her elbows on the desk. “You're going to get us both in trouble, you know,” she said.

His jaw seemed to drop open as he stared down her top, and she felt her pussy starting to thrum more and more powerfully.

She remembered, now, that the first lady was kind of flat chested. Did Allen have a thing for boobs? Most men did, but some were crazier about it than others.

“Oh my,” he said, as she felt her face warming.

“You are... spectacular,” he said in a hoarse whisper.

I can't fucking believe, this, Erin thought, the flush spreading down her neck and onto her chest.

“Thanks,” she gulped.

“They look... incredible,” he said.

She licked her lips, then gripped the hem of her top and peeled it up over her breasts.

His eyes went wide and his jaw dropped again as he stared at her.

She flushed hotter and jerked her top down.

He breathed again, then turned and closed the door behind him.

“That was very much against the rules, Erin,” he growled as he came around to her side of the desk.

“I'm sorry I – .”

Erin's first view was of his crotch, which, she noted, was bulging.

“How am I supposed to get back to work now?” he demanded. “Look what you've done to me!”

“I uhm... we uhm.. I wasn't...”

He unzipped his trousers slowly, very slowly, as if giving her a chance to object. Erin didn't. She just stared in both disbelief and a wildly growing sense of thrilling excitement.

He pulled his cock out, and it was large and long and pointed right at her face.

“Shit!” she whispered.

She licked her lips and looked up at him, and he looked down steadily. He didn't do anything, but she reached for him, then ran her finger along his cock.

He groaned and stepped forward, and she breathlessly took him in her small hand, tilted it up and leaned in to lick up at the head.

“Fuck!” she gasped.

She giggled and licked harder, then pursed her lips and pulled him down, letting it force its way through her pursed lips and into her mouth. It slid across her tongue and she started licking and sucking.

Erin had had sex with precisely two people in her life, but she was an energetic and imaginative girl, and she had a dildo at home. She also was a determined girl who, when she set her mind on something, wouldn't be satisfied until her goal was accomplished.

Deep throating was all about self-control, of mind over gag reflex. It had taken her some effort, but not a lot, to master the art.

She bobbed slowly up and down on the President's cock, sucking and licking as his hands slid down onto her hair and pulled her desperately forward. She let him, sliding her lips further down his shaft, then all the way. She heard a choked gasp from above as she slid her lips all the way down to circle the base of his cock.

Her tongue worked constantly up and down, and even managed to edge past her lower lip to stroke the base of his cock.

His hands tightened abruptly on the back of her head, jamming her face into him as his hips bucked quick and hard. Then his cock began to soften inside her. He seemed to shudder, then eased back, releasing her hair. He quickly grabbed himself and put himself back into his pants, his breathing unsteady.

“Holy fuck!” he gasped. “You are... amazing! Wow! I thought my knees would go out from under me!”

Erin giggled a little. Her mind was alight with excitement at what she'd done.

I blew the fucking president!

At least you didn't leave anything on my shirt,” she said with a grin.

He let out a breathless laugh and shook his head.

“Wow!” he said. “Just... wow!”

Chapter Three

Laying on her bed that night, naked as always, Erin was still amazed at the events of the day. On the surface, what she'd done was pretty minor. She'd given a guy a quick blow job. No big deal. But it was the President of the United States! When she thought about what a storm it would raise if anyone suspected she felt awed.

She'd be on every news channel, everyone staring at her everywhere she went! She'd make history!

And no way in hell did she want any of that!

But maybe, in a few years, when she wasn't working in the White House any more, maybe she'd tell a few people. They probably wouldn't believe her anyway, of course. And she could deny it easily if anyone from the media ever inquired.

The President, she thought wonderingly.

* * *

You are an amazing girl!

Erin gulped and texted back a thanks.

Where did you learn to do that?

She hesitated, blushed, then texted the truth. I practiced on my dildo.

There was a paused.

You just gave me a hard-on, it replied.

She giggled, feeling a sudden thrill at the thought. He was the freaking President, after all!

You know, my arm is still sore...

Oh, poor baby, she texted back.

It really hurts, you know.

She snorted. Suck it up, buttercup, she texted.

People don't talk like that to the president, you know.

What are you going to do, flog me?

Flogging might be a bit extreme, but a spanking would seem to be in order.

She snorted. Yeah, you going to get the Secret Service to cuff me?

Now there's an idea!

She felt daring. Wouldn't you rather have another blow job?

Maybe I'll do both!

The oddity was that she found the communication far easier than she would have in person. She always seemed to be kind of tongue-tied in person, at least when anything personal was discussed. That was one of the reasons she liked dealing with people on the internet. Sure they lied a lot, but in her experience, so did guys in real life.

And you couldn't catch anything from on-line sex!

Of course, she thought, feeling a bit giddy, the President wasn't likely to have any diseases...

She didn't get more texts that day, nor did Allen show up. The next day when she got in, though, the door to the office had been changed, as had the door to David's office. The outer door was thicker and stronger, the inner door the same, only also padded.

“What's with the doors?” she asked him.

He shrugged helplessly. “What I was told was that they had finally upgraded

them to the proper security standards given this is an office which deals with intelligence.”

“Intelligence? We're not spying on the Russians here, we're getting information from federal government computers, and mostly on budgetary and staffing matters.”

“I'm not going to argue with you. Then again, what we do is still classified because the White House would be embarrassed if the media found out we had to kind of go behind the cabinet's back to get the straight information.”

“I think the people would just be grateful we manage to get straight information in the first place. Anyway, it's not like cabinet secretaries are given the full information either. Most of them are managed by their departments, not the other way around.”

“Trust me. It would be a big story on CNN, not to mention FOX. I can see the policy makers not wanting to deal with it.”

She shrugged. “Well if they're going to have nice, tightly sealed doors are they at least going to do something about the heat?”

“I didn't order the doors. For all I know they were ordered during the Eisenhower administration. Which means the A/C in the outer office will probably be fixed in about twenty years or so.”

“Maybe I'll start wearing bikinis to work!”

He snorted. “At least the doors will keep people out.”

He motioned her away and she scowled, and went back to her desk. At least he left his door open so some of the cooler air from his A/C flowed out. But it was a small window and a small unit, not really enough to cool both rooms. And David was a fastidious man. She might show up in shorts and tank top but David would be in a tailored three piece suit if it was a hundred degrees.

He opened the door all the way as he came through a little later. He rolled his eyes a bit to see that she'd unbuttoned the bottom several bottoms of her green blouse and tied the two sides together under her breasts.

“I have to make a presentation to the senior political aids. I'll be gone an hour or so. You can keep the inner door wide. That should help cool your office.”

She nodded thankfully, but felt a sudden spike in her pulse. The President not only knew David's schedule, he could basically change it any time he wanted. Was he planning on taking advantage of her being alone again?

She scurried into David's office and checked herself in the mirror. Licking her lips, she untied the two sides of her blouse, then undid another button, raising it higher and tying the two sides tighter.

You're acting like a slut, a part of her complained.

Well, and she'd agree, if it was anyone but the president. She had already decided that if Allen wanted to do something with her she'd do it. He was hot, sexy, nice (or at least, was nice to her) and most importantly, the President of the United States!

Even if she never told anyone, this would still be something to look back on when she was in the old folks home.

But there was more to it than just that, she thought, as she pulled her hair back more. She found it easy to talk with him in person, not just in text, and there was something – quiet about his flirting and their sexual byplay. It wasn't in a club or a bar or a party or anywhere other people were. She was always uncomfortable in public places or groups.

One on one in a quiet, empty room was much more her style.

Of course, you rarely met anyone in a quiet empty room.

She was startled, but not really surprised when the 'security door' opened and Joshua Allen walked in. The bottom instantly dropped out of her stomach and she felt her pulse race as he grinned and closed the door behind him.

“Nice door,” he said. “Bet you'd be hard pressed to hear anything through one of those.”

She stared at him, shocked she hadn't even imagined he had been responsible.

He'd changed the doors!?

“Uhm, David is uhm, away,” she said, suddenly a bit nervous.

He grinned, and she knew he already knew that as he walked past her and into David's office. She gulped and stood up, following him in.

“Do close the door behind you, Miss Flynn,” he said airily, as he took a seat behind David's desk.

Chest tightening, Erin closed the door behind her.

“Now I believe we were talking about you needing a spanking,” he said.

“I don't remember that,” she said, suddenly nervous.

“I have it in writing,” he replied.

She felt her chest tighten even more.

“And I'm not sure that... outfit is proper for the White House. We do have a dress code, you know. Bare midriffs are specifically against the rules, I believe. And yours is bare all the way up to your ribs.”

“Well it's hot out there,” she said, scowling. “David has this little A/C thing but he closes the door because it isn't big enough to cool both offices and I sweat like a pig outside!”

“Really? He should ask for that to be fixed.”

“He says he has.”

Allen smiled. “If David wasn't gay I'd suspect he was keeping it hot just to see you in fewer clothes.”

She snorted, and he waggled his finger at her.

“Come here.”

She inched forward, and he waggled his finger more. Her nervousness increased, her chest getting even tighter as Erin eased around to the other side of the desk.

Allen was grinning at her, and suddenly he pulled something from his suit pocket.

Handcuffs!

She gasped, and he grinned at the open mouthed girl. “Would you believe, the Secret Service loaned me these?”

He stood up, and she gulped and took a step back.

“Let me have your hand,” he said.

It was suddenly very hard for Erin to breath. She hesitated, then held her hand out. It almost trembled, until he took her wrist in his bigger hand and then folded the metal around it. He closed it and it clicked shut.

“Other hand.”

“I didn't know the President was a perve,” she gulped as she put her other hand out.

“Oh, sweetie, there's a lot of things the world doesn't know about me.”

She stared at her cuffed hands, then gasped as he pushed her backwards, back around the desk, back to the door.

“What...”

She gasped as he held her arms high and pressed her back against the leather covered door, his eyes hot as he looked down at her.

There was a kind of coat hanger thing on the back of the door, one of those upwardly angled things you could put your coat or hat on. She gasped as he forced her up to her toes, then, put the links between her cuffed wrists over it, sliding it down to the door.

“Now this I like,” he said, releasing her.

Erin stared at him breathlessly, her stomach swirling wildly. He looked her up and down for a long moment, then leaned in and slid his fingers through her hair.

She gasped as he tilted her head up and his mouth came down against hers. Their lips met in a hard, demanding kiss and she moaned into his mouth as his lips slid along hers and his tongue began to dart out.

His hands slid slowly off her hair, down her face, and then cupped her breasts as the kiss continued. She moaned again, feeling his fingers digging into her soft, sensitive flesh, squeezing her breasts up and together. His hands eased down, undoing the buttons, untying the knot between the two sides.

He eased back, looking down as he opened her shirt.

“Hmmm,” he said. “Gorgeous!”

She was wearing

She had triangle cups and he jerked them down under her breasts, then seemed to moan himself as he bent and began to suck and chew on her breasts.

Erin gave a squeak, then gasped and shuddered. It had been a long time since she'd felt a man's mouth on her breasts! She looked down, watching him as he alternately stared at, then sucked and chewed and licked at her nipples. His hands couldn't keep still. They stroked and squeezed her, moving continuously as she stood haplessly in place, her wrists cuffed over her head.

After a couple of minutes of that her nipples were hot and aching! His teeth bit hungrily into her flesh and his sucking mouth and whipping tongue had turned her nipples into throbbing spikes of pulsing heat!

Then he slid to his knees, his hands pulling at her trousers. Erin could only stare, gulping in air as he tugged them down, along with her panties, and pushed his face in between her legs!

“Beautiful!” he moaned. “Gorgeous!”

Erin cried out at the feel of his tongue against her sex. His hands fumbled at her ankles, working her trousers and panties off, then cupped her buttocks, pulling them open as his tongue fluttered against her clitoris.

“Fuck!” Erin croaked, feeling hot swirling rushes of sensation flooding up through her belly.

He stood up abruptly, and she almost went limp against the door, gasping, her wrists aching a little from the pressure of the cuffs. He jerked at his own trousers, undoing the belt and dropping them to his ankles. He shoved his shorts down and his cock came up proud and hungry as he leaned into her.

“Oh God!” she moaned.

She stared down, watching him maneuver himself into place, and gulped as he gripped her buttock, lifting her leg a little. She felt the nose of his cock pushing into the mouth of her sex. But she was too short for him to do her properly, she thought.

Then he gripped her buttocks with both hands, spreading her legs, lifting her feet off the floor as he pushed himself into her.

Erin's eyes went wide and she cried out in shock, pleasure and heat as she felt the thickness of him forcing its way up into her belly.

Deep!

She felt a dull ache deep inside her, and thought, with a fluttering mind, that Allen's cock was the biggest she'd ever taken! She tried to wrap her legs around him but he was holding her thighs too tightly as he began to move his hips in and out. Her wrists ached whenever the cuffs pulled against them, but she paid that no mind at all as all her senses focused on the thick cock sliding up and down inside her lower belly.

The orgasm arrived so quickly it startled her, but she welcomed it nevertheless as the sensations flared wildly within her body. She cried out, head thrown back as he leaned in to chew on her throat, and his fingers on her buttocks jerked her up against him every time he drove his hips forward, redoubling the force of his thrusts.

Erin's head slapped against the softly padded door again and again, jerking and rolling from side to side as she gurgled and moaned and cried out in soft, wondrous pleasure, his cock driving into her again and again with deep, hard thrusts.

Her entire body was jerking up and down in his arms, and she felt a faint moment to admire his strength even as he thrust harder, and his face took on the

reddish tone of someone about to explode. Then he did, gasping for breath as he thrust himself into her with a series of furious strokes that made her cry out in dazed pleasure.

* * *

“You're a pervert,” she said, face flushed.

He grinned.

She was naked now. He'd removed the cuffs, gently slid off her bra and top, then, to her surprise, pulled her hands together behind her back to cuff them there once again.

“Call me master,” he said with a leer.

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “Masturbator, you mean.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Oh you are definitely looking for a spanking, little girl.”

“I am no – !” Erin squealed as he took her arm and jerked her over to David's wing chair, then sat down.

She struggled briefly as he pulled her across his lap, but then she was belly down, her bottom across his lap as his fingers began to coast up and down along her back and buttocks.

“Don't you dare!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Naughty little girl,” he said, his fingers kneading her buttocks.

“That stung!”

Crack!

“Hey!”

“Bad girls get spankings,” he said.

She gasped as his hand slid between her legs and his fingers began to push into her sex. At the same time, his other hand slid under her chest to knead her breast.

“I didn't say you could spank me!” she exclaimed.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“True.”

Crack!

She gasped as his hand slapped down against her bottom again.

“But you didn't say I couldn't.”

It did sting, but Erin was feeling too excited, too high, if that wasn't the wrong word, to care. She'd never felt such a wild dark sexual thrill, as if her entire body was charged up and could barely keep still!

It was amazing! She'd just climaxed there against the door, while he fucked her.

The President fucked me, she thought wonderingly. I fucked the President of the United States!

Crack!

She gasped at another blow, yet the blows were not continuous. His hands moved over her, caressing, squeezing, stroking, and every now and then – .

Crack!

“Did you like the feel of my cock in your mouth the other day, little girl?” he asked.

“Yes!” she gasped.

Crack!

She gasped again.

“Say, yes master.”

“Yes, masterbator!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Hey!” she gasped, but laughed as well.

“Snotty little punk,” he said. “Clearly you need more discipline.”

“I think you should get to feel my cock in your mouth again, don't you, brat?”

“Yes, masturbator!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Stop that, brat!”

She giggled again, writhing in his lap. The sharp spanks ... stung, and yet, there was something like a resonance as the blows landed, so that the force echoed through her lower belly and made her clitoris tremble. Every spank sent that sharp little sensation right through her and into her clitoris so that even as it hurt, she moaned and wriggled her hips, wanting more.

“I bet you masturbate all the time! You probably do it in the Oval Office!”

Crack!

“You are a perverted brat!”

Crack!

“You are a perverted President!”

Crack!

“The president is allowed to do anything he wants to, brat.”

“Yes, Masturbator!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Erin gasped and moaned at the steady flows now, her bottom turning hot and aching as the President spanked her for real. But the force of each impact resonated through her lower body so that her clitoris trembled in tune, and she found herself growing intensely aroused, her inside spasming and thrumming as she wriggled in his lap.

She would not have thought being spanked could possibly turn her on, but it was. Her wrists pulled feebly against the metal cuffs encircling them, reminding her repeatedly of how helpless she was, as if she was his prisoner!

He paused, and she gulped in shaky breaths of air as his hands caressed her throbbing, hot buttocks. But then, as she'd known they would, his fingers slid in between her thighs, stroking her clitoris, pushing into her moist sex. She groaned and spread her legs, gulping in air even more excitedly as three fingers slowly forced their way through the taut lips of her sex.

“I'm going to fuck you, little girl,” he growled.

Crack! His other hand slapped down across her overheated bottom and her legs jerked as she cried out.

Crack! “Such a bad girl,” he said.

Crack! “With such a beautiful ass!”

Crack! “I'm going to fuck this ass one of these days.”

Crack!

Erin moaned as his hand stopped slapping her bottom and coasted up along her ribs, then under to roughly squeeze her breast. His other hand was still between her legs, three fingers twisting and pumping inside her as his thumb stroked across her clitoris.

She couldn't keep herself still. Her bottom jerked and twisted and rolled as she moaned and yelped and whimpered at the swirling, churning waves of heat, buffeted by sharp explosions of sensations that had her dazed and nearly feverish with sexual heat.

His hand slid off her breast, slid down her spine. Crack!

Erin cried out, legs jerking.

Crack!

Her bottom flared with heat, but the heat itself seemed to form a shield, dulling the sharpness of the fresh stings as his hand fell on her reddened skin.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Every blow send a vibration of energy resonating through her groin, and when her twisting, wriggling body came down so that her sex was on his right leg – which was held wide, she began to grind herself frantically against him.

It didn't take long.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Even as the orgasm hit he continued spanking her, his open hand cracking down on her wriggling, writhing bottom bottom, sending sharp waves of sensation through her groin. They hit the rising orgasm like explosive little bursts of energy, sending it spinning higher and higher to the point she couldn't think, couldn't breath, could only gurgle, eyes slitted, trembling and shaking in the throes of a firestorm of sensations!

Her legs flailed and her vision spun, her own hair flying around her face as she stared, upside down at the floor beneath her. The way the blood was flowing to her upside down head only seemed to make the orgasm more intense, and she would have screamed if she'd had any breath to do it with!

Erin had never felt an orgasm like it. Her entire consciousness felt as though it were in a screaming hurricane as the orgasm caught her like a rag doll and shook her violently.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

It wasn't until she went limp, the deep, desperate breaths of air rattling through her open mouth as she remembered to breath, that he stopped. Her bottom throbbed like it was on fire, but Erin was too dazed to care as his hands casually

stroked up and down her body.

He rolled her over, and she groaned, her head aching as he sat her up and all the blood which had rushed to her head seeped out once again. Her vision swam and she grunted weakly as he adjusted her sitting across his lap. Her head fell back and she groaned as she stared up at the ceiling.

She felt his right hand between her thighs, two fingers inside her, no, three. His mouth was on her breasts, licking less excitedly, sucking more gently, nipping now and then. He caught her left nipple between his teeth, grinding them in opposite directions as she moaned a weak protest.

Then she felt his left hand in her hair, supporting it, raising it as he pulled his mouth off her breast. His mouth closed on hers, gently this time, and she moaned into his lips.

He drew back with a cocky grin.

“So, that seemed like you enjoyed it,” he said before bending to suck on the center of her breast again.

His head rose once more, sliding in so he could suck and chew at the side of her throat.

He raised it again, looking into her eyes.

“Are you going to be my bitch?” he asked teasingly.

For more of what she'd just experienced, Erin thought weakly, she'd be anyone's bitch!

She didn't answer, still gasping for breath, but then she felt his fingers tighten in her hair, kind of jerking on it so her scalp stung.

“Oww!” she moaned.

“Are you my bitch, Erin?” he growled playfully.

“Yes!” she moaned.

“Say it. Say you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch!” she gasped.

“Say, I'm the President's bitch,” he demanded in delight.

“I'm the President's bitch!” she said, feeling a hot flush of excitement at the words.

“Again.”

“I'm the President's bitch!” she groaned as he pulled on her hair again.

His mouth chewed and sucked on her breast again.

“Again,” he mumbled, his mouth full, tugging at her hair.

“I'm the President's bitch!” she gasped.

His fingers wriggled deeper into her pussy and she moaned as his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris.

She needed time to recover, but it didn't look like she was going to get it. She could already feel the way her oversensitized clitoris was throbbing and burning at his touch. The sensations were more raw and powerful and thus uncomfortable than sexual, but that was changing, even as he sucked at her breast and chewed on her nipples.

“Say you're the President's whore,” he said.

The word was jarring, but in this context, and the way he said it, she felt a delicious dark ripple of excitement.

“I'm the President's whore!” she gasped.

“Say I'm the President's slut!”

“Ohh!” she gasped as he pulled back on her hair, forcing her head back and her chest out.

“Say it!”

“Ow! Stop! I'm the President's slut! I'm the President's slut!

Chapter Four

Allen tumbled her out of his lap and she gasped and moaned as he held her arm, dragging her around so that she knelt between his legs. His trousers were gone as he pulled her up, burying his fingers in her hair now as he drew her against his semi-hard cock.

“Your President requires your services, Miss Flynn,” he gasped.

Erin had never blown a guy without using her hands, but on the other hand, the handcuffs leant a nicely kinky air to what was already by far the most thrilling sexual adventure of her life!

She licked up and down along his cock, mouthing it sideways, massing it between her lips. She pushed lower, nudging it out of the way, sucking his balls into her mouth, moaning around them as he began to comb his fingers through her hair.

“Do you have any idea how erotic it looks to have you down there like that naked with your hands cuffed behind you?” he said in a gravelly voice.

Erin rolled her eyes up at him, feeling another rush of excitement and no small sense of satisfaction at the words. She took his cock into her mouth and it seemed to harden immediately as she slid her lips down its length, sucking and licking, bobbing her lips over the first half, then forcing her lips all the way down its length.

She was rewarded with a long, drawn out groan from Allen as she licked at the base of his cock with her lips closed tightly around it. His hands clamped down on her head and held her in place for long seconds, then eased to allow her to slide back up and breath.

“Fuck me!” he gasped.

“I already did!” she said in a groan.

He chuckled throatily, and watched her slide her lips down his shaft again, bobbing, sucking. His eyes raced over her as she raised her own to look at his face.

“This is makes a man feel a lot more powerful than being President,” he said.

Erin moaned around his cock and then slid down... and down all the way, taking him deep into her throat again, until her face was jammed against his groin. His hands again clamped down on her head, jamming her in against him, and his body shook and trembled beneath her.

He released his hands and she slid up and off, gasping for breath, gulping in air.

“Fuck you are good!” he groaned.

He pushed her back, though, standing up, letting the chair slide back behind him. He reached for her hair, pulling her up and forward on her knees. Both hands went behind her head as he pushed himself into her open mouth, then he started to thrust in and out. The thrusts were shallow, at first, as she closed her lips around him.

She sucked, her tongue moving quickly as she knelt before him, her wrists jerking almost instinctively in the cuffs. Then he gave a long, deep, slow thrust that jammed him deep into her throat, pulling her head forward, pressing her face against him.

Erin held herself still as he held her in place. Then as he tightened his grip on her hair he pulled back, but not all the way. He drew the bulbous head of his cock almost out of her throat, then thrust it deep again... and again... and again. Erin had some difficulty with that, fighting not to gag. She'd practiced deep throat, and was reasonably good at it. She was less experienced in something moving up and down in her throat like that.

Her hands pulled harder against the cuffs, instinctively wanting to push him back, to control the speed of his movements, to ease him off, but of course, she was helpless. Nor did she have any leverage to pull her body back with his big hands behind her head.

She felt her head pounding, running out of air, and she started to squirm more frantically until he pulled back at last and she could gulp in air. He let her breath,

but not long enough before thrusting deep and starting again. Her vision began to swim before he pulled out once more. Yet she was too busy breathing to protest, and then he was in her throat once again.

She was getting light headed as he thrust harder and faster into her throat, but then his cock deflated, bursting within her as it had the other day. He groaned, giving several final, convulsive thrusts before pulling out and falling back into the chair. She fell back onto her heels, then slid back onto the floor, chest heaving.

* * *

Erin had the most amazing secret! But unfortunately, she couldn't tell anyone! That was incredibly frustrating, in a way. It also made her feel kind of smug and superior, especially to all those pretty blonde mannequins in their fancy dresses.

Think you're so pretty, but I'm the one fucking the President, she thought as she walked past them.

Not that she'd ever really been in a lot of doubt about her attractiveness, as such. Certainly she'd been given enough comments, often rude, over the years, to indicate a great deal of male interest. That was one of the reasons she did nothing to make herself look more attractive. She didn't want that sort of interests!

Or at least, she never had before.

Her body was, she thought, looking at it critically in her mirror, good enough. It compared well with all that internet porn she'd come across, mostly by accident, but some on purpose over the years. In fact, she'd once been tempted to take pictures and videos of herself – faceless – and post them on the internet out of a kinky sense of narcissistic excitement.

She had taken videos of herself in the past, once doing a strip tease around her former bedroom, and once masturbating with her dildo. They were merely for her own curiosity, and she had deleted them shortly thereafter. So she knew very well that she had all the tools she needed to please a man.

Her face was okay, too. It was a little long for her own critical judgment, her mouth a bit small, her lips not quite full enough. Her eyes were deep brown,

where she would have preferred something like green. Her nose was cute and small, but she didn't have the high cheekbones of those arrogant Nordic girls.

Her hair... well, that was an issue.

Something needed to be done with this hair, she thought, glaring at herself in the mirror as she slid her fingers through it. She could cut it, had often intended to, but Joshua seemed to really like sliding his fingers through it, not to mention tugging on it. And, oddly, she found that last to be kind of exciting too.

He had... manhandled her, which was something of a new experience for her. Then again, she didn't have a lot of sexual experience, and she was certainly willing to concede he ought to be the one in charge, given his clearly superior skill set.

Besides, he was the freaking President!

And she... she was the President's bitch! The thought made her chest tight with excitement.

Wild! Insane!

Who could possibly have ever imagined such a thing!?

"I'm the President's whore," she said to herself, a little breathlessly.

Not that she really thought of herself as a whore, or a slut. The very notion was so absurd that saying it was simply exciting instead of insulting. She hadn't done anything with a guy, other than the President, in three years, after all. To be sure, she was fucking a man almost old enough to be her father, and a married man to boot.

But it was clear that his wife didn't appreciate him, and besides...

He was the freaking President!

No, she was confident other women would not look down their noses at a girl who had agreed to sleep with the President. It wasn't like she'd seduced him, after all. The very idea was ludicrous!

His wife would probably be ticked off, but from what she'd heard, his wife was something of a bitch anyway. And from what he said she sure wasn't doing her wifely duties much. Clearly he liked his sex a little rough, with him being the boss all the way! She didn't see Mrs. Allen agreeing to be tied up and mauled like that. In fact, people joked about her on the internet and in the media, suggesting she was either a frigid bitch, or a dominatrix, or into girls.

So in a way, she was doing the country a service by helping ease the President's stress.

But if she got caught she'd have to go to Botswana or somewhere like that to hide from the press!

No. Realistically, they'd find her, even there.

Well, no matter. That wasn't going to happen. So what was she going to do with her hair!? She glowered at it. What she needed was one of those high priced salons. She didn't have a ton of money, especially since she was both paying off her student loans and trying to save for a car. But her sudden new ... affair... had bumped up the need to urgent levels.

Affair. I'm having an affair, she thought excitedly. I'm having an adulterous affair with the President of the United States!

The next day, she was disappointed to find, was a perfectly normal work day. She got one text in the early morning. It simply said Morning, beautiful. Busy day today.

She took that at its face value. She knew something of his schedule, and it truly was very hectic. Nor did she expect him to visit her every day. Even David would start getting suspicious if he kept getting ordered out of his office with little warning. Then again, maybe not. If the President wanted him meeting with important people David would be delighted to comply.

He certainly wouldn't suspect the President was getting him out of his office so he could visit and fuck his assistant's brains out!

But if he was seen entering the office very often people would begin to talk. Maybe not as much as they would if she was one of those gorgeous blonde things, but people loved gossip. If the president was alone with a young woman

often enough they'd start doing so no matter what she looked like.

Fortunately, this part of the basement was not very heavily populated. And her office was down a short side aisle which contained a pumping station on one side, and a storage room on the other. David's was the only office. She suspected they had cleared out another store room to make it an office, for the White House was perpetually short of offices.

Anyone with ambition, though, wanted to work there, no matter where they put them. There was, after all, the executive office building across the street where the bulk of White House staff worked. It was a much nicer, more conventional office building. But those were the second and third raters. Anyone who was anyone worked here. And David definitely wanted to be someone.

One thought did occur to her, though. The President never went anywhere alone. The Secret Service was always with him, even if it was in the White House. So there was at least one agent waiting outside the office door when he visited. The agent might not be able to see or hear or know what was going on, but she wondered if they suspected...

Well, suspecting wasn't knowing. She could be... briefing him (as opposed to debriefing, she thought in amusement) on something. They couldn't know. And they were supposedly a very secretive and loyal bunch. They never blabbed, at least to outsiders, about what the boss was doing.

But maybe she should continue to look like she looked. Making herself look prettier, as in maybe getting contacts instead of the glasses, doing her hair, getting better clothes, that might all serve to increase gossip.

Several more days passed without him showing up, though he did flirt with her occasionally by text. And he managed to persuade her to send him a topless picture, though she kept her face out of it, mostly. It wasn't like she suspected he'd be showing it around or posting it on the internet, but she was normally pretty careful about stuff like that.

David was getting much busier. He was talking to cabinet secretaries more, very much in his element, but that left her to run an increasing share of the searches. And one day he told her she'd have to brief the President, since he had no time. Her eyes widened at that, but she doubted it had been his idea.

“Find something more presentable to wear tomorrow,” he said. “You can't go to the Oval Office looking like that!”

The Oval Office!? Erin didn't have to fake her shock.

She put some thought into what to wear for the next day. She wanted to look nice... for Joshua, but she definitely did not anyone thinking she was sexy or hot! She had few skirts, and the ones she did have were too short and punky. And David had been adamant about no jeans or shorts.

What she settled on was the white button-down blouse he had first noticed her in. That would be a reminder to him, but with a blue sweater vest over it to keep things perfectly asexual. She found a pair of gray slacks which were slightly tight but had a nice, large square pattern which she thought looked somewhat formal.

She pulled her hair back, but not entirely, half up, half down, with some nice bangs and tendrils hanging down along the sides, but most of it pulled into a loose mass behind her head. That ought to be somewhat formal but not going all Miss America on him. With her thick framed glasses, she thought she looked formal, businesslike, attractive, in a nerdy way, but not at all sexual.

She was nervous, of course, as David led her past the guards into the actual center of gravity, the main and second floor of the West Wing. He had briefed her on the information so she could brief the President, getting a little experience and confidence.

“Don't be nervous around him. He's actually a very nice guy. He puts his pants on one leg at a time like everyone else,” he said.

She could have told him that.

She met Mrs. Carter, who was the President's Executive Assistant, and then were shown into the Oval Office to meet the President. He wasn't alone. His Chief of Staff was there, too, along with two more aides. She was extremely nervous, despite their efforts at putting her at ease. David introduced her, and the President acted perfectly.

“Good to see you again, Miss Flynn,” he said with a grin, rubbing his arm.

He then described how she'd barged into David's office to yell at him the previous week without knowing he was there, and hit him with a door. There were chuckles all around, and Erin reddened, but David quickly did a quick bio, telling them about her PHD and how early she'd gotten it, and they seemed suitably impressed.

"She's an absolute genius with the systems," he said, laying it on.

"What do we need you for then, David?" the Chief of Staff asked with a grin.

"Because of my suave charm," he replied with a smile. "Besides, Erin isn't very... ahm, politically aware."

The others all seemed to know immediately what he was saying, and Erin figured it was the old cliché about eggheads not knowing much about the real world.

She did the briefing, her nervousness easing as she got into the details, and answered some pointed questions with relative ease. They seemed impressed, at any rate, and she was dismissed, leaving the rest, including David, behind.

She paused on the outside to exhale, and Mrs. Cartright looked up and smiled.

"Got through it okay?"

"Pardon?"

"It's always kind of stressful, the first time you go in there."

"Uhm, yeah, it was. It went all right. I didn't say anything stupid. At least I don't think I did."

She smiled and nodded, and Erin went back to her office, wondering why Allen had wanted her to start briefing him. Surely he wasn't going to... do her in the Oval office! The idea was incredibly exciting, but at the same time she knew that her going to the Oval Office by herself with any sort of regularity would raise her profile enough for people to start thinking about her.

Surely he knew that! Or was he thinking with the wrong head, as men were wont to do?

It was about half an hour later when she got the text.

Now you can brief me yourself, it said. I have plans for that briefing!

You are crazy, she texted back. We can't do anything in the Oval Office!

You think that hasn't been done by every President who has ever sat here?

She thought about it.

Not all of them, she typed uncertainly. Certainly Clinton had, and probably Kennedy. She couldn't see Bush doing it. Obama? Probably the younger ones were more likely. The older ones were more... mature, which meant sane!

And Allen was the youngest since Kennedy.

* * *

It was two days later that she found a pair of boxes on her desk, and an email from David saying he'd had to go out of town for the day. She felt a thrum of energy in her lower belly at that, and then began to curiously open the boxes.

The first was relatively large, and once opened, she found a note.

The first, you wear on top. The second, you wear underneath. See you soon.

She stared at it. There was no signature, but she had no doubt who had written it. She shook her head. She thought Allen was being too clever for his own good, and was highly dubious about the thought of going back to the Oval Office. At the same time, she couldn't deny a heady sense of excitement at the thought of doing anything nasty in the famous room.

She opened the top box and found an outfit. She pulled out a lovely dark blue single breasted, hip length blazer, a black turtleneck sweater, an ankle length steel gray skirt, and a pair of boots that made her gape.

“Oh you are so crazy!” she said to herself.

The boots were leather, stiletto, and were the highest boots she'd ever seen! She wasn't even sure her legs were long enough for them! She made sure the outer

door was locked, then stepped into them, amazed at how well they fit. Could he have gotten her size somehow? Well, the CIA did work for him.

The boots slid up her legs, past her knees, and most of the way up her thighs! She zipped each of them closed and stared down, then walked back and forth. They were about four inches, which was a good inch higher than she'd ever tried before, and they took some getting used to after her tennis shoes.

But how in God's name did he think... of course, the skirt.

She pulled it on, without removing her trousers, and found it reached almost to her ankles. So no one would be aware of just how high the boots went. The thought of wearing these to the Oval Office was scary, but the thought of removing the skirt after that, which she was pretty sure Allen had in mind, was even more scary – and also incredibly exciting!

She slipped off the boots and skirt and examined the next box. She figured at first it would be some sort of sexy lingerie. But the box was far too heavy for that.

She stared at a box full of thin leather strips in consternation. What the hell was all this?!

It didn't take long to figure out.

You are out of your tiny mind, she texted. I'm not wearing this stuff!

It took a while for a reply. Your President orders you to. You're my bitch, remember!?

Bastard, she replied.

Someone is looking for another spanking, he texted back.

She sucked in her breath at that. Her bottom had ached for an hour after that last one, but the orgasm had been such an explosive one she'd felt shell-shocked for even longer.

Where did you get this stuff?!

The internet, of course.

“Of course,” she sighed. “Idiot.” You're crazy, she wrote.

Better hope not. I have nukes!

She shook her head, looking at the stuff, then checked the lock again and began to get undressed.

When she was naked she picked up the biggest mass of leather and let it dangle in front of her, trying to figure out how it went on. The shoulder straps were the most obvious, she she pulled it over her head, and then settled it down her body.

The bra part, if you could call it that, consisted of four straps linked together by metal rings, in a circle. They didn't cover an inch of her breasts, of course, but rather, encircled them, and squeezed in around them from all sides. The circles then had four straps cutting across the center of each breast, meeting in the middle in a metal ring which was just wide enough for her nipple to poke through.

Below her breasts, the thin leather strips formed a diamond pattern across her stomach and back, but ended a little below her belly button. Then a single strap dropped from there, clearly intending to go between her thighs and up between her buttocks to lock to a ring attached to a similar strap behind her.

That strap was no more than an inch wide. That would have been barely wide enough, except that either Allen had calculated the size just slightly wrong, or it was intended to be as tight as it was. And as tight as it was, the strap pulled up between her labia rather tightly before she could fasten it.

“Fuck!” she said in amazement.

But her eyes were alive with excitement. She'd sort of seen stuff like this on the internet but never in a million years thought she'd ever actually wear anything like it! She walked back and forth in the thing, feeling a sense of something like sexual electricity crackling through her body.

She looked at the other leather objects and shook her head. One was clearly a collar. She slipped it around her neck. It was about as wide as the leather strips, and not particularly thick. It fastened behind her neck. The four remaining

objects were miniature versions of that, and slipped around her wrists and ankles.

She looked at herself in the mirror, somewhat transfixed. She'd never imagined to see herself looking so blatantly slutty! No, that wasn't the right word. She just looked so... so sexual! She turned to the boots and slipped them on. They felt a bit tight around her ankles, but not painful, and no one was going to notice.

She walked back and forth in front of David's mirror, staring at herself in disbelief, then pulled on the turtleneck and skirt. The turtleneck hid the collar, and the cuffs of the sweater also covered the wrist restraints, though it looked like she was wearing a pair of watches. Once the jacket was slipped on however, there was no sign of anything odd.

It was jarring. She looked so respectable and professional on the outside, but on the inside she could feel her pussy was moist and thrumming as the thin leather strap squeezed in against it. Her breasts throbbed, as well, her nipples very hard, for all they were thankfully invisible under the blazer.

Does he really want me to wear this shit into the Oval Office, she thought.

The guy was a perve! Of course, men generally were all perves!

Chapter Five

Erin wasn't sure when she would get the call, and was both nervous, anxious, and aroused. The leather digging into her pussy was kind of squeezing tight across her clitoris, which felt hot, sweaty and very sensitive. Several times she was on the verge of removing it, with the thought she could put it on later when he called. But she was glad she didn't.

There was a knock at the door, and she looked up in surprise, and no small anxiety. Having people see her like this was worrying. She had removed the jacket, for even though David's door was wide open it was kind of warm in her little office. Now she quickly slipped it on, and nervously went to the door.

“Ahh, hello Erin. Hope we haven't disturbed you.”

She was on the edge of saying he was disturbed so why shouldn't she be when she noted he wasn't alone. The Chief of Staff was with him, and a secret service agent lurked in the background.

“Uhm, no sir, Mr. President,” she gulped, not faking her surprise and anxiety.

“Jerry and I were just walking by. Do you have that file on HHR by chance?”

“Yes, sir. I'll get it for you!”

Confused, she darted back inside, and over to the cabinet where the file was, turning in thoughts of handing it to him.

“Follow us,” he said instead, turning away.

She had little choice but to hurriedly lock the door and scurry after them.

“You're familiar with the contents?” he said over his shoulder.

“Yes, sir.”

“What's the variance between what the Secretary said at the briefing and what

you found?”

They moved past the busier part of the basement, where the cafeteria was, and up the stairs.

“It's complicated,” she said.

“Everything is complicated,” the Chief of Staff said.

“From what we found the original estimates were for about twenty five percent of the existing costs.”

Jerry Connor, the Chief of Staff, just grunted.

“But that wasn't the cost that was sent up to the Secretary's office. At the DG level, the costs were broken down into low, medium and high estimates based on a variety of probabilities and choices.

The high estimate was actually within fifteen percent of the existing costs. At the Commissioner level

they went with the low end estimate and pushed that up to the Secretary's office, using the risk assessment which was based on the higher estimate.”

They were walking through the West Wing as she talked, headed for the Oval Office.

“So the Secretary didn't see the earlier one.”

“I don't see how he could have, sir.”

So the Commissioner fudged the figures.”

“That's beyond my purvey. You would have to read their emails and notes to determine whether they honestly thought the low end numbers were most likely, or whether they selected those as most likely to get cabinet approval.”

It was extremely odd trying to keep her mind on business and anticipate further questions and answers while feeling as though she ought to be creaking in the leather and steel slutwear Allen had sent to her! She also felt something like an

enemy agent infiltrating a protected area, excruciatingly aware of what it would do to her reputation if anyone had the faintest idea what she was wearing under the rather tame exterior outfit.

“I'll see you for the meeting this afternoon,” Connor said, breaking off for his office.

“So what projections were made at the commissioner level for the high end number and how did they mesh with the original numbers?” Allen asked as they passed through his outer office where Mrs. Carter sat.

There were actually two doors to the Oval Office. There was the outer door which faced Mrs. Carter, then, about three feet in, an interior door. Both were padded. Allen shut both behind her and then grinned at her as she continued to read from the file.

“Just put the file on the desk, Erin. I can read it later,” he said.

She bit her lip. “You're crazy, you know.”

“You said that.”

He lifted her skirt high before she snatched it down.

“You're wearing my outfit,” he said.

“You really are a pervert!”

“Yes!” Now take off your clothes like a good little slave girl.”

“I'm not your slave girl!” she said

He opened the blazer and pushed it back over her shoulders.

“Surely the President of the United States, the most powerful man in the world, deserves to have at least one beautiful slave girl,” he said, tugging the neck of the turtleneck out a bit to see the collar underneath.

“Shouldn't that be your wife?” she asked, grumbling, even though she felt excitement rising within her.

“Are you kidding? My wife? Have you ever seen her? She wouldn't be a slave. She'd have a slave!”

I figured,” she said, looking around the large room nervously.

“Don't worry. There are no cameras in here. The Secret Service sweep the place every day.”

She was still nervous, but let the skirt slip off. He gasped, staring at the long boots with excitement even before she peeled the sweater up and off.

“Holy shit!” he said, staring at her, polestruck.

Erin fidgeted a little in place, self-conscious, but also starting to feel pretty sexy given how awed he seemed to be.

“Wow!” he said, shaking his head.

He pulled her in and kissed her deeply, his hands kneading her buttocks and sliding over her skin. Then he turned her around, almost roughly, and pulled her wrists back behind her back. He locked the wrist restraints together before turning her again and stepping back.

He stared at her, clearly very excited, especially since she could see the front of his expensive suit pants bulging out.

“You like?” she asked a little coyly, her voice a bit ragged.

“Fuck do I ever!”

He reached out, sliding his hand through her hair, then jerked her head back rather quickly. Erin gasped in pain.

“Ow! Hey!”

“Sexy little slave girl,” he growled, his other hand sliding between her legs.

She moaned as she felt the pressure against the strap digging into her. She was already moist and hot, and she longed to feel more inside her. But first, he pushed her to her knees, which was a little awkward in the boots. They were

new, and didn't bend that quickly.

But finally, she was kneeling in front of him, naked and with her wrists tied behind her, looking up as he looked down.

“Now this is the thrill of power,” he said, staring at her.

He unzipped and drew his throbbing red cock out, then moved in, sliding it across her lips.

Erin quickly captured it, licking and sucking, bobbing up and down, taking more and more of it into her mouth as he stood there looking eagerly down at her. She was about to take him into her throat when he pulled back on her hair.

“Not too fast,” he said. “I want this to last.”

“Won't your secretary get suspicious!?”

“You let me worry about that.”

He pulled her to her feet, leading her to the big desk, and she grunted as he bent her over it and slapped her bottom.

“Remember you said you practiced on a dildo?”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped, watching as he took something out of his desk.

It was a dildo!

He pulled her upright and fed her the dildo. She moaned around it, sucking and licking as he pumped it slowly in and out. She almost gagged when he pushed it into her throat, but then handled it fairly easily. It was thick and long, but she liked her dildos that size anyway!

He pulled it from her mouth and bent her over the desk again. She felt him fooling with the strap, the one between her legs, then it came loose, and she groaned as the pressure finally came off her pussy. A moment later, though, she felt the dildo pressing against her.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Fuck!”

“Oh we will,” he assured her.

The dildo, slick with her own saliva, slid deeper into her body. He started pumping it in and out, fingering her clit as he did, and Erin's hips began to grind and roll unconsciously as the heat rose like a crackling curtain around her mind and body.

“Ohhh!” she groaned, as he pushed it particularly deep.

“Your body was built for cock, little slave girl,” he growled.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“A girl with a body of yours should be having sex all day and every day.”

“OhH!”

The dildo pulled back, then thrust almost painfully deep. She gulped in air as he left her there a moment and took something else from his desk. She raised her head, peering through newly tangled hair, and saw another dildo.

It pushed into her mouth as he held her down and she moaned around it, sucking and licking as he pumped it in and out. At the same time, she felt his other hand pumping the dildo in her pussy in and out.

“Have you ever had sex with two men at once, little slave girl?”

She moaned and shook her head slightly.

“You should. You're a wild sexy girl and should be getting your mind blown by every kind of kinky sex there is.”

He pushed the dildos in deep and she moaned around the one in her mouth as it slid down her throat. A moment later, he withdrew it, and as she was gulping in air, she felt it pressing against her back passage.

“Oh! Oh don't!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Don't tell your master what to do.”

“You're not my master!”

Crack!

“Don't be impudent, slave girl.”

“I'm not – Oh!”

The dildo penetrated her and started sliding in and out, even as the one in her pussy ground against what felt like her cervix! He gripped the strap between her legs, then, and started to shift it back and forth from side to side. That, of course, ground it back and forth across her clitoris even as he pumped the dildo in her ass!

Erin moaned and shuddered, feeling totally at his mercy as the sex heat rose to the same feverish levels she'd felt before. Only this was the Oval Office, she thought, with a sense of shock.

He pulled the strap up and over the base of the two dildos, then used it as a lever, pulling, pulling, pulling. Erin gasped and moaned, twisting as the ache within her grew greater and greater.

“Oh! Oh! No! They're too big!” she moaned.

“Not for a cock hungry little slave girl like you!” he growled.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He slapped her bottom as he jerked on the strap again and again. Each time he pulled on it it jammed up against the base of the two dildos still protruding from her trembling body. When her yelps grew louder, though, he paused.

“I think I can adjust the length of this,” he muttered.

Erin groaned. She hadn't seen that, at least, not in the front one, but he seemed to be talking about the back strap. Then she groaned as the strap was pulled up hard again. Only this time, it seemed to lock against the back strap which went up between her buttocks.

“Excellent,” he said.

He jerked her upright by the hair and she staggered. When she was stable she dropped her eyes and saw that the strap was pressed against the base of the dildo in her pussy, about an inch or so still protruding from between her taut, outstretched pussy lips. She could feel the same was true for the dildo in her ass.

“On your knees, slut. Your master want's to fuck your mouth.”

There was little else she could do! Erin piratically fell to her knees as Allen stood over her, evidently feeling tremendously excited by the sight, and gripped her hair tightly. Erin winced and gasped as he jerked her face forward, then up. She didn't have a lot of experience at being manhandled like this, but though intellectually she felt startled and even indignant, it was doing something to her mind which roused her heat to fever pitch.

He rubbed his cock back and forth over her face as he held her in place.

“Are you ready to suck your master's cock, slave girl?” he growled.

There was a part of Erin's mind which thought his silly games were laughable, but there was another side which was starting to feel a real thrill of kinky excitement at the thought.

Sex slave! Her a sex slave! What a wild, nasty, thrilling thought!

Of course, there was no way she was going to admit it.

“Yes, Masturbater!”

He chuckled throatily and dragged her to a chair, then over his lap. She groaned as her body shifted around the thick, solid dildos jammed into her, then gasped at the slap to her bottom. Another came, and another, and another, each stinging so that she gasped and moaned and kicked her legs feebly.

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

Her bottom got hotter and hotter and she squirmed more energetically, for even wrapped in arousal and heat her bottom was still flaring with pain.

“Are you my little slut?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm the President's slut!” she cried weakly.

“Now say, please may I suck your cock, Master.”

“P-Please may I suck your tiny little dick, Masturbator!”

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

She burst into giggles that ended in yelps and moans as his hand cracked down on her bare buttocks again and again.

“Try again, slut.”

“Please may I suck your cock?” she moaned.

Crack! Crack!

“Ow!”

“Say it.”

“Master!” she cried.

“Now the whole thing.”

Erin's bottom was flaming hot! But at the same time, the way the dildos were jammed inside her, and the wild, kinky excitement of her position had left her on the edge of climax. And the sensations his slaps to her bottom were sending echoing through her lower belly and into her clitoris were doing strange things to her mind!

“Please may I suck your puny little dick, you pervert!?”

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

The climax wrapped itself around her and she cried out in pleasure, her body convulsing on his lap as he continued to spank her and call her a nasty little slave and a slut!

Erin didn't care. The heat and pleasure consumed her mind as she writhed in the throes of pleasure, her entire body wrapped in the fiery heat of overloaded nerve endings and snapping muscular spasms.

“I should take a whip to you, you little slut,” he growled.

Dazed by the fading orgasm, Erin only moaned, eyes fluttering as he rolled her off him and onto the floor. She cried out as he jerked her around by the hair. Then his cock was in her mouth, sliding deep. She closed her lips automatically, sucking and licking as he pushed deeper still. He tightened his grip on her hair and then drove himself into her throat, pulling her face in against him.

“Fucking gorgeous,” he moaned as he started to jerk her in and out.

He was not fucking her mouth, he was fucking her throat! He had done something like this the previous time, but he'd been much less excited then, and much more gentle! Now Erin could only sway and gurgle as he thrust into her hard and fast, jerking her face in to meet every thrust as she ran out of air and her vision began to swim.

He pulled out and she gulped in air, face red.

“I want that ass,” he growled.

He half dragged her across the room to the big desk again, lifted her up and dropped her, belly down, across it. She groaned breathlessly as he undid the strap between her buttocks, and groaned again, in relief, as the pressure on the two dildos was released.

The dildo in her ass pulled free, and a moment later something else slid into her. It wasn't quite as thick, and felt a lot softer, even though I was very hard.

Erin had never been sodomized before, nor even considered it. Now she moaned at the unfamiliar sensation. At first she was, with what wits she still had, anxious and fearful, but the pain didn't really materialize. It wasn't as good as in her pussy but.. the fact was the in and out sensations were not bad at all.

He was fucking her in the ass!

That was a bit of a wild thought, and it leant a certain dark fire to her mind and body as his hips began to slap against her upraised buttocks.

She moaned, staring at the desk in front of her nose as his cock punched into her again and again. Her entire body started shaking with the force of the impact of his hips against her buttocks. And then she cried out as she felt her hair jerked up and back. Her view suddenly jerked up towards the far wall, the higher part of the far wall.

Crack!

His hand slapped against her already hot bottom as he thrust into her.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he growled.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Slut!”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“Whore!”

Crack!

He was jerking back on her hair again and again as he thrust into her, and slapping her bottom at the same time! The sensations were exploding within her nervous system, one after the other, from different areas, all of them unfamiliar, and all of them bathed in the growing fever of a shockingly quick return to arousal!

It was called climax for a reason, after all. Erin was not a particularly highly sexed girl, and masturbated infrequently. When she did, and when she climaxed, which never took long, it was time to put away the toys and relax.

But this time, like the last time with him, she dazedly recalled, the sex was continuing past her orgasm, and her body was heating up with startling quickness, heating up to a degree which was already surpassing her previous heat!

The cock thrusting into her bottom felt slick and hard, and now filled her with a wild, dark desire. The slapping of her bottom rained sparkling little bursts of sensation on the bonfire of her pleasure. The impact of his hips against her buttocks shook her mind and body. And the jerking of her hair sent armies of sharp little stings into her scalp.

She felt totally out of control, totally at his mercy, in a wild, dark thrill ride of kinky dark sex that had her gasping and whimpering and halfway sobbing for breath as the heat threatened to fry her mind!

And then it did, and another massive orgasm blew through her as Allen jerked back on her hair and sent his cock driving deep into her ass again and again and again!

Chapter Six

She was dressed as she usually did when not expecting Allen. She tried to think of him as Joshua, but in fact, had never actually used the name. All she ever called him was sir or Mr. President.

There was a knock at the security door, and she got out and opened it, already starting to feel a little thrum of heat in her belly, for she got few visitors, and David was away.

It was not Allen. It was Mrs. Allen.

She stared at the woman for a long instant, and her jaw dropped as she realized who it was. Then her face reddened.

“Yes, I thought so,” the woman said, giving her a push that sent her stumbling inside.

“Wha – hey!”

The door closed behind her and Mrs. Allen folded her arms across her chest and stared at her.

Allen was a smart looking woman. She was a real beauty when younger, and with the aid of a very good trainer, she was one of those women who had managed to reach forty without giving up her slender figure. Well, thirty-nine, actually, she thought. But the woman was still attractive, or at least, would be if she weren't wearing one of those hideous business suits the world liked women to wear.

She had a short little jacket in violet over a slightly lighter colored pencil skirt. Her hair was pulled up and she was both bejeweled and perfumed. In short, she was the kind of woman Erin avoided like the plague and was absolutely determined to never turn into.

“It might or might not surprise you to learn that, having been married to Joshua

Allen for over twelve years now I have a fairly good grasp on how his mind works,” she said, looking down her nose at Erin.

Erin felt her stomach sink.

“I-I don't know what you – .”

“Spare me, child. I could see it in your face the instant you recognized me. Do you think I'm as much of an idiot as my husband?”

She looked around the little office and shook her head.

“He could at least get you something nicer,” she said. “But I suppose keeping you down here is part of his ploy to be discreet.”

She turned suddenly, glaring. “If he hadn't started bringing you into the Oval Office dressed like a schoolgirl that might have actually worked. But the idiot has no self-control.”

“I-I don't know what you're talking about!” Erin said in a choked voice.

The woman snorted, walking around the little office. She bent and tugged open the bottom drawer of her desk suddenly.

“Hey!”

She closed it then tried the other bottom drawer. It too was largely empty of anything shocking. Then she turned to the cabinet, which, since Erin had been using it, was unlocked.

“Look, you can't come in here and !”

The bottom drawer of that cabinet had the box, the one with all the leather stuff. She gulped as Mrs. Allen pulled it open with a snort of satisfaction, then lifted out the leather collar and looked at a red faced Erin.

“My husband likes to think of himself as a Type-A personality,” she said. “He likes to dominate people in bed. Unfortunately for him, he's not really very good at it.”

She tossed the collar on the desk and rounded it to confront Erin, who was backed against the door.

“I, on the other hand, am quite good,” she said. “He used to like being spanked, you know, before he started to get all high and mighty.”

Erin gaped at her.

“There's no way in hell I'm letting any man lay a hand on me like that, of course,” she said. “Not unless he's Conan the fucking Barbarian. So he looks for young, timid women who will be impressed by his office.”

Two fingers under her chin jerked Erin's head up.

“Yes, you look just about perfect.”

Erin had no idea what to say to the woman!

“So here is how this is going to play out, little girl,” she said. “I don't care if you fuck my husband all day long as long as it stays discrete. And you will not tell him I know about you.”

Erin blinked in shock.

“You really are perfect. You're far too young, don't have much of a social circle, and have no real interest outside computers and math, other than, just now, getting my husband's cock into you, of course.”

Erin's face flushed.

“In other words, there's no way he's ever going to be able to marry you. I prefer he dally with you rather than take the chance he finds some expensive young lawyer type with ambition. And half of the fun for him as that he's doing something forbidden. As long as he thinks he's putting one over on me he'll keep playing with you. If he finds out I know, on the other hand, he'll lose interest and find someone else. And that will tick me off.”

She leaned into Erin's face. “So it's in both our interests to make sure that doesn't happen. Got it, little girl? Because if he finds someone else, or if any rumors even think about starting you'll be out of the White House so fast you can't even

blink. And I have so many contacts in the business world that you'll have a hard time finding a job as a file clerk.”

She put her hand on the doorknob.

“Just remember, whatever he's doing to you, he's dreaming it's me. But that is just so not going to happen,” she said with a smirk.

“Holy shit!” Erin gasped after she'd left and closed the door after her.

“Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!”

She took out her phone, intending to text Allen, then hesitated. What if the woman was right?

What if Allen lost interest in her and found someone else? It wasn't like many girls would turn down the president, after all. And if he dropped her, then his wife would see to it she was fired and then...

“Shit!” she said.

Why did life have to become so damned complicated!?

She returned to her work, or tried to. It was more than slightly difficult to concentrate. On the one hand, it had been humiliating to be confronted as an adulteress screwing another woman's husband. On the other hand Mrs. Allen hadn't seemed to care, and had actually given her blessing to it! Of course, that was partly because she saw Erin as so beneath her that she wasn't a threat, but then again she was probably right. Erin had never harbored any illusions about her sexual relationship with the president.

She pondered that for a long moment. She did not really feel romantic about Allen. She felt a certain sense of awe, true, for him as the President. But she didn't feel as though she was in love with him at all. She was incredibly excited by the things he did to her, of course, embarrassed, uncomfortable, and sometimes reluctant, but wildly excited.

The orgasms he'd given her had been so far were an order of magnitude more than she'd ever given herself. Partly that was because of the situations, which were so thrilling. Partly it was because he knew what to do with his hands, his

mouth and his cock. And, of course he had extended her formerly routine, quick self-sex sessions into much lengthier episodes. Maybe her body got hotter the longer she was aroused she thought.

She considered the likelihood of her finding a real romantic partner who would give her the same feelings. He'd almost certainly have to be an older man, she thought. And, of course he'd have to be more of a nerd. Yes, she liked that idea. Nerds had great imaginations, and they'd probably love playing sex games with her.

Of course, she'd probably have to teach them what she liked, and how to make her feel good. And that meant she'd have to learn more about that – from President Allen.

The thought of getting dropped and then fired when he was done with her hadn't occurred to her, but she could see now how it might make him uncomfortable, or his wife, or both, especially if rumors started. She didn't mind that so very much, but Mrs. Allen's threat was something she didn't appreciate at all.

* * *

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Not so tight!” Erin gasped.

“I know how tight to make it, slave girl. Don't worry,” Allen said.

Which was easy enough for him to say, Erin thought. It wasn't his tits being squeezed into hard round balls by the ropes he had wrapped around them!

They were in the Oval Office, and she was naked, not even wearing the boots. She was kneeling on all fours in the middle of the Oval Office as he carefully tied her up. He had a long length of finger thick white rope, and he had tied loops in a double length of it, wrapped them around her breasts, and was now tightening the loops slowly and carefully, making her soft breasts squeeze out below her.

“I don't want the loops too tight anyway,” he assured her. “I don't want your breasts all red and purple.”

“Me neither!” she grunted.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Don’t talk back, slave.”

“I’m not a slave,” she grumbled.

Crack!

She had expected that and barely flinched.

He drew the double length of rope behind her back and gripped her hair, pulling her up and back.

“Stand up,” he said.

She grunted and stood, and he tied a knot behind her, just below her shoulder blades. She looked down at her breasts, which bulged alarmingly. They weren't purple, though, and didn't really so much ache as throb. The nipples were as hard as she'd ever seen them, though. She reached up and rolled her right nipple between her fingers.

“Hands behind your back,” he ordered.

She muttered, and crossed her wrists behind her back for him to tie. Instead she felt him gripping them and pressing her hands together as if praying. Then he dropped the doubled rope straight down her spine and drew it through her legs before pulling it up tightly between her legs – across the base of the two dildos he'd already shoved into her.

“Ow!” she gasped.

He ignored her except to draw the two ropes straight out from her. She watched him measure them with his fingers, then tie a knot in them. He drew it back up and she saw the knot lay right against her clitoris. He then parted the two ropes to pull them diagonally up across her abdomen to her hips on either side, drawing the ropes around behind her to tie at the small of her back.

He bound her wrists together, palm to palm to the rope around her waist, then pulled the rope up and tied several loops around her arms just below the elbows, forcing her arms back more tightly together.

“Ah! Careful!” she gasped.

He drew the rope higher and wrapped it around her arms just above the elbows.

“I can't get loose now you know!” she said.

“I know.”

How many loops around her arms did he need anyway!?

She groaned as he tightened the loops and her arms were forced further together. Her shoulders were arching as they were forced back, but she was young and agile, and did a lot of exercises meant to keep herself that way, so it was doable, though uncomfortable.

He pulled her hair up and back, and she gasped aloud, back arching, mouth opening as he pushed something into it. She tried to find out what that was, but of course, her mouth was quickly filled, making speech impossible. She blinked cross-eyed, trying to see down at it. It held her jaw wide, and yet filled her mouth, pressing up against the roof of her mouth and down against her tongue.

He pulled a card behind her head, tying it in place, then drew her across the room to the bathroom, opening the door and putting her in front of the full length mirror.

She stared at herself, feeling a surge of heat. A ball gag, that was what it was! She looked like some slutty slave girl now! Her breasts looked so full and impossibly firm! She stared down between her legs, seeing the base of the dildo protruding.

“Now this looks like a girl who is gang banged very night,” he said from behind her, leaning in to run his lips and tongue along the nape of her neck.

She couldn't deny he was right, even if she'd been able to speak.

He led her back to his desk, to the desk itself, and sat down in his big chair, then

drew her carefully into a seated position across his lap. He opened a drawer then and pulled out what she thought was another dildo, which puzzled her, until he turned it on.

Her eyes widened as she realized it was a vibrator. She'd meant to get one a few times, but hadn't, mostly because her masturbation with the dildo was quick and efficient, and got her off quickly. Why should she expend money on something unneeded?

She found out when the buzzing sex toy pressed in against her, or rather, against the knot jammed tightly against her clitoris.

As she'd already discovered, the way he had tied her had her wrists bound to the rope around her hips, which in turn, was the same rope which went down between her legs. Pulling and jerking on her arms thus pulled and jerked on the rope between her legs, and ground the knot against her clitoris.

She wasn't sure if that was by design or not but she'd already been softly jerking against the ropes since he'd put them on. Now her movements became more pronounced.

She squirmed and moaned into the gag. The way he was using the vibrator kept it from direct contact with her clitoris. But the vibrations were still being transmitted through the knot, at least some of them, and her body was reacting in such a way she was jerking her wrists against the rope and grinding the rope against herself.

It took very little time for Erin, given she was already aroused, to start writhing and twisting and moaning in the throes of an intense sexual heat and passion. She began to twist and jerk so much it was hard for him to keep the vibrator centered.

She groaned as he jerked back on her hair, pulling it so far back it was upside down, and bent to suck and chew on her nipples. The firm pull made it harder for her hips to jerk anyway but up and down, and he rode her with the vibrator as she began to cry out and moan louder and louder.

That was when he demonstrated that, while the rope was tight, it wasn't so tight it couldn't be moved at all. He put down the vibrator, jerked the rope an inch to the side to expose her hot, red, swollen clitoris, and then took an ice cube from

the drink he had on his desk and began to rub that against her.

Erin squealed and twisted much more violently, but Allen only chuckled, holding her easily in place by the hair, back arched, as her legs flailed and twisted and he rubbed the ice cube up and down against her clitoris.

He eased it up her body, along her abdomen, then across her breasts, as Erin squealed and cursed helplessly.

“Don't want you to get too hot,” he said.

He put down the ice cube, tugged the rope back over her half frozen clitoris, and then picked up the vibrator again.

The sensations were different this time, at least at first, for she felt somewhat numb there. But as she cooled off the buzzing began to make her clitoris vibrate like a tuning fork, and Erin began to twist and writhe and moan once again.

Which brought the ice cube back.

By the time he'd done that half a dozen times Erin was a trembling, moaning mess, gulping in air and desperate for the climax which kept being yanked away from her!

She was approaching orgasm again, her mind whipsawed by the raw sensations pouring through her body, horribly afraid he was going to deny her yet again, desperate to come before he did, when instead of the ice he put down the vibrator, gripped the rope, and then began to jerk it violently from side to side, grinding the knot roughly and painfully over her clitoris!

It... hurt... but it hurt in an incredibly intense way that blew her over the edge into an intense orgasm! Erin screamed into the gag, writhing and bucking violently up against the knot which was grinding furiously against that most sensitive part of her anatomy.

She lost her mind, or very nearly did, as her body was wracked by convulsions and her vision swam from lack of air. She felt herself lifted, dropped onto a hard surface, and didn't care or even realize where she was, not for long seconds anyway, until, chest heaving, she focused her glassy eyes and moaned into the gag to see him standing before her.

She was laying on his desk, on her back, her bottom at the edge, and, having untied the rope and pulled out the dildo, he was thrusting into her with hard, deep strokes that made her grunt and moan, and shook her body violently.

She felt numb to what he was doing, at first, laying in a half conscious languor, her senses blown out, shell-shocked again by the incredible intensity of the orgasm. She cared about little, other than filling her air with lungs, at least for a minute or two. Then, as she calmed down, she raised her head, staring down the length of her body, staring at him thrusting into her.

She was simply too spent to be further aroused, or so she thought. He gave a final flurry of thrusts and buried himself in her, and she was pleased he'd climaxed, but lay her head back with a groan, still feeling blasted.

Allen was not, however, finished with torturing her.

There was a chair against the far wall. He untied the ropes from her, but left the dildo in her ass and thrust the other back into her pussy before half carrying, half dragging her over to drape her, belly down, across the back. Fortunately, the back was nicely padded, so she merely groaned and lay her face against the cushion of the seat as he did whatever it was he was doing behind her.

What it was turned out to be tying her ankles to the back legs of the chair. He then drew the ropes up and tied her wrists to the front legs of the chair. For good measure, he found strings or threads to tie around her hard nipples, squeezing them painfully, then tugged the strings down towards the opening between the seat and the chair back, tying them somewhere underneath.

And then he used his tongue, his fingers, the dildos, and the vibrator to drive her to the edge of sanity. Over and over again he roused her up towards the trembling, moaning heights of orgasm only to yank her back with ice, and hard spankings.

Though in truth, while the spankings worked the first few times, they started to work in the other direction after that, and only the ice kept her from climaxing.

Finally, he either took pity on her or realized even the ice was having less and less affect, and forced her over the edge into a screaming, trembling orgasm, an orgasm made all the more powerful and intense because her head was low and some of the blood from her body had rushed to it.

She wasn't exactly sure what was happening after that, except that she heard voices. Allen rapidly jerked her chair back against the wall and threw his suit jacket over her just as one of the doors opened.

Erin couldn't see anything from under the coat. She stirred slightly, though, blinking her eyes, feeling the sudden threat of discovery helping to yank her out of the afterglow of orgasm. She recognized the voice: it was the President's Chief of Staff Jerry Connor. And they were talking about... not her, she thought in relief.

“The Emir's yacht is arriving in Annapolis tomorrow,” Connor was saying. “Jesus I hate that bastard.”

“Don't let him hear you say that,” the President said.

“I'm not an idiot. As long as he's got those videos of you he's got us by the short and curlies.”

Erin blinked. Videos? What videos?”

“You were insane to do that shit on board his yacht.”

“I had no idea he'd have hidden cameras,” Allen said crossly.

Connor must have made a face, because Allen replied even more angrily. “If you'd seen that girl you wouldn't have been able to resist her either!”

“It doesn't matter at this point. What does matter is that when he says jump we have to jump.”

“What does he want?”

“He talked about the Plymouth-Norling bill. He wants changes.”

“Shit. Does he have any idea how much political capital I'll have to expend on that?”

“He knows you won't have any if he releases those videos.”

“I have a confession to make, Jerry.”

“What now?”

“Well, I didn't expect you to come barging in.”

“So?”

A moment later the coat was pulled back, and Erin looked up, wide eyed, to see the president looking apologetically down at her, the Chief of Staff scowling beside him.

“Oh for Gods's sakes, Joshua!”

“I had no idea what you were going to start talking about, Jerry!”

The Chief of Staff shook his head. “And now we have a security problem.”

Erin flushed red, mortified to have him seeing her like this, and was grateful when he tossed the coat back over her head.

“I'll take care of it,” she heard him say.

And what did that mean!?

I'm so fired, she thought miserably.

She expected to be quickly untied, but instead she was kept in position for what felt like half an hour or more, and had begun to struggle and pull at the ropes in hopes of freeing herself. Then someone gripped the jacket, adjusting it more carefully over her head, freeing her arm. She gasped as she felt something prick her arm, and a few moments later the world began to fade away.

Chapter Seven

Erin opened her eyes slowly, groaning as she stared sightlessly upward. At first, she saw but her mind did not take in any of the details around her. As her mind began to focus she felt a stirring of confusion. She had no idea where she was, other than on a bed somewhere.

A nice bed.

She tried to sit up and found her arms refusing to move. She rolled onto her side, feeling the firm grip of something strong around her wrists, and then threw her legs out over the side of the bed and used the leverage to sit up.

She was in a large, four poster, canopy bed in a large, comfortably furnished room. There was a dark red Persian carpet covering the floor, and a matching curtain took up much of the wall to the left of the bed. The furnishings were antique looking, and overhead, a chandelier lit the room.

She pulled her wrists off to her right hip and saw they were encased in stainless steel restraints. Her ankles had similar restraints, and she was as naked as she'd been when...

She didn't like to think about that, flushing with embarrassment.

Where was she, she wondered? It looked like she was still in the White House, at least, in the residence itself. She doubted the First Lady would be happy about that. She could feel the collar around her throat as she stepped onto the carpet and stood up. She felt a bit woozy, but her balance was okay. To the right was a large dresser with a gold rimmed mirror above it.

She walked over and stared at herself. She looked okay, at least. But the collar around her throat

was stainless steel, thick, with a large, thick ring set in the front. Combined with the matching shackles around her wrists and ankles she felt a strange sense of relief mixed with arousal.

If she'd been dressed and in handcuffs, she would have feared more. But this, this was obviously the President's kind of thing. So she wasn't being readied to be dumped in an alley somewhere. She was in this room to be the President's plaything, which could hardly alarm her since it was a familiar role.

And one which had caused her immense, even stunning pleasure, pleasure to the degree it had influenced her thinking on sex and sexuality. So looking at herself in these sorts of restraints, posed like a sex slave or something, could not help but arouse her given her recent experience.

Besides, if they'd meant anything truly bad for her then she probably would never have even wakened in the first place.

She pondered what she'd overheard. Apparently some Emir, which of course, meant some Arab type, had compromising pictures of the President, and was blackmailing them. That was certainly not good. That was something which should be brought to the attention of the authorities. Of course, the President WAS the authority, technically speaking.

So who else should she tell? The FBI, she supposed, or maybe Congress. But she didn't think much of her odds of being believed. The media? The National Enquirer would probably love to print the story, but nobody else. And what proof was there anyway? Unless this Emir guy admitted he had such videos she didn't see how anyone could prove a thing.

Her instinct to tell someone was tempered with that knowledge. All that would likely happen would be making herself into a laughingstock.

She sat back on the bed, then lay back, wriggling and twisting, drawing her arms under her buttocks, then up along her legs so that they were at least held together in front of her. She went to the curtains and drew them back, only to see a blank wall.

She frowned at it, then looked around her. The room certainly looked like it was in the residence. The ceiling was high, with well carved crown moldings, yet, how could there be a room this large without windows – unless it was underground.

She went to the door. It was a large, six paneled door made of glossy wood, and had a matching frame. The handle was old-fashioned but stylish, and refused to

turn. The door was locked.

She made a circuit of the room. There was another door, which opened to a small room she would have called a closet except that there was a second door behind it, a barred door. It was a cage... or a cell...

She blinked in confusion, then went to the next door. This, at least, led to a large and modern bathroom. There was a toilet just inside to the left, followed by a tub along the left wall, a shower enclosure at the end, and a long counter with mirror and sink on the right wall.

She went back out into the bedroom as the door opened. She shrank back, trying to cover herself, then relaxed as the President walked in and closed the door behind him. He grinned at the sight of her.

“I prefer the wrists locked behind the back effect,” he said, “but this is good too.”

“Where am I?” she demanded.

“In the basement, the sub-basement to be exact. This is a room which is set aside for secret, high profile visitors. No one really knows about it but the Secret Service and a few others.”

“Why am I here?”

“Why not?” he asked, sliding his fingers through her hair.

She grabbed his hands, shoving them off as she scowled at him.

“Someone stuck a needle in me!”

“Sorry about that. I think Jerry overreacts sometime.

She glared at him.

“Oh don't sulk. Now we get to have even more fun,” he said, reaching and sliding his arms around her.

She squirmed, trying to pull back, and he gripped her shackled wrists and lifted

them them up above her head with a grin.

“You look incredibly hot like this,” he said.

Erin continued to glower at him, but the words had an effect, as did her wrists being locked together above her, held in his big hands, helpless.

“You can't keep me like a ... a prisoner!”

“Like a sex slave?” he all-but purred.

She gulped and felt her lower belly throw a hot, dark thrum of energy up through her chest.

He pushed her back towards the bed, towards one of the bedposts, in fact, and she grunted as she felt the thick, polished wood pressing in against her buttocks.

“Oh look, a hook,” he said with a smirk.

He briefly unclipped her restraints and pulled her wrists behind the bedpost, then clipped them together again. She gasped briefly as he raised her wrists higher and then released them. Erin found her wrists held by something above her as he dropped his hands to her breasts.

“Wh-what are you going to do to me?” she demanded.

His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them in together as he stared down at her with lust in his eyes.

“Fuck your brains out?”

“I mean... you said I was a security risk.”

“No, that was Jerry,” he said, fingers plucking her already stiff nipples. He pinched them and she winced, then he began to tug them up and out.

“Ow! Ow! Don't!” she gasped.

“Say please,” he purred.

“Please!”

“Say, please master.”

“Oh come on!”

He tugged them more sharply and Erin let out a squeal, back arching as she instinctively sought to thrust her breasts towards the sharp sting of his pinching fingers.

“Please, Master!”

“You can be my little sex slave here,” he said in delight. “Nobody can even hear you scream.”

She gasped aloud and he chuckled and released her nipples.

“Scream in pleasure that is.”

He slid his fingers through her hair, then tightened them and jerked her head up and back as he leaned over her. “You want to bet I can't make you scream in pleasure, little sex slave?”

Erin's heart was beating faster and faster as his other hand stroked up and over her taut breast, then slid down between her legs. She moaned involuntarily as his fingers sought out her clitoris and began to massage and caress her there.

“W-wa-wait!” she gasped.

“You didn't say the magic word,” he said, fingers pushing into her.

“Please wait!” she all-but yelped, as she felt his fingers pushing through the slick, taut lips of her sex.

“You forgot the second magic word,” he said, pushing deeper.

“Oh! Oh! Please wait... master!” she gasped.

He chuckled throatily but eased his fingers back, stroking up and down along the entrance to her sex.

“For what?”

“What... how long... am I going to be here?” she gulped.

“I don't know. How long do you think you should be here?”

“I... I don't even know... oh wait! Wait! Please, master!”

He drew his fingers back out of her, then abruptly gripped her head in both hands, leaning in to kiss her firmly on the lips. He eased back after long, long seconds, but didn't withdraw more than a few inches.

“Do you miss your little apartment that much? Do you want to go home so you can watch Oprah or something on TV?”

“N-No but --- .”

“This isn't exactly a slum, you know.”

“But...”

His fingers pushed slowly into her again and Erin squirmed helplessly, gasping as the raw sensations of penetration turned so quickly to a seething sexual heat within her mind.

But then, she'd always loved being penetrated, the initial feeling of it.

Still, she was a prisoner in a basement! Well, sort of!

“W-wait!” she gasped, twisting her hips aside.

He drew back with a frown. “You're being a naughty little sex slave,” he said.

“I'm not a sex slave!”

He grinned. “What defines a sex slave?”

She stared at him in confusion for long moments as his hand moved up and down her body.

“I... you... have to let me go!”

“Well, if by that you mean I can't very well keep you a prisoner here forever,

you're certainly true.”

“Am I a prisoner?”

“Oh not really,” he said, plucking at her nipples again. “Just consider it ah uh, transfer of office. You're still on salary. And this is a lot better place than your apartment. So where's the harm?”

He moved back, going to a tall, slender chest of drawers, opened one, and took out an odd looking object. It was rectangular, and strapped onto the back of his hand as he came back. He turned it on with his other hand, and then slipped the hand with the device on between her legs.

“Oh! Oh wait!” she gasped, as she felt his fingers, now seeming to tremble, to... to vibrate, rubbing against her sex.

He pulled her head up and back by the hair again, bending to kiss her and muffle her words. His fingers continued to stroke up and down against her, then penetrated her again, sliding deep. His thumb rubbed her clitoris as his tongue pushed into her mouth, and Erin moaned and trembled as his fingers acted like little vibrators against her sensitive flesh.

Only they felt much better than a vibrator against her skin. Nothing felt as good against her skin as skin, and these were inside her as well as stroking across her clitoris. She felt the breath leave her as his lips crushed hers. Her hips began to grind unconsciously against his fingers.

“You're the President's bitch, remember, baby?” he breathed, easing his kiss.

“You're the President's slut.”

“I-I-I'm not a s-slut!” she gasped as sexual need flooded her mind.

“No? You sure?”

His fingers pulled free of her and she moaned, trying to suppress her body's instincts to thrust her lower belly out towards them.

He caught her clitoris between thumb and forefinger, pinching it gently, rolling it between them. It ... hurt, but the pleasure was a wild, dark rush that swept the pain aside as she cried out at the sudden rush of sensation.

“Do you want my cock inside you, slut?” he purred.

He ran his vibrating hand up and down her body, over her breasts, then back down between her legs.

“Y-Yes!” she gasped in a strangled voice.

He chuckled in amusement, fingering her as her hips ground frantically against him.

He walked back to the chest, and returned with a pair of dildos. Panting, Erin stared at them, at him, her mind squirming uncomfortably but bathed in the fire of need and want and hunger. She stared as he rubbed the round nose of the first dildo up and down against her sex, then tilted it and slowly drove it up into her body.

She shuddered, jerking her head back, closing her eyes as she felt the deep penetration. She groaned inaudibly, gasping as she felt it twist and push higher and higher, up into the area where it began to ache.

“You love a cock inside you, don't you, slut?” he whispered.

She was already flushed, but felt a hot rush of something between dark excitement and embarrassment at the words.

He seized her hair again and jerked her head back, then slid the other one into her mouth.

“And you love to wrap your beautiful lips around one,” he added. “Suck this cock, sex slave. Suck this cock for me.”

She had little actual choice, but with the dark heat churning within her Erin only moaned and closed her lips on the sex toy, sucking at it, licking at it as he pumped it slowly in and out. When he pushed it into her throat she gagged weakly, but adapted, and he slid it all the way in until only two fingers held the base between her lips.

He drew it back out again and then kissed her hard, his lips bruising, demanding. She moaned into his mouth, then her eyes widened as she felt the head of the dildo being pushed up against her back passage. She squirmed and moaned in

protest, but it was no use. The head of the dildo, slippery with her saliva, pushed into her ass and began to pump in and out as his tongue did the same to her mouth.

She groaned as he drew his mouth back, then winced as he pushed it higher.

“Fuck!” she groaned.

“Such language,” he said. “I may have to punish you for that.”

“How many fucking sex toys do you have here?” she moaned.

“Well, there's you,” he said.

She let out another gasp as the dildo was pushed deeper still, and his buzzing fingers rubbed against her clitoris again.

He drew back, releasing her hair, and Erin stumbled for a moment, caught up short by her wrists as he went to another chest. This one had a door which he swung open. He hummed softly to himself, then returned carrying... what looked like a whip!

Erin stared at it, swallowing repeatedly.

“Come now. Bad slave girls have to be whipped,” he said.

“N-No!” she gulped.

“You don't get a say, sex slave.”

“I'm not a sex slave!”

“You will be.”

He held it before her so she could examine it. It was over two feet long. There was a long leather handle and then the rest of it was a very thin rod with a small leather and nylon tassel on the end.

“This is called a flick whip,” he said with a grin. “Do you know why?”

Erin was squirming, almost instinctively trying to back up against the post.

He drew back and then lay the thin rod across the center of her right breast.

“D-don't you dare!” she gasped.

He waggled his eyebrows, then jerked it back and swung quickly.

Or rather, flicked it.

The rod itself did not touch her skin, but the thin tassel on the end snapped down against her nipple and she let out a startled squeal, body jerking violently as the sting communicated itself through her nervous system.

Almost immediately she felt a sense of calmness and relief, however. It hadn't really stung very much.

He flicked it again and she winced, and again and she gasped, and again. The little tassel snapped down against her rigid nipple, making it burn and sting as she trembled helplessly.

He reached out, jerking down and back on her hair and causing her to cry out in startled pain. Then the flicking continued, the tassel snapping down across her breasts and nipples as she squirmed and moaned and felt a strange dark thrill filling her mind.

He shifted targets, and she squealed as she felt the tassel snap down between her legs, and again and again.

“Oh! Oh! Don't! Don't! Oh! Ow! Don't!” she squealed, her hips jerking and twisting as she sought to turn away.

His tight hold on her hair, however, along with her wrist restraints, kept her easily in place. Her clitoris began to burn and ache after he'd struck her a dozen times, and he shifted to her breasts again, still holding down on her hair.

He released it very suddenly, dropping the whip as well and then falling to his knees before her. Before she could even raise her head forward he had her buttocks in his hands, pulling her legs apart, and his mouth on her sex.

The feel of his tongue against her was a shocking contrast to that of the little flick whip, and she gurgled dazedly, overcome by the wild rush of sensation as

he licked her with a long, soft, gentle caressing tongue.

His fingers behind her gripped the dildo he'd thrust into her and pulled it slowly back. Only it wasn't really a dildo, she realized, It was like five round golf balls glued together, and they 'popped' out of her one by one, spreading her opening again and again before he changed directions and pushed it back into her.

He was going to drive her insane, she thought, mind fluttering wildly.

He rose, leaving the dildo buried inside her, jerking her hair back yet again as his vibrating hand moved over her breasts.

“Say you're my sex slave,” he said, his voice hot and shaky.

Erin only moaned helplessly.

“Say it,” he said, his voice turning demanding.

He pinched her nipple sharply and she cried out.

“Say it, slave.”

“I-I'm your sex slave!” she gasped in a choked voice.

“You're the President's sex slave. Say it.”

“I'm the President's sex slave!” she half sobbed.

“Again!”

“I'm the President's sex slave!”

“Again.”

He bent and sucked and chewed at her nipple, which felt raw and swollen beyond measure.

“I'm the President's sex slave!” she cried weakly.

“Again.”

His vibrating fingers massaged her clitoris as he released her hair. His other hand began to pump the golf-ball dildo thing in and out of her ass.

“I'm the President's sex slave!”

He thrust the ball dildo thing achingly deep into her ass, then picked up the flick whip again and began to target her nipples. Since he didn't have to draw his arm back, he was able to send it snapping down across her breasts with very fast little twists of his wrist so that sharp little stings erupted all across her swollen breasts even as his vibrating fingers rubbed against her clitoris.

The orgasm swelled within her, and she gulped air in desperately, her body trembling and shaking.

“Come for your master, little sex slave,” he said. “Scream for me.”

And she did, though she tried not to. Her hips began to buck violently and the air left her lungs in a long, warbling, rising howl of pleasure! Her buttocks slapped back against the post behind her, sending jarring shudders of pressure into the base of the dildo he had lodged in her ass, and the wild storm of sensations sent her mind spinning amidst a flood-tide of incredible pleasure!

Chapter Eight

There was a TV in the cabinet at the foot of the bed. Erin found the remote in one of the bedside tables and watched as the large screen rose up from the cabinet and turned on before her. Impressed, she clicked through the channels, seeing what there was to see.

She was frustrated, but confused. The President was right that going home was hardly going to be more comfortable than this. If she was a prisoner it was in a gilded cage. And the sex was... incredible. The whole sex slave thing was wild and darkly thrilling. So it was hard to fault his argument that she was in fact, enjoying herself more here than if she'd just been allowed to go home.

Nor, she realized, was it like anyone was going to miss her. Well, Dave would, but she was sure they'd tell him something about her being on assignment somewhere. It disturbed her a little to realize how little she missed about anything outside the White House. What exactly was her motivation for demanding she be released anyway?

And then in a moment of epiphany, she realized the only thing she minded was not having a computer. She wanted to surf the internet, and wanted to do her work, snooping through code and menus to find things. Was she just nosy or was it the intellectual challenge she missed?

For she certainly had no intellectual challenge here! Well, her imagination was challenged, and had responded well, but then she'd always had a great imagination. Putting herself into the role of an ex slave for a while was freaky but given the echo of the pleasure he'd given her she didn't have a real issue with that either.

But it wasn't like her to just sit around doing nothing, nor even to watch TV all day. She needed to be doing something more.

She looked down at her pink breasts. There were still light pink lines all across them, and seeing them made her chest tight with excitement. God! What a pervert he was!

She'd tried to see what other nasty things he had in those chests, but they were locked.

Having a shower in shackles was an interesting new experience. They were metal on the outside, but there was a thin line of leather on the insides to keep from bruising her wrists or throat. That took longer to dry, and was annoying. But the shackles and collar were locked and couldn't be removed without the key.

She stared at herself in the mirror as she brushed and dried her hair.

I can't believe I'm the President's sex slave, she thought wonderingly. Oh, it might only be a game, but on the other hand, in a sense, she really was his sex slave! Well, his prisoner anyway, his sex toy prisoner. Her!

She was just starting to get hungry when he returned, bearing a tray which made her mouth water.

“About time,” she grumbled. “I'm starving.”

“Who says this is for you?” he asked.

She snorted as he carried the tray over to a French provincial desk, set it down, and pulled out a chair. He sat down as she slipped off the bed and padded across to him, then slapped her hand as she was about to pick up a french fry.

“Hey!”

“You keep shifting your arms from behind to in front of you,” he said.

He stood up and turned her around, raised her arms and unlocked the shackles. She struggled briefly, perfunctory, to keep him from pulling her wrists together behind her back, but it was mostly for show. But then he unlocked one of the cabinets, and pulled out a short length of chain. He snapped it to the back of her collar, then lifted her wrists up between her shoulder blades and locked the chain to it, keeping her wrists up in place as he let go.

“I can't even shower like this,” she said.

He grinned. “You are a dirty girl, aren't you,” he said, his hand sliding up to cup

a breast.

“I'm a hungry girl!”

“Kneel on the floor there.”

She sighed and knelt and he pushed the chair back a little, looking down at her.

“Sit on your heels and spread your legs wide.”

She flushed but obeyed. He looked at her, his eyes flicking up and down with obvious excitement, and that excited her in turn.

He lifted up a french fry and brought it down to her mouth.

“No ketchup?”

He raised his eyebrow, then took the chip back and ate it himself.

“These are very good,” he said, eating another.

“Bastard,” she muttered.

He snorted, then gripped her hair and jerked her up and forward. Erin gasped, then yelped as he slapped her bottom sharply several times before releasing her hair.

“Back into position.”

“That hurt!”

“It was supposed to. Watch your language. And if you want ketchup you have to ask... nicely.”

She glowered, but her hunger overcame her.

“May I have ketchup on my chips, Master?” she asked in what she thought of as an exaggerated, wheedling tone.

“You may, slave.”

He dipped the next chip in ketchup and held it out to her, then pulled it back.

“Legs spread wide,” he ordered.

She complied and he slid the chip down into her mouth, letting his fingers slide between her lips before releasing it.

A strange little thrill made her lower belly pulse with excitement as she ate and swallowed the chip, then the next, then the next. He was feeding her, and that was weird enough. She didn't complain, though she would have liked something better than fries. But it was weird taking the food from his hand, from his fingers, weird and sexual.

Then again, being naked and shackled, everything she did would be sexual.

“Would you like some hamburger, slave?”

“Yes... master,” she gulped.

“Beg for it then.”

“May I please have some hamburger, Master?” she asked, feeling another little pulse of excitement.

Instead of letting her bite from the hamburger he tore off a piece, and had her lick it from the palm of his hand, then did it again.

It was the strangest meal she'd ever eaten, and doubly satisfying. It sated her hunger, and aroused her at the same time.

He had a bowl of milk on the tray. He slid his fingers into them, then into her mouth, letting her suck the liquid from his fingers for a time. Then he set the bowl on the floor and had her drink it on her knees.

Well, on her chest and knees, her bottom raised high, and her legs spread again, as she tried to maneuver her mouth into place to slurp and lick at the milk.

When she was finished he led her into the bathroom and brushed her teeth for her, which was bizarre again, then he led her back to the bed.

“Kneel on the edge of the bed,” he ordered.

She obeyed and he gave her a push so she fell on her chest, on her face. He slapped her bottom and jerked her thighs up and then apart.

“That's right. Remember this position. I'm very attracted to it,” he said, fingering her sex.

There were not a lot of preliminaries to what followed, but the strange meal, given the situation, had made her wet, and when he entered her he didn't have an awful hard time burying himself inside her.

And then he fucked her.

There was no other word to adequately describe it. He had been rough before, on occasion, but not like this. He yanked back her hair, slapping her buttocks, roughly squeezing her breasts, and ramming his cock into her with savage, relentless power and speed as she cried out again and again and again.

And came massively.

As she lay gasping and panting for breath afterward he brought over a clutter of things, dumping them on the bed at her hip. She was already laying on her belly. He loosed the chain drawing her wrists up behind her neck, then pressed her ankles back. Erin groaned as she felt a rope linking her wrist and ankle restraints being pulled tighter and tighter.

That bowed her body back until her wrists restraints were physically touching her ankle restraints.

A moment later something went over her head. It felt much like a black nylon stocking of some sort, and indeed she could see through it at first. But when it was settled into place under her jaw she found that the part which went over her eyes was completely opaque. She could see nothing.

She felt pressure then, pulling, dragging, drawing her onto her belly, and then... up. She gasped aloud as she was lifted off the bed and hung in place above it by wrists and ankles.

Allen was such a pervert!

“Ow! Ow! That hurts!” she cried at a sharp pinching at her right nipple.

It was echoed a moment later by a similar pinching at her left nipple.

“Oww!”

And then... nothing.

She hung in place, not far above the bed, she guessed, her wrists and ankles aching a little, her back starting to ache too. She was bowed back, her shoulders drawn back forcefully. And something was hanging from her nipples, something which swayed as she swayed, but not exactly. She could feel it tugging, pulling, shifting.

She had never actually used the President's first name. This did not seem to be the time to start as she swayed slowly in place.

“M-Master?” she gasped.

He didn't answer.

Then she felt the flick whip between her legs. She squealed and jerked in response, but that only made her sway and swing more. The little tassel snapped across her pussy, snapped at her thighs, at her belly, and at her breasts, which hung below her.

It stopped, leaving her gasping, then she felt the pressure against her sex and groaned as a dildo slid into her, thick and fat. It reached bottom, or something like bottom, and then she felt something sliding up along the outside of her sex. It started to buzz, and she moaned weakly.

She felt hands on her hair turning her, then a cock pushed through a slit in the nylon mask, right over her mouth, right through her lips and along her tongue. She moaned around it, sucking instinctively as hands grasped her hair on either side of her head and he began to pump.

She was actually just surprised he was already hard again. Rock hard.

She tried to work her lips up and down on the thick shaft, her tongue stroking energetically, but she winced repeatedly as the weights pulling on her nipples

swayed and swung and bobbed as he pulled her in and out by the hair.

This is so fucking insane, she thought breathlessly.

Then it got worse, for she felt something round and hard pressed against her sex, something which buzzed powerfully. It was a vibrator, and one with more oomph to it than he had used before. It was actually too strong, and she moaned in discomfort at the raw, power of the sensations setting her groin quivering!

Her moaning went silent, however, as he abruptly thrust into her, pulling her forward by the hair, and buried his cock in her throat. Without air, she couldn't make a single sound, and he held her there, her hair gathered up above her into a thick mass in his fist as the vibrator ground against her.

Her head began to pound, and her chest began to burn. She wriggled and twisted, her movements taking on more and more urgency until he slowly eased her back and pulled his cock free of her mouth.

She would have complained but was too busy gulping in deep, ragged breaths of air.

“Nasty girl, he said.

She gasped at a light slap to her face.

“Bad little slave.”

Crack! He slapped her dangling breast! It wasn't a sharp blow, nor even a painful one, really, but it was a shock to the system which she couldn't decide should outrage or arouse her.

“Sex slave's need to show more respect for their masters,” he said, slapping her other breast.

Then his cock was filling her mouth again, precluding any kind of response on her part. He pulled her forward, and his slick cock pushed deep into her throat once more, then began to pump in and out in slow, deep strokes.

He didn't hold himself in as long this time, thankfully, but she was already short of breath, and stayed that way as he pulled out to let her breath, then repeatedly

plunged himself deep into her throat. Erin was rapidly becoming light-headed and dazed, especially when the slaps to face and breasts were added in.

He pulled out, and she groaned as he did something which sent her body spinning in circles on the end of the line she was hanging from. She felt his hands on her thighs, then, pulling her backward, and then his cock pushed into her.

Somehow he had managed to fix the vibrator in place against her, for he was jerking her body back against him rather than simply thrusting into her. Erin felt herself swinging back, grunting with each deep penetration, moaning dazedly as he again seized her hair and jerked it up and back sharply, using it as a lever to pull her back to meet the impact of his hips thrusting forward.

It was all wild, all insanely wild and nasty and kinky and rough and the vibrator against her pussy wasn't feeling uncomfortable anymore. Instead her groin was twisting and burning and thrumming like a live wire as she gulped in ragged breaths of air and exhaled in in sobbing moans and cries of animal heat.

The orgasm exploded within her, and she cried out in wanton pleasure, trembling and shaking even as he continued to jerk her back onto his thick cock, continued to slap at her breasts, continued to jerk on her hair. Erin's mind reeled at the intensity of the pleasure. It overwhelmed her system and turned her into a trembling, sobbing, moaning wreck of screaming nerve endings.

She gasped as she was cut loose, or rather, as if the rope holding her up was cut loose. She fell onto the bed with a dazed cry, and lay there on her side, moaning as she felt his hands on her body, turning her, repositioning her.

She was weak, still wrapped in the torpid afterglow of the massive orgasm, where all she wanted to do was lay limply in place and not think or do a thing. She felt whatever it was which bound her wrists to her ankles loosen, then the clips binding her ankles together were removed. She started to straighten her legs, but his hands gripped her ankles, pushing them back.

She was on her back, chest rising and falling, a thin sheen of perspiration across her breasts, as he bent her knees fully so that the backs of her feet were pressed against the bed next to her hips. He drew her wrists were still beneath her, still shackled together when she felt ice against her buttocks.

She gasped, her bottom raising up. The ice followed as she moaned a weak complaint, but then abruptly dropped away. Instead she felt his hands on her wrists underneath her.

And then they were pulled downward. She groaned, realizing now that her ankles had been fixed in place bound to the opposite posts above her even as her wrists were pulled down towards the foot of the bed. The pull was strong and relentless, and she groaned as her shoulders were forced down, and her back arched more and more strongly.

Her body was bent and arched so strongly that the only part of her torso still touching the mattress was her shoulders! She felt fingers at her sex, spreading her pussy lips, then groaned at the thick penetration of a dildo. It pushed deep, and a moment later a second one was pushed into her ass.

They were both pushed in and out, in and out, twisted and shifted until she felt the one in her bottom actually disappear inside her! Her sphincter closed – barely – behind it. Then the one in her pussy pushed deeper, making her cry out as her belly ached and cramps rippled through her. But then it too disappeared fully into her body.

Whatever was holding her wrists down shifted direction, angling up, and she felt it against her pussy, felt it as it pushed between the only barely closed lips of her sex. The dildo inside her was still so near the opening that she felt a sudden groaning pressure against the base of it as the rope, which was what it felt like, now angled upward.

“Please!” she moaned. “Please, master!”

She groaned as a gag was pushed into her mouth, and felt a dazed wave of anxiety. It was as if she really were some kind of sex slave, she thought fearfully. And yet, why did that thought suddenly cause heat to flare within her?

She moaned into the gag as she felt her nipples tugged. The weights which had been attached seemed to be taken away, but now the cords or whatever they were, pulled up, tugging and stretching her nipples. Her breasts were already taut and swollen because her body was arched back so strongly, and now her nipples began to burn.

And then vibrator was pressed against her again!

She squirmed and twisted in discomfort, breathless, moaning, dazed, and blinded. Yet she could do nothing. She thought herself too worn to get aroused again easily, but the vibrator demonstrated otherwise.

And then she discovered that her body was not so tightly arched she could not move if she really needed to, and that Allen had apparently known it.

As the heat pumped through her system and overwhelmed her mind her hips began to buck more and more frantically, jerking up and down as a sexual fever took her in its thrall. Nothing mattered but the pleasure, the wild dark, thrilling pleasure! And as her hips bucked up and down she found her clitoris grinding almost painfully against some sort of lump, as if the rope pulling her writs down were knotted.

Up and down, up and down, her clit ground against it, for the rope was not only pulling up through her pussy lips, but up and back. Her body bucked and twisted in paroxysms of mindless sexual pleasure as broken cries of muffled heat echoed through the gag.

The orgasm came with a wild roar of sensations that made her scream so loudly some distant part of her mind which was still functioning feared she was damaging her throat. Not that she cared, of course. The orgasm almost literally blew her mind, and when it was finally over she could only moan, the breath rattling slowly in and out of her as she lay in a tightly constricted arch.

She had no real concept of time, but she was given perhaps a minute or so to try and recover her mind before the vibrator pressed in against her again.

She let out a sob of denial, her muscles aching, her insides too full, cramps rippling through her. But if Allen understood he gave no sign. The vibrator continued to grind against her, and to her shock the heat reignited within her. How, she wondered dazedly, how could she get aroused again so quickly?!

But any care she had for that quickly melted away as the sex-heat caught hold of her again. It was like being drunk, she thought, dazedly, intoxicated on the pleasure, her mind bathed in it, drowned in it until it could barely function.

Another orgasm shook her. Then another. Then she lost track.

At some point she realized she couldn't hear. Something had been stuffed into

her ears. She could hear her own moans and cries, after a fashion, but nothing much else. She was trapped in a world of sensation, and the sensations were exploding through her with a terrible intensity.

Even when the vibrator was not present it didn't seem to matter. It was as though she had become addicted to the orgasms, and desperately craved them. She ground her hips, moaning, whimpering, riding her clitoris up and down against the rope, against the knotted rope. It ached, it burned, and yet it drove her into incredible orgasms again and again.

Her mind rolled. She groaned, aware that hands were shifting her. She groaned in relief as her back was allowed to straighten out, as the pull against her nipples and then her shoulders relented.

She was dragged off the bed, carried, laid down. Then her ankles began to rise. Her legs left the floor, then her hips, her chest, and finally her head and then her shoulders dragged along the floor before they too left it.

She was dangling upside down, ankles together above her, wrists together below her. Her mind began to waken somewhat. She felt groggy and confused, and it took some time to realize she was upside down. She tried to lift her arms, to pull at the hood over her head, but they appeared to be locked in place below her.

She felt exhausted, drained. Her nipples were at least not being twisted, or pulled, but they ached fiercely, and she could feel something there, something attached. She also ached between the legs. The dildos were still in place, but with the pressure of the rope on them they had at least eased up a bit. That meant they had pushed slightly through into the open.

Her clitoris felt raw and sand blasted. It throbbed hotly, and she remembered grinding herself against what had felt like a knotted rope with a touch of concern.

God! Allen had suddenly got much more creative and determined to enjoy his new ... toy!

She felt a wakening indignation at his behavior, yet it was clouded by the incredible echo in her mind of the wild thrill and intense pleasure which had torn through her. Her muscles still trembled and twitched at the memory, as if suffering from some sort of post traumatic stress disorder. Could you get that

from pleasure as well as fear, she wondered.

Even as weak as she felt, as much as she wanted to sleep, she still felt a hunger for more. But slowly, she dozed off into a kind of, if not sleep, then semi-consciousness.

Chapter Nine

Erin's eyes fluttered behind the hood, and she moaned into the gag. She was being moved, lifted. She felt a wave of dizziness as her head, which had been hanging upside down, righted. If she'd had anything in her stomach she might have tossed it, such was the wave of dizziness which swept over her.

Strong hands carried her, then set her down on... on something hard. She grunted in confusion, for the thing she'd been set on was far too small. It felt like a narrow length of ... of wood or something similar, and she was straddling it like she would a horse. But there was no soft saddle for her. The wood, perhaps two inches wide, was jammed up against her pussy, and all her weight was on it.

She felt her ankles lifted up and back, to fasten to the beam just behind her hips. Then she felt something against her back, and groaned as her wrists were pulled over her head, then back behind her, forcing her back to arch across whatever was pressed into back. Her ankles were pulled back farther, spreading her knees wider and angling her body down even as her arms were locked in place going straight back.

She moaned feeble protests into the gag as her sex was jammed down onto whatever narrow beam was below her. Her soft flesh ached more with every passing second, and her breaths became ragged. Even as the aches and pains grew a swirling, churning sexual hunger, an almost desperate eagerness for what was surely to come grew with them.

She shuddered as the vibrator pressed against her. Most of her sex was pressed against the hard beam underneath, but this vibrator was more narrow than the last, and pushed in against the top of her sex towards her clitoris.

Snap! She cried out at the sharp bite to her left breast. But she recalled it.

Snap! It was the flick whip! She moaned again. Snap! Snap! Snap! The sharp little tassels flicked out to land stingingly across the taut surfaces of her breasts again and again. Her body was so tightly locked into place Erin could do little more than tremble and moan as the flick whip snapped downward, biting into the

tight flesh of her lower chest, then her belly, and abdomen.

She squealed and moaned as it bit into the soft sole of her foot, held tightly in place by the shackle, then turned on her other foot before turning to her breasts.

The vibrator ground against her, and her pussy throbbed with pain, a dull, but powerful ache which grew worse the more time passed.

Her abdomen ached terribly, and she realized the dildos had been shoved up so deep inside her again they were buried in her belly.

Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap!

Erin felt her mind slipping away, melting under the flood of sensations. She was still deaf, still blind, and knew nothing but sensations.

The orgasm hit her and she shook violently, gurgling and sobbing in dazed wonder as her body flared wildly with an intense storm of muscle spasms, her mind hammered by the wild storm of them sweeping through her.

It was not the last.

* * *

Victoria Allen did not see her job as First Lady to be merely ceremonial. In fact, most of the ceremonial part of it irritated her to no end. She was not a woman who generally tolerated fools gladly, and Washington was filled with them!

Not the least of which was her husband.

Oh, there was no doubt of his innate intelligence. She'd never have married him otherwise, despite her ambition. But her husband had a particular weakness she had exploited and which he was still subjected to. He was a man-slut. And he had a particular weakness for slim-hipped, full-breasted, pretty young things.

Victoria had always been pretty, and prided herself on being slim, but she'd never had the breasts, and was never willing to subject herself to the indignity of getting fakes. Besides, as she neared forty, her smaller breasts were still firm, almost perky. Her bigger breasted friends did nothing but complain about how saggy theirs were.

She took pride in her body. She'd always been a well-built woman, and while her hips were slim her shoulders were not. She had strong arms, and had, on one occasion, embarrassed her husband by beating him fairly easily at arm wrestling. His complaint that as governor (back then) he was too busy to exercise was nonsense.

Victoria was simply a very, very fit, athletic woman, with a will which easily outstripped her husband. She also, in her own opinion (and that of many others) was smarter, had better judgment, and saw through people much more easily than he did. She was also considerably more honest. When it came to ruthlessness, they probably broke even, but hers was more generalized, and his was focused on his gonads.

She kept an eye on him, a close eye, for a number of reasons. Not the least of those reasons was making sure he didn't screw up his career the way Clinton did, by getting caught dallying with some young airhead. She was pleased when she looked into his newest conquest. The girl was a nerdy loner with no really close friends and barely any family.

She was very bright, and very shy, with no interest in the spotlight. And while she was pretty enough, she did not raise anyone's eyebrows or cause rumors to talk just because she was seen around the President. Victoria couldn't have picked out her husband's newest mistress better if she tried.

So when she disappeared it roused her suspicions. Was Joshua dumb enough to set her up in an apartment somewhere so he could visit? The President of the United States could not go anywhere secretly. People would notice, if not the first time, then eventually. The Secret Service were a close-mouthed bunch, but the more people who knew the more dangerous things got.

And they would most certainly know; dozens of them!

Peter Spence was the first man she approached. He was not in charge, but high up amongst the agents tasked with guarding the President, whose whereabouts were known twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. If Joshua was going anywhere he would know about it, and he and Victoria had become confidantes of sorts over the last two years.

After all, their thoughts ran in similar directions. Neither of them wanted anything to happen to the idiot of a President, and neither wanted a huge public

scandal. So he didn't seem to think he was betraying the President when he gave her hints or more of things which were of concern. He knew she didn't really care who he was screwing any more than the Secret Service did, as long as it was done safely.

He was strangely troubled, and yet it took some wheedling to get even a hint of what was going on from him. That hint had sent her to the White House library for historic drawings of the White House basement. She knew the building well, of course. But not as well as she might have.

Spence had suggested she look at the East wing. That was the ceremonial part of the building, something of a museum, with large, historic rooms the public oohed and aahed over, and where balls and gatherings happened. But underneath?

Storerooms, of course, at least on the first level. But there was something odd about the basement. The second level of the basement was the same size as the basement on the west wing, and the central residence, but seemed a bit small on the east side.

Strange.

When she actually got down there, however, she found that, following the corridor to where it ought to end showed her a large, heavy door. A large heavy locked door.

She knew Joshua was into bondage and that sort of thing, but surely he hadn't locked the girl in some sort of dungeon?! Even he wasn't that insane!

Victoria had her own Secret Service detail, of course, though within the White House she could go without them, and usually did. It took some pressure, with a lot of averted eyes, before she got a key to the door. But she was determined, and nobody said no to Victoria Allen except her husband. Technically, she ran the place, after all.

The corridor continued past the door. On the left, she found a surprisingly spacious and well-appointed room with luxurious furnishings which astonished her. It certainly didn't look like a basement room! Whatever was it for!?

On the right, she found another.

“Oh for Gods sakes!” she said out loud, as she found Erin Flynn.

Or at least, she assumed it was Erin Flynn. There was no face to be seen for her head was hooded. She was nude, and her breasts were larger than Victoria would have guessed. She stood staring at the girl for long seconds, taking it all in.

The girl was standing, legs apart, bent at the waist. Her arms were shackled, and lifted up and high behind her, forcing her to bend. Her ankles were also shackled, and chained in place. Her nipples were pierced, and were attached to black cords pulling down and forward.

There was a small table before her, and her face was pressed against it, but there was something odd about that, and as Victoria watched, the girl's head lifted up somewhat, and she saw that there was a thick black dildo in her mouth, spreading her lips wide. She was impressed at the size, and wondered how long it was.

There was no slack in the cords bound to her nipples as she raised, which made Victoria understand they must be elastic. Pulling her mouth back, pulled harder on her nipples. She wondered if the cords would even allow her to pull her mouth fully off the dildo.

She moved forward, circling around behind the girl to examine the device there. It was another table, a higher one, and on it sat a machine from which a long tube extended sideways. The tube was pumping, the machine humming. And on the end of the tube was another dildo which was disappearing, then reappearing from between the girl's taut sex lips.

A thinner tube extended up at an angle with a round vibrator at the end, pressing against the girl's clitoris. It moved slowly up and down, as if grinding against her.

Victoria was impressed despite herself. She had never thought Joshua had this much imagination!

The girl's skin seemed pail, and she trembled and moaned weakly. Victoria watched her raise her head higher and higher, inch after inch of the black dildo sliding into view, slick and wet. Then with a moan, she bent forward again, her lips sliding down the length of the dildo until she had it all inside her. Victoria could see the movement of the dildo outlined clearly in her slender throat.

Arousal began to make her stomach churn and tighten things between her legs. Victoria was bisexual, but had forced herself to ignore that aspect of her desires since she had married Joshua. If an affair would be damaging to his career, any hint his wife was dabbling with women would be a death knell.

But in fact, Victoria was more into power games, into utterly dominating her bed partner, than Joshua was. It was one of the reasons the two were not overly compatible in bed. And the sight of the girl, who she was sure was the nerdy little Erin Flynn, so tightly bound, so... so outrageously set up, made her fight to control her breathing.

There was a sound behind her and she spun just in time to catch Jerry Connor as he tried to duck away.

“Freeze!” she snapped.

He hesitated, then sighed, and, head down, moved forward into the room.

Her voice snapped out like the whip she had once liked to wield. “Explain!”

He was trying not to look in her direction, and especially not in the direction of the Flynn girl.

“Uhm, well, you see, Victoria...”

“I know all about Allen and his little affair with the Flynn girl, and I know more about his sexual preferences than you would care to. So you can start from there.”

Connor bit his lip, but seemed faintly relieved. “She overheard something she shouldn't. I didn't know she was in the room.”

“Overheard what?”

“About the Emir, about the videos...”

Victoria tasked and rolled her eyes. “And did either of you think to just tell her to keep her mouth closed?”

Connor stared at her in surprise, for the idea of trusting anyone was foreign to

him.

“There isn't any proof, nor any way anyone could get any proof. There isn't even anything for anyone to run down, no strings to catch at and unravel. She knows nothing more than that there are videos and the Emir has them?”

Connor nodded.

“You idiots. So you drag her down here and subject her to ... this!?”

Even as she spoke the girl began to grunt rapidly, her body shaking and trembling. Victoria turned and eyed her with interest as she trembled and shook through an apparent orgasm, then turned her chilly gaze onto Connor, who reddened noticeably.

“Well!?”

“It's not like the girl was actually... forced into anything, Victoria! I mean, as you can see uhm, she kind of, well, gets off on this stuff! She's perfectly safe! I was just uhm, checking on her.”

“And that was the plan? To keep her here being artificially manipulated into orgasms?”

“Well, not exactly,” he said. “But uhm, well, Joshua thought that, if he worked on her properly, she'd wind up being... well... “

“His mindless little fuckbot?”

“Uhm, something like that.”

“And how long was this supposed to take?”

“Uhm, we didn't know. But she's really into this, Victoria! Honest!”

“And does that mean she came here willingly and stayed here willingly?”

His look told her otherwise and she shook her head. “You two are complete morons,” she said.

“We didn't know what else to do.”

“When you don't know what to do, Connor, you should know by now to call me.”

She looked at the girl again. “How did you get her down here?”

“In a box.”

“Put her back in the damn box and have her shipped to my suite in the Chateau Washington. I will take care of this.”

“You will?”

“I said I would, didn't I? Do you have any idea the scandal there would be if anyone discovered this?? Now move your ass!”

* * *

Erin groaned as her eyes fluttered awake. She could see! She wasn't hooded! And she was in another room, one with windows. It was even more luxuriously decorated, and she was strapped spreadeagled on a bed. But her body was not strained or twisted or in any other discomfort other than her nipples and clitoris ached a bit.

She raised her head wearily and her eyes blinked to see the large gold rings in her nipples. When had that happened!

She felt as though she'd been bathed. Even her hair felt clean. She was hungry, though, and her stomach rumbled.

The door opened and she gasped as Victoria Allen walked in. She had to stare to be sure, for this Victoria Allen had her hair drawn back into a pony tail, and was wearing loose, low slung sweatpants and a T-shirt rather than the fine fashion business suits she was always seen in public in.

“Ah, awake at last. It's been a while. Welcome back.”

Her face flushed, Erin jerked her eyes away, speechless and unable to meet the woman's gaze. She felt the bed jerk as the President's wife sat on the edge of it, then a hand reached over and took her chin, forcing her to look around.

“My husband often does stupid things,” she said, “Especially when it comes to pretty young things. This is probably the stupidest thing he's done, though.”

Erin gulped as the woman laid her hand on her chest, then casually caressed her breast, her fingers examining the nipple.

“Not a bad job of piercing,” she said. “Still sore?”

Erin jerked her chin slightly.

“That will fade quickly. I understand it's been a couple of days now.

Erin wondered how much time had passed. Most of it seemed a strange, blind blur to her.

The woman's hand moved slowly down her body, and Erin flinched again as it reached her clitoris. But there was something else there, and she raised her head to see another ring. It didn't seem to be actually piercing her clitoris so much as the hood above it.

“Amazed he didn't fuck it up,” she said.

Erin gulped as the woman's fingers rolled her clitoris between them. Quite aside from the piercing, her clit felt sore and swollen, yet Mrs. Allen's fingers were gentle as she caressed her there.

“So how do you like being a sex slave?” the woman asked.

Erin didn't know how to answer that. She was still so tightly gripped by embarrassment she didn't know how she could possibly bring herself to even speak!

Then she hissed as Allen pinched her fingers down on her clit!

“Ow! Ow! Please! Oh!” she gasped.

“Answer me.”

“I... I don't know!” she gasped desperately.

“You don't know?”

She eased her pinch, but her fingers stayed in place, stroking her and rolling Erin's clitoris gently between thumb and forefinger.

“I think you like it well enough in some senses,” Mrs. Allen said. “I think you're a young girl and you had very little sexual experience, and the things my husband have shown you have opened up a whole new world of pleasure to you.”

Erin couldn't deny that, but her mind was still squirming with discomfort at being naked and spread open like this, especially with the woman touching her like she was!

“I've watched the videos Allen was making of you as he conditioned you,” she said.

Erin blinked in confusion.

“You didn't know? He wanted you to be his mindless little fucktoy. Jerry was reading things on the internet and advising him.”

Erin's face got even hotter at the thought it was a virtual stranger watching Allen doing things to her! And videos!?

“Don't get too outraged. You came like a whore.”

Erin's face burned.

“You're an imaginative young girl, and that's exactly the kind who can get off on these sorts of dominance games. And you're from a generation which is much more likely to accept that sex can just be pleasure, as opposed to some kind of deeply romantic melding of souls.”

Erin licked her lips, wishing the woman would stop touching her! Her pussy was horribly sensitive. It ached, but ... it was also feeling a rising sense of pleasure at the woman's gentle touch. She was still freaked out at the thought that it was a stranger doing things to her and not the President. Now the President's wife was doing things to her!

“You have a very nice, tight body,” Mrs. Allen said, easing her hand away from Erin's legs, but sliding it up and down her firm belly, then up across her breasts.

“You must exercise.”

“Please, I – .”

“What do you do for exercise?”

“I-I jog and uhm, I do p-pilates,” she gulped. “Please would – .”

“How often?”

“Every day,” she gulped as the woman's hand massaged her right breast and her fingers rubbed her nipple.

“This is a very thick ring,” she said. “But you have a long nipple, though maybe that's just because it's erect.”

“I... don't remember when they did that,” Erin said.

“No, I saw the videos. You were rather out of it. I don't mean drugged or anything. You just seemed to be so incredibly aroused. You were writhing and twisting and moaning and crying out like you were on the edge of orgasm.”

Erin blushed even more hotly.

“I considered getting my nipples pierced once,” Mrs. Allen said, “But it's not really the kind of thing a respectable woman does.”

Her soft hand slid back down Erin's body and toyed lightly with the ring set there.

“They say that the piercings enhance the sensations,” she said. “If that's the case it should really blow your mind given how responsive you already seem to be to what my husband and Jerry were doing to you.”

“I-I never said they could do that stuff!” Erin gasped.

The hand slid back up her body, swirling slowly, gliding across the curves of her breasts, then sliding up along her throat and through her hair.

“But you liked them,” the woman said softly. “You'd never felt such pleasure in your life, had you.”

She let two fingers caress Erin's lips, back and forth, then slid them into her mouth.

Erin's eyes widened as the fingers slid into her mouth and over her tongue, and she tried to turn her head away. The fingers simply followed its movements.

“Close your mouth,” Mrs. Allen ordered, her voice suddenly very firm. “Close your lips.”

Hesitantly, Erin obeyed, and flushed as the fingers slid slowly in and out across her tongue.

“Lick,” Mrs. Allen ordered.

Erin's chest tightened, and her anxiety and embarrassment rose, but when the woman gripped one of the nipple rings and began to tug it slowly upwards she winced and then obeyed, licking at her fingers as they pumped in and out.

Mrs. Allen smiled, releasing her nipple and sliding the fingers out of her mouth. But then they were pushing in between her pussy lips. Erin gasped, and Mrs. Allen leaned forward, gripping her hair, jerking her head back as she kissed her softly but firmly. The kiss went on for some time, long enough for both fingers to push deep into her pussy and begin to pump in and out.

Mrs. Allen's tongue pushed into her mouth, deftly caressing her own tongue and sliding in a soft, strange, twirly manner as her lips moved against Erin's that she was startled, and almost distracted from everything else that was happening. She'd never been kissed like this before and she found, much to her surprise, that she liked it... a lot.

She would have preferred it coming from a man, but even so she analyzed it so she could use it herself on the next man she kissed.

The next man!

In the meantime, Mrs. Allen was sliding into bed atop her, straddling her. She sat up and back suddenly with a predatory smile on her face as she looked down at the wide eyed girl, then peeled her T-shirt up and off.

“I-I'm not gay!” Erin squeaked.

“My darling girl, whoever said you were?” Mrs. Allen asked in mock surprise.

She undid her bra and slid it off her shoulders to reveal her small, firm breasts, then leaned forward, pressing them against Erin's own breasts as she kissed her again.

Erin moaned helplessly into the woman's mouth, pulling against the restraints, but she felt little inclination to resist. She didn't particularly want the woman touching her, despite the soft, shimmering heat of sexual pleasure starting to warm her body. But the thought of resistance was barely there at all, for some reason.

She gasped and moaned, eyes still wide and anxious as the woman slid slowly down her body, sucking and licking at her breasts and throbbing nipples. Then she was between her legs and her tongue was doing things to Erin she'd never felt before.

In truth, the President had licked her somewhat, but never for long. And never ... like this! She felt the muscles in her legs and arms tightening as a trembling stiffness filled her. She tried to watch what the woman was doing to her as much as she could, but had to drop her head back, her neck aching, and stare up at the ceiling as waves of sensations flowed into her.

“Oh!” she gasped, as fingers pushed into her again.

“You see dear,” Mrs. Allen said, raising her face slightly. “For men, particularly my husband, oral sex, at least the giving of it, is a sort of peremptory thing, like an appetizer before dinner. But really, it can also be a main course dish.”

She proceeded to demonstrate just that, lovingly sucking, licking and blowing on Erin's clitoris, licking up and down her pussy, peeling the lips of her sex apart to plunge her tongue deep, and setting the hapless younger woman to writhing and twisting and crying out again and again until she finally arched and trembled violently as a tremendous orgasm set her nervous system into meltdown.

It was the first time she'd ever come with someone performing oral sex on her, and Erin lay panting and gently moaning as Mrs. Allen, smirking, stood up and then slid off the sweatpants.

“I have so much to show you, little darling,” she said, drawing something up her

legs.

Erin looked at her through slitted eyes and then widened them at the sight of the thing strapped to Mrs. Allen's hips. It was like... it was a big cock! Black!

“I could eat you forever, but I noted in the videos how much you enjoy penetration. So I thought I'd show you how little you need a man in your life. This is bigger and thicker than Joshua, but it also has this delicious little pad at the base, on top, where your lovely little clitoris is...”

She knelt between her splayed legs, and leaned in, pressing the rounded head of the black cock against her entrance. With it lodged just within, she slowly drove her hips forward.

Erin groaned as she was spread wide, as the thick dildo pushed into her body. It slid deeper and deeper and she gasped and whimpered as the woman lowered her body atop hers. Her soft skin began to move against Erin as she kissed her in a long, long, endless kiss.

The dildo was buried within her as Mrs. Allen simply ground her hips against her, and Erin could feel the little pad she spoke of rubbing directly against her clitoris. It was an achy sort of sensation given her recent piercing, but her body had recently learned to take pain and pleasure together.

With Mrs. Allen's hands moving over her body, her lips and soft flesh against her, and the thick dildo grinding and then starting to thrust into her, Erin's body flared into life again, and she was soon moaning and wriggling and straining against her bonds as Mrs. Allen drove her into another orgasm, stopped to perform more oral sex on her, then did it again!

It was simply not possible at that point to refuse to reciprocate, and Mrs. Allen was patient as she straddled her face, guiding her in what to do with her tongue and lips even as the vibrator she'd found buzzed within the tight confines of Erin's pussy.

Chapter Ten

It was a much longer sex session than she'd had with the President, but then again, Mrs. Allen never got soft. And her tongue was an amazing thing! But she seemed to share the President's interest in bondage, because Erin remained tied the entire time. At first, she was spreadeagled on the bed. But after that Mrs. Allen strapped her wrists together behind her and put her on her knees, having her perform oral sex on her like that before turning her around, pressing her face to the floor, and using the strap-on dildo to ride her to another powerful orgasm.

They had a shower together, though, where her wrists were unbound, and she was able to shyly caress the woman's body with her hands and fingers as they kissed, soaped each other up, and ground their bodies together to yet another orgasm.

Through it all, Mrs. Allen gave the orders, and Erin obeyed, almost without thought. And the more she obeyed the less thought she gave to obedience. Victoria Allen was an impressive woman with a commanding presence, and moreover was the President's wife. Erin was, well, nobody, she thought.

When she attached her wrist restraints to a long bar, and then stood on a chair to chain the bar to a hook hanging from the ceiling – a hook which had held a large potted plant, Erin became nervous but also excited. The President had 'punished' her, after all, and it had always led to incredible, thrilling pleasure.

“Wh-when are you guys going to let me go?” she gulped.

Mrs. Allen smiled. “And where would you like to go, darling?”

Erin paused helplessly. The fact was there was really nowhere at that moment she would rather be. But she summoned her courage anyway.

“Wh-what about that Emir guy?”

Mrs. Allen smiled. “The Emir, my dear child, has tens of billions of dollars invested in this country. The very last thing on his mind is doing anything which

causes it trouble. In fact, most of the time he and I discuss what he's going to tell dear Joshua to do.”

Erin stared at her and the woman smiled.

“Who do you think gave him the videos? He and I care more about keeping things working than those political shysters and corporate hucksters around my husband who are only looking for short term profits.”

She gasped as Mrs. Allen showed her a large dildo. It was quite thick, and she gulped and licked her lips as the woman moved behind her and the nose pushed against her back opening.

“Oh!” she gasped. “I-I think that's too big for me!”

“Nonsense. A health, lithe young slut like you can easily take a large cock in her ass,” Mrs. Allen said.

And so it proved, though lubricant, patience, and the woman's deft manipulation of Erin's clitoris helped.

Then she slid another up into her pussy, while kneeling and licking at her clitoris the entire time. That one, despite being terribly thick and tight and stretching her pussy lips to the limit still caused her no real pain as she moaned and gasped and her body pulled and writhed in place at the heat spreading up through her groin.

She felt utterly stuffed, but it was not a new sensation. Mrs. Allen's husband had done the same sort of thing. He just hadn't done it as slowly and with as much careful manipulation of her body as his wife used.

He also hadn't used a real whip on her, but Mrs. Allen did. It was a light whip, but there was no doubting what it was as it flew through the air and sliced down across the younger woman's taut back. She cried out at the sharp sting and the heat which followed, gulping in air, gasping and moaning, but didn't protest.

Another cut across her back and again she cried out, her chest thrown forward, back arching as her body was thrown against the restraints. Then the next sort of curled around her waist, leaving a trail of fire completely around her middle! When Mrs. Allen jerked it back her Erin's body started to twist with it, like a top!

The whip snapped down across her back again and again, making her flesh burn as she bit her lip against the pain and felt her pussy spasming around the thick dildo inside her.

It was the outrageousness of it, the delicious, thrilling outrageousness which set her mind soaring with sexual fever. With the thick dildos filling her, her arms stretched up and out, the whip curling across her hip and down along her abdomen might make her cry out, but the thrill of dark heat and hunger was too powerful for her to want it to stop.

Then it curled around her ribs, and her cries took on a sharper tone. Yet it was a light whip, and though it snapped and stung against her breasts it could not break the skin, nor even leave a significant welt. Again and again it snapped and bit at her tender breasts, turning them hot and sore and throbbing as she fought back tears.

“Spread your legs, darling girl. Wide now.”

Whimpering, Erin obeyed, rising to the tips of her toes as the whip struck her back and curled down across her hip to snap at her pussy. She screamed, her legs jerking closed, her back arching and twisting at the stinging blow there!

“Again, darling girl. Slave girl. Open your legs for your mistress, slave girl.”

Erin drew in a shaky sob, and obeyed, spreading her legs, trembling, biting her lower lip as she waited. The whip curled across her other hip and snapped down across her abdomen before cutting into the soft flesh of her straining pussy. She screamed again, legs jerking together as she half hung from her wrists at the lack of balance.

“Again, darling little sex slave. Spread your legs for mistress.”

Erin obeyed, again and again, until she was sobbing helplessly, her entire body burning.

When the whip stopped she stood trembling, shaking, tears streaking her cheeks, but her nipples were hot and throbbing and her pussy on fire. She groaned as Mrs. Allen's hands gripped her hips and pulled her bottom back.

“Beg for me to fuck you, little slave girl,” Mrs. Allen purred.

“P-Please fuck me!” Erin moaned.

“You can call me mistress, little slave girl.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” Erin moaned.

She gurgled deep in her throat as she felt the dildo pulling slowly free of her, but it didn't pull completely out. Instead it was attached to the straps around the First Lady's hips, and then thrust in.

She shuddered, and spread her legs a little, leaning forward, pushing her bottom back as Mrs. Allen began to thrust into her faster and harder. Her entire body began to tremble and shake as the woman's hips slapped against her buttocks, and within thirty seconds the orgasm tore at her mind.

It wasn't like other orgasms, however. It didn't scream up to the heights and then sink back down. Instead it was like a roller coaster, rising and falling, rising and falling on and on as she half hung by her wrists and her body trembled to the hard thrusts being driven into her from behind.

It was incredible, and left her utterly drained and slack jawed, sore inside and out.

After she had recovered, Mrs. Allen showed her the desk in another room, complete with computer and internet connection.

“Of course, the suite is very highly secured by the Secret Service, as is the phone and internet,” she said. “You should have no difficulty working from here.”

Erin looked at her in surprise.

“Well and why not, my dear? It's the perfect place. Even the hotel staff can't get in here except when someone is present and calls them in to clean. I'm known to come here often to relax and entertain friends. My husband would naturally visit me from time to time. So we can both make use of you as you deserve without causing tongues to wag.”

Erin flushed, and the woman slid her fingers through her hair.

“You can be the little sex slave to both of us,” she said.

And sex slave was exactly what she insisted on. She produced a small riding crop which stung like the dickens, and had Erin quickly shift into various submissive positions for her, from pressing her face against the floor and raising her bottom up high, to kneeling with her hands behind her neck and back arched, to laying back and pulling her ankles back behind her ears.

She also had her crawl on a leash, and lick her boots!

It was ... degrading, and embarrassing, at least at first, but it was also deliciously kinky and thrilling! She was actually sorry when the woman left. But that gave her time to explore the luxurious hotel suite and recover somewhat from the physically and emotionally draining few days.

She found she was able to log onto the White House server and access her account, but found it hard to concentrate on anything much. She paced around the suite, and wound up examining the sex toys, then masturbating with several of them for a time.

There were no clothes in the hotel suite for her to wear. Mrs. Allen had a few fancy outfits but they wouldn't have fit her even if she'd dared to try them on. Besides, wearing just the collar and restraints felt deliciously kinky.

She watched TV, surfed the internet, and then accessed her voice mail at work and returned a few calls before doing a little work. There was a fully stocked kitchen in the suite, and she made herself dinner and then went to sleep in the huge bed. In the morning she ate breakfast and did a little more work until getting a phone call from Mrs. Allen telling her she was coming.

They had already discussed what would happen then. The Secret Service knew she was there, but it was better not to rub everyone's nose in it. There was a window box in the living room which lifted up to reveal a storage area. She climbed into it, curled her legs up, lay down, and closed the lid.

After the Secret Service had checked over the room (without looking in the window box) Mrs. Allen had her come out and continued her training before driving her insane with more skilled oral sex.

Mrs. Allen then worked in the office, making phone calls to people while leaving Erin straddling a device which looked like very short, padded log with a dildo sticking out of it. Mrs. Allen sat her down on the dildo, pressed her pussy against

the rounded vibrator just next to it, and tied her arms firmly behind her back and her ankles firmly up and back behind her to her wrists.

Then she tilted her head back, attached a clip to her tongue, and pulled it up by a cord to stretch it. She left her like that for an hour, by which time Erin's tongue ached and she'd suffered through half a dozen orgasms.

She was to get used to the clip over her tongue over the following days, however, and her tongue eventually stretched to the point she could easily touch her own chin. Mrs. Allen appreciated that as her oral skills improved.

So did Mr. Allen.

At times, they would arrive together, or the President would visit while the First Lady was there. They rarely used her at the same time, however.

The days passed into weeks and into months. Erin became very skilled at every manner of sex, but at the same time her mind and body became even more conditioned than they had been. Jerry Connor might have been trying for something in a clumsy way, but Mrs. Allen knew what she was doing, and Erin became a girl who lived for submissive sex.

When she wasn't being used or abused she was masturbating to thoughts of being used and abused, or at least, thinking about how exciting it would be to be used and abused. Within a few months she was able to orgasm simply by being whipped or strapped, especially if the whip or strap struck her pussy repeatedly.

Fortunately, Mrs. Allen could sense her frustration. And while not a lesbian herself, she knew she had several among her secret service agents. She was able to recruit two of them into helping to keep the submissive blonde girl satisfied with tongue, fingers, whips and dildos.

The President didn't trust any of his people, but Jerry Connor did his share, and proved to be a quick learner in the art of dominating a submissive. Erin did her computer work during the day, and then, almost every evening, crawled, begged, performed sexual services, and was whipped, strapped and dominated by whoever showed up to do so.

It was, she knew, a bizarre life, but she could find no fault in it. She stopped renting her little loft since there was no point in wasting money when she never

left the hotel.

And she never did leave the hotel suite, at least, not during the President's term of office. But that was all right with her. There was nothing out there she needed as long as she could live the life of a sex slave every day.

The President's sex slave.

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

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