

# The Repairman



By JJ Argus

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**Smashwords edition**

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

When I graduated from university with a degree in English literature, I found myself more than a little adrift. Employers with interesting proposals did not rush to hire me. And I am not, to be honest, a very outgoing person. I am calm and competent during interviews, but not an extrovert.

I also had an apartment to pay for, one my grandmother left me in her will. It is a century old brownstone in Brooklyn, but has a great view of the East River. Because it's old it needs a lot of TLC, and the costs of paying the company which maintains the building keep rising.

I wound up getting piecework with a publisher to do copy editing, and that then allowed me to claim experience and get similar jobs with other publishers. It didn't pay a great deal, but it was a lot better than working in a coffee shop.

I worked at home, instead, setting up an office there in the two bedroom apartment, with a desk under the window which overlooked the river. It suited me fairly well, since I've always had ... issues with people. I mean, not that I don't like people, but really, I long for the old days of civility and manners!

I'm not just talking about men either. Women who are mere acquaintances will start blurting out private information about their bodies or sexual histories as if there was nothing wrong with that! I don't understand who raised these girls!

Men, of course, especially young men, tend to be crude and obsessed with sex. I am really not comfortable having some virtual stranger stare at and talk about my body, thank you! I was raised to always observe the proprieties, to always be extremely polite, and not to talk about certain things in public!

July in New York can be quite hot and humid, and the air conditioning in the building is far from the best, and kept having problems. When I called to complain, yet again, about the heat in my apartment on a Monday morning the maintenance man who showed up was... new.

I was wearing shorts and a T-shirt, which I admit is not exactly professional. That is to say, I would never have dressed like that if I had to go to work in an office setting. But I was at home and it was hot. When I heard the knock at the door I went to it, peered through the peep hole, and into the chest of someone wearing a blue shirt similar to what the maintenance people wear.

Perhaps unwisely, I opened it and took a step back.

“You called about the heat?” he asked, his eyes dropping to my chest in an incredibly rude way.

“I did,” I said waspishly, “Again.”

Men who stare at my chest do not please me! Still, I have to say that while I don't consider myself a snob, I felt myself making allowances given this was obviously a well... not overly educated or sophisticated man. Was I being prejudiced? I suppose I was.

I went to Brown University, which is a very progressive school, but I have to admit that as inclusive as they are about people of all races, creeds and ethnicities, big, hulking, blue collar men are not exactly at the top of their list for desirable company. I suppose that snobbish attitude rubbed off on me over the years.

This man absolutely filled the doorway! That alone made me blink. He was big all over, broad shouldered, thick necked, with a mass of untidy brown hair on his head and spilling down the sides. It was really quite messy, but that only distracted a bit from his looks.

He was a handsome man, if you went for the rugged, thick necked type, of perhaps thirty. He had a large tool bag slung over one shoulder from a thick strap, and was wearing work boots.

“I'm Brad from maintenance. What's your name, babe?”

I sniffed disdainfully.

“My name is Katrina Adammson,” I said pertly.

I gestured him in reluctantly. I do not like crude men, but on the other hand, you would hardly expect a refined gentleman to be coming to do repairs on the air conditioning.

“What kind of a name is Katrina?”

“It's Swedish,” I said, finding his manner rude.

“I like Swedish girls,” he said.

I turned to glare at him with disapproval.

“I'm not a girl, I'm a woman,” I said reprovingly.

“You're a pretty hot woman,” he said with a grin.

“Yes, and it's because the air conditioning isn't working,” I said, firmly folding my arms across my chest.

I'd like to say that I was feeling nothing but irritation at his forwardness but the truth is I was feeling a strange fluttery sensation in my stomach and a tightness in my chest. He was so big and... strong and... handsome! I mean, I imagined him bare chested and holding a sword!

He was wearing a blue uniform, and the light blue shirt was tight across his chest – his very deep chest. I resolutely turned away from him, blushing because I knew he would be staring at my bottom, and led him to the big box on the balcony.

The building did not have any air conditioning when it was built, naturally. It had been retrofitted with a combination of a forced air system and a heat exchange system. The heat exchanger was the big box on the balcony and had been installed well before I was born, sometimes in the late nineteen sixties or early seventies.

He acted genial enough, but then he knelt to open it up and hold his hand over it.

“Doesn't seem too bad,” he said.

“The air is hardly even more than lukewarm!” I protested.

I had to bend forward to extend my hand far enough, of course, for the box wasn't much higher than my knees.

“You think that's cold!?” I demanded.

“Not cold. It's not supposed to be cold. It's supposed to be cool, and dry.”

I glared, turning my eyes from the box to him, to see his eyes were on my chest again! I jerked back and straightened up, blushing.

“Maybe you should keep your eyes on the problem,” I snapped.

He grinned. “These old things are all original, you know. Did you ever have this rebuilt?”

“I have no idea. Not in the last two years I've lived here.”

He shrugged and took a screwdriver from his bag then began to unscrew the lid. I backed away, going back to my office, still blushing.

My breasts have always made me emotionally uncomfortable around people. As I said, I'm something of an introvert, and I loath the attention they get, especially from rude men! I have minimizer bras to help make them less obvious when I go out, but they tend to squeeze and flatten them and are not terribly comfortable.

I have a very active imagination and have always had a rich fantasy life. My favorite period is the old American south, where everyone dressed so exquisitely and manners were so prized. Oh to live in a world of gentlemen who didn't stare or make rude remarks to ladies!

I sat back down at the desk and started to work again. There was no point in looking over his shoulder, after all. I had nothing to contribute but my dissatisfaction with the temperature in the apartment. And I expected him to know his job and take care of that.

I was startled a few minutes later to feel a presence near me, and turned my head slightly to find him looming over me! I gasped, and swung around as he grinned down.

“Yes!?”

“This might sound like a joke, but your problem isn't the temperature, it's the humidity.”

“And you have fixed it?”

He shook his head. “You need parts I'll have to order. I'll bring them back and

install them when I get them.”

“Soon, I hope.”

“Probably be a couple of days. In the meantime I had to turn it off, or it might get damaged.”

“So it's going to get even hotter!?” I asked in dismay.

“Well, a little, and more humid.”

“Great,” I muttered.

“I'll let you know when they're in and we can set up an appointment.”

“I work here so just bring them up. If I'm not here, well, you don't need me to help you.”

He nodded and shrugged. “We can let ourselves in.”

I wasn't entirely happy when the maintenance workers did that but on the other hand I didn't want to have to wait any more than necessary!

He nodded again and I saw him out.

I thought the air temperature dropped several degrees as soon as he was out of sight! And the room felt much larger!

Most people who knew me thought I was prudish. I'm not! I'm honestly not! I'm simply a private person and I value civilized conversation and cooperation. I don't inflict myself, my religious, medical or sexual history on others and I expect the same in return.

Not that I have much sexual history. In fact, while I have, as I say, a rich fantasy life – which included sexual fantasies – my emotional inhibitions are quite severe, and I simply can't bring myself to act on those inner desires very easily.

I am a very restrained person, and I have a tendency to over-think things. I've always been afraid of being thought of as one of 'those' women. You know, slutty, slatternly, like my mother must have been when she slept with a man she

barely knew and got pregnant.

Whenever I think of doing anything too... unrestrained, I see my mother's scowl and hear her voice, telling me that only whores would do something like that, and whores are destined for hell. She'd gotten religion after I was born, you see.

I was feeling like I was destined for hell as I imagined Brad without his clothes, and imagined doing all kinds of horribly immoral things with him! It was just fantasy, of course. I had no intention of getting involved with a low brow sort of man. But it occupied my mind quite a bit as I returned to my work.

There is a lot of time for your mind to wander in this job, and I must say I let it wander down quite scandalous roads as I did my work. What would it be like to let a big... monster like that have his way with me!? It would be like being ravished by an animal!

Well, not quite that perverted, but still. I doubted he had much education. He clearly didn't have much in the way of manners! He was what my mother calls 'low class', and she isn't thinking of money when she says it.

I shook him off and my mind went on to other things. But the truth was meeting him had been somewhat of a jarring experience in my otherwise quiet and predictable life. And I thought about him later as I got undressed.

I even posed for myself in the full length mirror, feeling a bit smug, thinking of what his eyes would look like if he could see what he'd clearly wanted to see. Men have always loved touching or looking at my breasts, not that they've done it a lot, of course.

I exercise rigorously, for I've seen what happens to women with larger breasts if they don't! I have the time to keep myself in shape and the determination to do so.

I cupped my breasts as if offering them to someone, imagining him standing there, and again felt a kind of narcissistic enjoyment. He would probably go crazy and attack me like a rabid dog! Men can be like that, you know. And there seemed something of the savage in him with that unruly hair.

My sex life is, for the most part, with myself, but I do have one, and with the aid of an addiction to romance novels – and the internet – I get quite a bit of

inspiration. Now Brad, whatever his last name was, was an even more important inspiration.

Although I admittedly felt a little guilty over it.

I have a dildo, because penetration has always aroused me. The bigger the better, as long as it doesn't hurt, of course. How much, how big I can take comfortably is a physical byproduct of my body's reaction to arousal. This is scientific fact.

Thus the vibrator.

I know people who think I'm a prude would be astonished, but I really don't understand why. Do they honestly think a person can't talk respectfully and expect proper manners while still being interested in sex and sexuality? Honestly!

Brad reminded me of Conan the Barbarian, a movie I watched mainly for the hunky men (savages!) in loincloths. I don't mean the early one with Arnold Schwarzenegger or whatever his name was, but the newer one with the tall, rugged man from California.

I stepped into the shower, which had been remodeled ten years earlier. It wasn't large, but had a tiled bench where I could perch, and there I imagined being a slave girl being help prisoner by a cruel warlord, being used ruthlessly and outrageously!

I let my left hand caress and knead my breasts as my right pushed the dildo deeper, my breathing growing more ragged as my body flushed and my skin heated. When it was sufficiently deep I let the heel of my hand press against it as my fingers stroked my already engorged clitoris, arching my back as sensations began to pulse upward from between my legs!

My breasts already felt warm and swollen. The clarity of the vision in my mind's eyes was much sharper than usual since I was not basing it on pure imagination or even on someone I'd seen in a picture or in a movie, but in life, only a short time earlier.

That made me especially aroused, and I felt my heart racing as the heel of my hand pushed rhythmically against the base of the dildo, forcing it slowly deeper. It ached, but given the nature of my fantasy, that was actually helping!

I moaned softly, squeezing my breasts more roughly now, as if it were him doing so. He would be rough, I knew! He would be no gentle, respectful lover! He would be a brute! An animal! He would use me ruthlessly!

I squirmed helplessly on the bench, one leg extended, the other on the floor, spread wide as my hips sought to grind forward against my fingers. I was jamming the heel of my palm harder and faster against the dildo, forcing it achingly deep as my fingers danced on my clitoris!

I was surprised, very surprised, when the heel of my palm made contact with the soft flesh of my mons! I stared down, gasping for breath, amazed that I had forced the whole thing into me! It ached but it ached deliciously! I felt so full! I didn't think I'd ever gotten all of it into me before!

I moaned to myself, then abandoned my breast, reaching down with my left hand to stroke my clitoris as my right gripped the base of the dildo between thumb and fingers, drawing it slowly back, then thrusting it in again. Hard!

I gasped helplessly, moaning, arching back and rolling my head against the corner of the walls! The heat rolled up my body in waves as I began to pump harder and faster, letting out harsh, ragged little cries of pleasure mixed with pain as the nose jammed into what must surely be the deepest part of my vaginal tunnel!

I felt the orgasm rising up, up, up, and then, as I pumped even faster and rubbed even harder, it fell upon me like a collapsing tidal wave! The explosive release of pleasure swamped my mind, and I cried out in a long, undulating scream – yes, scream – of pleasure as my entire body trembled violently!

I screamed out every breath in my lungs, then sucked in a desperate breath and cried that out, too! What a wonderful orgasm! It was so intense! Much better than usual!

I had first had a powerful orgasm when I was still in my teens. It remains one of my more humiliating life experiences. Of course, the boy I was with was delighted. And of course, he had bragged to everyone he knew about it.

I was a “screamer”, in the parlance of crude, disrespectful, improper gossiping conversations! It is one of the reasons why I am so reluctant to engage physically with men. I am proud of myself as a dignified, intelligent, educated and

sophisticated woman! Losing all my dignity and becoming a howling animal is... humiliating!

Not if no one hears, of course. I have often thought how good sex with a deaf man might be!

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I slept nude. It might again seem out of character if you believe that a woman who insists on decorous public behavior and conversation is a prude. I, however, am not a prude – exactly.

The truth is I've always enjoyed the feel of my own body, the tactile pleasure of feeling my own bare skin with my fingertips, of my bare arms against my bare breasts. I have bamboo sheets, the softest I can find, and its a luxury of almost erotic delight just to slide my bare skin in between them.

That night, as I often have when I feel particularly... aroused by something, I wore something to bed which I know many, if not most people, would be shocked by. As I said, I have a very rich fantasy life, including a sexual fantasy life.

The thought of myself as a slave girl has often been one of my favorite ones. I am an educated person and have no difficulty understanding the psychology behind my own fantasies. Obviously if I'm a slave girl it isn't up to me to pursue men, nor may I deny them whatever they want. Things are taken out of my clumsy hands, so to speak.

My clumsy, hesitant, uncertain, reluctant hands, which rarely get anything done out of fear of how I will look... Yes, I know my own shyness and inhibitions are like a straight jacket around me, preventing me from doing the kinds of things so many other girls my age do. But I can't deny them.

I possess a set of leather restraints. I ordered them on the internet, of course. There was simply no way in the world I would ever have been able to bring myself to go into a store and buy them! Not even in New York!

They are comfortable, and adjustable in tightness. I fasten them around my wrists and ankles, then buckle the collar around my neck. Then I look at myself in the full length mirror and feel the rush of heat at the sight as my imagination,

my fantasies are stoked.

If I'm really pushing the fantasies I'll use the little pad locks which come with them to lock them all in place. Sometimes I even lock the restraints around my wrists together. I can do that in front of me, then squeeze them under my buttocks so they're behind me, and sleep like that.

When I waken I'm always very aroused to find myself restrained like that! It appeals to my vanity, as well. I know I look incredibly sexy wearing just them. I have an excellent, fit, toned body, with a flat stomach below breasts which, despite their size, are still quite firm.

What arouses me is not the sight of my body, but looking at it and trying to see it through the eyes of men, trying to imagine how aroused they would be if they saw me looking this way, or that way or in this position or that. That's narcissistic, I know, but nevertheless, I find it exciting to put my mind into theirs and think how hot I look from their perspective.

Hot meaning... erotic and beautiful, not over heated – which I also was that night. The temperature hardly seemed to cool off much overnight, and in the morning it was just so horribly humid it almost felt like I could drink the air!

I had padlocked the restraints and collar, but not fastened the wrist restraints together before bed. I had masturbated, and achieved another wonderful orgasm, then fallen asleep naked, atop the sheets. That was how I wakened, and, that day, I felt no urgent need to remove them.

I intended to take a shower later and I was all sweaty, so there seemed little point in putting on clothes yet. I made breakfast, and sat down on the sofa as I was to peruse the morning news shows while eating. I felt mildly aroused, and thought that I would masturbate again in the shower to my Conan fantasy.

After breakfast I put things away, rinsing off plates and bowls and putting them properly in the dishwasher. The dishwasher is an old thing, and horribly noisy, but it did function, and saved me the bother of washing. My morning dishes, combined with what was already in there waiting, filled it, so I put in soap and started it up.

I'm not sure why or when I decided not to shower – yet. I don't like wasting my time, and I knew that it was so hot and humid I would be sweating again as soon

as the shower was done. So there was something of that in it.

But I was also feeling a low, simmering sexual arousal from being naked and wearing my 'slave costume' as I thought of the restraints and collar. And I was enjoying that, enjoying my tentative experience with a hot, sexy man and the affect it had on my libido. I even let my mind play around with the thought of, well, doing something with him, allowing him to ask me out or something.

It wasn't like he knew any of the people I knew, after all, so whatever gossip he told to people it would be to strangers. That was still embarrassing, but less so. I knew I wouldn't actually do it, of course. The man was... well... beneath me.

No, he was simply a source of fantasy material for my mind. Perhaps I was to him, as well. That was mildly disgusting, but also somewhat exciting, thinking of him masturbating in his own shower picturing me naked!

It must have been the loud dishwasher which kept me from hearing him knock. I was in the kitchen at the time getting more ice-water, and the dishwasher was very loud in there. Instead what I heard, as I left the kitchen was his voice.

“Hello!?” he called.

I always felt a little... sexual... being naked anywhere but my bedroom or bathroom, as if I was being somewhat naughty. When I heard his voice, just around the corner, my eyes bulged and I nearly had a heart attack! I instantly bolted back into the kitchen to hide behind the doors!

What else could I do!?

I heard sounds coming closer, then passing by the door. Then I heard sounds from the dining room – where the heat exchanger was right next to the balcony window.

My pulse was racing and my heart pounding as I stood there, arms up against my chest, fighting to control my breathing as I heard metallic sounds, a little hammering, then a drill. I stared around me desperately but there was nothing in the kitchen to cover myself with! Could I wrap a roll of paper towels around myself!? I seriously considered it!

I was hiding behind the door, which I had swung closed, listening to every

sound, praying he finished quickly and left, and cursing myself – and him! He had said it would be tomorrow at the earliest! Why did he have to come now, when I had these stupid restraints on!? Why had I had to put the padlocks on today of all days!?

Bad enough if he saw me naked, mortifying, in fact, but being seen naked with these was even worse. That made me worse than naked! That made me a pervert! Oh how he would snicker and laugh and tell everyone else he knew! All the other maintenance men would be talking about what a perverted slut I was!

The doors to the kitchen were double doors, like cupboard doors, each about a foot wide. There was no latch or anything. They simply swing in and back, and I was standing behind them with my eye to the crack trying to make him out. I could see him on his knees with his back to me. He was wearing a blue t-shirt today, along with his faded jeans.

Then I saw him get up and turn towards the kitchen and move towards me! I gasped, and started to draw back, and then the door hit me and sent me sprawling back across the room to hit the fridge and fall down! I picked myself up at once, of course, but it was to find him standing there in the doorway gaping at me!

“Holy shit!” he cried.

I, of course, screamed, then tried desperately to cover as much of my body as I could with my slender arms and hands! And needless to say, I couldn't cover much! I covered my groin with my hand, sort of squeezing my right breast in at the same time, and covered the center of my breasts with my left arm and hand!

“Get out!” I screamed.

A gentleman would have done so immediately, of course! But Brad was no gentleman! He was a lowly blue collar pig of a man. He just stood there grinning from ear to ear and looking at me without the slightest trace of hesitation or restraint!

I was at a loss what to do after my screamed demand failed! I was backed against the cupboard, and any movement would expose more of my body! He was filling (literally) the only way out of the kitchen!

“So you're one of those kind of girls!” he said with a big smirk.

“I am not!” I cried, face burning! “Get out!”

How do you deny you're one of 'those kinds of girls' when there's a very obvious collar around your neck and padlocked restraints on your ankles and wrists!?

I had never been more humiliated in my life!

“You got one hell of a body, Katrina,” he said, looking me up and down, “Even better than I thought.”

“Get out! Get out!” I cried.

Instead he came in! He did not advance menacingly on me, but sauntered, smirking, until his large body virtually sandwiched me against the cupboards! He reached out one enormous hand, grinning, and hooked his long index finger through the big ring in the front of my collar!

“And whose slave girl are you, baby?” he asked, tugging up and forward.

I gasped in alarm, for the pull of his single finger was sufficient to pull me up onto the balls of my feet, and forward until the arm across my breasts pressed into his chest!

“L-Let me go!” I gasped.

He shrugged and let his finger slip out from the ring, so that I stumbled back. But then he leaned forward, his hands on the counter on either side of me, his big arms hemming me in even further!

“You are fucking hot!” he growled.

“D-Don't touch me!” I gasped.

“Wearing this stuff, it looks like you're a girl who likes to be touched.”

His arms seemed to be moving slowly inward as his hands slid together on the counter, and then I realized with alarm that his arms encircled me!

“Give me a kiss,” he said, grinning.

“No!”

He laughed softly.

He leaned in and without moving my arms there was little I could do to defend myself other than twist my face aside as he stole a kiss on my cheek! Then his hands were suddenly on my back, my very bare back! I gasped and stared at him in alarm.

“You have really soft skin, baby,” he said, his big hands stroking slowly up and down my back.

“D-Don't touch me!” I gulped.

“Slave girls are supposed to take orders, not give them,” he said, his eyes narrowing.

“I-I'm not a slave girl!”

His hands abandoned my back, and again a finger hooked into the ring of the collar to jerk me up onto my toes.

“What's this then?”

I had no answer for him! And then he kissed me! On the lips! I jerked my head aside at once, of course, but he only laughed and released the collar so I stumbled back again.

He gripped my arm, suddenly spun me around, and slapped my naked bottom hard!

*Crack!*

I squealed as he laughed and then turned and walked away, grinning over his shoulders until he was out of the kitchen and back in the dining room!

I quickly turned around again, staring at the doorway in alarm. When he didn't come back in I eased forward, enough to peer around the edge of the door frame and see him on his knees in front of the heat exchanger again.

My heartbeat began to ease down once more, though I was still horribly embarrassed. And now that my fears had eased I began to feel angry! I mean, I had been afraid he would attack me, and instead he had slapped my bottom, laughed at me and walked away! As if I was some... some silly child that he had only been pretending to be interested in!

I know that in retrospect it sounds idiotic, but that was how I felt. I mean, here I was naked and in this horribly exposed sexual manner, and he'd smirked and walked away! Didn't he find me attractive? Why wasn't he aroused and panting to see more of me?! Why wasn't he attacking me!?

He'd taunted me and then walked away as if me being here naked was not of any particular interest to him. I felt insulted... and almost rejected! And that was outrageous in itself, because who was this... this ignorant yokel, this blue collar caveman to reject a beautiful, educated, intelligent woman like me!?

Yes, yes, I know that sounds like elitist snobbery, and I admit that is the case. I did, in fact, think I was better than him, and certainly more sophisticated. And at that moment of emotional turmoil I have to admit that this was part of my swirling, churning mental outlook.

"I'm going to report you!" threatened.

He looked over his shoulder and I ducked back.

"Then you'll have to tell him why you were running around naked wearing bondage gear," he called back.

Which was unfortunately true, and would be far too hideously embarrassing. And he knew it!

"I was experimenting for a book I'm editing!" I said, having thought up this desperate answer in the last minute or so to excuse my own... well... perverted interest.

"I see," he said, picking up his drill. "I didn't know you needed to be naked to edit a book."

The drill's high pitched whine came on, which prevented me from saying anything, which was just as well, for my excuse sounded rather like an excuse

even to me.

When it stopped I peered around the corner again.

“If you were a gentleman you would pass me a robe or towel!”

“I ain't no gentleman, babe,” he said without looking back.

“That's for sure!”

He got up and turned and I squeaked and ducked back, my pulse rate rising as he came into the kitchen again.

“And does this,” he asked, looking me up and down, “Mean you ain't no lady?”

He grinned, then his big hands slid in under my jaw and he held it as he kissed me – hard!

My eyes widened and I squirmed and twisted, but other than reaching up to push his hands away, which I would not do, I was helpless before his... his oral assault! He kissed me deeply and I moaned into his mouth as his tongue dipped between my teeth, then drew back before I could bite it.

He laughed and released me then went took the roll of paper towels and went back out into the dining room, kneeling in front of the machine again and using some of the paper towels on some water which had apparently spilled.

I felt indignant again, affronted! How dare he take advantage of my position to kiss me!?

Of course, I understood he could have taken a lot worse advantage, and that he didn't had a calming affect on the fear I might otherwise have held. But I still felt taken advantage of, and by a big dumb moose of a man!

But I also felt a strange sort of dark thrill now rising. I mean, the paralyzing humiliation had faded, though I was still, of course, deeply embarrassed. And I was not especially afraid of him, well, overpowering me, so to speak.

And I was naked in the presence of this enormous and very rough-hewn... man! Granted, with my most private parts covered by hands and arms, but it still made

my insides churn wildly. I got these wild flashing images of what if... what if he ... what if he did this, or what if he did that...

“You can just finish up and leave!” I said.

“Don't you want it to be cool enough in here to wear clothes again?” he asked.

I fumed at his back.

Then he turned and I ducked back.

“Or maybe you don't ever wear clothes. Is that how you usually 'dress' every day?”

“No! And it's none of your business!”

“True,” he said. “If you want to wear kinky bondage stuff by yourself and pretend you're a sex slave that's your business.”

I felt my face flushing hotly again, for that was exactly what I had sort of been pretending!

He turned around and wagged his finger at me. “But no masturbating until I'm gone.”

I felt another flush of heat to my face as he turned back, glaring furiously at the back of his head!

“Why are you trying to humiliate me!?” I demanded, in a far more petulant voice than I had been intending.

He turned around and got up again, and I gasped, backing against the cupboard once more.

“I'm not trying to humiliate you,” he said as he walked up in front of me again. “I'm sorry you feel embarrassed.”

“But not very!” I said.

“Well... not enough to not have some fun with it,” he replied, grinning.

And then his big hands came in to clasp my hips! And once again I couldn't do anything to push them off for my own hands were... occupied!

His hands slid up my sides.

“Of course, if you'd be interested in putting a little more reality into your slave girl play-acting I'd be more than happy to oblige,” he said, as his hands stroked slowly up along the sides of my ribs!

“N-No!” I gasped, wide eyed.

He grinned.

“Are you sure? I know how bad girls need to be punished.”

He gripped my jaw again in his two big hands and kissed me, and I trembled against him, embarrassment and that dark heat rising in tandem! One of his hands slid up the side of my face, through my now half tangled brown hair and then I cried out as he gripped a thick chunk of it and forced my head up and back sharply!

His lips slid down off mine, and across my cheek until he was kissing and lightly nibbling at the nape of my neck under my ear. I shuddered, feeling my body pulsing with a wild raging storm of emotions!

I wanted him to touch me! I suddenly wanted him to touch me so badly! Not on my back or my hip or my face or my jaw but ... you know where! I wanted him to ... to force me! I wanted him to do it without my acquiescing! As if against my will! As if I was his prisoner!

I couldn't just let him! I couldn't! This... arrogant, swaggering, ignorant low-class, low-brow... ape! What kind of a woman would consent to something like that!? I hardly even knew him, not even his full name! He was beneath me!

“D-don't!” I gasped as I felt his teeth chewing lightly on my earlobe.

“Say please,” he said in a soft breath.

“Please!”

“Say please master.”

I jerked at the pulse of heat and shock which ran through me.

And then, to my vast relief – and disappointment, he then drew back. He looked at me, blew out a breath of air and shook his head. “Sure is hot in here,” he said.

He reached down and peeled his T-shirt up and off. I gasped, staring at his thickly muscled chest, glistening a little with perspiration, then jerked my eyes abruptly away as he wiped his chest with his t-shirt, grinning at me.

“You feeling hot, babe?”

I shook my head, blushing furiously.

Then he was back in front of me again and I was gasping, jerking my head up to stare at his face instead of into his chest.

“You sure?” he asked. “You sure look... hot.”

His hands were on my shoulders now, and they slid down onto my arms. I felt the pressure, then, and gasped in alarm, but he said nothing, and... and I said nothing as he forced my arms apart to bare me! I blushed even more hotly as he slid his big hands down along my arms to my wrists, then lifted them up high above my head and joined them together with one hand around my pinned wrists.

“Wow,” he breathed.

My heart was thumping wildly and my chest was so tight I could hardly breath!

“Now why would you want to hide a body like that, slave girl?”

He grinned and pushed my arms back suddenly, until I felt the upper cupboard against them. He opened the doors with his free hand, then pressed my hands back into the cupboard on either side of the center divider. I had no idea what he was doing until he'd done it.

He released my wrists, but they remained locked in place! I gasped, jerking my head up to see that he had hooked the two wrist restraints together, but behind

the center divider of the cupboard! I jerked my head back to his face, then dropped my eyes, my face burning hot.

“Wow,” he said again.

Of course, the upper cupboard was further back than the lower cupboard, which forced me to kind of bow back above the waist, making my position even more... helpless.

“You are incredible,” he said in a voice filled with raw admiration

The words swept around my mind, and I hate to admit it, but filled me with a sense of... not satisfaction, perhaps, but, well, a forlorn kind of pride.

“Now this is nice,” he drawled, his hands sliding up and down my sides again.

I did my best to keep my thighs as tightly closed as possible, of course, as my pulse raced wildly!

His hands slid up my sides, but this time, his long, thick thumbs slid out to stroke the sides of my breasts and then angle up across my extremely erect nipples!

“Your nipples are very small and pink for such large breasts,” he said with interest.

Then he gripped them both between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, rolling and pinching them lightly, then more heavily.

“Oh!” I cried, as he pinched them sharply and then pulled them up and forward.

“Kind of long, though, at the moment, he said as he forced my back to arch sharply.

“D-don't!” I cried.

“Say please.”

“Please!”

He grinned.

“Say please master.”

I glared and refused and he laughed and let them go, but when he pulled them so sharply he'd unbalanced my position and my thighs had come apart. Now his right hand thrust in between them and before I could close my legs he'd cupped my sex!

I shuddered as a wave of roiling heat and excitement swept through my body!

Ohmygod! That felt so incredible!

“I can see you have a lot of training in store for you, slave girl, before you learn to obey your master,” he said.

His big thumb was pressed directly against my clitoris, and now rubbing from side to side!

“Y-You're not my master!” I gasped.

His hand drew back, and then both hands were cupping my buttocks as he leaned forward.

“Maybe I will be,” he said.

He kissed me again, and I jerked my head aside only to have him grab my hair and jerk it back as he crushed my lips to his! His other hand came up to cup my breast and I felt a ... a huge gush of liquid heat through my chest! It oozed down my torso until I could feel a bubbling heat between my legs, and when his hand slid down my body and began to rub me there my hips spasmed helplessly!

The heat was... overwhelming! It was like nothing I had ever experienced in my life! My body was literally trembling with the buildup of energy within!

He eased his grip on my hair and the hand between my legs went still.

Say master,” he demanded.

I moaned helplessly and he jerked sharply on my hair.

“Say it!”

“Master!” I gasped.

“Oh yeah!” he growled.

He pulled my chest forward, his hand behind my back, bent, and began to ... to chew, to bite, to suckle at and lick my nipples! I gasped and trembled, shuddering and gulping in ragged breaths of air as my flesh ached where his teeth bit into it, as my nipples burned and tingled, as my body fairly vibrated with the wildly rising sexual tension within it!

“Hot, sexy little whore!” he growled.

He spun me around so sharply I was dazed! I found myself facing the cupboards, with my arms crossed.

*Crack!*

I squealed as his big hand slapped my bottom sharply! Then he jerked my hips back and his shovel-like hands slid between my thighs and jerked them so far apart I was forced to rise onto the balls of my feet! An instant later I felt his mouth on my sex!

I cried out, incredulous, gasping, twisting my head down the length of my body to see, between my hanging breasts, his tongue slide from underneath and behind me to stroke teasingly across my swollen clitoris!

I felt his fingers prying open the tight lips of my sex, then his own mouth pressed against me, his tongue thrusting up, squirming and twisting until it pulled back and he jerked higher on my thighs! His big hands were clasped up tightly at the juncture of my legs, forcing my legs back and apart so he could slide his head in between!

He began to lick rapidly at my clitoris, and my lower body began to spasm with more and more violence as my insides felt sharp star-bursts of sensation!

He pulled out and stood up, letting me stagger forward, then spun me around again! I stared up at him dazedly, my hair spilling across my face as he leered down at me. His hands went to his jeans and undid them, then shoved them down and his erection sprang up hot and hard and thick and red and pointed right at my belly!

I stared in disbelief as he stepped out of his jeans, and faced me naked! His body was as powerfully built, as incredibly masculine as I had suspected, and his cock was thick and angry looking, almost like a weapon!

He stepped in against me and the head slid up my abdomen and belly until, with his arms around me, it was pressed, throbbing between our bodies as he kissed me roughly! My eyes, I know, were bulging, as I felt his hard, warm flesh against me, as I felt his cock squeezed up against my body!

I could hardly think! I was simply overwhelmed by the raw animal sexuality of it all, helpless to make my mind function through the intoxicating affects of the sexual pressure and tension within myself!

I was also perspiring, and badly! I mean, the apartment had been hot to begin with, and the kitchen was hardly a place with a lot of cool air anyway. Now all this stress, tension and the pounding of my heart had raised my internal temperature even worse.

Having his massive naked male body pressed against me was not something which produced any sort of cooling affect either, I assure you!

His hands gripped my buttocks and lifted me effortlessly, setting me on the very edge of the counter. He was a tall man, and his thick erection slid down my belly until the nose was poised menacingly at my now very well-lubricated entrance!

“D-don't!” I whimpered.

He jerked my hair back sharply and I cried out, then cried out again as he bent his mouth to suck and chew at my nipples and send another raw rush of sexual power racing through my body!

He jerked my head forward again until I was looking into his eyes, only a few inches away!

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl!”

I gasped at the words, and jerked my head from side to side!

He grinned, and gripped his thick manhood, then let the head slide up and down against the line of my sex and over my clitoris. A wave of sensation rolled up my

spine and almost made my eyes roll with it!

“Beg me, slave!”

“Please!” I gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

I didn't want to! I mean... it wasn't that I didn't want him inside me. Oh did I ever! But something inside me continued to resist giving him any sign of approval! I wanted him... I wanted him to make me! Because ... well, I still considered myself above him, that he was this grubby blue collar guy with no manners.

I wanted to tell him 'no' in a loud voice and demand he release me! But I was afraid if I did he might do it! And I didn't want him to! I know this sounds insane and I felt insane at the time! I wanted to act ... above him, almost as if I could sniff and turn up my nose at what he was doing and pretend to be unaffected.

When I was a little girl, my brother would punch me in the arm, and it hurt! But I would refuse to show it. I would give him a cool glare and a sneer and say “that didn't hurt” to show I was above him. Of course, that just caused him to hit me harder..

“I-I refuse!” I gasped, trying to scowl.

He snorted and jerked back on my hair again.

“I suppose I'll just have to torture you then,” he said, “Until you obey your master.”

“You're not my master!” I cried.

He snorted and opened the fridge, then opened the freezer. Grinning, he took out a piece of ice, and I gasped as he slid it into his mouth, then bent and began to slowly lick his way down the nape of my neck!

“Oh! Don't! That's cold!” I squealed.

He chuckled throatily, then slid his mouth lower, until it was over the center of

my left breast! My skin was freezing with the ice cube against it! And his mouth was getting colder and colder as he chewed lightly on my breast and sucked.

He shifted to my other breast as I twisted and writhed, then took what remained out of the ice cube from his mouth and applied it directly to my nipple, circling it slowly as I squealed and tried to twist free! My nipple was freezing! Tiny droplets of water were starting to trickle down my breasts and onto my belly!

“Don't!” I cried.

“Call me master,” he said.

“N-No!”

He snorted and then straightened two fingers and slid them right into my open mouth! I gasped in alarm and shock, closing my lips but hesitating to bite him!

“If you bite me, I’ll bite your nipples – hard,” he said.

I stared at him helplessly.

“Suck.”

I continued to stare at him, heart pounding.

“Suck!”

I gasped and sucked helplessly, and then his fingers moved slowly out, only to stop and slide back in, then out, then in. Of course I knew very well, or thought I did, what act he was feigning, but my fuzzy mind was helpless to figure out what to do about it other than bite him and risk him biting my throbbing nipples!

He pulled his fingers all the way out, but then I felt them tracing the line of my sex, and wriggling inside me. I shuddered helplessly as he pinned one of my legs back with his and pumped his fingers slowly, pushing them deeper and deeper.

He was a large man and his hands were large, his fingers long and thick! I shuddered as heat swept up my body at the sensation of him pumping in and out, in and out.

“Hot, sexy slut,” he growled.

*Me!?*

His fingers pushed high inside me, then sort of hooked back so that he could caress the front wall of my sex. I thought I could actually see movement beneath my abdomen as they stroked in and out. And when he brought his thumb in against my clitoris to sort of squeeze it between them... I cried out in helpless shock at the explosion of sensation!

“Beg.”

“Please!”

He chuckled and bent to suck on my breast again as my hips rolled helplessly forward against him.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave?”

“Oh God!” I gasped.

He pulled his fingers out of me and then.. and then thrust them into my open mouth again. My eyes bulged as I tasted my own juices on them, and then again as I felt his cock sliding up and down across my clitoris.

“You want it inside you. I know you do. Say it.”

“Please!” I moaned.

“Say it!”

“I.. I do!”

“Beg!”

“Please!”

“Beg me to fuck you, slave!”

“Please ... fuck me!”

“Master. Say it.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I half sobbed.

He grinned in a smug way which made me want to punch him, but then I felt the now moist head of his cock pressing harder and harder against my entrance and slowly forcing the lips of my sex in and back, spreading them, stretching them until they ached!

And then his thick cock ... unquestionably the thickest I had ever taken... pushed

into my bubbling, boiling, overheated sex! The sensation as it pushed up was incredible! I jerked my legs wide, then tried to wrap them around him, succeeding, crying out as he jammed himself achingly deep inside me!

He kissed me roughly, brutally, his hand twisting in my hair to make my scalp burn as his other hand mauled my breast! I knew I was on the edge of orgasm, and jerked myself frantically against him to force every inch inside my heaving body!

He seized my legs above the knees and forced them apart, then up and back, and as he started to thrust, the orgasm exploded within my body and mind! I cried out, again and again, the cries growing louder as he lifted my legs higher and forced them back on either side of my chest! The orgasm threatened to consume my mind! I jerked and thrashed as helpless convulsions ripped through me, and he pumped harder, faster, and deeper!

I had forgotten his name. It didn't matter! I felt the tightness of the restraints around my wrists, the tightness of his big hands engulfing my legs, and the thick hot hard spike of flesh thrusting into me again and again and again!

The orgasm went on and on as I arched and twisted and sobbed for breath, heat pouring over me to the point I couldn't breathe any more and became light-headed!

“Hot fucking whore!” he growled!

I went limp, gasping, barely conscious, but he never stopped. He was, in fact, just getting started!

I was perched precariously on my tailbone, with my knees pushed back beside my upper torso and his big body thrusting again and again. The length and thickness of him made me ache but it ached wonderfully. And a bubbling liquid heat filled my mind at the sensation of slick fullness moving in and out of me! Not to mention the sight of it, the sight of him before me!

It was all simply too much! My insides thrummed again, my body burning up! Sweat was trickling down my forehead, down my body, but another howling storm of sensation was sweeping through me. Less than a minute after that incredible orgasm I was on the edge of another!

Which puzzled the still sane part of my mind. I mean, I'd had my orgasm. Why was I feeling like this! An orgasm marked the end of sex. For that matter, none of the men I'd slept with – not that there had been many – had made me climax, and had certainly stopped at their climax.

But my overheated, trembling body was still bubbling over with pressure as his big hips slapped against my buttocks with bruising force! I stared in wonder at the sight of his glistening shaft as it drove in and out of me, swept by waves of heat at the sensations it was rousing as it punched up so high into my belly!

Another orgasm tore through me! And it was intense as the first, shattering my mind and forcing my body to buck and shake and tremble as I screamed all the air out of my lungs

“Have to find a gag for you so you don't hurt your masters ears,” he said with a filthy leer.

And kept thrusting into me as I sobbed for breath, eyes glassy, so that I felt as though my body was being beaten, as if a piece of meat being tenderized, his heavy, muscled frame slamming into it again and again until I felt battered and bruised.

And then a third orgasm tore through me! I was aghast, actually afraid something was wrong with me, something damaged! Mind you, the concern was secondary as my mind floated and spun and bounced and twisted and turned on the flood of pleasure pouring over it and through it!

“Oh yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” he gasped, pounding into me harder still!

As his own orgasm took him (to my dazed relief) he slowed his motions, then stopped, panting, hot himself, sweating in the heat too. His softening cock slid out of my aching belly, and he let my legs down gently enough that though I slid off the counter I didn't stumble too badly, not too badly for my cuffed wrists to bring me up short easily enough anyway.

He grinned and reached for his jeans, stepping into them and pulling them up, then took a smart phone from the back pocket. I stared dazedly, panting, moaning raggedly, and only when the camera flashed did I understand! I moaned and turned around and he laughed, then left the room and went back into the dining room.

I stood there, trembling, panting, moaning, emotionally and physically exhausted and drained! Only after a few minutes did I turned and stare up above my head at my wrists. I groaned and turned around, crossing my arms, then worked at unclipping the wrist restraints from each other.

It wasn't easy, but with my wrists together in front of me the way they were, I thought I would be able to get my fingers against them to undo them. The problem was while I could touch them with my fingers I couldn't touch them with my fingers and thumbs at the same time.

It was frustrating!

I tried for several long minutes and then suddenly he was there behind me, gripping my hair and jerking it up and back.

“Are you trying to escape, slave girl?” he asked in a throaty purr.

I moaned helplessly and he chuckled, then released my hair, reached up, and unfastened the restraints. I stumbled back, and stared at him, and he smirked, winked, and left the kitchen. I waited a minute, then peered around the corner of the door to see the empty dining room.

I edged forward, looking around at the rest of the front rooms, then scurried forward and went into my bedroom. I threw on a robe, despite the heat, then hurried out, checked the office, then rushed out and locked the door.

Thank God he had gone!

I moaned and hurriedly checked the rest of the apartment, including the bathroom before hurrying back to my bedroom and removing the padlocks which held the collar and restraints on. I took a shower, then, emotionally raw and staggered by what had happened.

I was outraged, furious, embarrassed and unnerved. Yet despite this the overwhelming memory of what had happened was the wild flood of heat which had gripped my mind and body, and those incredible orgasms, which still seemed to resonate through my mind, if not my body!

And then I felt a sudden psychic jolt as I remembered the phone he'd held up, remembered the flash, remembered how I'd been ... displayed. I felt my face

heat and a rush of anxiety. Who was he going to show that picture to!?

I had to get it back! Or at least I had to get his phone and delete that picture!

After my shower I put on shorts and t-shirt, wincing at how sore my nipples were, and cursing him indignantly for biting and pinching them so much!

I was still in a state of shock, replaying what had happened through my mind again and again with a mixture of horror and fascination! I was sore inside from the size of his erection and how hard he had used it!

I had never had sex like that before, rough animalistic sex! It had been incredibly intense! Not just the sensations but the emotions of it! The raw passion!

And yet my mind was trying to reject it! He wasn't the kind of man I wanted and that wasn't the way sex was supposed to be! Sex ... love making... was supposed to be a tender sharing of the physical and the emotional! That certainly hadn't been what I had experienced!

And he had called me... whore, and slut! Me!

Of course, he had used the terms in an admiring way, but they still rankled. I was no slut! I was... I was used to being thought of as a prude!

The heat exchanger was still not working. I didn't know what he had done when he'd been working on it, but it hadn't been completed. I cursed and wanted to call up the maintenance office to find out, but was afraid I'd get him! Or worse, what if I got someone else, someone he'd talked to, someone he'd shown that picture to!?

That would so utterly mortifying!

I picked up my cell phone and checked for messages, and saw I had several texts. I opened the text feature and read one from my friend Cindy, one from my cousin Allison, and then saw the name Brad Connors and froze.

I could feel my heart beating faster and faster as I opened it.

*That was a lot of fun, slave girl. I'll enjoy it again when I come back. I had to get a part from your heat exchanger so I could have a duplicate made by a company*

*we deal with. There are no spare parts for that old unit. It will be another couple of days before they'll have it ready. In the meantime, don't get any hotter than you already are.*

Trembling, I tapped the attached picture, and gasped aloud at the sight! It was the picture! And it was clear, sharp, bright and unmistakably me in all my naked glory, from my shackled wrists to my knees, my eyes glazed, my hair astray my nipples hard and my skin flushed!

I couldn't help myself, I replied at once.

*Delete this picture immediately! Do you hear me!?*

I got a picture of a laughing emoticon in return.

Then another text.

*I loved how hot and tight you felt wrapped around my cock, it said.*

I flushed deeply.

Then another.

*I love how you scream when you come.*

I closed my eyes, cringing, horribly embarrassed!

And another.

*Maybe next time I'll make you beg me to fuck your tight ass, slave girl.*

I felt jolted by that. That was so filthy! But what could I do if he demanded it!?

*You are a filthy man! I wrote furiously.*

*And you're a dirty girl, he replied.*

But I wasn't! I wasn't! I had just been... enjoying a little... sensual, erotic fantasizing when he had caught me at it!

For all my sense of guilt and shame and anxiety, though, I still couldn't shake a

sense of wonderment about how scalding the sexual heat had been. I mean, I've read lots of romance novels which had very flowery prose about how wonderful a woman's orgasm could be, but had taken it for mostly exaggeration.

I'd never realized it could be so... incredible! And having experienced it, not once but three times, my body wanted more! Of course I ignored it, but my mind kept flickering back to what had happened, to specific parts of it – and specific parts of him!

That night before bed, I found myself posing before the mirror in the same positions, with my arms up and together, my chest thrust out, seeing myself as I must have appeared to him. My face and chest flushed at the thought, and I went to bed, but couldn't sleep. My mind kept on the same subject, and I tossed and turned.

Finally, reluctantly, since it seemed so like surrendering to the unthinkable, I got my dildo and began to masturbate. I tried to think of something else, but of course, my mind kept returning to what had happened, and the heat swept through me until I was plunging the dildo into myself harder and harder, making myself ache!

And climax powerfully...

I tried to work normally the next day but knew I was doing a poor job. You need very careful attention to be a copy editor, and my mind kept drifting away.

I went out, deciding to make some productive use of my time to run some errands. I was very wary as I passed by the man at the desk, in case somehow he had heard, in case somehow all the men who worked there might have been informed and seen that picture!

People didn't look at me any differently, didn't seem to realize the kind of filthy, sordid sex I'd been involved in. No doubt they'd have treated me like the whore Brad had called me if they knew!

I broke down and sent him another text.

*Please don't show that picture to anyone, I said.*

*Don't worry about it, baby, he replied.*

As if I could possibly not worry! And who did he think he was calling me baby!? I barely knew his name! Though maybe... maybe that should be remedied. The thought made me uncomfortable but... perhaps he had redeeming qualities other than the physical. If we were in some sort of... relationship, then that would sort of make what had happened more acceptable.

Though I honestly couldn't imagine what we might have in common other than the physical!

\*

He did not announce himself when he returned with the spare part for the heat exchanger. He simply let himself in with a pass key! At least this time I was properly dressed, though I still yelped and leapt up from my desk when I heard the sound of him coming into the apartment. And when I scurried up the hall and saw him my face turned beet-red.

“Hello, slave girl,” he said.

“Please stop calling me that!” I gulped.

He grinned and moved across the living room to the dining room. I had little choice but to follow. I needed, at the very least, some assurance that he would safeguard that picture! Or preferably delete it in my presence so I could be sure it was gone!

I braced myself to be as polite as possible and try to get him to agree. He was already on his knees opening up the cabinet around the heat exchanger as I walked up to him. Almost as soon as I started talking, though, he held up his hand imperiously.

“Go into your bedroom, strip naked, put on your collar and restraints, and kneel on the edge of the bed with your bottom in the air and wait for me,” he said without turning around.

I was.. flabbergasted! I stared at him, open-mouthed, embarrassed and outraged!

“I most certainly will not!” I exclaimed indignantly!

He stood up, looming above me, and I backed up nervously. “Don't you dare

touch me!” I cried.

He smirked, then grabbed me! I squealed as he lifted me up into the air and across his shoulder! Then he carried me across the room and up the hall to the bedroom!

“Put me down! Put me down or – !”

*Crack! He slapped my bottom stingingly!*

“Ow!”

“Behave, slave girl,” he said calmly.

“I’m not a slave girl!”

He walked into my bedroom and threw me forward onto the bed!

“Where do you keep your bondage gear?” he asked.

“How dare you!” I exclaimed, scurrying back to the headboard and drawing up my knees.

He snorted and opened my bedside table.

“Don't you da – !”

He pulled out my dildo and my face burned as he smirked at me.

“Mine's bigger,” he said.

I glared at him fiercely as he tossed the dildo onto the bed, then watched as he picked up one of my belts, which happened to lay across the padded bench at the foot of the bed, and doubled it in his hand. He then slapped it against the palm of his other hand in a way which made my stomach flutter.

“Here's the deal, slave girl. You position yourself face down, ass up, on the edge of the bed here, waiting for me. Or you get your pretty butt strapped. You got it?”

“You can't – !”

“And put on the restraints and collar. Or else.”

Then he turned and walked out!

Have you ever heard anything so outrageous and arrogant!

I jumped off the bed at once, but then hesitated. He could easily overpower me and make me do anything he wanted! I wasn't terribly worried or fearful about that, for some reason, though. I mean, I wasn't afraid of him or anything. But the thought did make me wary.

What if he did strap my bottom! That would hurt! The way I'd been... dressed, when he saw me the other day, he certainly would have gotten the idea I was the kind of girl who would actually be... pleased at being tied up and spanked and such.

And the strange thing was the thought of being naked and collared across his lap while he spanked me sent a hot, liquid thrill up my spine! As outrageous and embarrassing as the thought was, and as anxious as I was to avoid pain, well, the fantasy was darkly arousing!

So he might actually do it! He might actually strap my bottom thinking that I was into that sort of thing! And what could I do to resist? Nothing! I couldn't even call anyone afterward to tell them! All he had to do was show that picture!

But if we had sex... then he'd have to take off his pants... and that was where the camera was. Maybe I could find a way to distract him and get at it! And after all, we'd already had sex once, so it wasn't like it was such a ... well, a horrible thought.

But I couldn't strip naked and pose for him like that! The thought was humiliating!

But if I didn't he might strap me and I was willing to bet that would sting a lot!

My heart was pounding as I tried to work my frantic mind through the possibilities and decide what I should do! And finally, reluctantly, my mind squirming at what I was doing, I got undressed. Every ten seconds I told myself that I couldn't do this, and reached for my clothes, but there really wasn't any alternative!

I stripped naked, completely naked! I took the leather restraints from the cabinet and put them on, then the collar, feeling a strange rush of something dark and sensual as I did, and as I looked at myself in the dresser mirror.

Helplessly, feeling light-headed already, I got onto the bed and knelt on the edge for a long minute, gripped by indecision, my face flushed deeply. Then, helplessly, I lowered myself to hands and knees, and finally, lowered myself to my elbows and knees.

And waited.

I was gripped by a sense of unreality, finding it astonishing to be in this ... position... waiting the attentions of some man I barely knew! What kind of a woman – ?

But what else could I do, I thought in anguish!

The door, which I had closed, opened wide and I gasped, rising up on my knees, eyes wide, face reddening further as I scrambled to hide my chest with my arms!

He snorted and came forward, picking up the belt he had dropped.

“On your face, slave girl.”

“I'm not a – !”

He gripped my hair behind the neck and shoved me forward and down, not merely onto my elbows but so that my face was against the bed! Then I yelped as the doubled up belt struck my bottom sharply.

“Raise that ass higher, slave!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Higher!”

“Don't!”

*Crack!*

I raised my bottom high, then gasped as his hand gripped my thigh and forced my legs open!

*Crack!*

“Arms stretched out in front of you,” he barked.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

I thrust my arms forward frantically, my bottom stinging!

*Crack!*

“Pull your belly in tighter against your thighs,” he growled.

“Ow! Stop it!”

“Do it!”

I squirmed backward, or at least, my upper chest pulled in tighter against my upright thighs, even as he gripped both legs and spread them wider! I felt a rising sense of shock, alarm, and yet... this swirling, churning dark mass of something filled with sexual energy was starting to form around my mind!

“Position yourself for your master to use, slave girl,” he ordered.

“I'm not – !” Crack! “Ow! That hurts!”

“Then obey your master.”

“You're not my master!”

*Crack!*

I gasped aloud as his hand slid between my thighs, cupping my sex, his fingers sliding along my clitoris to send a sharp pulse of heat and sensation up my spine!

I felt something against my sex, rubbing up and down it, something thick and ... hard but not very hard and... but not warm enough to be him! It pushed against

me, slowly penetrating me, and I recognized it as my own dildo! My face heated even further, and that swirling, churning vortex of dark energy began to build within me!

“Oh! Oh please!” I moaned as he slid it deeper.

The wonder was, despite my anxiety, I was embarrassingly... well, ready.

He pumped the dildo slowly in and out as his other hand kneaded and caressed my buttocks, then slid forward along my back and along my ribs, pushing under them to fondle my breast.

“What a fucking hot piece of ass,” he said in an appreciative voice.

I felt both insulted and weirdly flattered by the words.

“You have an incredible, fucking body, slave girl.”

“Please stop calling me that!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“It's what you want to be.”

“I don't!” I cried.

The dildo slid out of me, the head rubbing back and forth across my swollen clitoris to produce a flood of sensation! I gasped helplessly, my hips jerking convulsively in response.

“I think you do, slave. This hot little pussy of yours is eager to have something big inside it.”

God, he was so... crude!

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Raise that ass higher, slave.”

I gasped as he thrust the dildo into me – deep! I started to push myself up on my elbows but a big hand gripped the back of my neck and shoved me flat again as he pumped the dildo, then shoved it painfully deep!

“Oh! It's too big!” I moaned.

“You can take a fence post, baby. I know what girls like you are like.”

Girls like me!? What did that mean!?

He reached forward and gripped my arms, then drew them up and back behind my back. A moment later he released them, and I felt a hot jolt as I realized they were now clipped together behind my back!

A moment later he gripped my hair and forced me up and back, ignoring my cry of pain as he forced me off the bed and down onto my knees in front of him.

Then he undressed. He undressed casually, but took his time, smirking at me as he bared his chest, then took off his work boots, his jeans, and finally, his briefs. I blushed hotly as his erection sprang up in front of me the same as it had the other day.

Only today it was pointed at my face!

He stepped forward and I gasped, pulling back, but he laughed and swept his hand around behind my head, then gathered up my hair in a thick mass above my head.

“You know what your master wants, slave girl,” he growled.

Perhaps this was a good idea. If I made him climax with my mouth... maybe he would relax, and be distracted and go and... do something else while I got at his phone.

He pushed himself into my open mouth even as I was thinking this, and my lips closed around his thick cock as it slid along my tongue.

Heat rushed through me at the feel and sight of his warm flesh in my mouth. I moaned around it, sucking as he began to pump slowly in and out!

Another wave of unreality washed over me, that I was kneeling here with my wrists cuffed behind my back naked, sucking a stranger's cock!

But raw heat began to bubble up through my groin, around the thick dildo stuffed so achingly deep in my belly! I tried to work my lips up and down the shaft but it was hard with him holding my hair tightly. Instead he pushed in and out, using my mouth!

This was so ... nasty! It was nasty and wicked and... wild and oh God, it was hot!

I moaned helplessly as waves of heat began to sweep through me, moaning around his thick shaft as it pushed deep into my mouth, licking at it as I rolled my eyes helplessly up the length of his well-muscled torso to his blue eyes looking back.

God, this was unbelievable!

He pulled his cock back, holding it in his hand as he rubbed it back and forth over my lips, over my cheeks, then pushed it back into my mouth again! He was so arrogant! So disrespectful! How dare he treat me this way!?

And yet, the dark heat kept rising!

He pushed deep enough that I gagged briefly, then drew back and raised his cock up against his belly as he pulled on my hair to force my face in closer.

“Suck my balls, slave,” he ordered.

I felt another jolt of heat as my mouth was forced against his testicles, but did as he ordered, drawing them into my mouth and sucking dazedly.

“Dirty girl,” he growled. “You should have been a stripper. You'd make a fortune with that body and face.”

Being a stripper was one of my favorite fantasies while masturbating! The thought of myself up on a stage naked in front of a room filled with lust crazed men, dancing and spinning and taunting them with my body, never failed to arouse me!

Not that I would consider doing it for a single second, of course! I had my pride!

Not that my pride was much in evidence just then!

He pulled me to my feet by the hair and turned me, then pushed me against the bed.

“Assume the position, slave.”

I was too breathless and too charged up to argue. I half fell forward onto my chest, moaning, raising my bottom high, then higher as he slapped it and ordered me to draw my belly in tighter.

I shuddered as I felt his slick cock-head rubbing against my clitoris. I felt the dildo sliding out of me, then his cock pushing into my body in its place. A wild ripple of heat swept over me, then another, as he seized my hips and started thrusting!

The mattress jerked beneath me and I cried out as his hips slapped against my buttocks for the first time, then again, then again, as he began to use me! The heat roared inside me, and I cried out again and again as he thrust harder and faster!

I felt him gathering up my hair as he ground his hips against my buttocks, then moaned dazedly as he jerked it up and back, raising my face, then my upper torso off the mattress as he resumed thrusting. This was the nastiest, most animalistic sex I had ever had, and yet even as appalled as I was it didn't seem to stop the sexual pressure inside me growing to the strength of a firestorm!

I felt my eyes glazing over as I grunted to the deep thrusts of his cock, to the slap of his hips against my buttocks, to the jerk of my hair against my stinging scalp. I felt him seizing one of my breasts in his big hand and kneading it roughly.

The orgasm rushed over me and swept me up in a storm of sensations I could not resist! I cried out, the cries turning to howls of helpless pleasure as the strength of the orgasm rose and rose and rose, then finally peaked, leaving me breathless as he released my hair and let my upper torso drop to the bed. Yet he continued to thrust into me, hard and fast!

God, what a slut I was!

But it felt so incredible! I lay there grunting breathlessly, gasping, as he continued to use me, as his hands roamed my body. I heard a buzzing sound, then, but didn't identify it until he took my own vibrator and slid it down over my side, and in between my legs, holding it against my clitoris.

“Oh! Oh! Please! Oh!” I cried, twisting and jerking until he seized my hair again to pin me in place!

The sensations were simply too overpowering on my now hyper-sensitive clitoris! But he ignored my wishes, still thrusting, now rubbing the vibrator roughly against my clitoris as I whined helplessly.

My clitoris felt as if it was swelling, and then a burst of heat rushed up through my abdomen, then another, then a whole wave of sensation that almost immediately forced into the rush of intense sexual pressure I'd felt before the orgasm.

I shuddered and trembled and shook, moaning and crying out as he thrust into me, as he ground the vibrator over my clitoris, as he twisted his big fingers in my hair.

Another orgasm swept through me! And this one had me screaming so loudly my throat hurt! I screamed all the breath out of my lungs and collapsed, trembling and sobbing for breath as he laughed and pulled the vibrator away.

“Hot, tight little slut,” he growled.

I gurgled dazedly, my body jerking to his thrusts, which grew harder and harder until finally stopping as he drew back. I regained my breath slowly, moaning, eyes glassy. My eyes only began to clear when I felt something pressing against my wrinkled back passage.

They widened and I gasped, then squirmed in alarm, trying to twist free.

'Oh no! Don't!' I cried.

“You have a gorgeous ass, baby. Its crying out to get fucked.”

“That's disgusting!”

“Not to me.”

“Please I... then I realized he had the dildo in hand, and a thought crossed my mind. Yes, anal sex was disgusting, but I could survive it well enough... if it was worth my while.

“I... I need some lubrication!” I blurted.

“You've got lots of that, baby,” he said with a grin.

“Baby oil! I always use baby oil!”

He raised his eyebrows.

“I like the idea of you all slick and slippery,” he said. “Where is it?”

“The kitchen!”

He looked surprised.

“It's a new bottle! I used up the last one!”

He shrugged and turned, to walk casually, and naked, out out of my bedroom.

I knew I had little time. I quickly rolled onto my back, then pulled my legs up and back, rolling back onto my shoulders to slide my wrists under my buttocks. I drew them up over my legs, and now they were, while still cuffed together, in front of me.

I leapt out of bed and dropped onto my knees by his jeans, then pulled his phone out of the pocket and eagerly swept my thumb across it to open it! I found the gallery and opened that, and then found my picture! I deleted it and – that was when he returned.

“What the fuck?” he demanded.

I leapt up, looking and feeling guilty, and he glared at me.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Nothing!” I cried.

He snorted and grabbed my hair, forcing me to sort of knee-walk across the room to the bench at the foot of the bed. Then he dragged me up across his lap as I squirmed and twisted and protested to no avail!

“You need to be punished, slave girl,” he said.

*Crack! His hand came down sharply across my bottom!*

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

“Ow! Don't! Oh! Ow! Please!” I cried as his hand kept slapping down on my squirming bare bottom!

“This is what you get when you're a bad slave girl,” he said.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My bottom was starting to sting fiercely, to burn and redden!

“Oh! Ow! I'm not your slave girl!” I cried as he rained blows on my increasingly tender buttocks.

“Sure you are. And you obviously need to be taught discipline.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Please!” I gasped, my voice breaking as the pain mounted. “Please!” I half sobbed, eyes filling with tears.

He stopped, and his hands began to caress my bottom instead of slap it, then slid between my legs instead. He turned his body, reaching for something, and a moment later began to caress my buttocks again, only now his hand was ... slick... slippery.

He'd found the baby oil.

I didn't protest. This was way better than being spanked!

He spread the oil over my buttocks, then between my legs. I gasped as his slick fingers slid up and down the line of my sex and over my clitoris, then pushed into me, pumping deeply. A moment later something else slippery, one of his

other fingers – or more likely his thumb, pressed insistently against my back passage, and sank slowly down inside me!

I shuddered and moaned, but despite the hot burning flesh of my buttocks, the dark heat began to swirl around my mind again! The feel... the tactile feel of his warm hands moving over my slippery flesh was incredibly erotic!

My head jerked up as I felt him sort of pinch his fingers together inside me, the ones in my pussy against the thumb in my rectum.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I moaned.

“Say please master.”

“Please... master!” I moaned.

He would pump the fingers in my sex, then hold them in deep while he pumped the thumb in my rectum, then pump the ones in my pussy, then in my bottom...

He dragged me off his lap and dumped me on the floor on my belly, then spread my legs wide. I moaned helplessly, gasping for breath, and heard the buzzing of the vibrator a moment before he shoved the slender plastic tube in beneath my sex.

I felt his hands spreading my legs wider, and then something thicker but softer than his thumb pressed against my back passage! I gulped in air, eyes wide, moaning, whimpering, as I felt the slick head of his cock slowly penetrate me and then push deeper.

I felt incredibly full but... I sort of marveled that it didn't hurt. I groaned and trembled, feeling the buzzing vibrations directly against my sex, against my clitoris as I lay on the vibrator, even as his cock sank deeper into my bottom!

It began to ache, but the ache eased. Then as he pushed deeper still, I began to feel a sort of cramping sensation in my belly, but that too rose and eased as he pumped himself slowly into my body. The buzzing vibrations were steady, though, and my battered mind began to sink into a churning fog of sensation as I lay prone beneath him.

I don't remember when I began to feel the dark rush of pleasure at each thrust. It

wasn't something which just happened. It picked up, from nothing to... overpowering, so that every stroke made me cry out in a strange, wild thrill as his long shaft slid deep into my body.

My cries came louder and faster until I was screaming as another orgasm sent my mind spinning wildly. This time it rose and fell, leaving me gasping, then rose again and fell, then rose again! I couldn't tell if it was the same orgasm or many of them parading through my body like a stream of railroad cars passing over the tracks!

He jerked back on my hair as he thrust harder, slapped at my bottom, and called me his bitch, his slave, and his slut! It was all wild and dirty and unbelievably outrageous but I didn't care! I only cared about the sexual fever which had taken hold of my mind and body!

\*

Brad's orders were very clear, and unavoidable, whether I wanted to or not. My mind squirmed against them, but I knew I'd get a spanking, or worse, a strapping, if he caught me disobeying! I was to wear nothing but the collar and restraints all day in my apartment.

And he would drop by... sometime... during the day, to make sure I did, and to use me as he said I deserved to be used – ruthlessly!

When he entered the apartment I was to hurry over and kneel before him, sitting on my heels with my knees spread wide and my fingers interlaced behind my neck, then arch my back until he told me to move.

It was utterly outrageous!

But even as I felt trapped into it the very outrageousness of it scalded my body and sent my mind into a sexual fever, a powerful heat gripping me with intoxicating effects.

He took more pictures of me naked, and videos – masturbating me while I watched them! God it was overwhelming, and I came powerfully!

We don't... date. We have nothing in common. I like wine, he likes beer. I like opera, he likes rock. I like tennis, he likes football. But the sexual pleasure and

passion is like an addiction, and I can't say no, can't refuse!

His visits are the high point of every day, and I find myself tense and anxious and gripped by a shimmering sexual heat all day long as I wait his arrival, never knowing when that will be.

I'm not a slave girl! I'm not a masochist! I just.. just have these fantasies, and Brad brings them to life in my apartment, turning my mind to mush and setting fire to my body. It's shocking and indecent, and I fear where it might lead.

I find myself becoming more and more.. obedient in his presence, more submissive, more like a... a slave girl. It's just a dark, nasty game, and I'm just play-acting, but what if it becomes habit. He's talked about having me strip in a club, talked about bringing other men over – or women, to use me.

The ideas are shocking and frightening, yet... they also take my breath away at the thought of him actually doing it! And I fear the time will come when if he chooses to – and I know he will – I will obey him, because I will have forgotten how not to obey!

But I can't see a way out, nor do I want one. Leave? Move? And settle back into my former quiet calm... boring, dull empty life? I can't bear the thought of that!

So I will take what he brings, and with the fever upon me, I know I will be helpless before him.

Like a slave girl!

\*

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

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