

THE SECRETARY

By ARGUS

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Chapter One

Alexander Hamilton was a wealthy and contented man. If it could be said that some men faced many challenges in their lives then it could also be said that some benefited from an overabundance of good fortune. Alexander was such a man.

Born to a wealthy family, he was a handsome boy gifted with a keen intelligence and raised as a privileged member of society's elite. He went to the best schools, where he was an excellent athlete and had many friends. He never wanted for anything. His every need was met.

As he grew older that need included females, and his handsome face and smooth manner had them tumbling into his bed.

There was an old axiom that one did not value what came too easily, and Alexander was a prime example. Everything came easily to Alexander, and so he came to value little of it. He took pride in his powerful and expensive cars, his beautiful house, his fine clothing, and in the beautiful girls, and then women who hung on his arms.

But he valued none of them, for they all came as easily as breathing.

Alexander valued his successes in sports, and later in business. For those took effort, and were never entirely certain. But while he took pride in his possessions, including his wife and children, he did not particularly value them.

Alexander married a beautiful young woman, who, like himself, was a member of the elites. And insofar as her life had mirrored his own she was as arrogant, as sophisticated, as uncaring of the things which had always come so easily to her as he was.

Their children benefited from being raised to a life of luxury and privilege, as their parents were. They also benefited, to a degree, from their parents absence. For neither Alex nor his wife Deborah cared to spend very much time on squalling, smelly children. They produced them, not so much out of a desire to have children, but out of a sense of societal obligation.

One was expected to have children, after all, and continue the family blood lines.

After that, though, the raising could be left to the servants and nannies while Alex and his wife did whatever took their fancy, together or apart.

Their eldest son Roger grew to be an arrogant, intellectually lazy young man whose voice dripped condescension and smugness, and whose only accomplishment in life through university was supplying those poorer and smarter than him with money so that they could do much of his work for him.

Their second son, Peter, was a cold, haughty man who cared about little but his own particular interest; art and history. He could bore an entire room for hours droning on about renaissance painters and sculptures, and had done so. His family was both powerful and vengeful, after all, and none wished to cause offence. And certainly Peter was not a man to notice, or even consider others feelings. The thought that he was boring them to tears would not enter his mind.

Their daughter Olivia was something of an improvement over her two brothers. She had a keen intelligence, and some ambition, and though arrogant, and occasionally cruel, did have some sense of care in the welfare of others.

And so when she encountered her former nanny one fine spring day, at the home of

a friend, she hugged her warmly, genuinely happy to see the woman after so many years, and inquired about how she was doing.

Of course, she soon regretted it, quickly becoming bored listening to the woman's eager recounting of her dreadfully dull life experiences. And it was for this reason, as much as any sense of charity, that she eagerly seized on the opportunity to interrupt as the woman spoke of her daughter Chloe and her difficulties in finding work.

"I haven't seen Chloe in so many years, she said. Not since I was a small girl."

"Oh she's a bright girl," her nanny said proudly. "But the economy," she shook her head. "You know how terrible it is for young people to find work now."

Olivia knew no such thing, of course, but nodded her head sympathetically. Such a thing was beyond her experience and so it was difficult to have sympathy, but she knew, at least, how to pretend, and cared enough to do so.

It emerged that Chloe had gone to university, one of those Labour Party creations no one of Olivia's circle would be caught dead in, of course. And had gotten "top marks" whatever that meant for a place like that.

In hopes of ending the conversation as quickly as possible Olivia promised to find a job for the young woman. She was pleased that her ex nanny was absolutely thrilled at the prospect. She enjoyed it when people made a fuss over her, when they thanked her and treated her with such obvious gratitude.

It was so easy to please the little folk, she mused to herself as she walked away, checking her silk blouse to see if the woman had marked it up with her grubby hands.

And that was how Alexander Hamilton came to be sitting across the desk from the young lady a week later, more than slightly annoyed at his predicament, but seeing no way around it. His daughter was a strong-willed young woman, and she had wanted him to see to it the girl got a job more than he wanted to do nothing. And so he had given in.

The interview proved to be more interesting than he had expected. The girl was quite sharp. He could see that. She was also quite good looking - and Alexander was a fine judge of horses, dogs, and females. Her hair was a pale blonde, rich and thick and perfectly coiffed into a neat pageboy. It framed a narrow, intelligent face with bright green eyes partially hiding behind small, rimless glasses. She had a narrow, swan like neck, narrow shoulders, and a slim body clad in a businesslike blue jacket and tight, knee-length skirt. It was difficult to be sure, but her breasts looked reasonably full underneath that jacket.

The girl, however, was both earnest, and ridiculously innocent. No wonder his firm never even considered hiring from her university. What on earth did they teach their students to give them such a naive view of the world? The job of his firm was to gain money and power. This silly little chit's idea that they somehow contributed to the community was almost laughable.

Her suit was probably bought on sale at Waldens for fifty pounds or less, he thought uncharitably. And it was probably her best, for according to her resume she'd been unemployed for seven months, since her graduation. Apparently the silly girl had spent her time studying and getting high marks rather than making connections and friends who were the real source of employment success.

An intelligent girl, but not at all wise. A very pretty girl with little of the natural grace and sophistication of most he encountered - girls like his daughter. But very obviously eager to please, in her clumsy way, and that struck that part of him which very much appreciated how important he was, how powerful he was.

Just how eager to please was this little chit, he wondered, eyes flicking down to her chest. She had a small mouth, but lips which were rich and full. It had been a long time

since he'd bedded anyone as, well, common as this. And he suddenly remembered how easy they were to please, and how thrilled they were when a handsome, powerful, sophisticated man like him paid them attention.

Which they should be, he thought coolly.

"As it happens, my administrative assistant is about to leave on maternity leave," he said. "It's not a permanent position, but if you do well then I will find you something when she returns."

The girl's eyes lit up in a quite delightful way, and as she inhaled sharply he was certain he could see a full bosom within that jacket.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Hamilton!" she exclaimed eagerly.

He smiled, enjoying her gratitude. That was something else he discovered he had missed in others, for showing gratitude was not something those in his circle did, whatever their age. One did not fawn over people, after all. It was degrading and demeaning. If someone did one a favour then one thanked them, and marked up a favour owed in return. That was how things went.

He had Emily prepare her well. Emily, of course, was his "girl", a much more refined version of Chloe, and about to depart on maternity leave to bare his bastard child. Not that her husband knew that, of course. But Emily had gone to the proper schools, and knew how to give and receive favours. She also enjoyed dalliances with a handsome, expert swordsman. And like others of her circle, was not about to deprive herself of anything she wanted.

Chloe paid quite anxious attention to everything the girl told her as she looked over her shoulders at the calendar on the computer monitor. It was an incredible stroke of fortune to get this job, and she was absolutely determined to make a good impression on Mr. Hamilton. Her entire future depended on that!

"Do you have that, miss Stevens?" Emily asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, I think so."

"Do you or don't you?"

"Yes, I do," she said.

"Then say so. You'll find that Mr. Hamilton heartily dislikes any effort at temporizing. Respond openly and with absolutes. Say yes, or no. He will not accept half measures."

"Is he uhm, good to work for?"

"He's quite demanding. But working for him can be quite rewarding. His family owns controlling interest in this firm, so what he says goes. You can have an excellent career here if he thinks you're a good employee. But he expects hard work."

"Oh I'm a hard worker," Chloe assured her.

"Mr. Hamilton is often in at seven and rarely departs before five. He works very long hours. He can forget what the time is, and that you're simply a salaried worker who should put in her eight hours and go home."

"I don't mind working overtime."

"We don't have overtime. This is not a big corporate entity. However, if you work extra hours your effort will be recognized one way or another. You will be spending a lot of time with Mr. Hamilton. You'll come to know his quirks and requirements yourself, but I can tell you that he is not a man used to being thwarted. When he wants something he wants it now."

Chloe nodded.

“Don’t tell him something is unavailable. You’ll need to pressure people at times, even threaten them. You need to get Mr. Hamilton anything he wants. People here know that. When you ask for something they know it’s coming from him and there are very few who will dare to say no. Still, you have to pressure them at times. Don’t take no for an answer.”

“Uhm, okay.”

“Mr. Hamilton can seem gruff at times. He is very strong willed, and even arrogant. Well, he has a right to arrogance, I suppose. He’s so immensely wealthy, powerful, intelligent - not to mention handsome.”

“Isn’t he?” Chloe gasped in girlish delight. “God, he could be a movie star! He must work out regularly, too.”

“He does. He was an athlete in school. Not to mention a magnet for women. Even though he’s married and has three grown children women throw themselves at him all the time. He’s a very impressive man in almost every way. Just remember that you’re a simple little chit of a girl barely out of school. When he says jump, you jump, whether he says it politely or not.”

Chloe nodded.

“If he likes you, if he approves of you, you’re made. And you’ll know it not so much by what he says as by how he acts. If his voice is stiff he’s annoyed. If it’s soft and friendly he’s pleased. He’s also very old school in some ways. Don’t be surprised if he gives you a hug or puts his hand on your shoulder or something. He can be condescending and patronizing towards young people, especially young girls.

“Uhm, okay.”

Chloe didn’t care how patronizing he was. Though she would have once. Like so many others she’d expected the world to beat a path to her door after graduating. That hadn’t happened. So many of her friends were unemployed, and others worked at restaurants and car parks. It seemed it mattered more who you knew than what you knew. And her bare resume, with nothing but a few summer jobs, hadn’t impressed anyone.

It had been a stunning introduction to the real world.

After long months of unemployment and ego-destroying refusals an admin assistant job to a powerful man like Mr. Hamilton was a dream come true. It was a springboard to success, and she vowed to impress the man with her competence and capability.

Over the following days she worked very hard indeed. Chloe was a determined and intense young woman. She went in early and left late, and spent most of the day with or near Mr. Hamilton. It was impossible not to come to appreciate his intelligence and come to see his strength and power. He was a driven man, and it was exhausting keeping up with him, at times.

She took notes at meetings, and saw how he dominated others in meeting after meeting. She saw how suave and smooth he was in persuading government officials to give him what his firm wanted, and how other men, often men of considerable power, jumped when he cracked the whip.

When he showed his approval, this immensely handsome, sophisticated and powerful man, she felt a thrill of accomplishment. When he deigned to speak with her as a person rather than a mere employee she felt warm all over.

And it was not incorrect to say that her initial awe of him was beginning to turn into a puppy-dog like devotion. Except, of course, that Chloe was no puppy, but a young woman. Working in such close proximity to a man of Hamilton’s intense good looks,

humour, intellect and power quickly roused feelings in her she initially tried to suppress.

He was married, after all, and twice her age. Still, he didn't look old, and certainly didn't act old. He was full of vim and vigour, power and a sleek, powerful sense of machismo. Chloe had never really been exposed to a man like Hamilton before, and found herself overawed by his personality.

The first time he stroked her back she felt a sense of delight at his approval, at his notice. She took nothing else from it but it, of course, having been warned by his previous admin assistant. But she came to appreciate his touch; when he affectionately squeezed her shoulder, or rubbed her back, or draped his arm across her shoulders, or gave her a small hug.

It took surprisingly little time, in fact, before she found herself madly in love with him. She knew it was impossible, of course, and that nothing could ever come of it. He was so high above her she really had to have her head in the clouds to even consider such silliness.

Two weeks after her interview, however, he was in his immense office one evening when she brought in some files. They had both been working since seven, and it was well after six. She was tired, and hadn't eaten. The previous two hours had been hectic, with couriers and phone calls coming fast and furious.

"Ah, my dear Chloe," he said gaily as she came in. "Come and celebrate with me."

He was by the big fireplace, at the side of his office, holding a crystal wine glass.

"What are we celebrating?" she asked, putting the files on his desk and crossing the polished hardwood floor to join him.

"We're celebrating because they caved in."

"You got the property? How smashing!" she said, eyes lighting up.

For she knew he had been working very hard that day to win a parcel of land.

He handed her a crystal wine glass and poured a rich red wine for her. Chloe was not a big fan of wine, but she never considered refusing. She sipped delicately and stared admiringly over the rim of the glass as Hamilton described how he had outbid one rival and outfoxed another, thinking all the while what an incredible man he was.

She hardly noticed finishing the glass, and was desperately flattered to join him on the big leather sofa as he refilled it, especially as he then began to turn the conversation into more personal areas, asking about her mother, about how she had found university, and what kind of music and television shows she liked.

She couldn't say, later, how it had happened. They were sitting quite close, and his hand came down on her thigh just above the knee. But she didn't really think anything of it as he stroked her leg and they talked. He kissed her. It was a small thing, a chaste kiss on the cheek, but it made her heart race.

The next kiss was on the lips, and she melted against him as his tongue danced lightly between her lips. The hand on her leg stroked higher and higher, pushing her skirt up, caressing her inner thigh. His lips were on hers, then on the nape of her neck, then his warm breath was on her earlobe, and she was moaning as his hand found her sex through her panties.

Chloe was no virgin, but she had never had a man anything like Alexander Hamilton. His fingers stroked her delicately, somehow slipping into her panties without her even noticing. It became almost impossible to keep still, then. She found herself desperate to hide her comparative innocence, to pretend to a sophistication she did not possess, but his fingers were doing amazing things to her, and she couldn't hide it.

The front of her blouse parted as if by magic, and her bra slipped down beneath her

breasts. Her nipples began to throb and burn with a fire that spread through her breasts as his mouth worked them over, and her hips were soon grinding helplessly against his fingers as a climax wracked her young body.

Her mind was simply overpowered by him. She was shocked, delighted, and disbelieving that Alexander Hamilton's lips were on hers, that his body was pressed against her, that his fingers were gently caressing her sex, then sliding easily up inside her.

She didn't remember taking off her clothes, but she was soon nude, sitting astride his lap, their mouths moving sensuously together as his fingers drove her insane. She was gasping for breath, red faced, panting for breath, grinding herself against his fingers as she approached another climax.

Again she felt a desperate sense of inferiority, of wanting to show her sophistication, but it was swept away by the orgasm and she thrust herself against his fingers with raw, impassioned cries of pleasure as ecstasy carried her away.

Even then he coolly continued to kiss and caress her, finally sliding her off him, laying her back along the leather sofa, bending, licking a hot, sizzling trail up her inner thighs until he reached her moist, seeping sex. And then she could do nothing but groan and make guttural moans of pleasure as his expert tongue showed her just how amateurish had been her few previous lovers.

Her hips ground against him, bucking up in helpless spasms of wild, sensual pleasure as he drove her into orgasm again - and then again. And now he finally began to strip, removing his own suit top and shirt to expose his powerfully built chest. She ran her hands eagerly over his body, gasping at the sight of his manhood, thick, throbbing and long.

He entered her softly, but firmly, and then she was in a world of unimagined passion as his warm body crushed her into the leather and he began to drive his hips against her. His thick cock was longer than any she'd previously taken, but she allowed not the slightest hint of her pain to escape as he drove himself into her.

And it did hurt.

But her excitement and passion made the pain seem as nothing, and then even the pain seemed to turn and twist into something hot and wonderful as her fingers caressed his shoulders and back and then seized his buttocks to jerk him down even harder. She cried out again and again, climaxing repeatedly as Hamilton's big cock pummelled her insides raw.

Her small, soft buttocks were thrust down into the leather again and again as his hips slammed down against her. She was breathless, eyes wide, jaw slack as he drove himself into her with seemingly endless stamina and power. She could hardly move, much less think. And when he lifted her ankles up and thrust her legs back over her head she could only shudder and moan.

Now with his powerful hands on her ankles, her bottom turned up, her knees jammed over her shoulders, he rose above her like - like a god, she thought, and his hips really began to work, his thick, throbbing cock sliding fast and steady between the straining lips of her moist, aching sex. Again and again and again he drove himself into the depths of her heaving belly, making her grunt in dazed pleasure - and pain - and forcing another hot, steamy gush of heat through her overawed body.

He was doing her so bloody good, she thought weakly, doing her like she'd never been done before, like she had only imagined being done. He was so powerful, so commanding, so beautiful, so amazing! It embarrassed her, and made her feel utterly inadequate that she could not be the accomplished lover she knew he deserved. All she

could do was lay there grunting and moaning as he turned her inside out.

Hamilton clenched his teeth to restrain himself. The girl had a deliciously tight, firm little body, better than he'd hoped. He was utterly delighted by her responsiveness, and excited by it as well.

For Hamilton had known many, many girls and women in his life. They were never hard to get. The joy for him was in his mastering of them, and this one was so fresh, so awed, so easily dominated! The ease with which he made her writhe and buck and cry out in passion made him feel arrogant and proud.

He felt no affection for her, however, as he looked down at her slack jawed face, her eyes slitted and glassy. He felt instead a sense of proud mastery, of conquest, of domination. And he felt contempt for her, a sly, superior contempt as he demonstrated his abilities to her and blew her tiny mind away with his proficiency. He felt a tremendous sense of machismo, of arrogant mastery as he battered the girl's body beneath him.

And in truth, that was what he was doing. He felt a sort of sadistic pleasure in it, too, as he drove his cock deep into the slender young girl's belly, as he pounded himself against the end of her sex, and hammered his hips against her thighs and upraised buttocks. He knew he was hurting her, and the fact she was so blown away by his sexual abilities she couldn't even get her mind together enough to protest excited him. He felt arrogant and haughty and superior and powerful.

He was his, this common little bitch, to do with as he chose, like the superior specimen of humanity he was, like a king of old, like a noble chief making free with the body of this insolent young peasant.

She would remember this, all right, the little slut! He knew he put to shame whatever fumbling young callow boys she'd had between her legs before. And that he was ruining her for whichever others came after them. She would know what a real lover was capable of because he was showing her.

But love was certainly not any part of what he felt for Chloe Stevens.

Chapter Two

It would not be entirely correct to say that their relationship changed after that evening. That is to say, Chloe found that Mr. Hamilton behaved no differently, for the most part, than he previously had. He worked hard and worked her hard. He tolerated no inefficiencies, and rewarded her as he had before, with smiles of approval, warm words, and gentle squeezes and hugs.

He left no openings for her to personalize their relationship, and brusquely cut her off when she attempted to. Nevertheless, Chloe was a young woman, and she saw things in his glances, in his eyes, heard things in his voice that spoke of his affection for her, even his love. His demeanour was only that of a proper gentleman who was married.

Her great fear was that he considered what had happened between them a tremendous mistake. And she sought to reassure him that she ascribed no great significance to it. She knew he was married and expected nothing from him.

That wasn't at all true, of course, for her mind was filled with fantasies of him leaving his wife, of him professing his love for her, of them touring Europe, flying around the world, of an enormous wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral. Intellectually, she knew that was all so much rubbish, but her emotions raced freely.

And, of course, that single night was repeated not too many days further, when she affectionately caressed his shoulder one evening as he sat at his desk. She yelped, startled, as he turned so quickly, grabbed her wrists in a move which hurt, then yanked her around and across his lap, holding her against him as he kissed her passionately.

As before, she melted against him, moaning and squirming in his lap as her tongue rose to meet his. Her heart soared as she hugged him to her, revelling in her love for him. As before, his fingers mastered her easily, and her legs were soon spread, her panties gone, her back arching as she came and came, head hanging over the side of his chair as she gurgled in ecstasy.

It was truly amazing, Hamilton mused, looking down at the girl's face, watching curiously as she came. She was so bloody easy! He had her across his lap, her legs spread, his fingers buried between her legs. He was doing almost nothing! But she was out of control. He felt a surge of excitement at his power and mastery - and contempt for her weakness.

He lifted her in his arms, set her down roughly, then shoved her across his desk. He unzipped, spread her legs roughly, then entered her, driving his hard, thick cock deep into the young girl's belly in a single, deep thrust.

"Hunggh!" she cried, her head jerking up and back.

He seized her hair, so soft and thick, and yanked on it as he rammed himself forward. He let his body come down on her, his elbows on the desk bracketing her as he bit into the nape of her neck and began to work his hips in and out.

Again he felt a carnal sense of male mastery and power as he mounted this attractive, sexy young female. He didn't even have to be very careful. She was not one of the sleek, experienced, sophisticated young women he'd bedded in the past. In comparison to them she was like a savage impressed by cheap trinkets and baubles.

He rode her hard and fast and deep, and only when he sensed her pain was beginning to make itself known did he slide a hand under her belly and finger her clit so that she once again began to melt into the sexual pleasure of his carnal attack.

After that second session, however, Hamilton sensed things beginning to go wrong. The girl smiled at him too much, even around visitors. Her voice lost that clipped, businesslike tone and took on one of affection and intimacy. He upbraided her for this, but she simply turned her silly cow eyes on him and smiled as if she knew he didn't mean it.

She wasn't the first girl to have a crush on him, of course. There had been far too many over the years to even count. But she lacked that sense of sophistication most had, and thus the ability to appear completely uncaring and cold around him, despite her absurd romantic notions.

Even Joshua Foster, a ham handed solicitor not particularly noted for his observational skills noticed it.

"So how long have you been bedding that one?" he asked wryly after Chloe had closed the door on them.

Hamilton made a disgusted face and Foster laughed.

"She's just a bit of fluff," he said, "a replacement for Emily."

"In more ways than one, I wager."

"I'll speak to her. Though I have already."

Foster shook his head. "I'm rather surprised at you, old boy. "Not that she's not a pretty little bauble, but not quite up to your usual."

"It's not like I intend to take her to the club," Hamilton said defensively.

"Well, you'd best take her somewhere before Deborah shows up."

"Deborah and I have an understanding," Hamilton said.

But there was no confidence in the statement. Yes, indeed, they had an arrangement. But that arrangement included his discretion, and this silly little cow was not being at all discrete. Further, he could only imagine her smirk of contempt that he had lowered himself to such a grubby little thing, a common office girl.

It really was rather tawdry, he thought glumly.

"You'd best get rid of her," Foster said. "Before someone else notices."

"That's - not that easy," he said.

Foster raised an eyebrow. "She's nobody?"

"Well, true, but - the thing is I hired her as a favour to Olivia. Her mother was Olivia's nanny, you see."

"Oho, now that was quite foolish, old boy."

"I don't think she really knows Olivia," Hamilton said.

But he had little confidence in the words. The girls had played together years ago, on occasions when Chloe's mother had brought her over. They were of an age, only a year apart, and had seen each other intermittently until they were about ten or eleven. He knew Olivia had had lunch with her before persuading him to hire the girl.

"You don't want Olivia to find out you've been fucking her little friend," Foster said.

Hamilton glared at him. "They're not friends. "Really, Joshua. What do you imagine Olivia would have in common with the girl?"

Foster shrugged. "Who knows with young girls."

He would have to explain to Olivia if he fired the girl, though. And he certainly couldn't tell her the truth. Nor could he really say the girl was incompetent. He had never lied to his children. And didn't intend to start over something as tacky as this.

But something would have to be done. Else the girl would start thinking she meant something to him, start wanting to go places, to do things. He was an experienced man, and knew full well what young girls were like.

"So get her to quit."

Hamilton raised his eyebrows.

"Look. Girls fall easily into love, and easily out again. Simply be unpleasant."

"Me?" Hamilton smirked.

Foster chuckled. "Play the part of the old pervert. Make her do disgusting things. She'll soon run from you."

Hamilton laughed at the notion, but there was a part of him which purred at the thought. For he had been mulling over in his mind just how responsive and wide-eyed the girl was, at just how overpowering he could be. What could he get the little tart to do? And like while doing it!?

That was something he had never tried. After all, a small misstep would drive a lover away. Only this time that was precisely what he wanted. So where was the risk?

Chloe was at the photocopy machine when Hamilton came up behind her. She initially started to turn and smile then yelped as his hand slapped her bottom. She jumped, grabbing her buttocks as he scowled at her.

"You were supposed to double check the spelling and punctuation on that letter to Halswell," he said.

"Oh uhm, I didn't get around to it, Mr. Hamilton," she said.

He scowled and walked back into his office, and Chloe rubbed her bottom, somewhat bemused. Of course it wasn't proper for an employer to slap his employee's bottom, but then again their relationship was not exactly strictly professional.

Over the following days Mr. Hamilton became extremely demanding, and Chloe felt her bottom slapped more than once for alleged failings. Yet even as he was becoming demanding he was otherwise curt and standoffish, and spoke to her very little. He was also quite haughty when speaking to her.

But she struggled even more earnestly to do a perfect job for him, and to rush to his voice whenever he called upon her.

"Miss Stevens," he called, his voice heavy with disapproval.

Chloe hurried to the door and inside, anxious to see what he had found wrong this time. In his hands was a letter of some sort, and she stopped before his desk, back straight (he had upbraided her several times for slouching), and hands behind her back.

"Would you examine this letter, please? You gave it to me to sign."

She reached for it and inhaled sharply as she realized she had given him the letter he had originally dictated to her, complete with handwritten changes she'd intended to retype. Somehow with her heavy workload she had given him that to sign and have sent out rather than the retyped, cleaned up one.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "I can't imagine how I gave you that instead of the edited one."

"Sorry is not sufficient, Miss Stevens," he said, frowning. "I think you need to keep your mind more on your work."

"I - I do try, Mr. Hamilton," she gulped.

“Perhaps you need something to help you try harder. Come around the desk.”

She walked around the desk anxiously, and he pushed his chair back somewhat.

“Place yourself across my lap.”

Chloe’s eyes widened, and her mind was suddenly filled with confusion. It had seemed to her as though he had been attempting to distance himself from her, and she had been despairing for some days because of that. But now - now, if he was using this as a pretext for - well, for some naughty business - . Her heart leapt.

She stepped closer, and then, somewhat embarrassed, bent forward to lay across his lap. He seized her wrist roughly and yanked her forward, then used his other hand to grip her hip and settle her more comfortably across his lap, her bottom up, and her head hanging over the side of the chair.

“Young girls these days simply have no discipline,” he said.

And with that he tugged her skirt up, and then pulled her panties down.

Chloe’s face turned crimson, and she gulped, wide-eyed, staring at the floor, then jerked and yelped as his hand struck her bare bottom. Then again, then again. The blows were measured, and stung, and she was not a girl accustomed to pain. She flinched and gasped and jerked to each blow, and as the blows continued to land her bottom became quite warm, and then hot.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Ohh!”

“Silly little tart,” he said. “I expect better service from you.”

And he continued spanking her, and as the pain mounted tears began to fill Chloe’s eyes, and a few dripped onto her glasses, so that her vision became blurry. But she would not think of protesting or resisting, for this was the most attention he had paid to her all week, and in a bizarre way it at least seemed to confirm that their relationship was much more personal than merely that of an employer and his employee.

At last the spanking halted, and she panted weakly, sniffing.

“You will be more careful in the future, I trust, Miss Stevens.”

“Y-Y-Yes, Mr. Hamilton,” she sniffled.

His finger traced the line of her sex, and she jerked and gasped.

“Because I have very high standards, as you should appreciate.”

His finger rubbed lightly against her clitoris.

“Yes, sir,” she panted.

“And I cannot accept sloppy work from anyone.”

Chloe moaned as his finger eased between the lips of her sex and sawed lightly back and forth. Almost instantly she felt a surge of excitement and anticipation, and her legs eased further apart as he continued to rub at her clit.

“I trust you are sorry I was forced to undertake this action, Miss Stevens.”

“I-I-I a-am,” she gulped.

The heat within her began to rise to match that of her throbbing bottom, and she moaned as she felt herself penetrated, felt his long finger thrust into her to the knuckle.

“Oh!”

He twisted the finger about, then added a second, then a third, all the while stroking his other finger across her clitoris.

His other hand slid along her back, then around her ribs, roughly kneading her breast through her thin blouse.

Chloe moaned, her eyes slitting, her bottom rolling up and back to meet his stroking fingers. And then, suddenly, the climax burst within her and her hips began to rock more violently as she gurgled in pleasure.

And that was it. He coolly pulled her off his lap, had her pull up her panties, and sent her away, sternly resisting any attempt to engage him in conversation or to continue what he had started.

Disappointed and confused, Chloe went back into the outer office, rubbing her bottom.

Over the following days things continued much the same, and she often felt his hand cracking across her bottom for things which she had allegedly done incorrectly.

And then came another spanking. This time for making an appointment at the wrong time. Chloe could not understand how she'd done that. She'd been most careful of late, but there was no denying the appointment was scheduled improperly. Again she had to lay across his belly and accept a bare bottom spanking.

Like the first, it was quite embarrassing, at first, and painful, but it ended the same way, with her feet jerking and her eyes rolling back in her head as he masturbated her to a climax. This time, however, he turned her over on his lap halfway through the masturbating, and then kissed her as he did so. Of course, he was also holding her hair tightly, forcing her head back, but still, it was more - well, personal.

For the third spanking, again over something she could hardly believe she'd done, which was misplace a file, he ordered her to strip completely, which excited her considerably. But he was just as cool to her, and the spanking made her bottom just as hot. He caressed and kneaded her bare breasts, as he spanked her, however, and began masturbating her before finishing, interspersing the spanks with careful fingering so that she climaxed even as his hand cracked down against her aching bottom.

It was past seven. The day had been exhausting, as Hamilton had given her job after job to do, all of them urgent. He had refused to let her go to lunch, nor to get anything to drink, nor to have anything to snack on until she could get dinner. Her stomach was rumbling, and had been for some time, and she had almost come to resent his high handedness.

She had done all the chores, and gladly. And it all seemed worth it when he came up to her at the table where she was working the printer and put his arm around her waist, hugging her to him.

"I'd be helpless without you, my dear," he said in his soft, rich voice.

Chloe felt her insides turning to mush, and tried to work herself deeper under his arm.

His hand slipped off her hip, though, and down onto her bottom, squeezing and kneading her buttocks through her thin dress trousers.

"You should wear skirts more," he said.

"I-I don't have many yet," she said a trifle breathlessly. "I'm trying to buy more but - ."

"Well, perhaps we can work out a small clothing allowance for you," he said. "You represent the firm, after all, or more importantly, you represent me."

She giggled slightly, not sure if he was joking.

Then she was pulled in against him, and gave herself willingly to him as he crushed his lips against hers. She gasped as he gripped her hair, pulling her head back somewhat roughly, and then ran his tongue and lips down her exposed throat.

Yet she did not resent his roughness at all. Instead she thrilled to his mastery, his strength, his power.

He undid the buttons of her blouse, and shoved it back over her shoulders, then undid her trousers and yanked the zipper down. He swung her about, undoing her bra, then forcefully bending her over the table as he yanked down her trousers and thong.

But then he stopped. And she turned her head to look around. He gripped her hair and forced her face back forward.

“Don’t move,” he said.

He let go of her hair and she held still, breasts pillowed against the cool wood, chest rising and falling somewhat rapidly.

“Spread your legs more.”

The words sent a hot jolt of excitement up her spine, and she obeyed, raising her bottom, spreading her legs, exposing herself to him in quite a nasty, wicked way.

“Raise your arse higher, slut,” he said.

His voice was a dark, deep purr that made her gasp. Yet it was so obviously a put-on voice, a play-acting kind of voice, that she knew he did not mean those rude words. At the same time the words themselves made her belly quiver and squirm with excitement.

She obeyed, her bottom high and pushed out, her legs straight and spread wide. She felt his hands caress her bottom and turned only to get a short smack to the head. It did not hurt at all, but did startle her.

“I said don’t look around.”

She obeyed, looking towards the walls, but all her attention was on his hands as they glided over her soft, taut flesh, and then - down.

She inhaled deeply as he palmed her sex.

“You belong to me, little slut,” he purred. “Don’t you.”

“Y-yes, Mr. Hamilton,” she said, her voice quivering with excitement.

“So you will obey any instructions I give you.”

“Y-yes!”

“I want you to shave your pussy so it is utterly bare. Do you understand? I want to see your beautiful little sex without anything in the way. I want to feel it against my fingers, against my mouth - “.

He leaned over her, gripping her hair, yanking her head up and back so that she yelped in pain.

“Against my cock,” he purred, his lips next to her ear as he held her head positioned forward. “Will you obey me, my lovely little slut?”

“Y-Yes, Mr. Hamilton!” she panted.

He released her hair, but Chloe continued to look forward, chin on her arms as she felt his hot breath move down along her spine. Then he was kneeling behind her, his hands gripping her inner thighs, his fingers pressing against her buttocks, his thumbs pushing in against the lips of her sex, spreading them apart. She felt his hot breath on her inner sex and moaned softly, gulping in air.

“What a lovely little cunt,” he said.

Again the words were shocking, so unlike him, so foreign coming from him. They embarrassed her, and simultaneously excited her.

She felt his fingers trace her sex lips, then massage the mouth of her opening. She moaned, fighting to keep her hips still as they slowly penetrated her, pushing deep, pumping lightly in and out.

“How wet you are, my little slut,” he said.

His tongue then moved firmly up across her clitoris in a long, slow, lick that raised her onto the tips of her toes and made her insides churn with pleasure.

“Ohhh!” she groaned.

“I bought you a present, my dear,” he said. “It’s a present for a hot, nasty, randy little tart. Would you like it?”

“Y-Yes!” she gulped.

“I rather thought you would.”

She felt something else against her sex as his fingers withdrew, something hard and cool, yet textured. She could not identify it as it pushed against her opening. She felt it dip inside, withdraw, then push forward again. There was strong pressure against the lips of her sex, forcing them in and back, and then the thing slid into her, slowly, unevenly. She felt him pull it back, then push it forward, and was afraid to turn to look.

At first she had expected his cock. But the thing pushing into her didn’t feel like a cock. It wasn’t warm enough, nor quite soft enough. And it seemed to have strong ridges that scraped across her straining pussy lips. It pushed quite deep, twisted, and began to pump slowly in and out.

“Can you guess what it is, you nasty little tart?”

“I-I - n-no!”

He chuckled throatily, and Chloe felt a thrill at how he was playing wit her, involving himself with her. The two previous times he had barely spoken to her, simply used her. True, he had driven her half mad with pleasure, and been simultaneously rough and gentle. But there had been little speaking.

“Oh!” she gasped as the thing jammed into the bottom of her pussy.

It turned and twisted and pumped, then pulled out entirely. Again he leaned over her, gripping her soft, rich hair, forcing her head up and back. And now she saw the thing as he held it before her. It looked like - like a cock, and she knew it was a dildo, a big one. She gasped, wide-eyed, to see it, glistening with her juices.

“Do you see how wet it is, my dear?” he purred. “Do you know why?”

Chloe couldn’t speak, and could only stare, shocked, enraptured as he pushed the thing forward. It was carved exactly like a penis, with a thick, helmet shaped head, and thick ridges meant to represent veins. He pushed the head against her open mouth, and then, before she could understand, inside.

“Suck,” he growled

It was made of some sort of stiffened latex or silicone. It was soft, but not bendable. The head jammed into the inside of one cheek, and crushed her tongue down. Chloe tasted her own juices with considerable astonishment, not knowing how to react. A part of her mind was squirming with distaste at having something in her mouth which had so recently been inside - her.

But another part was thrilled by this kinky, lewd, and very - well - adult sort of game playing Hamilton was engaging her with. And she desperately wanted to seem his equal, or at least capable of joining him on his lewd flight of fancy. And so she closed her lips around it, pretending to suck as she would on his cock, imagining it was him as he pumped it slowly in and out.

“Do you like the taste of it, my dear?” he asked, his voice so soft in her ear. “Drink it down. It is the taste of your own arousal, your own heat. Lick it. Show me your lovely tongue, my dear.”

He pulled the latex cock out and she licked it, rolling her eyes back at him, gasping as his fingers tightened in her hair, moaning weakly as he rubbed the saliva coated latex cock over her lips and cheeks and then pushed it back into her mouth.

“How deep can you take it, little girl?” he purred, his voice and words both a

challenge to her.

He pushed the head deep and she gagged and jerked against his grasp. He chuckled in response, easing it back.

“Not very,” he said, his voice heavy with contempt.

He pushed it forward again and she tried to take it deeper, but gagged once again.

“You can only take it back - here!” he shouted, swiftly pulling the dildo free and then thrusting it painfully deep into her quivering belly.

“Uhggh!” she cried.

She felt him twisting it from side to side within her sex, then pumping it in and out, slowly, but forcefully. He was still holding her hair, keeping her head up and back as he used the dildo on her. She was gasping and panting for breath, confused by this strange, kinky sexual ride, and trying frantically not to fall off.

He began to spank her bottom now as he used the dildo on her, and she moaned and gasped and jerked at the stinging blows. But her arousal was high, and she was becoming used to having her bottom spanked. She shuddered and moaned and gasped as he pumped and slapped, pumped and slapped.

She was nearly ready to come when he buried the dildo within her and then stopped. He drew back with a smile and after a long moment lacking his touch she dared to turn her head. She saw he had stepped back a few feet.

Chapter Three

Hamilton looked at her, his face cool.

“Get on all fours,” he ordered.

He was so handsome, so exciting, so - !

She sank to her knees before him, then, a little uncertainly, dropped to all fours.

“Come to me,” he ordered.

A thrill of excitement ran through her belly, and she crawled the few feet to him. She looked up to see him rubbing his groin and nodding at her, and she rose up, still on her knees, of course, and undid his belt. She opened his trousers and let them drop, then tugged down his boxer shorts and felt another hot little thrill as his cock sprang free.

It was hard and firm, and she knew it was that way because of her. She took it into her hands and rubbed the head over her lips, just as he had done with the dildo - the dildo still buried snugly inside her.

She licked at the head, then around it, then took it slowly into her mouth. She sucked softly on it, taking it deeper and deeper, moaning around it as she massaged his testes, and rubbed his groin. He stood there, hands on his sides, like a God, she thought, staring down at her as she serviced him.

She began to bob her lips up and down his shaft, taking it deep each time, deep enough to almost gag, to choke a bit, and feeling inadequate as she did. She needed to learn how to deep throat! She was determined that she would find out how to control her gag reflex as soon as possible. When she next took him into her mouth his eyes would widen with appreciation and his lips would turn into a smile as he saw what she could do!

She bobbed her lips harder, sucking and licking as he looked down on her, and felt a surge of pleasure when he finally drew his hands away from his sides and set them on her head. His fingers combed gently through her hair as she sucked, encouraging her to take him even deeper. Again she gagged weakly, pulling back.

He pushed back on her head and she looked up at him, gasping, panting.

“I want you to do something for me, Miss Stevens,” he said. “I want you to crawl over there to the desk. Can you do that?”

Why - ?

Chloe blinked at him in confusion, then looked at the desk. He wanted her to crawl there? Whatever for?!

But she could certainly do it, and would. She dropped onto all fours, feeling another kinky little thrill sweep through her belly. Then, looking uncertainly over her shoulder, she turned and began to crawl across the polished wood floor. She felt a shudder as she realized he was watching her, watching her crawl.

She crawled across to the desk, then paused and turned, watching him.

“Now crawl to the door,” he said.

Again she was confused, but still felt some understanding, an almost subconscious realization that he was trying to see how far she would go, how much she would obey him, how - how dedicated she was.

But there was more. For crawling was - well, degrading, and crawling naked, that was just simply nasty! But it was nasty in an exciting, wicked way, and so she turned and crawled to the door, across the antique rug, his eyes on her.

“Keep your bottom high,” he ordered.

She felt a shiver run through her.

“Now crawl to me.”

Chloe obeyed, crawling back slowly, feeling embarrassed, nasty, and excited.

“Turn around again and show me your bottom.”

Again she felt that sense of embarrassment, degraded, but horridly excited. She turned as he had ordered, and he stepped back a pace.

“Now shift your knees further apart. Raise your bottom. Lower your chest to the floor and spread your arms out to either side.”

Confused, but obedient, Chloe did as she was bade, pressing her breasts against the floor, grunting as she tilted her chin back and spread her arms out to either side. It was so wicked to be kneeling like this! He must be staring right into her!

Except, of course, that she still had the dildo inside her, most of it, and so he would be seeing it sticking out between her puss lips. That was even more nasty, more wicked, and she shuddered softly as she held her position.

“Don’t move,” he ordered.

He moved away from her, picked up a straight-backed chair, and brought it back to sit it down just behind her. Then he sat down and leaned forward. She felt his finger tracing the shaft of the plastic cock where it stuck out of her. Then he took it and began to work it in and out, slowly, but firmly, thrusting it deep.

She grunted and gasped as he used it on her. The feel of it sliding in and out was just like - well - just like being done, like being ridden by a man - sort of. But it was nastier! Moreover he had positioned his hand on the base of the dildo so that his index and middle fingers were on the underside. Each time he thrust it deep they stroked directly across her clitoris.

It was impossible to keep still, to keep quiet. Her breathing became more ragged as the heat inside her mounted. Her bottom was raised high, and her hips began to jerk back instinctively as she rode the dildo. That made the tip jam even more deeply and more harshly against the deepest part of her pussy, but she didn’t care.

He slapped her bottom, and again, and again, slow, measured slaps that sent a stinging sharp pain vibrating through her body. She flinched and jerked to each one, but her body continued to rock to the pleasure of the steady pumping, her jaw slack, drool slowly dripping from her lower lip. Her eyes were glassy and she was gasping and grunting with every deep thrust.

He pulled it free entirely, and rubbed the head up and down along her glistening sex.

“Do you want it? Do you?”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I-I want it!”

He slapped her bottom sharply, stingingly.

“What do you want, you nasty little tart?”

“I-I want the - I want you to put it inside me!” she gasped.

Another slap to her bottom. “Put what inside you, slut?”

“The - the cock!” she gasped. “The dildo!”

“Where do you want it, slut?”

“I-In my pussy!”

Another slap stung her bottom.

“Beg for it.”

“I-I - please put it in my pussy!”

“Sir or Mr. Hamilton,” he chided.

“Please put it in my pussy, Mr. Hamilton!” she groaned.

She felt the head slowly slide into her, then stop. She moaned, pushing her bottom back, but the dildo didn’t move.

“Do you want more, you nasty little girl?”

“Please do me with it!” she moaned.

“Do you? Whatever could you mean?”

“Fuck me!”

Another sharp slap to her bottom made her wince and yelp.

“Beg, little slut. Don’t give orders.”

“Please fuck me with the dildo, Mr. Hamilton!” she cried.

Chloe could hardly believe she was saying such things! It astonished her and struck a deep chord within her mind.

The dildo began to move, slowly.

“Faster! Oh please fuck me faster, Mr. Hamilton!” she cried in passion.

And he did, and it hurt. The nose of the dildo punched into the very deepest part of her pussy with every sharp thrust, but she could not bare to have him slow, to have it ease off. It pumped in and out hard and fast, and his fingers stroked hard across her clit so that a near continuous flood of sensual heat poured through her already overheated body.

Chloe stared at the floor in front of her, feeling the cool wood against her breasts, feeling the dildo pumping violently inside her. Oh God! This was so nasty! So dirty! So - exciting!

Chloe came with a gurgling cry of passion, her face torn into a mask that looked like agony, her eyes closed. Her entire body rocked to the hard thumping inside her, to the rough sawing of the dildo back and forth between her pussy lips, to the heavy stroking of his fingers across her clitoris.

A powerful stormwave of sexual pleasure and heat ripped through her nervous system, sending nerve endings snapping and muscles spasming. The world seemed to fade away as she was wrapped with the intensity of the pleasure coursing through her veins, and nothing else seemed to matter for long, long seconds.

She wanted to sag to the floor, but he slapped her bottom, pushing the dildo deep, placing his palm against its base and holding it in place, the nose jammed against the deepest part of her sex.

“Hold yourself in that position,” he ordered.

And then he moved around in front of her. He carefully placed his knees down on her arms to pin them in place, then gripped her hair in a thick mass and used it to pull her head up somewhat.

“If you are to remain with me and this relationship is to progress any further you will have to learn something which I consider to be quite basic for a woman who services men,” he said. “You will have to learn how to properly take my cock into your throat.

Chloe, still panting from the orgasm, her mind somewhat fuzzy, could only stare, slack jawed.

“I have kept you from eating for a reason, Miss Stevens. I have ensured there is no food or drink in your stomach. I have done that in order to teach you what you should have learned by now, what all young women should be taught.”

With his knees wide, he pushed his cock into her open mouth ,and she closed her lips around it, moaning, sucking weakly.

He began to thrust in and out smoothly, jabbing the head against the inside of her cheeks, sliding it along her tongue and the roof of her mouth. He pushed it deep enough for her to gag several times, but always withdrew.

“You must imagine you are swallowing food,” he said. “You must demonstrate that you can control your gag reflex. You are not choking, as your body imagines, but performing service to your master. Now swallow me as I push forward. Do not resist.

His soft, spongy head pushed into the back of her mouth and then right through into her throat. Chloe’s eyes bulged and she gagged as it slid deeper. Her arms jerked there on the floor, and her head jerked against his grasp, but he had her firmly pinned in place, and his cock slid right down her throat.

Chloe found her face jammed into his groin, her throat burning, fighting desperately against the urge to throw up. He held himself there, unmoving, and after a bit she seemed to gain some control over herself. Then he pulled smoothly back and she coughed violently, gasping for breath as saliva spilled out over her lower lip.

Her stomach rolled, and her throat ached, but she felt a tremendous sense of victory, amazed that she had taken a man’s cock right down her throat! And Mr. Hamilton had a big one, too. Wait until the girls heard!

But of course, that was merely the beginning. She had to endure having his big cock thrust down her throat again, and then again, and then again, each time gagging and coughing and fighting her stomach.

It did get easier, but it was by no means a pleasant experience.

And perhaps sensing that, Mr. Hamilton stopped.

“We will reposition you,” he said.

He pulled the girl to her feet, and held her steady as she staggered, gasping, panting, sweating, and wiping her face with her arm.

He led her to a heavy, solid, high-backed chair and bent her over the back, then took a length of soft rope from his desk drawer. Chloe watched in considerable amazement as he wrapped it around one wrist and tied it tight.

“It is a natural urge to jerk back when something goes into your throat,” he said. “This is merely a teaching aid. It will prevent you from pulling away.”

“I-I won’t,” she said, her voice somewhat rough.

“You will. You have not got the control yet to keep yourself in place.”

He pulled the rope downwards and slid it around one leg of the chair, then underneath and up the other side. He took her other wrist and bound it there as well, then, for good measure, fed the rope behind the chair and bound her ankles to the rear. He pumped the dildo in her pussy, fingering her clitoris until she was once again moaning in pleasure.

Then he moved in front of the chair, pulled her head up by the hair, and thrust himself into her mouth again. She moaned and sucked and licked at it, rolling her eyes up, and then he thrust himself straight down her throat.

He had been right about the urge to pull back, and she jerked in her bonds helplessly as his cock slid down her throat. She coughed and gagged weakly as he buried

every last inch in her mouth and jammed her nose against his groin. Her body trembled and shook and her arms and legs pulled fitfully against the ropes.

He pulled back, letting her catch her breath, watching her cough and gasp and moan, then drove himself down her throat again, and again, and again, relentless, untiring, wearing down her gag reflex until he could actually pump his cock in and out.

“Do you see how easy that is, Miss Stevens?” he asked in a satisfied voice.

It hadn't at all been easy, she thought, somewhat indignant. It had been easy for him, of course, but it had been quite an ordeal for her to gag and cough and choke repeatedly as he forced his cock into her throat. And she was still moaning weakly as he worked it in and out.

He was fucking her mouth as though it were her pussy, and she wished he would use his big cock on her pussy instead. As if he understood her thought he reached forward with his free hand and began to use the dildo on her, pumping it in and out.

“With a little effort, Miss Stevens,” he said, pumping himself in deep strokes, “You might make a reasonably adequate secretary.”

Chloe finished rinsing and spat the water into her sink, then straightened, staring at herself in the small, dim mirror. Her throat ached, and she ached inside, as well, where he had rammed that bloody dildo into her.

She wore a t-shirt and shorts, her typical bedtime wear. The flat was small and not particularly pretty. The mirror was cracked, and the paint was peeling on the walls. She brushed her hair back and took a deep breath, then turned and left the small toilet.

She felt soiled.

What she and Mr. Hamilton had done today was - dirty. She did feel a sense of accomplishment and even sophistication at having deep throated him, at having learned how. That was something she could take pride in. But the rest was - confusing to her. The way he treated her was often brusque and cold.

Of course he was much older, and much more sophisticated, and from that cold, upper class background, but she knew he was capable of softness, for he did occasionally hug her and stroke her and talk kindly to her. He had even done it that day, when he wasn't coldly and roughly using her body as his sex toy.

She sat on the edge of the old-fashioned clawed tub, and ran the water, soaping up her pussy, and then carefully shaved away all the hair she had there. That was an interesting experience in itself, and she felt very odd doing it, and even odder when it was done.

She ran her fingers over her sex, searching for any stray hair or stubble, and wondered at the mechanics of maintaining herself hairless. She wasn't sure she liked the look. She looked so - so naked now, so obvious. Perhaps that was what he wanted. But it still made her feel more like a girl, and she did not want to feel younger now, but older.

She slid into her single bed and pulled over the sheets, and let herself imagine what it would be like to be Mrs. Hamilton, wearing expensive gowns and outfits, living in a huge, fancy house, going around to fancy shops and restaurants and attending plays.

She was sure he didn't treat the present Mrs. Hamilton with such disdain and force. The woman wouldn't have stood for it. Of course, no doubt he had more respect for an intelligent, well-bred, well educated wife than he did, well, some common girl at the office. But if she were Mrs. Hamilton - then things would change.

Yes, she was certain she saw his affection for her in many of the things he did, in his touch and voice. But he was hiding it, of obviously, trying to tell himself that this was merely a physical relationship. In a way, she respected him for that. She also felt both guilty and oddly excited at being an adulteress. Fancy her being an adulteress!

But obviously his wife wasn't giving him what he needed, and so it was hardly Chloe's fault he had turned to someone else.

And so she lay there, nursing her sore insides, and sore throat, and somewhat soiled feeling, and imagined how she could make him hers and hers alone.

Chapter Four

When Chloe got to work the next morning there were several boxes on her desk. They were not file boxes but packages from Selfridges! She looked across the office at his closed door, then at the corridor door behind her, feeling a sudden sense of excitement.

He had bought her something!

Or - or perhaps not. What if they were for his wife or daughter. She could be humiliated if she thought otherwise.

She examined the top package, easing open the box. It was a pair of black high heels, very nice ones! The heels were a trifle high, but the shoes themselves were beautiful! She eased a shoe out and felt a hot little quiver run through her belly. It was her size!

Hadn't he said something about her needing better clothes? Hadn't he hinted he might help her out there? Or was this payment for - for, no that would be simply too tacky, too much like taking money in exchange for - for having sex with him.

She fought back such thoughts and crossed to the inner door, knocking and waiting, as she had come to do, for him to call to her.

"Come," she heard faintly.

She opened the door and stood just within. He was at his desk.

"Good morning - Mr. Hamilton," she said, quite correctly.

"Good morning, Miss Stevens."

"Uhm, there are some packages on my desk."

"Yes, put them on. You'll look more respectable, and thus reflect better on me," he said, not even looking up from his desk.

"Yes, sir," she said.

She hesitated, but he still didn't look up. She withdrew, closing the door, her heart pounding excitedly.

She hurried back to the desk, eagerly pushing aside the top box and opening the next. She inhaled sharply as she drew out a fine, dark blue suit jacket. Beneath was a matching skirt. Both were far finer than any clothing she was sure she had ever owned, and must, she was certain, have cost quite a bit.

Should she accept such an expensive present? Then again, how could she refuse? He was quite correct in that she did not dress up as well as some of the other girls. She hadn't the money for that. And a man like Alexander Hamilton certainly shouldn't have a poor looking girl greeting visitors - however few.

She eagerly opened the next box. It held a shimmering silk blouse palest white.

And then, quite eager, the final box, blocky as it was. She scooped off the top and - stared.

What on earth - ?!

It was a sort of - belt, of pvc leather. No, not a belt exactly. It was T-shaped. And the lower part had two odd appendages of soft leather around - around something. She honestly didn't understand it at first, staring in bewilderment. She closed the belt at the buckle. But it was an odd buckle, with two tongues, one sideways, as usual, and the other up and down. There was - .

Her face went crimson and her mouth dropped open as she lifted up the lower part of the belt, and held the tongue against the buckle. Now she understood. She tried to convince herself she was mistaken, but it seemed quite apparent now.

The horizontal belt went round her waist. That was obvious. The vertical part went down between her buttocks and then between her legs, and up in front.

On the bottom of the latter was what could only be described as a dildo, leather wrapped around some kind of padding inside, silicon, perhaps, something with give. An inch or two away was a fat, short, mushroom like attachment which apparently went into her - bottom!

Surely he didn't mean for her to wear this!?

She closed her fingers around the longer - appendage, staring at it in disbelief. She could not wear such a thing! At least, not at the office!

She looked past it to the open box, which held something else. Another object in gleaming black leather. She picked it up. It was a sort of harness, a halter with a multitude of straps across its back. The front was - bizarre. There were two rounded openings which could only be for her breasts!

Chloe could only shake her head. She'd never encountered such gear. No doubt this was for "after", for their little get-together when everyone else was gone. Still, it was quite perverse.

She put it away, and then took her packages to the large toilet attached to the outer office and swiftly changed, eagerly stripping to her lingerie and pulling on the soft blouse, skirt and jacket, then stepping into the shoes.

The jacket fit her like a second skin. The skirt was tight, and surprisingly short. Not that it was a mini, of course, but it was well above the knee. She examined herself in the big golden bordered mirror which sat on the wall next to several visitors chairs, quite impressed with herself. She looked wonderfully efficient, businesslike and - well, rich.

She brushed her hair eagerly, then found an excuse to go in and see him. She knocked, as usual.

"Come."

She walked in, carrying the mail, smiling broadly as she moved carefully across the floor in the unfamiliar shoes. He looked up at last, his eyes skimming up and down her as she approached.

"You look much more respectable now," he said.

"They're beautiful!" she blurted.

"They are simply articles of clothing appropriate to an office," he said.

"Thank you," she said with a smile.

"Let me see what's underneath."

She felt a stab of tightness in her chest, tightness and excitement.

"Underneath?"

"Lift your skirt," he said bluntly.

She glanced back at the door, but no one would dare enter his outer office without knocking, much less the inner. She reached down and gripped the hem of the sleek skirt and slid it slowly upwards to reveal her red thong panties.

He frowned, and she realized with a certainty that he had indeed expected her to don those leather things.

"Where are the other items?"

"I-I didn't think you meant me to wear them - now."

"I did. Go back and put them on."

She nodded jerkily and turned quickly around, returning to her outer office. Her heart was beating more quickly as she pulled open the other box again and gazed at the things inside. The thought of wearing them at all was daunting, but wearing them at the office felt quite perverted.

But if that was what he wanted - .

She returned to the toilet. She stripped off her skirt first. Then picked up the odd belt, considering how it could be gotten on. First she wrapped it around her waist and buckled it, then drew the lower part down between her legs. But while she could place the - the back thing against her anal opening, the - the front part - was angled too sharply for comfortable entrance to her pussy.

So she unbuckled it, realizing only as she did that she should have buckled it behind her rather than in front, and then spread her legs, squatting as she slowly pushed the dildo part up inside her pussy. She was moist by the time it was an inch inside, and that helped ease her way. She even pumped it in and out a few times, feeling very nasty, quite dirty as she did so.

But she got it almost all the way in, and then, her mind squirming quite a bit, she slowly worked the other one into her bum. That felt exceedingly strange, as she had never been involved in any kind of anal play. But once the fat thing was pushed inside her she could feel her opening go tight around the very narrow part which attached it to the belt.

With them inside her she drew the horizontal part around her and buckled it around her waist, then drew the lower part up. It fit, but she had to pull it quite tight before she could slide it through the tongue and buckle it properly behind her.

She looked at herself in the toilet mirror, backing up against the door. The belt looked simply like a belt - except that the buckle was behind her. And the vertical part of it went down between her legs, just covering her sex as it slipped between her thighs. The only thing which suggested it was other than a simple, flat belt was the small, neat opening in the belt just above where the shaft of the dildo had been pushed up inside her.

That small opening showed right through to her clit, which was throbbing and erect.

Now she understood, at least partially, why he had told her to shave off her pubic hair. The belt was no more than two inches wide, perhaps not even that. If she'd had any hair it would have looked quite gross.

As it was it looked quite - kinky.

She picked up the halter dubiously. Like the bottom part, this could not be donned in the traditional way. It had to go on front-first. She slid her arms through the openings, then pulled the leather against her chest. The holes were not large enough for her breasts, not quite. She had to push and then hold the halter in place with one arm as she gripped each breast in turn, squeezing and pulling it through.

Finally, with the front part flat against her chest, she reached behind and did the straps in the back. She hesitated to even look at herself in the mirror, but finally did, more than a little dazed at the sight of herself.

The halter squeezed her breasts from the sides. The underside lifted them up. Between her breasts was an inch thick leather strap which was attached to a ring top and bottom. The bottom ring held the bottom part of the halter in tight, pulling it up to lift her breasts. The top part of the halter was solid so that her breasts pushed out quite obscenely.

It was a ridiculous thing for a girl to wear, she thought, appalled. Especially at work! She would effectively be braless. Well, not quite, for it wasn't like she would be bouncing around. The thing did support her breasts after a fashion. And while it squeezed

in on them from all sides it was not so tight as to be uncomfortable. Not very uncomfortable, anyway.

She gazed at herself anxiously. It was actually very kinky and nasty and exciting to wear such things. But at the office!? And the thought of showing herself to him made her face very red. Still, what choice had she?

She donned the skirt and then her blouse, and pulled the jacket in around her. She turned from side to side, but there was nothing to indicate what she wore underneath. Somewhat relieved, she left the toilet and crossed the floor.

That was an experience in itself with the dildo inside her and the - the smaller thing in her bottom. She walked slowly, feeling dirty, but also excited and anxious. She opened his door and started inside.

"I think you forgot to knock, Miss Stevens," he said coolly.

She started, then drew back and closed the door, knocking. She waited and after a long moment he said "come".

She opened the door again, and stared across at him.

"Well?" he asked.

"I uhm, I put them on."

"Come here."

She crossed the floor, heels clicking on the wood, heart beating rapidly, and stopped before him. He motioned her closer, and she walked around the desk.

"Lift your skirt."

She obeyed, face flushing as she displayed the neat black line of the belt descending between her legs.

"How does it feel inside you, you nasty little tart?" he asked.

"Strange," she gulped.

"Mr. Hamilton," he chided her.

"Strange, Mr. Hamilton," she said.

He motioned her closer still, and his hands opened her jacket. Nothing could be seen through the silk blouse, but her breasts did seem larger, pushing out more against it so that the fabric was taut across her chest. The neat indentations of her nipples were quite visible, and he smiled and took them, pinching and rubbing them through the silk.

"I have something else for you," he said.

He opened a desk drawer and took out what she at first thought was a gold necklace.

"Open your blouse," he ordered.

Licking her lips, heart pounding, Chloe undid the buttons down the front of the silk blouse, baring her confined breasts. Her face reddened as he gazed at them, but she also felt proud and excited. She had nice breasts, after all.

"Your nipples are quite hard," he observed.

Then he held up the gold chain and she blinked in astonishment as she saw that there were two narrow loops, one at either end. She watched as he placed the loops around her stiff nipples. The loops were made of a thin gold cord, and as he tugged, the cord closed tightly around her nipples, pinching them so that they stung.

He let go of the chain and it dangled between her breasts, between her nipples, pulling down on them. It was not heavy enough to pull down on her breasts at all, but the weight felt heavy against her sensitive nipples.

"Close your top," he said.

She buttoned up the blouse again, her nipples already throbbing, and then let the jacket close across her chest.

He gazed at her and nodded. "Now kneel."

Swallowing, Chloe knelt beside him in her expensive blouse, slightly worried about damaging her stockings.

"Do you think you remember what I taught you yesterday?" he demanded.

She felt butterflies in her belly. "I-I think so."

He stood over her, and unzipped, and she braced herself as he drew himself out and rubbed the head of his cock over her face and lips.

"You will take me into your throat again."

He pushed himself into her mouth and she sucked on the semi hard cock. It grew rapidly harder and thicker, and she seized his hips determinedly, bobbing her lips up and down the shaft, trying to force her self deeper. Each time the head pushed into her throat, however, she gagged, and could not stop herself from jerking back.

She was stricken, anxious, fearful of his reaction, but gratified that he merely stroked her hair and spoke in a gentle, tolerant voice. "It's all right, Miss Stevens. You can't become an expert overnight. And as I said, it's your natural instincts you're fighting."

He opened his desk drawer and took out a pair of handcuffs, then moved behind her and drew her wrists back as she knelt on the floor.

Her hands were cuffed together and he straightened and moved around in front of her once again.

Chloe felt that same sense of incredulity, that she was at work, in a nearly public place, engaged in this sort of thing. She was so nicely dressed, too - if you didn't count what she had under her sleek business suit, to be kneeling on the floor with her wrists cuffed.

He pushed himself into her mouth again, holding her head in both hands, and forced himself down her throat. She gagged as she had the other day, and had a harder time fighting her stomach, which was not empty. Still, she didn't throw up, and she adapted much more quickly to the penetration.

Soon he was able to pump his cock in her throat as she knelt submissively before him, and only choked a little bit.

He pulled out, then, and, holding her hair in his fist to keep her face in place, pumped his cock with his other fist until long white streamers of semen spattered across her face. Chloe was incredulous, at first. She'd sort of heard of this sort of thing from the guys she knew who spoke jokingly of doing what was done in porn movies.

He rubbed his cockhead over her face, smearing the droplets of semen into her skin.

"Good," he said. "That was very well done, Miss Stevens."

Chloe gaped at him, still feeling a sense of disbelief.

He moved behind her and uncuffed her wrists, then pulled her to her feet.

"All right. You may return to your desk."

"I-I - should I take these things off now?"

He looked up and frowned. "Of course not. You'll wear them until I say otherwise."

"Y-Yes, Mr. Hamilton," she gulped.

She went back to her desk, feeling dirty again, but also feeling that their relationship was progressing, that he was doing more with her, speaking more to her, involving himself more with her.

She felt her face. Smoothing the semen out over her skin had allowed it to dry - mostly, but she was still damp and sticky in places, and she wiped at her face in some disgust. She went into the toilet and scrubbed her face, then returned to her desk.

Over the next hour she worked as she always did, but her mind was caught again and again by the sensations coming from her breasts, her nipples and her pussy. Sitting down had to be done carefully, as her body shifted and moved around the stiff leather-wrapped cock inside her.

The chain dangling from her nipples was a constant background throbbing and pulsing which made it difficult to concentrate on her work. Her nipples ached more and more, but that aching was not exactly pain. Rather, it made her nipples itch and throb, and kept them straining and erect.

They sparked like live electric wires when touched, and she could not keep from touching them. Several times as she sat at her desk she slipped both hands under her jacket and squeezed her taut breasts, then lightly pinched and tugged on her nipples.

As for sitting on the dildo. It moved and shifted within her, and the other one filled her bottom, making it puff out. Every time she shifted on the chair she felt a hot little stab of excitement and pleasure. And that was despite the belt squeezing uncomfortably tight against her soft, newly shaven sex.

She was becoming more aroused as the time passed, and felt a queer little thrill when a courier arrived and she spoke with him. He had no idea of what she wore under her businesslike skirt and top, and she felt very mysterious and naughty to be speaking to him.

She stood up, feeling quite warm, and took the envelope across to the inner door.

“Come,” he replied to her knock.

She went in, closing the door behind, and started to carry the envelope over to his desk.

“A package from the City,” she said, placing it on the desk.

He looked up at her casually, then slid a hand under her skirt. Chloe gasped and jerked as his cool fingers slid up her inner thigh, stroking her soft skin.

“Lift your skirt,” he ordered.

She turned to look at the door, then lifted her skirt up to bare the belt. Her clit had swollen to the point it was almost pushing out through the little opening now, and he smiled and let his thumb stroke across it several times as she jerked and moaned deep in her throat.

“Randy little tart,” he said, his thumb stroking up against her clit repeatedly.

She moaned again, swaying as the sensations billowed up within her.

“You’re my little tart, aren’t you, girl?”

“Y-Yes, Mr. Hamilton,” she panted.

“Say it then.”

“I’m your little tart, Mr. Hamilton!” she panted.

“Again.”

“I’m your little tart, Mr. Hamilton!”

Her head was pulling back, her hips grinding helplessly against him as he stroked her burning clitoris. Her breaths were becoming ragged.

He stopped and took his hand away, and she swayed for several seconds before opening her eyes and drawing her head back forward, panting weakly.

“Would you like my cock inside you?”

She stared at him. They’d never dared do something like that during regular office hours before. But she could not say no.

“Yes,” she breathed.

He stared into her eyes. “Beg.”

She moaned. “Please fuck me, Mr. Hamilton.”

“Again,” he said softly.

“Please fuck me, Mr. Hamilton,” she whispered.

His hand slid around behind her and kneaded her buttocks, then slid up to the buckle at her back. He stood up and pushed her against the desk, bending her over, then undid the vertical belt, pulling it down between her buttocks. Chloe moaned as she felt the fat, short mushroom thing being pulled slowly out of her bottom. It came free, and she felt empty. Then the dildo thing began to come free. It slid halfway out before stopping, and she felt him doing something with it.

The belt came away and then the dildo slid back into her, and she realized he had detached it from the belt somehow. He kicked her ankles further apart, then gripped her hips and jerked her around so that she was over the corner of the desk, her soft, oozing sex jammed down against the hard wood.

With her legs spread as wide as they were her pussy, in particular her clitoris, was jammed down rather hard against the wood, but her body was now beginning to perspire with the heat within her, and her limbs were starting to shake with the intensity of the sexual excitement she was experiencing.

She heard his zipper going down. It seemed unnaturally loud in the otherwise quiet office. Then her eyes widened as she felt it pressing against her small, hot little anal opening. She gasped, wanting to protest, but could not bring herself to speak. She felt his soft head pressing against her and pushing easily through muscles weakened by the plug thing she’d had within her.

“Oh!” she gasped, as she felt it push deeper.

He jabbed his cock against her, drawing back slightly, then thrusting in. She groaned as he sank half the length of his long shaft into her bottom in a single stroke.

“Tight little bottom,” he muttered, slapping her buttocks.

He drew back and thrust again. It hurt. She felt a raw soreness as he forced himself deeper. Chloe felt dirty, shamed, and degraded. She dug her nails into the palms of her hands, staring at the door across from her, gasping and grunting as he worked his way in and out, forcing his cock higher into her belly.

Whenever she tried to ease her legs closer together he kneed them apart once more, slapping her bottom once. Suddenly he gripped her soft hair and yanked her head up and back. At the same time he thrust himself forward, and Chloe cried out as his cock sank into her to the balls.

His hips ground against her buttocks as he rubbed himself against her, and she bit her lip against the pain and discomfort inside her.

“Ahhh,” he groaned. “What a lovely little arse you have, my sweet.”

She felt a hot explosion of heat. His words were so crude! So nasty!

Her breasts, squeezed in by the leather halter, were crushed against the table, her nipples, pinched by the chain thing, ground against the hard surface.

And then he began to move against her, his hips working in and out, his cock pumping in and out, moving slowly, but soon picking up speed as her internal muscles relaxed.

It still felt dirty and nasty, but the pain quickly faded, and the back and forth movement as his hips slapped against her bottom was grinding her swollen clitoris against the corner of the desk. That ached but in a dull, throbbing way, and the pleasure and sexual heat inside her was such that the constant rubbing and grinding began to send her sexual heat higher and higher.

Her entire body was now jerking to and fro as his hips slapped hard against her bottom. Her clit was caught between the stiff dildo inside her, and the hard wood of the desk, grinding, grinding, grinding with every movement.

Her breasts ground back and forth, as well, until Hamilton pulled back harder on her hair, making her cry out as her scalp stung. He reached beneath and undid the buttons of her blouse, then slid his hand in and with a practised movement of his fingers the tight loops around her nipples popped open.

Her nipples suddenly began to burn and ache fiercely, but that didn't last. Then they began to prickle with the same odd little pins and needles sensation her arms and legs did when they went to sleep and then were reawakened.

His fingers sought both nipples and began to roll, pinch, pluck and caress them. All the while his hips slammed against her bottom with increasing vigour, driving his hard cock deep into her anus.

A part of Chloe felt soiled, filthy, and cheap as Mr. Hamilton pounded his big cock into her aching little anal opening. That cast a dark pall around the wild, thrilling pleasure rippling through her body and mind, but could do nothing to restrain it. She grunted and moaned and trembled as her nipples spat fire and her breasts throbbed wildly, as her clitoris burned and an incredible sense of raw, carnal lust swept over her.

Oh it was so good! It was dirty and nasty but so horridly exciting!

“Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Ungh!” she gasped as his hips slapped against her buttocks.

“Slut! Nasty little trollop!” he gasped. “Do you like this, slut!? Do you like taking it up the arse!?”

She hated it! And yet a dark, nasty side of her revelled in it. The climax tore through her with such raw power she was breathless. Convulsions wracked her body as she shuddered and trembled and shook to the force of the sexual pleasure howling through her.

Chapter Five

Chloe had never felt so sexy, so sexual. Never before had her mind been so occupied with thoughts of sex and desire, of lewd things to say and nasty, wicked things to do. She had never before thought of herself as an object of desire, a creature of sex. Not this way. But she had never had a day like this before.

After Mr. Hamilton had sodomized her so crudely, so hotly, he had made her put the dildos back inside herself, done up the belt, and made her dress. He had even put the chain back on her nipples and pinched the loops tight. Then she had dressed, and he had - bizarrely - treated her perfectly normally - with exceptions - for the rest of the day.

Of course, she had not felt at all normal. And whether by design or accident she had wound up seeing many more people than usual that day. Mr. Hamilton had a number of visitors she had to greet. And it had been necessary to show them into his office, then fetch tea, coffee, cakes, and often files and other things for them.

That had meant walking around with one or more near complete strangers wearing the bizarre sex kit Mr. Hamilton had purchased her. She had felt a combination of intense anxiety lest they somehow know, guess or realize, and a growing sexual heat at the fact they clearly had no idea what she was wearing beneath her proper business suit.

Mr. Hamilton even had her accompany him in his limousine to a meeting in the city. And she had to sit quietly beside him, acting quite proper - fascinated by being in a limousine for the first time - with that tremendous dildo stuffed up her quim, and the other one, the short stubby one, up in her bottom.

That wasn't even to mention the chain which kept pinching her nipples. Every time she moved the chain would swing and tug and bounce lightly, pulling at her nipples until they stung and throbbled at the same time. Oh how they stung! Yet they stung in a delicious way, a way she just knew would make them feel incredible when it was taken off.

She had walked beside him into the large, crowded building, gone upstairs, then sat in on a board meeting, with dozens of powerful men and women sitting around a vast table. She had sat against the wall, of course, with a number of other assistants.

Being in such a crowd dressed as she was made her feel even more nervous and self-conscious, but it also made her more aroused. Chloe had to keep catching her hands when they moved to her nipples, or towards her pussy.

Mr. Hamilton treated her perfectly normally during this entire time, as if they had never even kissed. He called her Miss Stevens, and, of course, she called him Mr. Hamilton. However, occasionally, when they were alone, he would without notice slide his hand beneath her skirt and search out that small opening in the leather belt, the one over her clit, and the pad of his finger would push hard and stroke rapidly against her so that her legs almost collapsed beneath her.

He would only do it for a few seconds, then he would withdraw his finger and move away, as if nothing had happened. But the stupendous surge in sensations would leave her feeling wobbly and intensely aroused for long minutes afterwards.

And all the while he acted quite aloof, quite haughty. She knew this was a play, of course. But it made her feel quite odd. It was, in a way, as if he didn't even know what he was doing, or as if it were something as normal and unemotional as taking the mail from

her. That was deliciously hot and wicked!

By early evening she was jumping every time she heard a noise, expecting him to come and strip her and use her as thoroughly as he possibly could. She was nearly trembling with the need, as well, for her body had been roused beyond all measure all afternoon. And she had done nothing to ease her hunger, wanting it to build up to a mighty crescendo when he finally took her.

And finally, with her nerves quite on edge, the intercom buzzed.

“Bring in the Leeds file, Miss Stevens,” he ordered.

“Yes, Mr. Hamilton,” she said breathlessly.

She brought it in, knocking first, of course, and just within the door came the words which made her stomach lurch.

“Lock the door behind you.”

She did so, her fingers trembling, then after a moment of hesitation, crossed to his desk and set the file down. There were three strange objects sitting there, and she stared at them, her eyes wide.

One was a red ball attached to a thin leather strap. The second two were leather wristlets or restraints.

Hamilton took the file and opened it, then, without looking up at all, said “Pick up the ball gag and put it into your mouth.”

Chloe’s chest tightened and she felt a wild thrill shoot up through her stomach. What on earth - .

She picked up the thing slowly, staring fixedly at it. The ball was wide, seemingly too wide for a gag, but it was made of somewhat malleable material.

She licked her lips uncertainly, then opened her mouth and brought the thing to it. She had to strain her jaw, and then push on the thing, jamming it in much as she had gotten her breasts through the leather halter earlier, breasts which throbbed even as her nipples stung.

She pushed at it with her fingers, forcing it deeper, filling her mouth with it, though she could not quite get it all inside. She looked at him, but he was ignoring her. She pulled the strap behind her head, sliding aside her blonde hair to pull the straps tight and buckle them behind her.

She looked at him, heart pounding, but he still ignored her.

Or seemed to.

“Strip.”

Her stomach gave another lurch. But of course, she obeyed - and quite hurriedly, too.

She removed her shoes and skirt and top and blazer, and then hesitated, again looking at him. Still, he did not look up, but he spoke again. “Remove the halter, leave the other.”

She had to first remove the nipple chain, and her nipples burned so that she gasped in pain after it came free. Then she undid the straps behind her and gently worked the halter forward, easing her throbbing, swollen breasts through the narrow, constricting holes.

She could not help rubbing her breasts. They felt so good now, the so delicious now that the pressure was relieved. And as the pain in her nipples turned into pins and needles the touch made her body quiver with excitement.

She moaned through the gag.

“Put the restraints around your wrists and buckle them tightly,” he said, making

some notation in the file.

Chloe obeyed, altogether afire with lust and excitement, and more than willing to be led by this handsome, sophisticated, sensual older man.

She buckled the thick leather restraints around her wrists and waited, chest heaving, face flushed.

Finally he looked up, and she felt his gaze as an almost physical thing. Her hips almost instinctively thrust forward against him.

He gestured to her, and she came closer. She held out her hands at another gesture, and he clipped one of the restraints to the other so her hands were effectively locked together in front of her. Then he released her.

“Get the stool by bookcase, take it over beneath that potted plant, and remove the plant,” he ordered.

Chloe turned and took in what he wanted instantly. He had large, floor to ceiling bookcases. In front of them was a low step stool which she had often used to reach the top shelf. She picked it up and carried to a spot near the window. Overhead was a thick wooden beam. It was easily ten feet above the floor. A chain hung from it, and a potted plant hung from a hook on the end of the chain.

Chloe set down the stool, stepped up on it, and took down the plant, then set it on the floor nearby. Heart pounding, she looked at him, waiting. Finally he looked up.

“Stand on top of the stool,” he ordered.

Chloe did so.

“Raise your hands and put the link between the wrist restraints over the hook.”

Kinky! Nasty! Hot.

Chloe had no difficulty reaching the hook and sliding her wrists over the chain. They were held together by a sturdy ring set in them both which Mr. Hamilton had clipped together.

He stood up now and walked across to her, and as he reached her he put his highly polished Italian leather shoe against the stool and pushed. It slid slowly to one side, and Chloe’s eyes widened, her bare toes shifting on the top of the low stool.

Then it was pushed out from under her and she sort of leapt to the floor - almost.

Her arms had not been fully raised before. The hook was not that much higher. In fact, it had only been a little above her head. Now as she reached the floor, however, she came up almost short. She felt the jarring pull on her wrists and shoulders as she fell from the stool, as her arms, fully extended now, were yanked hard.

But she was able to reach the floor, barely. With her arms straining, her back very, very straight, her legs even more straight, she was able to balance on the balls of her feet as he looked down at her.

The young girl’s heart pounded, and she moaned through the gag. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she gasped for breath, and the raw, sexual hunger and heat roared inside her body and mind. She was thrilled, excited, ready for anything he might do to her.

He reached out and ran his hands over her taut breasts, then slid his hands down her ribs and bent, taking one throbbing nipple into his mouth. She moaned and her mind was buffeted by wild arousal as his lips closed around the tingling, burning nipple and he began to suck, to lick.

It felt so, so good.

Chloe’s eyes narrowed to slits and her head rolled back, her hips quivering and rolling as he mouthed her nipple and his hands caressed her smooth, bare back.

He shifted his lips onto her other breast, and fire raced along her spine as her chewed and suckled at it, as his tongue stroked tauntingly back and forth. Her nipple spat sexual electricity like a live wire, and she moaned and gurgled with pleasure.

Finally, with her entire body shaking, he pulled his lips away, and smiled at her so that her heart melted. "Beautiful little slave girl," he said in a soft voice. "The poor, bound, naked slave girl, ready for the attentions of her master."

He stroked his fingers across her nipples as he talked.

"Would you like to be my slave girl, Chloe?" he asked.

She moaned and nodded desperately.

His hands roamed her body, and he turned her as he inspected her back and kneaded her buttocks.

"Perhaps I should beat you," he said. "Slave girls are frequently beaten and whipped," he said.

"Would you like me to whip you, slave girl?" he asked, a growl in his throat as he ran his hand along her smooth back. "Or perhaps a strapping on these lovely buttocks would be sufficient to show you your place."

He kneaded her bottom again and gave it a short, sharp slap that made her jump.

"Poor little slave girl," he said in a low, hypnotic voice. "Poor little punished slave girl."

And he pulled out another chain then, drawing back with a sly smile. He held it up by both ends, and Chloe, gasping, panting, her entire body flaring with wildfire heat, saw that it had clips on the ends, rather than loops. She watched him position the clips against her rigid, throbbing nipples, stiffer and more erect than she had ever felt them. She watched him open the two clips, frame her throbbing, sparkling nipples between them, and then let them slowly close.

She jerked and cried out at the pain. For it was pain, a stinging, burning, sharp pain. The two clips crushed her nipples and she yelped into the gag, dancing wildly on the balls of her feet, her eyes looking up pleadingly, as if she could somehow convey to him that these clips were far too tight, too strong, and that they HURT!

But he was ignoring her, already looking down at another chain of some sort, a shorter one. He knelt in front of her, and his fingers pressed at her thighs, forcing her legs apart. This forced her onto the very tips of her toes, and she quivered and moaned, biting into the gag as the pain against her nipples continued surge through her.

He licked at her clit, which still protruded slightly from the narrow opening in the leather belt which descended between her legs. Then he did something with the chain thing, pushing it against her.

Now the pain really caught at her, and she screamed, the sound heavily muffled, of course. She screamed and cried out as he drew back and turned away. He did not even look at her as she danced wildly on the balls of her feet.

He had clipped something to her clitoris!

It was much like the nipple chain clipped to her nipples, but much shorter. And there was some sort of weighted ball on the end of the short chain which swung and jerked as she moved. The whole thing pulling and biting at her sensitive clitoris so that tears filled her rolling eyes.

She tried to make him understand, but he was at the bookcase, ignoring her, his back to her as he turned on the stereo and set a deep, soothing Mozart CD to playing. Its music filled the room.

“Sometimes we appreciate pleasure much more after experiencing pain,” he said, not turning around. “Sometimes the pain even becomes pleasure. Especially for lovely little slave girls being tortured.”

And then he went back to his desk and bent over the file again as she stood in place, moaning and whimpering, gasping into the gag, staring at him beseechingly.

The pain in her nipples had now faded to the point where it was not a major concern, especially compared to her clitoris. But the latter was still a hot, sharp spike between the legs which had pushed aside the powerful excitement and arousal she had been under.

Chloe was made deeply aware now of how helpless she was, as she looked up at the hook holding her wrists, as she pulled against the restraints, as she stared across at the man on the other side of the room, not looking at her.

Inevitably, the pain in her clit faded, as well. It did not disappear, of course. But like her nipples, her clit merely throbbed dully.

Except when she moved, then the chains would tug and the dull throbbing would be joined by sharp spiky pains.

With the fading of the pain her sexual heat surged up once more, and the erotic and exoticness of what was happening began to swirl through her mind. Her pussy squeezed down on the dildo inside her, and her entire body became to once again thrum with sexual hunger and need.

She was naked, or as much so as mattered, at the office, her wrists tied up above her, being - well, being tortured, of all things! Not really, of course, but her mind began to go into overdrive, playing through fantasies plucked from various romances and thrilling stories. She stared across at Mr. Hamilton - so handsome, so suave, so powerful.

She was just a helpless young girl, his - his sex slave(!) as he called her! She was his prisoner! Here to be tortured and - and raped! Her nipples ached, but so did her legs and ankles. The restraints were tight around her wrists, and her arms and back felt stiff from being held so straight and rigid for such a long time.

She moaned, looking out the window, looking at him, looking up at her wrists, then down at her body. She let her head fall back, then let her chin drop forward, moaning again, filled with desire and anxiety, wondering what he would do next, hungering for his attention.

And finally he stood up. She watched him as he looked at her, felt her heart pounding as he removed his jacket, undid his tie, and slid it off. Then he crossed to her, and without speaking began to run his hands over her soft flesh, kneading her buttocks, stroking her ribs and belly, caressing her breasts.

“Lovely little sex toy,” he whispered. “Do you know how delicious you look? Do you know how many men would kill to have you here at their mercy? Do you know what they think every day as they pass you by, wanting you, wanting to pounce on you and mount you, make you their bitch, their slave?”

He slapped her bottom and she gasped, her hips jerking, the chain tugging on her clit.

“Should I punish you for being so beautiful, little slave girl, for teasing men so mercilessly with your lovely body?”

He slipped his finger beneath the chain dangling from her nipples and lifted it up and out, extending it, stretching her nipples, making her rise to her toes and moan.

He chuckled throatily, then began to tug on the chain in short, sharp stinging little pulls that made her dance and cry out and sent sharp pain and heat burning through her nipples.

“Nasty little girl,” he purred, “driving so many men mad. You certainly must be punished for being so beautiful, so seductive, so arousing.”

He slapped her bottom with his other hand, and again her hips lurched forward as she gasped, eyes wide, chest heaving.

He released the chain and it fell, and he moved around behind her. She felt his lips nuzzling the nape of her neck, his finger brushing aside the soft blonde hair so he could kiss her there. His hands caressed her belly, then her breasts as he chewed lightly at the back of her neck.

He pressed himself against her, and she felt his hardness grinding into her bare buttocks.

His hands moved up through her hair, and then delicately plucked the glasses off her nose, taking them away. Chloe blinked rapidly, her vision going blurry all of a sudden. She could not see very well without her glasses.

He moved back, and she turned her head quickly, trying to keep him in sight. But her vision was so blurred that she could really not make him out very well now. She was in a circle of light coming from a nearby track light. Aside from a few such lights, and the lamp on his desk, the huge office was dark.

He was in shadows, and when he moved forward, she felt a surge of heat as she realized he had removed his shirt. She could not see him clearly, even as he came up to her, but she could see how thick and muscular his chest was as his hand once more slapped against her bare bottom.

“First I shall punish this lovely little bottom of yours, Miss Stevens,” he said, digging his fingers into the soft meat of her buttocks. “You have taunted many men with the firm beauty of your bottom. Surely that merits punishment.”

She hadn’t really, Chloe thought a trifle desperately. She knew she had a nice bottom, of course, but had not really ever tried to use that, to emphasise or call attention to it. It often embarrassed her, in fact, when she caught men staring at her bottom. It made her feel - nasty.

And now she saw that Mr. Hamilton had a strap in his hand. It wasn’t a big strap, not much over a foot or so, but was quite wide, and she thought it would sting quite a bit. Surely he wasn’t really going to - wouldn’t actually - .

And then he did. The belt cracked across her bottom, and she howled as her hips rocked forward violently.

But it hadn’t really hurt that much, she realized an instant later, wincing with pain as the chain dangling from her clitoris jumped and jerked.

It stung, rather. And she felt a little silly for her overreaction. She chided herself that Mr. Hamilton would not actually hurt her. Not really.

The belt cracked across her bottom again. She winced. It stung, and her hips jerked in response. But now she felt more of a sense of wicked excitement than pain, or rather, the pain was more than worth it.

It was al so intensely, wildly nasty!

The belt cut across her bottom a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth, and each time she moaned and jerked her hips, flinching at the sting as the soft leather struck her pert young bottom.

The stinging sensation seemed to echo within her lower body, to vibrate right through her muscles and nerves and sinews from back - to front, and her clitoris throbbed in response. She moaned dramatically, revelling in the dark, kinky sensuality of the pretend beating, her pussy squeezing down repeatedly around the dildo he had stuffed up inside her.

“Such a nasty little bottom,” he said. “Teasing men so much, beckoning to them, offering them such joy, and then hiding itself away from their eyes.”

The belt struck again, and again, a little harder, and again, so that she gasped and jerked. Her bottom was hot, and she was moaning, gasping, full of wildfire hunger and lust.

Her friends wouldn't believe this! Did Olivia have any idea what a perve her father was!? She felt a smug sense of satisfaction in that. But it was contradictory, for she did not want to think anything bad towards Mr. Hamilton. Indeed, though his sexual preferences were bizarre to her, she reconciled that with her youth and his sophistication. Of course his tastes were more - more - complicated than hers.

The belt struck her bottom again, and again, and again. Her buttocks were on fire now, and the blows were starting to really hurt. But she was too hot, too wildly aroused to really care, except to flinch and jerk and gasp as each sharp little blast of pain lashed her senses.

She was starting to lose her feet now. Her hips were jerking so hard away from the blows that her feet pawed wildly at the floor each time before her toes caught properly.

And, of course, the way her hips jerked to the blows made the little weight dangling from her clitoris bounce and tug, and made the chains pull and bite at her nipples.

“I think your pretty little bottom had been punished enough,” he said.

Chloe groaned in relief.

“But it has taunted me quite a bit, and I think I shall have my vengeance upon it.”

She wondered what he meant. He had already sodomised her. Was he going to do it again? That was so dirty!

But dirty things seemed to excite him, and there was no denying they were beginning to excite her, too.

Mr. Hamilton produced a pair of leather restraints, much like those around her wrists, and proceeded to fasten them around her ankles. He attached short lengths of narrow rope to the rings set into the restraints, and then he pulled her ankles apart, spreading her legs, tying them open.

Of course, even with her heels tightly together she had barely been able to keep on the balls of her feet. With her legs spread wide her toes could no longer even touch the floor, and the young girl found herself hanging in mid-air, suspended by her wrists.

That was a shockingly exciting thing, but also painful. Her wrists burned and her arms and shoulders ached.

“Slave girl,” he said, pulling back on her hair.

He licked at her nipples, so cruelly gripped by the two clips, and she moaned into the gag.

“Poor, tortured slave girl,” he said. “Poor little Chloe, the sex slave to the perverted rich man!”

His voice was low, but dramatic, and Chloe felt hot surges of liquid heat swirl within her at the words.

He sucked on her nipple, taking it into his mouth, along with clip and chain, licking at it as his hands kneaded her sore bottom, and throbbing breasts.

He eased back, and moved away, and when he returned he showed her a long, thick handled - thing. It was a whip! She stared, her eyes wide, as he turned it over beneath her nose. The handle was a long, thick, glistening black thing, not unlike the dildo now jammed up into her belly. But attached to the base were long thin leather strips.

“I am going to whip you, slave girl,” he said coolly. “Remember this when you think of being disobedient.”

He couldn't! Could he?! No, he couldn't! She moaned and pulled at the bonds holding her, but she was altogether helpless. Her arms and shoulders ached as she hung from her wrists. Her hands were starting to go numb, and she could only quiver and shake as he moved behind her.

He couldn't whip her! He couldn't actually whip her!?

But he did. Sort of. She cried out quite loudly as the strips of leather cut across her back. But almost at once realized that either it was not a real whip, or he was not using it very hard. The leather strips stung as they struck her skin, but the pain was actually less than that of the strap striking her bottom.

Her anxiety began to melt away, and she gasped and moaned to another blow, and another. The leather strips were cracking down against her back, and they did sting enough to make her flinch and jerk to the blows.

Fancy being whipped!

This was so far above anything she had ever experienced she felt almost in another world. She could only moan and jerk fitfully as the strips of leather struck her back repeatedly. It was so kinky, so nasty, so wicked!

He halted, and Chloe moaned, her back hot.

She watched as he moved to the side of the room. He dragged over the heavy chair he had tied her across the other day, then took something from his drawer which she at first thought was another big dildo. The end, however, was very wide and round, surely too wide to fit into her.

Panting, moaning into the gag, exhausted from hanging by her wrists, she watched as he used a length of short rope to tie the long handled thing against the centre bar at the back of the chair. Then he turned to her and undid the belt around her waist. He eased the lower strap down, and she groaned as the fat plug pulled slowly free from her bottom.

Then he unceremoniously removed the clip from her swollen, aching clitoris. At first she felt a very brief sense of relief. Then the pain hit, sharp, deep and wicked. She cried out, repeatedly, writhing in her bonds as her legs and arms pulled against them.

Mr. Hamilton, meanwhile, was removing the belt completely from her hips, and then removing the back plug from the belt so he could thrust it back into her bottom.

Chloe hardly noticed as she writhed and twisted against the pain assaulting her body. Fortunately, that pain eased quickly. And it eased even faster when Hamilton knelt in front of her and very gently began to lick at her clitoris.

Actually, that made it hurt more, at first, but then the soft, warm, gentle tongue felt quite soothing.

As the pain faded further, she began to feel the same pins and needles sort of sensation she had from her nipples the other day. His lapping tongue did simply amazing things to her clitoris then, and she found it impossible to keep her hips still as she ground herself frantically against him.

He drew back, and pulled the chair forward. He turned a switch on the white thing with the fat round end, and it began to buzz. Then he pushed the chair closer to her so that it pushed against her sex, against her clitoris.

While the dazed, weary girl was trying to analyse the sensations coming from between her legs, Hamilton quickly moved behind her and picked up the whip, then resumed the slow whipping of her back.

Chloe understood what the thing was fairly quickly, and her body took even less time to adjust. Her hips began grinding forward even more frantically than before, and she was able to roll her hips forward even as she hung in mid-air, to grind her pelvis so that her clitoris rubbed against the soft, round head of the powerful vibrator.

The whip struck harder, and stung more powerfully, but Chloe didn't care. Her hips worked desperately, wildly, as she gasped and moaned and panted for breath.

Oh God! Oh God, it was so good! She'd never felt anything like this. Nor had her body. Her clitoris, always extremely sensitive, of course, was now in a heightened state so that every small touch resulted in a tremendous surge of sensations. Rubbing herself against the powerful vibrator made her entire insides twist and roil with unbelievable pleasure.

The whip slashed at her back - and her mind. She was being whipped! She was a sex slave! She was his prisoner! Her mind and body twisted and writhed under the massive surge of sexual excitement and pleasure, and the climax which poured over her like a flood wave was so powerful it almost blew her mind out like a candle.

Chloe had heard, of course, of women how screamed when they climaxed, had heard it with a sort of cynical smirk, wondering if they were either faking, or simply nymphomaniacs. Now she screamed, and screamed, and screamed into the gag, howling wildly as convulsions ripped through her tortured body.

Her head thrashed and her body trembled wildly, shaking and jerking as spasms made her legs and arms jerk feebly against the bonds. The orgasm tore at her belly, and locked her chest. She couldn't breathe and didn't care. It seemed to go on and on and on, and she wondered if it would consume her entirely.

But it finally eased, eased down to a sense of languorous pleasure which was still so high she shuddered and shook.

Hamilton put down the whip, and pulled the plug from her bottom. Chloe groaned as she felt his long, thick cock sliding up into her. His hips gripped her thighs, then slid up to cup her breasts. He pulled the clips free, and her nipples burned as her clitoris had.

She writhed in pain once more as he worked his cock deep into her ass, jamming himself in all the way, making her cramp up inside.

He began to pump slowly in and out. His forward thrusts now pushed her hips forward so that her pussy made contact with the vibrator. She flinched from it at first, but could do nothing about it. And now as the sharp pain in her nipples faded he began to massage her breasts, to knead them gently.

He worked his cock in and out faster, harder, and now began to stroke his fingers across her pins and needles nipples.

Chloe would never have imagined, after a massive orgasm like the one she had experienced, that she could climax again so soon, but she did, writhing and bucking against him as he pumped his cock harder, gasping in pain at the deepest penetrations, as his cockhead jammed high into her very bowels.

His hips were slapping against her buttocks - hard, his fingers twisting and massaging her nipples, and her clit was grinding against the vibrator with every deep thrust of his cock.

The climax was not as powerful, as draining as the first, but it was quite intense, and shook her heavily. Nor, as she slumped weakly, did the pleasure ease up very much.

For less than a minute later she felt another massive climax. She was shocked, though delighted, and gave herself to the pleasure.

Hamilton's cock was skewering her now, impaling her. He was ramming it up into her bottom very hard, very deep, and very fast. Her entire body shook to the force of his thrusts as his fingers dug into her soft breasts and his teeth and lips worked over the side of her throat.

Another climax ripped through the exhausted, weary, moaning, wretched girl, and then another, as the pleasure howled and threatened to consume her.

Chapter Six

Thank God it was Saturday.

Chloe lay naked in her bed, the covers twisted about her, her muscles aching, her body sore all over, inside and out.

She had never imagined people did things like that!

She felt less dirty than she had, for Hamilton had talked to her more, caressed and kissed her more, treated her less coldly, less brusquely.

But there was so much for her to accommodate in her mind.

He had sodomized her, twice, hard. It hadn't really hurt much, though. Her mind still squirmed a little at the thought, but aside from the deep penetrations, which had thumped into her belly just the way the deep penetrations of her pussy had, well, she wasn't really sore back there.

Her bottom felt somewhat sensitive and sore, and her back felt warm, as though she were sunburned.

He had whipped her!

She was incredulous at that, amazed she had gone through something like that, and that it hadn't hurt more.

Her wrists ached. They were red, and felt bruised. Her arms ached, too, as did her shoulders, and her ankles and legs.

Her nipples were erect. They were still ultra sensitive to the touch, sore, but easily excited.

Her clit... She had slept with her legs spread.

And yet as she lay there with her legs spread wide, she began to gently caress her clit, and her nipples, and it took very little time for her to climax, back arching, gasping for breath as the pleasure washed over her.

She lay still, panting, chest heaving, fantasising about Hamilton, about being Mrs. Hamilton, or at least, being his mistress. Perhaps he'd put her up in a fancy place. She would be the wicked, sophisticated, beautiful "other woman" in his life.

She sat up slowly, swung her legs over the bed, and stood up. She crossed to the window and looked down on the bleak landscape of her lower class neighbourhood, wondering when she'd have enough money to rent a nicer flat elsewhere.

But she felt sleek, cat-like. She felt sluttish, but in a sleek, satisfied way, as she padded nude to the small kitchenette and made tea.

The phone rang and she picked it up.

"Hello? Miss Hamilton?"

She blinked in confusion.

"Pardon?"

"Chloe Hamilton? This is Southwell Body Sculpting. You made an appointment with us for this morning. I was calling to remind you, as you requested."

Chloe Hamilton? The woman couldn't be talking about her. And yet, what were the odds of a coincidence of that magnitude?

"Y-Yes," she said.

"Ten O'clock, then. We don't refund your if you miss the appointment."

“Refund?”

“Yes, you’ve already paid, remember.”

“Ahm, yes.”

She hung up, confused. What on earth could that be about? The name Chloe Hamilton made her insides go mushy, though.

It must be something Hamilton had done!

What in the hell was Southwell Body Sculpting?”

She looked it up in the phone book, but aside from giving her the address, that told her nothing.

She took the tube over, and was impressed. It looked like the kind of place she couldn’t afford to walk past. But the woman had said everything was paid for.

Nervously, she walked in, and found herself in a richly decorated, dimly lit foyer before an oaken desk behind which sat a girl who looked like everything Hamilton wanted in his front room. She was sleek, sophisticated, beautifully coiffed, dressed and made up.

Chloe was led along a narrow corridor with a polished hardwood floor into a small side room and asked to undress.

Since she was certain this was something Hamilton wanted, she did so, undressing behind a brief curtain. She was led into a lovely room with a padded table in the middle, by two more sleek young women, these dressed in white uniforms, and they helped her lay down on the table.

They poured soft, warm oil on her back and massaged her, working their fingers into her muscles.

Embarrassed, but bemused, thinking she’d found herself in the palace of the rich, Chloe tried to do whatever they wanted so as to not show herself as an unsophisticated rube. They gave her a very sweet drink in a crystal goblet. She knew it was alcoholic, and drank deeply, for courage.

At first the girls left the towel across her bottom, but they soon removed that, and she blushed as they dug their fingers into her buttocks, and even her inner thighs. She was on the verge of stopping them several times. Only her fear of being taken for the ignorant little commoner girl she felt kept her from protesting.

They turned her over, and resumed massaging her, starting with her toes, working their fingers up her legs, doing, she had to admit, a wonderful, delicious job of caressing and massaging her toes and feet, her insteps, her ankles, her heels, then her ankles and legs and thighs.

It was so relaxing she lay back, sighing, eyes closed, groaning from time to time. One of the girls came to the head of the table and began to massage her forehead and temples and shoulders.

And the other - the other began to massage her breasts.

Chloe’s eyes opened wide at that, but the fingers were so gentle, so light, so delicious, that she kept her mouth closed, even when they began to circle closer and closer to her nipples.

Was this something rich people did!?

She was tense now, rather than relaxed. The girl slid lower, her fingers stroking Chloe’s rib cage, and she relaxed slightly. Then they worked in around her inner thighs, and began to stroke lightly up and down alongside her sex.

Her body was slick with oil, of course, and the fingers felt - well, very, very nice. But Chloe was deeply uncomfortable at having girls touching her there.

The one who had been massaging her temples now began to caress the edges of her breasts, and Chloe felt the tension mount. What was she going to do!? Hamilton had asked for this. He would be upset at her if she revealed herself to be a silly, ignorant child. Perhaps they would even think less of him!

And it did feel quite, quite good. Their hands caressed her gently, working into her soft, oiled flesh. It felt wonderful, and she tried to argue herself out of her tension even as the girl at the foot of the table began to trace her fingers along her sex lips.

“Oh!”

She half sat up as the girl’s finger brushed across her still sore clitoris.

Neither girl spoke, but their hands moved away. Both girls shifted position, each going to one side of the table. They took her arms and gently massaged her shoulders, and Chloe began to relax again, even groaning in pleasure as their fingers worked on the ache in her shoulders.

They drew her arms down along the sides of the tables, and she pressed them in along the edge. Soft straps, not unlike hospital straps, but made of gleaming leather, were wrapped around her wrists, holding them immovable.

She gasped, tension swirling within her once more. The girls, their faces perfectly bland, perfectly neutral, moved further down the table and pulled her legs apart, then strapped them to the edges of the table before she could convince herself she ought to resist.

Then they wordlessly resumed their former positions. One began to massage her temples while the other began to massage her inner thighs. After a few minutes the one at her head moved her hands down onto her breasts, massaging them as the other began to stroke her fingers along her oiled pussy.

There was no point in protesting, and Chloe would not bring herself to make a fuss, certain that they were doing what Hamilton wanted. But she was still highly uncomfortable as her clitoris was massaged and her nipples stroked by gentle fingers.

Despite her discomfort she was beginning to grow aroused. Her mind squirmed, and soon her body wanted to, as well. The two women, girls, quietly massaged her body with their expert fingers until she was breathing raggedly and her body was becoming over heated.

The bottom of the table now spread open, incredibly, spreading her legs far apart, and the girl there moved between them and bent over her. Her tongue licked lightly up the length of her shaven sex, and her fingers gently massaged her pussy lips as she eased them open.

And then two more young women appeared, both dressed in the same white uniform, and they joined the first two massaging her body. The first girl at the head of the table resumed massaging her temples and combing her fingers gently through Chloe’s hair. The two newcomers began to massage her breasts and belly.

Then they bent and took her nipples into their mouths. Chloe cried out, or tried to, only to find the first girl’s mouth against hers.

Her hands pulled feebly against the straps as the four women made love to her, her mind struggling against the waves of heat they were forcing into her body.

The lights in the room dimmed, and, they fit a blindfold over her eyes. Then she heard a machine-like sound. The girl between her spread legs, who had been driving her mad with her teasing tongue eased back. And then she felt something warm and hard, metal, against her sex. She felt a deep warmth, almost to the point of discomfort.

It moved, and moved again, and again, and each time she felt a sudden, deep warmth in her skin. All the while fingers and lips worked gently at her breasts and nipples,

and fingers caressed her clitoris light enough to keep her hips trembling but not enough to let her climax.

The lips left hers, and she heard a girl's voice in her ear. "Drink," it whispered.

Drink? Drink what?

Lips pressed against hers, and then liquid gushed into her mouth.

It was - it was warm, sweet, thick, rich. She swallowed before even thinking on where it had come from - another girl's mouth.

Another mouth against hers, a tongue sliding against her own, lips moving gently against her.

Heat between her legs, and more, and more

"Drink."

Another mouth against hers, soft, thick warm and sweet liquid poured into her mouth from the other girl's.

She pulled weakly against the bonds, writhing slowly and sensuously. Their fingers and lips were everywhere, not merely on her nipples and breasts, but moving all over her body.

Suddenly, there was a sharp pain at both nipples. She cried out, back arching, but their hands eased her back, gently stroking her.

"There, there," a voice whispered, "All done."

More heat between her legs.

Chloe didn't know what was happening. All she knew was that Hamilton had arranged it.

Chloe Hamilton!

Something was pushing into her, a dildo, she thought, and groaned into the mouth of the girl kissing her as her sex lips stretched and spread tautly around it. It slid deep into her belly, and lay there, not moving.

More heat from that metallic thing, moving over her pussy, around it, up and down. More heat inside her, in her groin, in her chest, and in her belly, where the sweet liquid seemed to burn into the lining of her stomach.

And then, a tongue against her clit, a tongue which made her hips roll wildly up, which made her entire body quiver and shake.

Suddenly, her wrists were unbound, and hands helped her sit up. But her arms were held firmly, and then pulled together behind her back where they were bound. Her ankles were removed, and she was helped off the table.

Chloe's legs collapsed beneath her, but they held her up, two hands on each arm leading her slowly across the room.

"Wha - where - ."

Her mind was strangely fuzzy. They let her ease down onto her knees. Their hands moved away, and fingers stroked through her damp hair.

"Wha - mmph."

A cock, hard, thick, erect, slid through her open lips and over her tongue. Large hands, fingers spread wide, held her head on either side. They pulled her forward and she moaned as the thick cock slid deeper into her mouth. She struggled only briefly, her mind spinning, as the cock gagged her, then slid down her throat.

The grip on her head was remorseless, pulling her lips further and further up the length of the thick shaft. Her hands pulled feebly at the bonds pinning her wrists together, but she felt too weak to resist, even if she had the inclination.

And she didn't. She was still wildly aroused, and now her arousal had an outlet her mind could more easily accept. Instead of women it was a man touching her, and she slurped at his cock as he pumped it up and down within her mouth and throat.

He was big, and she was desperately trying to decide if his cock was the same size, the right size, as Hamilton. Was it Hamilton standing over her, or was it a complete stranger. A part of her wanted it to be Hamilton, of course. But a wicked part of her thought of how wild it would be if she were deep throating a complete stranger.

His strong hands encircled her head, pulling her forward as he thrust deep. She felt her nose jam into his groin as her lips wrapped tightly around the base of his shaft, felt his testes against her chin. Then he pulled her head back as he withdrew, and his cock slid quickly back up her throat and across her tongue.

She coughed and gulped in air. She felt the nose of his cock pushing forward and instinctively tried to turn her head aside as she gasped for breath. His fingers tightened in her hair and she felt her head abruptly jerked forward and held in position as the cock pushed more forcefully against her lips, then through into her mouth.

Again she felt her head drawn forward by his tight grip, felt her lips sliding down the slick shaft as his cockhead pushed into her throat. She gagged weakly, and gurgled as his cock continued to slide down deeper into her throat. Then her nose was jammed against his groin once again.

He started pumping, keeping his cock deep, using short, one or two inch strokes so that her nose jammed into his groin with every forward thrust. It sawed rapidly back and forth within her throat, and she felt her head and chest throbbing as her oxygen began to run out.

He pulled back, his cock sliding free with a wet, slurping sound and the feel of saliva spilling over her lower lip and down onto her chest.

He shifted his grip on her head, folding his fist around a thick mass of her hair next to her skull. She felt his cock rubbing against her face and cheek, and then a male voice - a gruff male voice she did not know, speaking from above her.

"Suck my balls."

The words shocked her because they brought a certainty that the man over her was not Hamilton at all, but a complete stranger. Her face, her open mouth, were jammed in against his groin, then, but she was so shocked she did nothing. His fingers tightened and then twisted in her hair.

"Ow!" she cried, as her head was pulled back, then her face was thrust into his groin again.

"Take them into your mouth," he ordered.

"Oww!"

He pulled her head up and back, then jammed her face in once more, and she felt his testes against her lips. She opened her mouth and sucked anxiously.

"That's it. Softly. Work your tongue over it. Suck softly. Work it around in your mouth."

He held her pressed against his groin, only letting her back to shift her to the side.

"Now the other one."

Chloe's mind was spinning. And now she gasped as a hand began to knead her bottom, and another slid between her legs, rubbing at her clitoris.

"Make your lips into a kiss," a soft female voice whispered in her ear. "Then let it slide slowly out."

A hand began to knead her breast. Another fingered her nipple. There were two people framing her, two women, she realized, as their soft skin rubbed against her own.

“Now take his cock in your mouth,” said another soft female voice.

It pushed against her lips and she opened her mouth.

“No, no,” said the one on her right. “Keep your lips in a kiss. Let it force its way in.”

“But not too tight,” said the voice on her left.

The cock slid forward, the man’s hands still tight in her hair, pulling her down the length of his shaft as he pushed himself forward. Chloe instinctively tried to resist, but his strong hands would have none of it. And her mind was still shocked, still dazed, still wildly uncertain about how to react and what to do.

There was little she could do, of course, with her hands bound and the man holding her hair so tightly. Of course, she could put up a fight, scream and shout, but getting hysterical would probably anger, if not embarrass Hamilton. He would be furious. Further, although it seemed foolish to care, she would look like a naive and frightened child among these obviously very sexually sophisticated people.

She felt tired and weak, and the urge to simply let them do as they pleased was great. Especially since there was little she could do anyway, and Hamilton would be upset.

The thick cock slid deep into her throat and her nose was once more pressed against the man’s groin. He held himself in place, then began to pump in short, fast strokes like before. Chloe felt slightly dizzy as her head was pulled rapidly back and forth, back and forth, her face slapping against his groin.

He pulled free, and then his hands disappeared from her head. The girls framing her pressed in tightly against her shoulders. She could feel, for the first time, their bare breasts against her skin, and wondered, dazedly when they had removed their clothes - and why.

Their hands continued to knead her breasts and buttocks and glide gently up and down her belly and back. And a pair of fingers were rubbing insistently at her clit. A moment later she felt something moving inside her, the thing, the dildo thing, she thought fuzzily, pumping in and out, up and down.

Her hair was pulled back sharply, her back arching, and she groaned as she was facing the ceiling, blindly staring upwards as mouths closed on her nipples and began to suck and lick and chew.

“Wha - what’re you - you - doooing?” she moaned in an almost-whisper.

Excitement raced up her spine and her muscles began to spasm as she groaned and gasped and panted weakly. Then she was lifted, half dragged across the floor, raised, and placed face down on something soft, a mattress or bed. Hands rolled her onto her back, and soft, female bodies pressed against hers, bare breasts pillowing against her own chest and shoulders.

Hands were moving over her body again, the dildo pumping in and out, and then the two girls on her slid aside, only half atop her, their hands and then their lips moving over her face and throat and breasts.

“Lovely,” Ferguson said.

Hamilton only nodded as he watched the little show.

They were not alone. The bed sat on a foot high, raised platform, brightly lit by track lights. Around them in the almost dark were a score of seats occupied by jaded and wealthy men, all watching with cynical amusement and no small excitement.

The blonde girl's skin seemed very pale and white compared to that of the two black women in bed with her. Then a third arrived, tall and arrogant looking, with wide shoulders, firm breasts, and a flinty look in her eyes. Her skin was coal black, and from between her legs protruded a thick, long, fearsome looking instrument.

It was dark and sleek looking, thick, with curving ridges which criss-crossed each other. It seemed to spring from the woman's loins, for the black straps attaching it were invisible against her dark skin. She bared her white teeth as she climbed into the bed, leopard-like, and the women there spread the girl's legs apart for her and held them down as she climbed between.

The men watched one of the others pull the dildo from the blonde girl's pussy, then the new one pressed the phallic object against the blonde girl's naked, hairless sex. They saw her big hands grasp the girl's soft hips. Then she bent forward and her hips thrust the thing slowly but steadily forward. They watched it pierce those pink lips, spreading them wide, the skin going taut, and watched the long, carved shaft slide through them as the woman pushed deeper into the moaning girl's body.

The two black women lay on their sides bracketing the blonde, their breasts pressed into her sides, their hands roaming her body as the black cock sank deeper. They watched her moan, watched her legs tremble, her head draw back as her lips parted soundlessly.

Then the black woman beside her slid a hand over her forehead, sweeping the blindfold back at the same time.

Chloe's eyes blinked wildly, and she felt a dual shock, first at being able to see the women grinding against her, second that they were black, which, for some reason, sent an odd shockwave through her groin. At the same time she felt suddenly revealed, as though the blindfold were hiding her somehow, and not just those touching her.

There were small, bright lights overhead, like track lighting, she thought, but she paid them little attention. They were on a wide bed, brightly lit by the lights, but all else was dark around them.

And her eyes, squinting under the bright lights, were staring at the women before her as first the woman on her right, then the one on her left, then the one above her drew her head around to kiss her passionately.

The woman between her legs had slid forward, her firm, heavy breasts sliding over Chloe's own, her lips caressing her cheek and throat and lips as her hips worked slowly in and out. The thing attached to her, which Chloe couldn't even see, was working strongly in and out of her straining pussy opening, and she gasped and groaned at the sensations it was raising inside her body.

It was thick and soft, but hard at the same time. The strange shapes on it were scraping achingly hard across the sensitive lips of her sex, but in a way which was more exciting, more delicious, than painful.

The woman's lips crushed her own, her tongue sliding deep into Chloe's mouth and twisting about. The other two leaned in, rubbing their breasts against her, sliding their hands over her body, easing their mouths in to bite softly at opposite sides of her throat.

Then the one atop her began to move her hips more energetically, drawing first a guttural cry of pleasure from the dazed girl, then continuous moans and gasps of pleasure. The heat sizzled like fire along the surface of her skin and bubbled through her veins. Her legs jerked in time to the Black woman's thrusts, her feet twisting and flopping as the thick dildo pumped into her sensitive sex.

She had been intermittently aware of strange sounds around them for some time, but her mind had paid little attention to what her ears were taking in. But she was far too preoccupied with the sensations racing through her body to really care. The heads and faces of the Black women were so large and so close in her face that she had paid little attention to anything else her eyes had seen either.

But suddenly, as her head drew back and her back arched at another sharp gush of pleasure into her belly, and the girl on one side bent in to lick at the top of her chest she took in the sight of shadowy figures to one side, of rows of chairs, of the dim red lights of cigarettes, and the murmur of voices.

A shockwave ran through her, full of disbelief and negation. But now it was as if her other senses were finally coming alive, and the constant murmur of voices all around them was now impossible to ignore. She could also see, despite the bright lights trained on her, the movement and shape of bodies all around them. All around her.

All around.

Watching

Her.

The woman atop her dug her fingers into her buttocks, growling as she leaned in to crush her lips with her own. She yanked up on the dazed, stunned girl's thighs as she drove the dildo down in increasingly powerful thrust of her hips, and the dildo began to ache and burn as she rammed it home in Chloe's pussy.

Chloe could only stare up at her, gasping, grunting, and making small cries as the woman began to use her harshly. Her bottom was lifted up, her legs splayed to either side as the woman's belly slapped against her buttocks and inner thighs in a rapid tattoo.

Her entire body trembled and jerked to the blows, and her mind swirled and shuddered to the furious pistoning cock inside her as the other two Black girls suckled at her nipples and chewed on the napes of her neck.

And all around her sat men. Watching.

Chloe was jolted again and again. Dazed to begin with, she had no idea what to do, how to react. Her body was aching, but at the same time she felt the lingering power of the sexual high they had forced upon her. Stunned and mortified at realizing she was being observed, she was beginning to feel her inhibitions melting away.

Some dark exhibitionist side of herself was increasingly coming to the fore, exciting her in a way she couldn't explain. She had lost many inhibitions over the past week, but public sex was something she never thought she'd engage in. And lesbianism - !

And yet, despite the traumatic jolts hammering at her mind every time she saw a dark, leering face in the shadows, every time she stared at a black woman's face, every time she realized what was happening, her mind remained relatively calm, if dazed. She was even able to consider - albeit briefly - what kind of drugs might have been given to her to allow her to accept such shocking things without going berserk.

The impact against her buttocks was hard and steady, and her legs, dangling in mid-air as the black woman gripped her thighs, continued to jerk in time to her thrusts. Inside her was a glowing ball of heat which swirled and churned, and Chloe began to once again feel the heat seeping through the pores of her skin and racing through her nerves and muscles.

It felt so good. So good!

The world was a kaleidoscope around her, of leering faces, murmuring voices and shuddering starbursts of pleasure as hands and lips moved over her trembling, heaving body.

Then the big Black woman dropped her to the bed and lay fully atop her, breasts pillowing against Chloe's breasts, hard nipples rubbing against hard nipples. Her lips crushed Chloe's as her hips began to thrust rapidly in and out, ramming the dildo even faster into her burning sex.

Chloe felt herself crying out, her voice muffled by the other woman's mouth, pleasure roaring inside her, the climax sending her body into convulsions as the last of her mind shattered into a thousand pieces of sharp edged light.

Chapter Seven

Chloe awakened in a small, quiet room on a white bed with soft white sheets around her. Her mind quite fuzzy indeed. She lay for some time trying to think, trying to remember. But nothing was very clear. She felt weak, but sat up, after a time, and pushed the sheets back, discovering her nudity.

There was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, the middle aged woman she had initially seen. Chloe reflexively tugged the sheet over her nudity with a gasp, and then a flood of hazy bits and pieces of memory washed over her.

She felt a wild mixture of consternation, shock, humiliation, anger and betrayal.

“And how are we feeling?” the woman asked brightly.

“I-I want to get out of here,” Chloe croaked.

“Are we feeling better? You did have quite a bit of mead.”

“Mead?”

“It’s an old fashioned drink, very sweet. It mixes honey and grape juice and I’m afraid it’s quite strong. You had rather a lot of it while the girls were doing your nails and hair and seeing to the depilation.”

Chloe swayed a bit as she stared up at the woman. Yes, she recalled the sweet, strong taste. She felt the throbbing pain at her nipples and groin, and pulled the sheet away long enough to see the two rings in her nipples. She looked up, glaring. “That’s not all you did!” she said accusingly.

“Well, yes, and the piercing, as was requested.”

“And!?”

The woman looked at her blankly, then down at a clipboard.

“Depilation of legs, groin and under arms, wax and cleansing of skin and pores, piercing of nipples and clitoris, manicure and pedicure. Did we miss something?”

“You know what!” Chloe said hotly.

The woman seemed honestly baffled, and Chloe began to wonder, for the memories were so hazy, so strange.

“Those - those Black women!” she said.

Again the woman looked baffled. “What Black women?”

“The - the lesbians!” Chloe sputtered, red-faced.

The woman appeared almost to laugh, but to catch herself. Then she seemed sympathetic. “My dear child. There are no Black women here. As for lesbians, uhm, I can only guess what you’re referring to based on your uhm, well, your anger. I’m not sure but perhaps you had some kind of dream?”

“I wasn’t dreaming!” Chloe said indignantly. “This isn’t a dream!” she cried, casting off the sheet to demonstrate her pierced clitoris and nipples, and her hairless groin.

The woman sighed tolerantly. “Miss Hamilton, we have been doing this for some time. We are aware that the hair removal in the ahm, groin area can sometimes inspire - thoughts, arousal in our clients. After all, such things are usually done in a very clinical way, in cold surroundings. But here we make our clients very comfortable, we try to relax them, we give them wine - strong wine, as it happens for they’re often quite nervous. And

with soft music playing, and the blindfold to protect their eyes from the laser light used in hair removal, well, it is inevitable that there will be uhm, sexual arousal at times.”

“But - .”

“And if there is too much wine involved those fantasies, combined with where the girls must touch, well, of course they’re going to be quite lurid at times. Now in your case the request we had was that the piercing and hair removal be done in a rather sexual way, that is, with your wrists and ankles strapped down. Well, we will always try to cater to our clients, of course. And lending an unpleasant and somewhat painful procedure a sexual air so that they feel less anxious is simply one of them.

“Combined with the wine I can easily see how this could give rise to sexual fantasies of one sort or another. But I assure you nothing untoward happened, and none of the girls touched you in any way other than professionally.”

“No! I saw it. I-I saw them! And all those men, watching me, watching us - !”

But she wasn’t entirely sure at all. The images were all confused and very fuzzy. Parts of them seemed very real, but others were very dream like. Was it possible that she had simply fantasised the whole thing because of the way the girls were touching her and because of the wine? She wasn’t certain.

Searing flashes of memory, of pleasure and pain, whipped about within her head, and she was suddenly sure of nothing.

The woman was looking at her as though she were more than a little mad, and Chloe wondered if she were.

She was embarrassed, and wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. She got her clothes, dressed rapidly, and fled.

What had happened?

She returned home to her small, dark flat, anxious and uncertain. She had no proof of anything. Her groin felt sore, but that could be the hair removal combined with the piercing. Her nipples were sore and swollen, but that could be the piercing as well, rather than the many times teeth had closed on her nipples and tongues stroked across them.

She stayed in her flat the rest of the weekend, slightly paranoid, at first, jumping at every sound, and making sure the triple locks were in place. She was dubious about even what they had admitted to doing. She saw no advantage to having her nipples and clit pierced, though the idea was somewhat sexy.

They hurt, and the little folder she’d been given about caring for new piercings hardly seemed sexy at all. Having no hair between her legs made her feel cleaner, but also embarrassingly bare and - and obvious. Still, it wasn’t so very much worse than when she had shaved herself, and she had to admit her flesh felt amazingly soft.

Her hair felt very soft, and her skin refreshed. Her nails were certainly nicely done. Could the rest of it all really be a wine clouded fantasy?

Monday came. She went to work, nervous, anxious, feeling a little rebellious towards Hamilton, and more than a little suspicious. He was his normal abrupt self, and there was a lot of urgent work to be done right away. She was equally businesslike, though wary.

When he touched her she started, though it was just her arm, and he went away immediately. Later he patted her back, then another time squeezed her shoulder in a quite friendly way. He smiled at her several times over the course of the day, and she felt a warm glow when he congratulated her on doing an excellent job arranging a conference call.

He did not ask to look at her piercings, though she was sure would, and as the day wore on she was impatient for him to. She wanted to question him about what the place

might have done, about why he had given her name to them as Hamilton, about many things. But no opportunity seemed to arise.

He was away on business all day Tuesday and Wednesday, and she became even more impatient to see him, to talk to him. But when he returned Thursday there was a mad rush of business. The only thing which happened then was that after she had brought him something he unexpectedly kissed the top of her head before turning away.

It was practically affectionate! And Chloe felt a thrill of pleasure which kept her happy for hours.

And then, late in the evening, when she brought him a file, he pulled her almost gently into his lap and kissed her on the lips, again almost gently. She sighed and swooned as he kissed her more passionately, his fingers stroking her hair, his other hand caressing her leg, sliding slowly up beneath her skirt.

“You’re a hot, sexy little girl, do you know that, Stevens?”

Then he kissed her before she could reply, his lips lingering on hers.

His fingers traced up along her inner thigh, and she gasped as one brushed sex.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered softly.

She did, and his hand eased the skirt up higher to bare her sex. Chloe blushed, heart pounding as he looked down at her bare pubis, his finger gently pushing and prodding at the ring piercing her clitoris. It hurt a little, but Chloe had already discovered that the weight of the ring was doing strange things to her, that it gave her a little thrill of arousal and excitement all day long.

Her clitoris seemed more sensitive than it had ever been, and the little stings which came from moving the ring, from tugging on it, from twisting it a bit or letting it shift and pull on her clit only seemed to make that thrill of excitement deepen.

Now as Hamilton let his finger slide into the ring, tugging it lightly, pulling on her clit, Chloe shuddered at the dual impact of stinging and pleasure, and squirmed in his lap.

“Do you like my little presents?” he asked. “They’re solid gold, you know. None of that twenty-four karat crap.”

His finger slid into her suddenly, and she was amazed at how easily it penetrated her, at how wet she was. His finger moved about within her, pressing down, then up - up, and her eyes widened suddenly as he found her G-spot.

“Lean back,” he whispered

Chloe leaned back into his shoulder, moaning softly as his finger began to stroke her there. His other finger was actually inside the fat ring and tugging lightly and repeatedly on it. His thumb was stroking on her clitoris itself.

Chloe lay back and let the sensations wash over her.

“Sexy little slut,” he whispered, nibbling on the nape of her neck.

He pulled his hand away from her groin, and she felt suddenly barren. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, and she panted weakly as she saw him reach for his desk drawer and open it. A thrill of excitement ran through her as he drew forth a thick dildo, and she watched, transfixed, as he rubbed the head up and down against her naked sex, then slowly pushed it up inside her.

It felt marvellous! The penetration, the straining and stretching of her sex lips, brought all those wonderful sensations his fingers had created to a solid and surging ball of heat within her. And with the big dildo jammed up inside her, the nose aching as it pushed against her cervix, there was still an inch or so protruding.

Hamilton began to stroke her clit again, tugging on that little ring in short, sharp movements that almost made her cry out.

But the orgasm howled through her within a minute and all she could do was thrash and shake, her head falling back, back arching, hips bucking and jerking on his lap.

He chuckled, and twisted the dildo from side to side as the orgasm finally faded. He had managed to force it deeper, though it throbbed inside her. He left it there, his hand against it.

“Open your blouse,” he ordered.

She did, fingers trembling, chest heaving, and then tugged down her bra to show him her ringed nipples. He smiled and mouthed each nipple, ring and all. Then he produced the clip she remembered from earlier, with the short chain and weighted ball. He hung this from one of her nipple rings, then found another and added that to her other nipple.

He had her remove her bra and panties, and told her not to wear them any more. Then he added another weighted ball, this to her clit ring, before sending her back to her desk.

She had not thought to ask him anything, and now was too aroused to care. She worked for a time, enveloped in a sexual high which was deepened, rather than distracted from whenever one of the balls tugged on her sore nipples or clitoris.

She still wore her blazer and blouse, still looked quite respectable, but she felt like a creature of wild sex, and it was all she could do not to masturbate.

“Come into my office, Stevens,” he called.

A tremor of heat in her belly, Chloe went to the door and started in.

“Stop,” he ordered.

She did.

“Crawl,” he said.

The tremor grew into a wild vortex, but Chloe obeyed, at once, sinking to her knees, then dropping forward onto her hands, gasping with heat as the weighted balls swung away from her body. She crawled across the room to his desk, then around it to kneel before him.

He turned his chair towards her and spread his legs, then unzipped his trousers and pulled himself out.

“Come here and service me, slut.”

Chloe moaned aloud, crawling forward into his lap. She reached for his cock, took it between her fingers, and licked up and down as she rolled her eyes up at him. Then she engulfed the head and sucked, bobbing her lips up and down, taking him deeper and deeper. Finally, she forced her lips all the way down, gagging weakly, but controlling it as he slid into her throat.

Soon she was bobbing her lips up and down, once more, needing very little urging from the hands he rested on her head, taking him deep every time, intensely proud of herself and excited at how her abilities must be pleasing him.

He groaned and she redoubled her efforts.

“Ahh, yesss,” he moaned. “You beautiful little slut, you. You nasty little sexual animal.”

He came in her throat, and she swallowed every drop, but he held her there by the hair, and she began to suck and lick at his testes, taking them into her mouth, working him into another erection she knew would go inside her.

He pulled her up by the hair.

“Strip,” he said, his voice a little breathless.

Almost preening, Chloe got up and began to strip for him. She almost wished there were music to strip by, but she did her best to make it look sexy as she removed her blazer, skirt, stockings, blouse and shoes.

He stood up, smiling darkly.

He took her hand, kissed the back of her knuckles, then drew her across the room to a distant corner where a narrow table sat against the wall near a window.

He opened the drawer, and she was not surprised to find leather straps. He turned her back to him, and she crossed her wrists behind her back, feeling a rush of heat within her groin.

She was surprised when he placed the belt so high around her arms, and then began to tighten it, pulling her arms back closer and closer together. She gasped as her shoulders strained and ached, moaned as he massaged them and kissed her throat, then groaned as he pulled back even further, forcing her arms back so far her elbows touched.

He tightened the strap, then slid another around her wrists.

Hamilton slapped her bottom, and had her bend forward. She obeyed, and spread her legs at another slap, gasping as the weighted balls jerked on her clit and nipples. He slid a long, thick vibrator up into her pussy, one so thick it ached, then a fat butt-plug into her bottom, jamming both to the hilt inside her.

And then he pulled her away from the table and lifted her wrists upwards. She gasped, her head falling forward, her shoulders dropping, her body bending at the waist as her shoulders ached. In a moment she was bent over so that her chest was horizontal, her breasts hanging heavily beneath her, nipples pulled by the weighted balls.

Her wrists were forced straight up, and then, even as he let go, held there somehow, as if bound in place.

He knelt beside her, and Chloe watched breathlessly as he slid a long thin stick of some kind against the front of her ankles. There were straps on either end, and he bound the straps around first one ankle, then, forcing her legs apart, the other.

As her legs were forced further apart the pressure on her shoulders grew worse, and she cried out at the pain.

Hamilton stood up, and then to her relief, eased the pressure. Her arms were still thrust straight up, but the pain was much less intense so long as she stayed bent over.

Now Hamilton grasped her hair to either side of her head, bunched it in his fists, and lifted her head up and back, then pushed his hard prick into her mouth and with hardly a hesitation, straight down her throat.

In and out. In and out. He used her throat, gripping her hair, pulling her in against him with every thrust as she moaned around his pumping cock.

He reached down and gripped her right breast, squeezing it hard.

Pain and pleasure gushed into her belly.

“Nasty little girl,” he purred. “Perhaps I should punish you.”

He worked her head around, twisting his fingers in her hair, pumping steadily in and out.

Then he pulled out entirely, leaving her gasping and breathless.

He moved behind her, and Chloe moaned, staring at the floor, then yelped as the belt, or - or something, cut across her upraised bottom.

“I want you to tell me you’re a naughty girl, Stevens,” he said.

“I - I’m a naughty girl?” she croaked.

“Louder.”

“I’m - I’m a naughty girl,” she said.

This was all so kinky! So wicked!

She turned her head just in time to see him swing something - something leatherish, black, dark, a flexible sort of stick. Then the blow and flash of pain from her bottom made her cry out, and rock forward sharply.

“Again!”

“I’m a naughty girl!” she cried.

Crack!

“Again!”

“I’m a naughty girl!”

Oh God! She was going insane!

The blows made her body rock, and caused the weighted balls to swing against her clitoris and nipples. Her sphincter muscles were squeezing down around the fat plug in her bottom, and the vibrator was purring away madly within her puss, her sex lips strained tightly around it communicating the vibrations straight to her aching, throbbing clit.

Crack!

“I’m a naughty girl!”

Crack!

“Ungh! I’m a naughty girl!”

Crack!

“Ow! I’m a naughty girl! Oh!”

Chloe felt the sexual heat roaring inside her. She was almost trembling with the power of her lust and excitement. Every blow sent a scalding thrill of liquid heat sluicing through her bloodstream.

She was such a slut!

Crack!

“Ungh! I’m a naughty girl!”

The sound of the phone ringing was very loud in the office.

Hamilton crossed the floor, and spoke in low tones, then hung up. He stared at her, and she looked back, panting, perspiring, her body flaring wildly with heat, her bottom aching, her nipples throbbing.

Hamilton returned to her, then passed her, going to the small table and opening the drawer.

He returned to her, gripping her hair, bunching it together at the top of her head and then lifting her head upwards.

“We’re going to give an old friend a tremendous thrill,” he said.

And then he pulled something over her head, a black PVC hood. It slid down over her hair, and over her forehead, and Chloe gasped as he pulled it further and it slid over her face and down around her neck.

“Wh-what - ?”

“Shhh,” he said urgently.

He snapped the straps into place around her throat, then fetched something else from the drawer.

“M-Mister Hamilton?” she panted.

“Don’t worry, Stevens, he’s not from around here, doesn’t have any contact with the firm, and has never met or even seen you. He’ll have no idea who you are. Your identity is quite safe.”

There were no openings in the hood over her eyes. Instead it was if the pvc leather there had been replaced by a dark, narrow film, or the lenses from sunglasses. She could

see, but as Hamilton showed her by holding up a mirror, nothing of her face was visible except her lips, where the hood was open.

What - ? What was he talking about? What was he thinking about?

Then he produced a small round ring. It was leather covered, and he pressed his fingers against the sides of her jaws as he ordered her to open her mouth wide. She did, and he pushed the ring in, forcing her jaws even wider so that the ring was lodged firmly and her mouth held wide. The ring was attached to a large strap which went around her head and buckled behind her.

“You are completely anonymous,” he said.

Then he showed her a sort of small, fat latex cock and slid it into the ring and into her mouth. The sides of the thing snapped into place against the edges of the ring, and her mouth was thoroughly blocked and plugged.

She heard a knocking on the outer door, and her heart skipped a beat. She saw Hamilton cross to the door, and her eyes bulged. Surely he wasn't going to - surely he couldn't - mustn't - let him in!?

Chapter Eight

Chloe heard the murmur of male voices, then those voices came closer. She squirmed weakly, pulling feebly and uselessly against the hold on her wrists.

Then Hamilton returned.

There was another man with him!

Shock raced over her skin, and her stomach nearly overturned. She was frozen in place as the man's eyes lit on her and stared. The two men stood by the door, and she saw Hamilton speaking rapidly, though she could not hear what he said.

She dropped her head, face burning within the hood, skin actually throbbing with the embarrassment washing over her. She could not move. She was bent over, breasts bare and weights dangling from the nipples, bottom raised high, legs spread, sex spread open by the vibrator, and another weight dangling from her clitoris.

She was mortified!

The man, like Hamilton, was middle-aged, extremely well-groomed, obviously wealthy, and handsome. He was bigger than Hamilton, with broader shoulders, not nearly as pretty, but quite good looking in his way.

As they got closer Chloe could hear Hamilton's words.

"... a naughty little girl. So of course I had to punish her."

"Well, of course," the other man replied. "Only thing to do with naughty little girls like this."

"I'm very lucky, of course, to possess such a beautiful little bit of crumpet," Hamilton said.

"She looks like she's a good ride," the other man's voice replied.

"Oh she's very enthusiastic, very responsive."

"Little girls like this need to be used often," the man said.

"I daresay. I've not really the time for it, though. Too busy."

They stood only a few feet back, talking about her as if she were a - a thing, rather than a girl! Rather than being outraged, however, Chloe began to feel a strange sense of pressure and tension within her lower belly.

"A lovely bottom," the man said. "I see you've been working on her."

"Yes, trying to train her somewhat."

"Young girls invariably lack discipline," the man said.

"Indeed."

Chloe could not actually see them. Her head hung low and she stared at the floor. She could see their shoes and the lower part of their legs. They were standing next to her.

"What are you using?"

"This."

"Riding crop?"

"Yes, a light one, though. She's still new to this."

A hand ran along her bottom.

"Very nice skin," the strange man's voice said.

Another little shockwave ran through her belly. He had touched her!

"Good, solid little crop," the man said. "May I?"

“Certainly.”

The two pair of legs separated, and the one belonging to the stranger went back towards her rear. She felt something soft, thin and leathery slide between her thighs, then rub along her clitoris.

“Very wet,” the man observed.

“Yes, she’s a randy little slut,” Hamilton replied. “I’m quite proud of her.”

“As you should be, old boy,” the other man replied. “It’s a rare thing to have a lovely female gift herself as this one has.”

“Yes, and she learns quickly. She’s already a much better ride than she was when I met her.”

The thing rubbing against her clit continued to saw back and forth, now pressing harder, now weaker. At the same time, a hand began to knead and massage her upraised bottom. Chloe’s mind squirmed at the thought of a strange man even seeing her like this, much less fondling her, but she found some solace in her anonymity, and felt a measure of pride in their words, and most especially in Hamilton’s praise.

“How is her mouth?” the stranger asked. “That’s always one of the great disappointments with young girls. They never seem to really know what they’re doing.”

“Oh I’ve had quite some success in training her there,” Hamilton said. “She’s learned to take my entire yard down her throat.”

“Really?” the man said, his voice dubious. “I’d be most impressed. Most young girls these days are quite lazy about that sort of thing.”

“Let me demonstrate.”

And with that he undid the snaps holding the plug in place and worked it gently out of Chloe’s mouth. She gasped, gulping in air, her head still reeling from the enormity of being so brazenly displayed before a stranger. When he unzipped and took out his cock she felt another shockwave hit her psyche as she realized what he intended.

But even if she could have done anything about it she didn’t know that she would. He sounded so proud of her abilities that she shied away from showing him up by refusing.

In any event, she had no choice, of course. His fat nosed cock pushed through the ring and slid along her tongue. She licked at it and sucked as it passed through, then braced herself as it pushed into her throat and slid straight down it. She stared at his approaching groin, at the long shaft sliding forward, at the pattern of the fabric of his trousers as it jammed up against her eyes. Then she was blinded as he held her face in tightly against him, the long length of him filling her throat.

“Very nice,” she heard through the pounding in her head.

“She’s my little slut,” Hamilton said, with a pride in his voice which made Chloe’s heart sing.

“But still requires discipline,” the other man said.

The thing which had been sawing so insistently - and deliciously - against her clitoris withdrew, and a moment later she felt the impact as it lashed across her bottom. She let out an involuntary cry of pain which was easily muffled by Hamilton’s cock, and her body jerked forward, swinging the balls from her clit and nipples.

Meanwhile, Hamilton’s cock began to pump slowly in and out. She was still not proficient enough at taking him down her throat to feel very comfortable with that. She gagged and gurgled and had to fight her the reflexes of her stomach and throat as his cock moved back and forth.

Another stinging blow across her rump made her squeal and shake, then another made her hiss and roll her eyes back.

“Such a lovely bottom,” the man said admiringly.

“Everything about my little slave girl is lovely,” Hamilton replied, and again, despite the distractions, Chloe felt a surge of hope and pleasure.

Another crack across the bottom made her wince, then a hand began to knead her left breast were it hung below her. Her clitoris throbbed as the weighted ball swung, her sphincter muscles squeezed down around the butt-plug, and the vibrator purred within her sopping pussy.

Crack! She jerked to the pain, and gurgled as Hamilton’s cock slid in and out of her.

Crack! She cried out weakly, the sound muffled by Hamilton’s cock.

Crack! She shook, her legs pulling against the straps binding them, holding them apart.

Hamilton’s cock pulled free, but by then she was breathless, gasping, red-faced, sweating, head pounding. She drew in great, heaving sobs of breath, moaning as the man behind resumed sawing the leathery thing across her clit.

“Perhaps she’d like my cock rather than the riding crop,” she heard the man say.

“What do you say, my little slave girl?” Hamilton asked. “Would you rather have a big cock up your pussy or would you rather have more of the riding crop across your lovely little bottom?”

Chloe moaned dazedly.

“Cock or crop, little slave girl?” Hamilton demanded.

“C-C-Cock,” she gasped as she felt the head of his own prick rubbing against her lips.

“You see, she wants you, the randy little tart,” Hamilton said in amusement.

In truth, Chloe hardly knew what she was saying. She did know that she would rather not have those sharp blows to her bottom, though.

But it was only when she felt his hands easing the vibrator out that she really understood what the question had meant, and by then Hamilton’s cock was filling her throat once again. She moaned around it, rolling her eyes wildly as she tried to close her legs. But it was no use, and she felt another man’s cock rubbing along her sex, then sliding into her pussy.

She didn’t even know what he looked like!

But his cock felt - good - inside her. She groaned as she gave up her inhibitions and tried to suck on Hamilton’s cock. If this was her fate at least she should try to enjoy it and make Hamilton proud of her.

And in truth, as the cock sank to the pit of her belly, and the man began to ride her, she felt a dark surge of heat and kinky pleasure at being taken by two men at once. How many of her friends could say that? Oh they’d all talked about how wild and thrilling it would be to be taken by more than one man at once, but their inhibitions held them back.

Now she was doing it! She was having a wild, carnal adventure the likes of which they could only fantasise about!

She felt hands sliding along her flanks, over her shoulders, along her bottom, and she didn’t even know whether they were his or Hamilton’s. They squeezed and kneaded her breasts as her body jerked to and fro under the impact of the two thrusting men, and she felt her breasts throb and burn with excitement, the nipples flaring and sparking like live wires.

“Imagine having your own little slave girl,” the man said, his hips slapping against her bottom. “I’m quite jealous of you, Hamilton.”

“I’m delighted, myself,” Hamilton said, his cock using long strokes in her throat now.

The sensory overload was playing havoc with her mind and body. She just couldn’t cope. And being constantly short of air certainly didn’t help. It was all she could do to hold her breath long enough for Hamilton to remember to withdraw his bulging prick so she could gasp for breath every now and then.

A small orgasm passed through her, almost unnoticed as her head throbbed from lack of air. Then, a short time later, another more powerful climax shook her as she gloried in its waves of pleasure. And finally, an immense orgasm rose up from the depths of her being, and somehow combined with the lack of oxygen to almost blow the top of her skull right off.

She came very close to losing consciousness as she wailed almost silently into the cock blocking her throat and her brain tumbled wildly about in her skull, dazed, fractured and chased by fiery explosions of pleasure that had her shaking and trembling like a plucked guitar chord.

Oh God, it was so good!

The bizarre, perverted double life she was leading made Chloe’s girlish fantasies run rampant, and as her inhibitions melted away and her devotion to Hamilton grew there was almost nothing she could not twist into a sign of his affection and lust for her, and almost nothing which would offend her or cause her to refuse his orders.

The next morning, when she arrived for work she found another lovely business suit sitting on her desk. It was black, with a tight, short skirt, tight, form-fitting jacket, and dark blue silk blouse. He had ordered her to wear no underthings, but that would certainly not show beneath such a respectable outfit.

She dressed in the toilet and knocked on his door, waited for him to call, then opened it and stood there respectfully. This was, she thought, part of their little game. Much like him still referring to her as Miss Stevens, and she still calling him Mr. Hamilton.

“I have the Riley file, Mr. Hamilton,” she said in a very crisp tone.

“Come,” he said, gesturing with his hand.

She started forward but the hand turned suddenly, its palm towards her. She halted.

“Crawl,” he ordered.

A little thrill went through her. She closed the door behind her, then dropped to her knees, and briefly considered the file.

“Carry it in your mouth, slave,” he ordered.

Yes! How degrading, Chloe thought excitedly.

She placed the file into her mouth, then crawled on all fours across the floor to him, grateful for the thick carpet beneath her hose covered knees. She crawled around the desk and let him take the file from her mouth, not surprised and, in fact, quite happy as he then petted her head, running his fingers through her silken hair.

“Good little bitch,” he said, his voice full of amusement.

Chloe smiled, as well, thinking of how nasty and naughty their game was. And then, inspired, licked lightly at his fingers.

He smiled, and she felt well-rewarded.

“I have a small present for my little slut,” he said. “Stand.”

Chloe stood up and he produced what she at first thought was a collection of chains, three of them. But they turned out to be one Y-shaped.

“Open your blouse,” he ordered.

Chloe undid the buttons down the centre of her blouse and proudly pulled it open to display her ringed nipples. She watched as he clipped the chain to both rings, letting the long body of the Y-shaped chain dangle down her belly. He slid it into the waistband of her skirt, then, and lifted it up, pulling the chain down her abdomen and then tugging lightly at her clit ring.

He attached the chain to it, and even standing straight and unmoving Chloe could feel the slight pressure on her clit - and on her nipples, of course.

“Close up,” he said, dropping her skirt.

She buttoned up her blouse and he nodded to her. “You may go.”

She wasn’t sure if she should walk or not, but decided to drop back to her knees and crawl to the door. There she stood and opened it once more, let herself out, and closed it behind her.

She walked into the outer office, feeling the pressure on her nipples and clit once more. Hamilton had evidently adjusted the size or length so that the chains were perfectly taut between the three rings. There was thus only a small pressure - until she moved. Then, inevitably, despite her youth and the firmness of her body, her braless breasts wobbled up and down a bit.

And that wobble pulled against both her clitoris and her nipple - repeatedly.

Hamilton was so wonderfully clever, she thought dreamily.

Over the next few hours the tugging of the chains made her clitoris and nipples throb, and grow exquisitely sensitive.

Every time she went into his office she had to drop to all fours inside the door and crawl now, bringing whatever was required in her teeth. When she took notes she did so while kneeling on the floor beside him

This was when he was alone, of course.

At first.

But one day when she came in to bring a file he halted her at the door with the familiar hand. She halted, and then hesitated when he pointed at the floor. For there was a man with him! Stricken, she stayed put for a long moment of agonized indecision, her face growing red. Then, as the two men looked at her, she slowly sank to her knees, and then put the file in her mouth and, face flaming, crawled across the floor to him and let him take it from her mouth.

“What a good little slave girl,” he said, patting her head.

Then he unzipped!

“Show my friend here what you’re capable of, little slut,” he said, pulling himself free of his trousers.

Dazed, she was again overwhelmed by indecision, but reflex won the day and she bent and took him into her mouth, bobbing her lips up and down as the man watched. Then, when he was done with her, he ordered her to show the man more personally.

After her last experience she had fewer inhibitions, but at least with the other man she had been hidden. Now there was no anonymity as the mortified girl was forced to crawl to where he sat, unzip him, and take him into her mouth and down her throat.

Afterwards, she crawled to the door, stood, and, still dazed and mortified, let herself out.

Once in the outer office shame nearly overcame her, but heat pushed it back, and she had to pull her skirt up and rub at her throbbing clitoris as the pressure nearly

overwhelmed her. She spread her legs, slumped low behind the desk, and gurgled helplessly, eyes rolling back in her head as a massive orgasm shook her body.

It was the same man the next time. And again she had to crawl in. Now, however, Hamilton raised her to her feet, and ordered her to dance. He had been teaching her, and she had been dancing for him, but now her face was flaming as she stripped and danced for the stranger, as well, and then, shamed, but wildly aroused, she masturbated with a dildo while the two men watched, then performed oral sex on Hamilton as the other man took her from behind.

Bit by bit her inhibitions melted away and her ability to resist his slightest whim faded. One day she was at home when he arrived, wearing nothing but a very high cut little chemise. He had two men with him, and they all crowded into her little flat, then sat around as, in the dim light, she was forced to dance and strip to the music coming from her little stereo. Then the three all took her, together, shifting positions, jostling and joking as they thrust into her overheated body and let their hands dance along her skin.

But she had to learn to school her emotions, her expressions. One day an angry Hamilton called her into his office at the end of the day and had her place the leather binders around her wrist and ankles, then take down the heavy plant and string herself up.

This time it was not merely a strapping, she received. He had an actual whip, a flog, and after gagging her he snarled at her about the way she was looking at him where others could see, about the tone in her voice which was overly familiar, about his position in the community, and how she was endangering it by making stupid cow eyes at him where others could see.

He flogged her from shoulders to thighs, front and back, so that she danced and screamed and tears poured down her cheeks. Then he left her there all night, held up by her wrists, standing on the balls of her feet, sobbing and sniffing, her skin feeling sunburned as it throbbed from the beating.

He let her down next morning, but threatened to send her away if she ever gave any hint of her feelings for him or of their relationship before strangers. That last threat frightened her more than that of another beating. And Chloe tried earnestly to obey, to school her expressions and keep her voice haughty, cool and impersonal unless she were directed otherwise.

It was hard, sometimes, though, and she knew she was having the occasional lapse. One evening, therefore, he bound her tightly, arms pinned together behind her back from elbows to wrists, gag firmly in place, and handed the leash to her collar to a strange man. She would be banished from his office for a week, he told her. And if she did not reform she would be banished for a longer period next time.

The man, a sly looking fellow in his early forties, led the bound, naked girl away, down through the empty corridors, and out the back door to the boot of a car. She spent the next week in a penthouse apartment, under orders to never leave her knees, being ridden hard and deep by the man and a number of his friends, being spanked, strapped, and painfully bound every day, and kept in an actual cage throughout each night.

When she returned to the office she found he had already found another companion; a black cocker spaniel named Daniel. Daniel spent most of the day sleeping behind Hamilton's desk. It was her job to walk him after lunch, however.

Hamilton set down a drinking and eating dish for the dog just inside his door. One side held water, the other his food - which she almost must prepare before lunch. After a few days of this, however, Hamilton produced a second feeding and drinking dish, exactly

the same as the first. He instructed her to place it next to Daniel's, to fill it with water, and then to put in her lunch so that she might eat - side by side with Daniel - each lunch break.

Chloe found this demand bizarre, but obeyed, and knelt on all fours, drinking her water and eating her food - usually a sandwich or two she had cut up into small pieces, directly from the dish as Hamilton looked on.

She grew so used to this, and to the harsh crack of the riding crop across her bottom whenever she used her fingers, that she did it even when Hamilton wasn't present. And it was on one such day that she heard the locked door creak, looked up, and felt the blood run to her face as she saw the wide, disbelieving eyes of Hamilton's daughter Olivia watching her.

The woman walked in and closed the door behind her as Chloe staggered to her feet, a million totally useless excuses swirling in her mind.

"I wouldn't have believed it were possible," Olivia said in a voice of amused disbelief. "Oh I'm not surprised daddy took a little bit of common trash for afternoon crumpet. But I could hardly credit what I overheard him telling his friend in the library, of how totally submissive you were, and how you were such a mindless little slag you'd let him turn you into an animal."

Her voice dripping scorn and derision, the tall, haughty, elegantly dressed young woman stepped closer, and Olivia, face fiery with humiliation, stumbled back.

"How any woman, even a bit of commoner trash like you, could let herself be so degraded is utterly beyond me. Apparently the concept of pride is completely foreign to you."

Olivia dropped her eyes, unable to meet the woman's gaze, more ashamed than she'd ever felt in her life.

"I wonder what the other girls from school would do if I told them this," Olivia said in a sneering voice. "I wonder how mother would react."

Chloe continued to stare at the floor, then stumbled against the wall as Olivia slapped her face.

"Look at me when I'm talking, slut!" the woman snapped.

She eyed Chloe up and down, considering. "On the other hand, my pleasure would be brief. And I can think of better ways to get it, ways which would extend that pleasure considerably."

She smirked at the stricken girl. "Strip. Let's see what daddy gets every day."

Chloe gaped at her in disbelief and Olivia's face turned hard.

"I said strip, slut! Or would you rather I tell my mother!?! You know what she'd do? She'd demand daddy fire you and never see you again, and don't think he wouldn't do it! He can't afford a divorce over some sleazy little chit of an office girl!"

The notion that Hamilton would send her packing overwhelmed even her shame, and though she had to fight back tears, Chloe's trembling fingers undid the buttons of her blouse and stripped before the woman.

That it was Olivia, of course, made it ten times worse. She had been an arrogant, smug little bitch when the two were girls, and used every opportunity to remind Chloe of how superior and wealthy she was.

She stripped, her face burning even hotter as the woman saw her pierced nipples and clitoris, the chain running between them, and the dildo slightly protruding from her sex.

"What a slut!" she laughed.

She stepped back, smirking. "On all fours, little bitch. Let's see you crawl."

And so she had to - crawl. Chloe crawled back and forth over the floor as the woman laughed and sneered at her. Then crawled back to her and sat on her heels, knees spread wide, hands on her thighs, as ordered.

“Now let me see. Daddy said something about - chains,” Olivia said, squatting down and examining the silver chains around Chloe’s wrists.

They looked like nothing other than decorative bracelets, but there was a cleverly designed clasp on them so that when brought together behind her back they locked there and effectively bound her wrists together.

“How delicious. And nobody guesses when they see,” Olivia said, standing up and smirking.

She moved around in front of the shamed girl and slapped her face again.

“Now we’ll see if you can provide enough amusement and diversion for me to keep my mouth shut,” Olivia said. “Daddy has spoken of your talents in pleasuring men. No doubt he’s demonstrated that personally on many of his friends. Let’s see how you do on women.”

She was wearing a short skirt, and her fingers slid it up to reveal a thin blue G-string. She tugged that aside and then grasped Chloe’s hair, forcing her face in against her groin.

“Lick me, little slave girl,” she sneered. “Show me why I shouldn’t tell mother and everyone else what common trash father is playing with these days.”

Chloe had no desire in pleasuring women, nor experience in it. But her terror and shame overcame her disgust and she pushed her tongue out, licking along the woman’s slit as her nose was jammed in painfully against her. She endured the slaps, the pulls on her hair, the musky female scent and taste as she licked frantically at Olivia’s pussy, desperate to bring her off.

She did, of course, but that was only the beginning. Olivia reminded her that if anyone found out her relationship with Hamilton would be over, and then added that if Hamilton knew his daughter was aware of their perverted little relationship he would send her packing himself.

And then ordered her to come to her flat that evening after work.

When she arrived, heart in her throat, it was to find not just Olivia, but four other smug, smirking young rich girls waiting for her. She was forced to stand in the midst of them as they slouched back in comfortable chairs, then dance and strip. She was given sex toys and forced to play with herself, to pretend to masturbate, to pose herself in degrading, humiliating ways, and finally, to be spanked and strapped as she performed oral sex on one girl after another.

After the other women had gone, Olivia bound her spreadeagled to the bed and rode her face deep into the night.

The next day she had to go to work and pretend nothing had happened. There she danced for Hamilton and a friend, and performed oral sex on them, then was mounted and ridden hard by Hamilton’s eager visitor, a man easily into his sixties.

After work she returned to Olivia’s pricy flat and received more of the same. Though this time it was with Olivia and her boyfriend, who alternately tormented and used her pliable body.

It was all so bizarre, she thought dazedly. Her mind was finding it impossible to function properly, to consider what to do. It was so much easier to do as she was told, to obey.

“Lick harder, slut!” Olivia snapped, yanking on her hair.

Olivia was on her knees in bed, hands bound behind her, licking at Olivia's pussy as the woman sat back against the headboard. Olivia's boyfriend was pounding his hips into Chloe from behind, his big cock giving her aches and cramps as he rammed it deep into her anus again and again.

"Rape the little slut good, Patrick," Olivia sneered. "Ram it up her tight little arse."

Patrick did, and the bed shook as he hammered his hips into her bottom and Chloe licked frantically at Olivia's clit.

Obey. That was all she had to do, the dazed girl thought. Obey. It was worth it - for Hamilton, to protect him, to keep him close, to prevent anyone from causing a scandal. Nothing else was really important. Certainly not her. She was, as Olivia said, as Hamilton said, as their friends said, a slut, good for nothing but sex.

And in the day she danced and crawled and performed for he and his friends, and, of course performed her secretarial duties to perfection.

She shrugged off the slaps, the degrading and demeaning words and behaviour, the punishment, as part of their little game, and exulted in delight at every offhand compliment which, to her showed his true feelings.

It was a bizarre life, but she had no idea how to escape it, nor even if she wanted to do so. So long as she was near Hamilton, she could endure anything. And one day, she was sure, he would be free to return her love openly, and they would live together in his big house where she would bear his children.

She could endure anything for that.