

The Receptionist

Chapter 1 - Meeting Rachel

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Personal Injury – Worker’s Compensation – Bankruptcy – Criminal Defense – Real Estate
– Immigration

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That’s my business card. I’m Joseph Decker, and I have a law degree, so that makes me J.D., J.D. I’ve been telling that joke to prospective clients for 11 years. Nobody has laughed at it yet. I grew up in Michigan, and went to Yale right out of high school. I guess that makes me a pretty smart guy. After 18 years in Michigan and another 4 years in Connecticut I was ready to get the hell out of the cold, so I went to UCLA for law school.

I met Denise at a party while I was still in school and we started dating. She was an aspiring actress and model, meaning she would beg the manager of the restaurant she worked at as a waitress to get someone to cover her shift a few times a week while she went on an audition. She appeared in the background in a few movies you’ve never seen, and appeared in the background on a couple of tv shows that you might have seen (she was a student in the hallway in an episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer with her back to the camera). And she’s been in a couple of magazine ads, including one for Coca Cola, which I’m certain you’ve heard of. You guessed it, she was in the background.

We got married about a month after I graduated from law school. I was studying night and day for the California Bar Exam, which is notorious for being the toughest in the country. So our honeymoon was 3 nights in wine country. I barely sipped a drink, and spent most of the time with my nose buried in a test preparation book. Denise was furious with me, but on the bright side, I passed the exam on my first try which is practically unheard of. I accepted a job as an associate at Kramer, Rigby, and Collins, which is one of the largest firms in the country. They had 26 offices across the nation, including in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, and Dallas. I was working in their Los Angeles office, which is where their headquarters are. They take up most of the 17th floor, and all of the 18th, 19th, and 20th floor in the building where I worked. The senior partners all had offices on the 20th floor. The other partners and all of the promising associates were on the 19th floor. The 18th floor was made up almost entirely of conference rooms and row after row of legal reviews, dating back to the 1920’s. My office was on the 17th floor.

I worked for them for 8 years, and I logged a minimum of 55 billable hours a week every single year. It typically took me 70 hours of actual work to get to 55 billable hours, so it’s

fair to say that I had no life whatsoever outside of the firm. I was specializing in mergers and acquisitions, so the one big perk I had was a corporate credit card that had me taking clients to lunch at just about every well-known restaurant in the greater Los Angeles restaurant. You know those restaurants where you have to have reservations 6 months in advance just to get inside to try their overpriced food? We had an entire department at Kramer Rigby who did nothing but manage the relationships with those establishments. Martin Scorsese was once famously turned away when he showed up at a trendy sushi restaurant without a reservation. I could always get a table there with 30 minutes notice.

Denise left me after during year four. She kept the lease on the apartment and our dog. I missed the dog. Denise, I didn't miss as much. I'd resigned myself to the fact that Denise was only interested in one thing – herself. I discovered that she was renting her body out to any casting director, agent, or producer who promised her that he could give her the big break she so badly wanted.

By year six with the firm, I was still on the 17th floor, and no closer to being offered a partnership in a firm that had 354 partners (the last time I counted) than when I had started. So I handed in my resignation and struck out on my own. I became the senior partner of a one man firm. We had zero associates. My business card says that I specialize in practically everything, but in reality I specialize in absolutely everything. I moved into the 2nd floor of a building nowhere near downtown, and I was nowhere near any of the trendy restaurants in Los Angeles. But on the other hand, I was on a first name basis with Mario at Colossal Pizza, on the 1st floor of my building. He was between Mohammed, who owns the discount cellphone store on one side, and Jayanti, who owns the discount shoe store on the other side.

I was working 100 hours per week for the first year after stepping out on my own and was lucky to get 30 billable hours a week. But I was getting by, and I was doing it by myself. The second year I was working 90 hours a week in order to bill 40. By year three, I had enough business coming in that I decided to hire some help. The job title was officially a receptionist, but really I needed someone who could do a little bit of everything. Answer the phones, screen clients, handle my billing, pay my bills, basically everything that didn't involve stepping in a court room. I interviewed about 30 applicants and nobody fit what I was looking for. About a dozen of the applicants were aspiring actresses. They were immediately crossed off the list of possible hires. Some of the others couldn't string a sentence together that even resembled decent grammar. I wasn't looking for a top of the line legal assistant but I needed someone who could at least write a letter that I could pass off to a client or an opposing attorney.

I had three extremely qualified applicants, but they were all looking for more money than I was currently paying myself. I'd just about given up on finding anyone suitable

when Rachel White came in for an interview. Rachel was young and had zero experience but when I started speaking with her I could tell right away that she had enough intelligence to figure out what was needed without being told. She'd recently graduated from California State University in San Bernardino with a degree in English Literature but had decided that she didn't really want to be a high school English teacher after all. She could type and she had a pleasant voice for whenever the phone might ring. And it didn't hurt that she was nice to look at. She stood about 5'8 with long, delicate limbs and she was exotic looking with long, dark hair, brown eyes, and smooth, tan skin. I later found out that her father was Scottish and her mother was half Japanese and half Italian. Rachel struck gold in the gene pool as looks go. She was skinny and beautiful, and with the right connections she could have easily become the type of fashion model that Denise only dreamed about becoming. I didn't have much of a hiring budget, but Rachel's resume was void of any practical experience and she was happy to accept a position for \$15/hour.

Rachel showed that she had a real aptitude for picking up knowledge on the fly and quickly proved to be a great hire. Her compositional skills were flawless and within a week I'd stopped bothering to proofread her work, with the exception of technical terms that she couldn't possibly be familiar with.

She was always polite but professional on the phone, she was prompt and dependable, and she never complained. The only shortcoming that Rachel had was a real insecurity about herself. This manifested itself on her first day. I was on the phone with a client and she came to my office door looking anxious. I held up a finger to let her know I'd be just a minute and she waited next to the door of my office, fidgeting. The call ended and I asked Rachel what she needed.

"Um, Mister Decker," she began.

"Please call me Joe," I interrupted her, in the friendliest tone of voice I could muster up.

"Um, okay, Mister Joe, I mean Mister Decker, I mean Joe," she was struggling and quickly losing her composure.

"What is it Rachel? Can I help you with something?"

Rachel was flushed. "Well the thing is Mister, I mean Joe. Well, I was wondering if it would be alright for me to step out for a minute to use the ladies room?"

I fought to keep myself from laughing. With a bemused smile on my face I responded. "Rachel, you never need to ask me for permission for that sort of thing. Any time you need a break, just go."

Rachel took a deep breath and the relief showed on her face. "Thank you Mister, I mean thank you, Joe. And thank you for hiring me. And if you ever need anything."

I interrupted her again. "Rachel, you're doing great on your first day. This isn't a sweatshop, it's a professional office. When you know what you need to do, just do it. If you need help, just ask. And when you feel like you want a break, take a break."

Rachel's shoulders began to shake as if she might collapse, either from relief or from indecision. I wasn't sure which.

"I'll tell you what, Rachel," I said. "If you think you might be longer than 15 minutes on a break, just give me a heads up. And try to keep it to less than 3 or 4 breaks a day. Does that work?"

Rachel smiled. "Thank you, Mister Decker. I'm going to go now. I'll be less than 15 minutes." And she was gone.

I was so amused that I didn't bother to remind her not to call me 'Mister Decker'.

Another time, I was looking for a client's file and couldn't find it. "Rachel, have you seen the Lopez file?" I asked.

Rachel thought for a moment and then answered. "Hector Lopez? I prepared a bill for him for a consulting fee a few days ago. It should be in the file cabinet, though." She checked her desk, which was immaculate, and confirmed that the only files on her desk were the ones with pending items to be updated. "Yes I'm sure of it, Joe. It's in the cabinet."

I took a second look through the file drawer. "Rachel, I'm sure it isn't here." I went through the files and read them aloud. "Lincoln, Lindstrom, Lister, Logan, Lombardi, Lucas, Lumpkin. No Lopez."

Rachel thought for a moment and then answered. "Oh, I put him in the 'A' cabinet. Hector Lopez Arrieta. She suddenly went pale. Oh my gosh, Mister Decker, I'm so sorry! I really screwed up didn't I?"

"No, it's not a big deal at all, Rachel," I answered. "A lot of Latin people have multiple last names. So a name like Lopez Arrieta is filed under 'L' for 'Lopez'. It's really not a big deal at all." I looked over to Rachel and her face was scrunched up as if she was in pain. Suddenly she burst into tears and began to sob. "I'm so sorry Mister Decker. I've ruined everything. Please don't be mad at me."

“Rachel,” I assured her, “I’m not mad at you. You’re not a screw up. I’m lucky to have you. Please don’t cry.”

Rachel sobbed louder and then rushed to me and curled up against my chest. “Please don’t be mad at me,” she whimpered. I did the only thing I could think of. I wrapped her up in my arms and held her as she sobbed, her shoulders hunched over, making herself as small as she possibly could. Finally, after a few minutes, she’d cried herself out. Looking up at me with her big, teary eyes, she spoke in a small voice. “I’m sorry, Mister Decker. I’m so lucky to have a boss like you. Thank you for saying all of those nice things about me.”

I smiled at her. “I only said those nice things about you because they’re true, Rachel. The only thing I would ever want to change about you is that sometimes you worry too much.”

Rachel gave a sad smile and then sat back down at her desk, eager to get back to work.

Chapter 2 - The boyfriend

About a month into her employment with me, I met her boyfriend, Sebastian. I'd heard Rachel on the phone with him a few times, and when she was, it wasn't unusual for her to burst into tears. However, Rachel made it a point not to engage in personal calls while she was at the office, so I never had any real exposure to him. And she never brought him up whenever we chatted. One afternoon he came up to the office. Sebastian was a typical former dumb jock who had grown up into a worthless dumb adult. He worked part-time as a bartender and spent most of his days sleeping in and sitting around on his ass. On this particular day he was coming to pick up Rachel's car, having totaled his own the day before.

When he walked into the office, I stepped out into the reception area. Sebastian made a big show of demonstrating what a macho guy he was. He had a ring on every finger including his thumbs and about a dozen gold chains around his neck. I introduced myself to him and offered a handshake. He took my hand and gripped it as hard as he possibly could. What a douche-bag. I'd known plenty of macho assholes growing up in high school and my own grip was more than firm enough to match his once I put forth the effort. Frustrated by his failure to assert his dominance over me he turned his focus to Rachel.

"Hey Monkey," he called, "give me the fucking keys to the car already. You don't want me to be late, do you, Monkey? It's your fault I was late yesterday when I couldn't find my favorite t-shirt and that's why I was in such a rush." Rachel looked down and I could see that she was getting ready to cry. Sebastian grabbed Rachel by the chin and forced her to look at him. "It's your fault I totaled my car, Monkey. Now give me the fucking keys." Rachel reached for her purse but before she put her fingers on it, Sebastian grabbed it off of the desk. He began tossing her items on the floor and then pulled her keys out from the purse. "Maybe you won't be such a stupid bitch the next time you're putting the laundry away," he hissed. Then he stormed out of the office.

Rachel immediately burst into tears where she sat. I went to comfort her but she shrugged away from me and ran out of the office after Sebastian. I could hear her down the hallway crying out, "I'm sorry, baby!"

She returned about ten minutes later with puffy eyes and looking sullen. I wanted to tell her that she was too good for him and that she deserved better. That nobody ever deserved to be treated the way I had just witnessed. I stood and watched Rachel for several minutes but she never lifted her gaze from the floor. Finally I approached her and put my hand on her shoulder in a manner that I hoped was as supportive and reassuring as possible. I spoke. "He's lucky to have you, Rachel. You're a wonderful person." Rachel looked up at me and burst into tears again. "I'm worthless," she sobbed. "I just know I'm going to lose him. I love him so much."

I wanted to tell her what I thought of Sebastian but instead I decided to keep my opinions to myself.

Over the next few months Rachel grew increasingly comfortable with her role as a 'Jane of all trades' in the office and became more comfortable with me as her employer. She hardly ever called me Mister Decker any longer – only when she was especially stressed or agitated, which was typical after a phone call with Sebastian. Most days the two of us found at least a few minutes for banter and I discovered she was incredibly witty and could display a wicked sense of humor when she was relaxed enough. Mondays were the toughest day of the week for Rachel. A weekend with Sebastian would leave her wound up like a tightly coiled spring. By Thursday, she was at ease and at her best. Friday would come around and she'd resign herself to the fact that another weekend was around the corner and she'd be sullen for most of the day.

I'd invited Rachel to lunch a few times, my treat, and she'd always refused. Once I pressed her on it, assuring her that she deserved the break, and that it was my pleasure to have her company. In a moment of candor she finally told me, "Sebastian doesn't like it when I'm with another man." All I could do was shake my head in disgust at the pig that she was with, careful not to let my emotions show on my face when Rachel could see me.

The phone calls from Sebastian came more and more frequently. At times I could hear him shouting over the phone all the way from my office. Mondays saw Rachel come in looking like a ghost. She was frail and timid, and wouldn't speak except to answer the phone or respond to a direct question I asked of her. Fridays were even worse. She was frantic and wouldn't stop shaking throughout the day. She'd get worse and worse on Fridays until an hour or so before 5 PM, at which point she'd slump her shoulders, seemingly resigned to her fate, and would stare at her computer screen watching time tick down.

The inevitable happened about six months after I'd hired Rachel. Monday morning I sat at the office preparing for a deposition for a personal injury case I was working on. 9:00 AM came and Rachel was nowhere to be seen. Until that day Rachel had never been late and had never missed a day of work. She'd been as dependable as the tides until that day. Finally at 9:45, Rachel rushed into the door, saw me, and apologized. "I'm sorry I'm late, Mister Decker. I won't ever let it happen again."

I smiled and told Rachel not to worry about it. She turned, went to her desk, and stared at her monitor. I got up to check for a file about an hour later and it was apparent that Rachel hadn't moved. Her computer was still off and she was staring at the blank screen. "Are you alright?" I asked her. She turned toward me with a vacant look and nodded her head. "Rachel," I persisted. "Talk to me. What's going on? What happened?"

Rachel continued to stare in place at nothing. Suddenly she jumped up, collapsed in my arms, and burst into tears. I must have held her and rocked her for ten minutes as she wailed. Eventually she settled down enough to speak. "Sebastian broke up with me last night. I made dinner and he didn't like the way I did the potatoes and he said I was worthless and he kicked me out of the house and said he was through with me." She began to sob again. "What am I going to do?" she cried. I reached out and held her again. This time, instead of making herself smaller, she put her arms around me and pressed herself into me. I felt her frail body against my own. I could feel her heart beating rapidly against my chest.

I spoke comforting words to Rachel. "You're going to be just fine, Rachel. You'll see. Everything is going to work out just fine for you. You deserve so much better than the way he treated you. He's not good enough for you."

Rachel looked at me. "Do you really think so? Do you think I'll ever do better than him?"

I gave a gentle laugh. "You're a beautiful young woman, Rachel. You're smart, and you're kind, and you're gentle. Any man would be lucky to call you his girlfriend. You can definitely do better than him."

I don't know if she believed me or not, but she settled down and went back to work a few minutes later.

The next morning I was at my desk early and saw that by 8:55 AM Rachel hadn't come in yet. Technically she wasn't late, with a starting time of 9:00, but I was accustomed to Rachel arriving at least 15 minutes early each day. Rachel rushed in the door at 8:59 nearly out of breath. She was also smiling. I got up to greet her and asked her what had her in such a good mood.

"I thought about what you said to me yesterday, Joe," she began. I decided that I do deserve better. But I also know that you can't expect somebody to think much of you if you don't think much of yourself. I've been feeling pretty crappy for a long time. I've felt weak. So I decided to join a gym. I got there early this morning and worked out until I dropped. I can barely stand up but this is the best I've felt in a long time." Rachel was practically singing she was so excited. I'd never seen her like this and I gave her a big smile and told her I thought she was doing something wonderful for herself.

Rachel smiled back at me and said, "I think I'm doing something wonderful for myself too, Joe. I can't wait to see how far I can take this."

Chapter 3 - Confidence

Over the next several weeks, I started to notice a change in Rachel. She smiled a lot more. She sat straighter at her desk. Her face had a healthy glow. Her voice had more conviction when she spoke on the phone. The few times that she made a misstep of any degree at work, she'd laugh it off when I pointed out her error and would simply fix the mistake and move forward. And she never called me 'Mister Decker' even once. And I could have sworn that she was putting on weight, but I couldn't be certain because she continued to dress in a way that covered her arms and legs entirely.

One afternoon Rachel was out getting lunch and I'd decided to stay in to prepare for a client meeting I had the next day. The phone rang and I decided to answer it. Just as I picked up the phone Rachel walked back into the office. The phone call was from a salesman trying to convince me that I needed to advertise in his newsletter. I tried to explain that I wasn't interested but he wouldn't let me get a word in. Rachel saw my frustration and came into my office. After another minute of me not getting any traction with the pushy salesman, Rachel finally said, "Oh, give me that," and grabbed the phone from out of my hand. Then she spoke to the salesman. "Listen, we don't need whatever it is you're selling. Can't you get that through your head? Now goodbye and don't call back!" Rachel hung up the phone, gave me a smile, and walked back to her desk and resumed working.

I was stunned. Where had that come from?

Several more months passed by and Rachel continued to become more confident and more assertive. One morning she came into the office wearing a sleeveless shirt. It was classy and professional and would have looked appropriate on any legal secretary in the city. However, I'd been accustomed to seeing Rachel dress conservatively for nearly two years. Her typical outfit included a skirt that went down to her ankles and a sweater that showed no skin from her neck to her wrists. I'd seen her take her sweater off once or twice in the past on a particularly hot day and she had rail thin arms and carried absolutely no meat or muscle on her bones. Seeing her arms completely bare, I did a double-take. Her formerly bony arms now had some noticeable size and muscle. She had also added a nice golden tan to her complexion. To put it simply, she had been a beautiful woman from the day I first hired her. Now she was not only beautiful – she was hot! I spent most of the day coming up with excuses to leave my office and make myself busy in the reception area. And when I was in my office I made sure to keep my door open the entire day. I didn't get much work done that day, but it was well worth it in my opinion.

More time went by and Rachel began showing some skin on a more routine basis. I no longer did a double-take when I'd see Rachel's toned arms and her healthy glow on her

skin but neither did I ever become entirely accustomed to it. She had already been a beautiful looking woman from the day I first met her. Now she was entering the realm of being breathtaking. Even still, I never could have been prepared for the day that Rachel showed up to work in a short skirt which stopped just above her knees. She had on a pair of heeled shoes which increased her height by at least 3 inches. More significantly, I was afforded, for the very first time, a good look at her calves. Holy shit! If Rachel's arms were toned, her calves were flat out cut from diamonds. I was treated with bulging muscle in the shape of a softball with every step she took about the office. And I came up with a lot of reasons for her to get up from her desk and visit me at my desk, often to answer the most inane questions, giving me the opportunity to gawk at her legs as she returned to her desk.

Rachel began to wear her hair down more often than not, framing her beautiful face in the most appealing way. She'd always worn her hair up in a bun, but now as her confidence grew and her demeanor became more relaxed, the casual look of her hair suited her. She also became more confident in dealing with me. Now I was never 'Mister Decker'. Rachel began to take over my scheduling and would give me a hard time (always in a playful way) whenever I fell behind the regimen she'd set for me or whenever I neglected to tell her about an appointment ahead of time. Under Rachel's watchful eye, my productivity improved and so did my profits. In fact I did so well that after winning a large settlement for a client (slip and fall) I decided to surprise Rachel with an unexpected bonus. Rachel was as thrilled as she was unsuspecting and upon receiving the check that I'd made out to her she stood up and threw her arms around me in a hug. I felt Rachel's arms squeezing me harder than I could have ever imagined and her breasts pressed tightly against my chest. I knew for a fact that Rachel had never had breast augmentation surgery; she'd never missed a day of work in over two years with me. I could only conclude that her breasts, already a very nice size, had become firmer and more pronounced from the layer of pectoral muscle that now rested just underneath her skin.

One day I was in the office when a man stormed in, angrily, and began shouting at me. It took me a moment to put it together but then I realized that he was the ex-husband in a divorce case I'd handled not that long ago. I'd represented his former wife and was able to get her awarded a very nice divorce settlement. Evidently the husband hadn't taken very kindly to the lawyer who had "fucked his life up" in his own words and he wanted to give me a piece of his mind.

I sat back in my desk content to wait for the man's anger to run its course and was surprised when Rachel burst into the room and grabbed him by the neck. "Sir," she growled at the irate man, "You're not permitted to be in this office," she continued as she dragged the man out of my office and through the reception area, "without an appointment!" By the time she had finished her sentence she had already opened the

door with her free hand and had shoved the guy out of the office entirely and pushed him halfway to the elevator. I'd gotten up from my desk to watch this episode and as Rachel returned to her desk with a self-satisfied smile on her face, I was standing in the middle of the reception area with a shocked look on my face and my jaw halfway to the ground. Who would have ever thought that this was possible?

A few months later, Rachel celebrated her 25th birthday. By this time, her arms had bulked up considerably and she dressed in a way to show off her hard work just about every day. Mondays had long become my favorite day of the week. After a weekend of not seeing Rachel, I couldn't wait for her to come into the office on Monday morning, and I would typically spend a generous amount of my time gawking at her physique as inconspicuously as possible. On the day of her birthday I invited Rachel out to lunch to celebrate. To my delight, she said yes. We went to a nice Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills and I insisted that we share a bottle of wine. We shared a cab back to the office and I planned to send Rachel home early so that she could go out and celebrate her birthday with friends. When we entered the office after lunch, Sebastian was sitting in the reception room.

"Hi Monkey," he said by way of greeting. "I've decided to take you back." Then he looked at me and sneered. "Hey, this is between me and my girl. Now get lost."

Before I could get a word in, Rachel jumped forward and grabbed Sebastian by the ear and pulled sharply down. Then she raised a knee and connected with his stomach, knocking the wind out of him. "You son of a bitch," she uttered. "You piece of shit. You've decided to take me back?" I watched Rachel's face turn a shade of red as anger took over and she reached down and slapped Sebastian in the face, her open palm ringing against his cheek. Then she pulled back and slapped him a second time. "I can't believe I put up with you for all of those years, you scumbag. You treated me like dirt. You treated me like less than dirt. I'm not your girl. I'll never be your girl."

Sebastian got up on his knees and put his hands up in a sign of defense. "Monkey," he began.

"And I'm not your monkey, you fucking ape!" Rachel hissed. She grabbed Sebastian by the hair and pushed him down between her legs. Then she clenched her calves together around his head and began to squeeze. Sebastian began to struggle and Rachel backed up and pushed her hands back against her chair for support. Sebastian continued to thrash, but Rachel simply gritted her teeth together and squeezed harder. She only let go when Sebastian had stopped struggling. He immediately collapsed to the floor, unconscious. I stood in the middle of the office, dumbfounded. Sebastian was a former jock and a fairly hefty guy. Rachel had just squeezed him to sleep with the power of her legs. This was the most incredible thing I'd ever seen!

After a minute, Sebastian started to stir and slowly pulled himself up to a sitting position on the floor. "What happened?" he asked in a confused voice.

Rachel grabbed him by the collar. "What happened, 'Monkey'" her voice dripping with sarcasm and contempt, "is I beat the shit out of you and knocked you unconscious. Now get the fuck out of here. I'm not your girlfriend, and I'm never going to put up with your shit again. And the next time I see you," she threatened, as she flexed an impressive bicep at the stunned man, "I'm going to make what I did to you today look like a walk in the park. Got it?"

Sebastian scurried to his feet and hightailed it out of the office. Rachel watched him go, turned to me, and said, "Now this is a happy birthday."

Stunned, all I could do was nod my head.

Chapter 4 - The Lunch

A few months later, I took Rachel to lunch for the second time. An investor had enlisted me to do all of the legal work for a real estate deal he was closing on. It had taken me the better part of a month to examine all of the contracts for him, check the titles, examine zoning laws, double check the loan terms with his bank, and finally execute the closing. I made a pretty penny on that deal and wanted to celebrate. Rachel agreed to come along and we arrived at a trendy Japanese restaurant in Malibu. I was in my suit. Rachel had on a pair of capri pants that showed off her nicely toned legs and left her incredible calves on display for the world to see. She also had on a high necked shirt with no sleeves. Her arms were completely jacked by this point and she turned heads everywhere she went with her incredible physique. Her long dark hair fell straight down her back and she had bangs in the front accentuating her exotic looks. She was completely dressed to kill, in other words. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride to be accompanying such a beautiful woman to lunch and I felt waves of jealousy from most of the men in the restaurant, many of whom were dining with female companions who were suddenly relegated to also-rans now that Rachel was in the room.

Rachel and I had just completed ordering our food and were enjoying our beverages (non-alcoholic this time) when a voice announced itself. "Well hello, there Joseph. What a surprise to see you here." I turned around and my worst suspicions were confirmed. It was Denise. My ex-wife. Denise had on a one piece outfit that resembled a pair of shorts on the bottom and a trashy top that showed all of the considerable cleavage that she had to offer. It was apparent that she'd had a lot of work done by a plastic surgeon. Her breasts were comically large and completely out of place in comparison to her skinny arms and legs. She was accompanied by a man I recognized as Burt Benjamin, a second rate, B-movie director who couldn't keep his hands off of her. We all shook hands and I introduced Burt and Denise to Rachel, who stood up, wrapped an arm around me, and spontaneously played the part of my lunch date. Denise made several glances at Rachel's toned arms and shoulders and looked away in disgust each time. Finally, Denise announced that it was wonderful to have run into me and gave me a Hollywood kiss in which her lips were never closer than 3 or 4 inches from my face.

Burt and Denise sat at a table directly in front of Rachel and me and the two of them began to fawn all over each other. I closed my eyes and groaned at the sight. Rachel had never met Denise but she'd heard some of the stories about our failed marriage and of Denise's failed attempts to become a Hollywood actress. She looked at me, winked, and then said in a low voice, "Let's give them a taste of their own medicine, baby," putting emphasis on the word 'baby'. Rachel then slid her chair over so that she was sitting inches away from me and proceeded to put on a display of public affection that set the room on fire, as well as my groin. She rubbed my thigh throughout the meal and made an elaborate display of feeding me my meal. Any time I said anything to Rachel she

laughed loudly as if I were the funniest person she'd ever met, and she batted her eyes at me non-stop. After our food was taken away, Rachel pushed her chair aside and climbed up onto my lap. As I sat nervously with the brunette beauty sitting on top of me, she began to play with my hair, run her hands up and down my chest, and finally, she began to kiss me with enough heat to set the restaurant on fire.

At this point Denise had evidently had enough and she stormed out of the restaurant, with Burt sitting alone and confused for a moment before getting up leaving behind her. Rachel watched the two of them leave and burst into laughter before giving me a kiss on the cheek and then returning to her own chair. "This has been the most enjoyable lunch I've had in a long, long time, Joe," she said to me her eyes twinkling with amusement at the scene she had just made. Rachel then glanced down at my lap and saw the effect that she had made on me in the form of my arousal, and smiled coyly at me. "I hope I didn't overstep my bounds," she quickly said. I assured her that she hadn't and that I was happy to see Denise put in her place, and Rachel and I went on to happily finish our meal together.

We returned to the office and I retreated to my desk, closing the door, and reflecting on what had happened. I'd had a fixation with strong, fit women for as long as I could remember, a secret that I had never shared with another soul, including my former wife. I'd had a fascination with aggressive women who took charge for my entire life and I'd never revealed that to anyone either. Seeing Rachel blossom from a timid, insecure, skinny girl to a confident, outgoing, muscular woman was messing with my internal wiring on a daily basis. I couldn't stop thinking about Rachel and it was affecting my work and my sleep. At the same time, Rachel was indispensable to me as an assistant and my productivity was through the roof, even if my concentration was never at 100 percent any longer. I was torn. Would I be better off without Rachel in the office? But then, could I stand not to have her in the office? I had no answers.

Just as I'd satisfied myself that I would never come up to a decent conclusion there was a knock at the door. Rachel opened it and came inside. "I think we should talk about how lunch went, Mister Decker," she began. Rachel hadn't called me that in over a year. I nodded my head. "I haven't wanted to point out the elephant in the room," she continued, "but you've been checking me out ever since that first day that I showed my arms." I cringed inside. "You've got a thing for strong women, don't you, Mister Decker?" she challenged. I could only nod my head. "I couldn't help but feel your..." she glanced down at my crotch, "...excitement when I was sitting on your lap. It wasn't just the kissing that got you that way was it?" Reluctantly, I nodded again. Rachel crossed in front of the desk and stood inches away in front of me. Staring directly into my eyes, Rachel brought her arm up and flexed her bicep. I watched as her muscle popped up to unimaginable size and a beautiful shape. "You like this, don't you, Mister Decker?" I

nodded again. Rachel looked down at my crotch. My arousal was tenting my pants. “I can see that,” she said, with a smile.

Then Rachel paused. She looked away and then smiled, as she had an idea. “It’s not just the muscle though, is it, Mister Decker?” She continued. “It’s the attitude. You love it when a women takes charge, don’t you?” Rachel was looking straight into my soul. I nodded again. “I think I first realized it that time I took the phone from your hands and hung up on that salesman. I thought back to that day and felt my arousal grow. “You like it when I manage your schedule, don’t you, Mister Decker?” I nodded. “You like it when I manage your appointments?” I nodded again. “If I told you what to do you wouldn’t be able to say ‘no’ would you, Mister Decker?”

I knew that we were at a critical point in our personal and business relationship. Rachel was my employee. I was her boss. There would be no turning back after today. Slowly, I nodded my head.

“Stand up, Joseph.” I flinched at hearing her call me by my formal name. She had never called me Joseph before. Nobody ever called me Joseph. I stood up. Rachel stuck a finger into my chest and poked me. I flinched from the sudden pain. “Answer me when I speak to you, Joseph.”

“Yes, Rachel,” I answered.

“Yes, Miss White,” she corrected me.

“Yes, Miss White,” I answered.

“I’m your dream come true, aren’t I?” She flexed her bicep inches away from my eyes. I groaned out loud.

“You are, Miss White.”

“Things are going to be different in this office from now on, Joseph.” Rachel unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it over her head. She stood before me in a lacy bra, her powerful pecs pushing her nicely developed breasts out, and her erect nipples straining against the fabric. “Very different, Joseph.”

She held out her arm and flexed her forearms and triceps, twisting her arm back and forth and admiring the musculature as she adjusted the angle of her shoulder and elbow. I was transfixed. Hypnotized by her muscles, by her complete control of me, and the surreal exchange that was going on between me and the woman of my dreams. Rachel

fixed me with a look and waited. Finally I answered the unspoken question. "Yes, Miss White."

"Get down on your knees, Joseph." Rachel fixed me with a stare.

I immediately complied and was kneeling in front of my receptionist, remembering to say the words as I did so. "Yes, Miss White."

Rachel slid one of her feet out of her heel and forward toward me. I watched as her calf muscle bunched up into a knot. A knot the size of a softball. Or was it more like a grapefruit? "Kiss my foot, Joseph."

"Yes, Miss White," came my automatic response. I leaned forward and kissed the arch of her foot.

"This is very nice Joseph. I can see that you're a quick learner." Rachel twisted her foot from side to side. I began to respond my compliance but before I could do so, she spoke again. "Keep kissing, Joseph." Then she slid her other foot forward and I automatically switched and began kissing it. After an extended period of time, she spoke for the last time. "I'm glad we came to this understanding," buttoning her top back up and returning to her desk, "Mister Decker."

And she walked out of my office, closing the door behind her. I remained on my knees, trying to process what had just transpired.

Chapter 5 - The Client Meeting

The next day, Rachel came in wearing another outfit that showed off her fantastic musculature and physique. I could swear that she was getting bigger and more defined with each passing day. And more beautiful as well. Her face perpetually showed off a healthy glow that radiated femininity and confidence.

She came into my office and sat down opposite me at the desk. “Joe,” she began. “I’ve been thinking a lot about what happened yesterday. And about us. And about our working relationship. And I feel like I work just as hard as you do and I add just as much value to this practice as you do. In fact, I’ve been thinking of this relationship as less of an employer/employee dynamic and we’re both really partners in this venture.” She emphasized the word ‘partner’. “And I think it’s time that you acknowledged that. I’m feeling incredibly undervalued and underpaid every time I see my paycheck.” Then she stood up and placed her palms flat against the desk. I was forced to look up at her and couldn’t help but become fixated on her bulging forearms, triceps, delts, and traps. Rachel was simply massive!

I sat back in my seat, dumbfounded. What was she getting at? This was extortion! Then I thought about her words. She was incredibly valuable to me. I was struggling to keep things together before I hired her and with her leadership and organization, revenue had skyrocketed in the last 2 years. It was getting to a point where I was thinking about adding an associate to handle some of the case overflow. More importantly, what would I do without Rachel? I thought for a long time and considered what Rachel was suggesting. I considered where the firm would be with or without her. And I came to a decision. I only hoped that she’d hear me out.

I collected myself and spoke. “Miss White,” I began. But she cut me off immediately.

“Rachel. Please call me Rachel, unless we’re sharing one of those... moments.”

I felt an immediate sense of relief. “Rachel,” I began again. “You’re a value to this practice. I can’t imagine where I’d be without your support. I’m prepared to make you a 20 percent partner in the practice.” Rachel didn’t betray any emotions but continued to watch me without expression. I continued on. “Associates who wish to become a partner in most law firms are usually expected to pay a sizeable fee to become partners. I’m not asking for any of that. Here’s the rest. I feel I’ve been generous with your pay and you’re up to \$25 per hour after starting at \$15 per hour. I’ll bump you up to \$30 per hour. And as an 80 percent partner myself, I’ll put myself on a salary as well instead of paying myself solely from the profits. As the attorney with his name on the door, I’ll set my own salary at \$3200 per week, which works out to \$80 per hour. Except we both know that I work way more than 40 hours a week.” Rachel began to relax. “And finally,” I

summarized, "I'll give you the option to purchase an additional 10 percent of the firm from me each year if you choose to. Up to 49 percent. I'm still going to be the majority stakeholder in this practice."

Rachel remained standing and thought about everything I'd just presented to her. I was offering her a windfall. She had to see it. She extended her hand and I shook it. "Deal," she proclaimed. And then she bore down on my hand with her grip, making me wince in pain. "Just remember, now that I'm a 20 percent owner of this practice, I'm going to make sure that I'm getting my money's worth if I'm going to be paying you \$80 per hour. Make sure you earn it..." she gave me an intimidating look and flexed her free arm while giving an additional squeeze to my hand. "...Mister Decker." Then she smiled, turned around, and left me alone in my office to work.

I watched Rachel's bunched up calves flex with each step as she made her way back to her desk. I had no doubt that she fully intended for me to earn every dollar that I took home. I also had no doubt that she was more than capable of forcing me to step up my game if she felt like I wasn't pulling my weight. I shuddered and then started working. Somehow I was able to shut out Rachel, the change in our office dynamic, and everything else that had been buzzing around in my mind and I got a lot done for the rest of the morning. Before I realized it, it was noon and Rachel was standing at my door. "Can I help you with anything?" I asked her.

"I'm just here to remind you of our client meeting at 3 PM in Estacada," was Rachel's response. I thought we could pick up a quick lunch on the way. Rachel gave me a smile. "My treat."

"What do you mean, 'our meeting'?" I asked her. I have a client meeting at 3 PM. I thought I'd go by myself. And then maybe head home afterwards. I don't really want to fight the traffic back to Hollywood when I'm done."

Rachel walked around my desk and stood over me. She tilted her head down at and glared at me through her dark eyes. Goosebumps jumped onto my skin. She said nothing, but merely held her stare. I was frozen. She began to slowly tap one of her heels. Click. How was she able to frighten me with just a look? Click. What was I supposed to do? Click. I've got to stand up for myself. Click. I can't take any more of this.

Rachel extended a finger and pointed it at me. Then she pointed the same finger to the floor. Immediately I got out of my chair and began to kiss her foot. "That's better, Joseph. Now I trust that we have an understanding of how this afternoon is going to go. Don't you agree, Joseph?"

I looked up at Rachel. She maintained her eye contact with me and was waiting for my response. “Yes, Miss White.”

“Good boy. You may get back in your chair now, Joseph.”

I quickly got up and sat in my chair. Rachel stayed where she was, looking down at me. Her pecs and traps were flared out underneath her shirt, which had suddenly become stretched thin. I gulped and found her eyes once more.

“Shall we go to lunch now, Joseph? You can drive.”

“Yes, Miss White.”

By the time we got to lunch, a casual sandwich shop in Burbank, we were back to Rachel and Joe, and I began to relax a bit. We enjoyed a conversation over chicken salad sandwiches that was... friendly. Casual, even. I began to relax and found the confidence that I knew I’d need when we met with my – with our client.

Gerald Houston lived on an estate in one of the more exclusive neighborhoods of Estacada. He had famously risen from the mailroom in one of the major studios to a top executive. A few years earlier he had struck out on his own and was producing independent films as well as a television show that had been picked up by Netflix. I had helped to negotiate his exit package from the studio. Now he wanted me to look over a multi-year lease for his company’s headquarters. It would include office space as well as access to 3 studios on the premises which he could design and for whatever use he needed at the time.

We parked in the driveway and were directed to a tennis court behind the house to meet with Jerry, as he was known. Jerry stood 6’5 and was notorious for his appetite, both with food and women, topping the scales at nearly 300 pounds. He was watching his third wife, a busty blonde who had once come in 2nd place for the Miss California Pageant, receive tennis lessons from an athletic kid in his early 20’s. Rachel and I walked to a covered cabana overlooking the court and sat at the table where Jerry was finishing up a phone call with an agent. I greeted Jerry and then introduced him to Rachel.

“Jerry, thanks for taking the time to meet with me,” I began. “And I’d like you to meet Rachel White. She’s my assistant,” I said by way of introduction. Rachel wore a buttoned sweater, but had left the top few buttons undone and her cleavage stood out in a way that definitely caught Jerry’s eye.

Rachel extended her hand and allowed Jerry to look her over. I felt a pang of revulsion as I watched Jerry mentally undress Rachel while shaking her hand. Not that I hadn't mentally undressed her thousands of times myself – I'd just been more discreet about it.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mister Houston," said Rachel. In addition to being Mister Decker's assistant I'm also the office manager. And I've recently become a partner of our little firm. So naturally I wanted to meet our most important client," she concluded.

Jerry absorbed all of this and then turned to me with a bemused grin on his face. "So you're his new partner, then" he said with an obnoxious smile. Well, Rachel, I can certainly see that Joe has wonderful taste in assistants. And business partners.

To Rachel's credit, she didn't betray any of her thoughts at Jerry's tone or his expression.

"Just give me a few minutes, Joe." He referred to his wife, "Trixie is just winding down her tennis lesson and then I'll give you 100 percent of my attention." He walked out onto the court, exchanged a few words with the tennis pro, and then went to his wife, wrapping his arms around her and grabbing her ass as she giggled at whatever he was saying. He gave her a pat on the ass as she bounded off the court and into the house.

"What a fucking pig," Rachel muttered. I looked in her direction with the intention of cautioning her about her behavior in front of our client but her look made me re-think this and I decided to keep my mouth closed.

"Okay now," Jerry said, returning to the table. "Let's get started, shall we?"

Jerry and I spent the next hour reviewing contracts, zoning laws, leases, and did a review of his company projections regarding expansion. Rachel kept quiet for most of the meeting, interrupting only on a few occasions with questions for Jerry. I noticed that her questions were all well thought out and would help me to focus my work in the best direction for ensuring that Jerry's company would be well taken care of.

The meeting concluded I stood up and shook Jerry's hand. "It's always a pleasure to see you Jerry. Thanks again for having us over at your beautiful home."

Jerry returned my handshake. "The pleasure is all mine, Joe. I'll be looking forward to seeing the contract revisions that you come up with." Jerry turned to head into the house.

Rachel stepped forward. "There's just one other thing, Mister Houston." Jerry turned around to face Rachel. "We're going to need \$10,000 in advance for this project."

I was flabbergasted and quickly stepped in. “Rachel, I really don’t think this is necessary. Jerry is one of our most valued clients.”

Rachel fixed me with a glare that froze me in my tracks. “Thank you, Joseph, but I’m really going to have to insist.” Oh shit. I was in trouble. I sat back down in the chair and tried to make myself invisible.

Jerry returned his attention to Rachel. “Listen, honey,” he began.

Rachel cut him off. “Mister Houston, I’ve done nothing to disrespect you in any way. I expect the same in return. You may call me Rachel. Or Miss White if you prefer.”

Jerry continued on. “Well Listen. Rachel. I have no intention of paying for anything in advance and frankly I’m offended that you would ask for such a thing. Now I don’t know who you are, Miss White,” he said dramatically, “but I’m pretty sure that you know who I am. Now run along before I lose my sense of humor and you lose a client. And when you’re done with the job I’ve given you, you can send me a bill.”

Rachel was not one to be intimidated. “I’m glad you brought that up, Mister Houston.” I’ve been reviewing the firm’s invoices and it appears that your company has \$32,000 in outstanding unpaid invoices.” Rachel walked to the edge of the cabana and picked up a tennis ball that was laying against the fence. She bounced it as she walked back to the patio where Jerry and I sat. “I certainly do know who you are, Mister Houston. You’re the delinquent client who owes my firm over thirty-thousand dollars. Now I’ll suggest that you go find your checkbook and pay me what you owe me before I drop my friendly disposition.” Then Rachel gripped the tennis ball in her hand and began to squeeze. I watched in shock as her fingers dug in deeper and deeper into the felt and the ball began to warp more and more out of shape. Suddenly the ball exploded in a loud pop in Rachel’s hand. She then tossed the destroyed tennis ball to Jerry, who had turned white from shock and fear.

“I’ll be right back,” he stammered, and then ran off inside the house.

Once Jerry was out of sight, Rachel turned her attention to me. “Joseph, I’ll deal with you later. For now, just remember this. Never interrupt me and never contradict me in front of a client or anyone else. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Miss White,” I whimpered.

Jerry returned a few moments later with two checks. One was for \$32,000 for overdue invoices and the other was an advance for \$10,000.

Chapter 6 - The Lesson

We drove back to the office from Gerald Houston's home in silence. Once we arrived Rachel led the way to our suite. She waited at the front door and I hurried forward to open it for her. Once inside, she pointed to my desk in the back office. I sheepishly walked to my desk and waited for her. Rachel walked into my office where I stood, waiting for any instruction from her, spoken or otherwise. Slowly she unbuttoned her sweater and slipped it off of her back, then folded it neatly and placed it on top of my desk. She began to tap her foot slowly. I was overcome with fear. Then she lifted her arms and slowly flexed both of her biceps. I watched, transfixed, as her arms transformed into a twin mountain ranges of muscle, power, and strength. Her biceps extended to incredible peaks that surpassed even my own imagination. Now I was even more scared. And aroused.

Rachel looked at me impassively, as if she was carefully measuring her words. "Joseph," she began. "You are my business partner. You are also the majority partner, and technically you are in charge of this firm." I slowly nodded. "And beyond that, Joseph, you took me in when I had no experience and gave me a chance to make something of myself. You gave me financial and emotional support when I most needed it. And for that, Joseph, I will forever be grateful to you and you'll always have a special place in my heart." I began to relax a bit. Then Rachel lowered her arms, and did a most-muscular pose. Her lats spread apart like wings, her traps ballooned up from her neck and shoulders, and her pecs began to pulse as her large breasts shifted noticeably higher on her chest, highlighting the incredible strength she possessed. The strength to manhandle me with ease. The strength to crush a tennis ball with her bare hand. "However," she continued. I flinched at the word. "However, Joseph, you interrupted me and you contradicted me in front of a client. And that is completely unacceptable. Do you understand me, Joseph?"

I nodded my head. "Yes, Miss White."

"Do you agree with me, Joseph? That it's never okay to contradict me in front of anyone else?"

I was now so scared that tears came to my eyes. "Yes, Miss White, I agree with you."

"Behavior like what you displayed will not be tolerated and must be dealt with. Do you follow me, Joseph?"

I gulped. The way Rachel was speaking to me, looking at me, and the tone of her voice had me truly frightened. Tears now flowed freely down my face.

“Yes, Miss White.”

“I’m very happy that we’re on the same page, Joseph.” Rachel relaxed her muscles and stood in front of me, her arms hanging loosely at her sides.

“Take your clothes off, Joseph.”

I hesitated and stared at her with a pleading look on my face.

“Joseph, I’m not going to repeat myself.” She folded her arms beneath her chest and held her stare.

“Yes, Miss White.” I removed my suit jacket and placed it on the chair. Then I bent down and removed my shoes. Then I undid my tie and unbuttoned my shirt. I folded it and placed it on the desk, next to Rachel’s sweater. I unbuckled my belt and removed my suit trousers. Finally I removed my socks. I now stood in front of Rachel wearing only a pair of boxers. Uncertain of whether to proceed, I looked to Rachel.

“Everything, Joseph.”

“Yes, Miss White.” A moment later I was standing in my office, at my desk, completely nude in front of Rachel. Rachel, my 25 year old receptionist. Rachel, who I had hired right out of college with zero work experience. Rachel, who I had held and comforted when her boyfriend had made her cry. Rachel held her arms out in front of her and twisted her wrists from side to side. Her biceps and triceps jumped with every movement. The veins in her forearms were pronounced and provided an anatomy lesson in strength and superior power. Also. Rachel, the most beautiful woman I’d ever laid eyes on. Rachel, whose confidence gave her complete authority over me in every imaginable way. Rachel, who could destroy me without breaking a sweat. I looked at her face and saw the impassive, almost disinterested look on her beautiful face. Rachel, who could dismantle me even without using any of her terrifying strength. A word, even a look from Rachel was sufficient to break me down.

Rachel made her way behind my desk and sat down in the chair. In my chair. Then she beckoned at me with a finger. “Come here, Joseph,” she ordered. Reluctantly I walked to her, naked, vulnerable, and completely aroused. My cock stood straight up at attention. Rachel gave it a glance and her blank expression changed, for a moment, to acknowledge my aroused condition. “Lay across my lap, Joseph. Face down.”

My cock twitched, my excitement betraying me and revealing my attraction to the beautiful woman sitting in front of me. I laid across Rachel’s lap, my cock pressed against her massive thigh, and grabbed onto the arm rest with my hand. Without warning,

Rachel struck my bare ass with her open hand. She was spanking me! I felt the sting against my bare skin and winced from the pain. Then I relaxed for a moment. A few seconds went by and the instant shock, which had rendered my nerves numb to the blow, wore off and the intense pain began to make itself known. The tears fell from my eyes onto the fabric of the chair where I lay, on top of Rachel. Just as I began to become accustomed to the throbbing pain, she struck a second time, in the same spot. I gasped out loud and then began to sob. Rachel hit me a third time and then a fourth. I yelled loudly each time her hand impacted against my vulnerable naked skin. She struck me a fifth time and now I could only moan as I felt as if my entire backside was on fire.

Then she struck my other cheek for the first time. I thought that I had become familiar with the pain of each impact, but the sudden blow against this untouched part of my vulnerable body opened up a whole new world of pain and humiliation. She struck me four additional times, matching the five blows she had given to begin my lesson in obedience. After the tenth spanking, five to each side, Rachel stopped and let her hands rest against my back.

She spoke. "Joseph." I looked up and saw her eyes looking down at me. They were full of compassion. I found peace looking into her eyes, laying there, naked and beaten, in the lap of my superior. "Come here, Joseph." She motioned to me with her finger. Gingerly I sat up, still on Rachel's lap, and rose up to meet her eye. Rachel wrapped her arms around me and held me. I laid my head on her shoulder and continued to weep. "Joseph, I know that you didn't intend to disrespect me in front of the client today. I understand that you were doing what you thought was best for our business. I listened intently to her words as I continued to softly weep on Rachel's shoulder. She rubbed her hand softly up and down my back. "But I need you to understand that it's not okay – it's never okay for you to contradict me in front of anyone, ever. I understand what's best for this firm and what's best for you, Joseph. Are we clear on this?"

I pulled my head up from her shoulder. The tears had stopped flowing but my eyes remained swollen and my voice sounded weak when I spoke. "Yes, Miss White."

Rachel continued to hold me and to gently caress my back. "There's just one more lesson that it's time for you to learn, Joseph." I visibly shuddered at her words and flinched back against Rachel, but she held me firmly in her grasp. "Let me finish, Joseph." She eased her grip on me. "You took your punishment and you've learned your lesson. And you've endured the pain that I know you're feeling without complaint." Rachel smiled at me. "I know that I can be harsh, Joseph. I expect excellence and I demand your complete obedience whenever I make a decision. But I can also be very appreciative and I will never let an opportunity to compliment you pass by when I think you've done well. I'm proud of you, Joseph, and I want to show you that your obedience and submission will not go unrecognized."

I kept my teary eyes fixed on Rachel's, as she let more warmth show through her gaze, looking down at me. "Turn around Joseph, and sit on my lap," she instructed me.

Immediately I turned around. "Yes, Miss White."

Rachel reached down and touched my hardness for the first time. "Don't think for a moment that I haven't noticed this, Joseph. Your infatuation with me, my body, and my muscles is transparent." She leaned forward and kissed my cheek. "It's also very sweet, Joseph." Rachel pressed her fingers against my shaft and gripped me and began to stroke. "You do have a very nice cock, Joseph," she said in a low voice in my ear. All of the pain that I'd been feeling up until that moment were immediately washed away into the most incredible, ecstatic feeling I'd ever known. Rachel reached forward with her other hand and gently cupped my balls, teasing and pulling at them with her fingers, as she began to stroke my throbbing shaft up and down. In a matter of moments, I was on the edge of orgasm and was fighting to hold back. "It's okay, Joseph," she whispered into my ear. "You can let go whenever you need to."

At that moment I unleashed a torrential flood of cum which shot out and hit me in the chest again and again. Rachel continued to stroke me as I came, simultaneously manipulating my balls, as I continued to pulse stream after stream of cum shooting me in the chest and stomach. After the first few bursts, the pleasurable sensations in my groins became overwhelming and then bordered on torturous as my mind and nerves were unable to accept the heightened sensitivity I was feeling. I reached down in an effort to pull Rachel's hands away, but she only tightened her grip and continued to stroke me. I cried out and then bit my lip to attempt to hold back the intensity of what I was feeling. Eventually, my cock's spasms subsided and I became accustomed to the feelings tingling through my cock and settled back into Rachel's lap, my back against her chest. Rachel continued to stroke me, softly. I noted that my cock, spent as it was, remained swollen and was as hard as it had ever been.

Rachel gave me another kiss on the cheek, and spoke softly in my ear again. "Joseph, you've done very well, and you've earned your reward. Remember, I can take you to the height of pleasure or I can make you feel the most terrible pain and humiliation imaginable." She leaned forward and retrieved a box of tissue from my desk and began to wipe me off. "As long as you always ask yourself a few very easy questions," she continued as she rubbed my cock with one hand while wiping my stomach and chest with clean tissues with her other, you'll be fine. "And those questions are, what would Miss White want? What would make Miss White happy? What would Miss White want me to do in this moment?" She paused to consider her words and then gave my cock a gentle squeeze. "You'll learn that when you act in a way that makes me happy, Joseph, that you'll invariably be happy as well. I really do want the best for you."

Rachel removed her hand from my cock. "I hope you'll take this to heart, Joseph. I truly do for your own sake." I gingerly got up in front of Rachel and then knelt down before her and began to kiss her feet while rubbing her immense calves. Rachel spoke. "I think you do understand, Joseph. You've made me very happy, indeed." Then Rachel stood up and walked out of the room, and out of the office. The day had come to an end.

I got dressed and went home to think about everything that had happened that day. Rachel was becoming more and more demanding with each passing day. She was also getting stronger and more imposing every day. It had been three years since she first went to the gym in an effort to rebuild herself. She dominated me physically with ease, but it was also clear that she could also my intellectual superior. It was true that I had a law degree and Rachel didn't, but her business savvy and her sense about people was vastly greater than my own. She had been patching holes in my practice since before she ever found a glimmer of self-confidence, and now that she was fully self-aware she was using her innate ability to make decisions that were for the best of the company in ways that I never would have considered. Now she was proving that she was my emotional and psychological superior as well. She dominated me in every way. And she would punish me for anything less than unwavering obedience and deference to her at all times. I felt anxious as I thought about this and a wave of nausea threatened to empty my stomach, but I doggedly continued to think about Rachel and her treatment of me.

It was obvious that she cared about me. She appreciated me. She wanted me to be at my best. A sense of calm acceptance finally pushed the anxiety out of my mind, even as the soreness in my backside persisted. I looked in the mirror and saw the purplish bruises that she had left as a token of her dominance over me. The bruises and soreness would last several days. I'd be sleeping on my stomach for the next few nights.

Chapter 7 - Growing the Business

The morning after my spanking Rachel came into the office and greeted me with her typical, "Good morning, Joe," and a smile.

I responded, "Good morning, Rachel," uncertain if I was permitted to use her name. Rachel simply nodded and asked me how I was doing and then reminded me of the day's upcoming appointments. Crisis averted. I noticed that she was wearing a business suit which consisted of a skirt, a medium cut blouse, and a jacket, along with high heels. Her biceps, triceps, and delts were completely hidden beneath the jacket, though I could make out some definition in her pecs. Her legs, on the other hand, were only heightened by the skirt and her heels. Her calves somehow looked more impressive than ever before. "I've decided that if I'm going to be a partner in this firm that I should start to look the part," she told me, in response to my unspoken question. Rachel had been reading my mind.

Rachel came into my office after lunch and closed the door behind her. I looked up and smiled. "What's up, Rachel?" I asked her.

She gave me a look that was impossible for me to read. "I've been thinking, Joseph..." and then paused.

Immediately I rose from my seat, walked around the desk, and went to my knees in front of Rachel. "Yes, Miss White," I said, just before I began to kiss her feet.

"Very nice, Joseph," she practically purred. "I can see that you've given quite a lot of thought regarding the events of yesterday afternoon." Rachel pointed her toes as I kissed her foot, causing her calf to flex into a bunched up ball of pure muscle power. "You may worship my calves while you kiss my foot, Joseph."

I stopped kissing her foot only long enough to say, "Thank you, Miss White," before resuming my worship of her foot with my lips while bringing both of my hands to her calf, which I caressed to my heart's content.

"I've been thinking, Joseph," she continued her earlier thought, "that it's time to be more aggressive about growing our business." I continued to kiss Rachel's foot and rub her calf as she spoke. Then she pulled her foot back and I remained kneeling in front of her awaiting her next word or instruction.

"You may have a seat, Joseph."

I answered, "Thank you, Miss White," as I rose and returned to my chair.

Rachel remained standing. She removed her jacket, revealing her awesome arms and shoulders to me for the first time that day. I could never get used to her massive size and her shredded definition. "I've spoken to our landlord," she continued, "and have learned that an office suite on the next floor up has become available. I've just come back from visiting the space and I'm confident that we can fit 2 additional associates as well as 4 additional front office workers once we move in. I'll remain up front for the time being. I've told the landlord that we'll take the space. We'll move in next month."

Rachel casually, almost unconsciously flexed her biceps and triceps as she spoke to me. Or was it entirely deliberate on her part? I couldn't be certain. I considered what she'd said. It was a considerable investment on our part to move into an office that would be so much larger than the space we were currently using. On the other hand, Rachel knew the business as well as I did, and I had to believe that if she'd concluded that it was time for us to expand then she was undoubtedly right. I nodded my head in deference to Rachel's wishes.

Rachel slid her arms back into her jacket. "I'm glad we see eye to eye on this matter, Joseph." She opened the door to my office. "I'm certain that our working relationship is going to thrive."

"Thank you, Miss White," I responded, as she returned to her desk.

There was no longer any doubt that Rachel was completely in charge of the firm, from day-to-day planning to long term strategizing.

We worked closely together as Rachel assumed her role as the decision maker in the direction of the business. I learned that she accepted and even encouraged debate and disagreement as long as I was able to be respectful and back up my viewpoint with logic and reason. On occasion, Rachel would bend to my point of view. Usually she convinced me that she knew better. And on occasion, when we would be at a standoff, with each side unable to come around to the other's viewpoint, she would end the discussion by saying something along the lines of, "I understand that you're advocating for what you think is best, but my mind is made up, Joseph."

Immediately I was made to understand that further dialogue was not going to be welcomed or tolerated. I would indicate my submission by responding, "Yes, Miss White," falling to my knees in front of her, and kissing her feet. Eventually she would give me an approving nod and a smile, and then she'd move on to whatever was next on our agenda or on her list of things to get done.

Rachel began visiting my office regularly, usually just before the end of the day. She would enter unannounced, close the door, and address me as "Joseph." Occasionally she

would discuss business with me or inform me of a decision she'd made. More often than not, she wouldn't discuss business at all. No matter her motivation for coming into my office, every one of these impromptu meetings always included me on my knees, submitting to her dominance, worshipping her muscles, and kissing her feet.

I was working harder than ever, but Rachel had a way of keeping me fresh and focused on the task of building up the business. And Rachel was working just as hard as I was. She was constantly figuring out a new way to streamline our processes, or to network and get our name seen by those who we wanted business from. I was diligent about showing Rachel respect at all times, whether she was addressing me as 'Joe' or as 'Joseph' and she didn't feel the need to punish me in any way. Rachel's afternoon visits into my office became the highlight of my day. Kneeling before her she would delight in watching my pants tent from arousal at the sight of her amazing physique. If her biceps and pecs were incredible, then her legs were simply unfathomable. Her calves were the size of softballs. Two oversized softballs. And when she would come into my office to show off, she would pull her short skirt up even higher, revealing her thick, bulky quads, which stood out with unreal definition and hardness. I would imagine what it must be like to be trapped between her thighs and would shiver at the image.

But for all of her teasing, Rachel never threatened me, nor did she spank or hit me.

One decision that we did see eye to eye on from the get go was to hire a new associate. The caseload that we were generating was more than I could ever handle by myself, even if I put in a tremendous amount of time at the office. We interviewed two dozen candidates and winnowed the field down to two finalists. Matt Vargas was a recent graduate of Stanford Law School, where he'd finished at near the top of his class. Steve Warner had graduated ten years earlier from the University of Arizona and had worked for a small firm in Phoenix before moving to Los Angeles, where he'd recently passed the bar.

I wanted to hire Matt, with his Stanford pedigree and his intellect. Rachel was in favor Steve and his experience as well as his quick sense of humor, which, she argued, would win over prospective clients and juries alike. Naturally, we hired Steve.

Steve joined us the day after we'd completed the move into our new space. I had the office closest to the front entrance, and Rachel positioned her desk where she could keep an eye on me as she liked. Steve's office was at the end of the hallway, where he could lock himself away from the world and focus on his cases. The middle office was kept vacant for the time being. We kept a small table in that office which we used for meetings and to meet with clients as needed.

Steve settled in easily enough into the dynamic at the office. It took him a couple of days to get used to reporting to both Rachel and myself, especially considering that she wasn't an attorney and that only my name was on the front door, but Rachel's assertiveness and confidence quickly made itself apparent and he was able to transition into an effective employee. He was obviously taken in by Rachel's good looks, amazing figure, and off-the-charts sex appeal, but he was also a happily married man with a wife whom he was devoted to and two children at home that he adored.

I was concerned about how the power dynamic would play out now that a third person was present in many of our interactions. This first presented itself at a weekly staff meeting. The three of us sat at a table in the spare office and discussed how to divide the casework between Steve and myself. There was one particular case that I felt I was particularly suited to, but Steve shared that he had handled a similar case in Phoenix and that his efforts had resulted in a favorable decision by the jury. Rachel felt that perhaps Steve should be given the chance to duplicate his success with this new case. I argued that it was one of the highest profile cases that our firm had ever seen, and furthermore, that California laws had some subtle, but important differences from Arizona laws. I felt that I had probably convinced Rachel that I was the man for the job, but then she spoke up. "You two have both given me a lot to think about. I'd suggest we take an extra day to process what we've each heard and perhaps we can come to an agreement tomorrow morning. Are you okay with that Steve?" she asked, speaking to our new associate. He nodded that he was. "What about you, Joseph?"

Joseph. Not Joe. I knew right then that the decision had been made and that she was only saving face for me while removing any doubt in my mind about whether I would have any further say in the matter. I was immediately grateful to Rachel for her subtlety while also reminded of why she was such a natural leader. I nodded my head. "Yes, I think that's a good idea, Rachel." Her eyes narrowed at hearing me use her first name in response to being addressed by my formal name, but she smoothly transitioned to her normal demeanor and we continued the meeting, quickly crossing addressing and resolving the remaining items on the agenda.

After the meeting, Steve went back to his office to resume his work. Rachel followed me into my office and closed the door. She stepped up to me and removed her jacket revealing the sleeveless shirt which she wore underneath. "Just don't forget, Joseph," she began, as she flexed her bicep inches away from my eyes, "that I know what's best for you, for me, and for this firm." She pumped her bicep a few times and I watched in awe as it grew in size with each pump. "Never forget it."

I knelt down on the floor and looked up at her from my knees. "Yes, Miss White," I responded. Then I began to kiss her feet as I rubbed her powerful calf muscles, which she flexed as I touched them.

After a minute of worshipping Rachel, she touched my shoulder, indicating that I could stand up. Then she leaned forward and cupped her hand around my cock and gave it a squeeze through the suit pants which I was wearing. "I'm glad we're on the same page, Joseph." And then she put her jacket back on and left the room.

Business continued to grow over the next several months with Rachel calling the shots. Steve took little time to figure out the hierarchy in the office and he went to Rachel whenever he needed instruction or direction. He only came to me when he wanted my professional opinion or if Rachel was busy. I had to admit that she had been right about hiring Steve and not the Stanford graduate whom I had been lobbying for.

Another year went by and Rachel and I prospered in our partnership. I had brought in an accountant from Deloitte & Touche who put a valuation on the value of the firm and Rachel bought an additional ten percent share for herself. She was now a thirty percent partner to my seventy percent. I was still the Senior Partner, but Rachel was the office manager and the de facto head of the firm. In addition to Steve, we'd added a new receptionist who was effectively Rachel's assistant, and also a paralegal who assisted both Steve and myself with case research and with document preparations. At staff meetings, Rachel and I presented a united front but in private she directed me as she saw fit.

I was becoming more and more dependent on Rachel for her leadership, her muscles, and her dominance over me.

Chapter 8 - The Date

One Friday afternoon, we were winding down for the weekend and I was in my office returning e-mails. There was a knock at my door and Steve came in looking a bit distressed. "What's up, Steve?" I greeted him. "Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, Joe," he responded. "Everything is fine. It's just that I bought tickets to see Cirque du Soleil with my wife, and she just called me and our son is sick."

"Oh, that's a real bummer, Joe." Don't you have anyone who could take care of him?

Joe shook his head. Cindy would never trust the kids with a sitter when one of them is sick. She has an aunt who lives in L.A. but it's too big a favor to ask of her. Anyhow, now I have an extra pair of tickets to the show that I can't use and I thought maybe you'd like them. They're great seats."

"That's really generous of you, Steve. I really appreciate it. How much did the tickets cost? The least I can do is repay you," I offered.

"No, Joe, it's really alright. I couldn't ask you for money. I just hope you'll enjoy the show." Steve smiled and left my office.

I thought about who I might invite to the circus with me. The truth was I really didn't know a lot of women. I worked so many hours that I rarely dated. I hadn't had a serious girlfriend since my divorce, and even the casual dates I'd been on hadn't ever developed into much. I couldn't think of anyone who I might ask out on short notice.

Then, on a whim, I thought of Rachel. I walked out to the reception area. Rachel looked at me and smiled. Sometimes I got so caught up in the power dynamic between us that I forgot how strikingly beautiful she really was. Rachel was on another level when it came to good looks. There was attractive, and then pretty, and then beautiful, but those words only applied to women who you might run into in everyday life. In Los Angeles there was an entirely separate class of women when it came to looks. We had busloads of aspiring models and actresses, and the most beautiful girl from her hometown in Iowa quickly found that she was a dime a dozen in Los Angeles. Rachel was in that next level. You could put her next to any actress, singer, or model, and her looks would still stand out. And she was smiling at me.

"Hi Joe. What's going on?" she greeted me.

"Hi Rachel. I just got my hands on a pair of tickets to Cirque du Soleil. The show is tonight. I know that it's late notice but I was wondering if you would care to join me."

“I’d love to, Joe.” she replied, flashing that smile again. My head felt light. “What time is the show?”

“Uh, it’s at eight o’clock.”

“Pick me up at seven?”

“I’ll see you at seven,” I responded, with a smile of my own.

I arrived at Rachel’s condo at seven and took the elevator up to her unit. She opened the door and my jaw nearly hit the floor. She was wearing a sapphire dress that sparkled in the light. The fabric left one of her legs nearly completely exposed, blue ribbons crisscrossed over her bare skin from mid-thigh to her upper thigh and the top was backless and sleeveless. Her substantial breasts were showcased in that dress along with all of her muscles.

Somehow I was able to untangle my tongue and force the words out of my mouth. “Rachel, you truly are stunning this evening. It’s a privilege to accompany you tonight.”

Rachel favored me with her beautiful smile. “Why thank you, Joe, and aren’t you looking handsome.”

I had on a pair of jeans, a silk shirt, and a sport coat. “Why, thank you, Rachel.” I smiled back. “And these are for you, Rachel,” I added, presenting a bouquet of flowers I’d picked up along the way over.

Rachel smiled at the gesture. “You’re very sweet, Joe,” she beamed, kissing me on the cheek as she accepted the flowers. “Let me find a vase and some water for these and then we can be on our way.”

We arrived at the show 15 minutes before it was scheduled to begin and made our way to our seats. I noticed that every man we passed made the effort to check out Rachel, and most of the women did too. I felt a swell of pride in my chest, thinking to myself how lucky I was to have the most beautiful woman in the city as my date for the night. We were showed to our seats and found that we were sitting in the very front row, just a few steps away from the circular stage.

The show hadn’t begun yet, but costumed characters had already begun to wander back and forth across the stage, while other characters were milling through the audience. Most of the characters were engaged in little choreographed bits designed to build up the energy of the crowd and to keep the audience engaged. One character made his way over to our section. He wore a tuxedo that was entirely black on his right side and

entirely white on his left. His face was painted black on his left side and black on the right. And he wore a bow tie that had black and white stripes. He also wore a white top hat that must have been 3 feet tall. His eyes were drawn to Rachel, naturally, and he approached where the two of us were seated. He extended his hand to Rachel, and she took it, smiling. The man then led Rachel to the stage, assisting her up the stairs and leading her to the center of the stage. Then he motioned for Rachel to stay where she was and he scurried off to another part of the stage where a different man was dressed in a loin cloth and nothing else. He was barefoot with his legs, chest, and arms exposed. And he had no head. The man in the top hat brought the headless man over to where Rachel sat.

Then the top-hatted man whispered something to the headless man. Or at least he whispered to where his head should have been. The headless man went through a series of poses for the crowd, flexing his biceps, his chest, and then turning around, he flexed his back. The audience applauded. Then the top-hatted man held his hands out towards Rachel and the audience began to cheer. Rachel stood up and flexed her biceps for the crowd. Then she turned around and flexed her back. The audience ooh'ed and ahh'ed in appreciation of Rachel's awesome physique and her incredible definition. Then Rachel turned back around and placed her hands on her hips and flexed her pecs, making her breasts jump up and down, alternating one and then the other in beat with the music which was playing for the crowd. The crowd went berserk at this display and cheered loudly. The top-hatted man then stepped between Rachel and the headless man. He took the headless man's hand and held it aloft. The crowd cheered enthusiastically. Then the top-hatted man took Rachel's hand and held it aloft. The crowd went wild with loud applause. The top-hatted man extended Rachel's hand in the air and shook it from side to side, confirming that Rachel had won the battle of muscles on stage. Then he escorted Rachel back down the steps and she returned to where we were seated. Rachel's smile was permanently affixed to her face. So was my own smile.

The show began. It was everything that I had hoped for and more. The, costume, set, and choreography were amazing. The emcee of the show was wildly talented, funny, and held the room in the palm of his hand throughout the show. But the reason we had all come to the show was to see the acrobats. I was blown away by the amazing feats of strength and coordination that the performers were able to display on stage, leaping high in the air, flipping from one platform to another from a height of thirty feet, balancing on each other's hands and shoulders and spinning in place. I couldn't even imagine the hours of practice that went into these acts, day after day, year after year, to achieve the levels of skill exhibited throughout the show. Every time I turned to look at Rachel, she was smiling, completely transfixed by the events on the stage.

Rachel sat next to me and locked my fingers in her own and placed her hand on my thigh. Throughout the night she would run her finger back and forth against my leg or would give gentle squeezes to my hand and my thigh. I was the luckiest man on the planet.

After the show we walked back to my car. "What was your favorite part of the show?" she asked me. I thought back to what I'd seen that evening. The two brothers who held each other aloft, one standing on the ground with the other doing a handstand in the air, each gripping his partner's wrists tightly in support, as they went through a series of acrobatic moves that left me speechless. The group of four men and two women, with the men holding an elastic cloth and vaulting the women into the air to do twists and summersaults with their improvised trampoline. The four young women who performed a contortionist act that boggled the mind. Every act was more amazing than the one before it.

I gave my answer. "When you were on stage, Rachel. That was my favorite part."

Rachel stopped walking and looked at me. She was so beautiful my heart ached. She leaned in and gave me a kiss to the cheek. "You're very sweet, Joe," she responded.

We drove back to her home and I parked the car and went around to open the door for Rachel. I walked her to the front door of her lobby and spoke. "Thank you for accompanying me this evening, Rachel. You were the most beautiful woman in the room. I had a wonderful time with you." And then I kissed her gently on her cheek. I turned away but Rachel took my hand.

"Would you like to come up for a drink, Joe?" she asked me, almost shyly.

I smiled. "Yes, Rachel, I would love to."

Chapter 9 - The Condo

Rachel led me to her condo and we stepped inside. She lived on the 14th floor of a high rise in a nice section of Glendale. Her one bedroom home was spacious and tastefully furnished. Rachel was officially titled as office manager and was on salary earning \$2500 per week. I knew that she'd moved to a place more fitting of a woman of her tastes and means, and this space was well-suited to her.

"Give me a moment, Joe. I'll be right back," she told me.

I sat on a leather couch in her living room and waited, thinking of Rachel. She'd been a beautiful woman from the day I'd first met her, but now she was much, much more. The size and definition of her muscles were on a par with any of the physique competitors who stepped on a stage to compete. Her exotic good looks would be well-suited to any fashion magazine. And the confidence and decisiveness she possessed would make her a formidable match in any boardroom meeting or contract negotiation. I was incredibly attracted to Rachel and even more smitten with her. I was also terrified by her and had been cowed by her numerous times over the last couple of years.

Rachel stepped into the living room wearing a pair of thin flannel shorts which left most of her wide, muscular thighs uncovered. Her quads displayed striking definition with every step she made. The separation of her quads was breathtaking. Her unearthly calves were thick and dense and were so built that even looking directly at her from the front her I could see her calves jutting out on either side from behind. She wore a camisole top with thin straps extended to each of her muscle capped shoulders. Her breasts and pecs, covered entirely by the fabric, stood out proudly through the material. Her powerful arms hung at her sides, cords of thick muscle evident from her shoulders all the way down to her wrists. Her triceps bunched up with every twitch of her arm. My heart pounded at the sight of the beautiful woman before me. In one hand she held a bottle of wine. In the other she had two glasses and a corkscrew. Rachel sat down next to me and smiled. "Shall we?" she asked.

"Please allow me," I smiled back, taking the bottle and corkscrew from her hands and opening it. I poured both of us a glass of the dark red cabernet, filling each glass about a third of the way to the top. Tilting my glass toward her, I spoke. "What shall we drink to?"

Rachel smiled at me. "Let's drink to possibilities."

We clinked our glasses and drank the wine together.

Rachel and I began to talk. We went into detail about our personal backgrounds and the significant events of our lives that had brought us to where we were that day. We never discussed work or the firm at all. I learned that Rachel had been a bright and athletic girl growing up, and thought that she might have a future as a soccer player. In fact, two of her older brothers had played soccer in college. However, her father discouraged athletics for women, and by the time Rachel was 12 years old she'd given up the sport. Her father was never abusive but he was domineering and he ruled his family with an iron will. Rachel had met Sebastian when she was a sophomore in college and he was working at a college bar. She thought that he was gorgeous and fell for him quickly. She realized early on that he didn't treat her well, but he was the only man she'd ever been with and she was afraid she'd be alone if she ever left him.

I told Rachel about my family and the middle-class suburbs where I grew up outside of Detroit. I shared some of my experiences of attending an Ivy League college and of my desire to move to sunny Los Angeles. I shared my failed marriage to Denise. And I confessed that I hadn't been in any kind of a serious relationship since my divorce, and that I'd only been with three women since being single.

By the time I'd finished my story, the bottle of wine was empty. I looked to Rachel. Her eyes were shining as she returned my gaze. "When you said that I was the most beautiful woman in the room earlier this evening... did you really mean that?" she asked me.

I looked into Rachel's eyes. "The day I met you, Rachel, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. And every day since then you've become even more beautiful."

Rachel leaned toward me and took my hand. Then she leaned in closer and kissed me on the mouth. At first the kiss was an introduction. An exploration. Quickly, the kiss became heated and her tongue pushed past my lips and into my mouth as her tongue danced with mine. She let go of my hand and rubbed her hand against my chest, then pushing my jacket off of my shoulder. I excitedly helped her to get my jacket removed. Then she reached down and untucked my shirt and began to unbutton it, never letting go of the kiss we were engaged in. Working her way to the top button, I quickly got my shirt off and sat, bare chested, kissing the most beautiful woman in the world, inside her home. Rachel broke off the kiss and reached down to unbutton my pants. As she worked the zipper down, I lifted my hips off of the couch and she pulled the pants off of me in a single motion. Now I sat in just my boxers, next to Rachel in her shorts and camisole.

Rachel took my hand and brought it to her chest. I reveled in the remarkable feel of Rachel's spectacular breasts underneath my hands. She looked into my eyes and spoke. "Joe, I haven't been with anyone since Sebastian." Then she lowered her hands to the bottom of her camisole and pulled it up over her head. Her breasts were even more

incredible than I'd ever imagined. Perfectly round and firm breasts sat on top of a solid wall of pectoral muscle. Round, pink nipples sat high on her large breasts, fully aroused and extended, pointed toward me. Just beneath the bottom swell of her breasts, her abs lined up neatly in a two columns of four. I watched her eight pack move with each twitch of her body and with every breath she took in and out.

Reaching her hands toward me, she whispered, "Come." I stood up and held her hands as we rushed to her bedroom. Like the rest of her home it was tasteful and well appointed, not that I bothered to notice until much later. Rachel kneeled on the bed and lowered her shorts, tossing them to the ground. Her mound was shaved bare and it glistened with excitement. I removed my boxers and showed that I was every bit as excited as she was, if not more. I guided Rachel to the bed on her back and began to worship her. I began by licking and sucking on her nipples as I let my hands roam freely, taking in the marvels of her body. I felt her powerful arms under my fingers, and traced the veins with my fingertip from her wrist all the way up to her delts. With my other hand I let my fingers feel the ridges that made up her eight pack abdominals, which rolled up and down as she breathed heavily from the pleasure she felt with her nipple inside my mouth. I let go of her arm and felt the dense muscle of her quads and gasped as she flexed them, making it impossible for me to grip even the slightest bit of skin. Her skin was that tight and her quad muscles were that massive. Working my way down Rachel's body I kissed each of her abs as she giggled from the sensation. Not wasting any time, I kissed lower and gently licked her mound. Rachel moaned as I pushed my tongue against her slit and then pushed my head down against her as she brought up her legs and squeezed me with her immense quads.

I became terrified for a moment, but Rachel only smiled and said, "Don't worry, baby, I'm not going to hurt you."

Emboldened by her words, I slid my tongue inside Rachel and licked and sucked as she began to thrash and moan beneath me. The musk of her scent was overpowering and delicious. I couldn't get enough of her. Reaching up with my fingers I found her swollen clit and began to rub and tease it as I continued to fuck her with my tongue. Her fingers dug into my hair and she held me tightly against her. "I'm so close," she moaned. That only made me slide my tongue in deeper as I grabbed onto her clit with my thumb and finger and gave it a squeeze. With a loud, intense moan, Rachel came against my mouth as I was flooded with her juices.

Lifting my face up I looked to Rachel's eyes. They were closed as she continued to let the orgasm wash over her body. Finally she opened her eyes and looked down at me. "Get up here, Joe," she demanded. "I need you inside me. Now."

I had no intention of missing out on realizing this opportunity which I'd fantasized about since first meeting Rachel. My fantasies had only become more powerful and more

frequent as she developed into the muscular Goddess who laid beneath me now. I also had absolutely no intention of denying any of her demands or requests of me. I quickly pulled myself up the bed and laid on top of Rachel, and began to kiss her lips, letting my hands rediscover the joys of handling her perfect breasts.

Rachel reached down and gripped my throbbing cock in her fingers and looked into my eyes. Lining it up against her wetness, she pushed me down as she suddenly lifted her hips and I slipped inside her. "I said, 'now'," she reminded me with a smile. Her pussy was warm, wet, and tight. I felt like I was inside a velvety prison. One which I had no wish to ever escape from. I began to thrust my hips down into Rachel. She gamely pushed her hips up and met me with each stroke. We breathed heavily in unison as our organs, hearts, and minds were intricately connected. Letting go of her breasts I let my hands roam back to her shredded biceps. Rachel answered my unspoken wish by flexing her muscles as I continued to thrust inside her with everything I had. Our lips never left each other. Where our bodies were in a perfect rhythm, with me thrusting down as she countered my every thrust with her hips rolling upward into me, our tongues had a mind of their own, seeking and exploring with abandon and no rhythm at all.

Our pace quickened and our breathing intensified as Rachel coaxed me to continue to fuck her harder and harder, squeezing my cock with her pussy on each downstroke, and then releasing me as I pulled back. After what seemed to be an eternity, Rachel wrapped her arms around my upper back and lifted her legs, wrapping her calves around my lower back. And then she began to squeeze. I was unable to move or thrust, completely immobilized inside my muscular Goddess. She looked at me and smiled. "Don't move, baby," she cooed. "Don't move an inch. Let me take care of you." And then I began to feel the most remarkable feeling as Rachel's pussy started to milk my cock. The sensations started out as curious and muted, but quickly her muscular pussy had me in a frenzy in which I couldn't think straight, let alone compose a word.

My hands gripped at Rachel's powerful body and I felt her muscular shoulders and back, clenched against me, not letting me move beneath her. Everywhere I put my hands all I felt was solid muscle and unreal density. The sensations in my groin were so spectacular that they bordered on unbearable. Rachel leaned her neck forward and gripped my ear with her lips and then let her tongue slip behind my ear and along my earlobe. I squirmed in pleasure. And then she whispered in my ear. "Cum inside me, Joe. Right now. Cum with me." Then she relaxed her hold on my cock by just a fraction and all of the unbearable pleasure transformed pure pleasure. I unloaded stream after stream inside Rachel, filling her womb with my cum. An instant after I released, I felt Rachel's pussy shudder around my cock as she began to experience her own orgasm, just as powerful as my own. Her calves clamped down on my lower back and I feared that she might break me even as I was in the midst of the most powerful orgasm of my life, but

she was able to curb her own strength and hold me securely as I became dizzy from the overwhelming relief I was feeling.

I laid my head against Rachel's powerful shoulder and slowly felt my consciousness return as I was able to think clearly for the first time since entering her bedroom. Rachel released her grip on me with her calves but kept her arms wrapped around me and slowly stroked her fingernails up and down my back. I laid in her arms and felt the bliss of being completely at Rachel's mercy, completely in her control, and completely in a state of bliss. She began to softly speak to me. "Joe, this has been a wonderful evening and I'm thrilled to have spent it in your company. You've been a perfect gentleman and you've opened your heart up to me tonight. I'll remember this evening for a long, long time." I smiled at Rachel's words, and thought that I'd remember and cherish this evening for the rest of my life.

As Rachel continued to softly stroke my back I became aware that I was still inside her and my cock began to stir. Rachel shifted her head and I looked up to see her smiling at me. "I see that you've found a second life, Joe. Can't you get enough of me?"

I lifted my head and kissed Rachel's mouth. "I could never get enough of you, Rachel."

"I want you to pleasure yourself, Joe. Inside me. Thrust softly, Joe. In and out. Take your time, Joe, and make it feel special."

Invigorated by Rachel's words I pushed my hips up and began to slowly thrust in and out, making sure to bottom my cock out deep inside Rachel with each downward thrust. My mouth found Rachel's nipples, which remained irresistibly hard and I enthusiastically sucked on them. My hands found Rachel's arms and I worshipped her muscles with my touch, marveling at the incredible definition that she maintained, even without flexing her hardest.

As I continued to slowly fuck Rachel, she spoke to me. "That's right, baby. Give it to me slowly. Take your time. Come all the way inside. I want to feel you fill me up." My mind shut down as I followed Rachel's orders as she directed me in the exact way she wanted to be touched. "Yes, Joe, feel my biceps. Feel how big and thick they are against your hands. Now feel how much bigger and harder they feel when I begin to flex them." I was completely lost in her world, without any desire to do anything except worship, tribute, and obey the beautiful woman who lay beneath me. "Suck my nipple harder, Joe. Now lick it with your tongue. Flick your tongue back and forth against my stiff nipple, baby. Just like that." Throughout my worship of her body, Rachel reminded me to go slow, easy, and deep with my thrusts inside her.

Rachel made me take my time and I worshipped every part of her body that I could reach. “Now take your hands and put them on my thighs, Joe. Feel the power I have within my quads, Joe. I’m not even flexing yet.” Then she did flex her thighs and I gasped in wonderment. “Yes, baby, keep fucking me slowly. Take your time. Imagine what I can do with these thighs, Joe. Imagine what I could do to you with these thighs, Joe.” I continued to fuck her slowly, deeply, completely. “Now take your fingers, Joe, and rub my swollen clit while you slowly fuck me. We’re getting close, Joe.” I rubbed her clit, squeezed it, and gently tugged at it. Her voice began to strain.

Once again her pussy clamped down on me and I was unable to thrust or move at all. “Now let me take over, Joe. Just keep rubbing my clit. Don’t stop working my nipple with your tongue, Joe.” She began to massage my shaft with her pussy. “I’m going to cum very soon, Joe. I want you to cum with me, Joe. Now, Joe.”

For the second time, I erupted inside Rachel as I felt her shudder through her own orgasm. Tears came to my eyes and I leaned forward to shower Rachel with kisses. She sighed, contentedly as I showed her my affection and adoration and held me in her arms. Then she began to smile, and eventually, to laugh.

“What is it, Rachel?” I asked.

“I’m just really, really happy right now, Joe. I’m going to go clean up. Are you coming?”

I jumped at the opportunity and followed Rachel into the shower. We took our time under the hot water cleaning each other off. I made a point to be very thorough to wash all of her muscles with the care they deserved.

Rachel took my hand and led me back to her bed, and we both climbed under the covers. “I’m just going to hold you for a while, Joe,” she said, wrapping her arms possessively around me and caressing my chest as I felt her press her body against my back. I didn’t mind at all.

I woke up the next morning, still in Rachel’s arms. Rachel felt me stir and eased her grip on me as I turned around to face her. “Good morning, Joe. I was wondering if you were ever going to wake up. I guess last night took a lot out of you.” She grinned at me as she said this. “I’m going to go to the gym, Joe. Please take your time getting yourself ready. I won’t be home for quite a while.”

I laid in Rachel’s bed and watched her get ready for the gym. She stepped out of the bed, naked. In the morning light she was even more magnificent than she had been the previous night. Her relaxed body moved about the room with ease, and I could see the coiled power just under her skin, ready to reveal itself at any moment. Rachel put on a

pair of spandex shorts and a sports bra, then put on a pair of baggy sweatpants and a jacket on over her workout clothes. Dressed and ready for the gym, she returned to where I laid. She leaned down and kissed me softly on the lips, running her fingers through my hair.

“We should do this again, Joe,” she said. “Some time.”

Chapter 10 - The Deposition

The next several weeks were among the best of my life. I felt that Rachel and I had turned a corner in our relationship. I didn't see her again socially, but she began to look at me differently when she greeted me each morning at the office. I felt a connection and a closeness that hadn't been there before. I would sit at my desk at times with my door open and stare at Rachel on occasion. She wore her business suit coat and her lower body was hidden below her desk but I'd imagine what lay beneath the layers of clothing she wore and my heartbeat would accelerate. And as if our minds were interconnected, Rachel would look up and see me looking at her and smile coyly, and then return to whatever task she was working on.

Once or twice a week, Rachel would unexpectedly come into my office and close the door. Then she would remove her jacket and put on a brief flexing show for me. My mind would swim with excitement and joy at seeing the beautiful young woman in my office flexing and showing off her physique that would be the envy of top professional figure competitors. Her insanely shredded biceps would quickly grow to unfathomable size as I would sit at my desk, just a few feet away, absorbing the private show that was solely for my benefit. Rachel would give me an unspoken tour of her arms, delts, pecs, and traps and watch me as I became more and more aroused and my face became flushed from the excitement. Then she would step back and pull her skirt up to reveal her unbelievably wide and shredded quads and calves, pivoting her foot from side to side and stepping on her tip toes to reveal every ounce of muscle within her remarkable calves.

Her impromptu performance complete, Rachel would smile, stifle an amused laugh, and retreat back to her office as I would sit stunned at my desk for several minutes, waiting for the blood to retreat from my swollen cock and for my brain to reboot itself.

Approximately a month after my date with Rachel I received a phone call from an attorney, Seth Gold, whom I'd referred some cases to in the past. He wanted to return the favor to me and referred a divorce case to my desk. The husband was a well-known actor named Sam Rayburn and his wife was a lesser known actress named Erica Mallory. Sam had enlisted the Seth's firm to represent him in the divorce but as it turned out they had to turn him away due to a conflict of interest.

Sam had appeared in several big budget films and was considered to be one of the up and coming stars in Hollywood. Not quite A-List, he had an impressive resume and his films invariably made huge profits for the studios. He'd appeared in a film with Erica Mallory a year earlier which had been a huge success at the box office and had been one of the lead actors in the film. Erica Mallory had been an unknown at the time and had played a bit part in that film. She was better known as Sam's wife than for her own career.

Erica had filed for divorce and Sam was well motivated to see that his spouse would be awarded the absolute minimum in the settlement. Sam was worth in excess of \$18 million and had a large mansion in Santa Monica which overlooked the ocean that he had purchased prior to his engagement and wanted to ensure that his wife would have no claim on the house either. I met with him at lunch and immediately disliked him. He was arrogant, obnoxious, and inconsiderate. The sort of man who never considered anyone else's wants or needs, and whose actions reflected that he was concerned about himself and nobody else. However, this was a high profile client and I decided that representing him would give my firm the kind of exposure it was looking for to continue to grow and thrive in Los Angeles. He wrote me an advance check on the spot and I had a new client.

When I returned to the office from my lunch, I gave the check to Rachel and asked her to create a new client and case file for his divorce. Rachel raised her eyebrow but said nothing to me and I immediately began working on the case. The details were that Sam and Erica's marriage had been doomed from the start. Sam was a prime example of a horrible husband. He was both physically and emotionally abusive and he had actively taken steps to stifle his wife's career using his influence with producers to effectively blackball his wife's casting opportunities during the course of his marriage.

Unsurprisingly, Erica Mallory was seeking half of Sam's net worth as well as his home. Additionally, she was asking for \$3.5 million dollars in damages for unrealized income that Sam had prevented his wife from earning during the course of their marriage. This did not bode well for Sam and I began to doubt my chances of a favorable ruling by either a judge or a jury if this case ever went to trial.

As the trial date grew near, I began to get anxious about my chances of getting any kind of a victory in the case at all, no matter how small. I went to the deposition, held at Erica Mallory's attorney's office, doubtful of any kind of a positive result. I sat at one side of the table with Sam. Erica sat at the other end surrounded by three different attorneys. As we went through the details of the case, the inevitable defeat that I feared was looking more and more like reality. Erica had photos of herself after alleged beatings at the hands of Sam as well as voice mails and text messages which detailed a history of abuse. There was also a witness from a talent agency who was prepared to give evidence of Sam's tampering with his wife's career.

As I read through the evidence reports and reviewed the marital history of Sam and Erica I noticed a scribbled out note in the margin of one of the witness reports. I committed what I'd seen to memory and rushed back to the office after the deposition to further investigate what I'd seen. After several days locked in my office, with the aid of the note, I was able to dig up a substantial amount of dirt on Erica. As a high school student she had accused a teacher of raping her and had him fired. It had later been discovered that the teacher had given Erica failing grades in his class and she had attempted to seduce

the teacher in hopes of getting him to falsify her grades in his class. The teacher had refused her advances and had stuck to the failing grade which she had earned, and Erica had invented the rape story. The truth was discovered a few months later, Erica was accused of fraud and conspiracy and the teacher was reinstated at the school. The accusations against Erica had been buried largely in part due to her being a minor at the time of the incident.

I was convinced that the incident could be used to demonstrate that all of Erica's allegations against Sam were invented, much like she had invented the rape when she had been a minor. A pattern of personal behavior would likely discredit her in court and Sam could possibly walk away from the divorce with his house, his fortune, and his career intact. I typed up a rough draft of notes, organized them into report form, and handed my work to Rachel on my way out the door for a meeting with a different client who was suing his contractor for damages related to a kitchen addition on his home. "I'm off to a client meeting, Rachel," I told her as I stepped out of the office. "I doubt that I'll make it back into the office today. I think I'll just head home after my 3 PM meeting. Can you clean up this report and add it to the Rayburn file?" I asked her.

"No problem, Joe," she responded, taking the notes from me. "You have a great afternoon and I'll see you in the morning."

I finished the client meeting, stopped at a Chinese restaurant on the way home for some takeout, and went home for the night, planning to put more work in on the Rayburn divorce case, now confident that we could settle everything out of court at a bare minimum cost to my client, and greatly increase the exposure and clout of my law firm. I was sitting in the dining room in just my boxers with case notes scattered across the surface of the table when there was a knock at the door that evening. I checked my watch and saw that it was 8:30 PM. I wasn't expecting anyone, and quickly put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt and answered the door.

Rachel had come by for an unexpected visit. She was still wearing her business suit from earlier that day, including her heels as well as her jacket. I invited her inside and spoke. "Hey Rachel," I said, with a warm smile, "This is an unexpected surprise. I was just working on the Rayburn case. Please come in."

"Actually I wanted to speak to you about that case," she responded. "I finished up with those notes you gave me."

"Oh?" I responded. "What's on your mind, Rachel?"

"As I understand it," she began, "our client has been abusive to his wife. He's been physically abusive and mentally abusive. He's hit her, called her names, sadistically

humiliated her on multiple occasions, and has sabotaged her career. Am I correct in my understanding of this case?"

"Well, yes, Rachel," I replied. "And I was worried about our chances of getting any kind of a favorable outcome but then I was able to find some evidence from the wife's past which could discredit her put all of her accusations into doubt. I think we have a really good chance now."

"Do you believe her claims?" she asked me.

"Well that's not really relevant," I answered.

"Do you believe her," she persisted.

"Well, yeah I guess I do," I finally answered. "But as Sam's attorney, it's my responsibility to make sure that we put our best foot forward in this case."

"So let me get this straight," she continued. "My firm is representing a man who is physically, mentally, and emotionally abusive and you're going to overlook all of that because you want to make sure that he comes out of this looking good?" Rachel looked at me, her face beginning to show signs of irritation.

I began to get nervous as I saw Rachel's anger level begin to rise.

"Let me ask you a question," Rachel began. "What do you think about a man who is abusive towards a woman that he's in a relationship with?" She paused and took a deep breath. "What do you think about an innocent woman who is in a relationship in which she is abused, hit, and constantly belittled and compromised? Does this remind you of anyone you know?"

I froze where I stood.

"Answer the question, Joseph."

"I think I understand why you might be upset, but this is a client and attorney relationship. I have a legal and ethical responsibility to represent Mister Rayburn to the best of my ability and to put his own best interests above all else. Can't you see that this is for the good of the case and for the good of the firm, Rachel?"

Rachel's face suddenly became blank, as if all of her emotions had suddenly been expunged from her being. She stepped forward and stopped inches away from me. She

stared at me with a blank, impassive expression, and finally spoke almost in a whisper. "Miss White."

Immediately I began to panic. What had I done? Had I actually used her first name in that moment? What had I been thinking? Immediately I fell to my knees. "Yes, Miss White," I cried out. I leaned forward to kiss her feet. I was desperate.

Rachel was unmoved by my terror. "Get up, you worthless piece of dirt," she hissed at me.

Immediately I pulled myself up to my knees and looked up to Rachel, "Yes, Miss White," I wailed through the tears that were beginning to choke me up.

"Stand up. Joseph. Now." Rachel's voice never raised but the tone of her voice left no doubt that she was not going to tolerate the slightest disobedience.

I stood up immediately, before her.

"Your clothes, Joseph."

I instantly responded. "Yes, Miss White," and in a moment my clothes were all discarded on the floor next to where I stood, naked, vulnerable, frightened, and aroused in front of the most terrifying person I'd ever known. I was so scared I thought I might vomit.

"Do you have any idea what I could do to you, Joseph? Do you have any notion of how little effort it would be for me to completely break you apart, Joseph? Do you realize how insignificant and worthless you really are, Joseph?" Rachel paused as if to size me up. "I see that your cock is standing at attention for me, Joseph." She reached out and gripped my erect cock and held it in her hand. "That's the only thing you're good for, you useless little ant."

Rachel let go of her grip and remained standing in front of me. Her face gave away nothing of what she was thinking or feeling. She reached up and slowly removed her jacket, and placed it on the chair where I'd been sitting, revealing her colossal muscles. Every muscle was rapidly twitching and I could sense that it was taking all of Rachel's self-control not to cause irreparable damage to me in that moment. She placed one hand on the back of the chair and kicked off her heels. Now standing barefoot in front of me, she unzipped her skirt and removed it, meticulously folding it and placing it on top of her jacket. Rachel now wore only a lacy bra which did nothing to hide the vast power which she possessed and a matching pair of panties, which only accentuated the incredible size and density of her quads, glutes, and abs.

“You brought on a client who beat and abused his wife for the good of the firm? How stupid can you be, Joseph? And you dare to lecture me about ethics and responsibility? You are the most irresponsible and pathetic man I’ve ever had the misfortune to know, Joseph. I am not going to tolerate your behavior, your disobedience, or your flagrant disregard for the best interests of my firm.” Rachel brought her arms up and flexed both of her biceps to their maximum size and density as my sobbing became more insistent. I dared not say a word, however, knowing I was unable to stop the terror and abuse that Rachel was heaping upon me with every word she spoke.

Rachel dropped her arms and gestured to the folders on the table. “So this is all of the hard work that you’ve completed in the last several days, Joseph? Are these papers the fruits of your labor which will win your client the judgment that says that he’s free and clear to mistreat women as he likes?”

I nodded my head. “Yes, Miss White.”

Rachel turned to the table and raised her fist above it. Then she suddenly slammed her fist into the solid oak table and split the table in half with a single blow. I was astonished by the power she possessed in her arm. Kneeling down, Rachel gathered up the files I’d been working on and lined them up in a single pile, 4 inches thick. With a sudden motion, she tore the papers and folders in half and dropped them on the floor.

Then Rachel walked to the chair adjacent to where I’d been sitting and gripped the back of it with both of her hands. Seemingly without effort she snapped the back of the chair off of the frame and casually dropped it to the ground. “Joseph,” she began, “what do you think of a man who hits women?” She moved to the next chair and snapped the back off as if it were made of cardboard. “What do you think of a man, Joseph,” she continued as she stepped to the next chair, and tore it apart in the blink of an eye, “who bullies a woman?” She eyed the next chair at the table. “What about a man, Joseph,” she reached forward and demolished the chair with a casual ease, “who psychologically bullies and torments a woman?” Rachel continued around the table. “What about a man, Joseph, who uses his influence to sabotage a woman’s career? To sadistically keep her from achieving her dreams?” With a quick snap of her wrists another chair crumbled to the ground.

Rachel paused and looked at me, indicating that I should speak. “He’s not much of a man, Miss White,” I answered, my lips quivering, tears running down my cheeks and onto the floor.

Rachel moved to the last chair. The chair where I’d been sitting, where her skirt and jacket now rested. She gripped the back of the chair and tensed her muscles. “What do you think should be done about such a man, Joseph?” she asked me.

“I think I should tell him that we can’t represent him, Miss White. I think I should never tell anyone about the discovery I made that could help him win the judgment and continue to abuse women,” I answered.

Rachel looked at me intently. “How does it feel to be bullied, Joseph?”

I looked back at her. She used the chair for leverage to point her toes against the ground. I watched as her already massive calves threatened to burst out of her skin. “It's terrifying, Miss White,” I answered.

“Have you ever been called names and made to feel that you’re worthless, Joseph?”

I was finally beginning to understand. I gathered up the little strength and spoke in a clear voice. “Yes, Miss White.”

Rachel softened her look and spoke to me. “I’m glad that we’re finally arriving on the same page, Joseph.” Then she picked up her skirt and jacket and sat down on the only chair that hadn’t been destroyed by her awesome power. “You may kneel now, Joseph.”

Immediately I fell to my knees at Rachel’s feet. “Thank you, Miss White.”

She slid a foot forward toward me and I leaned down and began to worship Rachel’s foot with kisses. She brought her other foot forward and I repeated my worship.

Satisfied, Rachel pulled her feet away from me. “Stand up, Joseph.”

I immediately complied and stood in front of Rachel. I was still naked and still aroused.

“You may put your boxers on, Joseph.”

“Thank you, Miss White.” I covered up my nakedness and remained standing in front of Rachel.

Rachel patted her thigh and gestured to me. “Sit.”

I immediately sat down on her lap. Rachel put her hand on my leg and rubbed it gently. “You’re not worthless, Joseph. And you’re not insignificant. You’re a good man, and if you weren’t, I’d never have you as a partner. You’ve had a terrible lapse in judgment and you won’t let it happen again. You’re going to clean up this mess, Joseph,” she waved her hand at the destruction she’d left behind in my dining room, “and I’m going to clean up the mess that you’ve made with the firm.”

I looked into Rachel's eyes. They were soft and full of empathy and compassion. "Yes, Miss White."

"Now get to work, Joseph."

I stood up and began to pick up the pieces of shattered wood and gathered them into a pile. Rachel stood and put her skirt and shoes back on. She walked to the front door, her jacket hanging from her fingers, her incredible muscles pumped up in all of their glory, and turned to me. "I'll see you in the morning, Joseph. Good night."

"Good night, Miss White," I softly replied.

I watched Rachel let herself out the front door and took a deep breath. Then I rushed to the toilet and spent the next several minutes throwing up the contents of my stomach.

Chapter 11 - Righting a Wrong

I arrived at 8:30 the next morning at the office. Rachel was already at her desk. “Good morning, Joe,” she greeted me, and gave me a warm smile.

God, but was she beautiful! I’d never been more scared in my life that I had the night before. I’d slept fitfully, thinking of what she’d said to me before she left my home. “I’m going to clean up the mess that you’ve made with the firm,” she’d told me. What did she have in mind?

I got the answer to that question just before lunch when Rachel stepped into my office. “I’ve booked a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel,” she told me, “for our meeting with Sam Rayburn. He’s expecting you at 3 PM.”

“He’s expecting me?” I asked as a clarification.

“Yes, Joe, he’s expecting you.” She paused, and held me with a stare. “He doesn’t know that I’ll be there as well.” Rachel leaned forward and placed her hands flat against my desk. Even with her jacket on, I could see the powerful tendons of her wrists in motion and could clearly envision the muscles working beneath her sleeves. “Sam Rayburn is in for quite a surprise, indeed.” Rachel turned and left me in my office.

Rachel came to my office at 2:15. She had changed out of her skirt and put on a pair of pants that matched her suit jacket. I noticed that her thighs and calves were completely hidden. “Shall we get going, Joe?” she asked me. I simply grabbed my keys and nodded my head.

We arrived at the hotel thirty minutes later and took an elevator up to a large suite which Rachel had booked for our meeting with Sam Rayburn. The suite was large and impeccably decorated. A stocked bar was in place at the side of the room. A large dining table was adjacent to the bar. The sitting area included two large sofas and two large chairs as well as an oval coffee table with a glass top. A door led to a bathroom and another door led to the master bedroom which included a luxurious master bathroom.

Rachel sat on the couch and indicated that I should join her. I complied with her wish and sat down next to her. She placed her hand on my thigh and gave it a light squeeze. I gazed into her eyes and looked for any indication of what she was thinking or feeling about the upcoming meeting or about the events in my dining room the previous night. Rachel finally spoke to me. “I’m not mad at you, Joe. I was frustrated and disappointed but I know that you would never intentionally hurt me or the firm.” I breathed a sigh of relief at her words. “I wanted to demonstrate to you how serious your actions were and how deeply they affected me. I trust that I made my point.”

“You did, Rachel,” I replied. “I didn’t think about you or your feelings at all. I wish I had. I know I’ll always think of you first before I ever make any decision again,” I promised her.

“Joe,” Rachel addressed me, with a serious look on her face. “Do you trust me?”

“Of course I do, Rachel,” I immediately answered.

“I’m glad, Joe. I hope that you know that I will always look out for you and your best interests.” Rachel took a deep breath and finished her thought. “This meeting with Mister Rayburn may prove to be challenging for you, Joe. Just remember that you trust me and that you always can.”

I gave Rachel a reassuring smile, even as I felt a lump in my throat. What did she have in mind? Rachel leaned forward and kissed me softly on the lips. “This will all be over soon, Joe.”

Sam knocked on the door a few minutes later. I opened the door to the suite and he came in and shook my hand. “Hey, Joe, I hope you have good news for me. I can’t wait to get this all over with.” Then he noticed Rachel, who was still sitting on the couch. “Joe, I thought it was just going to be you and me. Who’s the babe?”

I started to speak but Rachel interrupted me. “Mister Rayburn,” she began, “I’m Rachel White and I’m a partner in the firm. Thank you for coming to meet with us today.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Rachel. I guess you’re both here because I’m such an important client?” He turned to me. “She’s a fine looking piece, Joe, you really know how to pick ‘em.”

Rachel raised her eyebrows at Sam’s comment but didn’t speak or react otherwise.

“Well look, lady, I’m really glad to meet you, and maybe you and me can get to know each other a little better some time, but for now I’m just here to see Joe. You know, client-attorney privilege and all that.”

I cringed inwardly. Rachel stared at Sam without betraying any of her thoughts. Something about her blank stare made Sam pause. He shifted uncomfortably where he stood, but said nothing. Rachel finally broke the silence. “Mister Rayburn, that’s precisely why I’m here. To discuss the client-employee relationship between you and my firm.” Rachel stood but remained at the couch. “And Mister Rayburn, please address me as Miss White. I don’t appreciate being referred to as either ‘lady’ or ‘babe’.”

There was something about Rachel's demeanor that clearly had Sam shaken, but he was determined not to back down. "Listen, lady, I'm here to talk to Joe. Now I'm asking you nicely to get the hell out of here. I don't think you want me to ask you not-so-nicely."

Rachel began to walk towards Sam. "Is this how you speak to women, Mister Rayburn? Is this how you speak to your wife?"

Sam turned to me. "Joe, you'd better do something about this bitch before she gets hurt. Now tell her where her place is before I have to. Nobody talks to me like that."

Rachel closed the remaining distance between herself and Sam and stood directly in front of him. "Samuel, let me explain something to you. Joseph is not going to tell me where my place is because he already understands where his place is." She turned her head toward me. "Isn't that right, Joseph?"

I responded immediately. "Yes, Miss White."

"And Samuel," she continued, "before long you're going to know your place too."

"Listen, you crazy bitch," Sam threatened, "I don't know who the fuck you think you are, but no lady is going to speak to me like that. And my place is about to be pushing your head down while you suck my dick if you don't get the fuck out of here. Right now."

"Samuel, I can't begin to tell you how glad I am that you're showing me this side of you." Rachel unbuttoned her jacket and let it slid it off her shoulders.

"Joseph, take my jacket," she instructed me.

"Yes, Miss White," I answered, taking her jacket and folding it on one of the chairs at the dining table.

Rachel now stood before Sam in a sleeveless white shirt. Her enormous shoulders and biceps practically filled the room. I could see her traps pulsing where she stood.

"What the fuck is going on here?" muttered Sam.

"That's an excellent, if vulgar, question, Samuel," replied Rachel. "What's going on here is that you are a bully. You mistreat women. You have abused your wife both physically and emotionally." Rachel kicked off her heels and unbuttoned her pants, then stepped out of them. She now stood in a pair of gym shorts and her boulder-like shoulders and biceps were suddenly overshadowed by her incomprehensible quads and calves. Rachel nodded her head to me and said, "Joseph."

“Yes, Miss White.” I immediately stepped forward and retrieved Rachel’s pants and heels and placed her heels on the floor, next to the table and folded her pants, placing it on top of her jacket.

Rachel continued her thought. “The thing about bullies, Samuel, is that every bully forgets that there’s always someone tougher or stronger than they are. And then the bully suddenly becomes the victim.” Rachel stepped forward and flexed a side bicep. A road map of veins suddenly appeared on her arm as her bicep peak climbed to a height that blew me away. And made Sam take a step backward.

Sam turned a shade of white. Then he turned to me and said, “Joe, you’d better do something about this right now.”

Rachel spoke. “Joseph. Kneel.”

“Yes, Miss White,” came my immediate response as I fell to my knees where I’d been standing.

“As you can see, Samuel, Joseph already knows his place. And before long you’re going to know your place as well.” Rachel held up her bicep in front of Sam. I watched his eyes grow big as he took in the sight of Rachel’s magnificent muscles. Then she shifted one of her legs forward and began to flex her quads and calves as she twisted her foot from side to side. Rachel was a truly beautiful and terrifying sight in this moment. “When I learned that Joseph had put my firm in the position of representing a monster such as yourself, Samuel, who abuses women, it made me extremely angry. I confronted Joseph immediately, at his home. And I made him see the error he had made in his judgment.” Sam stood, terrified and motionless in front of Rachel, taking in her every word. His eyes were glued to her enormous muscles in all of their intimidating glory. “Joseph, remind me of what I did when I arrived at your home yesterday evening.”

“You broke my solid oak dining table with a single punch, Miss White, and destroyed all but one of my dining chairs with nothing more than the strength in your hands,” I answered.

Rachel pointed to the dining table in the hotel suite. “Samuel,” she began, “I have no intention of destroying any hotel property this afternoon.” She took another step forward and stood just inches away from Sam.

“You crazy bitch!” exclaimed Sam, as he swung a backhanded blow at her face.

Rachel reached up with her hand and caught Sam’s hand with her fist. Sam attempted to pull his hand back but Rachel tightened her grip. Sam began to shift uncomfortably

where he stood and then his discomfort turned to pain as Rachel's biceps and forearms began to flex and her grip around Sam's hand became tighter. "Samuel, it's time for you to learn your place," she told the grimacing man. She squeezed her hand still more tightly and Sam fell to his knee in pain. "You're learning," she taunted him. "Now let's see if you've learned another lesson, Samuel. How are you going to address me?" She squeezed even harder still.

"Miss White! Miss White!" came Sam's immediate response.

"It's really quite easy to bully a bully, Samuel," Rachel continued. "But it takes much longer to actually change the character of a bully." Rachel grabbed onto Sam's shoulder with her free hand and let go of his hand with her other, moving her grip to his wrist. Then she began to apply a twisting pressure to Sam's arm while immobilizing his shoulder. "Your bullying days are over, Samuel," she told him in an even voice as she dislocated his shoulder and elbow. Then she let go of Sam as he collapsed to the floor.

Sam held out his good hand in front of him and began to plead. "Please, please, stop hurting me. I'll do whatever you want. Just stop hurting me."

Rachel looked down at the already broken man. "What did I tell you to call me, Samuel?"

"Miss White! Please, Miss White! Please don't hurt me any more!"

Rachel looked at Sam and shook her head. "No."

Tears came to Sam's eyes and he began to shake.

"You were right about one thing, Samuel," Rachel began, as she reached down and picked Sam up to his feet. Wrapping her arms around Sam's sides she began to squeeze. "You have attorney-client privilege with Joseph. My firm will not discuss your bullying ways with anyone. We will not discuss your abusive ways. And we'll never discuss the fact that you were completely over-powered, beaten, and dominated by a woman." She lowered her grip to Sam's lower back, bent her knees, and held Sam in the air in a powerful bearhug. "We are dropping you as a client. You are free to find other representation, Samuel." Sam moaned against Rachel's shoulder as she squeezed harder and harder against his ribs. "However, I'd suggest that you're going to want to save your money." She squeezed harder. "You're going to give your wife everything she's asking for, Samuel. She gets half of your money. She gets the house. And you're going to stop interfering with her career." She squeezed harder and he heard 2 of his ribs crack. Then she released her grip and he collapsed to the floor.

Sam whimpered and moaned in pain where he laid, never taking his eyes off of Rachel. "Please, Miss White, no more."

Rachel stepped forward and flexed her immense quads as she stood over the beaten man. "Can you imagine what I could do to you with these, Samuel? Can you conceive of the destruction I can cause with my strength?" Sam began to cry where he lay on the floor, helpless and broken. "I could end your career with my power, Samuel. I could take your movie-star looks away from you. I could permanently damage your knees and shoulders so that you could never be cast in any of those action roles that you enjoy so much." Sam's sobs grew louder. Rachel watched him sobbing and hissed at him. "On your knees, Samuel."

Sam struggled up to his knees and looked fearfully at Rachel. She leaned down so that her head was inches away from Sam's. "I could end your miserable life if I chose to." Sam moaned in pain as he absorbed Rachel's words. "Let me make myself perfectly clear, Samuel, so that there is no mistaking my meaning. You're going to give your wife everything she's asked for. If you fail to do this, then I can assure you that you'll see me again soon." Sam began to cry as he took in Rachel's ultimatum. Rachel continued, "And you're never going to raise your hand against a woman ever again. You're never going to raise your voice against a woman ever again. And you're never going to use your influence to negatively affect a woman's career ever again. If you fail at any of these, you'll be dealing with the emergency room." Rachel leaned forward and did a most muscular pose. Her traps grew to monstrous proportions as her pecs separated to make room for the beefy muscle which Rachel was displaying to Sam. Her biceps and pulsed, the power she was holding back was evident from across the room. Rachel grabbed Sam's shirt with her fist and ripped it off in a swift motion. "Do I make myself clear, Samuel?"

"Yes, yes, Miss White," he stammered. "After I sign off half of my assets as well as the house, she'll never see me again."

"What else, Samuel?"

"I'll never pick on another woman, Miss White. I swear it!"

"You'll be a perfect gentleman, Samuel, won't you?" Rachel declared. "Just like, Joseph, over here." She turned and gave me a brief look before turning back to the cowed man.

"Yes! Yes, Miss White! A perfect gentleman!" he cried out.

“Very good, Samuel.” Rachel crossed the room and sat back down on the couch and crossed her legs. I couldn’t help but notice how thick and defined her quads were, and how her pumped calf stood out. “You may go now, Samuel.”

Sam slowly came to his feet and walked to the door in visible pain. Just as his hand touched the knob, Rachel called out. “Oh, and Samuel, just one more thing.” Sam visibly flinched and then turned around.

“Yes, Miss White.”

“Your injuries, Samuel. You got them in training. You were preparing for a fight scene for your next action movie.” Rachel remained comfortably seated on the couch, her muscles relaxed but no less intimidating to the beaten man. “Isn’t that right, Samuel?”

“Yes, Miss White. I hurt myself working with a highly trained fighter as part of my preparation for an upcoming role,” he robotically recited.

Rachel nodded her head. Samuel opened the door and left.

Chapter 12 - The Hotel Suite

Rachel closed her eyes and leaned back against the couch as Sam Rayburn fled the hotel. Lost in thought, Rachel's physique, even relaxed was incredibly intimidating and even more than that, intoxicating. Kneeling next to the dining table, I took in the swell of her pecs, her hard round delts sitting like twin cannonballs on top of her shoulders, her thick biceps and triceps which couldn't be hidden even when not flexed, and her rock hard pecs, which stood out in clear living definition with each breath Rachel took. But I had to admit, as incredible as Rachel was from the waist up, it was her legs that really set her apart from any other woman I'd ever seen, either in person or in pictures. Her giant quads were so wide and shredded that they had to be seen to be believed. Except I was seeing them right at that moment from just a few feet away and I still couldn't believe my eyes. And her calves were so pumped up and so dense that even looking at them from straight ahead, I could still see and marvel at the density and separation she'd developed.

Then I looked back up and had to correct myself. Her legs weren't even close to her best feature. Rachel's face was truly descended from heaven. Her dark hair, shiny, and flowing, framed her high cheekbones, her narrow nose, her full lips, her strong jawline, and those hypnotic dark eyes. Her stare could make me feel any of a thousand different emotions – lust, admiration, fear, comfort, or inspiration, just to name a few – depending on her own state of mind.

Rachel's upper body was magnificent. Her legs were unbelievable. Her face... well no words could ever adequately describe her beauty.

After several minutes, Rachel opened her eyes and saw me, kneeling and closely watching her. She stood and walked to where I remained on my knees as she had commanded a short while earlier. She considered me and then spoke.

"I'll confess that handling the situation with Mister Rayburn has left me with some energy that I'll have to find an outlet for. And then it occurred to me that I have this room," she waved her hand around the sitting area, "and that bed," she pointed to the bedroom door, "until tomorrow morning." I remained frozen on my knees.

Rachel put her hand on my head and softly ran her fingers through my hair. "The only question is, would you like to stay with me? And if you would, would you like to be with 'Rachel' or with 'Miss White'?" She fixed me with a stare that would have knocked me off of my feet had I not already been kneeling. "I'm offering you a choice," she finished.

I considered Rachel's proposition. Immediately I knew that there was no chance that I was leaving that hotel room until Rachel wanted me gone. I thought back to the night

that she and I had shared in her bed. That night stood out as the greatest memory of my life and nothing else came close. Rachel had showed me that all of the fantasies I'd had about her phenomenally beautiful and powerful body could be fulfilled and then blown away. And I was being given the choice of revisiting that night, here in the hotel room. Rachel could show me the type of pleasure that would easily surpass my wildest dreams.

Then I thought of the damage that she had done to my dining room the night before, and of the complete ease with which she had reduced Sam Rayburn to a broken mess. I was hopelessly addicted to Rachel's dominance and the power she held over me, but was I willing to voluntarily fly into that spider's web? There was no telling what she might do with me if I chose to spend the evening with her as Miss White.

My already hard cock twitched and began to ache where I knelt. It only took me a few seconds to make my decision. I looked at the vision above me, into her eyes, and said, "Miss White." Then I leaned down and began to kiss her foot.

"I'm very pleased with your choice, Joseph," Rachel purred. "Now stand up." I immediately rose to my feet and stood before Rachel. "I want your clothes off, Joseph. Right now. All of them."

I couldn't help but think that the only two times Rachel had ordered me to take my clothes off, I'd been in tears a short while later. The first time had preceded a spanking that left me bruised and sore for several days. The previous night she had destroyed my dining room with her bare hands as she belittled me. What was she planning for me now? I wasn't about to do anything to displease her in this moment. My clothes were off in a flash and I stood, naked and vulnerable before the muscular Goddess.

Rachel looked me up and down, letting her gaze linger on my cock, which was fully aroused. I kept my hands at my sides, certain to remain vulnerable and uncovered for Rachel to examine as she liked. Seeing her eyes linger on my hardness, more blood rushed to my cock which now began to twitch as precum seeped out of my head. Rachel reached out and held her fingers against the base of my cock, pulling lightly against it. "Tell me why you're so aroused, Joseph. Use great detail to explain what you're feeling."

"Yes, Miss White," I answered. "It's because you're so beautiful, Miss White. You're young, and beautiful, and commanding. Your muscles are perfect in every way, Miss White. I think about you constantly, and when I see your hard muscles it always makes me hard. It's because you're so very dominant, Miss White. I can't imagine anything more arousing than a beautiful, powerful woman who controls others as easily and as completely as you do. It's because when you call me 'Joseph' my cock instantly becomes aroused. I'm helpless when you dominate me. You completely control me as you see fit, Miss White."

“Yes, I do control you, Joseph.” Rachel slowly, deliberately stroked my cock with a light touch that made me shudder with delight and with fear. “I own you, Joseph. You are mine.”

“Yes, Miss White.”

“I control this cock, Joseph. I decide if I want to make it feel incredible pleasure.” She teased the head of my cock with her finger. “Or if I want to make it feel pain.” She lowered her hand and lightly squeezed my testicles, making me wince more from nerves than from the actual squeeze she gave. Rachel released me and stood before me, considering her next move and her next words. Her mind made up, she spoke again. “How did it make you feel to watch me beat Sam Rayburn, Joseph?”

“It scared me, Miss White, to see how easily you could hurt him. It also turned me on to see how easily you could hurt him.”

“Which did you feel more strongly, Joseph? The fear or the arousal?”

I considered the question, and then answered. “The arousal, Miss White.”

Rachel lifted her arms and flexed her mighty biceps, pumping them up and letting her biceps grow bigger and bigger before my eyes. “It aroused me as well, Joseph.” She continued to pump her biceps. I watched as her pecs got into the action, pumping with each flex, as the definition of her physique became more and more pronounced before my eyes. “It aroused me very much to overpower a man with so little effort, Joseph. And now I want to control, and dominate, and use you. And I’ll have my way with you, Joseph. Any way that I see fit.”

I began to feel true terror but I remained standing and vulnerable, and as prepared as I could be for anything that Rachel might say or do next. In a shaky voice I responded. “Yes, Miss White.”

Rachel lowered her arms into a most muscular pose that took my breath away. Her pecs ballooned inches from me and her traps extended from her neck and shoulders to dimensions that were as inconceivable as they were intimidating. Her biceps and triceps danced as she slowly raised her hands from her waist to her neck. Suddenly, Rachel gripped her shirt at the neck and violently ripped it apart off her body and discarded it onto the floor. I gasped out loud, both from the incredible display of strength and from the even more incredible display of Rachel’s perfect breasts standing proudly on her pecs, capped by her stiff nipples pointing at me in arousal. Just as suddenly, Rachel grabbed onto her gym shorts and tore them apart as if they were made of tissue paper.

The remains of her shorts joined her ruined shirt on the floor. Rachel now stood before me, naked, beautiful, and looking anything but vulnerable.

Rachel allowed me a moment to take in the majestic vision that was her naked body for a moment before speaking to me. "Kneel, Joseph."

As quickly as she said the words I was back on my knees, answering "Yes, Miss White," as my knees hit the floor.

"Lick me, Joseph. I want you to make me cum. Quickly."

I answered, "Yes, Miss White," a bit more enthusiastically than before and began to kiss Rachel's beautiful skin, taking a moment to run my tongue up the ridges of her quads and down the ridges of her abs before nestling my nose against her pelvis and my tongue against her slit. All the while my hands freely roamed Rachel's legs, particularly her inner thighs and her glorious ass, round and firm.

I began to lick gently at first, teasing the folds of Rachel's pussy with my lips and tongue while my hands continued to worship the wonder of her muscular, round glutes. Rachel began to softly moan and then she began to run her fingers through my hair as my licking and sucking became more vigorous. Rachel's musky scent encouraged me to lick harder and I began to probe inside her with my tongue as she held me firmly in her hands. I pulled back and my lips found her swollen clit, which I began to suck on greedily. Rachel's moans became more insistent and her grip on my head became tighter as she pulled me in closer to her sex. At the same time I slid my hands between Rachel's gloriously perfect ass cheeks and began to tease her with my fingers, which had the effect of making Rachel begin to buck her hips against my face. I responded to this by releasing her clit and sliding my tongue inside her snatch. As I pushed my tongue in and out of Rachel's tight hole, she grabbed onto the sides of my head and held me tightly so that I couldn't move. Her hips began to push harder and harder as she used my tongue to get her closer and closer to the orgasm she wanted.

I slipped a finger inside of Rachel from behind while using another finger to rub her softly just beneath her pussy. With my tongue firmly wedged inside Rachel as she bucked against me, my nose rubbed against her clit. Rachel's moans turned into a wail as her orgasm was finally unleashed upon me. I was overwhelmed by the scent and wetness and began to furiously slide my tongue in and out, as she fucked my face through her orgasm.

I continued to nibble at the folds of her pussy as she came down, emitting satisfied murmurs of pleasure. Finally she removed her hands from my head and I was able to pull back to look up at her. "That was very nice, Joseph," she smiled at me. "But I'm not

nearly done using you.” Rachel turned and walked to the bedroom door and I marveled at her athletic gait as the naked Goddess made her way across the room, her musculature body looking like an anatomy chart come to life. Opening the door, she turned and faced me, treating me with her profile and a side view of her spectacular breasts standing proudly over her flat stomach. She beckoned at me with a single finger and said, “Come, Joseph.”

I responded, “Yes, Miss White,” and began to crawl toward her on my knees, which made her smile before she disappeared inside the bedroom. I crawled the remainder of the way to the door and then inside, where Rachel stood, waiting for me. I crawled the remaining distance and resumed my earlier worship of her feet with my kisses. Rachel humored me for a short while before squatting down and lifting me up into the air. I’d seen her muscles in action, but I was stunned by this feat of strength considering the awkward position in which Rachel held me, but her hold was firm and I could sense that she wasn’t struggling in the slightest to keep me aloft. Rachel then deposited me onto the bed and pushed me onto my back.

She then crawled up onto the bed and kissed her way my up my legs before coming to my cock, which was now urgently erect. Wrapping her entire hand around it, she looked up at me and asked, “Joseph, who does this cock belong to?”

“It’s yours, Miss White,” I moaned in response.

Rachel leaned forward and gave my cock a long, slow lick, wrapping her lips around the head and forcefully sucking on it before releasing it. “My cock,” she said, and smiled. Then she began to lick it once again from the base while her fingers manipulated my balls, making me dizzy from the pleasure. She sucked on the head a second time and released me once again. Lifting her head up and staring at me, she growled, “Don’t you dare cum, Joseph,” as she gave a meaningful squeeze to my shaft.

“Yes, Miss White.” I forced the words out of my mouth.

Rachel then wrapped her lips tightly around my cock and began to fuck me with her beautiful mouth in earnest. I tried thinking of anything that would take my mind off of the amazing feelings between my legs but nothing was working. Finally I just thought of Rachel, that I belonged to her, and that she had commanded me not to cum without her permission. This enabled me to curb the oncoming orgasm which had been building up and to give Rachel what she demanded of me.

Rachel licked my head a few more times as she stroked my throbbing shaft and then gave me a smile. “You’re doing very well, Joseph. Now it’s time for you to give me exactly what I want.”

“Anything, Miss White,” came my response, as Rachel pulled herself up on top of me and lowered her swollen pussy onto my throbbing cock. Sitting on top of me, she leaned forward and grabbed onto my wrists, rendering me unable to move my upper body as she squeezed my cock with her pussy. Rachel then began to squeeze her mighty thighs together around my sides, causing me to gasp more from the shock than from pain. “You’re mine, Joseph,” she growled at me as she began to rise and lower herself up and down, riding my cock to her satisfaction. “Don’t you fucking move a muscle,” she ordered me. “I’ll use you as I see fit.”

“Yes, Miss White,” I uttered the words through the haze of such an exquisite pleasure as I’d never felt before. Immobilized beneath Rachel and her powerful grip, all I could do was endure the fucking frenzy that she was determined to unleash against my helpless body. Her hips moved up and down faster and faster as she rocked herself in a circle, riding my hard cock and forcing me deeper and deeper inside of her with each downstroke. Through my watery eyes I could see the beads of perspiration forming on Rachel’s pecs, shoulders and arms as she used my cock to get her closer and closer to the orgasm she demanded that I give her. Her huge pecs were shredded to an insane degree and I longed to lean forward and run my tongue against every line of striation crossing her massive chest but I was helpless in Rachel’s grasp as she continued to use my as a piece of meat for her own pleasure. I felt dizzy the ever-increasing pressure of her astonishingly powerful thighs squeezing my sides tighter and tighter. I felt her nails digging into my wrists as she kept me held down, unable to do anything other than be Rachel’s fuck-toy.

I began to worry that I might pass out when Rachel suddenly bottomed her pussy out on my throbbing cock and held herself motionless, as she squeezed my shaft with her internal muscles. Simultaneously she pulled my hands forward and brought them to her heaving breasts. Instinctively I began to squeeze her firm tits while grazing my fingers against her diamond-hard nipples. Rachel leaned all the way forward and pushed her lips against my own before grabbing onto my lower lip and giving it a playful bite. My hands and fingers continued to assault her incredible tits even as my hips remained immobilized by Rachel’s strength, and in particular her squeezing of my sides which now began to make me ache. Rachel released my lip and moved her head to the side to tease my ear with her lips and tongue. Her hips went into motion again as she began to fuck me like never before, her rolling motion perfectly timed and coordinated to bring me to the edge of either an orgasm or insanity.

Finally, she breathed into my ear, “I’m going to cum, Joseph. Cum with me. Cum for me. Cum inside me, Joseph.” And then I felt her pussy quake around my cock as Rachel let out a long moan in my ear.

I shouted out, "Yes, Miss White," and immediately unleashed my orgasm inside my Goddess and my owner.

I was hers.

Chapter 13

Another year had gone by and Rachel purchased an additional ten percent of the firm, making her a forty percent partner while I held the other sixty percent. Under her leadership, the firm had grown by a staggering amount and our office on the third floor had quickly proven to be too small. Rachel found a space where we would have enough room to grow into twelve attorneys and thirty additional staffers in downtown Los Angeles. We were really starting to move into the big time.

Rachel continued to come into my office practically every afternoon to sate her own desire to dominate me and my need to submit to her. It invariably started the same way each time. Rachel would walk into my office, lock the door, remove her jacket, put her incredible muscles on display, and say, "Joseph."

I would rise from my seat at the desk, cross the room, kneel before her, and compliantly say, "Yes, Miss White," as I worshipped her feet with my lips and her calves with my fingers. Rachel's condominium included a well-stocked gym, affording her the time she needed each morning to build her muscles to incomprehensible levels and still arrive at work early, looking flawless from head to toe. Her quads and calves were an imposing sight and were regularly on display as she made her way around the office each day. The entire staff, from the associate attorneys to the three ladies in the receptionist area to the teenager who handled all of the mail and copies would all gawk at Rachel's incredible size and definition when she passed by in her business skirt and her high heels. Rachel's focus was such that she never glanced or paid any mind to the stares that followed her wherever she went, but she was fully aware that she was the center of attention at all times.

In my office, with her jacket off, I could see that her upper body was now catching up to her legs in terms of size, definition, and separation. From the first time I'd seen Rachel's bare arms I'd been transfixed by her incredible biceps and triceps, her peaked shoulders, and her shredded pecs, but I'd always been even more impressed by her legs. Now there was a balance and when Rachel stood before me, her muscles fully exposed, I would get lost and wouldn't know where to look, or where to begin my worship. Rachel's arms looked as if she had a loaf of bread in each arm – her biceps and triceps were that massive. Her arms were capped off by a cannonball sitting atop each shoulder. Her pecs were made up of row after row of striated power, and her abs consisted of deep ridges with eight rock-sized muscles centered between each ridge. Her traps took my breath away. Relaxed and in a jacket, Rachel's power was plainly noticeable, even when she was seated and her legs were obscured by her desk. Standing over me in my office in a sleeveless shirt with her arms thrown down in a most muscular pose, her traps filled my vision with their mass and with thick ropes of veins running down to her chest and shoulders. I was as intimidated as I was aroused by her hulking power in that pose.

I found myself unable to decide which of Rachel's magnificent muscles I would worship. Luckily for me, Rachel was more than up to the task of leading me in this regard as well.

As remarkable as her physique was, I knew that there was no amount of development that she could ever achieve that would ever make her muscles outshine her naturally good looks. Rachel could wear a heavy coat to completely obscure her body and she would still turn heads wherever she went with her big brown eyes, long lashes, flowing hair, luscious lips, sharp nose, high cheekbones, and strong jawline. Simply put, Rachel was the object of attraction wherever she went. Heads turned as she walked down the sidewalk. Conversation stopped when she entered a crowded restaurant. Rachel had a regal air about her that allowed her to accept and even expect that she would be the center of attention in every meeting, at every party, and in any crowd.

Every so often, in our one-on-one meetings in my locked office, Rachel would allow me to worship her feet and calves and then instruct me to stand before her. Then she'd instruct me to strip and study me as I removed all of my clothes, standing naked before my owner. Every time I stood before her naked I'd be as aroused as I had been the first time she'd made me take my clothes off for her. Rachel would step back to take in my arousal, my submission, and my adoration with a twinkle in her eye. Rachel would then make a show of slowly removing her own clothing, kicking her heels to the side, removing her skirt and blouse followed by her bra and panties to let me take in the sight of her naked body before me. My cock would twitch in lust and drip precum in anticipation of being the instrument of Rachel's pleasure.

Rachel would sit on the desk and demand that I fill her pussy with my hard cock and empty a load of cum inside her. Or she'd direct me to sit on my chair and would lower herself on top of me, riding me to her own orgasm. If Rachel was feeling particularly mischievous she'd have me remain on my knees licking and sucking her pussy to an orgasm and would then make me watch her get dressed and leave as I remained naked and hard, on my knees, in the middle of the office.

These visits to my office were seriously messing with my internal wiring and I'd long become addicted to Rachel, her dominance, her superiority, and the hold she had over my heart, my mind, and my cock. But then she had dialed up the intensity several notches a few weeks after our night together at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I sat at my desk late one afternoon busy with research on a case, aware that the day was nearing an end and that Rachel hadn't come for one of her daily visits. Just before 6 PM Rachel let herself in and locked the door behind her. I looked up with anticipation of what would come next.

Rachel stood at the door and didn't remove her jacket. "Joseph," she said as a way of beginning her visit.

“Yes, Miss White,” I responded, automatically, walking to where she stood and falling to my knees before her.

“My place, Joseph,” she answered. “Ten o’clock tonight. Don’t be late.” Then she turned and left the room.

I knocked on Rachel’s door at precisely 10 PM with a bottle of wine in one hand and a bouquet of flowers in the other. Rachel answered the door wearing a nearly transparent silk robe and nothing underneath it. “Joseph,” she said as I stood in the hallway of her condominium outside her front door.

I fell to my knees where I’d stood. “Yes, Miss White.”

“You came precisely on time, Joseph.” Rachel smiled, her eyes sparkling at me. “The wine looks wonderful and the flowers are beautiful, Joseph. But what I really want is you in my bedroom. Right now.”

Rachel had her way with me late into the night, as I thoroughly worshipped her naked body and she tested my endurance using my body and my cock to her satisfaction. Each time I thought that I was spent, Rachel would bring my cock back to the height of arousal with a flex of her muscles, a look in her eye, or just a word spoken to me. My flaccid cock would return to full hardness time and time again, responding to the wishes of its true owner, Rachel.

We fell asleep in each other’s arms after a frenzied sexual session that lasted until three in the morning. Her alarm went off at 6 AM and she gave me a soft kiss. “I’m going to go down to the gym, Joe,” she told me. “You go back to sleep. I’ll wake you up when I come back to get ready for work.”

I fell back asleep in Rachel’s bed, taking in her smell as I returned to dreaming of being encased in her strong arms. When Rachel returned from her workout, pumped and sweaty, I was already in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Rachel came behind me and wrapped me in her powerful arms and pushed her chest into me. Softly kissing my cheek, she said to me, “You’re wonderful, Joe, and you make me a very happy woman. I’ve decided not to let you go.” I smiled and kissed her. “Now get going before you’re late to work and you get in trouble with the boss.” Rachel laughed and playfully swatted me on the ass.

I drove home and quickly shaved, showered, and changed into fresh clothes and made it to work only a little later than usual.

Rachel came into my office that afternoon and locked the door. “Joseph,” she said, to announce herself and her mood.

“Yes, Miss White,” I automatically replied, as I hurried to kneel before her.

I worshipped her feet and calves for several minutes before she turned and left the room. Neither of us had spoken after the initial encounter. As I stood up to resume my work I noticed that she’d left a note on my desk.

‘My place, 6:30 PM. Pick up groceries on the way. You’re making dinner for me tonight. Bring extra clothes and a toothbrush. xo’

Was Rachel making me her boyfriend?

Chapter 14 - The Vacation

A few months later I awoke in Rachel's bed on a Monday morning and realized that she wasn't there. I looked at the clock and saw that it was 7 AM. She usually left for the gym by 6 AM and would often go straight to the office after her workout. I took my time getting ready that morning as I made myself at home in Rachel's home. By this time I had a few suits hanging in her closet as well as a dresser drawer where I kept other essentials.

I was sleeping in her bed several nights each week. Most of the time I was with Rachel, but at least once each week she would address me as 'Joseph' and my submissive side would take over as I would worship Miss White as her property, devoted to fulfilling any desire she might have of me. At times she would overpower me with her strength and render me helpless as she used my body for her pleasure. At other times she would dominate me with nothing more than a word or a look as I would neglect any of my own desires and focus solely on worshipping Rachel's incredibly massive body from head to toe (or from toe to head, as it typically went).

The first night that Rachel had told me to come over to make her dinner and to bring a change of clothes, we kept it to 'Joe' and 'Rachel'. I'd prepared a simple salad and a shrimp and pasta dish that I'd been fine-tuning for several years. After dinner we'd sat together on the living room couch and engaged in a conversation that went on for at least two hours, in which we discussed everything and nothing. It was like meeting a familiar friend for the first time as we continued to open up to each other and learn more about each other. Neither of us held back any of our thoughts or feelings about ourselves or about each other. We never discussed work but we did discuss our goals and dreams. We talked about Rachel's dismantling of Sam Rayburn and revisited her beating of Sebastian, her ex-boyfriend, so many years earlier when Rachel was first learning to feel confidence in her own body.

Sitting on the couch together, I said the words that I'd been feeling for so long but had been too afraid to ever say. "I love you, Rachel," I told her, as I lost myself in her beautiful eyes. "I'm in love with you."

Rachel smiled and said the most unlikely, improbable words that I ever thought I might hear. "I love you, Joe. I'm in love with you."

We'd kissed each other countless times before that night. We'd had sex and had made love before that night. But even still, Rachel and I kissed for the first time, that night, on her couch, moments after stating our love for each other.

Then Rachel smiled again, as her eyes twinkled with a hint of magic. "I know you love me, Joe, but I need to know how you feel about the other side of me, Joseph."

I fell to my knees in front of Rachel and kissed each of her feet. Then I looked up at Rachel, sitting on the couch, above me. "I love you, Miss White. I'm yours," I said.

Rachel smiled and patted her thigh. "Come sit, Joseph." I sat on her lap as she wrapped her muscular arm around me. "Whether you're Joe or Joseph, you're mine and I love you. Now let's go to bed, Joe."

I made love to Rachel that night. Miss White and Joseph never made an appearance. I worshipped Rachel all the same.

A few days later Rachel came into my office late in the afternoon with a mysterious smile on her face and closed the door. I raised my eyebrows in anticipation of what she might do or say. She wordlessly crossed the space between the door and my desk and dropped an envelope in front of me. Then she turned and left the room, never speaking a word. My eyes were fixed on her remarkable legs and her magnificent ass until she was gone. Only then did I pick up the envelope. Inside was an e-mail confirming a reservation at The Bellagio in two weeks. I was going to Vegas with my Goddess.

We arrived at McCarran Airport late in the afternoon and took a taxi to the Bellagio hotel. Rachel and I went to check-in and it was immediately apparent that the clerk was smitten by Rachel. She was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a halter top that nicely showed off her tanned, muscular arms and chest. "I have your room here, Miss White," the clerk explained. "It has two queen beds and a view of the mountains."

Rachel smiled at the clerk and leaned forward on the counter, which had the effect of making her arms bulge out. The clerk's eyes bulged out as well. "Isn't there anything else that's available?" she asked. "I was really hoping for a view of the fountains."

The clerk gulped and then began furiously pounding away at his computer. "Ah, yes Miss White. I have a room here on the 22nd floor with a view of the fountains. It's actually a suite." He cleared his throat. "We reserve these rooms for our most exclusive clientele." He smiled nervously at Rachel. "If you'll just sign here, I'll make the arrangements." Rachel graced the clerk with one of her smiles and then we were escorted to our room by a bellhop.

The suite was, in a word, magnificent. It featured a formal dining room with a stocked bar adjacent to it. The living room included a wraparound couch and two large chairs. There were twin flat screen televisions placed in the living room to ensure an easy view from any vantage point in the room. A large full bathroom was located near the entrance

to the room. Double doors off of the living room led to the bedroom which had a king sized bed in the middle of the room. Both his and hers bathrooms were available in the master bedroom space as well as a powder room and two large walk-in closets. Her bathroom included a large Jacuzzi tub while his bathroom featured a large shower with nozzles strategically placed on each wall as well as one from the ceiling. I gave the bellhop a twenty dollar bill and thanked him for his help. Rachel appeared from her bathroom and gave me a smile. "We're going to have a lot of fun with this suite, Joe. I can't wait to try out every room." She walked to me and gave me a kiss that promised much, much more. "Come on, Joe. We're in Vegas! Let's go have a look around." We quickly changed into warm weather clothes and took the elevators back down to the lobby.

Las Vegas at night is a spectacular scene. The lights of the strip are breathtaking. Not anywhere close to being on the level of breathtaking that is Rachel, but it's still something special to be seen. Rachel and I held hands as we strolled down Las Vegas Boulevard, taking in all of the sights. We passed by people dressed up as Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson, and even a group posing as the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Naturally it was Rachel who turned the most heads, dressed in a simple pair of tight shorts and a button-down shirt which was tied up just below her ample breasts, exposing her washboard abs. Even in a pair of flip-flops her remarkable calves were on full display that evening. Rachel and I remarked that the massive size of the hotel properties created the illusion of making everything appear to be close, yet it seemed we walked for miles while the properties never got any closer. We made it as far as to the Wynn and Encore Hotels where we stopped in for a drink and watched the festivities on the lake before turning back for the Bellagio. We stopped in a little hole in the wall at the Bazaar Village outside of Bally's Hotel which included dozens of small restaurants and enjoyed some street tacos with beer. Once back The Bellagio we made sure to join the crowd on the sidewalk and witness the spectacle of the Bellagio Fountains in a choreographed dance to 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' by The Beatles.

We walked through the casino floor and saw a sign indicating the poker room. "Come on, Joe," Rachel said with a smile, "let's give it a shot." We walked up to the poker desk and were immediately seated together at a table, across from each other.

I'll admit that I'm a fairly decent poker player, although my game had gotten rusty. When I was at Yale I spent plenty of weekends at Foxwoods Casino, which was only about an hour's drive away. We were at a low limit table, with Rachel and I both sitting in front of \$300 to start, so I told myself that this was just for fun and that I would take it easy on her. Then I looked over at Rachel and she was shuffling her chips with one hand on the table as if she was a professional playing on television. She looked over at me and gave me a smirk. I returned her smile. Game on! I was able to do nothing except for fold my cards for the first 20 minutes as I was never given anything worth playing. Rachel, on the

other hand, was quickly amassing a small fortune. Every time a hand went to showdown Rachel would turn over a monster hand. Her chip stack grew to over \$1000 while I was still sitting at just under \$300, as I hadn't committed any of my chips to a pot yet.

Then I looked down and saw the most beautiful sight I could ever hope for (other than the Goddess who was sitting across from me). I was dealt the Ace of Spades and the Ace of Hearts. When the action came to me it was three dollars to call. I raised it to fifteen dollars and everyone folded, until it came to Rachel. "Make it forty," she announced. And then she winked at me. I decided to set the trap and I simply called the bet. The flop came with a 7 of clubs, 9 of diamonds, and 10 of clubs. I completely whiffed on the flop, but it was unlikely that Rachel had hit any of it either. I decided to keep the trap set and checked. "Fifty," she stated, without hesitating. I immediately threw in fifty to call her bet. The queen of clubs was the next card. Rachel might have hit a flush with that, but I knew the odds were still on my side. I checked again. "One hundred," came Rachel's bet. I paused and considered my options. Rachel was beating me if she held two clubs. Or she might have a straight with an 8 and a jack or with a jack or a king. Both of those seemed pretty unlikely as well. I threw in the hundred and waited for the next card. It was a jack of clubs. I kept my face frozen, not letting my emotions show. That jack was the worst possible card in the deck for me. If Rachel had a single club she would win. Or if she had either any 8 or any queen she would win. Even if she had none of those she would beat me with any two pairs. I checked. Rachel took another peek at her cards and smiled. "All in," came her bet.

I was sunk and I knew it. "Nice river," I told her as I tossed my pocket aces, face up, toward the dealer. "I fold."

Rachel's smile grew into a wide grin. She slowly turned her cards over and showed them to the table. She had the 3 of hearts and the 4 of hearts – absolutely nothing. The guy sitting next to Rachel started laughing and then he patted her on the back. I sheepishly smiled at Rachel as I reached into my wallet to buy another two hundred dollars in chips.

I slowly built my stack up to a nice size over the next few hours. I won a few decent pots when I hit good hands and I was able to steal a few pots with some well-timed bluffs. There was one guy sitting in the middle seat of the table who had anointed himself as the king of the table and he wouldn't stop talking about what a great player he was. He wore a pair of dark sunglasses and had a cowboy hat on. On more than one occasion I was able to bluff him out of a pot only to have him say something like, "Your two pairs are good," as he'd fold his hand. Of course I didn't have anything remotely close to two pairs but I didn't find it necessary to push his buttons. As his chip stack started to decrease in size he began to show his impatience, raising on nearly every hand.

It all came to a head when he made a raise to twenty dollars right out of the gate. I looked down at a 3 and a 7 and I quietly threw my cards away. Three other players called the twenty dollar when the action came around to Rachel. She threw in her twenty to complete the action. The flop came with a 4, 6, and 10 with all different suits. The poker genius quickly bet fifty dollars. One other player called the bet, as did Rachel. A 7 came on the turn and the genius immediately threw out a one hundred dollar bet. The next player folded and Rachel called. Another 7 came on the river and the blowhard made a dramatic show of announcing "All in" as he pushed his remaining three-hundred dollars into the pot. Then he stood up and stared at Rachel as she considered her decision. "Let's go, honey. You know you're beat," he taunted, as Rachel continued to ponder her move.

Finally Rachel turned to the dealer. "I call."

The blowhard sat down and his shoulders slumped. He turned over an ace and a king. "You got me," he said to Rachel. She tossed her cards forward. She had a 5 and a 4.

"Two pairs wins," said the dealer. "7s and 4s." The blowhard stood frozen for a moment, in disbelief. Then he turned and left the room.

Rachel and I stuck around for a few more hands and then went to cash out our chips. I'd managed to profit just over two-hundred dollars for the session. Rachel had profited over a thousand. Rachel leaned in close to me and spoke in a low voice. "Let's go change and get ready for dinner. And maybe we can find something fun to do while we're in the room." She gave my ass a squeeze as she said this. I was more than willing to go along with her plan and followed her to the elevator.

We stepped onto the elevator and just as the doors were closing a hand stopped the closing doors and the guy with the cowboy hat stepped in. He paid me no mind and glared at Rachel. "What the hell were you thinking, lady, calling me down with that hand? What did you put me on anyhow? Didn't you know I had you beat? I should have won that pot!" He stepped forward, inches away from Rachel and stared down at her. I made a move to intervene but Rachel gave me a look which convinced me to stay out of the way.

"Now you listen," Rachel began. As she spoke she reached down and untied the knot which held her shirt in place. "You overestimated the strength of your hand and you underestimated me. The weakness of your hand was plain for me to see. I called your bluff because I knew I was stronger than you. And I'm calling your bluff again right now." Rachel pulled her shirt off and stood in front of the man wearing only her lacy bra. She began to flex her pecs and her breasts alternated bouncing up and down. She flexed one of her biceps and I watched as it grew to its formidable mass which I was so familiar with. "I'm strong, and you're weak," Rachel finished, as she went into a most muscular pose,

her pecs and traps ballooning to a size which the overmatched man never could have imagined and which I would never grow tired of seeing.

The cowboy's face lost all of its color and he backed away from Rachel, against the back wall of the moving elevator. His lips moved but no sound came out.

"You've lost," Rachel taunted the man. "Again." She stepped forward and closed the distance between herself and the cowed cowboy. "And now it's time to pay up." She pointed at the ground. "Kneel before me. Now." He fell immediately to his knees. "Kiss my feet," she ordered. He began to kiss her feet without hesitation. The elevator made a ding as we arrived at our floor and the doors opened. Rachel reached down and took the cowboy hat off of the defeated man and straightened it on her own head. "Never underestimate the power of a strong woman," she said as her parting words.

Rachel then turned to me. "Let's go to our room, Joseph." The doors to the elevator closed behind us as the man remained, dazed, on his knees. Rachel led me down the hall to our room. I followed quickly behind her as her quads and calves bunched up with every step she took. Her biceps and delts were bulging after the exhibition she'd just put on in the elevator. As we made our way down the hall I was transfixed by the vision of strength and power in front of me. Even more than the physical sight of Rachel, I was overcome by the display which I'd just witnessed in the elevator. Rachel had just put on a display of dominance unlike anything I'd ever even imagined. Without even placing a finger on him, she had reduced him to a quivering mess, kneeling in front of the superior woman before him with just a few words and the threat of her physical might. He had confronted Rachel with the likely intention of scaring her or of gaining back some control after the loss he'd suffered at the poker table. Instead Rachel had showed him what true control was really about. As we neared our hotel door I thought to myself that the man was likely still on the elevator, making his way back to the lobby, and wondering what the hell had just happened.

Rachel paused at the door and I hurried in front of her to open it and allow her inside. I quickly followed behind her and fell to my knees before her. "Miss White," I uttered as I began to worship her massive calves with my hands, feeling them bulge to unthinkable mass and density as she lifted herself up on her toes. As I marveled in the muscular perfection before me I saw Rachel's shorts sink down to her knees and then felt her lacy bra draped over my shoulder. I looked up to see Rachel's large breasts sitting proudly on her immense pecs, just above her corded 8 pack abs. Rachel's nipples were fully extended. It was obvious that like me, she was turned on by the exchange which had just transpired in the elevator.

"Stand and strip, Joseph," came Rachel's command. In a flash my clothes were in a heap at my feet as I stood fully nude before her. In an instant Rachel's arms were wrapped

around me and I found myself pinned against the wall. Rachel pushed herself into me and I felt myself impaled inside my Goddess. My back against the wall, I was unable to move and could only succumb as Rachel had her way with me. The thought flashed in my mind that this could be considered rape if I weren't such a willing participant. I had a need to submit to Rachel and for her to dominate me to her satisfaction. Rachel must have sensed this as her muscular thighs and abs pushed her forward, using my stiff cock as if it was her personal sexual possession. And, indeed, it was. I was completely hers. I needed to be fucked. I needed to cum. But much more than that, I needed to completely give myself to Rachel. And even more than that I needed to be taken by her. My hands made their way to Rachel's back as if they had a mind of their own. I closed my eyes and let my fingers take in the shredded ridges of muscle sculpting her upper back and traps. Rachel leaned into me, her stiff nipples pressed against my chest as her pussy massaged my throbbing shaft. She locked her lips onto my mouth and controlled my tongue as easily as she controlled the rest of my body and my mind. My balls began to tingle and I felt my imminent orgasm making its way to the surface. At that moment, Rachel kissed my neck and then breathed into my ear. "Don't you dare cum unless I tell you to, Joseph."

I summoned the strength to hold my orgasm at bay as I moaned out, "Yes, Miss White." In that moment, Rachel's pussy shuddered against my cock as she let her own orgasm wash over me.

I continued to massage Rachel's back as her pulsing convulsions subsided. Suddenly Rachel reached down and scooped me up as if I were a child and carried me to the bedroom. She placed me down on the floor and jumped onto the bed, facing away from me. "Now get behind me, Joseph," she commanded, "and give me the fuck I need. Now."

I didn't hesitate. "Yes, Miss White." I pushed myself inside Rachel from behind and thrust my cock into her tight wet pussy. Rachel reached back between her legs and fondled my tight ball sack as I fucked her for all that I was worth. I looked down at her muscular ass vibrating in place as I pounded all of my weight into her. Not satisfied with my effort, Rachel's immense quads got into the action as she pushed herself back into me meeting my every thrust. Her large breasts bounced and swayed with every thrust. My eyes didn't know where to focus. Everywhere I looked my vision was filled with her massive muscular perfection.

Rachel fucked my hard cock to her content, satisfied that I would stay hard for as long as she willed it. And I would. I was completely hers, with no thought except to please, obey, and satisfy her. In that moment, Rachel turned her head as she tightened her grip on my balls with her fingers. "You're mine, Joseph." I felt Rachel's orgasm once again as it washed over me. "Mine," she sighed.

As her orgasms subsided, Rachel pulled away from me and stood up in front of me. I fell to my knees beneath her. Rachel looked at my throbbing erection and smiled. "You need to cum, don't you, Joseph." It was a statement and not a question.

I looked up at the vision above me. The sexual exertion gave her physique a sheen which coated her muscles. I felt like I was seeing her for the first time. Layer upon layer of muscular power stood before me. Her quads twitched in animalistic excitement as her pecs rippled with each breath she took. Veins ran along and across her body, feeding oxygen to her terrifying muscles. I had never seen her look more beautiful than in that moment. "I need to serve and obey you, Miss White," came my answer. "I'll cum only if you tell me to."

Rachel smiled. "That's a very good answer, Joseph." She looked me over and then came to a decision. "I need a shower, Joseph. Come serve me in the bathroom."

I quickly stood up, responded, "Yes, Miss White," and followed her to the shower. I set the temperature at a level that I knew Rachel liked and we both stepped inside. Then I went about the glorious task of washing, caressing, and worshipping every inch of Rachel's magnificent body with my soapy hands. I dug my fingers into every crevice where muscle met muscle. I kissed her neck as I ran my hands along her delts and pecs and abs. I wrapped both hands around her individual biceps and felt them flex and relax as I meticulously coated her with soapy suds and followed with warm water. I emptied a generous amount of shampoo into the palm of my hand and washed her dark, silky hair as she pressed her muscular ass against my arousal.

Content that I had worshipped her to a suitable degree, Rachel turned around and looked me over again. "Still hard, I see, Joseph," she said with a smile.

"Yes, Miss White," I answered.

"I want you to cum, Joseph. Cum for me now." Rachel suddenly kneeled down and took engulfed my cock with her mouth as she massaged my balls with her fingers. I reached down and felt her sculpted bicep. In an instant I felt the tingling sensation in my balls as a precursor to a massive orgasm. My eyes were locked to Rachel's and even in this moment I knew that I was completely hers. I unleashed a flood of semen into Rachel's mouth and watched as she swallowed every drop. My knees buckled as I continued to fill her stomach with my seed and Rachel reached up to hold me steady. After several long moments, my balls were finally drained and Rachel stood back up. Then she reached behind my head and pulled me in for a deep kiss. I could taste the salty emissions of my orgasm on her tongue but in that moment I didn't care. I only wanted to please and submit and belong to my Goddess.

Rachel ended the kiss and smiled at me again. She said a single word. "Mine."

I looked at her and smiled back. "I'm yours, Miss White."

Chapter 15 - Vacation Part 2

I woke up the next morning to discover that Rachel was fondling my shaft with her fingers. “Oh, good, Joe, you’re finally awake,” she said to me with a grin. “I’ve decided to get my workout in the bedroom.”

I smiled back. “Good morning, Rachel. I’m more than happy to be your substitute gym equipment.”

“Good,” she told me. “Now you just lay back and let me get my workout in.” Rachel climbed on top of me and mounted my hard cock and had her way with me as I contented myself to run my hands over her incredible body. Rachel steadily increased the pace until she was bouncing up and down on my cock like a pogo stick. Just as I felt my balls begin to tingle she settled down with me fully immersed inside her and we came together.

I leaned forward and kissed her lips. “I love you, Rachel. You’re amazing.”

Rachel returned my kiss. “I love you very much, Joe. And you’re wonderful.”

We both took a quick shower and then decided to have breakfast on the strip before going for a hike at Red Rock Canyon. We crossed Las Vegas Boulevard and made our way to the Bouchon inside the Venetian Hotel. I had the chicken and waffles (to die for) while Rachel ordered the Eggs Benedict (also to die for). We also split an order of beignets which came fresh out of the oven. Rachel complained that I was trying to ruin her figure. I laughed and reminded her that we were about to go on a hike into the mountains which would take us 4 or 5 hours to complete.

Rachel and I had decided to complete the Turtlehead Peak trail at Red Rock Canyon. It’s a 4.5 mile trek which offers unparalleled views of the canyon. We held hands for much of the way and talked throughout the journey. I found that the more time I spent with Rachel the more I liked and admired her and we never seemed to run out of topics to cover during our chats. Every day I was falling deeper and deeper in love with this incredible woman.

It was a warm day in the desert but nowhere near what the temperatures would be like in the summer and we kept up a steady pace, even as we enjoyed the sights, sounds, and smells that nature offered us. We both wore jeans, boots, and loose fitting shirts. I lamented that I wouldn’t be afforded the opportunity to marvel at Rachel’s quads and calves as she traversed the inclines on our hike but quickly reminded myself of just how

lucky I was just to be with her. And besides, I knew I'd have plenty of chances to give attention to Rachel's phenomenal legs once we were back at the hotel.

After a few miles we reached the summit of the trail and took in all of the amazing scenery before us. For the first time all day, both Rachel and I were speechless. We remained hand in hand as we were overwhelmed by nature's beauty. Eventually we made it back to the pack which I'd brought with me and I laid out a blanket for the two of us to enjoy a lunch and each other's company. As we ate, Rachel kept smiling at me and I felt myself falling more and more in love as each moment passed.

I decided that the moment had arrived.

Sitting together on the blanket, I took Rachel's hands in my own. "Rachel, you're the most incredible woman and the most amazing person I've ever known. I consider myself a lucky man just to have you in my life. You've been the brightest part of every one of my days since the first day I met you. First you were an employee, then a co-worker, then a friend, then a partner, and now you're an essential part of my being. Rachel, I never want to let you go and I can't imagine a single day without you being there with me, at my side." I took out a ring, which I'd purchased months earlier, and had been saving for the right moment. "Rachel, will you marry me?"

Rachel's eyes never left mine. She smiled. "Joe, you're the most incredible man I've ever known. You're kind, and patient, and intelligent, and loyal. You've been the brightest part of my life since the first day I met you. You were my employer, then a mentor, then a friend, then a co-worker, then a partner, and now you're an essential part of my being. I love you more and more each day, Joe." She paused and moved closer to me, her eyes never wavering from mine. "I'm in love with you, Joe. And I won't marry you."

I was stunned. She loved me. She told me she loved me. We were so good together and had grown so close. I was ready to spend the rest of my life with her. And she'd said no. What had just happened? My mind was a whirlwind. At that moment Rachel leaned closer and kissed me like she never had before. It was a kiss full of passion, love, affection, and promise. I melted in her lips.

Rachel released me and kept her gaze fixed to my eyes. "Make love to me, Joe. Here and now." She laid on her back and unbuttoned her jeans. I reached for her and helped her slide out of them and pulled her panties off as well. Then I quickly stepped out of my own jeans and laid on top of her. She was already wet and we wasted no time before I was sliding my hardness inside of Rachel. She wrapped her arms tightly around me and held me as I thrust down into her. I kissed her hard and then nuzzled on her neck as I slowly filled her sex. Other than the soft rustle of an occasional breeze the only sound to

be heard was Rachel's and my own urgent breathing as we built our way to a mutual orgasm.

Spent, I remained inside Rachel and kissed her lips again. "Marry me, Rachel. Please. I love you," I pleaded.

Rachel's eyes remained bright and full of passion. "No, Joe. I won't marry you."

The rest of the trip was a blur. We ate at amazing restaurants. We saw shows. Penn & Teller was a treat to witness in person. I taught Rachel how to play craps and then made a small fortune on one of her rolls when she couldn't miss. We made love multiple times each day in our hotel room and each time it was full of passion and the connection between us was palpable.

And at every moment, I could never get her words out of my head.

"No, Joe. I won't marry you."

We arrived back in LA on a Tuesday evening and were in the office on Wednesday morning. When I stepped in the front door Rachel was at her desk and had a smile for me.

Business went on as usual.

After a week I was confused and out of sorts. I'd invited Rachel to lunch on Friday and she'd happily accepted. We had a wonderful and easy conversation. I'd suggested to her that we might get together for dinner on Saturday and she'd gone along with that as well. We had another fantastic evening together and when I asked her if she'd care to spend the night at my home, she enthusiastically agreed. We made love in my bed and woke up the next morning in each other's arms. I told her that I loved her and she told me that she loved me. I never brought up marriage.

I was lying in bed and unable to sleep two weeks after we'd returned from Las Vegas. By all accounts Rachel and I were getting along as well as we ever had. She'd assured me that she loved me and she'd been warm, receptive, and affectionate every time we'd been alone together. Something was missing. Then it hit me like a thunderbolt.

Rachel hadn't come into my office a single and shut the door a single time since we'd returned to Los Angeles. She hadn't removed her business jacket and flexed. She hadn't called me Joseph and had me worship her. It had been Rachel and Joe in every moment since I'd first proposed marriage to her. I looked at the clock and saw that it was 3:15 in the morning. Forty-five minutes later I was banging on Rachel's front door.

She answered the door wearing a pair of my boxers and one of my t-shirts. Her hair was wild and unkempt and it was obvious she'd been sound asleep. She was beautiful. "Joe? What is it? Are you okay?" she asked me.

I stepped into her apartment and fell to my knees in front of her. "Miss White, you're the most amazing person I've ever known. I'm deeply in love with you, Miss White. I can't imagine not having you in my life, leading me, controlling me, and having your way with me. I want to spend the rest of my life worshipping you and devoting all of my energy to pleasing you. Please marry me, Miss White."

Rachel looked down at me and smiled. "Joseph, are you certain about this? We'll never be Rachel and Joe again. It will always be my way, my rules. No questions, and no hesitations."

Tears came to my eyes. I leaned forward and kissed Rachel's feet and caressed her bulky calves with my fingers. Rachel lifted herself up to her toes causing her calves to bunch up into solid balls of steel. "I love you, Miss White. I want to always be yours. Please lead me as you see fit. Control me and always take charge of me. I belong to you, now and forever."

"Yes, Joseph, I'll marry you."

