

The Asocial Secretary



A very short female **ADULT** domination hymn

by

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She leaned back a little until her weight was taken by her outstretched arms. Her thighs opened a little and she felt the probing tongue in her pussy slip in once more to tease and tantalise her swollen clitoris. The man laid face down on the sofa with his face buried between her thighs; he rested the palms of his hands on her knees and pushed his face deeper between her thighs as the first climax shuddered through her body.

Leila moved her head and looked down at his outstretched form and enjoyed the few moments of drifting calm before he gave her another orgasm. Not particularly muscular, but strong and a lover who at least tried to satisfy her... even though his service was not willing, he did as she ordered. Now was the second coming! The slow build up of pleasure and sensitivity that heralded a climax that would make her shudder and gasp.

Her eyes focussed on the neat tattoo on his back. Broad letters that proclaimed his love for his wife. The wife who was not here, the wife whom he betrayed with his tongue, the wife from whom he was trying to hide this one-sided affair. Leila wondered how he would react if she ordered him to add her name to the list of lovers. The thought was all it took to push her to that second longed-for climax. Proclaim his infidelity to the world, make him truly hers.

Would he do it? Unlikely.

But the thought gave her the germ of an idea that might be just as fun.

It was not as if she wanted to keep him. Now that he was broken-in she just needed to humiliate him in some way and then get him sacked from the job that made him her boss. A few expenses that were fraudulent, a sexual molestation case that would embarrass the firm or perhaps she would just tell his wife what he spent his overtime in the office doing.

On the other hand, how about just destroying his private life?

The orgasm came as her whole body clenched with the ferocity of the bliss. Her thighs closed, clamped shut around his head, trapping him like a mouse in a mouse trap as her pussy poured its juice over him and his lips remained fastened to her slit.

Finally it was over and she relaxed and looked down as he struggled free of her. His breath came in pants and his face was red with the effort of pleasing her.

He looked up and she saw that he was not happy! Enraged might have been the most suitable word, certainly losing control. And if he lost control, so would she.

"That was so good, Eric," she said with a sigh.

His temper lessened, but he was clearly livid.

"You bitch, Leila. You were suffocating me!"

"It's my pleasure that counts, Eric, not yours. A little effort on your part for a moment of bliss for me!"

"Well, fuck you!" he shouted.

"Fuck you too, Eric. Don't forget our little agreement! Every day you serve me for a few minutes and then I don't show dear little stay-at-home wifey the emails that I found on your computer. So... fuck you too."

He looked up at her and saw the glint in her eyes. A challenge to his masculinity, a challenge to his need to dominate.

"And... what do I get out of all this?" he asked.

His voice was choked with the ire that he was swallowing with her juices.

“Well, you get the warm feeling of giving me the best cunnilingus that I’ve ever had,” she said with a sly smile.

‘There is no doubt,’ she thought as she looked down at his wet face, ‘I just need to ruin him and then he can really just fuck off for all I care!’

Eric pulled himself up to sit between her slick thighs and restrained himself as he felt a sudden need to settle this physically. Hold her down, fuck her and make her cry for mercy. She reached into her hand bag and pulled out her phone.

“No you don’t!” he said as he reached for the phone. “No pictures! I’m not giving you more material for blackmail. Bitch!”

Leila just laughed.

“Just a little phone call, Eric,” I have to tell my boyfriend that I can’t meet him tonight!”

The phone made a small sound as she dialled and offered Eric a small sly smile.

“Hi there lover,” said Leila into the phone. “I just called to say that I can’t make it tonight, so I’ll see you in the morning when I get in. Make up a bit of breakfast for eight and I’ll be there!”

Eric watched her lick her lips as she listened to the muffled voice of the reply.

“No, I’m not staying with my sister,” she replied.

Eric heard her boyfriend’s voice whining, but could not make out the words.

“If you’re a good boy I’ll unlock you,” she laughed. “Just make sure that breakfast is ready at eight and that you are ready to serve.”

With a flourish she switched off the phone and dropped it into her handbag.

“I’m not the only one then?” said Eric slowly.

“Of course not darling, if you wanted to be my little home-bitch it’s too late. The post is taken, but right now you are taking me out for a meal and then we’re going on to a hotel!”

“I can’t, I’m already late as it is...”

“Do you want me to call your wife and make an excuse then? As you’ve seen, I am good at it!”

Her hand reached for her hand bag.

“No, I’ll do it,” he whispered.

“That’s better, a ‘can do’ attitude helps. I’ll get my makeup on while you make your excuses and choose a restaurant. This is going to be the best fuck of your life,” she laughed.

Leila swept out of the office and headed for the toilets in the darkened office while Eric called home. Ten minutes later they were hailing a taxi for the West End, two hours later they were registering at the Continental in Paddington.

He waited on the edge of the bed while she locked herself in the bathroom, five minutes later Leila emerged and dropped her nail file into her bag.

“Not undressed yet?” she asked. “Strip and show me what you’ve got!”

Her aggressive stance, legs slightly apart, one hand cupping a breast while the other tapped a finger on her thigh as she watched him undress. Unmanned, his proud cock hung in shame under her laughing gaze.

It would be nice to cage that cock, but being the key holder for one man was enough. No, Eric was going down in flames. A test of her power, a chance to prove her superiority once and for all.

She could feel the razor sharp points of her nails through her thin skirt and enjoyed the thought of what she was going to do to her subjugated boss. The plan was forming in her mind, the scheme of the night's entertainment.

Eric would have to work hard for his fuck.

His tongue would ream her ass and pussy until at last she would coax him to an erection. She would let him mount her and slowly fuck her and then, as he came deep in her tight cunt she would cut his back to ribbons. As he pumped her full, Leila would criss-cross his wife's name with her sharp nails, write her own sordid story on his flesh in words of passion and condemn him to purgatory.

The thought of his wife making him explain his betrayal was enough to make her drip with anticipation, but the thought of her submissive boyfriend waiting to drink from her soaking pussy the next morning...

Now that was truly bliss!

The End

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