

Office Boy



An **ADULT**, Female Domination Tale,
written by
Miss Irene Clearmont

Office Boy

Copyright © Miss Irene Clearmont.

Don't get me wrong!

I have *nothing* against women running businesses, being in senior positions. In fact there is nothing quite like a prim and sexy woman in the boardroom. Looking over her glasses as she shows that she knows one end from the other. That's how it should be, an adornment that every company should have.

What gets my goat is when a woman takes the place that is rightfully mine!

I got the McPherson account, I did all the groundwork, the persuasion and handled the concepts. I did all the initial designs that sold the idea for the campaign to them and she hijacked it and presented it all as her own work. It's true, she mentioned my name, but in a snide offhand sort of way that made me look like the backroom boy who had acted at her request.

The McPherson account was worth five million and they signed for an optional year and she was praised to the rafters for her

work, while I got a measly bonus as Ms. Hildegard Hopkins got a promotion that made her a junior partner.

I was aggrieved.

Angry beyond incensed.

I decided that I would bring her down.

I just had to bide my time and wait for the opportunity. I did not show my ire, I gave not a clue, I just smiled and waited. I did a few small things to annoy that bitch. For instance it was me that 'lost' the concept drawings for the 'Go Green With Shell' campaign so that she had to delay the presentation date a week back. It was me that scrambled the account sheets that she had to present before the board and it was me that sabotaged her chair at the yearly partner's meeting that ensured that she sat a foot lower than all the others at the table! There she was, just peeping over the table top like a pretty dwarf as I chuckled at her expense. Silly, I know, but worth a chuckle.

Some of my tricks were petty, that I'll give you that, but occasionally I found small irritations to deal out to her that made her life a series of small crises that made her look like a fool.

Six months after her promotion, Hildegard was finding that life in the boardroom was not so sweet and that is when I was given the conceptual work on a new campaign that was her responsibility. An ideal chance to deal the coup de grace that would see her out of my way.

To start the ball rolling I gathered a team of the most useless artists on the third floor, Evylyn, a brainless bimbo that I longed to fuck and Kev, who owed me a couple of favors. The whole idea was to let it all brew together and look for an opening door. One thing that was on my side was that Hildegard never kept daily track of the whole process. She just relied on us to get on with it and flounced around like the vacant doll she was.

I started two projects. The one that I would present, that would save the day and one for Hildegard that would seal her fate. Mine was a masterpiece. Clever puns that didn't hit *too* hard with a theme that I was sure would appeal. For her, well, I just let them get on with it and watched the omelet appear with a sardonic smile.

The long weeks of the project development swung by and I realized that I had a better idea. I would substitute the bad project for porn at the last moment, that was Kev's job. That would cause rock bottom embarrassment and then she would show the rubbish that was her project.

Of course each project was first analyzed in front of the board, so it would leave me the chance to pretend to knock my pre-prepared project that night and present to glorious applause.

That was the plan.

On the morning of the presentation, Hildegard arrived with folders, the files on disc and the flipcharts for the presentation. I wished her well and she said 'thank you' and went into the board room for the first showing.

I was so hyped up that I just had to get out of the office, there was too much risk that my face would give away what had happened, so I took my lunch early and arrived after the presentation was done. I thought that the office would be full of discussion, gossip and rumor.

It was not!

Hildegard was chatting to Evylyn, the fuckable bimbo that I mentioned earlier, and came over to have a word with me.

"Presentation go OK?" I asked.

"There were a couple of problems with it," she said, looking over the tops of those glasses.

I have to admit that Hildegard is a nice piece of action. Big tits perched on a nice slim figure, a sort of secretarial face with those big glasses and her hair is always done up into a bun.

"Nothing to serious I hope," I said trying to keep a straight face.

"No, we'll iron out the creases tonight. You, Evylyn and I will stay back and go over it all again and *you'll* do the presentation."

I must have pulled a face for a moment, because she smiled and said, "I hope that does not inconvenience you?"

"Of course not!" I replied.

"Good, it'll be a lot better for our concentration if the place is empty when we start, so shall we start at eight?"

She was up to something and I would have to hear the story of her problems and pretend that I was sorry that it all came out so bad. On the other hand there was no way that she could put something together in an evening and rescue herself. I also wondered how she had explained the porn that had appeared at the start of her presentation!

This might even be fun in a sadistic way!

I left the office for a couple of hours and had a swift couple of cocktails before returning at eight. I've often worked alone at night, but it never ceases to amaze me how the office is like a ghost town when it is empty.

I got to the fifteenth floor and most of the lights were out, except in Hildegard's office where she was sitting with Evylyn. As I approached I could see that Hildegard had her head in her hands and I started to feel a little happier. By now of course she would have realized that the load of rubbish for the presentation was not good enough. She also knew that when I presented it, I would not get the blame because I would proclaim that this was all her work.

A newly laid trap had been turned around.

I entered the office and took the chair by her desk. To my surprise it dropped to the bottom of its range and I found myself looking up at the two of them. For a moment I thought that I had seen a smile flicker on Evylyn's face.

"Gerry," she said to me. "Let's start at the very beginning. This is for you."

She slid an envelope across the desk and I opened it.

'Termination Of Contract With Prejudice' read the top line of the sheet. Below was a list of all the tricks I had played as well

as the way that I had prepared two presentations. Every file name was listed, including the porn that I had smuggled in on a memory stick.

"Sign it as received and you may leave. Now!" said Hildegard.

"I can't believe this," I said. "It's all lies."

"That's not what this IT report shows," said Evelyn as she held up a detailed list of every transaction on my work station. "As a partner I can sack you now, and I have the evidence to justify it. If it hadn't been for Evelyn here, I would be well in the shit. So, sign this and then fuck off."

Evelyn tittered in the background and I found myself blushing.

"OK," I said. "I *might* have done some of it, but you stole *my* job and I lost my head!"

"For three months?"

I tried another tack.

"Please," I said. "Don't do this, it will end my career."

"And?"

"I'll never get another job!" I begged.

"I know. In fact I'll make sure of it, so sign and at least leave with a little dignity intact."

She laughed and said to Evylyn, "This little shit thought that he could piss on me from on high. Look now, who's getting wet."

"Listen," I said, "I'm begging you to give me another chance. Please."

"Ah," said Evylyn. "Did I hear the word beg?"

"I think that I did," said Hildegard. "Not very convincing though, was it?"

I looked from one to the other and realized that I was trapped, but it seemed that I might have a chance if I could appear to be contrite enough. They were playing with me.

"I really am begging you not to sack me," I said, allowing a small whine to enter my voice.

"Better," said Evylyn.

"Better, but not good enough," said Hildegard. "He needs to show us how much he wants to be forgiven and I'm not sure that he knows what he has to do"

Evelyn swiveled her chair to face mine. Her long legs were crossed and her shoe dangled from her toes and rocked gently. She smiled and ran her tongue over her lips. There was no doubt about that fact that she was the most attractive, by far, of all the women in the office. Almost devastatingly striking. I looked up at her and her hand pointed to the floor by her feet.

"I really think that words cannot express his regret," she said, "and I would quite like to see him on his knees."

"It would be a start," said Hildegard, then to me, "on your knees if you want to keep your job, you pathetic little chauvinist shit."

There was no mistaking the look, so I slid off my chair and got onto my knees.

"I really am begging you not to sack me," I said again. "Please."

"I think that he's got a little hard-on," said Evylyn. "I think that he is enjoying this!"

"That won't do," said Hildegard. "I think that we want a little more in the way of an apology! I can imagine what I would be doing for him if it was *me* that was on my knees..."

"Do you think that he'd really have you suck that pathetic little cock of his?" asked Evylyn.

"Of course, it's how *a//* men think."

The foot with the dangling shoe came close to my face as they were having this discussion over my head and it was then that I made a move that was to seal my fate. Funny how a small gesture can lead to so much, but my capitulation at that point was the tipping point that led to all of the rest.

I leaned forward and kissed the shoe, the point that moved slightly by my lips. Maybe it was what they intended, I certainly think that Evylyn knew how to play with men, she was the bimbo-slut type that enjoys making the men that she allows to fuck her suffer for her attentions.

Enough attention and she was anybody's.

"Mm," said Hildegard, "now that's better. The little bitch is kissing our feet. Again, bitch!"

I kissed the shoe again, this time a lingering, loving kiss. In the moment when I made contact with the shiny leather of that stiletto there was a slight click and I looked up to see that Hildegard had photographed me with her mobile phone.

"Now the heel," said Evylyn. "Penitence comes with service."

I looked up at her and could see the tops of her stockings peeping from under the hem of her skirt. I could not help myself, the stiff cock came automatically and there was something in the situation that was a real turn-on. I kissed the metal heel of the shoe and heard the click of the camera again. It occurred to me that Hildegard was making a mistake.

By filming my humiliation she was providing evidence of the fact that she was blackmailing me. Inside, I smiled, I was finding out what sexual molestation was like... this would turn out to my advantage if I could just get hold of the pictures from her.

"That's better, but a kiss is not sufficient," said Hildegard. "I want more for the record... suck it!"

The thought had already passed my mind and I slid my lips over the heel until it was deep in my mouth. More clicks of the camera followed before Evylyn pulled the heel clear and I was left kneeling, looking up her skirt.

"He's definitely enjoying this," commented Evylyn as she looked down at the tent over my groin.

Hildegard stood and walked around the desk and looked down at me before turning to Evylyn. They talked over me as though I wasn't there.

"That's fine, in fact I think that we might delay his sacking for a while if he is a good little boy!"

"Does that mean that we can play with him?" asked Evylyn.

"Absolutely! I think that if he serves us with proper respect this evening and does what he is told, I might just allow him to keep a job here."

Evylyn stood and straightened her skirt.

"I'd better lock the doors then. It would just not do if someone came in and found Gerry naked kneeling at our feet!"

With that, Hildegard strutted off and Evelyn and I were left in Hildegard's office alone.

"You heard the boss, Gerry," said Evylyn. "Strip and let's see what you have to offer..."

"Everything?" I asked.

"Everything!"

I started to stand up and she laid a manicured hand on my shoulder.

"You stay on your knees, Gerry. It's where you belong!"

As Hildegard returned I was nearly done. My clothes lay in an untidy pile and I was just about to strip off my undies.

"You started without me," said Hildegard to Evylyn.

I pulled off my silk boxers and Evelyn clapped her hands with a small laugh.

"He's perfect, a nice fat cock and shaved like a bitch!"

It's true!

I always shave from the waist down. I have found that women like it, the way that my big cock stands, clean, shaven and ready for action!

"Mm, I wonder," said Hildegard. "Now kiss Evelyn's shoes while I take a couple more pictures."

She fumbled with her mobile as I bent to the task. A few more clicks followed and then I felt something between the cheeks of my ass. It was the toe of her shoes that made its way until it rested on the clenched opening of my ass. I started in shock and lifted my head.

"I didn't tell you to stop," said Evylyn in a stern tone. "The shoes need cleaning, so now you can start with your tongue."

For a moment the point of Hildegard's shoe pressed against me, threatening to enter, before it slid down and touched my balls. I licked at Evelyn's shoes as I felt my already stiff prick become rigid in anticipation of Hildegard's next move. The foot slipped between my thighs and touched the underside of my cock with a gentle movement. I gasped with that touch. There was something so arousing about being touched up by one stiletto while I liked another.

"I think that little Gerry here needs a fuck," laughed Hildegard as she bent down to view my twitching cock. "Well, Gerry, are you ready for fucking?"

"Please," I said. "Whatever you want!"

"Good, that's better," said Evelyn, "but, it would be much more polite to use the word 'superior' when you address us..."

"Yes, superior," I said as the tip of the shoe made its way up, contacting balls and ass hole again before the sole of her shoe rested on the top of the crack of my ass.

"A fuck?" asked Hildegard.

"Please, superior," I said as I licked Evelyn's shoes fervently.

The thought of fucking one or both of these woman had me so aroused that I almost could not breathe.

Mistake!

I felt the sole of her shoe move, rolling over my skin and a contact on my clenched ass hole. The tip of Hildegard's heel poised to fuck me and I realized what she was about to do to me. The pressure increased and I could not stop it, the heel forced its way into me with a slow but inexorable pressure that made me gasp.

"Gerry, Gerry, don't fight it," said Hildegard. "It's what I want... and you are going to find out that what *I* want is the most important thing in your life."

The heel slid into me, scoring me as it entered to push deep inside. There was a moment of distress at which I cried out and then she was fucking me.

"Are you getting this?" asked Evelyn.

"It's perfect," commented Hildegard as she snapped one photo after the next. "There he was, thinking he could fuck me and it turns out that the shoe is on the other foot!"

I did not dare move. Her heel slid into me a little deeper every time and never left me, I was pinned by Hildegard's stiletto and was scared that she would ruin me at every stroke.

I must have whimpered because Evylyn chuckled and said, "I think that he wants more."

The heel pushed and touched a spot inside me that gave me a feeling of deliverance. I felt my balls move and realized that I was coming. Not spurts of climactic ecstasy, but a slow release that made me groan with regret as the heel withdrew.

"Please, superior," I moaned, "please! My cock..."

The heel slid home again, deeper than ever and I felt my prick dribble come, in a slow discharge that was half climax and half frustration at being milked without being able to ejaculate.

"Look," said Evelyn, bending down to watch. "The little bitch is coming for us!"

"It's all on film," commented Hildegard as she slowly pulled her heel clear of me and focused the mobile's camera on the pulsing drip of come that dribbled to the floor.

The shoe before my nose pulled back, out of reach of my lips and the two women squatted to watch me trickle on the carpet.

I *so* needed a touch to my cock, just one stroke would have been enough to save the climax, but there was no such relief.

At last it was over, the last drop dripped and I longed to nurture my poor cock, but I knew that moving *would* be punished. All I could hope was that they had had their revenge on me and that my job was saved.

Evylyn laughed and turned to the espresso machine and asked Hildegard if she also wanted a coffee. They made the coffee and stood looking down at me. In Hildegard's hand the camera still recorded my humiliation and she carefully propped it up to take in the whole scene.

"Would you like a drink," asked Evylyn.

For a moment I was confused and then I realized that she was asking me if I too wanted a coffee.

"Please, superior," I replied.

"Then clean up all that mess, it's the cream without the coffee!" she said, while her shoe moved to the wet patch on the carpet where I had leaked all that come.

The humiliation was not over...

I looked up and saw them both smiling down at me. High heels, seamed stockings, Hildegard looking at me over the tops of her glasses and those wicked smiles that showed that they knew that their orders were going to be followed.

I lowered my lips to the carpet and smelled the dusty perfumed smell of my own emission before tentatively licking the salty wetness.

"Do a good job and don't stop until you are allowed to," said Hildegard.

There was a minute while they watched and reveled in their power over me before they started to discuss the presentation that had been done that morning. I listened and suddenly realized that Hildegard had known all along what I had been up to. Evylyn had passed her my hidden work and she had presented it and then changed all of the poorly done presentation's work to my name.

For three months I had been rubbing my hands, never realizing that Evylyn had framed me. The bimbo had outthought me at every turn. The presentation had been a triumph for Hildegard and she had been given permission to promote her to my job.

"That means, Gerry, that you become Evylyn's factotum of course. The board laughed when they saw the presentation that

you had prepared for me and have decided that you still have a great deal to learn," said Hildegard.

"I'm demoted, superior?" I asked.

"Of course, Gerry. This is what you get for playing little games with your superior," said Hildegard. "What's more, if there is so much as one peep out of you, this film will find its way onto the Internet. There are loads of porn sites that are perfect for it, so don't irritate me again with your little games."

"I think that you and I will often have to do a little overtime in the future, Gerry, so make sure that your evenings are kept for my exclusive use. If of course I fancy heel-fucking you!" said Evylyn. "You can dress now and fuck off. Tomorrow we start on the McPherson account and you are really going to learn that I am a rather strict boss that takes no shit from little worms like you!"

"Yes, superior."

"Oh, one more thing," said Hildegard.

Her hand slipped under her skirt and she carefully pulled of her knickers without letting me see more than her stocking tops.

"Wear these for the next couple of days, Evylyn will be checking up on you," she said as she passed me the lacy knickers. "Since

you're her little bitch, then this will remind you of where your duty lies."

I pulled on the lace and then my clothes.

"Of course we have to add a bit more than just the lacy knickers, that's just the start," said Evylyn.

"What are you up to?" asked Hildegard.

"Oh, I have a few ideas, but one thing is for certain, this little come-licker is going to find out that he is only for my personal use! I'm going to teach him a little restraint."

I looked from face to face and realized that it had all just begun.

The End

Contact E Mail

Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

Website

www.MissIreneClearmont.Com

Also

<http://www.femdomcave.com/>

