

# SHE'S the BOSS

Deception  
Press



## Extreme Femdom Tales of Dominant Bosses & Employee Discipline

# **SHE'S THE BOSS**

## **Extreme Femdom Tales of Dominant Bosses and Employee Discipline**

**Edited by Jodi Fowler and N.T. Morley**

Published by Deception Press

FIRST EDITION - PUBLISHED 09 21 2014

*She's the Boss* is an explicit erotic collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including domination, submission, sadism, masochism, bondage, oral sex, anal sex, forced exhibitionism, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, group sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

This collection is Copyright © 2014 by the editors. Published by arrangement with the authors and the editor. All rights reserved.

*She's the Boss* is published by arrangement with the authors and editors. All Rights Reserved. No part of this ebook may be transmitted, transferred or duplicated except as permitted by the retailer's terms of service and in the case of excerpts 300 words or less published as part of an editorial review.

Cover and interior layout by Aisha Trance. Photo: Fotolia.

## **Book Description for "She's the Boss: Extreme Femdom Tales of Dominant Bosses and Employee Discipline"**

What could be hotter than a gorgeous executive female in a tight skirt, low-cut blouse, and stiletto heels? When she's a ball-busting corporate go-getter willing to use those around her for sexual pleasure as well as corporate advancement! The women in *She's the Boss* treat Company Men like the tools they are, making them pawns in their perverted games.

The newly-appointed head of New Product Development at an innovative perfume company, Mercedes Mills uses her new clout to get access to the company vault, wherein lurk some products that never made it to market. Take, for example, "X17," a scent too expensive to produce for the market, but guaranteed to drive a man crazy with lustful submission. Mercedes can't resist trying the secret scent out on her hot, hunky surfer-boy temp, Greg... with explosive results!

Asked to stay after work to finish an important project, a shy copy editor gets a reward from his female manager... in the form of an up-close-and-personal look at the gorgeous boobs he's been guiltily eyeballing all day...

An aggressive new female sales director takes her two best salesmen out for drinks one night... and gets them to agree to a mind-bending proposal. Whichever one of them gets the top numbers that month gets a blowjob... but not from her! It's the loser who has to suck cock, and the filthy executive Domme gets to watch!

A rookie cop is partnered with an experienced female... who turns out to be experienced in more than one way! When he accidentally uncovers his partner's secret -- that she moonlights as a high-end Dominatrix -- the perv in blue can't help wanting to beg, buy, and crawl his way into his partner's secret life! But will this underground Mistress give the little piggy what he wants, or make him keep begging?

A female employee is caught red-handed -- and red-faced -- when her female boss finds the nasty spanking websites her fiancé has been making her look at on company time! What can a boss do when faced with an employee discipline problem? The answer is obvious... the hot little slut gets a trip over her boss's knee!

Feminized and submissive, sissy-slut Charly is told it's no longer enough that he serve his Mistress as maid; she wants him to start bringing in money. He's sent out to interview for a position as maid to the very wealthy Robinsons. But when Mrs. Robinson begins asking extremely "personal" questions, Charly realizes that his new position might be of the bent-over, ass-in-the-air kind...

A very kinky and very dominant girlfriend, Jodi, dresses her hot boyfriend up as a hooker, while she and her girlfriends fulfil his dirtiest fantasy. They dress up like thugs -- and Jodi as his pimp -- and snatch him right off the sidewalk for a little "employee discipline"....

The female bosses in *She's the Boss* range from kinky cops to perverted pimps, erotic executives to middle managers to domestic Goddesses. *She's the Boss* is a fantasy role-play primer for the modern take-charge woman who might be soft on professional ethics, but deliciously hard on her employees...

*She's the Boss* is an explicit erotic collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including domination, submission, sadism, masochism, bondage, oral sex, anal sex, forced exhibitionism, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, group sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

## ***TABLE OF CONTENTS***

[Fair Trade by Jodi Fowler](#)

[Molly's Cleavage by Roger Golden](#)  
[Sales Incentive by Brett Olsen](#)  
[Noise Complaint by N.T. Morley](#)  
[Disciplinary Action by Marie Sudac](#)  
[Domestic Employment by Britney Hansen](#)  
[Learn to Earn by Jodi Fowler](#)

"Fair Trade" is previously unpublished and appears in *She's the Boss* for the first time. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## Fair Trade by Jodi Fowler

"Greg, could you come in my office for a minute? I need some help with something."

I saw the pout on Greg's pretty face; this was not a surprise. He pouted a lot, and it was just after five.

I knew he had plans with his girlfriend, Tracy, tonight; he was meeting here somewhere at five-thirty. I'd heard him tell one of the other assistants earlier.

And I guess you could call me a bitch for not caring that I was going to make Greg late for his date with his girlfriend... or at least not letting it guide my decision to delay him

Maybe I even liked it a little, making him late for Tracy. I'd make it up to her. It would be a fair trade... well, *almost*.

Doing this so late in the day wasn't just about making Greg late to meet Tracy, though. I had timed my request because I didn't want to be bothered by anyone else in the office. Once I had Greg at my mercy, I wanted some time alone with him. What I needed from my hot assistant should be delivered in a semblance of privacy... after-hours.

Greg was a temp; he'd only been with us for a week. He'd only be there for one more week, tops... except I'd had a few thoughts of hiring him on. He was pretty to look at, yummy to have in the outer office. I like having pretty boys work for me. Now that I was Director of Product Development, I could indulge my preference... not least because they prove invaluable when it comes time for new product testing.

"Close the door, please," I said, once Greg was inside. I could tell that made him slightly nervous; as a temp, he knew he could be cashiered at any time without recourse, for any reason or no reason at all.

But when I said, "And lock it," he looked even more nervous... and a little confused.

I took my seat behind the big oaken desk that was part of the spoils of my promotion. I liked having a big desk; it helped when I called male executives in here to negotiate with them. The bigger desk carried bigger authority. I was building a reputation for myself as a real ball-buster; hell, if I'd wanted, I could probably have gotten Matt Harvey from Marketing or Rob Hoffman from Finance or Andy Knight, the new CTO, to help me with the "product testing" I needed. But that would be too good for them. That's not how I rolled. I liked Greg's looks, liked his surfer-boy charm, liked the way he draped that hunky body of his in sloppy, un-ironed cotton dress shirts and knotted his thrift-store ties like a half-drunk chimpanzee.

I also liked what a lazy little bitch he could be. If there was a way to avoid doing any real work, Greg would find it. He was a temp, so it really didn't matter... he'd be gone before I put down the phone, if I wanted. But with my new promotion, I had the privilege of hiring a new secretary of my own. (Pardon me; "assistant" is the politically correct term, nowadays. But to tell you the truth, I especially like calling hunky blonde surfer boys like Greg my "secretaries" instead of my "assistants". You can call me traditional... hell; you can even call me conservative. But I still think there's something unbelievably hot about fucking your secretary. Fucking your "assistant"? Meh.)

Greg showed his laziness now as he moved automatically to take a seat in the hard chair in front of my desk. I stopped him.

"No, don't sit down," I told him. "I need you over here. We're trying out a new product and -- well, it's still in development." From the top drawer of my desk, I took a tiny vial marked with an adhesive label:

**"Test Compound: X17 - Fair Trade"**  
**BODY CATHEDRAL LLC**  
**Lab Testing Sample Only -- Confidentiality Restrictions Apply**  
**NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION**

Like all our test vials, it had no spray top -- just a stick applicator. It was a one-milliliter vial, and but half full.

But it would be more than enough.

Greg stood there across my desk from me, looking bored and annoyed that he had to stay late. It was two or three minute past five, by then... oh, yes, Greg had exactly what I needed. He was a really lazy little prick, and that got me just a little hot inside.

I started unscrewing the cap of the little vial and said to Greg:

"I'm going to test this on you. Do you like perfume, Greg?"

He shrugged. "I like working here, I guess," he said lackadaisically.

I stopped unscrewing. "You mean you like having a job, don't you?"

"Well, yeah, sure," he said, slurring. "But... I mean, it's a pretty nice place to work. The job's pretty easy."

I sighed with something between disgust and pity. The poor boy really did need some guidance, didn't he?

I said, "But do you like *perfume*, Greg?" He stared at me stupidly. "That girlfriend of yours -- what's her name?"

"Tracy," he said.

"Tracy. Does Tracy wear perfume?" I asked.

Greg shrugged. "Nah, not really," he said. "She wears, like, body oil and stuff."

"Body oil?" I said with mock surprise.

"You know, all natural stuff."

I sighed. "Hippy perfume."

"Um, well, she says it's not perfume," he said. "It's natural oils." He snapped his fingers. "Essential oils! That's it."

I said, "Essential oils! Well, do you like those, then?"

"I guess so," he said. "Natural. She's really into the all-natural thing. Organic. Fair trade and stuff."

"Fair trade," I purred. "Oh, yes, I know all about that. Did you know we're entirely fair trade here at Body Cathedral?"

"Uhhh... yeah, I guess..." Dopey Greg looked lost in the conversation. We *weren't* fair trade here at Body Cathedral -- we believed in cut-throat politics and business, which you pretty much have to in the perfume business. But what did it matter? Greg is one hot surfer stud, but I doubt he could follow the simplest details of ambergris politics or sandalwood acquisition.

I already knew what a hippy Greg's girlfriend was. I'd glimpsed pictures of her on his desktop, even on his phone. She was cute. I imagined she was quite a hot little piece of hippy ass. You know, *sensual. Life-affirming. Body-positive*. I've known the type. Hell, in my more experimental days in the dorms, I'd *affirmed* a little life with girls very much like Tracy. I found them deliciously *body-positive*.

But in the end, I'd decided that hot, hunky, none-too-bright studs like Greg, preferably younger and preferably attached, were more my speed. Having girlfriends and/or boyfriends tended to inhibit my ability to do whatever it takes to get ahead in my career. If I'd found a husband or boyfriend or girlfriend by now, it might have slowed down my progress up the corporate ladder. And believe me, if I'm anything, it's ambitious.

Well... that and *horny*. Especially now, with hot Greg wrapped around my finger like this.

I asked him: "What kind of natural oils are they that this girlfriend of yours -- Tracy -- wears? Are they predominantly wood-based or floral-based? They can't be glandular in origin, right? That wouldn't be *cruelty-free*, and that's hardly fair-trade, is it?"

"Uhhhh..." Greg looked at me with those dull eyes, his jaw strong and his full, soft lips deliciously kissable. Except I wanted *him* to do the kissing, and not on my mouth. I felt fluttery inside.

I said sharply: "Come now, Greg. You've been here a week. Don't tell me you didn't read the New Employee Primer! You do like the way girls smell, don't you?"

He stared blankly. "Um... yeah."

"So, then... what kind of natural oils does Tracy wear?" When he gave me another blank look, I added: "I don't mean what brand... I mean describe to me what they smell like, Greg. Surely you can find words for that, can't you?"

He shrugged. "I don't know... flowers or something. Like, maybe hibiscus?"

"All right," I said, sighing. That was the most I was going to get out of Greg, it was obvious. He was really that clueless. Which, to be frank, I found kind of hot. I've always liked slightly dull-witted boys; they're easier to manipulate.

I asked him: "Do you like how she smells? Do you like the scents Tracy wears?"

"Um," he said. "Sure, I mean... I guess..."

"Greg, that's ridiculous! You *guess* you like the way your girlfriend smells? She must not be a very good girlfriend, then!"

"Hey!" he said, defensively. "Nah, she's a great girlfriend. She--" He stopped himself before he said something he shouldn't. He looked a little bit pissed. I liked that. I liked that I'd gotten a rise out of him. It showed there was some brain activity behind that handsome face.

I said: "then answer my question, Greg... give me a simple answer. Do you like smelling Tracy?"

"Um, yeah," he said sullenly. "Yeah, yeah, definitely. I like it a lot."

"Good! Now we're getting somewhere! Just a bit more, now, Greg, I know it's after five and you need to leave, but this is important... Greg, listen to me, this is a very specific question. Do you find how your girlfriend smells to be *sexy*?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, of course. Why are you--"

I cut him off. "Do you think she smells *sexier* when she puts on those--" I waved my hand dismissively. "Those *body oils*, as you called them?"

"Um... yeah," he said. "Sure, I guess. Definitely. I mean, yeah. Of course. Yeah, she smells very sexy." I could tell he was getting very slightly nervous. Perhaps he felt I was asking too many personal questions. Or maybe he just hadn't smelled *my* scent yet...

"Well," I said, "Then I want you to do something for me."

I unscrewed the vial of "X17."

"Right now?" Greg asked testily. "I'm meeting--"

"It won't take long," I said, cutting him off. This will be of *great help* to our product development team, believe me. I could just call up Marketing and hire up a whole consumer study, bring in a focus group, all that... but

it'll save us a lot of time and really help the company if I could just try this new scent out on you. Is that all right, Greg?"

"Uh... sure, I guess."

He shifted awkwardly back and forth. I could tell that he didn't like standing. How could a boy who so obviously loved to hit the gym be such a lazy idiot once he knotted a tie around his neck?

I finished unscrewing the dropper. I withdrew it and rubbed a little of X17 on my wrist.

I held out my wrist.

I said to Greg: "I want you to close your eyes, lean over here -- just lean over my desk, there... close your eyes, Greg. Greg!" I pulled back my wrist. "Close your eyes first, Greg. Close them and bend over my desk..."

That last time I said "bend over" instead of "lean over" because it satisfied my innate sense of perversion. Greg wasn't bright enough to pick up on the subtleties of my language, though. Well, soon enough he'd be picking up on a different form of communication, no less subtle but far more powerful.

For now, he did as he was told -- showing promise! -- and leaned over my desk. Even with his lanky frame -- the guy had to be six-three at least, and built like a swimmer -- he had to lean pretty far over. Which was just how I liked him.

As he leaned in, I brought my wrist up to his face. He sniffed at my wrist. His eyes popped open.

"Close your eyes, Greg," I told him sharply. "Keep them closed. Smell some more. Take another whiff."

"Yes, Ma'am," he murmured, which I liked a *lot*. Before he closed his eyes again, I saw a fire in them that told me X17 was a winner.

Greg took another deep whiff of my wrist and leaned closer. His upper body began to undulate slightly. He breathed more deeply. I inched my wrist closer... millimeters at a time... feeling the rush of excitement when Greg leaned down further and tried to get closer -- and I got to pull my wrist back, always just out of his reach. He kept on smelling, huffing, inhaling, his broad chest rising and falling under his wrinkled cotton dress shirt. His cheap tie hung down -- the perfect handhold when the time came. But not just yet.

He tried to lunge closer to me, breathing hard, trying to suck all my scent in... but I pulled my wrist just out of his reach. He started to climb on my desk.

*Now* it was time. I grabbed his tie, pulled down hard, shoved my wrist up to his face, rubbed it against his full, kissable lips, his nostrils, all over his face.

"So you like it," I said with a smile.

"It's nice," he said, his eyes popping open again, crazed and fiery.

His knees were up on my desk now; he was basically up on all fours, his ass in the air, desperately trying to get a deeper whiff of my scent.

I let him, too... clutching his tie as I cradled his head.

I growled in his ear: "Tell me what it makes you think of," I said.

"I don't know," he gasped, blushing. "I mean, it's like... it isn't..."

"Tell me!" I snapped at him, pulling his long, messy surfer hair with my left hand while I rubbed my right wrist all over his face, making him smell me some more. "Tell me what it makes you think of!"

His eyes rolled back in his head. "Um, I guess it's, like... sex," he said. "Sex, Ma'am, it makes me think of... um, yeah, I guess, sex."

"Well, then, I guess it's a winner," I said, planting my open hand on his face and pushing him away. He squealed as his knees slipped off of the edge of my desk. He scrambled to get his footing. He leaned heavily on my desk, staring wildly at me. I held my up hand, wrist turned toward him, taking pleasure in just letting him see it, not smell it.. at least, not up close. I knew lingering whispers of it were probably rubbed all over his face.

"You can go," I said, turning away from him and back to my computer.

To my surprise -- and pleasure -- Greg started rounding my desk, coming toward me.

He bleated: "Please, can I -- would it be -- all right if I -- can I smell it again?"

I swiveled my chair and tipped it back; I stopped him dead in his tracks with one high heel in his crotch and the other in his chest. I was well aware that this position gave him a perfect view up my skirt. And you know what? Funny thing, but since I became a Director, I don't have much time to do laundry. I get my hand-washing done at the drycleaners -- garter belts, stockings, bras, and the like -- but underwear? Who can be bothered?

Greg saw that; I saw his shocked, excited reaction as I gave him a beaver shot. He stood there gawking as I spread my thighs wider, grinding my sharp stiletto heel into his balls. Underneath the ball of my foot, I could feel a swelling... Greg's cock was getting hard.

"If you want to smell it," I told him, "Get down on your knees. I won't have you towering over me like that, Greg. You're such a big boy. You know you intimidate me?"

"I--I'm sorry," he murmured, and dropped to his knees. My big leather chair was tipped way back, so when he crawled forward to smell my upthrust wrist again, it was easy for me to drape my right leg over one padded leather arm... and my left leg over Greg's big, hunky shoulder.

He clutched my right hand with both of his, huffing my wrist.

"I wonder if -- Tracy? Yes, Tracy, that's it. I wonder if your hippy girlfriend Tracy would ever wear this. It's got *essential oils* in it," I added with a smirk... but my sarcasm was lost on Greg. He was too busy drawing deep draughts of my wrist, losing control as I tightened my leg over his shoulder and pulled him closer. My skirt was riding up as I slinked down in my leather chair. By now, it was well past the lace tops of my stockings. He was close to my pussy... and I was exceedingly wet. Mixed with the X17, he could probably smell my arousal.

"I doubt she would wear it, though," I said as I lifted my hips a little and nudged my skirt up all the way to my hips. "It's far too expensive. So expensive we can't even market it. I keep a small stash for personal use, and... oh!"

Greg had done just what I wanted him to -- what I *told* him to, by rubbing my wrist against the soft, trimmed tuft of my pubic hair. Moments later, his nose was buried in it, his mouth up against my sex, and I had both of my legs wrapped around Greg's head, pulling him hard into me.

"That's it, lick, little boy. Lick my pussy. Lick my pussy and I'll let you smell my perfume. Take your cock out, too. Get it ready for Tracy."

Greg obeyed. He undid his pants between hungry licks at my pussy. He took out his cock and started to stroke it urgently.

"No!" I snapped, reaching down and slapping his hand away. "Just get it started. You're not jerking off, Greg, you're getting it ready for *Tracy*. I want it nice and hard so when you fuck your girlfriend tonight, she feels how much you want it. Stroke slowly.

I wrapped my hand around his and guided it onto his cock. I demonstrated, breathing heavily into his face as I stroked him with agonizing slowness. He moaned and whined.

"Just like that," I said. "Now finish what you were doing."

"Yes, Ma'am," murmured Greg. I planted my hand on the back of his head and shoved his face back between my legs.

He suckled my clit and lapped at my pussy urgently as I pushed on the back of his head and lifted my hips, riding his face. He was not very good at licking pussy, but oh! That boy is *hot*. Seeing him down there was enough to get me going. He looked all handsome and pretty and helpless and horny -- completely captured in my spell. It made me so hot that it didn't matter that his technique was sloppy, his lips loose, his tongue all over the place.

All I had to do was tighten my thighs around Greg's big head and shove my crotch up hard into his face with an urgent rhythm. He licked obediently...and that was enough.

I came, explosively.

I didn't even try to keep quiet. No one was left in the office, but I guess it still wasn't very professional of me. What if one of the other managers had forgotten something and swung by the office to get it? He would have discovered me riding my pretty secretary's face, and that could not have been good for my career.

I didn't care. I moaned wildly, moans building to the top of my lungs as I fucked myself up against Greg's hungrily slurping mouth.

When the spasms of pleasure had started to dwindle inside me, I sighed and relaxed my muscles. Greg never stopped licking -- not till the stimulation began to be too much for my taste.

I was finished with him.

That's when I lifted my foot to his shoulder, practically spearing his firm pectoral on my stiletto heel. I shoved him back. He went sprawling, landing on his ass with his legs spread and his pants down. He looked ridiculous, and he knew it; his face was red.

But he never stopped stroking his cock -- slowly, painstakingly, keeping himself stimulated but not rushing toward orgasm.

The boy could take direction. I liked that.

I snapped my fingers and pointed at his hand.

"Stop that," I said. "Put your dick away. Take it home to your girlfriend."

"We're going out," he said, blinking as if coming out of a daze. HE obediently put away his cock and zipped and buttoned his pants. "I'm meeting her for drinks."

I already knew this, but Greg didn't need to know that I eavesdropped on him when he talked on the phone... so I just smiled and said:

"Even better. I'll tell you what, Greg, I'll give you something for her. It's a present. Tell her it's one of our 'natural' fragrances. No, better yet, tell her it's '100% natural.'" In my top drawer, I had a tiny, heat-sealed one-dose plastic sample. It wasn't even close to the one-milliliter vial I'd used for myself -- I would never let that much of the expensive compound out of my control. This sample was just enough for a person to crack open and apply to herself in a few choice places. It was fresh from the lab and bore an adhesive label, with a name I'd made up, the same bar code, and the usual warning:

**"Test Compound: X17 - Fair Trade"**  
**BODY CATHEDRAL LLC**  
**Lab Testing Sample Only -- Confidentiality Restrictions Apply**  
**NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION**

It was such a tiny sample that the label covered most of it. I'd chosen "Fair Trade" because I'd already guessed from a few overheard conversations what a hippy Tracy was. "Fair Trade" should tempt her, right? And the name appealed to my sense of perversity. After all, I was making a trade with her... she just didn't know it. I was trading Tracy the use of Greg's

hot, drooly mouth for the licking and fucking of her life. Which I was quite sure she'd get once she put on a little X17.

Greg finished buckling his belt. He obediently held out his hand, and I dropped the heat-sealed "sample" into it.

"Tell Tracy if she wears this sample tonight, you'll get a \$100 bonus. All she'll need to do is fill out a... *questionnaire* for me. But she needs to wear it all night. Tell her she has to put it on *right* when you meet her." I frowned, imagining the rebellious little hairy-snatched hippie throwing a fit about Greg being some kind of a corporate sellout and involving her in some plot to -- whatever.

Ugh! I knew her type. Girls like Tracy were good in the sack, all right, but boring everywhere else.

I said, "Let's make it \$200. Off the books, *cash*. I'm not supposed to be letting these samples out of the lab, but... it'll save me *so much* time, and you know I'll appreciate it. In fact, let's give *her* the compensation, as a... *consultant*, Greg. That's it, *consultant*. No paperwork." The truth is, the money would be coming out of my purse... but that was fine by me. My salary had taken a pretty big jump with my recent promotion, and this was the sort of thing I didn't mind spending a little extra on.

Besides, the X17 I'd removed from the lab to "test" was worth many, many times that. Before it was over, this fun little episode of mine had cost Body Cathedral thousands in R&D time and -- especially -- materials. But what did it matter? The X17 would never make it to market. Not with what it cost to manufacture.

So what was wrong with letting a few of us on the high end of the corporate ladder have a little fun with it? It's not like it wasn't done at other companies. I know for a fact Roger Jennings, Director of R&D over at Aromique in Houston, tested something called "Firefly" on his wife -- with seriously hot results. I know it for a fact because I saw *photos* -- from Jim Sutter, CTO of Meyer-Middleton Consumer Division, over in Progress Park. I guess Jim got a call around midnight the night Janie Jennings

"tested" the Aromique compound, and... well, you get enough tequila into these execs in a suite at the Ritz for the National Fragrance Association, and they'll spill *all* their secrets.

That's how I'd heard about Body Cathedral's legendary X17... way back when I'd been a lowly sales rep. I won't go so far as to say that my drive toward the R&D side of things was *primarily* driven by whispered secrets of such illicit fragrances. I mean, I already did have the Chem major and an interest in research. But as an additional motivating factor, it sure hadn't hurt. What sexually precocious confirmed bachelorette *wouldn't* be tempted by the promises of fragrances so high-tech they bordered on the occult?

Greg stared at the sample in his hand. He gulped nervously.

He asked, with a desperate air: "Is this what you're wearing?"

His breath came quickly. His cock was still hard, forming a lump in his slacks. He was staring at the sample of X17 like he wanted to stuff it in his mouth. Or maybe just crack it open and rub it all over his face.

"Don't you dare!" I snapped. "That's for Tracy! You give that to her, unopened, and don't you *dare* tell her what happened here tonight. That was just... *research*."

Greg looked scared. "No, Ma'am, no, no, of course not. I won't tell her. I promise I won't. You won't... um... you won't tell her, will you?"

"Don't be an idiot," I told Greg. "I don't even know her. Of course I won't tell her."

Greg breathed a sigh of relief. "I don't know what came over me. I just..."

I smirked.

"I'm just so sexy you couldn't resist," I teased him.

"Yes, Ma'am," he groaned softly. His eyes were fixed on me, wide as dinner plates, bright with sexual hunger. "I *couldn't* resist. You're... you're *so* fucking sexy. So *fucking* sexy. So fucking *sexy*!"

I'd been joking, but Greg was serious. He was so serious he couldn't stop repeating the vapid phrase in different variations. I would have found it flattering, if I was that kind of girl. But I'm not, so I cut Greg off and said:

"Greg, darling, you keep this little testing session a secret between us, and I'll see you're rewarded." I let that sexual suggestion hang on the air, enjoying Greg's eager nod in response. I said, "In the meantime, you give this sample to Tracy so she can see if it affects you the same way. Once she puts it on..."

My voice trailed off. I didn't want to finish that sentence... because I felt a little bit bad. Maybe more than a little bit. I didn't want to admit that the fact that once Tracy put on the X17... and made poor Greg her slave for a time, just as I'd done... I'd feel less guilty about having tempted her man into cheating.

But what could I do?

You know what they say about power corrupting, right? And absolute power corrupts absolutely? Well, they're right. Now that I was this high in the chain of command, I knew all about secret formulas like X17... and a few dozen others. Scents so expensive we'd never produce them in quantity.

But there was enough for a bad girl like me to, well... *play* with.

And Greg, naturally, was my first choice to test X17 on. I'd guessed -- correctly -- that he couldn't eat pussy worth a damn, but still, *those lips*! Those shoulders, that pretty face, those big, dopey eyes... it had all been worth it. He'd been driving me crazy ever since he walked in that door. He is one *hot* little surfer boy. He'd been *begging* to be corrupted, and I didn't think Tracy was up for it... *yet*.

But she would be, once the smelly body-oil-wearing hippy smeared a little X-17 on her wrists, neck, and... well, I'd just let her use her imagination.

I still felt slightly bad about playing the cuckquean... but this was my way of making it up to her.

As Greg stumbled to his feet, I reached up and grabbed him and pulled him in for a long, lush kiss. He tasted like pussy... I love that.

"You give Tracy the licking of her life tonight," I told Greg. "And then fuck her brains out. Do you understand?"

Greg nodded fervently.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said.

"Good boy," I told him. "Now get the fuck out, Greg... go meet your girlfriend. Make sure you wash your face in the men's room, first." I couldn't resist adding, in a lower voice: "But not too well."

"Yes, Ma'am," Greg murmured.

Greg scampered out of my office and back to his desk. He gathered his things with a few sheepish glances back through my open door, like he wanted to come back in and resume what he'd been doing.

When his coat was on and his bag was over his shoulder, he came back to my office door and said:

"See you tomorrow?"

"Mmm-hmmm," I said, all but ignoring him. It was cruel and a little bit cold of me not to even look up at him, and it wasn't that easy. I could just see his desperately horny face out of the corner of my eye... and the bulge in his pants. I *wanted* to look.

But that wasn't how it worked. I'd primed him for Tracy, and that was good enough for now. The rest of my evening would be spent at home, with a bottle of merlot and my two best friends... my vibrator and my DVD player.

Then again... maybe I'd bring along another "friend." I'd been thinking about getting to know.

I heard the suite door hissing closed behind Greg.

I unlocked the top drawer of my desk and looked at the small row of test vials there. Each one was fresh from the lab, with an adhesive label.

There was one in particular I'd been tempted to bring home.

I touched it lightly, caressing the label. Amid the usual warnings about confidentiality, there was the name I had picked for this compound:

**"Test Compound: X228 - Private Pleasures"**  
**BODY CATHEDRAL LLC**  
**Lab Testing Sample Only -- Confidentiality Restrictions Apply**  
**NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION**

Yes, that would do nicely for tonight's "date" with myself.

I could still smell the X17 on myself, but... adding a bit of X228 while I enjoyed some DVD "entertainment" and remembered the feel of Greg's tongue might prove, well... *interesting*.

I wondered how the two compounds would mix?

I slipped the vial into my purse. I locked my top drawer, locked my office, and headed for the parking garage.

"Molly's Cleavage" first appeared in *Disciplinary Action*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## Molly's Cleavage by Roger Golden

Cleavage like Molly's can turn a man into a babbling idiot. Her nipples -- even shrouded in one of those clingy, practically see-through blouses she wears -- can drive a man mad. Just the sight of them can permanently damage a guy's mental capacity. Even just thinking about them can seriously fuck with his ability to properly copyedit a manuscript.

Molly's tits are a brutal weapon in the war against male sanity. No question about it, Molly's the Cthulhu of knockers.

Now, in the interest of gender equity, I should mention that Molly's tits can also do the same to women -- and has, on multiple occasions.

Case in point: There was an otherwise very professional, slightly butch-of-center but basically mainstream-as-hell lesbian named Trish who worked here at Malone Advertising for a time. She just about lost it every time Molly walked in the room. Oh, don't get me wrong; she wasn't as blatant as the boorish, uncontrolled bug-eyes like me, who drool on our chins and trip on our tongues every time Molly sashays by or bends over and gives one of those mind-bending wiggles. Trish was far more subtle, but when Molly approached Trish would still start shedding IQ points like a bomb core sheds neutrons on the approach of its trigger. She'd try to make jokes and just start spouting nonsense, her eyes roving everywhere but those perfect tits of Molly's -- trying desperately not to let her eyeballs get sucked in and swallowed by the treacherous valley of Molly's cleavage.

Once Molly left the room, I'd just sort of pat Trish on the arm, sigh, and say, "Been there, bra."

And it wasn't just queer girls! There was even a straight chick named Susan. At least, I'm pretty sure Susan was straight. I guess you never can tell. And frankly, ladies, once you've been exposed to Molly's cleavage, I'm telling you...you may not leave the room as straight as you entered it. I would catch Susan blushing every time she ended up with a line of sight to

Molly's cleavage. She'd stammer; she'd practically drool. And the effect was even more pronounced when Molly flashed the woman her high beams -- which she does quite shamelessly.

But hey, I'm getting off topic, here. I don't care what Molly's cleavage does to women, because I spend enough of my time worrying about what the hell it is doing to me.

And what it's doing, usually, any time it's around, is killing IQ points by the second. Molly's cleavage causes brain damage every time she comes over to my desk. And she's a traffic manager and I'm a copyeditor. It's a traffic manager's job, partially, to route documents and ensure that copyeditors like me 1) know the proper priority on which to tackle their workload, and 2) actually do it rather than fucking around fixing serial commas about which nobody gives a damn.

What that means is that Molly's over at my desk several times a day, so I've got my hands full -- or, rather, I'd like to. Add to the equation the office air conditioning -- which goes on with little warning -- and I'm just about helpless when Molly is around.

I would say that I envy her boyfriend or husband or girlfriend or wife, but none of us has been able to figure if she has one. But I don't envy him or her. I don't actually envy anyone who's buried their face between those perfect tits, because, let's be frank...how could a person ever go back to the mundane experience of normal life after knowing the Heaven that must live between those mounds must be?

Molly knows it, too.

She flirts with me a lot. Like I said, she has to come to my desk quite often to check up on my workload. But she seems to go out of her way to stop by my desk even more often than usual.

To show me things. Share things with me. Flirt and shimmy and toss her hair.

She's not exactly shy about it. Her posture when she comes to my desk seems to leave little to the imagination. There's plenty of room behind my desk; if she wanted to talk to me, she could just slip in behind me and lean over my shoulder, say. I'd still completely lose it -- fuckin' A, what if her tits brushed my shoulder?!?! -- but it would be a more logistically practical move. But no; Molly, instead, goes around the long way, so she can lean down right in front of me, elbows on my desk, to talk to me. Lean down. Way down.

So I can see right down her blouse.

Of course, if she came up behind me and leaned over then, she'd have a perfect view of the embarrassing boner I'd pop in my slacks if she so much as grazed the back of my head with her tits, so it's probably good that she goes around in front. Although it makes it even more certain that I'll have an embarrassing boner.

Molly wedges herself between my desk and bends over, shamelessly, giving me a view of her glorious cleavage popping out of whatever lacy bra she's wearing. She favors cream, teal, and burgundy -- but she doesn't shy away from black now and then when she's in a wicked mood. She's probably got limited options, with a bust her size -- but she certainly doesn't display want when it comes to lacy underthings.

And as for that boner I'm afraid she'll see? When she's in front of my desk, I'm pretty sure she knows it's there; she flirts and she laughs and she tosses her hair, and pretty soon I'm half-hoping she comes around behind me after all, so she finds out what a shameless voyeuristic pervert I am. Maybe then she'd stop flashing her cleavage at me...but then, how would I make it through the day? How would I live without Molly's cleavage? How would I find the strength to go on without those beautiful mounds to tempt me forward into the future?

Then, finally, there comes a day when Molly gets exactly what she wants, and so do I.

#

The office is practically empty; everyone's gone for the day. I'm about to go, too, since I've got a social engagement to which I'm already late. I'm packing up my bag when Molly appears right in front of me -- wedging herself into that perfect spot where, as she leans over, I can see the glorious mounds of her tits.

She's got a manuscript in her hand, and she spreads it on my desk as she leans over.

She says, "I need you to stay and finish something."

My eyes flicker from manuscript to cleavage and back again.

Her bra is black today. Uh-oh.

I say apologetically: "I'd love to, but I can't."

She's not taking "no" for an answer; as she gets more insistent, she leans further over and shows me more of her cleavage. She's pulling out the big guns.

She says, "It won't take an hour. I'm sorry we didn't get it to you earlier in the day. Pretty please?" She leans a little more forward.

I say, "I'm sorry, I've got someplace I need to be."

I try very hard to meet her eyes. I can't. I can't take my eyes off her tits. I try to look at the manuscript, but she's already tipped forward at a rakish angle, her hand on my shoulder.

She laughs merrily. "You seem preoccupied. You really need to get wherever you're going, huh?"

"Um," I say. "I guess I do."

"Hot date?"

"I wish," I say. I gulp. I finally wrench my gaze away from her tits and look in her eyes. That's no help at all. I can smell her. My boner is swelling.

She leans in close and says, "If you promise to do this, I'll get you there."

"Get me where?"

She trails her hand from my shoulder, down my front. She wriggles her body forward till she's leaning heavily on the desk, her tits just inches from my face. I take a deep breath; I can smell her faint perfume stronger than ever. I'm fully erect now -- and it's pretty obvious Molly knows it.

Her breath is sweet as she says:

"Where you want to go." She wiggles her body. Her cleavage jiggles. Her nipples are clearly erect -- showing through the satiny emerald-green top she's wearing.

Mysteriously, it has lost a button.

I gulp and try to back up -- but she's got her hand on the back of my neck, right now, leaning close.

"Wh--where's that?" I manage to stammer with a great deal of effort.

Her voice is rich with promise.

"You know," she says. "And I know. So let's not play games."

Her hand caresses the back of my head and she pulls my face toward her tits.

She says, "I want something...and you want something. In fact, if I'm correctly reading how red your face is...you need something. And you can have it...if you do me this favor."

"What's that?" I ask, my eyes roving over her plump red lips, her creamy cleavage, her pretty face.

"Don't play games," she says. "You know what you want, and you can have it."

I gulp. "What do I want?" I try to sound angry, but I think all I sound is scared. My erect cock throbs in the hollow under my desk.

She starts unbuttoning her blouse. I stare, gape-mouthed.

She eases her tits from her bra -- displaying them, cupping them, showing them off.

She says, "Don't get me wrong...you can't touch. But you can look -- and you do like to look, don't you? Don't think I haven't caught you. Of everyone here at the office, you're the one who looks the most. Why aren't you looking now?"

I can't meet her eyes, and I can't bring myself to look at her bare tits -- not until she whispers:

"Go ahead, don't be shy. You can look but don't touch. You've been needing to jerk off all day, haven't you? Ever since I brought that manuscript in at eight a.m...."

I look, now, openly, panting. Her tits are gorgeous.

"Okay," I admit. "I guess I look at you sometimes..."

"And when you do," she sighs, "You get what you've got now. So go ahead and take care of it."

Her hand caresses the back of my head, holding on to my hair. Her other hand reaches out and skillfully plucks a trio of tissues from the box on the side of my desk.

She drops them into my lap.

I toss the tissues I the garbage and glance over my shoulder.

"Are you crazy?" I hiss. "We could get fired!"

"We won't," she says, her gorgeous smile close to my face. "Come on, it's just you and me. Squeeze one out and then your mind will be clear. You'll finish this copyediting job in...thirty, maybe forty-five minutes. In plenty of time for the east coast courier deadline...and I won't have to feel like I'm taking advantage of you. It's a simple exchange...here, I'll even get you started."

Her left hand draws my face near to her tits as she reaches down past the edge of my desk. She's practically on top of my desk, now. She presses her palm to the swell of my cock. It tents my poly-blend pants. I redden. I squirm.

She works my belt buckle open, unbuttons my pants. She even unzips me.

Then she snatches up another batch of tissues -- this time a quartet -- and presses them into my hand.

I don't resist, this time, as she guides my hand into my lap.

"I won't do it for you," she sighs. "I'm not that kind of girl. But I'll help. I'll provide some...visual impetus. Come on, you don't mind looking when you think I don't notice, do you?"

"I'm sorry about that--it's just--!" I choke. Face red, I stammer: "It's just that you've got the most amazing cleavage..."

Molly sighs happily. "I like to think of it as negative space. The art directors tell me the eye is drawn to it. But don't be sorry. I'm a traffic manager -- I know everything. I know where every piece of work in the

office is -- including company equipment like a copyeditor's eyes. Even personal equipment, like--" she glances at my crotch. "Of course I notice where you're looking -- and where you're not looking, or where you're trying not to. I know all about your hard-ons under your desk when I bend over it. Don't be a prude. Just go ahead and look, and take care of that nasty thing, then do your work like a good little editor..."

So I do. I wrap the tissues around my exposed cock and begin to stroke myself, slowly at first. My motions become more urgent as her cleavage heaves with her quickening breath. She's close enough to kiss me, but she doesn't. When I look into her eyes I get red and ashamed, so I look at her tits. They're full, round, firm, perfectly shaped and absolutely symmetrical. They're every bit as perfect as I thought they'd be. Up close and hanging out of her bra and her blouse, they're the most glorious things I've ever seen.

And definitely the most glorious tits I've ever jerked off to.

Her full red lips part slightly; she breathes more heavily as I get closer. I smell her all over me.

I mount toward orgasm; I jerk and sway; She lets out a soft series of encouraging moans as she senses me right on the edge.

She whispers, "Good boy!" as I cum. My load shoots hot and sticky into the tissues -- almost too much jism for four of them to contain it.

I wipe myself up and toss the tissues in the trash as Molly sighs.

"Get one last look," she says. "Then do me that favor we talked about. Okay?"

I do take one last look -- a long, hungry, lingering one that doesn't try to disguise its intentions.

Then I smile at her. She puts her tits away. I tuck my cock away.

She gives me an innocent look and glances at the manuscript. "Thirty minutes?"

I pick up my red pencil.

"I'll do it in twenty," I tell her.

"Yeah," she says. "You sure are a quick one." She glances at my crotch and smiles.

She shimmies away. I bring my red pencil down and tuck into the manuscript with relish.

"Sales Incentive" was first published by Deception Press in 2014.  
Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All  
rights reserved.

## Sales Incentive by Brett Olsen

Anya Atkins is a real ballbuster. I mean a *real* ballbuster. She runs the Darborough Branch of Western Product Sales with an iron fist, to say the least. So I knew if I came out short, I'd have to make good on my bet... right in front of her. I mean, calling it a bet is a little bit crazy. It's not like she gave me or Tony a choice. She's the one who decided to set us against each other... by proposing the nastiest sales incentive in history. And you know what? I think Tony relished it, the pervert.

That's why I wasn't surprised when she said at the end of our weekly meeting: "The preliminary sales figures are in, team. I'll post them shortly, but I'd like a chance to discuss them first... with our two biggest salesmen... Tony and Brett."

Applause broke out throughout the meeting. At the Darborough branch of Western Product Sales, L.L.C., the Monday morning meeting is an all-hands affair, so more than twenty people were crammed into the conference room. Anya stood up at the front of the long lacquered table, with Tony and me at her right hand and left hand, respectively. Tony was right, of course. Bastard. He'd aced me out last month, just by a hair, after my unassailable two-year reign of terror as the top salesman in the branch.

To make matters worse, Tony had reached that goal in his third month here. Oh, and did I mention the son-of-a-bitch is fucking the boss?

Oh, don't get me wrong, I wouldn't raise a stink about it. Yeah, Anya fucked me, too, three or four times after work events, when we both found ourselves a little drunk and a little horny. Each time, it was a casual thing; I never expected it to happen again, so each time it happened in the two years that Anya had been managing the branch, I considered it fuckbuddy luck. She was one damned fine piece of ass, and kinky as hell -- and I mean *kinky*. Let's just say that it didn't surprise me last month when she gave me a talking-to and proposed that perverted little "bet" of hers.

While it had lasted, Anya had been a welcome sack mate, whenever it struck her fancy to hook up with me. The fact that she was my boss? Well, I think maybe that even made it hotter. I never expected it to be an ongoing thing, so I wasn't bothered that it hadn't happened, now, for the last six months. When it *had* happened, it was just sex... well, just sex and kink, and a little bondage. One time, she even used one of those strap-on things on me... but hell, that's another story for another time.

Like I said, Anya and I had never been anything more than casual, occasional sex partners, no strings attached. And from what I'd heard -- office scuttlebutt, so who knows how reliable it was? -- that was about what Tony had gotten out of her. I could hardly begrudge him that.

Then again, Tony hadn't come along when he did, maybe Anya's next hot spell would have found her calling me, instead of him. So, yeah, I was a little competitive with him. Even leaving aside the whole sales incentive part of it.

After Tony and I took the round of applause with characteristic salesmen's grace -- meaning we flipped off the other salesmen and mugged a lot -- the other staff filtered out. Tony and I stayed behind to "discuss" the monthly sales figures with Anya.

Win or lose, it was gonna be close. I had busted my ass all month long... but then again, so had Tony. I had watched him, glaring across the room at him when I was on hold, bearing up under that smug fucking smile of his when I passed the son of a bitch in the hallway. Oh, we were friendly enough on the surface, naturally... you could even have called us professional. But there was no question that under the surface, we were locked in a death battle to hit that top spot... and with added incentive. All month long, Anya had goaded us on, refusing to release the daily sales figures -- which only she has access to -- but giving us little hints each morning about who was on top. Tony, then me. Then Tony, then me. Then Tony, then Tony, then Tony... me for a little while, from the 20th to the 25th, then Tony, me, Tony me...

When the conference room was empty, Anya said: "Well, let's get started, then, shall we?" She was wearing a very tight skirt today, not that she didn't wear tight skirts most days... when she didn't wear tight pants. Don't get me wrong, her skirt wasn't short... and neither was her blouse unacceptably low-cut. It was just... *tight*. It showed off the curves of her body... curves that I hadn't touched in months, but this son of a bitch Tony Lang had...

Anya said: "Brett, would you get up and close the door, baby?" *Baby*. She'd just called me baby. I won't say that Anya hadn't done that in a while... she could be as casual with her language as with her affection. But it wasn't a good sign that I was the one ordered up to close the door.

I put my hand on the barrel lock. I looked over at Anya pointedly. She just stared at me, smiling mildly, giving me nothing.

I shot the lock... just in case. I wouldn't put it past Anya to carry this thing through with that door unlocked... and whichever of us was the victor, I didn't want to have *that* happen.

I returned to my seat.

Standing at the head of the table while Tony and I sat, Anya opened a manila folder and held two copies of the Preliminary Sales Summary up, not showing either copy to either of us. The crazy bitch was *enjoying* this, no question about it.

"Now, first, let me say that you *both* did *very* well this month. Branch sales are up by no less than eighteen percent, primarily on the strength of your sales, both of you. Your monthly percentage of overall sales, between the two of you -- it's up nine percent. So while those losers out there--" Here, she smiled playfully. "--were slacking off, you both busted ass, and I'm grateful. I should give you *both* monthly incentives, but... you know how our business works, boys. A bet is a bet. A man's word is... well, I'll let you two read the PSS."

Anya put one copy of the Preliminary Sales Summary in front of each us.

I noticed that she bent over a little to put them down, especially leaning toward me, as if she was *trying* to tease me. I got a good look at Anya's perfect tits stretching her tight blouse; in fact, I could see *down* her blouse and get an exquisite look at that fuckable cleavage. Her nipples were hard. I can't know for sure, but... if I had to guess, I would bet she was wet as a faucet under that tight business skirt. Holy *fuck*, her tits were beautiful! *She* was beautiful. Beautiful and sadistic...

I saw the smug grin on Tony's face. I panicked. I hadn't been distracted for more than a second or two... but he'd already read the top-line figures.

The sales line read: "Tony Lang, \$34,227." Mine were... "\$33,986."

I heard my pulse pounding in my ears.

"So... I think we both know what that means. Brett? I think now's as good a time as ever to make good on our bet. Tony?"

"Oh, yeah. I couldn't agree more," the smug bastard said.

I tried to laugh it off. "Oh, come on! That wasn't really a bet--"

"Yes it was, Brett." Anya leaned forward a little, so I could see her cleavage even more. "You agreed to it."

"Did I, though? I don't think -- I mean, weren't we just, you know, kind of goofing on that?"

"No, we weren't, Brett. Do you need me to go get the contract from my files? I locked it up good and tight all month, Brett. You can't back out now. You signed on the dotted line."

I knew I had; there was no way out of this. But I still pleaded: "Come on, I don't need to do that, do I? Tony, you're straight, right? You don't need a... I mean, right here?"

Tony had already pushed his chair back from the table and was grinning at me.

"Right here," he said.

"Right here," said Anya, proudly. "Right here, where I get to watch. And I want you to crawl there. Just like the contract says. You don't want me to go get it, do you? I could post it on the lunchroom bulletin board, Brett..."

"No!" I said. "No, no, I'll... I'll do it. "Right now?"

"And *crawl* to him," Anya said. "Just like the contract specifies."

My face must have been a hundred shades of pink by then.

#

Calling that damn thing a "contract" wasn't that accurate, really... to my drunken recollection, it was just a bar napkin with some shit scrawled on it. Yeah, okay, I'd scrawled part of it -- mostly my name -- and Anya had written the rest with her fine, sure, tight hand, detailing carefully in the space of the front and the back -- part of it soaked with beer and tequila -- exactly what would happen to the winner of what she called the Blowjob Sales Challenge.

*And* to the loser.

I guess I had asked for it, kinda.

It had been just me and Anya and Tony, out for drinks at Senor Santana one night after working very late... and I guess I got pretty ripped. I got them to disclose that they'd had a fuckbuddy relationship since shortly after Tony started at the branch. Just like what Anya and I'd had once upon a time... which, as it turned on, Tony had already known about.

Drunk beyond reason, I proposed something I never should have voiced to a boss -- or an ex-girlfriend -- strictly "salesman-talk." We can get pretty

raunchy. Sales is an alpha-male kinda field, right? Talking to Tony like this would have been fine, but to him and Anya together? Bad idea.

"You know what incentive I want, boss? *Blowjob*. You give the best salesman a blowjob. Top monthly sales? Blowjob. Quarter sales?" I'd shrugged and slammed another tequila, smirking at Anya's obvious amusement.

"That is a *great* idea," she'd said. "Let's do it."

I'd stared at her, wide-eyed.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Only I won't be the one to give the blowjob..."

#

I'm a salesman, right? My word is important. My word is my honor.

So, red-faced, I got out of my chair and down on my hands and knees... and I crawled to him.

I took the long way around behind Anya... I could have crawled under the table, but that would have made it seem even more humiliating. This way, at least, I could look up at Anya with pleading eyes, hoping she'd change her mind, tell us both she was just fucking with me... this was a goof...

But she didn't. She looked at me with cold eyes as I closed in on Tony. He'd already brushed his jacket back, tucked his ass forward and leaned back in his chair. My heart quickened as I crawled toward him, racking my brains to think of some way out of this. But I couldn't come up with one.

Before I knew it, I had my face in his crotch, and I knew that I was going to have to do it.

And why not, I thought as I reached up with trembling hands and started unfastening Tony's belt. I was the lesser man. I'd failed to beat him in sales... and he had his fill of our fuckbuddy boss. He got his crack at Anya's fine ass, her tight pussy, her kinky brain, maybe even her strap-on...

"Eye contact, Brett. Don't forget. It's in the contract."

"Eye contact?" I whined, staring at Tony's bulging crotch.

Tony reached down and slapped me a little -- not hard, just a little. The light touch snapped me out of my fear and reminded me that he'd really beaten me. This was really going to happen.

I let my eyes flicker up to him, staring up into his eyes and feeling the hot waves of powerful humiliation raging through me. I forced my fingers to work, unbuttoning Tony's slacks. I took his zipper down, reached in, and tugged down his jockeys. Then...

*Oh, holy shit.* He was *hung*. I mean *hung*... completely, fully. That monster had to be nine inches plus... quite a bit larger than mine. I shot a shamed glance to Anya, who was leaning way back in her seat, too, her blouse untucked and her pretty finger between her red lips; she was biting the tip sexily. She looked *hot*. And she had her knees wide open.

Like I said, her skirt wasn't exactly *short*... but it wasn't exactly long, either. And it was tight. From that angle way down there with my face in Tony's crotch, I could see straight up Anya's skirt. Needless to say, she wasn't wearing panties. She never did. I could see the lacy tops of her light-brown stockings, the snaps her garter belt, and beyond that... oh fuck, that shaved pussy was beautiful... I missed it so much... if I could just have one more go with it... I'd lick it so good, Anya would never toss me away again like last week's garbage, the way she did....

Tony reached down and slapped me again... but this time, not with his hand. He grabbed my hair and slapped me across the face with his cock. My cheek burned.

I caught my breath, looking up at his handsome, cruel face. He was a good-looking guy... long, lithe and built, with broad shoulders, just the way Anya likes 'em. His handsome face took on a cruel look. No wonder Anya liked Tony so much better than me. He was a real bastard. He was a top.

He was an Alpha Male, no question about it. And me? I was something else entirely. That much was becoming obvious.

I looked up at Tony submissively... and then I took his cock in my mouth.

It was hard as a rock... harder than mine ever gets, maybe. Harder and bigger. He had quite a curve to him... I guess it choked me a little when I started bobbing up and down. I knew it was in the bar-napkin "contract" that I'd have to deep-throat -- but I tried to play dumb and just took it into my mouth.

Anya was watching, though... and she knew the "contract" backwards and forwards. Knowing her, she'd probably rubbed herself off to it every night since then. She *loves* to see boys sucking cock. That's how I knew what to do I guess... she'd made me watch some porn with her. Boy porn. I hadn't liked it, I guess, not exactly... not at the time... but the images stuck with me... intruding whenever, since then, I had watched regular porn...

"Don't forget, Brett. The contract. You know what it says. About balls, about swallowing. Swallowing it all."

My head spun. Yeah, I sure remembered, all right... how the hell could I forget. Even through the fog of tequila and beer and the sureness -- just thirty days earlier -- that I'd be the one to take home top prize -- I remember how Anya had detailed everything the lower would have to do. With delicious detail. I'd listened so close while she wrote it all out that I'd had to go home and beat off -- three fuckin' times--"

"Brett!" Anya was snapping her fingers. "Balls! Do it, Brett. Now."

I did it. I let my eyes stray from Tony's handsome face as I came up off of his cock, licked my way down his shaft, and reached into his jockeys to pull

out his full, swollen balls. They were enormous... full and powerful. I started licking them. My tongue went everywhere. It wasn't that different from eating Anya out, I guess. It was.... okay. More than okay, maybe. I would get through it.

"Rub his cock all over your face, Brett. That's in the contract, too. Rub it all over your horny bitch sissy cocksucker face, loser. Now that you've worshipped a real man's balls, Brett, you've got to move on to his cock. Move on, bitch, and rub Tony's big dick all over your face."

I did what she said, licking my way back up from Tony's balls and then rubbing Tony's big dick all over my face. I swear, I really worshipped it. I didn't give into my feeling of sour grapes. I really gave it my all, like a good sport... really paying sweet homage to the better salesman's dick... making love to every inch of it even while my stomach churned with revulsion at what I was doing... the fact that I *had* to do it...

"That's it, Brett. Now take it into your mouth again. Look up at Tony. Show him submission. Let him look into your eyes while you suck him off. Do what I say, Brett. You lost. Be a good boy and worship his dick."

I obeyed, slurping my way, wet and drooling, up to the big, swollen tip of Tony's cock. It made it easier that I was just following those hot commands voiced in Anya's husky, sensual tones. She was aroused, all right. Probably more turned on than she'd ever been. I knew that from the way she savored every word she said, telling me how to properly service Tony's cock. No surprise there. This kind of thing was Anya's dream. She loved gay porn and she loved to talk about boys sucking cock. When we'd been fucking, she loved even more telling me she was going to make *me* suck cock, whether it was her strap-on or some phantom "boyfriend's" cock. She and I only fucked maybe one dozen times in two years, but when she'd had a chance, she'd talked up a mean streak, dirty and queer, as she fucked me.

And she'd taken note, apparently, of how hard it had sometimes made me. She would probably touch herself over and over again thinking about this moment. The worst part was that it meant I would feature in my boss's

fantasies... without ever getting another sweet taste of that perfect, tight pussy...

She said: "Come on, Brett. Stop being coy. You know what's coming. You know it all goes down... all of it. All the way down. Open wide, Brett. Take it all down. You've got to deep-throat. I've got it in writing. You're going to deep-throat Tony's big cock. Do it. Deep-throat his cock, Brett."

"Yeah, Brett," said Tony mockingly. "Deep-throat Tony's big cock, Brett."

I knew it was right there in writing, printed in Anya's clean hand on the back of a dirty bar napkin, locked in her file cabinet. "Loser shall suck the winner's cock to completion. Loser shall worship the winner's balls. Loser shall rub the winner's cock all over his face and make love to it like it's the most magnificent thing in the world. Loser shall deep-throat the winner all the way down to the base. Loser shall deep-throat at least fifteen thrusts...."

So I did. I opened wide, took a deep breath, and forced myself down on his cock. He was pretty thick; it took me six or eight times to get all the way down. When I did, finally, Tony let out a long, low sigh of pleasure.

"Nice job, cocksucker," he sighed. "This ain't your first, is it?"

I felt my face reddening. I came up for air, my eyes running, spit running out of my mouth and down my chin.

"It's my first," I said. "It's the first time I've sucked dick."

Tony guffawed. "Yeah, right."

I head Anya laughing, too. They shared a knowing look.

Had Anya told Tony? No, this was *not* my first blowjob... just my first one on real cock. Those few times that Anya had hosted me over at her place, when she had strapped on that silicone cock... yeah, she'd made me do that here. And my cock had grown rock-hard, just like it was doing now.

I tried not to let it. I tried to think about something else, anything else... other than Tony's big dick in my mouth, down my throat...

I gave him the requisite fifteen thrusts mentioned in the bar-napkin contract... and some more. It went on to twenty... thirty... I lost count. I just kept on sucking. I guess you'd say I was getting a rhythm or something... I found the going increasingly easy as I sucked him more. I think maybe I fell into some kind of trance. Tony no longer made me look up at him, once I had taken him all the way down my throat. That helped. The humiliation was less... but the damage to my male ego had been done. I felt submissive. Intensely submissive. I felt like Tony's cock deserved this kind of worship...

"Oh, yeah... that's good, Brett. Wait--" Tony gasped, reached down, and pushed me away. His huge cock came free of my throat and my mouth with a gulp and a pop. I came away, panting. Spittle ran down my chin, onto my dress shirt.

"I'm gonna pop, cocksucker. You think I wanna blow my whole load down your throat? Not a chance, Brett. You're gonna taste it."

"Hear that, Brett? You're going to taste it. Give him a minute to cool down. Let him build a real load up for you. Lick his balls, Brett. Lick his big, gorgeous balls a little more..."

I looked up through tear-blurred eyes to see Tony looking at Anya, smiling broadly. I knew what was happening... the two were making eye contact. Anya was getting off watching him top me.

I'd never been so humiliated in my life... but my cock had never been harder.

So I did what she said... she didn't have to push me. I obeyed every word. I licked my way down Tony's shaft, gingerly so as not to make him pop. Then I started to worship his balls. Anya got out of her chair, came over and towered over us on those crazy high heels that she wears. Lapping at Tony's balls obediently, I saw her heels and remembered sucking them, all-too-

vividly worshipping Anya's high heels much like I was now worshipping Tony's balls...

Anya leaned over and planted her red-painted mouth on Tony's she started kissing him. I felt a deep pang of jealous, remembering how hot it had been when I'd had the boss sneak me a kiss in this very conference room. It had been fucking hot... but then, that had been a very long time ago...

I just went on worshipping Tony's balls until Anya told me to stop. I swear, it must have been a good ten minutes. The time didn't pass... it just flowed past me, silky and sweet, filled with the sound of the two lovers kissing above me as Tony got one hand up Anya's shirt to feel up her tits, the other one shoved up her skirt to finger her...

When Anya finally pulled away, she told me:

"All right, Brett. You can go back to his cock now. Go ahead and finish him. Do I need to remind you what the contract says?"

Anya most certainly *didn't* need to remind me, although she probably knew it by heart. But then, so did I... playing dumb wasn't a very good strategy, because every word on that bar napkin burned itself into my brain...

I shook my head, "Uh-uh," my tongue working up and down Tony's big, hard, throbbing shaft.

"What does it say?" Anya asked me.

I gulped. I was poised above Tony's cock, my mouth open, drooling. But Anya had slipped her slim hand into my hair; both she and Tony pulled my hair, now, keeping me from taking his cock in my mouth. Making me wait for it.

"What does it say?" Anya hissed at me, louder this time.

"It says swallow," I said, my face bright red with humiliation.

"It says *Loser shall swallow every drop of Winner's semen. Any dripping will be counted against next month's sales total... at one hundred dollars per drop...*"

How the hell had I let her put *that* damned part in? I had to *swallow*? Oh, it's not like I had not tasted cum before... out of Anya's pussy a couple of times, when she made me go down on her when I finished too fast... and, yeah, okay, a few times since then, in my cupped hand, as I jacked off remembering how hot she'd been with my cum in her, gooey and hot. I can't say that I liked the taste, exactly, but there had been such a hot and intoxicating sense of humiliation to lapping up my own cum...

But another man's? That was a different thing altogether. Not just licking it up, but feeling it spurt in my mouth...

Anya and Tony guided me onto his cock again. His big, thick cockhead breached my lips again; his glans rubbed against my tongue. Salty pre-cum leaked into my mouth. I started to suck again.

"Oh, yeah, that's it. Go back to work, Brett. You know how to do this... we both know you know how to do this..."

Tony's cruel words made my face turn still redder and hotter as I pumped him closer. It was intensely humiliating, having him goad me on as I sucked him off. All I could think was how someday -- next month, maybe -- I would be in his chair, feeling *his* mouth on *my* cock, feeling him eat crow, watching with glee as he sucked me off....

And Anya watched... seeing that I was the better man.

Yeah, *maybe*. But right now, the "better man" had his dick in my mouth, and I was going to town on it... really sucking him as if I liked it. I mean, I guess I tried to be businesslike, now that I knew I was in the home stretch, but... could I even *pretend* anymore? Anya had seen me suck cock. And the worst part of all was, well... it wasn't just Tony topping me with his words,

talking dirty to humiliate me more. It was that... I could feel my own cock stiff, full and throbbing, down in my pants... but wanting to come out to play.

I was already thinking about a quick trip to the fourth floor men's room... locked in a stall... a quick jerk, a dick-flogging... just a few hard thrusts would do it, I was so turned on...

I tasted Tony's sharp pre-cum as he started lifting his hips a little. After he pulled his dick out of my mouth and gave me a few dick-slaps to remind me -- to which Anya laughed and sighed happily -- I returned to making eye contact with him as I sucked his cock. I looked up at him obediently, feeling the dominant cruelty in his eyes, feeling the heat from them, feeling how that heat just pulsed down my body and into my mouth and my fucked-open throat, to my spit-covered chin... and then all the way down my body to my hard cock, my throbbing balls....

I had never been hotter than I was right now. I could kid myself that it was because Anya was watching... and I knew this was her favorite fantasy. Maybe it was that part of it, partially... but I don't think I can pretend that at least some of it was Tony.

I kept making eye contact the majority of the time while I built Tony toward his final climax. Sometimes, when I let my eyes drop so I could see what I was doing, he'd snap his fingers. My eyes would jump back to his face.

He wanted to look into them while I abased myself on his cock.... while I finished him and gulped down his cum.

Tony talked dirty to me in his rough, commanding, seductive and dominant voice as I got him closer.

He growled: "This'll be you and me, Brett. You and me, every month. I'm the top dog around here, punk. It's gonna be me, every month. And every month you're gonna be down there, right in this conference room, down on your knees with my dick in your mouth..."

"And I'll be here watching," purred Anya, her lips on the back of my neck. I had not even realized that our boss had slipped up behind me after her makeout-session with Tony. I felt her up tight behind me, her boobs pushing up to my back, her blouse still askew so her nipples rubbed firmly over my back. Her arms went around me. I felt a rush of excitement as I felt her hands undoing my belt. She unbuttoned my slacks, unzipped them, pulled down my nuthuggers -- a present from her, believe it or not -- and before I knew it, she'd grabbed my wrist.

She pushed my hand up into my crotch. She forcibly wrapped my hand around my hard dick.

"You're so hard, Brett. Such a good boy. You didn't just suck Tony's cock... you showed him how much you really like it. Maybe you'll lose every month from now on, Brett. You think? Back when you and I were... *closer*... do you know what I used to think to myself? I thought... Brett would look so hot with dick in his mouth... and I think he would like it... I used to think you were really bisexual, you just couldn't admit it. The way you sucked on my strap-on, Brett? Tony never does that. He won't even let me wear it." Her hand came down sharply on my ass. With my pants now down around my knees, my butt was bare... and the sting of the blow from Anya's hand sent a surge of pleasure and pain through me.

"*Come on!*" she barked. "Jerk harder. Brett. Jerk yourself off. Cum on the floor...jerk yourself off... don't even *pretend* you don't like this... it's okay, Brett... you can cum before Tony does... jerk it, Brett... jerk your rock-hard cock... proof positive you were meant to be down here, Brett... down on your knees..."

*Rock-hard cock.* I was erect, all right.. .and close to blowing my load. I jerked myself faster, while Anya goaded me on...

Tony came almost exactly when I did. The rush of my orgasm pumped through my body just as hot spurts of Tony's jizz blasted into my mouth and ran down my throat. My throat was fucked open wide from the stretching of having his dick down my throat... all those rough thrusts as I gulped his

dick down the way I used to gulp Anya's strap-on. I was open so wide, my throat was like silk... slightly rough, maybe from all of that thrusting, but soft inside, soft and deliciously soothed by the hot pulse of Tony's jizz...

He blew a hell of a load... gallons of it, it seemed to me. Cum just kept blasting from his dickhead onto the top of my mouth and the back of my tongue... I could taste it; it simply enveloped my taste buds. I savored it. It was a little bit sharper than mine, a little bit muskier... maybe stronger. More potent. It filled me up. It made my stomach feel full, warm, and swollen.

Towering over me, Anya said: "Good boy, Brett. You really blew your load. What do you think about that, Tony?"

"I think our friend here likes sucking dick a lot more than he thought he would."

"Yeah," sighed Anya happily. "I think that, too. Brett, baby? What do you think? Do you like sucking dick after all, faggot?"

I looked over at Anya, meek and submissive.

"Yes, Mistr--" I gulped, stopping myself just in time.

I couldn't believe I'd almost said that. It had just popped out of my mouth... as if it belonged there. Like Tony's dick. Like the dick of the guy who was fucking my ex.

Above me, I heard Tony chuckle.

"Clean up your mess," Anya said. Just in case I didn't know what she meant, she reached down, put her hand in my hair... and forced my face down to the floor.

The conference room at the Darborough Branch has a big no-slip mat with that clear plastic coating... the kind that they use to make sure the

carpet's not damaged by chairs and the like. On the floor beneath Tony's chair, there was a big, shiny pool of my jizz. Anya shoved my face into it.

I knew exactly what she wanted. She'd done it to me once at her place... on one of our fuckbuddy hookups.

When she pushed my face into the pool of my jizz, I started licking. It tasted dirty and musky and sharp... and it felt slimy. I left droplets of spittle, my chin running wet with my drool. I licked those up, too.

When I had the conference room floor beneath Tony's chair shiny and clean, Anya let me up. She pushed my face back into Tony's crotch.

She said: "Zip him up, Brett. Then zip yourself up. You've both got a full day of work ahead of you. You want to get a jump on next month's sales figures, don't you?"

This time, I didn't bite back the word. I said, "Yes, Mistress."

I looked in Tony's eyes as I put his big cock away, zipped his slacks up, buttoned them, buckled his belt.

He looked down at me, grinning: "See you next month, *champ*. Just like that... down on your knees. See you then."

And you know what? He did. It's a funny thing about outside sales, you know. All about confidence. I guess Tony had shaken mine... and getting it back wasn't easy.

Oh, I did okay, still... hell, better than I had before. My commissions went up and up and up as I worked harder, trying to beat Tony. But something had changed between us. There had been just a few dollars between our sales totals that first month. The second month, the gap was considerably bigger. The third month? Fourth, fifth, and sixth?

Well... like I said, my sales went up, but Tony did better and better... so much that pretty soon, I had no hope of catching up with him. By then, I

guess you'd say that I'd given up beating him... maybe in some way I just didn't want to.

I'd accepted my place in the pecking order.

And once Anya and Tony disclosed their engagement? Well... then I was guaranteed not to beat the best salesman in the branch.

It's been one year, now, since that first blowjob I gave Tony in the conference room, and I guess I'm kinda getting used to it. Sometimes I don't even wait till the end of the month... I slip out at lunch and visit this cheap, sleazy little restaurant I know downtown... one with a basement men's room. There's always some traffic in there. If you time your lunch right, the glory holes are always full. And the McAllister train station? That's even busier. Sometimes I even hit rest stops when I'm out on a sales call. I wouldn't say I'm exactly a *frequent* visitor to that dark path between all those overgrown bushes on Sandoval Park near Tayford and Twentieth... but I've been there enough times to know what a guy's eye contact means.

As for Tony and Anya, their wedding isn't for almost a year... they're taking their time, having a big one, a nice one.

But Tony's and my little "contest" goes on every month... and I've been the loser, twelve months running.

Only this month Anya figured she'd up the odds, you know? Can't say I blame her. I guess maybe I need a little incentive. Tony, too. It sure worked to boost my sales the first time, right? This time it's guaranteed to "incentivize" my ass.

It's not just a blowjob Tony gets, this time.

I mean, I can't say I'm not looking forward to it, but I'm pretty nervous.

I mean, that guy is *huge*. Believe me, if anyone knows, I do. Well... I do, and Anya does.

If I thought Tony's cock seemed big in my mouth, well... it'll *really* seem big up my ass.

But, like I said... I'm kinda looking forward to it.

So I guess maybe Anya and Tony were right about me all along.

I guess I'll find out, huh?

"Noise Complaint" first appeared in *Short & Sweet*, Edited by Michael Hemmingson. Blue Moon Books, 2006. Copyright © 2006, 2010, 2012 by the author.

## Noise Complaint by N.T. Morley

Rick Blake was a rookie, three months on patrol and still getting the hang of the paperwork. Michelle Quinn was six years into her career but still two years younger than Blake -- she'd started early, a few weeks out of junior college with her Associate's in Criminal Justice. Blake had spent time in the Marines, and had the tattoo, shrapnel wounds and honorable discharge to show for it. Once upon a time he'd figured he'd eventually be an officer or at least a noncom, but shit happens, and after the service he figured police work made sense.

Quinn, on the other hand -- she seemed like she knew she wanted to be a cop from the moment she crawled out of the crib.

And she'd learned fast, in more ways than one. Quinn had enough experience on the street to be entrusted with the rookies, but not enough to let her weasel out of it. Blake had been her partner for one year and he trusted her like he trusted no other human on Earth.

If Quinn hadn't been his partner, Blake would have made a play for her in an instant. Well, that wasn't strictly true, even though it was what he told himself to save his pride. In fact, he *had* made a play, in McMooney's pub after work, three beers toward paradise, when he was cocky and fresh and Annette had just left him.

In that brief, abortive encounter, Quinn made it clear that she called the shots. Actually, what she said as she separated their lips and blocked his next approach was this: "I'd say I'm flattered, Blake, but the fact is I know I can have just about any guy I want. So if I want you -- I'll let you know."

She'd winked at him, finished her beer, and left with a "See you bright an early" called over her shoulder. Blake watched that perfect ass sway out the door, in jeans cut too low for propriety. The navy blue poly-cotton uniform wasn't flattering enough for Quinn, so she made up for it off-duty.

Since that night, there had always been that slight tension between them that always comes when one person knows the other has a hard-on for them. Blake never tried again, but Quinn knew -- and Blake knew he knew -- that it hadn't just been a drunken lunge. He had a *thing*, and maybe that was why Quinn didn't answer questions about her personal life.

"Have a nice weekend?" he'd ask her.

"Relaxing," she'd say.

"Yeah? What'd you do?"

"Relaxed."

Hours upon hours of departmental sensitivity training be damned, the last thing Blake had to worry about was a harassment complaint from Quinn. He'd seen her take down a drunk twice her weight without breaking a sweat. The way that woman could apply handcuffs evoked shock and awe in her partner's heart. But that's not why he never made another pass at her.

That night in McMooney's, Quinn had made it quite clear that when it came to men, *she* called the shots. "So if I want you I'll let you know," she'd told him, and some part of Blake still hoped -- prayed, occasionally -- that someday she'd decided she *did* want him. Until that time, he didn't dare lift a finger. He even tried not to look -- but Quinn caught him looking, more than once, pretty often, actually. And once -- once, only -- she'd responded.

"Secure that shit, Marine," she'd smirked at him.

Reddening, chastened, Blake had looked away.

"Yes *Ma'am*!" he'd barked, and the two of them had laughed it off.

But he still looked, when he couldn't stop himself, and Quinn seemed to know -- almost with a sixth sense -- exactly when he was looking.

Half the time when it happened, Blake expected Quinn to clock him, maybe knee him in the balls.

The rest of the time, he expected her to grab him, shove him against the cruiser and kiss the living shit out of him.

Blake wasn't 100% sure which expectation was more the result of wishful thinking. Regardless, Quinn did neither, letting her partner look. Maybe she was just used to it. Then again -- more wishful thinking? -- maybe she didn't really mind.

#

It was just after three on one of those summer afternoons, with the fog rolling in off the bay and a salt tang to the air.

The call came in: A noise complaint over on 66th Street. They were on San Pablo Avenue, just past Dwight. When she heard the address, Quinn rolled her eyes. "Oh, Jesus," she said.

"Nature of the complaint?" she said into the handset, as if she knew.

"Amorous," said the dispatcher, flatly.

Quinn laughed.

Blake shot her a quizzical look. She shook her head and smiled.

"You'll see," she said, her voice a little huskier than he was used to hearing it. She gave him a look that left him remembering the taste of her lips, which was something he shouldn't have remembered, and Blake shifted uncomfortably in his seat as he took a flipped a U and headed back down San Pablo.

It had been a slow afternoon, one of those long afternoons with nothing but the heat and the noise complaints and kids lifting candy bars from

corner stores.

"Well," said Blake. "At least the fog's coming in. Should cool down."

"Yeah, I'd hate for it to get too hot," smirked Quinn.

#

Quinn pulled up to the curb and handed Blake the clipboard.

"Excuse me?" said Blake. "Am I doing this one solo?"

"Call it a gift," she said with a wink.

Blake shrugged. "All right." He got out of the car, slipping his baton into its holster and checking to make sure that his pistol was snapped in. He mounted the stairs to the house, glancing back once to see Quinn following him with her eyes.

It was a nondescript white door with a sign that said "PLEASE DO NOT KNOCK -- RING DOORBELL." He hit the doorbell once and waited. When nothing happened, he hit it again.

The door opened and Blake caught his breath. Standing there was a breathtaking young woman in a businesslike suit -- well, businesslike, but perhaps two sizes too small, so that her large breasts and full hips strained the plain gray fabric dangerously. The jacket plunged deep between the woman's ample breasts, showing that she wore nothing at all under the jacket. The tight miniskirt, similarly, was so short that it revealed the tops of her black stockings where they clipped on to her garters. Her makeup was heavy, but not tacky; she exuded sexy class, and Blake could smell her sexy, expensive perfume even over his own sweat.

"Can I help you, officer?"

"There's been a noise complaint," Blake managed to say, unable to keep his eyes from roving over the young woman's body. She couldn't have been much older than twenty-five, but she carried herself with the dignified air of a woman in command. Her blonde hair hung unrestrained and inviting around her shoulders.

Blake saw that behind the woman hung a ceiling-high black and white photograph of a woman in high boots and a corset, carrying a riding crop.

"Oh, I'm very sorry," said the woman. "Please allow me to apologize, Officer...Blake." She read his nametag and fixed his eyes with hers, knowing he had seen the print behind her. She gave Blake a tight little smile, as if she were indulging him just long enough for him to retain what little dignity he had. "We'll be sure to keep it down from now on." And he would have retained his dignity, then, by turning and leaving, if whoever had caused the noise in the first place hadn't chosen that moment to strike.

Blake heard it. Muffled, deep inside the apartment, Blake heard a bloodcurdling scream. Deeper, then, and low, a second scream turning to a rapturous moan halfway through.

"We've tried to soundproof," smiled the woman indulgently. "Some of my guests simply defy all measures of discretion."

Blake was totally at a loss. He found he could not tear his eyes away from the woman's body. "I...I'm supposed to check out...ah, can you hold on a moment?"

"Certainly," the woman said, an amused smile on her face.

Blake hit the radio, looking down the stairs to see Quinn leaning against the hood of the cruiser, smiling up at him.

Tipping his head toward his shoulder, he said into the radio: "Quinn. There's somebody screaming inside."

She answered with a jerk of her head toward her shoulder.

"Screaming? No. You don't say."

The woman in the doorway watched Blake with obvious interest, fighting hard to keep her smile from broadening as she heard his partner's response.

There was another distant *thwack!* and a long, low moan. A man was moaning, and Blake felt his heart pounding. Maybe things wouldn't have been so freaky if he hadn't recognized that sound -- it wasn't *familiar*, exactly, but he knew what it was.

"Um...should I check it out?"

He expected her to say no, to laugh, to tell him to get back down to the cruiser and stop wasting everybody's time. But that's not what she said.

"Yeah, Blake," said Quinn. "You'd better check it out."

"I'd be happy to give you a full tour," said the woman, putting her arm up so she could lean against the doorframe. From behind her came another muffled scream and moan.

"Thanks, Ma'am, thanks a lot, I appreciate that, I really appreciate that. Just a moment." Blake turned his head again, trying hard not to let the woman overhear. "I'd feel better if I wasn't alone," he hissed. "There might be female, ah, female citizens."

"Oh, I can guarantee you that," said the woman with a smile.

"Check it out, Blake," said Quinn over the radio. "That's an order."

Her voice had gone cold and firm. He figured the dispatcher, who could hear everything, was probably having one hell of a laugh at his expense.

Blake could feel his face getting hot. The woman in the doorway looked him up and down. He knew he should just walk back to the cruiser, orders

be damned. Who the fuck was Quinn to be ordering him around, anyway? Weren't they fucking partners? She never pulled rank on him. He should just blow her off.

Except that he *wanted* to look around, and Quinn had just given him the perfect opportunity. Shit, she had *ordered* him to. It's not like she'd know he wanted to. He could play it off like he was pissed; this was an initiation, and nobody had to know that his cock was stirring in his pants.

Except that the lady in the doorway seemed to know; something in the way she looked him up and down told him exactly what she was thinking.

That only made his cock get harder.

He couldn't walk back to the cruiser in this state; if there was a single policewoman on the force who wouldn't miss the slight tenting of Blake's uniform pants, it was Quinn. He had to buy some time; at least, that's what he told himself.

"Would....would you mind if I take a quick look around?"

"No problem," said the woman. "In fact, I would love it." She took a step away from the door and said "Come right in, officer."

She closed the door behind Blake and indicated the desk underneath the giant print of the woman in a corset. "This is our reception area," the woman said. "Oh, but I'm forgetting myself. My name is Mistress Jordana. Would you like a cup of coffee? A cold drink?"

"No, thank you."

"A donut, perhaps?"

He smiled. "Ms. Jordana, what is it exactly that you do here?"

"Not Ms. Jordana," she said. "Mistress Jordana."

"Excuse me?"

"Call me Mistress," said the woman. "Respectfully, Officer Blake, I ask that you call me Mistress. I call you Officer, don't I?"

"Uh....Mistress Jordana," he said awkwardly. "What is it that you do here?"

She laughed lightly. "First, Officer Blake, let me set your mind to rest. What we offer is fantasy fulfillment -- with no illegal activity whatsoever. I hope you don't think you've stumbled upon a house of ill repute, did you?"

The distant *thwack!* came again, followed by a moan.

"It had crossed my mind."

"Well I hope if I show you around that will ease your mind. Come with me."

Another scream-then-moan echoed through the small apartment. Mistress Jordana led Blake down a long corridor, her body looking divine as she walked gracefully on four-inch heels. Blake couldn't take his eyes off her. He fought to control his breath as he walked behind her, desperately wanting to speed up, catch her, spin her against the wall and kiss her -- hard.

The corridor sported several doors. Mistress Jordana led Blake to the one where the screams were loudest. She knocked once and opened the door.

Blake caught his breath.

Standing there was an Asian woman wearing a skimpy black bikini, its back nothing more than a thong that revealed the full swell of her smooth behind. Her bleached-blond hair danced around her shoulders as she turned to face the door. Blake saw that the bikini was, indeed, very skimpy, doing little to hide the size and shape of the woman's ample breasts. Blake could see the firm peaks of her nipples tenting the shimmering leather of the

bikini. Her knees, made of a similarly shiny leather, rose to her knees and lifted her several inches on spiked heels. Blake felt his pulse quickening.

"Mistress Anya," said Mistress Jordana. "This is Officer Blake. I didn't get your first name," she said.

"Just Officer Blake," he said. "Ms. Anya, I'm just checking out--"

"Ah, ah, ah," said Mistress Jordana. "That's *Mistress* Anya, remember. We're very particular around here. It's a woman's prerogative, at least in my house."

Blake reddened, feeling his temperature rise as he shifted under the uncomfortable gaze of the two women. That's when he saw it: Mistress Anya's victim.

He was enclosed entirely in leather -- leather sleeves cinched tight around his calves and legs, keeping him bent over uncomfortably. That's why Blake hadn't seen him at first against the black leather furnishings of the room. Mistress Anya had been blocking the one part of him that was exposed: His ass. A smooth-shaved, pale ass, crisscrossed with angry red stripes.

Mistress Anya was holding a thin, flexible cane.

"I'm just...checking out the noise complaint. I heard screams, and..."

Mistress Anya laughed, her pale lips and Nordic features twisting with arrogance. "Of course you heard screams," she said. "Didn't he, Reggie?"

There came a squeak from the trussed-up bundle on its knees.

"Normally we wouldn't let you into a room while a session is in progress," said Mistress Jordana. "But Reggie's favorite turn-on is being humiliated in front of other men. Isn't that right, Reggie?"

Another squeak, as what must have been the guy's leather-hooded head bobbed up and down.

"Particularly cops," whispered Mistress Jordana.

"You don't say," said Blake, reddening further. His hard-on was *not* going away, and from the way Mistress Jordana's eyes flickered down the front of his body, it was pretty obvious that she knew it.

"Reggie, I know you can't see, but this is a police officer. He's come to respond to a noise complaint because you're such a little piggy. Oink, oink, Reggie."

"Oink, oink," murmured Reggie.

"My neighbors have a right to their peace and quiet, don't they? Would you like this nice officer to take you into the station, arrest you as a pervert, trussed up like that, and let everyone know how he found you?"

Reggie's whole body shuddered, and Blake heard a muffled sob.

"I'll be going, now," said Blake, feeling the sweat collect in the small of his back. "Thank you very much."

He turned and began stalking toward the front door. Mistress Jordana said "Keep the piggy quiet. Gag him if you have to" and closed the door to follow Blake at a casual pace, clearly unhurried. Blake found himself stopping at the door, one hand on the doorknob.

When he turned, Mistress Jordana stood before him, looking gorgeous and magnificent in her skintight business suit. Only now, he noticed, she held a riding crop at her side.

"Is there something more you wanted to say, Officer?"

"I'd appreciate it if you could please keep the noise down," he said meekly, his cop-voice utterly failing him at that moment.

Mistress Jordana gave Blake an indulgent smile.

He saw that she was holding out her hand, offering him a cream-colored card. "Certainly. If you ever need to quiet us again, Officer, please don't hesitate to call me. We're open 24/7. And I do mean 24/7." She winked at him.

Blake didn't know why he took the card; he just did.

He started down the stairs.

Mistress Jordana stood in the doorway, and when Blake glanced up he saw that she had unbuttoned her businesslike jacket another two buttons, almost revealing the full mounds of her breasts. He could see the press of the nipples, hard against the gray fabric.

Mistress Jordana called after him. "Bye bye, Officer. Hope to be of service again sometime."

Blake had been in such a hurry to get out of there that he'd entirely forgotten about the stretching feeling in his crotch; his hard-on was there, obvious to all. Thank God no one was out on the street to see it.

But Quinn was there. She leaned against the hood of the cruiser, watching him as she approached. Her full lips were twisted in a smile, and for once *she* was the one looking. Blake even thought he saw her eyes lingering -- right on his bulge. He felt the cold stab of humiliation that did *not* help him lose the hard-on.

On the contrary, it did something to him having Quinn look him over like that, obviously knowing his every filthy thought about Mistress Jordana, Mistress Anya and the borderline-illegal bullshit that went on in that house. It made his heart pound, his cock throb.

It made him want Quinn in a way he'd never wanted her before. And Quinn, as was made obvious by the simmering twinkle in her eyes, knew it.

Just like the bitch fucking knew everything.

"Interesting call, huh, Blake?"

"Yeah," he growled as he rounded the cruiser and got in. "Fuckin' laugh riot."

"Oh," sighed Quinn with pleasure, "this is so far beyond funny that there aren't words to describe it." She leaned through the driver's side window and looked right at his crotch. "How you feelin' down there, Blake?"

Blake crossed his legs as Quinn got into the driver's seat.

"Unit 14," she said into the radio. "Noise complaint abated. No report necessary."

Blake squirmed in his seat.

#

They rode the next two hours in silence, Blake fuming about the obvious pleasure Quinn had taken over his predicament. "What was that?" he finally burst out. "Some kind of initiation?"

"Nah," said Quinn. "Your initiation was when the guys got you drunk until you passed out and wrote 'cocksucker' on your forehead with magic marker."

Blake's heart pounded. Jesus, Quinn *did* know everything.

"Why did you send me in there?"

Quinn laughed. "Because I didn't feel like dealing with it. Besides, Rick, I thought you'd find it amusing. I mean, the things some guys do to get off, right?"

Blake's fuming was lessened only slightly by the fact that she'd used his first name -- something she almost never did.

"We should run them in for prostitution."

"Oh, come on," said Quinn. "They're not prostitutes. No sex. All they do is tie a guy up and slap him around. Or handcuff him. Hell, I handcuff guys for a living." Quinn shot him a wicked glance. "Want to arrest me, officer?"

Blake couldn't believe it. "What -- now you're going to flirt with me."

Quinn let out an uproarious laugh.

"I told you once, Ricky. If I'm flirting with you, you'll know it, because you'll be flat on your back and I'll be riding you."

Blake's heart was a jackhammer. Fuck, she *was* flirting with him.

"If I'm flirting with you," growled Quinn, as if to put Blake back in his place. She was getting *off* on this. The bitch was getting off on the fact that she'd just humiliated her partner. But something told Blake this wasn't an initiation -- it was something much nastier. Because the way Quinn's eyes had lingered on his crotch told him they had crossed a line -- a line partners never crossed. Quinn knew something about him -- something even Annette hadn't known, not entirely, not completely, though Annette was the only woman who had ever, in fact, known any small part of it.

Now, Quinn knew another small part of Blake's soul, a part he had kept hidden. She knew that the sight of a guy getting punished had given him a hard-on and rendered him a gibbering fool. She knew what turned him. She knew what hit him in the *balls*.

And she liked that knowledge; that much was clear. Even her snide comment about how he'd know she was flirting with him....fuck, did Quinn swing that way? He'd always figured she was a dyke.

"Something on your mind, Officer Blake?"

"No," he grumbled. "Nothing on my mind, Officer Quinn. Nothing at all."

#

He couldn't even make it home before he jerked off. He had to secret himself in the restroom of the stationhouse locker room, his pants around his ankles, legs spread as he worked his cock for about five thrusts before he shot his load into a wad of toilet paper. He couldn't stop thinking about the way Quinn had looked leaning up against the hood of the cruiser, lithe and muscled in her navy-blue uniform -- and looking at him, really *looking*, drinking in the sight of that hard-on and knowing just what a fucking perv he really was.

Breathing hard, slumped on the toilet, Blake remembered the sight of the petite Mistress Jordana standing so statuesque on her high heels, shorter than him but somehow magnificent, as if she were towering over him. The image of her towering over him -- him on his knees, bound, not like Reggie, but *exposed*, maybe with his wrists cuffed and his legs spread, his cock standing hard and ready as Mistress Jordana bent down to caress it with her fingertips...

Blake wanted her so bad it hurt. He wanted her just as bad as he wanted Quinn, but with Quinn he was used to it -- used to lusting after her, craving her, thinking about her while he was off duty. This Jordana chick -- that was new. She was the first woman in months who had blotted the thought of his partner out of Blake's head.

He would have done anything to have her. The mere thought of a woman who slapped men around for a living -- that was something that drove him fucking nuts. He knew they didn't fuck for money -- that his hopes of fucking Mistress Jordana lay solely in getting her to go out on a date with him. But would she even give him the time of day if he wasn't offering to pay?

#

"Thank you so much for the kind invitation, Officer Blake, but I'm afraid I don't date much. My business keeps me so very busy. Now, if you were to want an appointment as a client.... that just might be another story. If you'd like, I can check my schedule."

Blake said he didn't, thanked Mistress Jordana, and hung up.

Five minutes later he called her back.

Her laugh was cruel, self-satisfied, a humiliation for Blake to hear. He was crawling back to her, hungry to pay for the privilege of having her hurt him.

But something in that knowledge sent a thrill through him -- he was abasing himself in the forlorn hope that she would permit him to know her.

"Well, Officer Blake, to tell you the truth, I rarely see beginning clients. I would have to make quite an exception, since my demands are of a...how should I say this? Of a higher level than my apprentices. I am afraid I would find your submission rather elementary."

"I could try," blurted Blake embarrassingly. "I would try very hard. I promise. I'd do anything you ask."

He was shocked to hear himself saying it -- but he couldn't stop himself.

Mistress Jordana laughed again, this time even more cruelly, plainly taking intense pleasure in hearing Blake beg. "I'm sure you would try very, very hard, Officer Blake. And you most certainly would do anything I demand, though you should know right now that I never, ever ask."

She cleared her throat. "However: if you've never done this before, you've quite a way to go before you could even begin to entertain me with

your submission. That's why I think you'd be better served with one of my apprentices. Officer Blake, I have just the girl in mind. Mistress Violet. I think she just might be your type."

"I...I was really hoping for a session with you," rasped Blake.

"As I've explained," said Mistress Jordana sternly, "You've quite a bit of learning to do before that would be appropriate. Mistress Violet can begin your training."

Blake remembered, vividly, the sight of Mistress Jordana's body in that tight suit, her slim, luscious legs clad in black stockings, pointed invitingly on high heels. "Is she...does she look like you?"

Mistress Jordana chuckled.

"Now, what would that mean, Officer Blake?"

"Is she...as pretty as you?"

"Officer Blake, you should know the answer to that. Nobody is as pretty as me. You said you work day shifts? Be here at 7:00 pm tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" he croaked.

Mistress Jordana hung up.

#

Blake thought for sure he would chicken out. About a dozen times through his day shift, he wanted to tell Quinn what he was about to do -- she would understand, wouldn't she? And maybe talk him out of it. He was about to pay for the privilege of being dominated, and he wouldn't even be dominated by the woman he wanted. He was being sloughed off on some second-rate flunky -- Mistress Violet.

But he couldn't tell Quinn -- not after the way she'd clocked him. Not after she'd humiliated him. He was still pissed off about it, sure. But there was something more to it; he *wanted* to confess to her. He wanted to tell Quinn everything. About the way he'd moaned when Annette had raked her nails down his back, leaving deep furrows. About how it had felt when Annette had wrestled him down onto the bed and slammed her knee into him from behind. About how it had been the few times Annette had tied him to the bed frame, spanked the shit out of him. About how Annette's hand had felt buried in his ass. How, after Annette had left him, he'd placed a personal ad and got nothing.

But he couldn't tell Quinn anything, not now that she *knew* what had happened to him in that innocuous-looking 66th Street dungeon. Anything he told her would be too much, and not enough.

So when she said casually to him, near the end of their shift, "Any plans for tonight?" he'd answered noncommittally.

"Oh, you know," he said. "Meeting up with some friends."

"Nice relaxing evening," murmured Quinn, looking away.

"Yeah," said Blake. "Relaxing."

#

Quinn had put in for an hour's leave -- something about a doctor's appointment -- so Blake stayed at the stationhouse for the last hour of his shift, doing paperwork. By the time he left it was almost 6:30, and he barely had time to shower in the locker room.

He drove his Norton through traffic, lane-splitting and hitting the sidewalk; he knocked on Mistress Jordana's at exactly 7:10.

Mistress Anya opened the door, bearing an expression that made it quite clear she was not pleased.

"I...I thought Mistress Jordana would be here," said Blake pathetically.

Anya's delicate features twisted in an expression of amused contempt. Blake's eyes flickered over her body; she wore a skintight shimmery leather catsuit that clung so tightly to her curves that almost as little was hidden as had been hidden by the leather bikini. The pants were so tight that Blake could see the full lips of her pussy shaping the patent leather. He felt his cock stirring as Mistress Anya leaned against the doorframe, smiling at him cruelly, waiting.

"I'm...I'm sorry," said Blake. "May I come in?"

"You'll have to do more than apologize," said Anya. "I intend to make you pay for that remark."

Blake reddened. Now his cock was fully hard, uncomfortably bent against the bulging front of his jeans. He wanted to shift and readjust it to ease the pain, but Mistress Anya was watching him very closely.

"Yes, of course," said Blake. "I'm sorry. That...that was insensitive. Of course I'll be punished. May I come in?"

He felt ridiculous standing in the doorway with a hard-on, Mistress Anya surveying his body as she shifted from one foot to the other so aware of the pain in his crotch.

"Not until you tell me what else you'll be punished for."

Blake glanced at his watch. "I'm...I was ten minutes late."

"Fifteen, now."

"But...I'm here."

"You're not here," said Mistress Anya, "Until you drop to your knees and beg to be let in."

Blake's face went hot, his heart pounding in his ears.

"Right here?"

"Uh-huh," smiled Mistress Anya. "In front of the neighbors."

Blake's cock throbbed painfully as he felt himself doing it. He shouldn't, he knew -- there might be neighbors who had seen him here in his uniform a few days ago. There might be those who recognized him.

But before he could stop his body's descent, he found himself on his knees, head bowed before Mistress Anya.

"That's a good start. Now what do we say, Richard?"

He felt a twinge of embarrassment as she used that name -- nobody but his mother called him Richard.

"Please, may I come in?" asked Blake. He felt a surge going to his crotch.

"Call me by name."

"Please, Mistress Anya. May I come in?" Blake felt his breath going out in a rush as he said it.

"Not until you take your dick out."

Blake sputtered, not believing what she'd said.

"Now," said Mistress Anya. "You made a rude remark *and* you were fifteen minutes late. Now take your dick out."

It was still light outside. Shutting his eyes very tight, Blake groped at his fly. He unzipped it, reached into his jeans, and took out his cock, hard and hot. He shuddered as he imagined people on the street watching him.

Mistress Anya stepped aside and Blake went to stand up.

"Uh-uh," she said. "Crawl."

Blake gritted his teeth as he crawled through the door, his hard cock bouncing against the cold metal of his belt buckle.

#

"Men do not walk in here," said Mistress Anya, leading Blake down the corridor. "Remain on your knees."

She opened a door and indicated that Blake should enter.

He stopped in the doorway, looking up to see a small, room lit only by dim side lights on the wall. In the center of the room was a velvet easy chair with a side table. On the side table was a small lamp, a pack of imported cigarettes, a lighter, a clean ashtray, and an ornate, antique-looking lacquered box about the size of a shoebox.

What dominated Blake's vision, however, was what sat in the corner. It was a small metal cage -- just big enough for a large dog. Or a human.

"Take your clothes off," ordered Mistress Anya. "Fold them neatly and leave them in a pile by the door. Take out your wallet and leave the agreed-upon tribute on the table. Then turn off the light --" she indicated the light switch near the door -- "and lock yourself into the cage. The cage door will lock behind you."

Mistress Anya left the room, closing the door behind her.

Blake stood, forgetting his orders -- but then, how was he to undress if he was kneeling? He inhaled the strong scent of the room as he undressed: leather, incense, perfume and sweat. The scent of submission.

He took out five \$100 bills and placed them on the side table, folded over. He paused for a moment, wondering, then took out another two bills and placed them atop the others. With no wife, a studio apartment, and no car, plus hours upon hours of departmental overtime, the money had been building up in Blake's account. Mistress Jordana had not once mentioned money. He did not know how much he should offer. He only knew that the thought of not offering enough did more than just frighten him.

Blake looked at the lacquered box. He glanced around furtively -- as if someone were watching him.

He lifted the lid of the box and his heart pounded. Inside were a small bundle of ropes and a short, heavy flogger folded over.

Blake wanted more than almost anything else in the world to put his clothes back on and flee. Taking or leaving the money did not enter into his thoughts. He wanted to run like he'd never wanted anything -- with one exception. The only thing he wanted to do more was stay.

He closed the lid, turned off the light, returned to his hands and knees. He crawled into the cage, naked.

He pulled the cage door closed behind him, and it clicked shut. He had heard that sort of click so many times in the stationhouse -- but not nearly as many times there as he had heard it in his fantasies.

Blake breathed in the scent of the darkened room.

#

Blake lost track of time as he lay there on the sanded wooden floor of the cage. Had he been there ten minutes? Thirty minutes? An hour? One thing he knew for sure: He never lost his hard-on. Not for an instant.

Blake felt a rush of indignation, once, angry that Mistress Violet was making him wait. But then he remembered that tone in Mistress Jordana's

voice when he had begged her to see him personally. He remembered that he had given up all rights, all dignity. And knowing that, he felt a new surge of pleasure to his hard cock.

He was lost in the darkness when he heard the door open, saw the body outlined in the dim light from the hallway. Magnificent, breathtaking, bewitching. She was bigger than Mistress Jordana, taut and muscled, athletic in shape. But her posture communicated a similar authority even in near-darkness.

Blake placed his hands on the bars and pressed his face against them, eyes wide as he took in her shape. She was silhouetted against the light from the hallway, the room still in total darkness. Blake could not see her well, so he could not be sure -- but she appeared to be naked. Except for the high-heeled boots that laced up to her knees -- Blake could see the laces there, blackened bows against the door-light -- her magnificent body was smooth.

As she turned slightly, approaching the cage and leaving the dungeon door open, Blake got a bit of a better look at her. She was tall -- she would have towered over him even if he hadn't been kneeling in the cage. Maybe even if she hadn't been wearing the high-heeled boots.

Now that she was closer, more of Mistress Violet was evident. In the slanting light from the door, Blake could not see her face -- just her body. She was indeed naked except for the boots. She was slim, her body taut with muscles. Her breasts were high, tight against her athletic body.

And her pussy was bare -- not just nude, but shaved.

Blake's eyes flickered toward the end table again, desperately seeking the implement that had so terrified him before. But it was lost in darkness.

Mistress Violet walked to the table, picked up the money and counted it quickly. Blake watched her silhouette as she returned the bills to the table. Mistress Violet took a step back, reached out, and closed the door to the dungeon.

It was now darker than pitch. Blake could not see Mistress Violet. But he could smell her, a familiar, enticing scent he knew far, far too well from many long afternoons in the squad car, wanting her.

It was just his mind, playing tricks on him. He was still hung up on Quinn. The scent of her filled his mind. All women smelled the same. There was nothing familiar about this one. She was just a whore, he told himself, a whore he'd paid to use him.

But she *did* smell like Quinn, more than Blake could have dreamed. He could smell her sweat, the faint hint of rose from the body scrub she used. He could smell her sweat and her sex. Ripe, musky, sharp and insistent, he could smell Mistress Violet's cunt, wet and eager to use him.

And he could hear her. He could hear the sound of Mistress Violet's high-heeled boots as she walked across hardwood. He heard the rustle of the velvet chair as the Mistress descended into it. He heard the faint electric buzz as the lock to his cage released itself.

"Crawl to my voice," said Mistress Violet.

It hit Blake like a piledriver, that voice, consuming his body with fear and hunger. Had he known? Of course not. He never would have dreamed. All those *relaxing* evenings he'd asked her about. She'd been relaxing, all right.

Shaking, he crawled through the door of the cage and approached Mistress Violet, seeking her in the blackness.

He could smell her more strongly, now, smell her sweat, her pussy, the scent of roses. When he was very close, he felt her fingers snaking through his hair.

"Quinn," he said breathlessly.

Her open palm met his face with a vicious slap. Stunned, Blake looked up at her.

"Here," hissed Quinn. "It's Mistress Violet. And I'm still not flirting with you, Blake. When I am, you'll know. Haven't I always promised you that?"

"Yes," he said.

She slapped him again.

He didn't have to be told. "Yes, Mistress."

Another slap.

"Yes," he bleated. "Mistress Violet."

She leaned forward, her face close to his. He could smell her sweet breath, the faint scent of her perfume, the aroma of her body. "This is what you've always wanted, isn't it, Blake?"

Blake opened his mouth to speak, but his voice caught in his throat.

"Ask for it, Officer," Quinn growled. "Ask for it, beg for it, or if it's too much for you, you're welcome to put your clothes on and leave. I'll even let you take your five hundred dollars with you."

This time, Blake found his voice.

"No, Mistress," he said. "I don't want to leave."

Again, a slap across his face, sending surges of heat into his swollen cock.

"Then do what a slave does," she told him. "Beg for it."

Blake took a deep breath, cleared his throat.

"Take me," he said.

She seized his face, pinching his cheeks between her fingers. She forced his head back, looking deep into his eyes, and in that moment Blake felt something deep inside him breaking, the longing he'd harbored for months suddenly crashing through him like a waterfall.

"Not good enough," Quinn growled.

"Please, Mistress Violet," he murmured, his voice distorted by her hand holding his jaw. "Please take me. Let me pleasure you."

"You sound like a bad phone-sex ad," she growled.

His voice quavered as he whimpered, pathetically: "Please."

Quinn let go of him. He heard her picking something up from the side table -- heard the crinkle of plastic that told him it was the pack of cigarettes. He had never seen Quinn smoke before. Of course, he was not seeing her now.

"May I?" he asked breathlessly.

"Be my guest," she said. "Slave."

Blake reached out in the dark and felt around for the lighter. He flicked it, and in the light of the cool butane flame he saw Quinn's familiar face leaning close, dipping the tip of the cigarette into the flame.

Their eyes met, and Blake could not look away. She looked nothing like the Quinn he knew on patrol -- she was made up, her lips painted a deep burgundy, her eyes darkened by mascara and eyeliner. She looked feminine, yes, in a way female cops couldn't -- but there was more to it. In her cold green eyes he saw a Quinn he had never met -- and yet it was the Michelle Quinn he'd always known, the Quinn he'd always wanted.

He released the lighter and the room went black -- except for the glowing cherry of her cigarette. He smelled the smoke as she blew it at him in a big cloud of implied contempt.

"You do remember what I've always told you, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Blake, breathing her smoke mixed with the scent of her body.

"What have I told you, slave?" she asked him.

"That if you're flirting with me, I'll know it."

"How will you know it?"

"I'll be flat on my back," he said. "And you'll be riding me."

Quinn laughed, took a long drag off the cigarette and blew smoke at him again.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, Blake?"

Blake's head spun with the way she used "Blake" and "slave" interchangeably. Christ, was this Quinn or was this some delusional fantasy? Had Mistress Anya dosed him -- was he even now slumbering in the cage, dreaming of his partner? Or had she harbored secrets even darker than his, all those days and nights cruising around in the squad car while he ached to know what she looked like under that navy blue uniform?

"Yes," said Blake breathlessly. "If it pleases you."

"Is that what you think pleases me?" said Quinn, an edge in her voice.

"I don't know what pleases you," said Blake. "Please, Mistress...if it pleases you to show me..."

Quinn laughed and blew smoke.

"Show me what you think pleases a woman."

Blake hesitated. Quinn drew on the cigarette and Blake could see just a hint of her face as the cherry flared.

But he didn't need to see what she did next -- he could feel the brush of her legs as she spread them.

Nervously, Blake leaned forward.

Half of him could not believe that it would happen, but the other half wanted it more than anything in the world. He pressed his mouth to Quinn's shaved cunt, the smoothness unfamiliar and frightening. It felt like such a submissive act; he had eaten Annette so many times -- always fantasizing that he was being *made* to do it. Now, he was volunteering -- but it felt like an even greater act of submission, because both he and Quinn knew that this was his desperate plea to be allowed to service her.

His tongue slid between her smooth, swollen, warm lips and he began to tongue her.

"Gently at first," she growled. "This isn't a departmental picnic, motherfucker."

Each time he heard that voice, Blake sank deeper into his desire. He wanted to get up, run away, but he knew that he would not. He knew that he had offered himself, and now he was about to be taken.

He eased up the pressure on Quinn's sex, letting his tongue slide gently around her lips. She let out a low, soft moan and her ass inched further forward on the velvet chair. She brought one hand to his head and took hold of his hair; the other, holding the cigarette, rested gently on his shoulder, the cherry tipped just close enough that he could feel the warmth. She was telling him that she could cause him pain as easily as she could allow him to give her pleasure. The heat of the cigarette made Blake tremble.

"Harder, now," she said. "Lick me harder."

Her hands still gripping his hair, she pressed his mouth more firmly against her cunt. Blake licked deeper, sliding his tongue between her lips, entering her cunt with the tip. She coaxed him deeper, and her muscles tightened against him as he penetrated her with the apex of his tongue. He heard a soft gasp, and then a low moan as she settled into the sensations.

Blake had been with enough women to know that no two like it exactly the same -- but he desperately wanted to please Quinn, and the tension tightened his whole naked body.

"Relax," she growled, and it was not meant to be a comforting reassurance -- it was an order. "You're doing acceptably so far. And if you're not, you'll know it. Because you'll feel my hand shoving its way into your ass."

The sound of that promise -- threat? -- made Blake's whole body shiver, and he relaxed into the task, tonguing Quinn's pussy with newfound hunger.

She crushed out her cigarette and bent forward, then, reaching down Blake's muscled back and cupping the curve of his buttocks. Her finger touched his asshole, and a shiver went through him. He licked her more deeply, his enthusiasm growing as her hand trailed away from his ass.

Quinn leaned back into the soft velvet, spreading her legs wide and propping them up on the arms of the chair. With her legs spread so wide, her sex was fully exposed, and Blake took the gesture to mean that she wanted *more*. He strove to give it to her. His tongue picked up speed, delving into her cunt, tasting her; his lips teased hers, gently suckling.

"Now the clit," she whispered, her fingers tight in his hair. "Not that you should have to be told."

Blake felt his cheeks growing hot with shame -- a shame that pulsed down into his crotch and made his cock get even harder. He slid his tongue to Quinn's clit and began to lick, fervently, eagerly.

"Suction," she commanded. "Just a little."

He suckled her clit into his mouth and rhythmically tongued it, bringing a long, low, rapturous moan from Quinn's parted lips. She had ceased to grip his hair tightly and now ran her fingers through it as he licked her -- almost a gesture of affection.

"More," she mewled, and Blake obeyed her, suckling her clit harder and licking her, as if he were nursing on her, drawing all the sustenance he would ever need from Quinn's swollen, sensitive clit.

Her moans changed timbre, then. They softened, then tightened, growing in volume as she coaxed him on. "Faster," she said breathlessly. "Don't lose the rhythm. Lose the rhythm, slave, and you'll be very sorry." Her voice had lost none of its edge, but Blake could hear the faintest hint of affection in that command, that threat -- he knew he was doing it right. He felt his heart pounding, his cock surging with pleasure. His stomach swirled. He poured everything he had into the action of tonguing Quinn's clit, and was rewarded with the steady rhythmic rising of her moans. When her hips began to grind in rhythm, he lost his concentration and pulled back a bit. Quinn's response was a tightening of her fingers in his hair, jerking his head back. A hard slap crossed his face.

"Lose the rhythm now, slave," she growled, "and you'll find out what it means to displease your Mistress."

She thrust his face back between her legs, and this time Blake did not lose the rhythm as she began to pump her hips. He rode her desperately, her clit sucked firmly into her mouth, his tongue working it eagerly. Her moans grew louder. He knew it was coming. With her hands on the arms of the chair, Quinn lifted her well-toned ass full into the air, viciously fucking Blake's face. He rode her. She came, her cry of pleasure verging on a scream.

She settled back into the chair, cradling his head and pushing his mouth hard against her sex. Blake did not stop until she took hold of his hair again

and pulled his face back.

He gasped there, panting, his face dripping Quinn's juices. His eyes flickered up to meet hers; his look was greeted with another slap across his face.

"You make eye contact," she said, her voice hoarse after her orgasm, "when I tell you to make eye contact."

"Yes, Mistress," whispered Blake, dropping his eyes. He could feel the cool moisture of Quinn's pussy on his lips; he didn't know whether he should lick his lips or not. He tried an experimental lick, tasting the thick coating of juices that slicked his lips.

Quinn laughed.

"Does that taste good, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Blake softly.

"Good," she told him. "You should get very, very used to it."

Blake didn't even have a moment to understand what she was saying -- what she was promising him? -- before she gripped his hair and bent down low, her mouth meeting his and her teeth violently raking his lower lip. Her tongue forced its way into Blake's slack mouth, and he whimpered softly as she kissed him deeply.

Then she leaned back, her thighs coming together, one leg hooking around his back and pulling his face into her lap again. She reached out to the table and switched on the lamp.

The light stung Blake's eyes, and he shut them tight. Though he longed to look up at Quinn, he did not -- but then again, he did not have to, to know what she was doing. The creak of the antique lacquered box told him all he needed to know.

"You know what's in here, don't you, Blake?"

Blake fought for his answer, his face pressed against the smooth folds of Quinn's cunt.

He nodded.

"Were you instructed to look in the box?"

"No, Mistress," said Blake, his voice muffled.

"Tsk, ts," she said. "This could have been so much more pleasant for you." She leaned forward slightly, and her hand left a hard path down his back. "Now I'm going to have to mark up this beautiful back of yours. It's really a damn shame, Blake."

She reached out and took the flogger.

Quinn moved like an acrobat, then, shoving Blake forward, rising out of the chair and swinging one leg artfully over his head. Behind him, now, graceful as a ballerina, she put the sole of one high-heeled boot right in the small of his back and shoved him, hard, into the chair.

He gripped the arms of it, face pressed to the damp seat. He could smell the juices that had collected there. More than that, he could smell the musky scent of Quinn's ass. He breathed deeply as she took her foot of his back, stepped back, and drove the point of her stiletto heel into the flesh of his ass.

"Put it up, slave," she purred. "Show me your ass."

She bent down low so her breath was hot against his ear, against his neck. "Show it to me like you want me to fuck it, Blake."

Blake did so, lifting his ass high, trembling in anticipation of the first blow. Quinn took a few steps back, pacing back and forth, surveying her conquest.

Then Blake heard the whistle of the flogger through the thick, smoky air, and his naked body spasmed in pain as the tails ripped fire across his muscled back.

He heard Quinn laughing; his cock tightened and throbbed with the sound of it.

"What do you say?" she asked him.

"Thank you, Mistress," he said, his words muffled by the seat of the velvet chair. He took a deep breath of Quinn's scent, and cried out as the next blow crossed his back. His cock ached with every surge of pain that Quinn sent through him.

The blows came slow, at first, each one hard, making Blake jerk and writhe against the chair as he blurted out his thanks. When his ass would move out of position, Quinn would kick it and bark an order. Then the flogger would fall again, and each blow came quicker than the last. Soon the blows were coming too quickly for Blake to thank her for every single one -- his lips moved endlessly in rapid benediction: "thank you, thank you, thank you." The speed of the blows did not lighten their weight -- and only minutes into the punishment, Quinn's arm was a whirlwind, drawing a zigzag of agony across Blake's back.

When Quinn finally rested, breathing hard, Blake managed a soft "Thank you, Mistress," and she lunged forward onto him.

Her nails dug into his back, raking paths of fire across the agonized flesh. She kept them short, like all cops -- but she kept them sharp. Blake cried out as Quinn left furrows down his already tortured back -- but it was the weight of her body against him, her knee planted on his tailbone, made him cry out in a scream, his loudest yet.

"Do you think we're going to get a noise complaint?" growled Quinn.

Blake was well beyond a coherent answer. What happened next all but destroyed his ability to think -- the feel of it was so intense that he couldn't even believe it was happening, at first.

Quinn reached down between his slightly spread legs and grabbed his balls, squeezing them firmly.

Quinn made a strangled sound, then a pathetic whimper. He braced himself for the pain of Quinn's hand closing more firmly around his balls -- but then he felt her hand creeping up, seizing his hard cock. She had come down against his back, legs spread, and he could feel her pussy, dripping wet.

She was breathing hard, very hard, and Blake could hear the arousal in her voice.

Quinn bent forward, her mouth close to Blake's ear. She still held his cock, squeezing it firmly.

"You want to put this inside me, don't you?" she said.

Blake could barely speak. "If...it....should....please you," he breathed, "Mistress."

Quinn laughed, the contempt rich in her voice as she stroked his prick.

"How long do you think you could last, slave?" she sighed. "All worked up like this?"

"Not long, Mistress," whimpered Blake.

"We can fix that," said Quinn. Depositing the flogger on the side table, she reached in to the lacquered box. When Blake, forgetting himself, lifted his face from the seat of the velvet chair to see what she was doing, he received a hard slap on his ass.

"Face down," snapped Quinn. "I'll do whatever I want to you, won't I?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Blake, planting his face in the chair.

"And you've got nothing to say about it, do you?"

"No, Mistress," said Blake, and felt Quinn seizing his balls still more firmly. The rope went around them, tight, causing Blake to cry out as his balls were distended painfully. Quinn grabbed his hair and dragged Blake out of the chair, spinning him around with the same skill she'd used to take down three-hundred-pound drunks on the street.

"Spread your legs," she barked, and Blake did. It only took her a moment more to secure his balls, tight, forcing them down in a tight, agonized bondage.

She stood, surveying her handiwork with a nasty smile.

"Think you could last long enough for me now?" she asked him.

"I don't know, Mistress," said Blake, his voice hoarse with the pain in his tortured balls. His cock stretched firm and straight up his belly, feeling bigger and harder than ever before. The pain only made him want it more.

Quinn walked a slow circle around Blake, looking him over. Blake's eyes roved around the room, always coming back to Quinn as she made her languid circuit, smiling down at him cruelly.

"I'll try, Mistress," he finally managed to squeak.

Quinn ended her circuit of the room over at the side table, where she picked up the cigarettes and shook one out. She tossed the lighter on the floor next to Blake, and started toward him.

She straddled him, towering over his nude and prone body. She fitted the cigarette between her burgundy lips.

Then she came down hard on top of him, her legs spread around his hips, her naked body pressing hard against his.

She skillfully found the head of his cock with her pussy -- not even needing a hand to guide it. Like it had been made to go there.

Quinn looked into Blake's eyes and sneered.

"Light me up," she growled around her cigarette.

Blake reached out and fumbled with the lighter; as he worked it unsuccessfully, Quinn drew her hips in a long, slow circle, nuzzling the head of his cock a millimeter into her.

He finally got the lighter going, reached up for it, lit Quinn's cigarette.

Upright on him, poised to take him, Quinn savored a long, languid drag on it before she came down on him, shoving her cunt onto his cock so hard that he could feel the stroke exploding through his pained balls.

Blake cried out at the top of his lungs, the lighter skidding across the floor. His hips rose to meet Quinn's downward thrust, and she sighed.

"Nothing like a good cigarette," she purred, and began to fuck him.

She took her time, blowing smoke into his face, grinding her hips back and forth as she captured his cock deep inside her. She locked her eyes in his through the cloud of smoke, and crushed the cigarette out on the floor just before she came the first time. He could feel her pussy clenching tight, the muscles contracting rhythmically as she moaned in orgasm -- and then she slumped forward onto him, clutching him tight but never breaking eye contact as she climaxed.

"Blake," she growled.

He looked into her eyes, mouth open wide, unable to speak.

"I'm flirting with you now," she told him, and began to pump her hips wildly, fucking his agonized cock with a fury that would have made him come immediately -- if his Mistress hadn't tied him so tight.

#

She came three more times, and after the second orgasm she no longer tried to keep up the appearance of disinterest. She fucked him wildly, her fingernails leaving deep lines down his chest, her mouth savaging his as she pleased herself on his cock. He reached a point where not even the tight binding of his balls could keep him from coming -- the orgasm was building deep inside him, as painful as it was ecstatic, threatening to rip him apart.

"Mistress," he gasped out as he realized he was reaching the point of no return.

"I know," she growled, and seized his hair, holding his face steady so she could look into his eyes as he came.

With his balls so distended, the sensation of orgasm all but obliterated him. He thought he would pass out. It was the most extreme physical sensation he had ever experienced, the violent spasm of pleasure that erupted through his tightly bound balls as he let himself go inside Quinn. His eyes rolled back into his head, and Quinn slapped him, bringing him back -- so she could look into his eyes as the pain and the pleasure overwhelmed him.

Her body went limp on top of him, and she did not move to take his softening cock out of her. Instead, she lay there, her rhythmic pants turning to sighs as Blake shivered all over.

Not a word passed between them, not even when Quinn finally tugged his soft cock out of her pussy and lifted herself off of him. Blake watched wordlessly as Quinn walked over to the side table and picked up the money he had left there.

Then, without looking back at him, she walked to the door and left.

Blake might have despaired, then -- spent, used, abandoned. Except that as Quinn walked away, he had seen something that told him what he wanted to know -- something he never would have dreamed of.

Her legs were trembling. She even swayed a bit as she left the room.

Blake waited a long time before crawling to his clothes, climbing into them, and leaving. His watch told him it was after midnight; the entire house was dark and silent.

Blake closed the door behind him.

#

Quinn didn't say a word out of order during their next shift together. He could still feel the pain in his balls where he'd cut off the rope after returning home; that, more than anything, proved to him that the encounter had been real. Even the stripes on his back and the furrows on his chest didn't do as much to convince him that it had really happened.

Blake had to hold himself back to keep from touching his partner, holding her hand, calling her "Mistress." But the moment when he had first seen Quinn, when her eyes met his, a whispered word had told him what he needed to know.

"Don't," she told him.

The shift passed without incident, without any comment on the night they'd spent at that dungeon on 66th Street. That is, until an hour before clock-out, when Quinn asked the question Blake had been longing to hear.

"Any plans tonight?" she asked him, looking out the window as they cruised down San Pablo.

"None at all," said Blake, softly, also looking away.

"Good," said Quinn. She turned and looked at him, and in her green eyes he saw the fire that told him he *did* have plans that night -- he just didn't know about them, yet. "You still live at that crappy apartment on Broadway?"

Blake stared at her for a long moment, then cleared his throat.

"Are you flirting with me?" Blake asked softly.

"When I'm flirting with you," she said, "you'll know it."

Quinn smiled.

"Because it'll be about nine-thirty," she said. "Partner."

And Blake said, "Yes, Ma'am."

Quinn flipped a U-turn and headed back toward the station.

"Disciplinary Action" first appeared in *Disciplinary Action*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## **Disciplinary Action by Marie Sudac**

Carrie comes up behind me and peers into my cubicle. I'm so entranced by the pictures on the screen that I don't even hear her until she clears her throat. I jump, and go to switch the windows on my computer. My hands are shaking so bad I fumble with the mouse and the image stays there: a woman's rosy cheeks, with a feminine hand, long-nailed, resting on them. The woman was spanked so hard that handprints just a moment before the picture was snapped that handprints are still evident. I finally get the window closed and swivel on my office chair.

"Juliette," she says. "Could you come see me in my office, please?"

I get a sick feeling. It's over. I've been caught. I'm in big trouble; I might even be fired.

I'm still on probation. I can be fired at the drop of the hat. And I really, really need this job. Brent really needs me to keep this job, so he can do his art.

"Sure," I mumble, and start to get up from my chair, quickly jiggling my mouse to see if there's anything else I should close out before leaving the computer.

"There's no need for that," Carrie says crisply. "I've already seen it."

My head spins. I've already lost the job. I'm going to be fired. I can already hear my phone ringing with credit card collection calls.

I follow Carrie into her corner office with the enormous windows. She sits behind her desk and turns to her computer.

"Please close the door," she says absently, absorbed in what she's doing on the screen.

Now I know I'm in for it. I obey, the quiet *thunk!* of the door like the fall of the guillotine.

"And turn the blinds, please," says Carrie, still sounding distracted and uninterested.

My God, this is really going to be humiliating. I've seen her fire people before -- for much less than I was doing a moment ago. I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I pull the chain that closes the blinds. What will I do? Beg? Plead? Tell her I won't do it again? Tell her I really need the job?

"Have a seat," Carrie tells me, and when I do I see that she's turned her flat-panel monitor so that we can both see it.

There it is on the screen: Spanked Sluts. The website I was just looking at, the website that I've looked at many times in my three weeks here. The website that always makes me wet enough to soil my seat. I sit nervously in the chair facing Carrie's desk.

"I--I can explain," I begin, my voice sounding squeaky.

"I don't think so," Carrie says. "Or, rather, you don't need to. You're looking at porn at work. You know our company rules state that computers are not to be used for personal business."

I open my mouth to speak, struggling for an excuse as to why I had to look at Spanked Sluts, why it was an integral part of my job. I can't find one. I can feel my face going hot.

"I--I'm sorry," I said. "It's just that it's been so slow, and--"

Carrie clicks her mouse, changing windows. On the screen is Red-Cheeked Girls, another of my favorite websites. Another click, and it's Over The Knee. Punished Tarts. Red-Cheeked Schoolgirls. Slave Grrrls Spanked. Forced To Bend Over. And my very favorite: [Youvebeenaverybadgirl.com](http://Youvebeenaverybadgirl.com).

"I know you don't know this," says Carrie. "But with the monitoring system this company has in place, I can see everything you're doing on your computer. I've seen how much company time you devote to your extracurricular activities."

The tears brim over my eyes, and I try not to sniffle.

"I'm sorry," I tell her.

"No, I don't think you are sorry. I think if I give you half a chance to get away with it, you'll keep looking at these filthy websites on company time. Juliette, you seem like a nice girl. You even have a fiancée, you told me. What attracts you to this kind of filth?"

Now I can't stop them, the tears rolling out of my eyes, the sobs coming quickly. I try to suppress them as I say: "I don't know, Carrie. I just...can't stop myself."

"From looking at them on company time, I know. But do you look at them at home, too?"

The answer is too humiliating: I don't have to. Brent looks at them all the time, the raunchiest of the spanking sites -- Spanked Sluts in particular. He finds the best images, bookmarks them, and sends them to my web-based email address, SpankedSlut69.

And when I get home later, he does everything I've seen on the screen to me, and more. He draws pictures about it later, my face rendered in a cartoon frame based on the pictures he's bookmarked, my face twisted in pain and dismay as I writhe over the laps of faceless men and women.

"Y--yes," I finally tell her. "I look at them at home."

"Does your fiancée know?"

"Yes," I say meekly.

"And he likes it."

"He...he started it."

"Did he. So none of this is your fault, then?"

I search for the words. How can I tell her? How can I admit that Brent is the one who gives me the command to look at these sites while I am at work, that every morning he puts me over his lap, spans me, slips his hands between my legs, fingers me until I'm right on the edge of an intense orgasm and then leaves me, panting and sweaty with my clit throbbing, and sends me off to work on trembling legs? That throughout the day I receive emails from him with links he orders me to look at -- and that an order from my fiancée is an order I can't refuse? That by the time I get home each night, I'm so frenzied that I'll do anything -- anything he demands if he'll just put me over his lap, spank me again, and finger me until I come, sobbing with pleasure?

And that each night I do anything -- anything -- he orders me to, just to get him to do that?

"It's my fault," I say. "I know it's my fault."

"I see. Do you see yourself as the spanked or the spankee?" Her lips are curled with contempt, as if she already knows the answer. I know that she does: sometimes I feel like people can see it in my eyes. How could anyone look at me and not know what I want?

My voice is shaking.

"I'm...I'm submissive," I blurt out, surprised to hear myself say the words.

"That's what I thought." She glances over to the computer. "I see you like to be spanked by men," she says. "But also women. Many of these are lesbian sites," she says. "Girls punishing other girls."

I nod, my head spinning.

"What's your fiancé's name?"

"Brent," I say. "Brent Martinsen. He's an artist."

"Yes," says Carrie brusquely. "I know all about Brent Martinsen's filthy art. Is Brent your Master, or does he just spank you? Or do you just do everything he says?"

"He's -- I -- I do everything he says."

"So it's just that he thinks women should be bossed around and disciplined by men, is that right?"

"Um," I say. "He...he thinks I should."

"But some women boss other women around, don't they?" said Carrie icily.

Perhaps she can see me shiver; maybe she sees the flicker in my eyes, the heat that pulses between my legs.

"Yes," I say. "Some women are...some women are bosses."

"And some women discipline other women, don't they?"

My head is swimming, my thoughts disordered.

"Yes," I say softly.

"And what do you think about that?"

I'm so turned on I can barely speak. I was already turned on from the porn sites, but being forced to confess my lifestyle to my boss is more than I can take. My nipples are very hard. They show right through my silk top. I have to push my thighs together to prevent myself from dripping on Carrie's chair, especially since Brent doesn't allow me to wear panties.

"Yes," I say. "Sometimes women punish other women."

Carrie looks satisfied.

"I think what you did on company time certainly merits punishment, doesn't it?" Her eyes narrow. "It warrants disciplinary action."

I look up at her, the humiliation washing over me.

"Yes," I tell her.

She leans back in her chair. "Why don't you lock the door."

My eyes are wide; this can't be happening. I've only been here for three weeks.

I get up and do it, locking the door to Carrie's office and turning back to her, standing nervously on my high-heeled shoes. I've never gotten the hang of wearing the shoes that Brent insists on; I like the way I look, but I'm always stumbling and tripping like an idiot.

Carrie makes a gesture with her hand.

"Go ahead," she says. "Take them off."

"I'm sorry?" I ask.

"Your clothes," she says. "All of them."

"I--I can't do that," I say. "He--"

"Do you want me to call his cell phone?" asks Carrie. "And tell him you're about to lose your job if you don't take all your clothes off right now?"

My heart pounds. I can't believe this is happening. It's like a dream; maybe that's why I'm able to do it. I unbutton my shirt and slip it off, ashamed at the way my large breasts are peaked by hard nipples that show my arousal right through the transparent mesh bra. My nipples are dark circles, aching against the thin mesh.

My hands hang limp at my sides.

"All of them," she says.

I drape my blouse over the arm of the chair and unclasp my bra. My breasts feel sweaty, cooling in the breeze from the air conditioner. Again, I hesitate.

"I said all of them," growls Carrie.

My hands shaking, I unzip my short skirt. I slide it down my legs and it pools on the floor around my ankles. I step out of it, tottering more uncomfortably than ever on my four-inch heels now that I'm otherwise naked.

Carrie leans forward and peers at my body.

"Come around," she says, leaning back.

My face goes red hot. She's seen it. I am so humiliated I can barely walk. But I manage to come around the side of Carrie's desk and stand there while she inspects me, her eyes focusing on the place just above my sex, where my pubic hair would be if I wasn't shaved.

"You lied to me," she says sternly.

"I--I know."

"He's your Master, isn't he?"

I nod. "Yes."

"You should have told me straight off," says Carrie. "Now that we've gone this far, you're going to be in quite a bit of trouble if I spank you, aren't you?"

I take a deep breath. "I--I don't know."

Carrie leans forward a bit more, her finger coming to rest on the tattoo just above my sex. She traces the single word there, in ornate script: SLAVE.

"Well, that's not my concern," says Carrie. She leans back again, pushing the chair forward so that her legs, smooth with nude-colored stockings, brush against mine. "Get over my knee."

Fear strikes me. Brent would never allow me to be spanked by another woman -- to play with another woman, it's called euphemistically enough -- without his permission. I can't let Carrie take me over her knee. I just can't.

"Please," I blurt out, but Carrie snaps her fingers.

"I have the power to fire you right now, Juliette," she says. "Would you rather I do that?"

I shake my head, then nervously drape myself over Carrie's lap. Her office chair is a big leather one, with arms, so I have to perch myself precariously to maintain the position. It feels suddenly comfortable, familiar -- I've draped myself over Brent's lap in this position, anticipating this same result. Many times -- almost every night.

Her hand comes to rest on my bare bottom, her long fingernails scratching it gently. I shiver and whimper a little.

"Does he spank you often enough?"

"Yes," I murmur. "Usually."

"But a girl like you," sighed Carrie, "can always be spanked a lot more than she is. You could be spanked 24/7 and it still wouldn't be enough, would it?"

I squirm in her lap.

"No, Ma'am," I moan.

"Your ass is very pink," she says. "Did he spank you last night?"

"This morning," I tell her, breathless. "Just before work."

Her hand slides between my slightly spread legs. Her fingers stroke my pussy, and I let out a plaintive cry of humiliation.

"Fingered you too while he was at it, it would seem. You're nice and wet. Or is that just from the pictures?"

"He fingered me," I bleat miserably.

"Does he always finger you when he spansks you?"

"Usually," I whimper. "Unless he's very angry with me."

"I'm very angry with you, Juliette."

"I know," I moan softly. "I'm sorry."

"Spread your legs wider," says Carrie.

I fall into the command, reacting exactly as I would if Brent had given it. It does not feel strange; I have submitted to many men before Brent. Never a woman, though, and that frightens me.

She touches my sex with a firmer pressure. I let out a tortured moan as her thumb finds my clit. She grasps my hair with her free hand. The feeling of pressure sends a surge of excitement through me. Brent always pulls my

hair when he wants to get me going. I can feel my nipples, very hard against the wool of her business suit. They feel only a little different than they feel against Brent's jeans when he spansks me. But what feels so different is that there's no lump in her crotch, nothing pushing against my body to tell me that I'm pleasing her.

Her hand comes away from my sex, flicking droplets of my juice over my thighs. She spansks me, hard, making me yelp. I feel a rush of shame -- the walls are paper-thin around here. People in the hall can surely hear.

Her hand comes down again, hard, and my naked body shudders as the blow meets my cheeks. With Carrie, there is no warmup, no gentle spansks to get me started -- much as with Brent. She spansks me again, and again, faster as I writhe in her lap. My arousal mounts as the pain increases. The blows send hard thudding sensations into my cunt -- I know I can come if I can just bring my thighs together a little bit...

"Spread them!" she snaps. "Spread them wide!"

"Y--yes," I gasp. "Yes, um..."

"Don't call me Mistress," she barks. "You've already got a Master. I'm not his fucking girlfriend."

"Yes, Carrie," I whimper.

Her hand comes down fast, this time, harder than before. But she is not spanking my ass now -- her open palm connects with my cunt, again, again, again, and the stinging blow wrenches great moans out of me. The pain makes me rise up on my hands and knees, makes me perch over her precariously in a vain attempt to get away. She puts her hand on my ass and shoves me down into her lap, hard, then begins spanking my cunt in earnest. I moan wildly, no longer caring if people outside Carrie's office can hear. I moan wildly because I'm going to come.

She knows it, too -- she spansks my sex harder so that it hurts, and hurts bad, when I finally reach the peak and climax uncontrollably.

White-hot waves of pleasure course through my naked body. I want to say "I'm sorry" -- Brent always makes me ask before I come, and I'm punished if I don't. But Carrie doesn't give a damn. And she doesn't stop spanking my cunt -- not until long after I've come, when my sensitive pussy is so pained I can feel it swelling with the force of her blows. It's hot, now, and I know I won't be able to sit still for days.

I'm sobbing when she's finally satisfied. She tips herself up slightly, dumping me painfully onto the floor.

I curl into a ball, my body still pulsing with the sensations of orgasm. My sobs slowly dwindle as I look up at her through eyes blurry with tears. Carrie has lifted her prim pencil-skirt, tucking it under her ass.

She's not wearing panties underneath. Her sex is naked, framed by the angled lines of her garters between her spread legs. She's tucked her ass forward so that it's on the edge of the chair, and her trimmed pussy is open, glistening in the fluorescent lights.

"Well?" she says.

It hurts for me to move. My ass and cunt are so sore that I can barely get myself onto my hands and knees again. Looking up at her, I nervously lower my face between her thighs. I am so used to giving head that the position feels perfectly right, but the scent is unfamiliar. And when I touch my mouth to her close-cropped sex, the taste is even more exotic.

"That's a good girl," she sighs as I let my tongue laze out and begin to lick her clit. "Get all of it, dear. The lips. The hole. I want you to taste it. I'm sure Brent wants you to taste it, too."

Carrie is so wet that her juices flow onto my tongue as I lick between her lips, swirling the tip of my tongue around her entrance. The flavor is tangy, musky, salty and a little bit sweet. I feel my pained cunt responding as I service her. Her thighs close slightly around my head, as if to hold me in place. Her breath comes quickly.

"Now back to the clit," she murmurs.

I return my attentions to her clit. I begin to tongue her rhythmically, the way I liked it when men used to go down on me. Before I was the one always doing the servicing. Before I became a slave.

"Very good. A little more pressure, Juliette. Just a little more."

Carrie's voice is rich with arousal. Her hand drifts to my head; first one hand, then both hands tangle in my hair. She begins to grind her hips against the chair in time with the thrusts of my tongue. She's getting close, I can tell. That knowledge makes me lick her more firmly, my own sex responding in kind, moisture dripping down my inner thighs.

"Don't stop!" she growls, and then she comes. I continue licking her as her body bucks and pumps against me, driving her clit more powerfully onto my tongue. She grips my hair hard now, pulling it, shoving my face between her legs.

Then, an instant later, she is finished. With both hands still gripping my hair, she yanks my head from her crotch and shoves me back. I spill backwards and land on my tortured ass, gasping as the sore mounds reach the rough industrial carpet. I sit there looking up at her, my cheeks stained with tears, Carrie's juices running down my chin.

Carrie lifts her ass off the chair, pulls down her skirt, and returns her attention to her computer.

"I'll be sending you some websites," says Carrie. "Please be sure that you only look at them when the phones are slow. Don't forget to put your clothes on, Juliette. And you might want to fix your makeup."

I take a great shuddering gasp of relief and crawl painfully to my feet. I put my clothes on with shaking hands, glancing over to see if Carrie is watching me.

She is not; I have been disregarded.

As I button my blouse, I blurt out: "Thank you, C--!"

I stop. The name sounds wrong on my lips, still covered with the juices of Carrie's pussy.

"Thank you, Ma'am," I say.

"What will happen when you tell your Master about this?" asks Carrie, without looking up from the computer.

I feel a wave of dread.

"He'll spank me," I say. "For...for letting you do this."

"Good," she tells me. "He'll be spanking you a lot more for that in the future."

I take a deep breath. "Yes, Ma'am," I say softly.

"You missed a button," she says, without looking up.

I look down at my blouse; it is buttoned unevenly. I fix it quickly and unlock the door.

I pause with my hand on the knob.

"Thank you for not firing me," I say. "Ma'am."

"Don't be sure I won't," Carrie says. "You'll still have to convince me."

I nod.

"Yes, Ma'am," I say, and leave her office.

"Domestic Employment" was first published by Deception Press in 2014.  
Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All  
rights reserved.

## Domestic Employment by Britney Hansen

When Mrs. Robinson answered the door of her mansion, Charly was shocked at how gorgeous she was. It was all he could do not to drool on her tits... or his own.

Mrs. Robinson had to be five-ten at least and wore deliciously elegant red heels so that she towered even higher over the five-four Charly. She wore an elegant mini-dress, tight and revealing, low-cut in front, snug at her softly swelling hips and with a short hem that exposed much of her beautiful thighs. The dress was not nearly as short as Charly's skirt, however, which was at best barely decent, at worst fully indecent. But Mrs. Robinson's dress was quite short enough to show the full line of her exquisite legs, sculpted to female perfection by nature and exercise, expensive lotions, prudent exposure to sun, and surely a hand with the razor that rivaled Madame Fabienne's.

She had a rack on her, too, Mrs. Robinson did. She wasn't nearly as stacked as Charly was -- but then, since Charly's last trip to the DeWitt Clinic, what woman was? Whether the breathtaking Robinson Rack was merely the product of something exquisitely lacy and bust-sculpting under that very tight dress, or the result of expensive surgeries like Charly's, Charly couldn't possibly know. But she knew that the sight of those boobs made her blush.

Charly was just tall enough that his face was at boob-level to this exquisite creature. He'd gotten a whole lot of practice in three years, politely averting his eyes from exquisite and half-exposed female flesh. Even so, it proved quite difficult now, because the woman's tits were *amazing*.

Charly asked politely: "Hello, Ma'am. Are you Mrs. Robinson?"

"Yes, of course," said the breathtaking woman. "You must be Charlotte. You want to be our new maid."

Charly winced a bit to hear the more feminine version of his already androgynous name. He'd started out as "Charles," then became "Chuck" during his brief attempt in college to be a "real man." Then, he was "Charlie," before he'd ever met a woman like Madame Fabienne outside his fantasies.

But when his Mistress had padlocked her collar around Charly's throat (and another one, much smaller, on his little cock) she'd decided that she preferred him as "Charly."

And, so, "Charly" he'd been, for his first year of service to Madame Fabienne. But when she'd started him seeing Dr. DeWitt on a regular basis... she and her guests and her friends and her fuckbuddies all started calling him "Charlotte." With the obvious results of Dr. DeWitt's skills, Charly could hardly blame them. He was certainly not a man anymore, and would never have been mistaken for one. Only his little sissy-clit kept him from being fully feminized. It was one last, embarrassingly tiny vestige of what he'd pretended to be, before Madame Fabienne had kindly induced him to change it and become a far more desirable creature.

He still thought of himself as Charly, inside, but... he was now quite used to both names. In any event, Charly could not bring himself to correct such a beautiful creature. Charly could barely keep himself from dropping to his knees and kissing Mrs. Robinson's creamy thighs. Everything the beautiful woman said seemed like gospel to Charly. He wanted very badly to please her.

So he said, "Yes, Ma'am. My name is Charlotte. May I come in, Mrs. Robinson?"

Mrs. Robinson stood in the doorway and looked Charly over with open disapproval. Charly blushed as the older woman checked out his body. Several times he attempted to make eye contact, but he withered under the woman's intense gaze.

"No, you may not," said Mrs. Robinson. "Not just yet. We need to speak for a moment, first, just to make sure some things are understood."

Charly gulped. "Yes, of course, Ma'am."

Mrs. Robinson said: "Let's get a few things clear, first. I see you know how to dress for an interview..." Her voice held a deep tone of sarcasm, and Charly knew why. He was dressed more like a call girl than like an applicant for a position as a maid. His tight red skirt was so short as to be borderline obscene, his legs sheathed in black lace-top stay-ups with seams down the back. His new rack bulged out of his too-tight cream-colored blouse, the cleavage on shameless display -- and there was plenty of it. At Madame Fabienne's insistence, he'd unbuttoned most of the buttons; the cream-colored blouse hung half-open down to the point where it showed off the whispers of lace at the edges of his push-up bra.

To make matters even more embarrassing, Charly's nipples were fully erect and showed through the cream-colored silk of his blouse. They were *always* hard, nowadays, hard and exquisitely sensitive, almost painfully so. Dr. DeWitt said it had to do with simple physics. The implants that Madame Fabienne had chosen for Charly were so large that by their very presence inside him, they put significant pressure on Charly's nipples. That translated to near-constant THOs, as Madame Fabienne liked to teasingly call them -- titty-hard-ons. Charly flashed his new "high beams" to everyone, whether at home or afield. And now, at his very first job interview, he was showing his new employer what a little slut he was. It was a warm enough day that Charly's nipple erections could not be mistaken for a response to the temperature. It was ninety degrees, with no breeze. If she troubled herself to think about it, surely Mrs. Robinson thought that her interviewee was an entirely shameless slut, her nipples visibly aroused as a matter of course. Charly had not been in public much since Madame Fabienne had had him "altered," so he wasn't quite used to it. He was unprepared for the older woman's cold, steel-blue eyes flickering over his tits and lingering with interest on his obvious THOs.

But Charly didn't dare cross his arms, of course. That impulse still percolated in Charly, but it had been nearly trained out of him. Instead, he

instinctively checked his posture and more fully arched his back, placing his ample fake tits even more fully on display for his prospective employer.

Mrs. Robinson continued, "But just so you know, if you *are* hired--" Charly noted the "are" sounded highly speculative "--you'll wear a uniform, Charlotte. My husband and I believe in doing things traditionally. Will that be a problem?"

"No, Ma'am," said Charly. "Not at all. I wore a uniform at my last job."

Charly hoped the older woman wouldn't ask him what *kind* of uniform he'd worn. It had typically not been a maid's uniform -- though he'd certainly worn one before... on video, in fact. Also a nurse's uniform... schoolgirl uniform... harem girl outfit... Madame Fabienne really liked to play dress-up, and she *loved* that video camera. And what's not to love, when ten-minute clips on Kink Movies could sometimes net her hundreds of dollars a month, without the troublesome matter of paying a performer?

"Yes, *job*," smirked Mrs. Robinson, as if she knew. It was like she could reach Charly's mind... or like Madame Fabienne had given her details over the phone.

But that was impossible, wasn't it? Madame Fabienne wouldn't *want* a respectable woman like Mrs. Robinson to know... *how he was*? What he'd done? Madame Fabienne wouldn't want Mrs. Robinson to know what a hot little slut he was when the camera got pointed at him and some stranger picked up at a rest stop pulled down his jockeys and popped out an enormous cock to be serviced...

Would she?

Even more embarrassing, Charly wondered if his prospective employer had guessed what still lurked beneath Charly's short skirt. He could feel it stirring at the thought of the humiliation he'd feel if -- when? -- Mrs. Robinson discovered his oversized clitty and undersized balls, the latter swollen blue with weeks of denial. Thankfully, Charly managed to keep his mind blank, more or less. He forced himself not to fixate on the older

woman's amazing tits, gorgeous body and breathtaking face. He could lose himself between those big tits. He could worship those legs. He felt a sharp stab of guilt... he knew he should be thinking of cock, not wanting pussy. He'd been "converted." He made a mental note to inform Madame Fabienne of his sick deviation. But Charly thought briefly that maybe he should take a quick snapshot of Mrs. Robinson... just so his Mistress would know what he'd been up against? Even an innocent straight girl would turn half-lezzie at the sight of those tits and those legs and that body. The straightest girl anywhere would go wet to the knees upon seeing Mrs. Robinson. What was a poor girl like Charly supposed to do? He knew he was supposed to like cock, now -- and Madame Fabienne had invested quite an effort in making sure that he did. But Charly had started this whole thing as a straight man. Or, at least, he'd *thought* he was straight. It was only Madame Fabienne who had taught him, through painstaking efforts, that he was really a sissy wimp slut whore big-boobed cocksucking bimbo inside, just pretending to be a straight man. Madame Fabienne had expended great efforts in making him accept his new life as a big-titted, chastity-locked cocksslave, rather than a pathetic, drooling, butt-licking, cunt-obsessed pervert. He was a straight girl, now, as Madame Fabienne often reminded him. Charly was all about the dick.

But this woman was *gorgeous*. What girl would *not* want to turn lezzie for a beauty like Mrs. Robinson?

"And what were your duties, exactly, at this last... *job*?" asked Mrs. Robinson.

Charly said, "All domestic tasks, Mrs. Robinson. Cleaning, cooking, housekeeping, laundry, reception, even bartending and catering."

"Ah, yes, catering. I imagine your employer probably had you on offer for quite a few... *buffets*. You look like the type who would know what to serve for any occasion."

Charly blushed deeper, wondering how much the older woman knew about what, exactly, his "duties" had been at Madame Fabienne's house. Charly had not been allowed to see the ad that his Mistress had placed for

him. How does a woman like Madame Fabienne -- schooled in the arts of discretion, but with an appreciation of the tart taste of deliberate humiliation -- describe what he'd done at his last, as he'd just put it, "job"?

"It's all detailed in my resume, Mrs. Robinson." Charly held up the sealed manila envelope Madame Fabienne had sent with him.

"Yes, I imagine it is," said Mrs. Robinson. "Now, let's see that resume."

Charly held a tiny red clutch in one hand, a big manila envelope in the other. He handed the latter over to Mrs. Robinson, who took it and led him into the mansion.

Charly was shocked at the opulence all around him. This place was *beautiful*. The Robinsons were *loaded*.

Mrs. Robinson said, "There on your left, Charlotte. Let's talk in the parlor."

Charly wiggled his butt as he walked. He didn't *want* to... he just couldn't help it. His six-inch stilettos *insisted*, as did his very tight skirt. Together, they made anything other than a wiggle-assed streetwalker's gait almost an impossibility.

He felt Mrs. Robinson's firm hand on his shoulder, aiming him toward an elegant, hard-backed wooden settee. It was quite obviously an antique, and beautiful -- but it wouldn't be comfortable. There were several easy chairs, two love seats, and a sectional, all very plush -- but it was the hard-backed settee to which Charly was guided.

Charly sat down, pressing his thighs together as his little skirt rode up a bit. The last thing he wanted was to flash Mrs. Robinson. His little thing was a little bit firm in his panties, and his careful tuck job felt somewhat precarious. Just a glimpse up his skirt might tell Mrs. Robinson what kind of a "girl" she was thinking of hiring. Charly didn't want that. He felt something of a secret thrill at imagining he had "passed" thus far. His head swam to remember that two years ago he had protested constantly as

Madame Fabienne had begun his "conversion." How lucky he was that his Mistress had ignored his protests and given him what he had always deserved. Otherwise, he would be boring old "Charlie," with little joy in his life other than beating off constantly fantasizing about women like Madame Fabienne and the exquisitely beautiful Fiona Robinson.

Charly didn't beat off anymore, that was for sure. Not unless Madame Fabienne ordered him to, and that was a truly rare event. In fact, Charly's chastity tube had come off only an hour before he'd been whisked out the door to the interview. He had instantly gotten erect, to his red-faced shame, right in front of his Mistress. She'd known how to punish him; within minutes, she'd reduced his stiff little clit to a soft state, so it could be "tucked."

Charly knew all too well that it wasn't as easy for him to get hard as it used to be, or as difficult for him to stay soft. From the rare times that Madame Fabienne granted him "reprieve" from his chastity tube in the first year, he knew the "old Charly" had popped a boner the second his cock been freed. After Dr. DeWitt started Charly on hormones, that changed. For the first year, he'd still gotten erect at the drop of a hat when Madame Fabienne allowed him to go without chastity-lock for a few hours -- as she sometimes did when she had girlfriends over, so they could see what a "sissy clit" looked like. It was a deeply humiliating experience, but that humiliation only guaranteed that Charly stayed hard the whole time his Mistress's girlfriends watched and made fun of his little thing.

But after his first year of "conversion therapy," Charly had passed what Dr. DeWitt liked to call a "feminization point." It was the "point of no return," as the old doctor put it. In the year since then, Charly proved less prone to erections even when Madame Fabienne let him out of his chastity tube for special occasions. Even when there was a room full of hot women drunk on French wine, laughing at him, Charly would sometimes stay soft... for a while, at least.

But beneath Mrs. Robinson's hot, probing gaze, Charlie could feel his little sissy-clit stirring inside his soft, silky panties. His skirt was so short and so tight he knew any erection would bring him instant humiliation. If

his "tuck job" strained to the breaking point and his little dick popped out, the bulge would show instantly at the front of his skirt. He couldn't bear the thought of being exposed to his prospective employer in such a fashion. It would be excruciatingly rude of Charly to show Mrs. Robinson his boner... even if it hadn't been such an embarrassingly tiny protuberance to begin with. If he did show it off, that would mean all Madame Fabienne's hard work in making him "pass" today would be wasted. If that happened, he would have to return home and tell Madame Fabienne what a bad, bad, bad slut he had been for attaining an erection. He'd have to beg his kind Mistress to punish him good, hard and long for his indiscrete perversion.

Yes, Charly decided, he'd beg Madame Fabienne for the punishment he so richly deserved. He'd already been such a slut, lusting after Fiona Robinson, when he was supposed to be obsessed with cock. He would tell Madame Fabienne this, and beg her to correct him with her whip, cane, or paddle... or maybe even some heavier equipment. He'd confess and ask Madame Fabienne to correct him... when he went home, in just a little while. After he'd completed his interview. He would ask to be punished... and he felt sure Madame Fabienne would comply. She usually did. She might even reward him for begging for punishment... by punishing him even harder. She often did that, as well. To Madame Fabienne, a sissy honest enough to disclose when she'd been a bad girl deserved to get *more* of a punishing reward than a bad little slut who concealed her wrongdoing. Either way, Charly knew Madame Fabienne would be doing him *hard* after he was done here, regardless of the outcome of his job interview.

Charly squirmed, feeling his semi-soft, semi-firm sissy-clit stirring with unwanted tumescence.

Mrs. Robinson sat in a very soft armchair while Charly settled his tight butt against the hard surface of the wooden settee. Mrs. Robinson tore open the manila envelope and took out a folder that Charly assumed must contain his resume. He hadn't been asked to review it; he hadn't even been allowed to see it. He did not have a copy. He didn't know what Madame Fabienne had put down there. Charly knew she had probably detailed his exceptional skills at cleaning and keeping house, doubtless in adulatory terms. Madame Fabienne had a way with words -- some of them not even dirty.

Charly knew that he hardly deserved the praise Madame Fabienne had surely placed in his resume and references. He had certainly improved his housekeeping skills since he'd first come to live with his Mistress some thirty-six months earlier. But his frequent lapses were usually discovered by Madame Fabienne, resulting in punishments that he richly deserved -- and had learned to crave. Charly felt his ripe little butt tingling with the memory of how Mistress had caned him the last time he missed a spot on the toilet bowl. It had only been twelve strokes that time, but she had delivered it while Charly was using his *tongue* to correct his embarrassing error...

"*Immaculate*," said Mrs. Robinson with obvious amusement.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Robinson?" asked Charly.

"Immaculate," the woman repeated, her voice laced with sarcasm. "*Sparkling. Spotless*. This makes you sound like a domestic goddess."

Charly laughed nervously.

"No, Ma'am... it's just... I've been very well trained, Mrs. Robinson."

"I don't doubt," said the older woman. "Let's get one more thing straight, though, Charlotte. Call me Fiona. Please don't keep calling me Mrs. Robinson. It makes me feel like I'm trying to seduce you. And you don't want that, do you, Charlotte?" Mrs. Robinson stopped and looked pointedly at him. "Or do you *want* to be seduced, little graduate? You *are* about the right age... what are you, Charlotte, all of twenty-one?"

"Twenty-three, Mrs. Robinson. But... I didn't graduate."

"From college?" Fiona Robinson sneered. "No, of course not. That much is obvious, Charlotte. I mean, no offense, but..." Fiona's ripe, kissable lips issued a soft, unkind laugh.

Charly blurted: "I did attend State, Mrs. Robinson. But... just for a year."

"Of course you did," Fiona laughed. "You went to college, dropped out, and now you want to be my maid. Simplest thing in the world. I've heard it a million times, dear. Three semesters, some bonghits, some frat parties; suddenly, you're qualified to be a maid. I bet your dorm room was *pristine*, dear, wasn't it?"

Actually, it hadn't been quite that simple. Charly had dropped out of college in his sophomore year, three weeks from his twentieth birthday, when Madame Fabienne informed him by text message that he was to come to her house to undress and be collared. It seemed she had somehow banished of her previous live-in slave, Manuel, though Charly did not know what happened to him. Just a break-up, he'd figured. Of Madame Fabienne's roughly half a dozen current play buddies, Charly had been the one she chose. It was an *honor*, her message had said.

Charly had withdrawn from classes the next day, left his dorm room with nothing but two duffel bags and a backpack. He'd lived with Madame Fabienne ever since.

Fiona smirked, "But I do hope you don't think graduating from college is a requirement for being seduced by an older woman, dear. Frankly, old cougars like me often like the naïve ones. I bet you know all about that, don't you, Charlotte? Or did you not attend college long enough to... *experiment* with an upperclassman or two?"

Charly's head swirled; his heart pounded.

"Um," he said. "Is that a... um... do you need to know that, Mrs. Robinson?"

"Oh, of course not, dear! I don't care if you're bisexual or lesbian... straight, even! Charlotte, I just want to know why you keep calling me Mrs. Robinson. Do you *want* to be seduced, Charlotte?"

Charly very nearly choked on his pierced tongue.

He laughed nervously and said: "No, Ma'am, not if you--"

Fiona kept looking at Charly, watching his reactions to her teasing proposal.

Charly's soft voice stuck in his throat. He found he couldn't speak.

Charly got flustered. He blurted: "Um... if it... if you... were you to... I mean, I am... attracted to... I do like women, and... *you're very beautiful!*"

He could not believe he'd just said that. It had been hard enough for him not to mewl out the standard response to such questions expected from a sissy slave in the household of Madame Fabienne: "If it please you, Mistress." The entirely inappropriate compliment had spilled from his collagen-plumped and scarlet-slathered lips before he could stop it. On hearing it voiced, Charly felt his face growing hotter and redder than ever.

Mrs. Robinson's uproarious laughter filled the room, floating somewhere between warm and cruel.

Charly's face was bright red. He sat awkwardly, staring at Fiona Robinson as she laughed at his discomfort.

"I am, aren't I?" Mrs. Robinson took the compliment with a smile. "Believe me, Charlotte, you're not the first hot little college-age piece of ass to tell me I'm pretty. But for now, my little graduate, you stop calling me Mrs. Robinson, or I'll drag you to bed by your bottle-blond hair. Call me *Fiona*. For now."

Charly gulped. He said: "Yes, Ma'am. That's... Fiona is a very pretty name."

"Charlotte, don't ingratiate yourself to me. It's not necessary. I'm already very impressed. Pristine? Impeccable? Spic-and-span? Squeaky-clean? Ship-shape?" She tapped Charly's resume with her fingers. "You've got quite a way with words, Charlotte... or your online thesaurus does, at least."

And I'm *extremely* impressed by these photos." Fiona held up 8 x 10 glossies. "Pristine indeed!"

The photos were clearly 8 x 10 glossies, which explained why the manila envelope containing Charly's "resume" had seemed so heavy. Unfortunately, Mrs. Robinson -- *Fiona*, he must call her Fiona -- held them up in such a way that Charly could not see them except from behind.

Charly could only assume that what Mrs. Robinson saw in the photos pleased her greatly... she positively glowed with pleasure as she studied each photo, holding it up just so, the back toward Charly. She did not spread the photos out on the coffee table. Charlie was left to squirm in his seat, feeling his curvy butt and tucked-back clitty pressing uncomfortably against the hardwood of the antique settee. Well, it certainly was a far "easier" chair than many of the ones Madame Fabienne had put Charly in over the years... like the one in her upstairs dungeon that had a breakaway seat for deep anal penetration... and a 12.5-horsepower motor...

With a taut smile, Mrs. Robinson put Charly's photos and resume back in the folder, the folder back in the manila envelope.

"Yes, I think you'll do nicely," she said.

Charly's spirit soared to receive even this simple praise from a beautiful woman. Charly's Mistress had trained him to want, need and crave approval from others, in all situations. This had proven a most useful personality trait for his Mistress, and Charly still willingly cultivated it. Mrs. Robinson liked him! This unbelievably sex, drop-dead beauty was pleased with him!

Moments later, however, Charly's spirit fell as he realized what this meant. He would no longer be home all day cleaning house for his Mistress and her guests. He would be here, working outside the home, "earning" in a new way for Madame Fabienne. Although Charly's Mistress had certainly made his life hard over the last three years, he still worshipped her. He could hardly bear to be away from her this long, let alone all day, every day. He could not stop the sharp tang of tears from forming in his big blue eyes as his stomach churned with anxiety. What would that mean, to be far from

Madame Fabienne for eight or more hours every weekday? For that matter, *would* it be just every weekday? Charly's tight stomach swirled; his head spun; the worry assaulted him: *What would this mean to his relationship with Fabienne?*

Charly tried to pretend that his eyes were moist with tears of joy. He said as brightly as he could:

"Oh, Ma'am... *Fiona*... that makes me so happy. I know you'll be happy with my work. If you're not, you only need tell me, and I'll try my hardest to change, I promise. And not just my work. If anything about me displeases you, Ma'am -- *Fiona* -- just let me know. If I displease you in any way, F-F-Fiona, please, just promise you'll tell me?"

The first thick, heavy tear rolled out of Charly's eye and down his right cheek. He shivered at the tickle of it. He knew from extensive experience that when he cried, there was no missing it. Fiona did not look away from his face, but smiled with some kind of pleasure -- perhaps, Charly thought, a familiar pleasure.

"You're crying, my dear Charlotte," said Fiona. "Something wrong?"

"I'm just so happy to... be here, Ma'am. I mean... *Fiona*. I can really call you Fiona?"

"For now," Fiona said tartly. "We'll discuss what you call me when things get a little more... *settled*."

"Yes, of course, Ma'am--I mean, *Fiona*."

Charly felt himself shivering all over and trembling inside whenever he intoned that sacred word... his employer's *name*. He had an employer! It felt strange and wonderful to call such a beautiful woman by her first name, with no honorific... or *any* woman, for that matter. In Madame Fabienne's house, every female guest was "Mistress" or "Ma'am" at the least; every man was "Master" or "Sir" on the rare occasion that Charly's mouth wasn't full of his hard dick. Even sissies like Charly -- Madame Fabienne's good

friend Keisha had owned several over the years -- were "Mistress" and "Ma'am." And, yes, Charly was often expected to service them, too. In some ways, sissy dick tasted most humiliating of all... which was somewhat ironic, since Charly had spent so much time at the start protesting to Madame Fabienne that he was 100% straight. Once it became clear that Madame Fabienne was unsympathetic to his claims, Charly had adapted with terrifying ease to servicing "real men" far more often than he ate pussy. Fellating other feminized males was, somehow, a more degrading task... which just made it still *more* embarrassing that his own little sissy clit tried to get hard in its padlocked prison when sissy guests like Keisha's shoved their much bigger dicks in Charly's mouth, down his throat, slapped his slut face with them, rubbed them all over his titties... shot their big, slimy, hot, creamy sissy loads all over Charly's whore face and face, store-bought boobies...

Charly squirmed wildly on the settee, feeling his cock stiffening further as he felt the first real rush of personal power in quite some time. He was here with *Fiona*. His *employer*. His *boss*. He was *hired*! He felt so... *independent*! He thought about that for a few pregnant seconds, and then, unexpectedly, he thought of his Mistress's beautiful face. In his mind's eye, Charly saw, vividly, Madame Fabienne's cruel smile. Perhaps even more vividly, he saw her body. Her *naked* body. He knew he was technically forbidden from letting his thoughts linger on Madame Fabienne's body; her instructions for more than two years now had been that when that happened, Charly should "just think of *cock*. It's what you really want, whore. It's just your bimbo mind that forgets it sometimes."

But now that Charly had secured gainful employment, he could not stop the anxious images of Madame Fabienne that flooded his mind. He thought about how profoundly lovely she looked when her legs were spread wide and some man -- some *real man* -- was stretching her cunt with his very big cock. Despite often berating her slave for his very few remaining male traits -- his embarrassingly small cock first among them -- Fabienne did love to fuck. It had been some time since she'd let her sissy slave watch, but she *had* -- once upon a time -- *required* him to watch. It had been part of Madame Fabienne's program to teach Charly the difference between a cuckolded sissy slut like him and an actual *man*. Charly was sometimes

expected -- allowed! -- to fluff... at the start, both Madame Fabienne and whatever male "guest" she was "entertaining" -- there had been dozens of them, possibly hundreds. As Charly's training had progressed, he'd found himself no longer allowed to fluff Madame Fabienne. It had been months since he'd tasted Madame Fabienne's pussy, even. He was no longer orally used for his Mistress's pleasure, although she occasionally permitted Charly to rim her ass, or to hold the vibrator while she got off. Her male guests, however, still got sucked before they put their dicks inside Madame Fabienne... although, increasingly, Charly was only allowed to "fluff" a male guest in the living room, before Madame Fabienne led him to bed... and closed the bedroom door.

Would there be no more of that? After all, Madame Fabienne preferred "nooners" -- she almost *never* let male guests stay overnight. She didn't even like evening "dates." She preferred morning and afternoon sex. Now that Charly was to be employed -- presumably during the day -- would his Mistress no longer require his services fluffing her dates? Would he never again get to hear Madame Fabienne howling in pleasure -- that girl was a screamer! -- while some well-hung younger man she barely knew gave it to her good from behind?

Charly felt dizzy. He struggled to comprehend what his hiring by Fiona Robinson would change.

More tears welled up in Charly's blue eyes as he thought about how often he would now be away from his Mistress. What if she needed him? Who would perform the degrading tasks she so often demanded from Charly... domestic and erotic, both? Who would fellate her fuckbuddies? Who would hand wash her lingerie? With Charly at work all day, who would Madame Fabienne tease to tears with the sight of her gorgeous body, or tie up and torture with clips, clamps, whips, pinwheels, straps, paddles, canes, far-too-big strap-on cocks and her own unforgiving bare hands, when she needed to "let off some steam"?

Would Madame Fabienne find some *other* bitch sissy to feminize into her cocksucking, toilet-scrubbing sissy slut?

A tear or two escaped each of Charly's big blue eyes. He felt the heavy, mascara-laden tears rolling down his rouged cheeks, and he knew that Fiona could see them.

Charly tried to cover by whimpering, "I'm sorry, Fiona. I'm a bit overcome. I'm so happy to be here."

"Yes, of course, Charlotte," said Fiona. "Why don't you take a moment and clean yourself up? Compose yourself, Charlotte... and then we can talk. The little girl's room is right there, down that hall, on the left. Bring me the phone, first, will you?" Fiona gestured at a cordless phone, which was closer to her than to Charly. In fact, it was right next to Fiona's hand, but she still made Charly stand and retrieve it for her. He did so, lifting the handset out of its cradle and holding it reverently for her.

As Charly got up and retrieved the phone, he tottered awkwardly on his six-inch heels. He'd had so many lessons in how to properly walk in them -- how to "walk like a slut," as Madame Fabienne called it, or "walking the fuck-my-ass walk." But when he stood up too quickly, Charly still felt slightly unstable in them.

More importantly, as he stood up he realized just how hard his little cock was. It was all those perverted thoughts about Madame Fabienne's naked body and how good she looked when a real man was on top of her. He shouldn't think things like that! Charly pressed his shaved thighs tightly together, desperately trying to keep his tuck-job in place. It was not very easy. He stood looking down at the seated Fiona, at such an angle that he could see right down her dress. Her tits weren't quite fully exposed... but they certainly were on display. He could see plenty of cleavage.

Charly's stiffening sissy clit pulsed with embarrassing pleasure. He tightened his thighs, trying not to let his gays linger on Fiona's boobs... but he found that he couldn't tear his eyes away from them. They were positively hypnotic.

Fiona took the handset with a tight smile.

She said, "While you're fixing your face, Charlotte, I'll get the paperwork started."

Charlie said, "Thank you, Fiona. May I ask... may I ask a question?"

"If it's brief," said Fiona with another one of those tight smiles... this one still tighter.

"May I ask... what are the hours?"

This time, Fiona's smile was anything but tight. It was positively savage.

"Why don't you clean yourself up," she said. "And then we'll discuss that."

"And the pay?" he blurted. "I'm sorry to mention that, but..." Charly was not used to discussing money. But Madame Fabienne would surely want to know how much she would be making from Charly's labor.

"We'll discuss that, dear, as soon as you've fixed your face. Take a few minutes, compose yourself, then get your uniform from the laundry room -- three doors down from the ladies' room, on the right. Don't put your uniform on yet, we'll handle that later, after the paperwork is in order. But do bring it with you, when you return." Fiona's upper lip curled slightly. "So we can be sure that it fits."

"Yes, of course. Thank you, Fiona."

Fiona's eyes lingered on Charly's tearstained face.

"*After* you clean yourself up, Charlotte. Don't be too long."

"Thanks, Fiona," said Charly. The casual form of address nearly stuck in his throat, but he decided he could get used to it.

As Charly wiggled his way to the "ladies' room," he decided he could get used to a lot of things about working for Fiona. He found so many things

about her charming! Like how she had called it a "ladies' room" and a "little girls' room." Like how she had complimented the photos of Charly's housekeeping work. Like how she had looked him over with such confidence, charm and charisma, and made no bones about the fact that she was checking Charly out... even as Charly had blushed and gawked at Fiona's own beautiful body.

And he'd *passed*. Charly felt great about that. She had not even *mentioned* his "status." He'd known she probably wouldn't... his Mistress was quite a good trainer.

Still, with the dirty thoughts filling his mind, Charly barely made it to the "ladies' room" before his stiffening sissy clit popped free from his satin panties.

What would it be like working for Fiona? Would she prove herself as "uninhibited" as Madame Fabienne, when it came to casual nudity around the house? Did Fiona and her husband -- whoever he was -- sometimes make love in the afternoon, the way Madame Fabienne loved to? Was the elegant beauty a "screamer," like Charly's Mistress?

And perhaps most importantly, would Madame Fabienne let Charly come to work every day with his sissy dick unlocked? Would he get to "freeball" it from now on, feeling his little cock rub against the soft satin material of his panties while he worked?

If so, Charly wasn't sure he could keep his little "secret" for long. He'd barely been able to keep it today. How could he spend a whole day here with Fiona, looking at her in her elegant but provocative clothes, her confident sensuality on display... without getting a boner?

He had a fierce one, now! His cock was as hard as when Madame Fabienne had first unlocked it a few hours ago. Charly needed to pee, but he knew there was no chance of that -- not till he "took care of business." He knew all too well that in Madame Fabienne's world, having his clitty unlocked did not grant him permission to jerk it... but he didn't care. She

would do horrible things to him later, when he confessed that he'd squirted -  
- but Charly would just have to suck it up.

He needed it *badly*. He needed to cum.

Charly made that the first order of business -- not that he had much of a choice! His cheeks were still moist with mascara tears as he hiked up his skirt, pulled his panties down, and sat his ass down on the gold-fixtured toilet. His hands moved as if they had minds of their own. His left hand went into his shirt and into his overstrained bra-cup. The fingers of Charly's left hand molded to his right tit, sensuously savoring the shape, texture and weight of the improbably oversized, impossibly firm, and obviously fake mound. HE started to pinch his exquisitely sensitive nipple. He felt pulsations of pleasure rage through him as he squeezed and twisted it violently back and forth, loving the painful sensations that built with each twist.

Meanwhile, Charly's right hand seized his erect little cock and squeezed, thumb tucked around the base, index finger cinching the shaft so tightly it hurt a bit, while his other three fingers dug painfully into his chastity-swollen ball sac, squeezing his long-denied testicles against the heel of his hand.

Charly didn't only not mind the pain; he *needed* it. He almost couldn't cum without it.

He knew he didn't have long, but he'd learned a long time ago that sissies like him cum too quickly for anyone's pleasure. He took his time, insofar as he could. He squeezed his balls tight and hard between fingers and palm, twisting and pulling as he jerked his cock with his thumb and his index finger. If there was one thing Madame Fabienne had taught him, it was that his cock was so small it did not deserve a whole hand to jerk off with. Thumb and forefinger did nicely. She'd taught Charly that as one of his very first lessons.

Not long after that, he'd learned he needed pain in his balls, to punish them for being attached to a cock so small even a sissy should be too

embarrassed to pleasure it.

That's why he squeezed his balls so hard with three fingers, as he jerked himself off with his thumb and forefinger. His left hand roved freely from right tit to left tit, twisting and tugging his nipples. He dug his long, painted fingernails into the overstuffed flesh of his big fake sissy tits, raking his sharp claws over them to leave trails of sizzling agony.

The pain in his balls and his titties made him, as always, think of his Mistress. She'd be so happy when she learned he'd gotten the job! She might even reward him... except that she wouldn't. She would punish him for what he was doing right now. She might just bend him over and spank his sissy ass... or she might do more. She might whip him or cane him. Or she might break out one of her biggest cocks, strap it on, and stretch his tight hole till he squealed like a pig...

Or, Charly thought, if Madame Fabienne proved *truly* displeased with her little sissy jerkoff, she might call up one of her rougher acquaintances... *male* acquaintances... and pimp Charly out for an all-night session of deep, hard obedience training...

It was that very thought that pushed Charly over the edge, just a minute or two after he'd started jerking and twisting and squeezing his balls and abusing his sissy tits. Cum exploded from his cock so violently that it jetted up into the air high above the toilet, and then cascaded across the front of his half-open blouse. Some of it even hit his face. The rest of it sprayed across Charly's blouse, bra, and skirt. He felt a moment of panic, but Charly kept jerking. He pumped out another huge blast of sissy cum. Then another... and another...

When Charly had emptied his balls, he had a few drops of cum running down his chin... but most of it moistened his blouse and his bra. He desperately wiped up what he could with his fingers and licked them clean. He got up and took off his blouse, rinsing it off in the sink... but he ended up with a half-wet blouse and his still-leaking cock drizzling cum down his legs.

He wiped off his stockings and dropped to the floor, crawling over it to make sure he hadn't left any stray drops of cum. He sat down on the toilet and peed -- sitting down, of course... *always*! He'd just barely been successful in keeping his red-painted mouth shut when he came -- which was not all that easy, since Madame Fabienne had long ago trained him to howl like a banshee when he was fucked, hurt, or (more rarely) pleased. He was, in fact, much more of a "screamer" than even his Mistress.

Perhaps that's why, though Charly had managed to keep his slut mouth shut while he blasted cum all over his blouse, he could not suppress a soft sigh of pleasure as he peed. It felt so good to be free of the chastity tube! He could get used to this...

Charly decided he couldn't do much about his wet blouse, but at least he had rinsed the cum away so there wasn't much chance Fiona would smell it.

Charly squeezed a few last dribbles of cum from his sissy clit and licked the cum off of his fingers. He pulled up his panties, carefully tucking his cock again. Then he pulled down his skirt.

He went to the sink, opened his little red clutch purse, and looked in the mirror. What a slut he looked like! Not to say that was news, but... still!

He took a moment to "fix his face," dabbing the black tears from his cheeks and adding a bit more mascara to make up for what his tears had washed away. He added some blush to make sure the trails of his dark tears weren't visible. He added more lipstick. He fluffed his hair.

He took one last lingering look at himself in the mirror. With his blouse wet, his tits were quite fully on display. He didn't really think that was how he wanted to represent himself to his new employer... but then again, it's not like he had a choice. Besides, his wet blouse even more clearly showcased the beautiful work Dr. DeWitt had done on him.

Charly left the bathroom and headed back to the parlor. He heard Fiona talking on the phone, and remembered that he'd been instructed to retrieve his new uniform from the laundry room.

What had Fiona told him? Three doors down, on the right. Charly found it so much easier to walk with his hard-on seen to. He went to the laundry room, opened it, and was duly amazed by its size -- perhaps three times the size of Madame Fabienne's! -- and the obvious opulence of the clothes hanging all around.

He was *not*, however, impressed by the size of the uniform he found on the back of the door. Something was wrong. The impossibly skimpy black-and-white maid's uniform could not possibly fit him. It was a frilly thing with lots of white lace... but "lots" was a relative term. There wasn't much fabric to begin with. There was no way that short skirt would cover his butt -- let alone let him keep his cock tucked!

Charly found it even more puzzling that the uniform came with a G-string and bra, both of them tucked in a plastic bag that hung from the neck of the hanger. There were stockings, even... an unopened package, a pair of black fishnets with lace bands at the tops. The dress seemed to have garters. There were some other curious-looking straps tucked into the bag with the G-string, stockings and bra.

Charly felt dizzy.

With the uniform on its hanger, he made his way down the hallway, wiggling his butt as he walked. Fiona was still on the phone.

As he neared the living room, Charly started to make out her words.

"Darling, you *can't* sell her for that price. Believe me, I've got the money. All right, we'll meet halfway. I'll order a wire transfer today. Now, Fabi, what about her personal effects? Good, then, that keeps things nice and tidy. No, dear, I've got a chastity tube of my own. You know me! I've got a dozen of them. No, dear, I don't make Antoine wear one! You think he *would*? They don't make one big enough, darling... no, I'm not bragging. Drop by sometime for a party if you don't believe me."

Stunned, Charly started to stumble toward the settee. Without looking at him, Fiona snapped her fingers loudly and motioned at him that he shouldn't sit down.

So Charly stood there and listened, the borderline-indecent maid's uniform dangling from his finger.

Fiona went on talking to Madame Fabienne as if Charly were not there at all.

Fiona said: "No, Fabi, she doesn't need any clothes to live here... she'll be in uniform, when it suits me. And otherwise?" Fiona chuckled and gave Charly a lascivious look up and down, her gaze particularly lingering on his wet blouse and the obvious outline of his big tits. "Well, Fabi, let's just say I'll make sure she's kept quite occupied. I've got some... *costumes* for her to wear. Yes, dear, of course in the bedroom! And elsewhere. I *do* have parties of my own sometimes, Fabi. Oh, yes, her quarters are ready... I showed you the cage in the basement, didn't I? Yes, that's where she'll sleep, Fabi. She'll feel right at home. But I do think at first, she'll spend some nights in bed with Antoine. Oh, yes, he's going to want to break her in *extensively*. Those pictures you sent? They were pretty *convincing*." Charly watched in dismay as Fiona slipped one of the glossies out of the envelope and looked at it with a smile. This time, she held it so Charly could see.

It was *not*, as Charly had suspected, a picture showcasing her housekeeping skills. It was a picture of Charly shot from behind, bent over, wearing nothing but black fishnet stockings and high heels. His ass was stretched wide, as if something quite large had come out of it only moments before. There was no way to know what the object was -- Charly's tight ass had been stretched wide by so many things over the three years he'd been with his Mistress. But he knew this was a recent picture, because of the soft, girly curve of his hips and his pert, rounded ass. He'd only looked like that for six months or so.

"Yes, Fabi, I would just *hate* it if Antoine ripped the poor slut in two! He positively *spoils* girls with that big cock of his. Fabi, I've got to go. You just email that invoice and I'll have the wire transfer sent this afternoon. Yes, I

guess I should keep a copy of her slave contract, just for procedural sake. But it's *total*, you promise? No limits slavery, with right of transfer for profit?"

Fiona was looking right at Charly as she said that. *Transfer for profit*. Charly shivered at the coldness of that phrase.

He had been *sold*.

"Good," Fiona said, still looking at her new acquisition. "Then I guess we're done, here, Fabi. Yes, darling. Come by for dinner some time. I'll let you stick your fist up my maid's ass, just for old time's sake."

Fiona laughed, her eyes roving up and down Charly's half-exposed body.

"Love you, dear. Yes, Fabi, it's really great to be back in touch. I'm so sorry about our spat, darling. As a peace offering, this little whore of yours certainly beats a fruit basket. Yes, Fabi, I'll be quite sure to abuse her properly. I can already tell it's what she needs. She's getting hard now, in fact. I can see that little thing of hers poking out... oh! There it goes!"

Charly stood red-faced in shame as his cock stiffened fully again, popping its way effortlessly free of its "tuck job" in his panties. It stiffened and straightened, jutting out so hard that it nudged its way out of Charly's short skirt.

He did not move to cover it. What was the point? He'd been sold. Fiona owned him, now. Mistress Fabienne had sold him for money. He now belonged to this beautiful creature before him... who, he now saw, had undone a few buttons of her dress while he'd been in the bathroom.

Fiona said: "I've gotta go, Fabi. I've got a *very* small cock to abuse. What a yummy excuse to try out the makeover Antoine just gave our dungeon!"

Charly's tits heaved as he struggled to catch his breath. His cock jutted out from under his skirt, standing hard in the heat of his humiliation.

"See you soon, dear. I'm so glad that we're friends again. I'll make sure she earns it. Bye-bye."

Fiona hung up. Charly stood there before her, holding the uniform.

"It's too small, I think," he said meekly.

Fiona laughed brightly, her blue eyes roving up and down Charly's half-exposed body.

"Oh, we'll make it fit," she said. "But first... Charlotte, you've gone and gotten an *erection*."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was just... I guess when you talked about..." Charly searched for something to say, but found nothing.

He finally blurted: "You're just so beautiful, Ma'am."

"*That* again?" Fiona laughed. "I'm so beautiful that you pop a boner?" She pointed at Charly's little cock and laughed. "I thought you were going to take a few minutes to compose yourself, Charlotte! And from the looks of your blouse, that's *exactly* what you did. So I have to figure... you must be a terribly horny little slut. You just jerked off in my guest bathroom, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Charly whimpered.

"And yet here you are, hard as a rock a few minutes later!"

"Yes, Mistress," Charly said.

"That, Charlotte, *proves* you're a hopelessly horny little fuckslut. I think you *wanted* your Mistress to sell you!"

"Yes, Mistress," Charly said, feeling his eyes sting with tears... but not tears of sadness. Charly didn't know what he felt. He just knew that... Fiona was very, very beautiful.

And very cruel.

"I deserved to be sold," he said. "I only hope I can... *please* you."

Fiona couldn't stop laughing. She seemed to be having a fit of the giggles. As she gestured and pointed at Charly's embarrassing boner.

"With that?" she asked. "No, I don't think so. My husband, though... yes, you'll please him. Those big tits are just Antoine's style! And from this photo, your ass will *almost* accommodate him! I think you'll still find taking him enough of a... *struggle* ... to keep things interesting. I know I did! I still do. But not in my ass, Charlotte! Only dirty girls do that. The *maid* does that. Not me, dear. The maid even *likes it*. She likes taking dick in her ass... very big dick. That's you, Charlotte, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress," Charly said. "Yes, of course."

Fiona sighed and looked at Charly's embarrassing boner again. Once more, she giggled.

Charly still didn't try to hide it. He just stood there, letting her look, holding the nearly obscene maid's uniform.

"We'll get you into that uniform, Charlotte... but first, let me show you the dungeon. We'll get that little thing locked away right now, so you don't soil any more blouses... mine or yours. Perhaps by the time we're done there, Antoine will be home." Fiona glanced at her elegant wristwatch, bedecked with jewels, on her left wrist.

"He usually gets home by five," said Fiona, her red-painted lips twisted with pleasure. "Sometimes a bit later. Six. Sometimes... *seven*."

The parlor's big grandfather clock had not yet struck one o'clock. Fiona intended to occupy Charly for... almost as long as Madame Fabienne used to do. He'd be in the dungeon all afternoon. And then he'd meet Fiona's husband...

Charly's small cock remained hard, jutting out of his skirt.

He said, "Yes, Mistress."

Fiona got up. "Give me the uniform," she said. "We'll leave it right here." She hung it from the edge of the mantelpiece. "You'll put it on after dinner for Antoine and me."

Fiona's icy blue eyes sparkled.

"Well get his help making you fit into it, Charlotte. Won't that be fun?"

Charly stared down at his jutting little cock. The tip of it glistened.

He said, "Yes, Mistress. Lots of fun."

"Good girl," Fiona said, reaching for Charly's long hair.

Following his new owner's lead, Charly went down nice and easy.

Fiona pushed her new slut to his hands and knees for the humiliating crawl to the dungeon.

She snapped her fingers and started down the hallway.

"Come Charlotte," Fiona ordered.

Charly, now Charlotte, obediently crawled down the hall after her new Mistress. She knew it would be a long -- and lovely -- afternoon in the dungeon... and Charlotte anticipated it with the lust of a shameless little sissy whore.

Perhaps, Charlotte thought, she really belonged here after all.

"Learn to Earn" is previously unpublished and appears in *Streetwalking Sissies* for the first time. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

## Learn to Earn by Jodi Fowler

You look so good as a girl, baby, that part of me thinks you're really going to get picked up by a guy. Part of me hopes so. Part of me thinks you would take it. You can tell me you're straight all you want, but when those panties and short skirts and stockings and high heels go on, the rules change, and you know it. When I paint your face and put a blonde wig on you and spirit-gum those boobs to your chest, everything changes. You become Kenzie, not Ken. And you crave cock, even if it's just of the strap-on variety. You want to suck it and fuck it. And I think if real cock rolled up on your pretty ass as you wiggle it down the street in that skintight leopard print skirt, and said "Hey, baby," and offered you \$20 for a "date," you would probably take the guy up on it... if he was cute enough.

One thing I *don't* want to happen, though, is for you to run afoul of some pimp. The Miramontes Street "ho stroll" is pretty rough territory, baby... and that's why I don't let you out on your own for too long. Just long enough to walk the walk three times, maybe four, down Miramontes from Walters to Farrell, then back down to Lowery, and then back again. Long enough for you to get the feel of what it's like to really be a streetwalking whore. Long enough for you to get the sights, the smells, the sounds imprinted in your sweet sissy brain. Long enough to get you in character, baby.

Then, as your bitch-pimp, I come for you.

When the girls and I roll up behind you in Alexandra's boyfriend's old Cadillac, there's a brief moment where I really don't know which whore is you. There's one with a fine, tight ass like yours, baby, and black fishnets, high heels, a halter like yours, even a cute little dog collar like yours, which I can see when she turns to the side -- and her face is disturbingly similar to yours. Though you're hotter.

But then I remember your boots and your leopard-print skirt, whereas hers is more of a plaid.

Thank goodness -- I would hate to abduct the wrong whore, baby.

Would that be some "Figure A: WRONG" shit, or what?

This Caddy is huge, but we've still got it packed. I'm in the front seat with Alexandra and Shelly, both big girls. In back I've got *four* of my friends: Crystal, Audrey, Daniella and Tonya, who tonight I'm calling Chris, Ray, Danny and Tony. They're all pretty skinny, and it's a very big back seat... but four girls in there is a lot. They're packed in tight and complaining like hell.

How we're going to cram you in there with four girls, even those four skinny bitches, I don't know. How we're going to drive the six blocks to the warehouse without getting picked up by the cops, I don't know. But it's only six blocks. My fingers are crossed, I guess. Virtually.

The space considerations, particularly in the back seat, are augmented by the fact that we're all wearing our boners, hon. those are for you. You're going to spend some time up close and personal with them, learning to "earn." They're our "training equipment."

But they're pretty big boners. They take up some extra space. I wanted them wearing black hoods and black turtlenecks, but I couldn't get my hands on a van, and besides, they all said that was too creepy.

I pouted. But I finally agreed to them dressing like "guys," which to them meant dressing like pimps. But it was a struggle, not least because Daniella, the bitch, joined in only on condition of bringing her Go Pro; she wants parts of it playing on video for her installations at Met Space next March, and maybe even as part of her MFA thesis. She says she wants it to be a comment on sex-worker disempowerment and the explosive sexual landscape of gender rebellion. Otherwise, she says, it would be disrespectful to real hos walking the ho stroll, right? I said okay, as long as 1) she lets me approve what she uses, so your pretty face won't be there without my OK, and 2) she agrees not to let any hardcore stuff -- you know, you getting fucked, me getting naked -- go anywhere but on my hard drive.

But I do want it on my hard drive, baby, so you can jerk off to it.

See, baby? I'm looking out for you. Isn't the twenty-first century wonderful?

They're all wearing boy-clothes, without too much flourish -- tight T-shirts with sports bras beneath, baggy jeans, boots. You wouldn't believe what I had to go through to rein in this group and keep them from dolling their bitch selves up with sparkly pants, platform heels, purple fedoras with fuchsia feathers.

No, I'm not making that up about the purple fedora, hon. Yes, Crystal actually has one. She wore it in one of her performances at Gurlesque, and Audrey was there as her tight-white-pant, mammoth-dicked rent-boy bitch. The dykes loved it, mostly. Some of them said it was racist.

I don't know shit about that, baby, I just know I don't want you to giggle when Sandy -- excuse me, I mean Lex -- pulls up alongside you and I bark at you:

"Kenzie!"

You look at me, shocked.

"Like you didn't know this was coming, bitch?" I jerk my thumb toward the back, packed with hot girls in utilitarian boy drag. "Get your sweet ass in back, bitch."

Tony's on passenger-side door duty. She opens the door, gets out, grabs you by the wrist and the shoulder. I had to remind her not to grab you by your hair -- that wig is not a handle -- or the strap of your halter -- those boobs I gummed onto you may not survive the night.

She shoves you toward the back seat.

"You heard your old man, Kenzie! Get your bitch ass in the car!"

"Yeah, bitches in back!" yaps Chris from inside, pleased with her witticism. She grabs your halter and pulls you in. I guess she forgot my proviso re: halter. Thank god, your boobs stay in place. You stumble in. You go sprawling across the laps of the three girls, your shiny, candy-red high-heeled boots in the air. They look sexy, all right. *You* look sexy.

You're all that much sexier when Tony crams her skinny ass back into the car, and the door slams, and almost the instant that Lex hits the gas, someone -- Audrey, I'd wager, sorry, "Ray" -- pulls up your leopard print skirt and begins to spank you. You squeal. You squirm. "Oh, yeah," I hear Daniella/Danny purring as she points the Go Pro right at you. "That's it, boys! Spank the bitch!"

Tony does just as Danny recommends, making sharp slaps on your pretty, shaved ass as you squirm and squeal.

"We're gonna teach you a lesson, Kenzie," growls Audrey -- "Ray." She's is faking this accent right out of an Edward G. Robinson movie. Danny is doing okay, I guess, because she's genuinely swept away in the moment. That Go Pro transforms her into an all-seeing eye; "I am the camera," she often says. Personally, I think of it as her "Ho Pro," but I don't want to tell her that. She'd like it too much. She'd probably steal it.

Lex hits the gas and burns rubber cornering Miramontes and Albarran, As the Cadillac hurtles into the night, I take the lead, shouting over the others:

"You haven't been earning, Kenzie. My boys are gonna show you what happens to girls who don't own!"

I'm not faking an accent; I don't even really try to lower my voice. When I do, it just sounds silly. I'm not a performer like most of these girls. I don't get off on fastening cat toys to my nipples with Elmer's and spinning them for a yowling cathedral of bi-dykes. I prefer to play games like this, where hot boys like you live your fantasies... whether you like it or not.

And you *are* living your fantasy, Kenzie... you're almost as far from reality as I've ever taken you in the bedroom or dungeon. You're transported by this little *tableau* I've arranged. I'm getting good at this, if I do say so myself.

So are you. You play along with convincing ardor:

"No, Hank! Hank, please! Please, Hank! Please, I'll work harder! Don't let the boys work on me! Don't let them hurt me, Hank!"

"Shaddup!" snaps Ray. "We want some pussy! And we're gonna get it, see?"

"Yeah, well, I want some clitty!" Tony chortles. I'm pushed up in my seat and leaning over just enough to see what she is doing. Tony has reached her hand up, under, into your skirt... she's got your dick in your hand. "Your girl's getting nice and hard, Hank!"

"See? Now, that's a good start," I say, reaching down to spank you myself. "You gotta *love* it when clients get rough. I've been hearing you don't, Kenzie. Word gets around. Johns talk, girls talk... they say you don't put out the way that you should. And you sure as hell don't hustle. You've got to wiggle that ass."

"Please, Hank, no, I'll wiggle! I'll wiggle harder! I'll work so much harder, you'll see... I'll suck so much cock for you... uhhhh..." With your "*I'll suck so much cock*," your voice gets all breathy and sexy; your hips start to pump. You work yourself against Tony's hand as she strokes your cock to full hardness through your panties.

You moan, "I'll suck dick all night for you, Ha--" and then you're cut off by something being shoved in your mouth. I look down and see that it's Danny. She's got her dick out. She's shoved your mouth on it. Her hand cups the Ho Pro, zoomed in tight on your face as you suck her dick. The big silicone strap-on is pale, almost the color of Danny's pasty-goth flesh. You leave lipstick rings all up and down it as you struggle to take its impressive length.

Danny senses me glaring at her and looks over at me.

"What?" she says, defensively. "I wanted some footage."

"That's my girl," I say sourly. "Let's make the transfer, girls. We're almost there."

The warehouse roll-up door does not have a remote, so as Lex pulls the Caddy down River Street, I get my phone out and text Michelle, aka "Micki," and Andrea, aka "Andy."

I text them: "ETA 2 minutes."

God, I hope one of them is watching her phone. With those two, you never know how distracted they'll get by some cat video on the internet. Four-G and felines are the worst thing that have ever happened to the attention spans of girls in my generation. (Wanna know what the worst thing that happened to boys in yours is, baby? Sissy porn... *obviously*. Case in point: *you*.) The last thing I want is to have to get out and knock.

But I don't. The roll-up door is just going up when Lex pulls the Cadillac onto the lot. It's late; no one else is around. She drives slowly anyway, gently positioning the Cadillac so it won't take up too much room in the warehouse.

She parks. The roll-up door starts to hum back down. Like a good little whore, you keep slurping up and down wetly on Danny's silicone dick. Like a good little whore, she keeps her Ho Pro focused on you, capturing every minute.

We wait till the door is down; then the doors pop. All four at once. We get out. Tony and Chris pull you out. Ray comes along, swatting at your ass playfully.

Micki and Andy have got the place all set up for your "lesson." Micki brought stocks from her ex-girlfriend's pro-Domme space. You see them

and shiver all over.

You look at me, your face flushed with submissive rapture.

"Please, Hank, don't let your boys work me over. Don't let them do me. Please, Hank, I'll try to be good."

Your leopard-print skirt is pulled up and your cock sticks out of your panties. It stands out hard, firm and straight. I can tell you're more turned on than you've ever been. No game we've ever played has excited you like this.

I can't resist. I come in close. I grab your cock. I hold on tight with my right hand and pull you to me. I put my left hand on the back of your head and force you to kiss me.

I don't have to force you; your red-painted lips come open nice and easy, and I stick my tongue in your mouth. I taste the lingering flavor of Danny's expensive silicone cock. Damn her. She's got that fucking camera focused on us as we share an impossibly intimate moment.

Our kiss is intense. It heats me through to my core. I'm molten inside. If we weren't right in the middle of something, I'd throw you down on the floor of this warehouse and shove myself on you. I'd fuck your brains out. I wouldn't even care if Danny and her Ho Pro were pointed right at us.

But that's not the game... not tonight.

By the time our kiss ends with a drizzling string of spit suspended between us, I'm the one flushed, wet, and weak in the knees.

But I play the game: "You've got to learn, Kenzie. I want you out there earning like your life depends on it." I reach around you and grab your shaved ass. "Because it does, baby. I love you, but... you gotta earn."

You're breathing so hard, your spirit-gummed tits pressing against my chest as I squeeze the tight muscles of your pretty boy but.

"I promise I will, Hank. Just... don't let them do me. Please, Hank?"

I kiss you hard again, more quickly this time.

"You gotta learn," I tell you with a smirk.

There's fire in your eyes. You can't help but smile.

I say: "Do her, boys." And Tony and Chris grab you back from me.

They force you over to the stocks. They're home-made equipment, but very well done. Not painted black, but lacquered hardwood, the grain visible. They're almost too nice for this scene, but they'll have to do.

Micki lifts the stocks. Tony and Chris get your head through the big hole, your wrists through the other. Chris kicks your feet wide apart. A spreader bar goes around your ankles; thank goodness Micki remembered to pack the ankle cuffs big enough to go around those hot candy-red boots of yours. The last thing I'd want is to have you all barefoot. I know how you start feeling femme when you're in high heels... especially high-heeled boots.

Lex shoves a ball-gag in your mouth and puts a blindfold on you. She shoves a red rubber ball in each of your hands, too. Both of you know what that's for; all of us do. If you drop one of them, the scene is on hold, and we check in. If you drop both, the scene stops.

But I know you. I don't think you'll drop either ball, baby. You are one hot little piggy. You want to learn to earn, baby. You want to learn to earn for your Master.

Shelly holds up an incredibly heavy flogger, draping it over your face so you feel it and smell it. It's bull's-hide... and impressive implement. It's going to hurt. I know it. You know it. They know it.

"You wanna start her off, boss?" she asks.

"Nah," I say. "I'm gonna do some paperwork. You boys can take it from here."

"With pleasure," says Shelly. She loves to whip boys. Especially boys dressed like girls. Especially ones with such an incredibly pretty ass, just begging for whip-welts...

I don't "go do paperwork" at all, but I *do* let the "boys" take over from here. I pull over a chair and watch as Shelly whips you. Your pretty, shaved ass is already quite red from getting spanked in the car across four laps. You might say it's "warmed up."

But the bull's-hide flogger is a whole other ball game. Shelly knows what she's doing. She starts you off slow. She watches your responses, gauging the speed and the weight of her strokes to get certain reactions from you. She builds you up nice and slow. She takes her time. We've got all night.

Your leopard print skirt is bunched tightly around your waist. You've still got your thong on. I know how much more femme you feel with your cock tucked in lace, mesh or satin. In any event, the black thong is so skimpy in back that it doesn't much interfere with the flogging you so badly need. It's nothing more than a string up your crack, so it won't stop Shelly from giving you your well-deserved beating.

And she does. You squirm with a dozen strokes... two dozen... they're all so light that I almost feel bad for you. She's building you up so you'll take it until you break. You won't even know how much pain you can take until Shelly has been given an hour with you and this flogger. I know from experience... trust me.

The heavy fronds whoosh through the air. I feel the breeze. It excites me. As the flogger reddens your ass and your upper thighs, you moan behind the ball gag. A stroke hits too low, now and then; your fishnets part in a few places, up near the lace stay-up bands.

More strokes; you're howling. Minutes pass... long minutes marked by sharp smacks and soft swooshes and muffled cries from behind the ball-gag

-- and comments from Chris, Ray, Danny, Tony, Andy, Micki, Lex. Not one word from Shelly, who's totally focused. Not one word from me, who just watches, leaving you in the capable hands of "my boys."

"She's really giving it to you, Kenzie." Chris.

"You better learn, bitch!" Ray, of course.

"That's one hot ass. Hurry up Shel, finish her... break her, so I can fuck that fine tight cunt of hers! My dick is so fuckin' hard!" That one's Tony, of course. More than any of us, Tonya loves playing the bad boy. The one with a hard-on that doesn't take no for an answer. Trust me, hon, that girl sure knows her way with a silicone erection... she treats it just like a flesh-and-blood one.

Micki: "Oh, she'll be ready soon. Look at how hard her clitty is. I think she likes it."

And your clitty *is* hard, baby. Your cock's bounced back out of your panties as you did the dance of desire on the stocks. You're reacting to every progressively harder stroke from Shel's flogger with shudders and thrusts of your hips. Your pretty ass boogies. It waltzes, it foxtrots, it rhumbas.

I know you're not even close to the breaking point, but if we really let Shelly have you, we could be here all night. So when I think it's time to have you get what's coming to you -- what you *really* need -- I bark out:

"That's enough, Shel. She's had enough. Let's get her *trained*."

"My thoughts, exactly," growls Tony. Her cock is already out, and she's jerking it. It's a big bright purple monster, thoroughly unrealistic but with deceptively smooth ripples. It'll feel *good* going into you.

"Take her ass, Tony." It's reward for her being so smoothly in-character... and for having her dick out in time.

Ray assists Tony; she snaps on two gloves. She dribbles lube on one. She begins to stretch out and lube up your tight ass with two fingers. Ray gets the duty because she keeps her nails short; Audrey's a hot little tomboy fisting top. Her hands are just small enough.

You're worked up already from the beating. Your ass is hot. You don't whine or complain in the least about Ray's fingers twisting up into you, deeper and deeper. Why should you? I know you love it. You just moan in pleasure, the sounds you emit being muffled by the ball gag.

While I observe and run my hand down your back, Ray gets three fingers into you nice and easy. She pours on more lube, adds some to her left hand and Tony's cock. As she works four slim fingers into you, she strokes Tony's cock till it's shiny, then guides it to your hole.

"Wait," I say.

"*Aww*, boss!" whines Tony. "I'm so hard, boss! I *gotta* fuck her! Please, boss? I want her tight cunt! Look at that pussy... it *needs* some dick! My big cock's so hard for it..."

I bark at her: "Your cock's always hard!"

True enough. Except for a Soft Pack or two that Tonya keeps for burlesque emergencies, her dick is always hard. It's always silicone, stiff, sitting in Tony's top drawer about half the time, getting pumped into some hot sweet straight girl or walk-on-the-wild-side gay boy the other twelve hours a day. That thing gets *mileage*. It certainly helps that Tony has about twenty-two different models... the legacy of a four-year stint at Divine Pleasures on Conway Street. Tonya *does* get around...

I can see the reaction in you when Tony calls your ass a pussy. You love that when you're "dressed."

I come around the stocks and get in your face. I stand on the flat little platform in front of you. I shove my crotch and grab your head, pushing it

against my bulge. I have to be careful not to dislodge your blonde wig. It's is getting moist with sweat. Your barrettes are hanging all cock-eyed.

So I use your collar to hold you, hooking my index finger through the D-ring in front. I unbuckle your ball gag.

You gasp as the ball gag comes free. A long stream of drool pours out of you, onto my cock.

I say, "This is what happens to girls who don't earn, baby.

After your ass has been opened by Ray's skillful fingers, Tony's cock is a piece of cake. She slides into you nice and easy. You moan softly in pleasure as she starts to fuck you. She grabs your hips, pulls you back against her.

You move with her. You pump your ass back onto her cock.

I say: "That's very good, Kenzie. You're learning."

"Yes, Sir," you whimper. "I promise. I'll try harder from now on."

"Try hard tonight," I growl. "That's what you should worry about."

I pry your lips open and shove my cock in.

You start to suck like a good little whore while Tony goes on fucking you. She fucks you more roughly, building up to a crescendo as if she's really going to cum. She spansks your ass while she pumps into you. She reaches up to grab your hair, realizes at the last moment that she'd better not. So she grabs your shoulder and pulls you back onto her cock, impaling you as hard as she can.

I don't know how she got so good at acting like a man. Especially like a very bad man. Was Tonya an Inquisitor in a previous life? Or maybe a Victorian pimp?

I don't know, but she's *hot*. Both temperature-hot and sexy-hot. She's so much more the latter because she's the former. She's fucking you so hard she glistens with sweat. She drips it all over you. She's stripped off her tank top and now she's got only her sports halter on, compressing her tits into tomboy-smoothness. It's the same deep-tan color as Tonya's flesh, so it looks like she's bare-chested, flat-chested, male. Except for her nipples. Those are there, rock-hard and jutting out, but there's no variation in color. Half of me wants to lean over and draw little circles on her halter with lipstick. Then she'd been *really* convincing.

As she fucks you, Tony goes on and on with the dirty talk: "Yeah, she likes that. Bitch really likes that. You like your cunt getting fucked, don't you? You're lucky I don't fuck you in the ass. Maybe I will. Maybe your boss wants that for you."

"Maybe," I say, letting you do your work on my cock. You can't move much, with your neck in the stocks, but the little you can move, you put to good use. You really do know how to suck cock, don't you? And you really enjoy it. Maybe too much for a straight boy, baby. Maybe you'd better watch out for my fantasies. They're going pretty wild at the moment. This seems so real that I can't help think that maybe it should be.

And as for *your* fantasies, well... this little gem was plucked right out of *those*, so you leave me to draw what conclusions I will, hot little dicksucker.

I push you down firmly, choking, you gagging you on my strap-on... you love that. You've always loved that. It makes you suck me more eagerly, though I don't make you deep-throat. I normally would, but you've got a whole lot of cock to suck tonight, baby. I figure you'd better pace yourself.

Tony and I ram you from both ends, bouncing you between us like you're a rubber ball. She and I grin at each other. Oh, she is so fucking hot.

Even though you're still in the stocks, you have enough room to stretch your neck out and thrust your face forward, so you do the deep-throating without being pressured. You've done it before, in the bedroom, the dungeon, but it's oh so much hotter when I don't insist on it. You like it

when I do, but now you don't need it. You're trying to please me. I'm your pimp and you're trying to show me you can "earn." You do it all on your own, baby... and you do it well. You get my whole dick all the way down your throat, so your messy red lips are wrapped around the base.

Oh, fuck, you look so hot. I've just got to see your eyes. I sweep the blindfold off of you. Your eyes glisten as you look up at me. Your cheeks run with mascara.

"Oh, fuck," I say. I can't wait any longer. I shove my hand in my pants. I thrust my fingers under my harness. I have to work it down, pushing hard, because I've cinched the buckles too tight... probably tighter than they needed to be.

I find my clit by pure instinct, of course, but it feels so different when it's tucked down on what feels like the inside of me... at the base of a cock that you're sucking.

You know exactly what I'm doing. I see it in your eyes. I press my fingertips to my clit and allow the pressure of your thrusting to drive the surges of pressure against me.

Tony's in much the same boat. She's got a whole lot more experience wearing and using a dick than I do. She's got something inside her... a dildo, a plug, I don't know... and a battery pack in the pocket of her baggy jeans. The wire trails up and out of her pocket, then back down into her harness. She's got a vibrator settled in tight on her clit.

And she cums. She cums with a masculine grunt, telling you, "Yeah, I'm unloading, here's my load, take it, oh yeah, bitch, take it in your fuckin' cunt!" She does it just moments before I do the same -- not the dirty talk, not the caterwauling... just the orgasm. A big one.

A really, really big one. You're gulping down my cock with eager abandon when it hits me. I sound too girly when I moan and groan; I can't help but sound that way, because even now I feel more feminine for having taken you like this, with all of my girlfriends. They're bad girls, hon. They

know how sissies are handled. They know how to play dirty games, and this is the dirtiest one I think any of us have ever played.

Except maybe Tonya. That girl really gets around.

Speaking of getting around, how did Danny manage to get her damned camera from Tony's orgasmic face to mine before I'm finished cumming? Somehow the bitch captured *both* of us cumming!

Well, okay... I guess I have to admire her focus, if nothing else. We're going to have some hot video, at least. Isn't the twenty-first century wonderful?

But I can't imagine any of it will be PG-13 enough for her MFA thesis. A gallery show, *maybe*. But... Met Space?

I tell you: "Oh, yeah, you're good, baby. Such a good little cum-eater." I wish I had real cum to feed you, but that's not in the cards without a whole lot more work. So I have to trust you can imagine that when I just came so hard, my big dick pumped its load down your throat.

I trust you. I really trust you. Your mind can complete those hot little details. Good for you, baby. That's why you're the guy that we treat like this. You're so special.

I pull my cock out of my mouth and wipe its spit-wet silicone surface over your face. You kiss my dick reverently.

I look down at your makeup-smeared face. Your eyes are bright. You clutch the two rubber balls in your hands, holding on for dear life.

You and I share a look. It's a powerful one... dreamy, delicious. I know it's all right... hell, it's more than all right. Everything's perfect.

Then Tony pulls her cock out of your ass, and you gasp. You shudder all over with the sudden absence.

I look you in the eyes as I call out:

"All right boys... who wants her next?"

Seven girls-dressed-as-boys clamor for next crack at your dripping holes.

And you whimper at me: "Thank you, Sir," as I withdraw and they move in...