

# Every Rose...

By  
Maldomi Femsub

SMASHWORDS EDITION

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## Sexual content statement

This e-book contains depictions of sexual situations and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of eighteen.

All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

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Spike was on his way to work, racing his company car through the mean streets of the big city. Well, to be frank, the streets were much more congested than mean, and Spike was driving at a snail's pace, rather than racing. He was on full alert, though, glancing to his briefcase every few seconds and honking his horn in vain. He had to get to work on time, his future employment depended on it.

The sudden ringing of his phone startled him, making him jump in his seat.

“H-Hello.”

“Spiky, my man!” The man on the other end was Robert, Spike's best friend, and colleague up until a couple of weeks ago.

“Robby! How's it going? How did the job interview go?” Spike asked, the chat with his friend lightening his very focused and serious mood he was in.

“It went perfect! I'm positive they'll hire me, and I asked them about you, as well.” Robert said jovially.

“I already told you man, I don't need it.” Spike said and pursed his lips, a little angry. He could hear Robert sigh over the phone.

“Yeah, I know what you said, buddy, but I still think you're delusional.”

“Rob, listen...” Spike started.

“No, man, you listen.” Rob interjected “It's not your fault, it happened to all of us! It happened to old man Jenkins and he practically built the company! He had more seniority than most of us combined!”

“I have a plan!” Spike tried to reason with his friend.

“We all had a plan!” Robert retorted exasperatedly “What's yours? Are you going to give a solid speech showcasing your superior salesmanship skills and revenue generation? Because that won't work! The chick I was up against had pitiful stats and I still found myself kicked down the curve.”

“I know...” Spike tried.

“Are you planning to beg? Because Gary tried that, and Miss Stone-cold -bitch fired him with a mocking smirk!”

“Or maybe you're counting on your people skills? I'll give you that, Spike, you're a charmer, but that dyke has such a gigantic flaming stick shoved up her ass, I doubt a Jedi mind trick would help you!”

There was a pause, which Spike took to roll his eyes at his friend's words, and silently fume for a second.

“Are you done?” He asked Robert, and honked a couple of times just to vent his anger. The chain of honking coming from all nearby, likewise unnerved and wound-up drivers, nearly made him burst with a road-rage infused fit of maniacal laughter.

“Yea, I'm done, and you'll soon be done, too.” Robert sneered.

“I told you, mate, I've got...”

“A plan, yeah, I heard. Listen, Spiky, I'm not trying to be mean, I just want you to see reality as it is. You're going to lose this fucked up, fixed, so called 'duel', and Miss Stone will fire you, like she did with the rest of us. You were lucky enough to be the last of us to go.”

Spike tapped the steering wheel nervously, waiting for the goddamn light to go green. When it did, he put the pedal to the metal and charged until the traffic jammed before him, forcing him to

come to a crushing halt again.

“You should at least use that knowledge to your advantage. Tell the bitch what you really think, make a rude gesture of your choosing, pack your office up, and let me set you up for an interview with my new employers. What do you say?”

“No, Rob.”

Spike ran another yellow light and flattened the brakes, making his briefcase wobble in the passengers seat. He dove to rescue it, and with an apprehensive glare he put it down on the car's floor, where it would be safer.

With all the commotion, he didn't hear Rob give another sigh of exasperation.

“Man, I don't know what to do with you. Wanna go down swinging? Fine, go ahead. Me and the other guys will be at the bar tonight to console you and trash on those fucking whores who took over our home.”

“I won't need consolation, man, but thanks anyway.” Spike said confidently.

“Sure you won't, buddy, sure you won't. I just think your fall would have been far more cushy if you accepted your fate.”

“You're one to talk. You didn't resign to losing your job, did you?” Spike snorted in laughter.

“Hehe, young man, you have a point there. Well, I've gotta go. Good luck today, as if that will help you...”

“Nothing like a bit of friendly encouragement from you, Robby.” Spike jested “I'll speak to you after the ordeal, maybe.”

Spike hung up. He put both hands on the steering wheel, clenched his chin determinately, and let the fire burn in his eyes.

“I'm not going to let this end so unfairly, buddy, I can promise you that. Miss Stone and her precious little lackeys will rue the day they took over our company.” His resolve showed in his expression – A driven glare that could pierce through steel.

“Well, first I have to keep my job, of course...”

Spike worked for a real-estate agency that dealt with mostly commercial and industrial real-estate.

The new boss, Miss Olivia Stone, came into her new role like a tornado, and most of Spike's friends were the casualties of that storm. In her mid thirties, Miss Stone was relatively young to be a CEO, and the hard, stern, ball busting nature, which landed the prestigious job in her surprisingly trim lap, was clear to everyone, on her very first day.

Her first reform was to hire a bunch of new employees, and announce that the old employees will have to compete for their place in the company. If they failed to perform, they will be fired. She called it a way to revitalize the ranks and get rid of excess fat.

Spike and his co-workers weren't too worried. Miss Stone said the total number of employees will increase, and Spike and his friends were all the best deal closers in their firm. Things started looking weird when all the new employees turned out to be women.

Their company did always have mostly male employees, and the previous management got a lot of heat for that, so Spike and the other guys figured it was an attempt to balance things out. They knew Miss Stone was a feminist activist, and quite honestly, most of them didn't care. If anything, it gave them some pretty young things to look at during the day, as Herbert once cheered in the bar

they oft frequented after a hard day of work.

If the new girls knew how to do the work, they had a place in the company, Spike figured, and if they turned out to be better than him at it, he couldn't blame the big boss for firing him.

They were all so naive...

A couple of months after the mass hiring, Miss Stone announced her methods for cutting the excess fat. She divided the employees to pairs, and pitted them against each other, in a duel for their job. At the end of the meeting, in which both employees could present their case of why they should stay, Miss Stone would make a final, non-appeal-able decision. She did say that, in rare cases, both employees would stay, but the guys quickly realized that only happened when two women were paired together.

It became clear that no matter how accomplished the man was, or how poor the output of the woman was, Miss Stone would always fire the man. Sure, at times it was the right decision, but when it happened to people that Spike knew were the best in the biz, he understood what was going on.

Everyone caught on swiftly enough, both the men and the women. The female employees, new and old, were surrounded by a constant aura of smugness and confidence, cool and happy as they went through their day. The men, on the other hand, were stressed out of their wits and waiting for the axe to fall on them.

It didn't take long for most of the male employees to resign to their fate, and quit as a pre-emptive strike.

Spike ended up literally being the last men standing, and now was his day to "duel" a woman ten years younger than him, for a job he held for over seven years. His friends told him to quit, to preserve his dignity. Most of them have already found different jobs, and most of those offered him an interview with their new bosses, along with a promise of high recommendations.

He would hear none of that, however.

"If Miss Stone can come in and do what she did, what's to stop another shrew from doing the same thing in my new workplace?" He argued, and usually silenced his co-workers. They lived in constant fear of it happening again, and Spike was not going to embrace that terror. He vowed to find a way to keep his job, no matter what.

On that fateful day, he did have a plan of action. If he managed to get there on time, and his plan worked, then his job would be safe, at least for the time being. Spike knew it was a very big "if", but he also knew he had no other choice.

He reached the employee parking lot with the same fire burning in his eyes, and waited, breathing heavily and mentally preparing himself for every outcome.

When he saw his rival's car pull in, he took a deep, foreboding breath, sorted his tie in his rear view mirror, and left the car with his briefcase in hand.

They met near the elevators, and Spike gave her a nervous, and somewhat cold look. She had blue eyes and light brown hair. She wore a cream coloured blouse and a blue skirt on her slender waist. Her top button was open, probably to tease him with her unattainable, and very attractive cleavage, and she looked at him with a very patronizing expression on her face.

"You look like you're about to pee in your pants." She held her glasses on her nose and said with a smirk.

"You look like you're enjoying yourself." Spike retorted flatly, pressing the elevator button again, as if hoping it will make it go faster.

"Hey, buddy, not my fault you're going to lose your job today." She said smugly, and more than a bit sadistically.

"You know, I'm glad Miss Stone chose you to face me. That way, I don't have to feel bad calling

you a bitch afterwards.”

“Oh, ouch! You got me.” She said sarcastically “Loser...” She added, rolling her eyes.

Spike didn't even know her. He didn't even remember her name from the duel listings. In his defence, that list was published over two months earlier. She just waltzed into the job, and they both knew she would be the one to win, if it was up to Miss Stone.

“You know, some of the girls upstairs at least have the decency to admit how unfair this whole thing is.” Spike complained to the ruthless woman next to him.

“Business isn't supposed to be fair, asshole. You're just whining because you and your group of merry apes lost.”

“That so called group of merry apes helped build this company and make it what it is today.” His eyes popped with anger.

“And we are all so deeply impressed.” She chuckled and laughed at him.

“At least you're making this easier for me...” He mumbled under his breath.

“What?” She asked, folding her arms together and raising an eyebrow.

“Nothing, nothing.”

The elevator dinged and its doors opened wide, letting Spike and his adversary in.

“Don't worry, I'm sure you'll find another job after Miss Stone cans you.” The cruel young woman said. Spike sighed, shook his head, and pressed the fifth floor's button.

As if eager to add to her annoying words, the brunette harlot decided to hum a happy, and increasingly annoying tune while the elevator made its way up.

When the elevator rattled once, and then completely stopped moving, Spike nearly jumped in delight, in part because it stopped her incessant humming.

“What the fuck?” She exclaimed, pressing the 'open doors' button a few times.

“Oh joy...” Spike rolled his eyes “Looks like we're stuck.”

“Stuck?! I can't be stuck here with you!” She screamed “Miss Stone is waiting for me!”

She started banging on the door and yelling for help.

“I'm not very much pleased with the situation, either, trust me!” Spike said, barely able to contain his smile “Although seeing you get so riled up might be worth it.”

“Oh shut up!” She snapped.

“Someone!”

***Bang Bang Bang***

“Anyone!” She forcefully knocked on the closed metal doors with clenched fists

“Why don't you help me?!” She accused him.

Spike chuckled.

“Relax, they'll figure it out at some point and come get us.” He told her “Besides, you do know there's an alarm button, right?”

He pressed the alarm button in a very mockish manner.

“Oh well aren't you a genius.” She stopped her rampage on the door and narrowed her eyes at him derisively.

“Hello? Can you hear me? Sp...I mean, anyone there?” A Hispanic sounding voice emerged from the speaker above the elevator's buttons, along with substantial amounts of white noise.

“Yeah! We're stuck, you useless idiot! Do something about it!” She screeched at the poor lift engineer.

“Keep it up, that is sure to make him hurry, and definitely won't make him want to keep us stuck here, out of spite.” Spike exasperated.

“Are you stuck in there?” The man asked again, calling out loudly as if a thousand feet away.

“Of course we are, you idiot!”

“Hey!” Spike raised his voice” Allow me, why don't you.”

He cleared his throat.

“Hey, buddy. Me and my, ahem, friend here...” He said through gritted teeth “Are on our way to an important meeting. We would very much appreciate it if you could help us out of here as quickly as you can.”

Static silence emerged from the speaker for a few seconds.

“Yeah, sure, man. I'll check it out. I'll have you out of there in, say, 20 minutes?” He half said, half asked.

“No! That's too long!” She raged once again.

“That's perfectly fine, mate. Just get us out of here alive, alright?” Spike ignored her.

“Hah! I'll do my best, buddy.” A hanging up sound was heard, and the static white noises died off along with the technician's voice.

Spike glanced at her infuriated face, and lowered his briefcase to the ground.

“What do you mean, it's fine?!” She berated loudly “I can't be suck here for twenty minutes!”

“Miss Stone is waiting for us, and unlike you, I still have some future prospects in the company! I won't let this put me on the boss's wrong side! You hear me?! Huh? Are you even listening?! What the fuck are you doing, anyway?!”

As she screamed and yelled at him, Spike opened his briefcase and took a clear glass bottle with the words “Thorn” written on it. The liquid inside was light pink, and very watery.

“What do you mean?” Spike casually opened the bottle and took a couple of sips, filling the elevator with flowery scents.

“What is that thing?” She asked with a frown.

“This? It's rose water. I find it refreshing to have a sip, from time to time. Here, smell.” He held the bottle next to her nose, but she recoiled and waved it away, taking a step back.

“Isn't rose water used for perfumes?” She asked with an involuntary giggle.

“A-Are you really supposed to be drinking it?” She frowned.

Spike leaned back and took one final, relaxing sip.

"I think so, yeah." He said offhandedly, and poured some of the pink liquid on his palm, smearing and rubbing it across his neck.

"W-Well...I...I don't...Think so..." She said slowly, seeming uncertain, and slightly confused. Spike placed the "Thorn" bottle back in his briefcase, and smiled at her.

"Are you alright, luv? You seem to be breathing quite heavily." Spike asked with a grin.

"I...I..." She panted, looking at him with glassy eyes and a flushed face.

"It's the smell." She finally understood "The smell is..."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Is it bothering you?" He asked wickedly.

"Y-Yeah. I mean....I mean no...I mean..."

"Well, what do you mean?" Spike insisted, walking towards her, slowly and steadily.

"I mean...I feel...My body is...Warm..."

"Your body is warm?"

"Heart...Beating fast..." She fell backwards and leaned on the wall of the elevator.

"So...So hot..."

Spike reached her, and casually leaned over her, supporting himself with one hand on the wall, his body inches away from hers.

"Does it feel good, or bad?" He asked simply.

"Huh?" She fidgeted and squirmed, one of her hands sneaking between her legs.

"Ohhhh..." She moaned deeply, her rogue fingers rubbing her crotch through her skirt. Her strength was sapped for a moment, and she felt her back sliding down the wall.

Her face was right in front of Spike's neck, and she caught a strong whiff straight from the place he rubbed the watery substance on.

Her heart throbbed and pounded as she stared up at him, unblinking, and filled with an unquenchable desire.

"I asked, does it feel good, or bad?" Spike asked, his solid voice giving her focus in her shaky, unstable state.

"So...So..." She mumbled weakly.

With another grovelling whimper, she leaned forward and kissed his neck with her soft, gentle lips, leaving a red mark on his skin. Spike's eyes widened, and a smile that was part triumphant, part disbelieving appeared on his face. His own lips quietly mouthed "it's working" in sheer amazement, as he enjoyed the pleasant sensation.

Her lips detached from his neck with a moist kiss.

"So good!" She said with a breathy whisper, lost in bliss, her head hanging weightlessly on her neck and her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

"Ohhhhhh..." She moaned herself back to coherence, and wrapped one long leg around his waist. She planted her lips back on his neck, and smooched and sucked like a vampire in heat.

Spike smelled the Lilies in her hair and took a step back, holding her tightly until she found firm

ground.

“My, my, aren't you a horny little vixen!” Spike held her thigh and ran his hand up, burying his face in her auburn mane.

“Horny...Yesss!” She kissed and licked his neck and his shoulder, lavishing his body with wild abandon.

“Such a naughty girl, Hrrm!” He growled at her.

Spike enjoyed her heated body, writhing on him as if he was a strip club pole, and finally reached back and playfully grabbed her ass.

She suddenly flinched when she felt the shameless squeezing of her backside.

“Wh...What?” Her eyes shook and she wobbled backwards, away from him.

“Is anything wrong?” He asked with a frown “Because it was you who threw yourself on me, you know.”

“I...I know...” She touched her forehead and rubbed her temporal lobe, readjusting her glasses on her nose.

She was still panting and eager to jump on him, but what if someone caught them? What if the elevator was fixed and the doors opened while she was making mad love to him?

“You look hot.” Spike complimented her with a warm smile.

She looked at him with blue eyes filled with carnal lust.

“Hot...Yes...” She had to cool herself down, because she was losing control. She nearly threw herself at him, like a piece of meat eager to be ravaged. A wonderful, strong, magnetically alluring man standing in front of her, she felt like a tiny object orbiting the sun, helplessly drawing closer and loving every steamy, scalding moment of it.

Yes, she had to cool herself down, so she unbuttoned her blouse's top, exposing the white bra encasing her sizable breasts. She waddled around and nearly pounced back on the man before her.

“Ohhh...” She stopped herself and pinched her nipples through her bra – A desperate attempt to provide her with the release she so ached for.

Spike decided to be proactive – The young woman was clearly trying to fight her strong desires, and he knew he could help.

He walked towards her, every soft step forward sending an electrical jolt through her fragile, sensitive body. She felt as if every single nerve ending in her body was connected to her quaking, quivering, and soaking pussy.

Standing before her again, he unbuckled his pants and dropped them. Her lips drew closer to his neck, puckered and eager to smooch him once again.

“Here, you can plant your lips on this.” He removed his boxer shorts and his erection sprang out swinging.

“**Pant...Pant...Huh?**” She looked down, her mouth watery, her lips forming a slutty smile.

“I...I don't...know...” She still hesitated, wanting to follow her base urges with every fiber of her being, but somehow constrained by her conception of what was appropriate.

“Then step back, re-button your blouse, and stop acting like a sex crazed bimbo. I have needs too, you know, and it's hard for me to contain myself with a hot young thing like you, behaving so

lewdly next to me.”

He moved closer, and his tip touched her smooth business skirt. She looked down at the point of contact with watery eyes, his rod looking so juicy and inviting.

“I...I'm sorry...” She apologized, her eyes fixated on his member “I didn't mean to make you...Like this...I...”

“You didn't?” He asked coyly “Are you sure?”

“I just feel so...So horny...” She said desperately.

“Then make your decision already.” Shamelessly and arrogantly, Spike reached around her and grabbed her butt again. This time, she did not flinch or recoil, but merely whimpered seductively at him, her smile widening.

“A decision...Yes...Mmmhhh...” She whispered cutely, and moaned wetly.

She fell to her knees with a thump that rattled the elevator, and Spike's cock stretched between her sparkling blue eyes.

She licked it once, short and quick, and Spike groaned. She licked it a second time, brushing her tongue longer, and much slower. Spike grunted and smiled to the ceiling, thanking all possible deities at once.

She giggled sweetly, and licked a third time, tracing the full breadth of her tongue along his underside and up to his tip, as if licking a pop-sickle, and finished with a moist kiss.

She looked up at him again with a radiant smile.

“Why did I try to stop myself?” She asked quietly, shaking her head, and with a sexy purr, she took his length in her mouth, and began sucking him off like a pro.

“Mmf! Mf! Mmn!” Muffled slurping echoed within the small confines of the elevator, as the young woman bobbed her head back and forth on her co-worker's cock. Her hands played with her tits, removing her bra and tossing it away, and her tongue danced around his shaft like a graceful ballerina, twirling around and feeling every bulging vein.

“Hmm, that's nice...” He grasped her head in both hands, and took control of the pace, pumping into her throat with quick and rough thrusts.

“Let's see how your eyes look with these glasses off.” He grabbed her stylish spectacles and tossed them aside.

“Mm-hmm!” She nodded with his cock in her mouth and her hand down her panties, and looked up at him, her eyes shimmering like the ocean at sunrise.

Grunting bestially, he continued spearing her face ruthlessly.

“Do you like it, bitch?” He asked, and pulled her head back till her lips plopped from his manhood.

“Yesh! I like it sho much! Pwease!” She slurred out, desperately lashing and waving her tongue towards his hard-on.

“Pathetic whore.” He smiled smugly and let her go, and she instantly gobbled his shaft back up.

“Haha! Where's all your arrogance now, huh? You cock sucking slut! I guess it went away once you started thinking with that flooding cunt of yours!”

He held her head back, once again, to tease her.

“Yesss! Thinking with my pussy! It's so hot and wet! I'm so sorry for being such a bitch, please, I need your...Mm! Mbh!” He let go of her again, and back to work she went.

“Want me to fuck that hot, wet pussy?”

She nearly squirted in a mad orgasm when she heard his question.

“Mm! Hmm! Hnng!” She nodded and gasped and panted with his rod in her mouth, already half way to remove her panties.

“Beg me.” He told her, and she purred in question, sliding her tongue along the underside of his dick.

“Beg me like the worthless sow you are.”

Addicted to his scent, and eager for him to use her, to violate more of her holes, the kneeling young woman nodded.

She no longer cared about her boss waiting, or about someone walking in, or even about keeping her job.

“Please, Spike, fuck my pussy.” She begged with a weak, defeated voice, and kissed his hard-on like a lover.

“Uh uh uh.” Spike flicked her lips with his cock and shook his head derisively. A frightened look appeared on her face. Did she do something wrong? Did she displease him? She had to get him to fuck her! She couldn't think straight any more without his manhood roaming deep inside of her!

“That is not how you properly talk to your superior, now is it?” He demanded.

A part of her brain tried to tell her that he was not, in fact, her superior. That they were equally ranked in the company, but it was quickly subdued by a thick haze of blinding arousal.

The truth was clear.

She was on her knees, her lips touching his cock and her breath engulfing it like a warm breeze. She looked up at him with depraved desire in her eyes, and a submissive expression on her face. Anyone with eyes could immediately determine which of them was superior to the other, and she saw no reason to fight or argue against it.

“Yes, sir.” She lowered her gaze and focused on her bent knees, in shame.

She took a deep breath in, looked back up with hope and adoration, and spoke the words she hoped he wanted to hear.

“Please fuck this inferior slut kneeling before you, sir.” She showed him the utmost respect, her smile sincere, and radiant.

“Now, that was better.” Spike stood over her lordly, a triumphant glint in his eyes. His young, attractive colleague barely stopping herself from fingering her snatch to oblivion.

“Stand up and bend over for me.” He ordered authoritatively.

“Yes sir! Ohh, thank you sir!” She bounced to her feet, light as a gazelle, and moved her erotic body per his demand.

Bending over and hiking up her skirt, she gave him a full view of her bare and bubbly behind. She kept her long, smooth legs perfectly straight and properly spread, and opened her soaking pussy lips for him with both hands. She wiggled and wagged her booty seductively and invitingly, her panties still hanging to one of her legs, next to the heel.

“Please fuck me, sir!” She pleaded, her lower fuck-lips drooling with desire.

Spike was more than happy to comply with her desperate request.

With a harsh spank on her curvy buttocks, he positioned himself behind her, holstered his tip in her tight snatch, and took a deep breath.

“Ahhh!” She squealed loudly as he grabbed her hips with both hands, and thrust his hips forward, his erection drilling into her.

“Ohh fuck! Your pussy is sucking me in!” Spike admired and praised the horny mess bent over before him.

“Ahh! Nnggh—yaaaaa!” She screamed and moaned, his cock roaming within her, making her feel like she has never felt before.

“Shank you, shir! Ahaaa!” She could barely even talk, or breathe between horny moans of infinite passion. She had no idea such pleasure even existed, and it quickly consumed every shred of her consciousness. At that moment, nothing existed apart from the benevolent man fucking her from behind, and the divine rod he repeatedly rammed into the deepest reaches of her pussy.

Spike grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back as he fucked her from behind.

“Such a horny little slut!” He banged her and spanked her.

“I don't think a whorish bimbo like you, who jumps on men in an office building's elevator, even deserves to call me 'sir'.”

“Ahhhh! Mmmm!” She moaned, the walls of her pussy quaking around his manhood.

“Hey! Are you listening?” He demanded her attention, and spanked her for it.

“Y---Yeeeeshhh!” She moaned.

“You should call me master, bitch!” His eyes lit up as a deep seeded sexual fantasy of his was about to come true.

“Yeah! You should show me the respect I deserve, you haughty, condescending piece of fuck-meat!”

“Don't you agree?” He paused his frantic thrusting, and pulled her head closer to him, his cock lodged so deep inside of her, it nearly pierced her womb.

Plenty of thoughts crossed and swam, at that moment, in her addled mind, most of which revolving around the variety of ways her new master could use her gentle body for his pleasure. Somehow, she knew no man would ever be able to give her the same feeling of absolute satisfaction and bliss. It was as if her entire life was a prologue, nothing but a preview, and now her real existence was about to begin.

If a pathetic, obedient love slave is what he wanted. If a set of willing holes and a flexible feminine body is all he truly wished for.

If a living, breathing, horny, and panting sex toy was his utmost desire, then that is what she will be.

She gathered the few frail threads of focus still left in her otherwise molten-by-lust mind, bit her lower lip to stifle a sex-crazed moan, and opened her mouth, to give him the words he demanded, nay, commanded to hear.

“Yes master! Ahhh! Your slave should show you all the respect...Ohh!...You deserve!” She called out with a trembling voice, saying an oath of submission she never thought would come out of her normally defiant, cherry-coloured lips.

Her surrender was met with a magnificent reward – Her master, Spike, grunted and fucked her like a wild beast, banging her till tears of joy flooded her eyes. When he stopped, and pulled out, it was as if she was dropped to the ground from the heights of paradise.

“Please, master.” She begged with a cracked voice, her aching body shivering “I need you inside of me, master, please!”

She heard him smirk, and turned around to look. He sat on the floor, exhausted and panting, his cock still raging and throbbing.

“Are you already done with my pussy, master?” She asked and used her fingers to spread her twat open, shamelessly inviting him back in.

“I'm not twenty anymore, you know.” He said breathlessly “Why don't you come here and mount me, see how well you work that sexy body of yours.”

She smiled meekly, went to her knees, and crawled over to him.

“Yes master. This slave will happily do all the work for you.”

She moved towards him on her hands and knees, spread her legs above his crotch, and speared herself forcefully.

“Ohhh!” She moaned and writhed atop him. Having him inside of her was like having a constant orgasm.

“Ride me!” He grabbed both her ass cheeks and ordered, right before burying his face in her perky tits.

“Ah! Yesh mashter!” Her tongue dangled from her mouth as a surge of pleasure coursed through her entire body. Her physical subordination to him was undeniable.

She bounced on him for what felt like an eternity of heavenly pleasure, until he squeezed her ass so hard it hurt, holding her in place. His hips contorted up abruptly, and he groaned.

“Aaaarghhhh...”

He shot his load deep into her. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and moaned as she moved her hips in perfect circles. The young bimbo felt faint. She couldn't believe a greater pleasure existed, but just feeling his thick sperm spurt inside of her made her entire body numb.

She fully lost consciousness for a couple of seconds, and woke up thanks to a sharp slap on her rear. Her bubbly behind had two distinct, red hand marks on it, one on every cheek.

She could feel the creamy exertion filling her womb, it was the most pleasant thing she has ever experienced.

“Thank you master.” She expressed her gratitude again, to the man who made such pleasure possible, and gently kissed his sweaty neck.

“You're welcome, slave.” He responded, gently patting her light brown hair.

“Are we clear on the new nature of our relationship?” He asked in a formal sort of way.

She raised her head to look him in the eyes, and nodded meaningfully.

“Yes master. I am yours for whatever you wish, whenever you wish it.” A subdued expression on her face, she sealed the deal and made her resolve known.

“I will do anything to keep feeling this good, master. Anything at all.”

The static, white noise filled the elevator again, right on time.

“I'm done with the, umm, fix, mister.” The technician said “So, umm, I'm going to get the thing moving again...?” It was unclear if he was asking, or saying, but Spike smiled nonetheless.

“Yes, thank you, matey.” He said, and turned to his new slave, still resting on top of him, his flaccid manhood in her tight cunt. She didn't even care if someone finds her like that, her clothes dishevelled, and her bouncy butt acting as a soft cushion to her master's crotch.

Spike had other plans, though.

“Get off me and get yourself sorted.” He said, stealing a fondle of her lovely breasts before lightly slapping her behind, to prod her off of him.

“Yes master.”

With no other word required, she stood on two wobbly feet, and pulled her panties up. Her bra hung awkwardly after the rough fucking, showing both nipples, so she placed it back in a decent manner, and then re-buttoned her blouse.

“What's your name, anyway?” Spike asked.

“M-My name?” She looked at him, wide eyed, proud that her master was even interested. The notion that he should know, considering they worked at the same firm, never crossing her wilfully subjugated mind.

“It's Kim, master.” She answered with a sweet smile.

The elevator started moving again. Kim felt her cheeks flush as her pussy got wetter and wetter by the millisecond.

“M-Master?!” She squealed, semen and pussy juices mixing on the thin fabric of her panties “May I please bend over for you again?!”

Spike stared in shock, looking at his new toy cross her legs in desperation, already eager for another roll in the proverbial hay.

“Not now. We need to get to our meeting with Miss Stone.” He said blatantly.

“Please, master! I can't take it for much longeeer!”

“Get a hold of yourself, slut!” He spanked her hard, causing her to lose her footing and writhe in pleasure, tears in her eyes and a whorish smile on her face.

“Y—Yes master. Thank you master.” She said, creaming a tad in her panties. She reached a small orgasm from one sharp booty-slap.

Spike realized that, and stared down on her with a concerned expression.

“I think I'll put you in my office, first, for a few moments.”

“Yes master!” She said, already getting aroused all over again.

“May I crawl after you, master? It will make me feel so much...Ohhh...Better...” All semblance of dignity left her as she licked her lips seductively and asked him a completely self degrading question.

“No, you may not, Kim.” He hoped using her name will calm her down.

It didn't.

“Whyyyyy?” She cried.



“I have my reasons, Kim, as you should assume.” Miss Stone shrugged her off, another response Spike pretty much expected.

“Miss Stone, please, hear me out.” Kim insisted “I would like to request that you keep Spike in the company. I have learned a lot about him recently, and I believe he is one of the most important members of our workforce.”

“Oh, do you now? That's quite a surprise coming from you, Kimmy.” Miss Stone scoffed and raised an eyebrow “I completely disagree with that assessment, Kim, and I have significant misgivings about your honesty, if you truly say that this man” She spat the word out in scorn “has any important influence to this company's success.”

Well, if Spike had any doubts about her hidden agenda, they were void and gone. Miss Stone's agenda was simply no longer hidden, she wanted to get rid of all men, for whatever weird reason.

“I am being fully honest, Miss stone.” Kim continued to defend her secret master “I hope you will agree with me, and keep him.”

“Are you two romantically involved?” Miss Stone asked with a look of utter and complete shock.

“No ma'am.” Kim said with a gentle smile, and Spike shook his head. He figured that the least he said, the better it will go.

“Is he blackmailing you in some way?” Miss Stone continued her interrogation.

“Of course not, Miss Stone!” Kim giggled “Don't be ridiculous.”

“Well, nevertheless, it is my decision, and...”

“Yes, ma'am, it is your decision. But, if you lay Spike off, I can assure you that this issue will not end with that. My best friend is a journalist for the Times, and she will trust me if I claim...”

“Are you threatening me?” Miss Stone fumed. Even Spike looked scared at that moment, he wondered if his slave's approach will have a positive effect on their stern boss. Quite frankly, Spike thought it highly unlikely that Olivia Stone would be susceptible to threats.

Kim remained silent, but wore a confident smile on her face, looking in Miss Stone's general direction with fierce, defiant eyes. Her answer to Miss Stone's question was clear.

“Well, young lady, I don't know what has gotten into you.”

*My cock.* Spike thought to himself, laughing inside.

“But I do not take kindly to threats, and I will certainly not act according to...”

“Are you sure you want to try me, boss?” Kim asked again, even more assertively.

Miss Stone suddenly looked terrified.

“You wouldn't!” She said with a gasp.

“I might.” Kim said playfully “Now, do we have an understanding?”

Spike had no idea what was going on, but he got increasingly happier with every sentence coming out of his obedient slave's mouth. To know that this strong woman was his to play with, completely subdued and addicted to his touch, made him feel all fuzzy inside.







Smiling happily, the vibrating sensations in her twat helping her focus on her master's pleasure and stopping her from melting from the very touch of his rod between her tits, Kim worked her breasts diligently and tirelessly, up and down and up again. If her master wanted her to be nothing but a cock engulfing pair of tits, then that is what she shall be, she vowed to herself once more.

Her nipples were hard from arousal, and she used the pointy knobs to press them onto Spike's shaft, providing extra stimulation to his already raging hard-on.

“Do you like how I use my nipples, master?” She asked, eager to please, eager to know she was doing a fine job.

“Wouldn't use them any other way, slut!” Spike sat motionless on his chair, his face contorting in constant pleasure, and allowed the kneeling young woman to service and worship him, doing all the work herself.

“Hey, slave, with everything that's been going on, I forgot to ask you something.”

“What, master?” She squeezed her knockers tight and asked.

“Ohh fuck, that's good.” Spike took a deep breath, feeling close to cumming.

“What was the thing you threatened Miss Stone with?” He asked his kneeling bimbo.

“Ohh, hihi” She giggled “That's a secret master!” She jested. Kim knew she could hold no secrets from her master. All he had to do was put the vibrators on half force and spank her ass a bit – That would make her so horny she'd kill her parents if it meant he'd fuck her.

Spike gave her a condescending look, and she smiled up at him, pumped her tits on his dick a few times, and merrily gave him the answer he wanted.

“When Miss Stone first came in, let's say I made it clear that I was willing to work some unpaid overtime, if it helped me get ahead in the company.”

“You mean?!” Spike said with shock in his eyes.

“Yup! I dove between her legs and gave her rug a good cleaning! I've been coming to her office discreetly every now and then, and in return, she made me her protégé. Promised me some great stuff for my future, too. But none of her promises come close to the feeling of your cock, master.” She added, licking his tip quickly and sweetly.

“She even had me shave my pussy, for when she wanted to eat me out.”

Spike patted her.

“That's good, I like fucking shaved cunts.” He thought he'd let her know, just in case.

“I'm happy, master!”

“Sheesh! No wonder she was so flabbergasted when you defended me, and threatened to expose her. Hah!”

“Wait, so does that mean you're a lesbian?” Spike wondered, a bit of pre-cum escaping his tip just thinking that his new slave was into women until barely two hours earlier.

Kim giggled again, and took her tongue out to lick his tip clean, savouring the pre-cum.

“No, master, I'm bisexual. Miss Stone, on the other hand, a raving lesbo. I think she's allergic to men or something.” She was clearly joking about that last part, but somehow her silly tone contained a shred of seriousness, as if she was actually considering the validity of her words.

“Wouldn't surprise me.” Spike smirked, rolling his eyes at the thought of the harpy they called boss.

“So, you just don't care, huh? If the boss is a dyke or a man, you'll go down and dirty for that promotion, won't you?” Spike pinched her nipple playfully, and asked.

“Yes master.” She nodded, his cock still nestled between her hooters “I even agreed to identify the more gullible and impressionable little bitches in the company, and make them into her harem of lesbian kitties.”

“Seriously?! Just my luck! My first sex slave is a manipulative bisexual whore that has the big boss in her freaking fuck-pocket! I don't think Miss Stone would respond well to prolonged blackmail, though...”

“It's ironic, too.” Spike continued talking and enjoying Kim's slow, pleasurable titfuck “considering now your job will be to help me make my own harem! Haha!”

Kim kissed his cock again, slurping some more liquidy, clear-coloured pre-cum.

“Of course, master! I already compiled a list for Miss Stone, of the more gullible and sexually frustrated young women in the company.”

“Nah, slut. On the contrary.” Spike stopped her “I want a list of the strong willed, smart ones who might notice what I'm doing and try to put a stop to it.”

He laughed.

“Do you even understand what I did to you?”

With her pussy receiving a constant deep tissue massage from the vibrators, Kim could actually manage to give it some thought, while keeping her titfuck fun for her master.

“It was something in that rose water bottle, wasn't it?” She asked after about a minute of hard thinking.

“Bingo!” Spike flicked her nose.

“A little concoction I found on the black market. Thorn perfume is supposed to make a woman's libido fixate on you, and if you actually drink it, and give her a good fucking, she'll be a cum-dependant bimbo for the rest of her life.”

“So I'll always be feeling like this, master?” Kim asked, her eyes moist and glittering.

Spike nodded happily.

“Oh thank you, master!” She dove on his cock and half kissed, half sucked it.

It was more than Spike could take, and he abruptly busted his nut in her mouth and on her face, with no warning.

“Ohhh! Ahhh!” He moaned with every hot spurt of blissful pleasure.

“Thank you so much master!” Kim still felt the need to thank him profusely, cum filling her mouth and dripping from her cheeks and chin. Her ambitions were turned to dust that day, and she couldn't care less.

“Hmm, hehehe. You're welcome, slave.” Spike said, slapping her cum-glazed face with his dick.

“Only thing is, the substance can only work on one or two women at a time, but even two is a stretch, they say.”

He took a relaxing breath, enjoying the pleasant aftermath of his climax.

“That's why I bribed the elevator guy to stop the lift for me. I could have tried taking you and Miss Stone together, but that seemed a bit too much like having the cake and eating it too. I wasn't even sure the frigid witch was human...”

Kim giggled, licking her cummy lips.

“Trust me, master. She's human, and not frigid at all, if you know which buttons to press.”

“Heh, you would know, I suppose, my little bisexual plaything. Hmm, it would help if you keep playing the role of Miss Stone's lesbian pet, until I gather the nerves to try and take her.”

“\**Slurp*\* Anything to help your cause, master!” Kim embarked on her duty of cleaning his cock, her face, and the floor. She knew it was the permanent chemical fixation he enforced on her, but feeling his sperm in her mouth felt like taking a bite straight out of heaven.

“Miss Stone said she liked my new look - You know, no glasses.” The loyal slave reminded her master.

“Hmm, true. Start wearing contacts.”

“They make my eyes itchy, master.”

“So?”

“Nothing, master. I will start wearing contacts, master.” She apologized for her momentary lapse of obedience by kissing his cock passionately, and massaging his balls.

Spike watched as she slurped everything up, and then gently tickled under her chin, like he would with a pet.

“Good girl. Now take the vibrators out of your cunt, press your face on the floor, stick your ass in the air, and wait until I want to fuck you.”

“Gladly master.”

Kim took a deep breath, and yanked the vibrators from her pussy.

“Ahhh! Hnnng!” With the final shreds of her common sense, she crawled a few knee-steps away, and let her face drop to the floor.

She lay limply on her cheek, her ass up in the air, and her pussy flooding madly. Her eyes quickly whited out, and her tongue touched the floor. Only carnal lust existed for her, at that moment. Her mind was blank, and her body was so horny that her pussy dripped juices like a leaky faucet.

Spike worked for a few hours, occasionally glancing over to the unthinking slave who's pussy was squarely in his sights, tucked between two sexy, bubbly butt cheeks.

“She let you keep the job!?! What the fuck?” Rob said, amazed. He called to console his friend, and was stunned to find out he didn't need to.

“Yeah. I told you I had a plan.” Spike said proudly “I'm just sorry I couldn't come up with it in time to save you guys...”

“Yeah...” Rob agreed “Wait, hold on! What plan? How the fuck did you do it?!”

“Well, let's just say my opponent found herself preoccupied with other matters, and happily relented her position to me. I just had to make sure I'd have some alone time with her, on our way up to the office.”

“Your opponent? Wasn't it that cutie who always sucked up to Miss Stone? I thought she was a throat cutting, backstabbing, do anything for a promotion kind of gal!”

“Ohh, you have no idea, man!” Spike said.

“What do you mean?” Rob asked.

“What? Oh nothing! But yeah, she was definitely \*ahem\* sucking up to the boss.”

“Then how did you get her to concede defeat?”

Spike looked at Kim, barely functional without the three vibrators firmly attached to her tight cunt.

“Maybe I'll bring her to the bar tonight and you can ask her yourself?”

“What? She'll come with you?”

“Ohh, I'm quite certain she will, matey. She's here with me right now, but not really in any state to answer questions.”

“Starting to creep me out, Spike.” Rob said cautiously.

“Hah! Don't worry, I'll tell you all about it when we meet.

Spike glanced in her direction again, seeing the puddle of juices she made on the floor under her. He got hard, and it took a mere second for his hard-on to rage uncontrollably.

“Listen man, I've got to go. Talk to you later. Oh, and don't tell the rest of the guys about my success yet, okay?”

“Haha! Sure thing, buddy! Tonight should be fun! Bye, mate.” Rob said, and hung up.

“Hehe, you have no idea, Robby.”

Spike knelt behind her and started fucking her at a leisurely pace. Kim was so exhausted from her constant state of hypered arousal, that she couldn't even whimper in response. Her pussy was completely numb, anyway.

Spike liked her quiet. It was like fucking the best sex doll in existence. Wet as an ocean, tight like a virgin, and her cunt sucked him in like a vacuum cleaner. No need for foreplay, no need to consider her emotions, or desires, he could just focus on his own wiles and whims, and fuck her till he was done.

He sprayed his final load of the day all over her ass, and began taping the vibrators back to her cunt, meaning to jolt her back to full coherence. He needed her to clean up the mess, after all, and they still had to go to the bar and meet the guys afterwards...

“Life will be quite fun from now on.” He spanked her with his cock, just for the kicks and giggles, and patted himself on the back for a job well done.

###

There are plenty of hot new employees for Spike to use Thorn on, and young Kimberly still has plenty of ways for her master to use her. **Every Rose...** will continue, and like Spike, won't stop till all the pussy in his firm is his.

If you wish to hit me with questions, story suggestions, constructive criticism, or anything else (other than hate), mail me at [maldomifemsub@yahoo.com.au](mailto:maldomifemsub@yahoo.com.au).

Enjoyed reading **Every Rose...?** Here's another offering from Maldomi Femsub you can enjoy:

### **True Simon 2**

Simon was busy browsing eBay on his computer, looking for a new vacuum cleaner. His cock was being pleasantly sucked by a blonde he saw on the street, berating a young man for taking up-skirt pictures of her lacy panties. Simon figured he could find something better for her to do with her mouth, and judging by the moist moans she made every time she downed his full rod, she was happy to comply.

“I'm sure that if you would have just sucked the guy's cock, he wouldn't have felt the need to take indecent photos of your twaddle.” Simon smirked at the girl kneeling between his legs.

“\**Phua*\* You are so right, kind sir. I was so lucky to run into you.” She kissed his cock with her lusty red lips and said.

“Thank you so much for educating me.” With that, she dove back on his cock, and kept on blowing him.

Furious knocks on his office's door preceded a sudden bash, and the door swung open violently. With determined foot steps and a stern expression, in walked a gorgeous 25 year old woman of Chinese decent. She was 5 foot 6, had medium length smooth, dark hair, and eyes as black as the night.

“A-ha!” She stood before him, her hands on her hips like a valiant super-heroine “Simon, I presume?” She inquired, looking at him with piercing eyes.

Simon plucked his cock from the warm, wet hold of the blonde's hungry mouth, and stood up with his cock dangling between his legs.

“The one and only.” He responded with a sly smile, and stood directly across from his lovely intruder. She wore a black satin cape on her back, and a one piece leotard on her well toned, compact physique.

She glanced at the blonde, who's head emerged from under the desk, her eyes glassy and a serene smile on her well-fucked face. She looked at Simon's cock, lipstick marks from the warm kisses it received a moment earlier still glazing the fleshy rod.

“I suppose you're wondering who I am?” The brave looking, lightly clothed woman looked back at his face and asked assertively, clearly not giving a damn about the young mouth-fucked blonde.

“Oh, I am anxious to find out.” Simon chuckled and said.

She narrowed her eyes at him, angered by his smugness.

“My name is Mika Cho, and I run a martial arts dojo a few blocks away.”

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