A Corporate Serf

The Complete Novel

By
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Part One

One

Terry Durrant headed towards the double glass doors with a purposeful stride.

Snatching self-satisfied looks at his reflection in windows of the cubicles to either side of him he complimented himself once again for being thirty-five-years-old and in great shape – not to mention handsome.

Very handsome.

Doors, sensors triggered by his approach, hissed open and the somewhat smug thirty-something stepped into the offices of Empson, Walsh & Entwistle. The wall clock told him he was late but the recently promoted Account Manager knew he was *not* about to be challenged for his tardiness. Just as no one was going to tell him he was a conceited prick who was also, in the opinion of many, heading for one almighty fall.

A *"fall"* each and every last one of the female employees – and many of the men not deemed worthy of being part of his *"circle* - forced to work under him hoped to be present to see when it finally happened.

Quickly he passed down the long corridor of cubicles, knowing that every pair of female eyes looked up as he passed and not considering the certainty remarkable.

Why wouldn't they, after all?

His satisfaction as he took in the drudges in their cubicles was heightened all the more for it not seeming too long ago that he himself had been one of the wage slave's in his corporate rabbit-hutch. Another by the hour dogsbody worth no better than to slave away nine-to-five. Fine for losers the world over but *not* him. He, Terry Durrant, he often told himself, was a man who knew how to make the most of his physical assets that he may garner the rewards they deserved.

His career in the use and abuse of women had started out simply enough back in junior high when he used the smarter but more geeky girls to do his homework simply for the chance to be given a glimpse of a cock that, even then was impressive. If they were really helpful and completed a whole project for him he might even let them handle his scrotum for a few seconds. For even then he had learned of the advantages to be gained by not putting *everything* on a plate.

It wasn't long before he had a reputation amongst the girls – the boys, being boys, looked up to him as a god, of course – and was regarded as the equivalent of a whore.

Though it did not stop them dreaming he might ask them out.

But it had been in the tenth grade when he had discovered just how *much* power his handsome looks and impressive cock could place his way.

And he had his cousin Deanna to thank for the progression.

It had been Deanna who'd shown him – and enjoyed the so doing – how to use his tongue to take a woman to the edge and keep her there, sucking and vacuuming before he allowed her begging to persuade him to allow his tireless tongue to send her, wriggling and screaming, into the chasm itself.

From that day on, Terry had wanted for almost nothing where both girls *and* women were concerned and by the time he made it to high school he was already a sexually knowledgeable and adept young man with exceptional physical gifts.

Of course the boys who had once worshipped him now began to see him as both a pain and a rival as he either took girls from them or snatched others they wanted from under their noses, while the girls continued to trip over themselves to be with him.

The young Terry also made another important discovery by the time he was a senior.

Older women had more to give.

A *lot* more.

He also learned that, of these older women, it was the married ones who were the best because they were the most needy and vulnerable.

How could they not be, given their desire to keep the sex they had with him from their husbands? Husbands whose lack of interest had probably forced them into his arms anyway. Disinterested other halves who were probably fucking their secretary or some other bimbo even as their wife screamed the ceiling down while impaled upon a young sex god's amazing and seemingly inexhaustible cock.

From High School he moved onto College where his high grades were achieved more through some afternoon attention to an academically minded and physically unprepossessing geek's needy pussy than any actual studying and work.

And not just the geeks who were his fellow pupils.

Some of his female teachers had been geeks just like them at one time after all and, from the number of them willing to trade him a decent grade for the attentions of his tongue or cock, they had become no more sexually active once mature.

So, if his fellow pupils, and now work colleagues, felt he was no more than a male *"whore"* Terry could have cared less. All he knew was the was on an onwards and upwards path. Not his fault if, even if most of them were smarter, his peers hadn't the necessary gifts or street-smart sense to use what they'd been born with to get ahead.

Life was tough.

Live with it!

Looking smart and fresh in a crisp white shirt with burgundy tie and a navy three-button suit from Boss, the handsome thirty-five-year-old reached his objective.

This was the small row of, nonetheless, plush offices housing the firm's senior and junior Vice-Presidents.

The third office in line belonged to Luann Brent, the Vice-President in charge of his section.

The older and *married* woman was also his lover.

One of them, at least.

Terry's big break had come a year and a half ago when Luann Brent's ageing Executive Secretary had been hospitalized long-term and Luann had suggested he step up from the bull-pen of accounts to fill in for her. It would lead, she assured him, to greater upward progression than his current position and, more crucially, give her access throughout her stressful days to the release provided by his talented tongue.

Of course, the plebs in their accounting cubicles had jeered behind his back as they saw him becoming what, in their opinion, was little more than a glorified secretary, but Terry had known better and, anyway, was hardly bothered when it came to the good opinion of life's losers.

He was soon of the opinion that becoming his lover's Executive Secretary had been a smart move – even if it did mean his tongue came into contact with her fifty-something pussy more often than he had bargained for when he had first cultivated the female VP.

Luann Brent was always finding ways to include Terry on special projects and, without showing any particular merit in his handling of them, it wasn't long before the efforts of both his tongue and his cock found him being promoted.

And then promoted again.

By this time, of course, he was screwing the fifty-two year old wife and mother three to four times a week – and using his tongue whenever she could arrange for him to do so. It amazed him at times; though he had no difficulty keeping up, just how much sexual energy and staying power this fifty-something VP with hair already snow-white retained.

Or how adventurous her sexual quirks had become over the course of their affair.

Ever the opportunist, however, Terry had yet to complain about any of her requests.

At least not yet.

And especially when his willingness to indulge his female boss yielded a fresh reward for every new… *quirk*… he allowed her to give an airing.

Rewards and gifts that were seldom, if ever, inexpensive.

In fact, only that weekend, Luann had expressed to him a desire to try anal sex and, husband having taken off to Canada for the week on business of his own, had shown

up at his apartment after calling ahead that her younger lover may put his cock to just such a purpose.

She had also told Terry that she'd had a blowout fight with her husband before he left on the subject of his delivering the service for her and now wanted to spend the night with him.

She had gone on to insinuate that divorce might be in their the future.

It was a carrot, given the wealthy background she was from and what he knew she would walk away from her marriage with, that ensured Terry was more than willing to indulge her request.

Luann had yet to try anal sex, thinking that it would really hurt, but she had always been curious and wanted his marvellous cock to be the one that took her rear cherry. It would have been better, she had told him, if it had been her own husband – not the best endowed of men – who had taken it. But *he* was an awful prude in matters sexual and, anyway, the thought of Terry's more impressive equipment performing the service had been on her mind more and more recently.

Despite anal sex being a first for him too, and ever the obliging gentlemen in respect of such requests, Terry had fucked her ass with a passion.

With such a passion, in fact, she'd asked him to take it a little easier,.

Knowing her request to be part of the game of submission to him she liked to play from time to time, he did the exact opposite. That's right. He became more and more aggressive, acting as if he was working off some anger toward her and she was no more than his punching bag.

No.

Make that *fucking* bag.

By the time they'd got into Sunday and performed the act for the third time, Luann's ass could take no more and she had called a halt to go home and prepare herself for the following day at the office.

Nothing more was said about her *"divorce"*.

Two

Walking into Luann's outer office, Terry tried to ignore Moira Wilson sitting at her desk in the outer office and headed right for the inner sanctum.

“You can't go in there,” Moira said, rising from her desk to block Terry's way. "Mrs. Walsh is in there."

The mention of one of yet another of the senior – and *female* – partners gave Terry pause. Walking in on a meeting between her and Luann would *not* be a smart move on his part.

“I'll wait then," he said defiantly, turning to drop into one of the large comfortable chairs on the far wall.

Satisfied, Moira returned to her desk and picked up the report she had been working on, a broad smile creasing her somewhat matronly features until the older woman looked up at Terry and waited until they made eye contact.

“What’s this old bitch grinning at?” Terry thought when he became aware of her gaze, smiling back with a wicked grin of his own that told the woman he was the one fucking her boss and that he was the one with the power. That he had once held down the position she was currently in before being moved up – courtesy of Luann – and becoming head of accounts was yet more reason for him to feel… *superior*.

Moira's former had retired recently and it had been a no-brainer that Luann would take on the highly efficient, somewhat dour, woman when Terry had been moved up the ladder unexpectedly and he knew Moira had held him in contempt for some months since the night she had come back to the office to pick up some papers from her desk and, hearing sounds and thinking Luann was working late for some reason, popped her head in to see if she needed something.

Of course, what she *really* needed at that moment was being provided by Terry as the newly promoted accounts manager held his former boss face down over the large mahogany desk, her knee-length skirt up around her waist and her panties down around one ankle.

Terry had been standing behind Luann with his back to the door, shirt and jacket scattered on the floor and, just like Mrs Brent, pants down around his own ankles.

Moira had remained silent as she watched the younger man bury his cock in her employer’s pussy and it was at this moment that Terry had shifted his head to the left and seen her at the door.

Far from being discomposed at having an audience, and with Luann’s senses too scattered for her to either know or care, Terry had flashed Moira a *“don't you wish it was you instead of your boss with a pussy full of my cock,”* and increased his tempo.

By the time her boss regained enough breath to scream with pleasure at the renewed onslaught, Moira was long gone.
“I bet she still wishes it was her getting screwed by me that night," Terry to himself as a still smiling Moira went back to her report.

His face arranged itself into an expression of distaste:

"As if anyone would want to screw that old bag," he smirked to himself. *"Probably hasn't had a cock inside her since Carter was the main man."*

Ten minutes went by as Terry sat cooling his heels and Moira went on reading her report - smile growing larger and larger.

Finally, the door opened and out came the senior partner, a distinguished looking woman in her mid-sixties whose clothes and bearing reeked of wealth and privilege.

"You handle it anyway you like," Estelle Walsh said as she exited the inner office, still looking back after her as she walked. "You're in total charge now and we have every confidence in your ability to take care of matters like this."

Seeing a chance to perhaps advance himself more, the ever mercenary Terry jumped up and rushed over to Mrs. Walsh as she closed the door behind her.

"Mrs. Walsh! Nice to see you again," Terry said. "'I'm Terry Durrant, we met at the office party last year."

Estelle Walsh fixed her eyes upon his without any reaction, nodded a goodbye to Moira and simply walked out of the room.

"Old dyke didn't even say hello!" Terry told himself with a mixture of disappointment and anger as he watched her leave.

As he eyed her retreating back, Terry didn't notice Moira dial her boss:

"Mr Durrant is here to see you," he heard Moira say as the Executive Secretary went on to take what he considered far too long to deliver a simple message. She was, he suspected, pretending to listen to something on the other end simply to deliver herself some small and perverse pleasure from making him wait a little longer.

"You can go in now, Mr Durrant," Moira told him in a professional tone as she hung up.

"Thank you," he said, cordially and with a smile.

Terry was nothing if not the game player supreme.

Inside though, he was seething. Bad enough to be snubbed by the dried up Walsh bitch, without having to take shit for Luann's old secretarial flunky.

As he turned the handle to Luann's office, he promised himself he would have the older woman he was beginning to look upon as little more than his sex-slave get rid of the old hag.
"We'll see how smug she looks then," he told himself, *"when her bony old ass is kicked down the road apiece."*

As the inner door closed behind him, Moira Wilson had to cover her face. In all her thirty plus years at Empson, Walsh & Entwistle, never had she acted in anything other than a professional manner. This time, however, she could no longer keep from expressing an urge that had been building inside of her since the moment the arrogant bastard walked into the office.

Cupping her hands around her mouth to keep the sound from spreading too far, the fifty-four year old woman gave vent to her *unprofessionalism* and began to laugh.

Three

“Good Morning Luann," Terry said as he strode into the room. "I hope you're feeling as good as you’ve made me feel?”

Luann's high back executive chair was turned around facing the window so he couldn't see the reaction on her face; nevertheless, he knew the older woman loved it when his words pumped up her ego.

Though not as much as she loved being pumped by his cock.

The large chair turned in reaction to his presence and Terry put on his best smile.

A smile that did not survive the completion of the chair’s turn.

“I'm afraid Luann isn't here,” came a cold voice he recognised.

Terry's own face dropped as he looked into that of Rhonda Crawford, the youngest of the firm's Vice-Presidents and the head of the legal division – a woman rumoured to be the senior partner's hatchet lady.

Somewhere in her forties, she was around five-seven with a trim hourglass figure. A figure that was topped with curly light brown hair and deep green eyes. She was, most people would say – including him - quite attractive for her age.

“Where's Luann?" Terry asked, a slight bit of annoyance in his voice.

“I'm afraid that Mrs. Brent is no longer with us,” Rhonda said with what Terry could not miss to be satisfaction as his spirits sank and the prospect of having to cultivate another turkey to hasten his rise to the top became likely.

He could not prevent a groan escaping his lips.

“But…? How? When?... Why?”

Rhonda took a few long moments before giving any answer, enjoying the look of panic on Terry's handsome face.

“As to the when,” she began with a satisfied smile. “Mrs. Brent and the firm parted ways last Friday afternoon.”

“Friday afternoon!” Terry raged to himself.

The realization Luann had spent the weekend with him and *not* mentioned that she had left the company made his face turn pale. Her insistence upon a fight with her husband and an impending divorce had been no more than bullshit designed to get one last fucking from him.

And up the ass, at that!

Rhonda noted Terry's reaction and knew the reason why. Jenny Anderson over in Marketing was a long-time friend of Luann Brent's and was also someone who owed

Rhonda quite a few favours. Luann had met her last night for a farewell drink and couldn't help brag about how her office toy had spent the whole of the weekend screwing her for the last time.

Rhonda wondered how it would feel to reverse the positions and make Terry her sex toy before forcing his ass to accept a strapon of her own.

But that would be for later.

"As to the why," she continued after giving Terry enough time for the implications to sink in and a little more for her to savour the image of her ploughing his ass, "Internal Audit has been doing a review of Mrs. Brent's expenses for quite some time now and found enough irregularities to warrant an investigation."

"A…? An investigation?" Terry asked, worry in his voice. "What I mean is, hmmm, what irregularities did they find?"

"Well let's just say that Mrs. Brent was a little too liberal in his use of company funds for personal expenses and leave it at that."

The handsome man and accomplished user of the fair sex found his thoughts flashing back to all the little gifts Luann had given him over the last year. There had even been a long – and *very* expensive - vacation they had taken together. Luann had made a big joke one morning after fucking that they should discuss some current projects so she could at least claim the trip was a business expense.

At the time he had thought it was a joke.

"Is Luann going to jail?" he asked, panic still racing through him.

"It was a consideration," Rhonda said. "But the Executive Board decided the negative publicity wasn't worth it. Especially after Mrs. Brent offered to make full restitution and then quietly resign."

A wave of relief passed over the thirty-five-year-old.

It would not help his prospects at the company – or elsewhere for that matter - to be connected with a former employee doing time.

"The partners," Rhonda was continuing, "have decided that I will now be taking over Mrs. Brent's responsibilities."

Recovering quickly from the loss of his squeeze, Terry was already assessing the likelihood of Rhonda taking Luann's place.

She was certainly more attractive.

"In addition to my own," Rhonda added as a last bit of information.
Attractive and possible squeeze or not, the thought that he, as head of accounts, was now effectively under the supervision of this cold woman was not heartening to Terry

and he wanted no more at that point than to make his escape from her office and take stock of his options.

“Well I'm sure you have a lot to do then.”

He began to turn.

“Please feel free to call on me if you need there’s any assistance I can provide. Anything at all.”

He was almost at the door when she stopped him:

“One moment, Mr. Durrant.” Rhonda said loudly in an authoritative tone that caused the younger man to pause mid-step, hand on the handle of the door as another, colder, hand gripped his heart.

There was something in the tone of his new boss’s voice that did not sit well with him.

Time hung suspended as Terry hesitantly turned back around.

“Actually it's fortunate that you came in here this morning,” Rhonda said, a slight smile at the curve of her lips telling him she was enjoying herself for some reason. “It saves me the trouble of sending for you.”

He forced an innocent and inquiring look.

“It seems,” she went on “that you are the first order of business our departed Mrs. Brent has left me with.”

“Me?” Terry asked, foreboding gripping his vitals.

Without bothering to either look at him or acknowledge his question, Rhonda Crawford lifted the phone and spoke into the intercom:

“Mrs. Wilson, would you please bring me the Jefferson file.

“The Jefferson file?” Terry thought, foreboding deepening. “What does she want with the Jefferson file?”

Jefferson was the first account he had handled after his promotion. A pretty simple transaction and one of the reasons Luann had assigned it to him. One he couldn't *“fuck up”* was actually the way she had put it to him.

The office door opened and when Moira walked in, file in hand, Terry realized just what it was the Secretary had been reading in the outer office.

The older woman handed Rhonda the thick file then turned to leave; managing as she did so to flash Terry a little smile.

Unless he was mistaken it was smile that seemed…

Triumphant.

As the door closed behind the older woman, Rhonda took a few minutes to look through the pages of the large binder. She had still made no attempt to offer Terry a seat and the Account Manager decided simply taking one might be a bad move at this point of time.

Having him stand rather than sit, waiting as she finished checking the reports, was a physiological tactic Terry finally decided. A little something to keep him off balance. He dimly recalled something similar from one of his college classes - one of the few, given it was about manipulation - he had actually been interested enough to pay some attention. In fact, he wished he remembered more about it but, when it came to actual work that was not sexual, his attention span was no great shakes.

With a deep sigh of astonishment, Rhonda closed the files and turned her attention back to Terry.

Her *full* attention.

So full, in fact, she could pick out the small beads of perspiration forming on the forehead below her employee's full, thick and stylish, black hair.

"When Luann Brent promoted you out of the bullpen," Rhonda started in a cold professional tone, referring to the cubicle space in the outer offices. "No one in upper management had any real illusions about why he had done it. We were well aware of the problems she was having in her married life and willing to allow a certain leeway in the matter as we did not want her social situation to impact upon her performance at the workplace. The policy here has always been to give our employees, regardless of their position, pretty much a free rein as long as their relationships did not prove harmful to the good of the company and were, of course, consensual."

Terry's foreboding had become full-blown fear by now.

"From what we were able to observe, and I have to say it wasn't that hard to do so in your case, your relationship with Luann was actually to the advantage to the company.

Terry breathed a little easier.

It would not last.

"At least initially, anyway," Rhonda Crawford continued. "Luann appeared more content and even better at her job, so it was quite obvious that your participation was not only consensual, but highly productive for the company."

Terry couldn't argue with anything Rhonda had said so far.

All of it was true.

“It did however raise some concern when you were suddenly promoted to be an Account Manager." Rhonda continued. “It was felt that you lacked the experience for such a position. Yet still we wanted to give Luann’s judgment the benefit of the doubt. However, just to be on the safe side, they assigned an observer to keep an eye on you.”

Terry’s breathing difficulties resumed.

“Which brings us to the Jefferson account,” said Rhonda as she pulled a sheet of paper from the folder and read from it.

“Our original proposal was for Jefferson to buy 15 Mulgrave J-5 modules from us for fifteen thousand each. As an added incentive, we were going to include one year’s free maintenance on the modules. The motivation being that they would buy another 15 at the end of the year without a maintenance agreement attached.”

Her eyes held his:

“Was this the understanding you had when you were given the account?”

Terry gave her a defensive nod and added:

“In the end I convinced the head of their aerospace division to buy 30 modules in one purchase instead, guaranteeing that we made the sale.”

Of course, what Terry hadn't added to his response was the fact that he had closed the deal at three in the morning in the bed of Jefferson's none too attractive female representative – this after a dinner she had spent eying the bulge in his trousers more hungrily than she eyed the expensive food his own company expense account had paid for.

As he pondered the sacrifice he had made to win the account, Rhonda added:

“And at the same time extending the free service for another year.”
Terry spoke up for himself:

“I ran the numbers and the profit we made on the sale of the 30 modules, even with the service contracts, was still inside the profit guidelines.”

This sounded plausible – if only to Terry’s ears – but what he neglected to add was that, lazy to the core and realising the task was beyond him with Luann away and unable to help, he had reverted to a practice that had worked so well for him in high school and college.

The young and geeky intern who’d been making star-struck eyes at him since her arrival was more than willing to help and do the numbers on the project for him.
And for no more than a promise of dinner.

“Well,” Rhonda told him, “when you ran the numbers maybe you should have done some research too. You could at least have read the engineering specs that were in the

files you were given. If you had, you'd have known that less than 10% of the J-5's require any maintenance at all in the first year, but close to 80% is needed in the second. Additionally, if they are run beyond the recommended twelve-month user life, they then need to be totally rebuilt. A rebuild that *you* gave away for free."

She paused to give Terry time to really understand what she had said.

"Now," she concluded. "Instead of buying any new J-5's, Jefferson gets 30 rebuilt modules free of charge. So instead of a guaranteed profit, we actually suffer a loss on this deal."

"Oh shit," Terry said under his breath, but loud enough for her to hear.

"Oh shit, indeed," Rhonda said.

A long pause filled the room, until after a long hard shallow, Terry said;

"I suppose this is where Empson, Walsh & Entwistle and I part company as well."

Rhonda got out of her chair and began to walk around her desk.

"That would seem to be the easiest solution," she told him, moving to stand in front of him, eyes holding his own. "But I'm not sure yet if it's a solution that I want to take."

"I don't understand," said a confused Terry.

"Well, I think a great deal of the blame here has to lie with Luann Brent," Rhonda explained. "Putting her girlfriend on her personal staff is one thing but…"

" *'girlfriend?'* " he asked, annoyed.

"Slip of the tongue," Rhonda told him, totally unfazed by it. "That sort of thing has been going on since time immemorial. But that she could then go on to promote this… *boyfriend*… to a position of responsibility for which he was in no way qualified?"

She shook her head at him.

"*That*," she assured him, was extremely poor judgment."

Terry had been annoyed when Rhonda referred to him as Luann's *"girlfriend"*. But to be described as her *"boyfriend"* was simply amusing. She had been just another needy older woman he had fucked to get ahead and nothing more.

In fact, now she was company history, he was already in the process of erasing her from his memory prior to moving forward.
"So the question remains," Rhonda went on. "What do we do with you? It's obvious that you can't continue as an Account Manager."

Terry could do no more than agree with this – even as he hated the prospect of losing a position he coveted and the benefits that went with it.

“When I came in early this morning, I had made up my mind to simply terminate your employment with a recommendation to personnel that any future reference reflect the money you’ve cost the company and your sexual behaviour whilst with us. In today’s climate – and unless you see a career for yourself flipping burgers – this would effectively have made you unemployable.”

Terry’s breathing took another nosedive. He had stretched himself on the mortgage to his apartment and his credit-card debt was getting dangerously high as management of his personal finances proved as inadequate as his handling of the Jefferson account. The prospect of not having a paid position was terrifying to him.

“Then I considered the idea of sending you back to the bullpen from whence Luann had plucked you. I’m not an unsympathetic person and I know life will be very hard for you should the company dispense with your… *services*.”

This above was a suggestion that, along with Rhonda’s growing assumption of control that seemed to be going beyond simple *“company”* matters, was definitely not to Terry's liking.

Aside from the drop in salary, he knew he couldn't deal with the colleagues, women *and* men, he had lorded it over during the months since his undeserved promotion.

“But when I approached Melanie Hollis about the possibility, she was incredibly hostile to the idea,” Rhonda told him. “Her exact words went along the lines of your not being qualified to grill chicken in a KFC, much less the work required of you here.”

“Melanie and I have, hmmm, had a few issues,” Terry said, biting back his anger.

“I can well imagine,” Rhonda said as she leaned an ample ass against the front edge of her desk, arms folded across equally ample breasts.

“Still the question remains, what will I do with you? I mean: assuming you still wish to remain in employment with us.”

It was, he knew, both a question and a threat. If he stayed he knew it would be in a reduced position, but if he wanted to have even a shot of keeping his apartment and making good on his credit commitments. If, however, he decided to take his chances and leave…

Finally;

“I’m open to suggestions,” he told her hopefully.

To his relief, she nodded and actually seemed to be giving consideration to his assertion.

“There might just be a way you could stay on in a role that will provide a salary at your current pay-scale without the need to send you back to the bullpen,” she told him.

“Anything, Rhonda,” he leapt in. “I’d be eternally in your debt.”

She gave it some more thought.

"You understand it's the only offer I'll make and if you refuse it there will be no other alternative but to fire you – with all the consequences that would result for you?"

"Yes, of course, Rhonda," he assured her. "I understand."

"For a start, you wouldn't be able to call me by my first-name anymore."

Terry's eyes crinkled with bafflement. The company was a pretty informal and liberal one and only the most junior of its personnel were not allowed to be on a first-name basis with those above them.

"The offer I'm going to make is that you become Moira… *Mrs. Wilson's*… office-assistant."

His jaw sagged open.

This had not been what he had been expecting – even if hadn't known quite what to expect.

"Who knows," Rhonda Crawford went on, and he could see she was enjoying being able to wield such power over him, "in time, if you're diligent and accept Mrs. Wilson's guidance, I may even promote you to her position when she eventually retires."

He felt sickened at the prospect.

Him?

Accept Moira Wilson's… *"guidance?"*

And there was an even more troubling thought.

"But…? You said I could stay on at my current pay-scale," he reminded her. "Moira's salary is far less than mine."

Rhonda was shaking her head as if at a very young child.

"Really, Terence," she said using his name in that way for the first time and, it seemed to him, knowing somehow that he would hate it, "you really must pay more attention."

His cheeks reddened at being treated in such a way but he remained silent.

A silence that seemed to empower Rhonda Crawford even further.

"What I said was: *'you could stay on in a role that will provide a salary at your current pay-scale'*.

"I… I don't understand."

Rhonda's smile as she crossed her hosed ankles and regarded him, ass still resting upon her desk and totally confident and at her ease, was not so malicious he would tell himself late as downright *evil*.

"It's simple, Terence. You will spend your working day here in my office under the supervision of Mrs. Wilson as her assistant. I have two positions to cover now Luann has gone and extra help by way of the more menial office tasks will be required."

His internal anger knew no bounds as he realised the bitch was enjoying talking down to him, but still he stayed put to take it.

"This will give you a basic salary."

"And the rest?" he managed to ask.

"Will be met by me for services you will provide for me outside office hours."

A light went on in Terry's head and he kicked himself for not having guessed what she was getting at from the start.

He was not to know, of course, that his thoughts could not have been much more wrong nor the consequences that would follow much more humiliating.

"And what services might they be?" he asked with a tiny, if knowing, smile, confidence returning as he assured himself that, between his tireless tongue and impressive cock, he would soon have Rhonda Crawford more hooked on him than Luann Brent had ever been.

His confidence did not survive the first sentence of her answer:

"Well, for a start, I'll expect you to…

Part Two

Four

“Tell me, Rhonda Crawford began, “were you happy being Luann Brent’s slut?”

Terry coloured, it was his first day as what was, in effect, Rhonda Crawford’s office junior and if being placed in such a lowly position to be supervised by a delighted and gloating Moira Wilson wasn’t bad enough he was now being insulted into the bargain.

“Look,” he began censoriously, knowing his position was precarious to say the least but not wanting her to think her upper-hand had him too browbeat, “I’m grateful to be kept on and we both know my financial situation, but that doesn’t mean you can…”

“I can talk to you in such a way?” she second-guessed him, this as he finished delivering to her the files she had requested and the Wilson bitch had reveled in ordering him to locate and take through to his new *‘boss’*; she looked cool and composed behind her desk in a severely cut two-piece charcoal suit that seemed to heighten the authority of powerful if shapely legs and a matronly but still hour-glass figure.

He nodded, sensing her new position as his boss and the dependence he had upon his own, given his mortgage and credit card re-payments, would force him to allow her to do just that.

Talk to him in any way she liked, that is.

“My private life’s my own, Rhonda,” he reminded her with as much forcefulness as his tenuous position allowed. “Perhaps we’d be best keeping things on a business basis.”

“Now there’s a realisation coming a little too late, I’d say,” she responded with a dismissive laugh.

She let her meaning sink in before deciding to drive home the power she had and he hadn’t a little more:

“And by the way, you address me as Ms Crawford from now on.”

He stared at her with surprise.

“Whether here in this office and this building or anywhere else, I expect to hear you address me with the respect I deserve as your superior.”

For a second or two he thought she was joking. Empson, Walsh & Entwistle were a company noted for the informal relations between management and staff. To acknowledge her in such a way in front of his colleagues would be…

Again she read his thoughts:

“Yes, I know you’ll find it embarrassing to begin with but you’ll get used to it. People know I’ve taken you under my wing to see if anything can be made of you, so they won’t be surprised.

“Taken me under…?”

“You will also address Moira as ‘Mrs Wilson’ from now on.”

“But she… She’s only a secretary.”

“Which is more than you are at the moment and more than you’ll ever be if you continue with such an attitude,” his female boss told him with more than a hint of asperity and, for the first time, he felt trepidation of a more personal than professional kind.

“Feel free to leave if you’re unable to do exactly what I tell you to do from now on,” she added when he fell silent beneath her rebuke and reminder. “I’m sure you’ll find

some way to meet your mortgage obligations before that apartment of yours is repossessed."

He remained in place and a power surge infused Rhonda Crawford's attractive .

"No, I didn't think so," she jeered. "You're in a complete mess and I'm the only one keeping it from becoming worse."

She allowed him a few seconds to let it sink in then:

"Now, I shall ask you again: were you happy being Luann's slut?"

In all the time he had been fucking Luann he had never asked that question and a – hopeful – part of him wondered if his new boss was asking it because she saw herself taking over the role. He had simply taken it for granted that screwing his way through the company was the way for her to get ahead. Just as it had been a way for him to get ahead through school.

Whatever the answer to her question was, he told himself, the fact that she had asked it showed she was interested in him in such a way and could only be good news.

"Luann and I had fun I suppose," he told her.

"Yes," she replied tersely. "Sex normally is. But that wasn't what I asked."

He looked at her, puzzled.

She sighed at his slowness.

I was asking if you were happy being her little boy-toy."

Anger flickered red at his temple but he decided to ignore the jibe – knowing he hadn't an option, anyway – and gave what he saw as her ridiculous question some thought.

"Not really. Not entirely, anyway. Luann was, as you know, generous, but the sex wasn't that great."

"Luann told me you liked to be in control… when she would let you?"

He shrugged.

"We all have our own little quirks, I suppose," he admitted, hoping his new boss would share the same submissive desires as his last and allow him to be the one who gratified them.

At least then there could be some payback for these small humiliations to which she seemed intent on subjecting him.

Just the same, Terry Durrant's mood was improving by the second as he sensed where Rhonda Crawford was headed and he took her need for control in the office to be no

more than a correlative to the lack of control she intended to exercise with him away from it.

“Actually, Durrant, I don't hold it against you for using your sexual assets to try and get a leg up, so to speak."

His boss’s words were still more encouraging; so much so that he barely registered her addressing him by his surname.

“As long as there are men and women this will happen, so you can hardly be blamed for attempting to make your charms – such as they are – work for you. However, nothing could highlight your lack of intelligence and imagination more than your failure to take any real advantage from the situation other than a few trinkets and trips and one average promotion for which you were, we’ve already noted, unsuited. Instead of attempting to learn those skills that might actually have made you a decent Account Manager and set you on an upwards trajectory in the company you simply settled for a few treats as payment for your sexual favours.

The option of actually *learning* the craft required for the Account Manager’s position had never occurred to Terry and even now, despite his current situation, it still didn’t offer much by way of appeal.

But then *real* work had yet to seem attractive to him.

“It’s one of the reasons that made me consider taking you on as my office assistant and helper for Mrs Wilson,” Rhonda told him, knowingly raising the expectations she knew he already held and which were becoming more obvious by the second.

“I'm afraid I don't understand,” said the expectant Terry, playing his usual game.

A game in which his new female boss was happy to indulge him.

“I’m a firm believer in people doing what they do best,” she said. “And becoming my…”

She seemed to pause, as if searching for the word most suited to describing what he was to her, before finishing with:

“…*assistant*, will give you ample opportunity to exercise your talent.”

The breath caught in Terry’s throat as he realised what she was saying – or at least what he *thought* she was saying.

After all, he knew only too well what he did best.

And knew also that Rhonda Crawford was aware of it too.

And what he did best had nothing to do with being an office junior.

“You like doing what you do best, don’t you?” she pressed.

“I’m no different to anyone else in that,” he admitted.

“That’s very true, Durrant,” she agreed, still using his surname demeaningly and seeing it as a tribute to her growing power over him – even if he didn’t just yet – that he made no comment on it. “Unfortunately, you are not intelligent enough to utilise what you *‘do best’* to either your full advantage or that of your boss and the company employing you.”

“What are you saying, Rhonda?” he asked, glossing over the insult as he sensed they were nearing what was really behind her decision to take him on as her assistant at such a high-rate of pay.

“*Ms Crawford*,” she reminded him, eyes holding his with such inflexibility he found, to his chagrin, he was unable to meet them.

Not that he didn’t offer a mental: *“fuck you!”*

“I’m a realist,” she went on. “I realise just what an edge sex can be when it comes to securing a deal or negotiation when all things seem pretty equal.”

She let him chew on it.

“In case you haven’t noticed it, Durrant, women in positions of power are becoming more and more plentiful.”

He had indeed noticed and now had an idea of what Rhonda… *“Ms Crawford”* was getting at.

“You want me to be the company’s corporate whore? Someone to sleep with clients and such? Is that what you’re saying?”

Her head was already shaking.

“No. Though you are partly right.”

Again he was on the back-foot.

But not for long.

“I want you to be *my* corporate whore.”

She smiled at the shock written across his handsome features for her baldness, knowing it would be mixed with a large dose of the self-congratulatory as he convinced himself she, like Luann, wanted him as her sex-toy.

Again, he was neither entirely right nor entirely wrong.

“Amongst other things,” she finished.

"I… I… What other things?"

Rhonda Crawford leaned back into her plush and high-backed swivel-chair and savoured the way she was gradually taking control of the handsome user of women whose stupidity and weakness had given her such power over. It did not escape her notice that he made no objection to the *"corporate whore"* part of the equation – even if *"corporate serf"* would have been more apt if her plans for him came to fruition. Such acceptance, she knew, was indicative of the man's inherent weakness and explained her confidence in his regard.

It also bought in to her desires to take such a man and make him her property.

In *all* ways.

"If you could start all over with Luann," she began, slightly changing the subject, "what would you do differently?"

He hesitated and she came in to reassure him:

"Speak honestly, now. I shan't hold it against you and will expect nothing else now you work for me."

What the hell, Terry Durrant thought, in for a penny and all that.

"I guess what I'd try to do is get something more lasting out of the relationship. Some kind of financial set-up that didn't end when we did so that I came away with more than just… trinkets."

"Very good," said Rhonda patronisingly, rising from her chair to move around the desk and perch her ass on its edge facing him. "See? You can learn when you have the chance. Sometimes all a man needs is a little *firm* guidance once in a while. Come and stand in front of me now."

The command took him by surprise but, just the same - and even more surprisingly - he found himself taking a few paces towards his female boss until he was staring down into her – amused? – eyes.

"Tell me what you see, Durrant," she ordered, consistent with her use of his surname to keep him in place – or begin to show him it, at least.

"I… I'm not with you, Rhon…"

Her eyes flashed fire and, before he realised it, he gave her what she wanted.

"I mean… I'm not with you, hmm, Ms Crawford," he forced out, hating having to say it and none too comfortable with the thought of having his former colleagues – colleagues who disliked him anyway – hearing him address her in such a way.

If he chose to stay on and take her crap, that is.

“That’s better,” she said in a tone of command. “Don’t forget again.”

Neither her tone nor his unexpected response sat well with him and he swallowed back a considerable amount of anger.

“Let’s make it multiple choice, shall we? Just to make things easier for you.”

The way she was speaking down to him did nothing to soothe his temper.

“Do you see me as another Luann? Someone so taken with your looks and the need to pretend they control her that she will overlook your failings in the area of intelligence and judgement and, in doing so, make poor decisions herself? Someone you feel you have the upper-hand over, even though she is your boss and pretty much holds your economic well-being and what becomes of your future in the palm of her hand?”

He waited for the second of the multiple choices, but she knew already he would not be plumping for the first.

“Or,” she went on, “am I the woman who holds your immediate and future well-being in her hand and can take you under her wing to make your life into something both more useful and more rewarding?”

She purposely held back just who it was that would find him useful and rewarding.

Especially as she had no intention of it being him.

“Well?” she said when he appeared to be waiting on another multiple option. “Which one is it?”
Terry Durrant was at a loss. To say it was the first – which he knew wasn’t realistic anyway – would be, he knew, to insult her. But to admit to the second – again, in his current view, unrealistic – would be to cede a certain… control to her.

“You think it’s the first then?” she asked, an ominous tone permeating her question and telling him he was right to consider she would be insulted if he chose the option indicated.

“No, no. Of course not,” he said hastily.

“I’m glad to hear it,” she told him haughtily, crossing her feet at the ankles and amused at how both the swish of her pantyhosed ankles as they made contact and the movement necessary to cross them caught his attention. “So, you agree that the second description is more apt and accept that it makes sense for me to… *supervise*… you?”

No!! Terry Durrant’s thoughts screamed at him. Her supervising him – or any woman or man, come to that - was the very last thing he wanted. She was, he knew, trying to back him into a corner for some reason and even as he resented the attempt he could feel his back making contact with the vee where the walls of that union joined.

“You do agree, I hope?” she asked with enough of the lash in her voice to ensure his shoulders could make no further metaphorical progress in a backwards direction.

“Well, hmmm, yes,” he spluttered, suddenly feeling very warm and knowing it wasn’t just his anger and resentment fuelling the rise in his body-temperature.

“You don’t seem too sure,” she told him. “And that’s not the reaction I’m looking for. I need to see some appreciation from you for my taking you under my wing and allowing you to keep that apartment you love so much.”

The knowledge she was asking him to thank her for the humiliation she was piling upon him came like a punch to the gut to him.

But not so powerful it could prevent him from doing just that.

“Thank you,” he said in a voice so low he scarce recognised it as his own.

“Again and louder, please, Durrant,” she snapped, nothing low about her own voice as it took on the timbre of a particularly demanding Sgt Major. “I need to hear your appreciation and see some evidence that you know your place before I commit to rescuing your pitiful life from the scrap-heap to which one word from me can consign it.”

A flash of spirit in his eyes led her to believe she may just have overdone it, but some innate confidence in her assessment of the handsome man as fundamentally weak ensured she maintained both her stern countenance and kept the heat on.

Sure enough, as her eyes bore into his and promised no relent:

“Thank you.”

“Not good enough,” she snapped, knowing enough of dominance and control to build upon small triumphs and extend her growing influence over him. “Thank you, what?”

He was at a loss and looked thoroughly miserable, on the back-foot for once with a woman and unable to find a way of dealing with it now his physical assets had been sidelined and could not help him.

“Who are you saying thanks to?” she asked with no let-up in the tone of command and authority; sounding to him, in fact, more like a stern headmistress.

As he considered his reduced options, Terry Durrant simply stared at the woman below him as she waited for his reply, impressive breasts heaving only slightly against the confines of bra and cotton shirt as she remained with ankles crossed and totally unperturbed as she treated him like some errant schoolboy.

For a moment – just a moment, mind – he considered telling her to fuck-off before leaving to take his chances without a job or references in the brave new recessional world in which they lived and tempting the disaster his life could become in the absence of the two necessities.

But, as mentioned above, it was no more than a moment before his natural sense of self-preservation set in and the fear of what would become of him if he left and became unemployable in any company other than those serving Whoppers or Big Mac's diluted his resolve.

"If I don't hear a loud and sincere *'Thank you Ms Crawford'* in the next three seconds you're history Durrant."

A queasiness at his stomach told him she meant it.

"I mean it," she went on, underpinning his body's suspicion. "I need to be totally convinced you're ready to obey me and do as you're told if I'm to save your hide."

Through the nausea, he listened to her with a sense of wonder tainted by horror:

Obey her?

Do as he's told?

Surely, a voice in his head told him, this was harassment at the workplace, even as another told him how little use such an accusation would be coming from someone as lowly who enjoyed such a dire reputation amongst his colleagues.

"One…"

For the first time, it struck him that something was going on here between them that had little to do with her making him her available sex-toy.

"Two…"

It was, he told himself, almost as if she took more pleasure from having him at her mercy, so to speak, and to have him cave into her. None too bright as he was, he knew that to concede to her now would be to fuel her need to exercise her power over him further. If he gave in now she would take it as a green-light to treat him like a piece of…

"Three!"

Not hesitating, Rhonda Crawford uncrossed her shapely ankles, slid from the desk and made to return behind it.

"Very well. You've made your decision and…"

"Thank you… Ms Crawford."

She remained with her back to him, knowing he had a good view of her powerful and shapely legs in their black pantyhose and the calf-muscles being exaggerated by the spikes of her black court shoes.

She made him wait a few moments more, then:

“What are you thanking me for, Durrant?” she said over her shoulder, giving him no let-up from the pressure.

“I… I…”

“Come on!” she barked. “I haven’t all day. You just thanked your boss for something. What is it?”

Behind her she knew he would be caught between wanting to squeeze the life from her lungs and desperate for the salvation from a wrecked career and ruined prospects she offered.

She also knew he would be mortified by the prospect Moira Wilson would be able to hear him being treated in such a disrespectful and lowly way.

Especially given the way he had once lorded it over the older woman when he had been Luann’s favourite.

An older woman, Rhonda smiled to herself, who was indeed listening via the intercom and had already ventured an interest in what she had in mind for the former lover-boy.

“I was, er, thanking you for, hmm…”

“Yes?” she snapped when he hesitated.

“For… For giving me a chance,” he finished.
Even if she wasn’t.

“Who are you thanking for giving you a chance?” she asked in a voice one might use on a particularly dim pre-schooler.

His acquiescence was almost instant this time and Rhonda congratulated herself on just how easily she was bringing him to heel.

“What I, hmm, meant was… Thank you for giving me a chance, Ms, hmm, Crawford.”

Nodding to herself she turned and retook her seat upon the edge of her own executive desk, delighted at the misery she herself had just written across those handsome features.

Misery *and* capitulation she decided to act upon.

Rhonda Crawford was known as a risk-taker but she was also known; rather like the expensive lawyer who *never* asked a question to which he or she did not already know the answer; as astute and circumspect.

The latter attributes making her next move seem less of a risk to her than it might have seemed not minutes before.

Staring up at him she found it gratifying that he was finding it harder and harder to meet her eyes.

Good.

It would be more relief than shock to him in the very near future when she informed him he was not to make eye-contact either with her or any other woman in future.

Not without express permission anyway.

Either her express permission or that of a proxy.

"I'm not going to pussyfoot around with you Durrant and you may as well know upfront that your position with me and the extra salary you will be paid to enable you to make your commitments will come at a price to that male pride of yours."

"Fuck me," he asked himself, feeling shittier and shittier by the second, *"What now?"*

"You have a reputation for disrespecting women and, from this moment on, that stops. As well as the work you do for me here at the office and the more domestic tasks you will take on for me at my home…"

"Domestic?" his thoughts screamed.

"Her home?"
"…I intend to train your disrespect out of you and make sure you treat all women – but especially me – with the reverence and obedience they deserve."

Now his eyes did find hers, the jaw below them almost on his be-suited chest as the import of her words came home fully to him.

Words – and humiliation – that was about to take him to a new level.

A new and lower level.

"As a token that you accept my authority and intend to show respect at all times I expect you to do something now that I will insist upon each time you enter a room.

The jaw lowered further and his ears keened for what she was about to say; sensing as they did that what emerged from her lips would not be good.

He was not to be disappointed:

"I want you to kneel on all fours and place your lips upon the toecap of my right shoe."

The colour, what there was of it, left to his face vanished completely and he may as well have been a revenant, so ghostly white was he.

She was not finished, however:

“You are to count to five,” she told him, “then you are to repeat your show of respect with the shoe upon my left foot.”

Five

Terry Durrant might have spent worse lunch-breaks during his time on the planet but, if he had, he was having a hard time fetching one to mind.

It was only just over two weeks since he had been forced to accept Rhonda Crawford’s humiliating offer that would at least keep him solvent and, even if the sneers and jeers of his fellow employees were easier for him to take than he had imagined, his reduced circumstances in regard of *“Ms Crawford”* and, worse, her secretary were getting harder and harder to take.

“Rhonda… *‘Ms Crawford’*, to you… tells me you kiss her feet as a sign of respect whenever you enter her presence and nobody else is around.”

Beneath Moira Wilson’s desk with his head between her legs to lick at her gusseted pussy the way she had instructed him – thankfully she considered letting his tongue make contact with her naked pussy itself cheating on her husband - Terry froze. Bad enough that he was now so afraid of the Wilson bitch and her threat to give a bad report of him to his boss that he was on his knees licking her – thank the Lord! – pantyhosed pussy. Now the humiliating act he performed each time he entered Rhonda Crawford’s office, unless told otherwise, was known to some middle-aged bitch who hated him.

“Don’t worry,” she said, a hand reaching under the desk to ruffle his hair as if he were some pet poodle, “I’m not the gossipy type and there’s no need for anyone else to know just how pussy-whipped our one time Mr Stud-Muffin is these days.”

Assailed by her womanly smells and with her hosed thighs rasping against his cheek, Terry Durrant felt a mixture of relief and contempt.

The contempt on this occasion reserved entirely for himself and the unsuspected weakness that ensured he allowed himself to be treated in such a way.

“That’s why I locked the door before letting you soothe Ms Moira’s pussy. I mean, what would happen to your reputation if one of our colleagues were to walk in and see you under the desk? See how considerate I am of you?”

With the taste of her pussy through the hose on his unwilling tongue, he would have loved nothing more at this point than to show her gullet the consideration of a well-honed machete blade.

The hand ruffling his hair took a firmer grip and yanked his head back as her face was lowered to peer under the desk at him:

“You do appreciate my consideration, I hope?” she asked, eyes flint hard and equally as cold as features not faring too well under the effects of gravity – even if the rest of her body remained in good condition – came into view as she leaned down. “I would so hate to tell Rhonda that you’ve been… *disrespectful*.”

“Y-Yes, hmm, Ms Moira,” he said, hating himself for the capitulation he seemed to make more and more readily to both *‘Ms Crawford’* and her secretary as the days of his new employment passed. “I… I do appreciate it.”

Unable to meet the triumph in her eyes he was aware of her head nodding, satisfied by this latest tribute to her growing power over him and the fact that, for the first time in her life, she was in a position of control over a man.

The grip on his hair was relaxed and her face disappeared from view.

“Make sure you continue to do so,” he heard the bitch say from above.

He was about to resume his lathing of her gusseted pussy when her voice stopped him:

“The reason I brought up this… *respect*… you show for Ms Crawford,” she was saying, picking up from where she had left off, “was that I think it’s a very nice way for you to show her how much you appreciate the lengths she is going to that you might keep your place with the company rather than be tossed on the scrapheap.”

Unsuspected weakness or not, Terry Durrant’s thoughts were murderous.

And were about become more so.

Not to mention even weaker.

“In fact,” the bitch went on above him, “I think it’s so nice of you that I’m going to insist you do the same thing for me from now on.”

Beneath the desk, he felt as if would die of shame and self-pity washed over him. Performing such a… degrading… task for Rhonda Crawford was horrific enough – and she, at least, and attractive and high-flying woman of relative youth. To do the same thing for a mundane and shrew featured, late-fifty-something, example of the same sex like Moira Wilson was simply…

He was still pitying himself and searching for the most dire and apposite term, the fact he had once treated others as badly as he was now being treated lost upon him, when she spoke again:

"So that's what you'll do to show your appreciation of my *'consideration'* from now on," he heard. "No need to say anything, but you can plant a nice big reverential kiss on Ms Moira's pussy to let her know you understand and agree."

As his lips did indeed plant the required kiss on the sodden hose covering the secretary's pussy, nothing could have been more indicative of his slide into obedience than the shortened space of time between receiving an order to do something – no matter how demeaning – and his accession to it.

The smile of Moira Wilson's he was unable to see from his position was a mixture of pure pleasure and sheer vindictiveness.
With by far the greater emphasis on the *vindictive*.

"Now get out from under there and unlock the office door," she ordered. "Your *boss* will be back from lunch anytime now and told me to have you waiting in her office when she returns."

Wondering what the hell was in store for him now he was, nonetheless, grateful to make his escape from the lowly position at the Wilson bitch's feet with head and tongue at her hosed pussy and made sure not to meet her gaze before doing as she asked and unlocking the main office door.

The look on the older woman's face as he made his way into his boss's office was almost affectionate as she reflected on the pleasure a man she genuinely detested was now forced to give her on a daily basis.

She was still smiling some ten minutes later when Rhonda Crawford arrived back in the office from her lunchtime shopping trip and, after the usual pleasantries, entered her office where the hapless and growingly dominated Terry Durrant standing, almost at attention, before her desk.

As the door closed behind her, and knowing what her boss had in mind for the man, Moira Wilson's smile broadened.

Six

Not having been told it wasn't required, Terry Durrant had dropped to all-fours to perform the hateful task the woman in control of his immediate future demanded – not to mention her old bitch of a secretary - and allowed his lips to rest upon the toecaps of her shoes for the requisite five seconds.

"Get undressed," she ordered, placing some shopping bags on the desk and moving behind it to sit.

"Well?" she said when he hesitated.

He threw a nervous look towards the *unlocked* door of her office.

Rhonda Crawford, cool, collected and tan in a sleeveless navy cotton dress that ended a few inches below the knee, laughed:

"Don't tell me you're embarrassed. From what Luann told me you certainly had no inhibitions getting naked for her in this very office."

Her tone hardened:

"Now do it!"

Not for the first time in past two weeks and so, Terry Durrant marveled at how easily she could make him do her bidding with little more than a changed voice inflexion.

It was, amongst other things, extremely disturbing.

As he peeled off in front of her and folded his clothes neatly in the way she ordered, she spoke to him:

“This evening you are going to visit my apartment uptown for the first time,” she told him. “I’m quite pleased with the way you’ve accepted my supervision and that of Ms Moira’s in the past few weeks and I think it’s time you were shown some of the other duties expected of you if you’re high salary is to be justified.”

He gave an internal groan of disappointment. A particularly *hot* specimen of womanhood he had met a few nights previously was expecting him at her apartment that night and he had been looking forward to venting his frustrations upon her with a simple and straightforward, male-dominant, fucking. In fact, the past few weeks had seen him doing a lot of *male-dominant* fucking as he attempted to offset the humiliation of his daily grind.

Rhonda Crawford, however, had not featured in his exploits and, to his surprise – given how much he was coming to detest her, he was disappointed at the omission.

“Be there at eight and wear a smart suit with tie,” she ordered as he folded his shirt and placed it upon the sofa alongside the wall with his jacket and tie, his well-toned body not making any apparent impact upon her.

He undid the buckle of his trouser belt.

“A business acquaintance of mine will be arriving shortly after you,” she told him, “and it’s important she receives the attention I’ve promised her.”

On more familiar ground, Terry Durrant hoped this *‘acquaintance’* was at least physically passable.

“Her name is Siobhan Brand and she belongs to the same businesswomen's society. She is also a deal broker for Orbital Aeronautics and can place some substantial order the way of Empson, Walsh and Entwistle.”

Terry wasn’t so slow he didn’t get the import of his boss’s words.

He was to be a male prostitute for the evening and it explained Rhonda Crawford’s order that he get naked.

After all, he told himself, it made sense that she herself would want to sample the goods before allowing him to supply them to an important prospective client.

At last, he thought, he was going to get the long overdue chance to give the Crawford bitch a good fucking.

A fucking that, if the end result of other and similar exercises held sway, would have her thinking about him and acting towards him in quite a different and more… *appreciative*… way.

His thinking, understandable as past experience with women made it, flawed in only one particular.

It was utterly and completely… *wrong*.

When he was finally naked she rose and came around the desk to appraise him.

“Yes. I think Siobhan will like most of what she sees.”

Not lacking in vanity, the look he flashed her asked:

“Most?”

Moving to the desk and delving into a bag, Rhonda came up with a razor, some shaving cream, and a tube that turned out to be a depilatory.

“That fuzz around your cock and balls,” she said, smirking faintly at the fact he was already at full mast and knowing what he expected to happen with her next, “won’t do at all.”
His expectant expression vanished as he got her drift and became one that looked none too pleased.

“Siobhan is a woman who likes her men obedient and hairless.”

His expression now was that of a worried man and she laughed before reassuring him.

“Don’t worry. I’m talking *below* the neck.”

As he sighed with relief and she again appraised his body, she went on:

“Though I see you have very little anyway, so that’s good. However you’ll need to remove what there is. Completely. Including the pubic area. You can use my bathroom through there but make sure it’s as clean as you find it when you’re finished. Then, when you’re done, we have some business to attend to in here.”

Not happy at what he was being asked to do but knowing he had little in the way of choice, Terry Durrant supressed a smile at the forthcoming opportunity to put his manly cock in her cunny and fuck it to submission.

An opportunity not about to come his way.

Yet.

And, when it did, it would not be his female boss who would be fucked into submission.

He watched as she delved into another bag and fetched out something he couldn’t quite see properly.

“When you’re through in the bathroom I have a present for you.”

To his surprise, the smile she gave him appeared warm – even if it was, in reality, more anticipatory.

“Then, once we have it on you, we’re going to test out these much-vaunted pussy-eating skills Luann so enthused over.”

The top-of-the-range titanium cock-cage she now held up for him shrank his erection faster than any artic immersion.

A shrinking that would make her fitting of the device that much easier.

For her.

Part Three

Seven

“Luann was easily pleased,” Rhonda Crawford said from her swivel chair. This after the freshly and begrudgingly depilated Terry Durrant had returned naked from her executive washroom and presented himself for inspection before having a cock-cage fitted to a wilted penis and defensive scrotum and being ordered to his knees between her legs. Still in a sense of some shock that his cock could now be beyond his own reach and entrusted to the care of his boss via a key that now swung from her neck to dangle in the valley of her breasts, it was no surprise that his efforts with the equally denuded pussy of his female boss were less than spectacular.

A fact, in fairness, Rhonda Crawford felt obliged to comment upon:

“I understand how you would find it difficult to come to terms with the fact that your pride and joy is no longer at your disposal without my permission and the help of this little key I had you place about my neck.”

The shaking of the naked man’s befuddled head below her as he knelt with one of her shapely bare legs draped over his shoulders told her he was hardly likely to refute her observation.

“It will be a new experience for you to have your sexual release at the wherewithal of a woman and I fully intend to use the motivation it will supply to make you a more productive and respectful member of my team. I will, of course, entrust a key in case of emergencies with Ms Moira, as she likes you to address her but…”

She paused a moment to savour the despair this latest development produced from him then pushed on:

“…but you would do well to remember that any pleasure your receive through that cock of yours from now on will be earned by good behaviour and a willingness to follow the orders of your female superiors.”

The beaten eyes that stared up at her were a long way removed from the confident orbs of the swaggering man he had been but a few weeks before and Rhonda Crawford knew that anything was possible with him.

By the time she was through with Mr Terry Durrant she intended him to be the most compliant and obedient male assistant in the corporate world.

Her compliant and obedient male assistant.

"We'll begin again," she told him as yet more spirit left his body. "And, as the expertise on whose behalf Luann waxed so lyrical appears to have deserted you temporarily, I'll run you through what's required if you are not to disappoint Siobhan this evening and make me very angry. I'd advise you to listen carefully."

She snaked out a hand to grip a handful of his hair, much as the Wilson bitch had done earlier, and yanked his head up so he could see the intent in her eyes.

"Pussy can be eaten in a variety of ways but, no matter the technique, it must be done with every fibre of that man or woman partaking of the feast."

She stared into his eyes with intent then released her grip so that his head could fall back to his chest, his submission almost as satisfying as the prospect of training his tongue to service and worship her in the manner she preferred.

"Individual women have their own preferences when it comes to technique and discovering what those preferences are will be a task only the woman in question and your own initiative can determine. But one thing is a constant: the woman whose cunt you are trying to satisfy must be totally convinced of your commitment to her pleasure. You must lick and eat pussy as if it is a meal presented to you by a celestial genius of the culinary world. The mess the juices you have inspired will make of your face and hair and even the humiliation I am sure you will feel at being used in such a demeaning and powerless way will be as nothing when compared to your end goal of totally satisfying the pussy of the woman who will be, at least for the time being, your mistress and owner."

Again she paused, knowing his lowered eyes were taking in the titanium cage she had locked about cock and scrotum and loving the dejection she could see slumping hi shoulders.

"Kiss the smooth skin of my inner-thigh as I instruct you," she ordered.

He did as she asked without enthusiasm.

"If you want to stay in my employment and see your cock released I suggest you show my body the reverence it deserves."

He did.

"That's better. The longer you are with me the more you will know your place."

Her following laugh was a little unkind but not totally harsh:

“After all, would you ever have believed you could be in such a position in this office not three weeks ago?”

Not wishing to answer, or sensing none was required, Terry Durrant continued to place soft and reverential kisses as instructed on the smooth and tan skin of the thigh draped over his shoulder, admitting, despite his hatred of her and the treatment she felt in a position to dole out to him, that she was an attractive woman who under other circumstances he would have loved to fuck senseless.

An admission that introduced itself to his nether-regions and gave him his first taste of the constriction about his manhood.

“Oooh, is my baby-boy trying to get a stiffy as he kisses mommy’s thighs?” she asked as his unmistakable groan of discomfort reached her ears.

Another groan answered her.

“Don’t be afraid little one,” she said, knowing how talk of such a kind would humiliate and degrade him further. “Mommy likes the fact you find her so attractive you’d risk feeling all that pain when your little dickie comes into contact with the steel she’s secured around it. But you mustn’t stop kissing her all respectfully as she tells you what she wants or you’ll make her angry.”

He groaned again, still not kissing.

“I’m waiting,” she said, injecting a small note of impatience into her tone and delighted when such a small threat returned him to the task at hand instantly; Luann had told her that he was a masterful and masculine lover if given his head and the reminder made her smile.

He looked neither masterful nor masculine at that moment.

And as for giving him his head…?

“Normally, you would start with the feet of your mistress and suck and lick her toes before – slowly – working your way up to where you are now. But, as we haven’t the time, I’ll take it you understand that and we can move on. Now, when you have shown her the necessary worship and reverence you can begin to kiss, lick and tease, her pussy. There can be no question of your entering her at this point with either finger or tongue, though you may let your hands roam that they can stroke and caress the curves of her buttocks and the slope of her back – you may even gently stroke her breasts at this point if you can do so without being cumbersome and making her feel pawed and awkward.

Without being told, he was already placing soft and reverential kisses the length of her labia and using his hands to stroke the pronounced calf-muscles at the back and side of her tanned and powerful legs.

“Yes, that’s good. You must admire her legs and feet and every part of her being, because she is your superior on earth and you are nothing before her except a creature placed her to give her pleasure. You have to judge the level of her excitement and gauge when it is best to move to the next level then, when you have driven her crazy with your teasing it is time to make a single lick from the very bottom of her to the very tip of her pussy. This will, if performed correctly, elicit a long and lingering moan and you will feel, perhaps, her fingers grabbing your hair to urge you forward. The sounds of appreciation you will hear if you are performing correctly will become the greatest compliment and achievement you will achieve either in this life or the next and you must not be slow to redouble your efforts in order to let her know this. In fact, if you are performing to her expectations, she may even ask you to stop, so great is her excitement. But, unless she physically kicks you from her or delivers an absolutely explicit order, you must tell yourself that she doesn’t mean it and continue on.”

Out of his vision, Rhonda Crawford bit a lip to prevent her own mewls of pleasure reaching his ears as he did just that.”
“Yes! That is it exactly. Show… Show some initiative and… and thrust that tongue into her pussy… Just… Just like that… As if… As if it were a dagger and you were trying… trying to… to maim a much… a much hated… rival. That… That… That’s the level of passion we… we… require.”

She heard him groan into her cunt as he did as she instructed and the smell conjured from her copious juices triggered yet another erection to be thwarted by cold steel. Despite her intention to remain as above the fray as possible, his efforts and the submissive position in which she had him were pushing her to extremes making it difficult for her not to scream so loudly the worker bees on the lowest floors of the complex would hear.

“The-Then…” she went on with an effort of will, “you must let her… let her hear your moans of… of… appreciation as you get the real taste of her on your… on your tongue and… and…”

She broke off, too far gone for coherent though let alone the effort required to turn it into instructional sentences.

Her last thought, this as she let forth with a scream she knew Moira Wilson was certain to hear and appreciate, was that Siobhan Brand was in for a real treat that evening.

And that Terry Durrant had been taken a few steps closer to becoming…

Her *creature*.

Eight

Moira Wilson loved her boss's uptown apartment with its views over to the harbour and its tasteful – and extremely expensive - furnishings.

Loved it so much, in fact, that it was no hardship for her to give up a part of her weekends to *"babysit"* her new live-in servant.

A servant who had, wonderfully, just spent the past thirty minutes sucking, licking and probing at the orifice from which she made waste.

And doing so as if it was the greatest gift that could be bestowed upon him.

So far had the once buttoned-up and somewhat sexually repressed secretary come that she would allow such an invasion of her back passage by the tongue of a man – and a man other than her own husband at that. A tribute, in fact, to how far her younger boss had brought her since the departure of Luann Rhonda. And a testimony also to just how far Rhonda Crawford had lowered the self-assured cocksman that he would consent to… *please*… her in such a way.

A *"self-assured cocksman"* he had once been and would *never* be again.

It was a lowering that the key dangling from a necklace at her own neck she toyed with so fondly had played no small part in bringing about and one her own husband had questioned her about.

She chuckled to herself as she thought of his reaction had she answered:

"It's the key to the cock-cage of my assistant at work. Without my consent and that of his boss it's impossible for him to get an erection. He's hoping that if I find him suitably pleasing tonight I'll use it to unlock him and allow him to rub it against my pantyhosed calf until he spurts his stuff.

"Then, after I've made him clean it off – with his tongue if he's not suitably grateful – it goes straight back on him and the key back around my neck.

"Why are you asking, dear? Would you like me to get one for that pitiful and treacherous little dick of yours I've been faithful to for far too long?"

The prospect of having her husband – the same husband she knew to have cheated on her in the past - at her sexual mercy filled her with utter joy and, though she knew she would never have the leverage to bring what had been accomplished with Terry Durrant about with him, it was joy that was indicative of how far she herself had travelled in the past months since Rhonda had placed the former lothario and user of women under their joint heel.

Amongst *other* things.

Even Ted, her aforementioned husband, had remarked upon the change in her. The way her skirts were shorter and how she now sometimes went bare-legged to show off the spray-tan that Rhonda had recommended and was, unlike other cheap and tasteless applications, indistinguishable from the real thing. He particularly liked her new and revealing use of decolletage and the tight tops that showed off the fifty-something breasts that were still full and firm.

Hence his disappointment when his renewal of interest in her had been rebuffed and she had even moved her things to their second bedroom and placed a lock upon the door.

It was a statement of dismissal and independence he had neither known nor expected to know from her and it did not sit well with him.

The predictable anger and threats he aimed her way when he realised she was no longer his dogsbody and he would be expected to pull his weight around the home too didn't faze her either and - thanks to Rhonda's advice – she simply used them as an excuse to either withdraw to her room for the night or meet up with those divorced, widowed, or simply more independent married friends of hers she had lost touch with as a result of her cheating husband's possessiveness over the years.

The knowledge that he considered it fine to fuck other women while ignoring her, but saw it perfectly acceptable for her to remain chaste and faithful, was yet another source of anger that burned even more brightly since her…

What?

Emancipation?

Whatever word described her current mindset, it utterly predictable that he would soon be levelling the accusation at her – rich from him – that she was having an affair.

And, for the first time in their childless marriage, backed down from her when his hypocrisy sent her into a rage that left him feeling stunned.

As Rhonda had promised her it would, her new attitude with him would soon effect changes in their relationship she would enjoy.

A *great* deal.

In fact, so much had his own attitude towards her changed since hers had undergone a sea-change, she wondered if, with help from Rhonda, she could achieve the same results with her husband her younger employer had achieved with Terry Durrant.

It was food for thought and she reminded herself to ask Rhonda's opinion on the subject.

Though she had her doubts that someone as macho and chauvinistic as her husband – no matter the few small changes her new attitude had effected in him –would ever allow *his* cock to be treated in such a way.
Anyhow, for now Rhonda was out for dinner and a show, perhaps a little dancing afterwards, with friends and Moira had other things to occupy her time.

Supervising the former womaniser just one of them.

A former womaniser who was all but unrecognisable from the swaggering and cock-sure example that had once treated her with such cavalier contempt and who was about to be introduced to what Rhonda described as a *"very, very, very, special friend,"* at the end of the evening.

A former womaniser who – she still found it hard to believe he did it – knelt on all fours to place his lips upon her feet, whether bare, hosed, or in shoes, whenever he entered her presence.

As, indeed, he did now:

"Ms Moira," the totally naked and denuded man began, raising his head from a task that was now second nature to him; save for his cage and the body his female master insist he keep well-toned, he was almost unrecognisable now that master had taken the decision to remove the hair atop his head also, rather than allow it to continue to give him a sense of maleness.

"What is it?" she snapped out, careful to keep her tone strict and aloof as Ms Crawford insisted. Affection, she was told, and meagre as it would be, was something he had to realise was earned. And earned with much effort.

"May I put some clothes on, please?"

Moira thought about it, eyes resting upon the shiny dome of the head he had lowered rather than meet her gaze without permission, finding it thrilling still that he could have become so… *servile*… towards her.

And in such a short space of time.

Knowing to always make him wait before conceding to a request, Moira thought about how clever and resourceful Rhonda Crawford was and how astutely she had made use of her male captive and the pleasures he could offer to bring on a whole host of powerful

female contacts and clients who had not only boosted her stock with Empson, Walsh and Entwistle, but had made her very wealthy. A wealth, not that she had been poor exactly to begin with, that explained the apartment she herself loved so much and couldn't wait to visit. Though she was sure th wretch kneeling at her feet, awaiting her decision on something so basic as clothing himself, felt differently.

"Yes, you may," she said regally, amazed at how much her own self-confidence had come on since Rhonda Crawford had taken her under her wing and introduced her to a life she had scarcely even imagined prior to becoming her PA.

It was a new sense of self that had swiftly banished those early feelings of guilt and loyalty to an unworthy husband that insisted she would allow their new corporate serf to worship her pussy only through her sodden pantyhose.
As if that made it any less of a marital infraction.

In fact, so far had she come, that she was now, as her earlier thoughts indicated, thinking along the lines and of the possibility of having her husband in just such a position as the supplicant at her feet.

It was this new Moira Wilson who determined to ask her young employer if she thought such a thing were possible.

And, if she did, to help her set it in motion to bring her once philandering husband to his knees.

That young employer, Moira knew, one who was both supportive and, when it was earned or deserved, kind.

Why else, after all would she have insisted Terry Durrant give up his job and his hard-won apartment to live with her as a manservant?

And, not only that, but to buy that apartment from him and put the money she gave him in a trust-fund administered by her that he may have a nest-egg for the future?

"When you have your uniform on," she told him, referring to the collarless white shirt and pocket-less black slacks that was his manservant's outfit, "you can fetch me a glass of white-wine and give me a foot-rub as I watch television. Then you can make sure this place is pristine for when your master returns."

Despite how far he had been lowered in the scheme of things, Moira noticed he winced when she described Rhonda as his *"Master"*, and it occurred to her that he still had at least some sense of spirit and self-respect left to him.

But then, hadn't Rhonda explained to her that she did not want an automaton? After all, what fun was a zombie? Where was the pleasure in owning a man who had no idea of his fall from grace and the fate that was his lot in life from now. To be nothing more than the chattel and tool of the women populating his existence?

He had risen to his feet and was about make his – much desired, no doubt, she smiled to herself – escape from her presence when she stopped.

“Be careful everything is absolutely as it should be,” she reminded him, bringing his departure to a momentary halt. “Your master is bringing home a friend with her who is interested to meet you.”

She paused a moment, savouring her command of the man, then:

“A very, very, very, important friend.”

Nine

The slap rocked Terry Durrant’s head to the side and, as ever, he was equally as pained by the humiliation of allowing himself to be used in such a way by a woman as he was from the blow itself.

“Never, *ever*, raise your voice to me. Now stand up and do as you were told."

Rising from his knees, the ceramic floor tiles of his *“master’s”* plush apartment cold upon his skin, he did as he was bid, grateful only for the fact the Wilson bitch had left and was not present to witness what promised to be a new and even more humiliating development in his submission.

The woman waiting for him in the guest room of Rhonda’s he knew so well was like nothing he had ever kissed, licked or fucked.

And, submission or not, he did not want to change the habit of a lifetime now.

“This is my manservant I told you about Ilse,” Rhonda Crawford had said to the gargantuan woman with the French-cropped blonde hair and piggy features after he had made sure the front-door was open and waiting for them after they stepped from the elevator and he was there to greet his *master”* and her guest.

The woman, he assessed, must have been at least six-feet-two and all of 250lbs - the top of the range couture she’d draped over her frame doing nothing to diminish her stature in any way. Not in the least. In fact the kind of… *bifurcated*… kaftan – designer or not – covering her upper body did nothing either to conceal a pair of breast that he could only describe to himself as…

Humongous!

For all her size, however, he knew - this from the glimpse of her he had gotten before lowering his eyes to the floor to show the respect Rhonda demanded – that the woman his former employer and now *“master”* had addressed as *“Ilse”* reeked and dripped wealth.

From the bifurcated kaftan, trying without success to lessen her dimensions, to her surprisingly tasteful jewelry and the even more surprisingly slender feet below white linen trousers shod in Jimmy Choo's his lowered eyes were resting upon.

She was also German.

"I like him," she had answered after they had entered and he had closed the door; pronouncement made without any corresponding smile after appraising Terry Durrant from head-to-foot, her English heavily inflected with the speech cadences of her homeland. "He seems very well-trained. I like very much that he does not attempt to make eye-contact with his superiors."

"I insist upon it, Ilse," Rhonda Crawford had assured the woman as the hapless Terry stood with lowered head, in a state of abject mortification that was made no easier to bear for having experienced similar on so many occasions. "It wouldn't do for a lowly manservant to think he could look upon us as if he were an equal."

Worse had followed for the abject man when Rhonda had told the monstrous German woman that avoiding eye-contact was not the only way her servant had of showing both her and her guests respect.

Lowering himself to al-fours and placing his lips upon the feet of Rhonda Crawford in front of another person was excruciating enough and had never come easy to Terry Durrant, but performing the task this time – and for *this* woman - took his revulsion to new depths.

When he had finished and taken their drink orders, Rhonda had taken Ilse on a tour of the apartment as he mixed Manhattans and prayed he would not be asked to…

A prospect that filled him with horror.

And one he was not about to be spared.

"Madame Ilse is waiting for you in the guest-room," his female master had told him. "She is a highly wealthy and well-connected woman who can do much good for your master."

His spirits sank.

"Look at me," she ordered.

The eyes meeting hers were tearful as they came up to see her fingering the key at her neck.

"She has no need for a man's cock and asked me to keep you locked. But I fully expect you to worship her superior German pussy as if your life depended upon it."

Internally, Rhonda Crawford exulted. Exercising her dominance over a man – and especially this one - never failed to arouse her and the knowledge that she had been in solely instrumental in taking a proud and cock-sure former lady's man and reducing

him to such a position of dependence in these liberal and enlightened times only exacerbated her excitement and sense of accomplishment. With firmness and cleverness she had taken the small leverage she had held over him and – by increments both mental and financial – reduced him to a position of monetary and psychological dependence that his self-confidence and sense of self-reliance were things of the past.

She could do with him as she wished and – now there was a newer and still more promising man in her life – she intended to do just that.

To her surprise, though, it was at this point that the man she thought was thoroughly cowed spoke up to voice an objection.
But not for long.

Now, standing before her with lowered eyes, mini-rebellion quashed almost before it had started, Terry Durrant's cheeks stung from both the slap he had just received and the knowledge he was not man enough to stand up to this woman who, once again, was ready to put him through hell.

"Go to Madame Ilse now and do *exactly* what she asks of you."

There was the briefest of pauses until Rhonda spoke again, voice both threat and promise:

"Unless, that is, you want me to empty the contents of the trust-fund I set-up and you prefer to find yourself on the street without job, money, family or friends."

*****

Casually, the monstrous example of Teutonic womanhood moved toward his naked frame, stopping only when inches away, her warm and but not offensive breath on the face she had asked him to present for her inspection. He could smell her exotic and, no doubt, incredibly expensive perfume, as the tip of his head reached the top of her chin and the power he felt in her when she took his chin in her hand and tilted it upwards towards her in no way belied her dimensions.

Huge she may have been, but she was also unnaturally strong for a female into the bargain.

A from her slap such as the one Rhonda had delivered him earlier would, he told himself, be likely to remove his head from his shoulders.

Yet another reason, if the broken and psychologically neutered man needed one, to be as pleasing for her as he could.

Stepping back from him she pulled the kaftan over her head in one movement and threw the expensive garment to the floor as if she were discarding rubbish.

The breath left Terry Durrant's body.

Not only were the breasts he had described to himself as *"humongous"* even more imposing in the flesh, but her whole upper body held him in a condition of awe.

And fear.

Big she might have been but every ounce of her frame, it seemed, was toned and belied the piggy and fleshy features of the face atop it. She was, in fact, an hourglass taken to extremes. Even her legs, now she'd shed the linen trousers, were shapely in an oversized and powerful way. Muscled and abundant flesh rippled everywhere on her massive body while her huge and seemingly self-supporting breasts rested above a surprisingly flat tummy.

She turned to present him with her ass.

"Before you are granted the honour of pleasing my beautiful German pussy you must show your willingness to worship me elsewhere."

Barely hearing her, so great was his shock in the presence of such a body, he waited.

"Go down to your knees and kiss and lick my ass."

The order hit him like a piledriver to the solar-plexus. Not that it was a demeaning act he hadn't performed before – having done so not hours before upon the order of the Wilson bitch – but with… *this*… woman the demand seemed to take on a new reality of indignity and sheer, soul-destroying, humiliation.

"I am waiting," she told him from over her shoulder before adding, ominously, "or would you prefer that I take you across my knee and slap your disrespectful behind until you not only beg to show respect to my ass but plead to eat that which comes from it?"

A wave of nausea flooded through him as he realised that she was more than capable of handling him in such a way and could, if she chose, force him to eat her…

Dropping to his knees before her enormous buttocks, his mouth inched towards her ass crack; giving thanks as he did so for the small mercy of it appearing hairless and unblemished.

Just the same, he hesitated, repulsed to be forced to such an abject act even more than he was repulsed by having been forced to insert his tongue into the shit-chute of the Wilson bitch.

"Separate me and clean me," Madame Ilse commanded. "Do not make me wait or I will not hesitate to spank you until your master beyond must think I am punishing a little female from kindergarten."

Afraid in a way that assured him his masculinity was a memory, Terry Durrant, former womaniser supreme and manipulator of females, took a huge fleshy cheek in each hand, parted her so that he could see her puckered opening, then slowly – and with a grimace

of purest anguish and revulsion she was unable to see and, therefore, unable to punish – inserted his to tongue into her shit-chute and began to clean.

“Lick around the ring,” he heard the order after a minute or so of this. “I wish to be totally fresh.”

Dying inside – dying *more*, to be exact - he complied.

“Onto the back now,” she commanded after his servile attentions to the perimeter of her anus had continued without abate or comment for a few minutes.

Grateful for the offensive chore to be over he lay on the carpeted floor, cock cage drawing a sigh of approval from his temporary owner.
“Ja. There is nothing quite so pleasing to me than the sight of the man and his cock locked away. It is, I feel sure, just as our creator intended things to be.”

Terry Durrant had no time to reflect upon this nonsense as her fleshy and stupendous ass and hairless pussy descended to rob him of oxygen and she began to rock back and forth, using his head as a human dildo. And it was not just her gaping pussy he was forced to lick. As well as swallowing what seemed gallons of her pussy juice he was compelled, once again, to pay homage to her, less well-lubricated but far more humiliating, asshole. This as she leaned forward to grip his be-ringed scrotum and squeeze whenever she considered his intensity of service was not up to the level required.

Though in position to think truly clearly or offer any resistance, the abject and broken man beneath her was compos mentis enough to know he had been consigned to hell.

He also had enough of his wits about him to question why, if he was in hell, his entrapped and ignored cock was attempting to become erect against the cold steel bars of its prison.

On and on he continued, motivated by the squeezing of her powerful hand when he flagged and the prospect of the over the knee spanking he would receive if he stopped altogether, losing all sense of space and time as she continued to rock on his face with her full weight until she finally reached her crisis and went beyond it with an almighty scream that would not have disgraced one of her barbarian warrior descendants from the banks of the Elbe and all but drowning him in outpourings of her completion.

Finally, the hand that had been squeezing his caged balls was stroking it proprietorially and, when her voice reached him next, it had lost its harshness.

If not its facility to command.

“Ja. Rhonda is right. You are just the obedient little liebling I have been searching for.”

Epilogue

The views across the lawn to the sea sloping at its edge and the wooden jetty where was moored the luxurious twenty-berth motor-launch, were stunning.

The only other residence in the near vicinity upon the island was some miles away across the Sound and peace and security were the order of the day – not so surprising really when a private yacht or boat were the only ways of reaching the island from the mainland.

Exclusivity to be taken as read.

“How long have you worked for your employer, Jetta?” Rhonda Crawford asked the twenty-something girl with the pronounced cheeks and somewhat buck teeth, body emblematic of the healthy Scandinavian lifestyle with strong tanned legs below shorts and tee-shirt.

A casually dressed Rhonda, in a floral summer dress and low-heeled shoes, and a more formally attired Moira Wilson, ill-at-ease in such surroundings despite being used to the plush nature of her boss’s apartment, were being served tea by the young girl addressed. Rhonda, along with Moira, excited to be there and looking forward to hooking up once again with an old acquaintance.

“Jetta has been with me since she was sixteen,” came a voice from behind them as Ilse Breitling returned from her midday run around the island.

Startled, both Rhonda and Moira rose from their seat to greet their hostess – Rhonda and Ilse going into a hug while Moira, as protocol insisted, shared a hand-shake with the huge example of Teutonic Valkyrie.

“It has been too long, my liebling,” said Ilse to Rhonda as they resumed their seats; not ignoring Moira as such but letting her know that she was a *very* junior member of their meeting; no matter how much older than both she was.

“Moira was saying two years since you last visited us,” Rhonda reminded her. “Actually, the only time you’ve visited us.”

“Do not worry, there will be more occasions now that I have my American home in order. I have just completed the purchase of a wonderful brownstone not more than a few blocks from your own apartment complex, so we will be seeing much more of each other, my liebling.”

“I look forward to it, Ilse,” Rhonda assured her as Jetta finished serving the teas and made her way from the room. “But tell me, what was that hanging from Jetta’s neck?”

Ilse gave Rhonda a look of jocular reproof:

“I am well aware that you never ask a question to which the answer is likely to surprise you so do not tease your friend, Ilse,” the huge German woman laughed.

“You must trust Jetta a great deal?” Rhonda asked.

Ilse shrugged, dabbing at the perspiration on her forehead with a towel.

“No more and no less than you trust your loyal Moira here,” she said, placing Rhonda’s older PA in the same social bracket as her maid. Though she is not strictly speaking a lesbian, she has no love of men either and sees them only as useful animals. Her position with me, shall we say, gives her the opportunity to… *express*… these feelings.”

Both Rhonda and Moira nodded, excitement growing as they realised only too well to whom and to what their hostess referred.

“But tell me, Ilse went on, “how goes that project of your own you were about embark upon when last we spoke on the telephone? If I remember correctly, you were about to undertake a favour for a friend?”

“Actually,” a somewhat unsure of herself Moira interjected, “the favour was for me Frau Breitling.”

The eyes of their hostess narrowed with puzzlement.

“Moira’s husband has been something of a pig to her in the past,” Rhonda came in to explain. “We’re in the process of ensuring that, though he may well be an animal, he will in future be one of the domesticated kind.”

“Ja!” Ilse agreed with a booming laugh. “It is the only way – as you will see for yourselves shortly. And how does your work progress?”

Rhonda’s nod gave Moira the go-ahead:

“He isn’t in a cock-cage yet,” the married PA told her hostess, “but Rhonda… Ms Crawford… has seen to it that he has lost his employment and has no chance of getting work elsewhere.”

“That is good,” Ilse nodded. “This makes him dependent upon the generous salary you earn as Ms Crawford’s Personal Assistant, Ja?”

“Ja… I mean, yes,” said a red-cheeked Moira as Rhonda stifled a laugh for her error. “The only money he has is what I give him – and, believe me, it’s very little. Certainly not enough for him to tomcat around in the bars he likes so much. I already have him doing laundry and cleaning while I’m at work and, though I know he hates it, he’s gradually getting used to the idea that I’m the boss now.”

“Wonderful! I wish you every success and, if there is any help you think I can provide, do not hesitate to ask my assistance.”

“That’s very kind of you, Ilse, and we may do just that,” came in Rhonda, “but tell us, how goes it with your latest acquisition since I gave him to you as a gift?”

“You will see soon enough. But answer me this, were the contacts and… *inside track*… so to speak, I gave you in return worth the loss of such an obedient slave?”

Rhonda and Moira smiled, knowing as they did just how much Ilse’s assistance had furthered both Rhonda’s career and her wealth.

“Beyond measure, my good friend,” answered Rhonda. “You look, as I’m sure you know, upon the new CEO of Empson, Walsh and Crawford.” She smiled with mock guilt. “Entwistle was not happy to be forced out, and neither will Empson and Walsh once I’m in a position to remove them, but such is life.”

“Then it seems we are all getting what we wish and…”

A scuffling sound from behind her caught her attention.

“Ah! Here is my good boy!”

As Rhonda Crawford and Moira Wilson looked on with utter amazement, Jetta entered.

This time, however, she did not enter holding a tray upon which were tea and other refreshments.

In her right hand was a lead attached to a collar.

And on the end of that collar was…

“Here boy!” cried Ilse, slapping her thighs to urge her dog forward. “Show mommy how pleased you are to see her.

As the jaws of the two watching women dropped chestwards, the man who had formerly been Terry Durrant, unrecognisable now apart from the face protruding from his costume from the vibrant and virile womaniser and man about town he had once been, scampered forward to prop himself up on the thighs of his mistress and began to lick the hand she presented to him.

Scamper, perhaps, being the wrong choice of words given the restriction his full body costume place him under as, with legs bent and forced into latex legs, arms the same, his means of movement were reduced to slow and plodding forward pecks.

To the watching women's amazement, an authentic looking tale protruded from the costume nearest his anus.

"Good boy, Wolfie," Ilse applauded the man she had fashioned into an animal before turning to her guests.

"As you can see, Jetta and I have more use for your former manservant as a very obedient pet than as a man of any description. Of course, it is a lot of work for Jetta to take him out of his costume each week and bathe and depilate him, but she tells me she loves looking after our doggy and does not mind."
Jetta smiled her agreement as she tugged the former Terry Durrant from the thighs of his mistress into a sitting position at her heels, his eyes unable to meet either of the two women's he had formerly been an equal with and it was Moira, pussy soaked with the arousal the sight in front of them inspired, who spoke first:

"Do… Do you allow him to… You know?... Speak?"

Ilse shook her head.

"Animals have no need for human speech. He is allowed to bark or whine but, other than that, we have more important uses for his tongue."

From being soaked, Moira's pussy was now saturated.

And that of the boss sitting next to her was no less dry.

THE END