

K.C. RIPLEY

**3
HOT
STORIES**



**FemDom
on the Job**

**Femdom on the Job:
Stories of Professional Women
Dominating Men**

by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Oral Hijinx

I always hated going to the dentist. Who doesn't?

But when I moved to the city three years ago, I didn't bother looking up a new one. I did what a lot of people do. I put it off. That is, until one of my molars started hurting. I could almost hear my mom's voice in my head: "Danny, this never would have happened if you'd been going regular."

Everyone calls me Dan except for my mom. Anyway, I had to find a new dentist. I asked around the office first.

Billy got a glint in his eye and started giggling when I told him. He's one floor down from me in an identical cubicle. We met at orientation. Most of our interactions consist of him farting and telling me jokes.

"Hey, Dan," he said, scribbling down a number on a post-it note.

"Yeah?"

"Guy goes to the dentist. Dentists asks him if he likes oral sex. Guy says that's none of your business. Dentist puts him under with gas. Guy wakes up and his mouth tastes like dick. He asks what happened. Know what the doctor says?"

"It's none of your business?"

Billy giggled. "That's right, man! It's none of your fucking business." He handed over the post-it.

Dr. Julie Borman, with a telephone number.

"She's good?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah, man," Billy said. "Sexy as shit, too." He held his hands up to his chest and hefted imaginary breasts.

I made an appointment for the following day.

The receptionist was a petite blonde with short hair. She wore a white blouse that showed off the top of her cleavage, and I didn't mind looking down at it while I gave her my name. The waiting area

was empty, except for a water cooler, a plastic fern, and a photo of a sailboat on the wall.

“Mister Sanders?” A blonde with shoulder-length hair in blue scrubs held a clipboard by the door.

“Dan’s fine,” I said, standing up.

“Okay, Dan,” she said, smiling. “I’m Sandy. Follow me, please.”

She was gorgeous, guiding me through the hallway to a room at the end. Billy had said the dentist was hot. Was everyone else that worked here, too? I was single, sure, but didn’t have a chance with either of the women I’d seen here. Way out of my league. I mean, I wasn’t ugly. Just toting a few extra pounds. That didn’t mean I couldn’t enjoy looking.

I sat down in the dental chair. The room had the obligatory white cabinets, the tray with dental instruments laid out, and the squarish overhead light. She sat down and clipped a bib on me.

“Wouldn’t want you getting your shirt wet, would we?” she said, as if talking to a child.

It was a little weird, but still sexy as hell. I laughed nervously. “Uh, sure.”

“A lot of people are anxious during dental care. How do you feel right now?”

“Uh, I’m fine.”

“Because we offer nitrous oxide for all levels of care.”

“Does it cost—”

“Free of charge. Would you like some before we get started?”

Weird, but kind of cool. If it was free, why not?

“Sure,” I said.

She smiled and slipped the mask over my nose. Her breast brushed up against my cheek as she leaned over me to adjust the hose, and my cock stirred in my jeans.

“Just breathe normally,” she said. “I’ll be right back.”

My dentist back home, Dr. Haugland, was pretty old school. Looked like he hadn’t updated his equipment in thirty years. And he

hadn't given me gas since I was a kid. I'd forgotten how nice it was.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I felt lighter, like I was floating above the chair rather than sitting in it. I noticed the music for the first time, light piano music, softly in the background. Dr. Haugland always played country. Man, I hated that.

She couldn't have been gone more than a couple of minutes, but I was already feeling absolutely great.

Then I heard a series of clicks and suddenly felt pressure on my thighs, my shins, and my arms.

I snapped open my eyes and saw that my arms and legs were clamped down with padded metal arms. What the fuck? I bucked, but couldn't move an inch.

Sandy appeared over me again, smiling wider than ever. "I bet you thought I was going to service you today, didn't you," she said. "Well guess again, cowboy. You ready to have some fun?"

I tried to say something, even though I wasn't sure exactly what. Instead, slurred mumbles came from my mouth. I felt a trail of slobber slid down one cheek.

"I'll take that as a yes," Sandy said. She reached over my head, and I could see the swell of her tits against the blue scrubs. I heard a ratcheting noise, and then my head was being lowered. She adjusted the chair so that my head was nearly to the ground. I felt even dizzier as the blood rushed to my head.

She hooked her thumbs on either side of her bottoms and wiggled as she slid them down. Dear god, she was shaved smooth. Her hips curved wide, her legs together formed a perfect little y-shape at her crotch. She stepped out of the pile of pink on the floor and stood directly over my face, her pink lips hovering less than a foot above my head.

Sandy winked at me, then hooked a finger in the tube for the mask and slid it off my face.

"Budd-ai-done-gurl-dat," I said.

She put her finger to her lips. "Shh," she said. "Now's not the time for talking. Now's the time to show me what you can do with your tongue."

Sandy turned around, so that she was facing the rest of my body. Then she lowered herself down.

Everything was dark and wet. Her lips pushed down on my mouth like a slick suction cup. Then her ass pushed against my nostrils, filling them with the smell of her shit. Suddenly I couldn't breathe.

"Better start licking," she said. "Or you're gonna have a hard time breathing."

I stuck my numb tongue out and began to lick frantically. I strained against the restraints pinning down my arms and legs, but I wasn't going anywhere. When she didn't get up, I tried to move my head from side to side, but her thighs clenched and kept me in place.

I moved my tongue as fast as I could, flickering and licking, though all I wanted was a breath of fresh air. Finally, she raised up, and I gasped. A tendril of thick juice ran from her pussy down to my face.

She laughed and looked down at me between her legs. "Come on, Dan," she said. "You can do better than that."

She lowered herself down again, locking my head into place, her pussy on my mouth, her ass on my nose. She wiggled back and forth. I counted this time as I licked and sucked at her. I thought about biting her, but really, what would that do? The room was full of sharp instruments, including a drill, and I was pinned down and helpless. If she was psychotic, I doubted she'd have any qualms about using them on me.

Twenty-four, twenty-five.

I slobbered against her lips, then swallowed a mouthful of her juices. Instead of rising up, she pushed down harder, shoving my nose up into her ass.

Thirty-eight, thirty nine.

I tried to move my tongue up, to try to find her clit. Maybe if I made her come this would stop.

Forty-seven, forty-eight.

I was frantic again, couldn't breathe. My heart pounded in my chest. I thought about screaming for help the next time she stood up. If she stood up.

I flicked at her clit and heard her giggle. Sixty-two, sixty-three.

She stood up. I gulped in air and blinked tears out of my eyes. God, she was killing me.

Sandy looked down at me again and laughed. "Oh dear," she said. "You've got a little spot of brown on your nose. How'd that get there?"

I took a deep breath and yelled, "Help! Please!"

She just kept looking at me, smiling. Someone else walked in the room. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the pink scrubs. Then she walked to the foot of the chair, and I could see that it was another hygienist, a short Asian woman, her dark hair tied back in a ponytail. She was holding a clipboard.

"You okay in here, Sandy?" she said, as if this were all routine. She had an accent, but I wasn't very good at telling them apart.

Sandy looked up at her. "I'm almost done, Momo," she said. "You want to go next?"

Next? Oh god, what was this place?

"Sure," Momo said. "Mind if I stick around?"

"Not at all," Sandy said.

Momo put the clipboard down on the counter, then leaned over me and unbuckled my pants. She tugged them and my boxers down a few inches, and my cock flopped out, swayed, and stood straight up. I felt my face flush red, though why I would choose now to be embarrassed, I had no idea.

She reached over again and picked up the floss, then zipped out a line of it between her hands. Momo wasn't smiling. She was all business. She reached down to my crotch with the floss.

I started to yell again, and that's when Sandy plopped back down over my face. I knew better than to do anything but start licking.

I was so dizzy. The gas and the shock of all this had my head spinning. I felt the floss loop around my balls several times. Then I felt her tiny hands brushing up against me as she tied it off. She tied it around the head of my cock next.

All the while, I worked my tongue as best I could. I'd eaten out girlfriends before, but never so urgently. I felt like my life depended on how well I did. I kissed and slurped and licked and flicked.

Finally I heard Sandy moan. "Oooh," she said. "There we go."

I kept doing what I was doing, flicking her clit from side to side.

She bobbed a little up and down on my face, putting her hands on my chest. My lungs were burning now, but I couldn't stop. I tried to go a little faster.

"Yeah," she said. "Oh, yeah."

Then she bunched up my shirt in both fists and squeezed her thighs together so hard I thought she was going to crack my skull.

"Fuck yes!" she screamed, her whole body rigid.

And then, thankfully, she stood up for the last time and back up. I gasped for air as she pulled up her scrubs.

I looked down at Momo, patiently waiting her turn. My cock and balls looked like a spider had spun them up as a meal for later.

Sandy pulled the water pick from the stand and sprayed my face. I clenched my eyes shut and coughed as she blasted me with it, water going up my nose. Then I felt the bunch of paper towels push against my face as she wiped me down.

"Need anything else?" she said.

I opened my eyes to see Momo shaking her head.

"Okay then," Sandy said. "All yours." And with that, she walked out of the room.

I was still inclined with my head close to the ground. Momo walked toward my head, picking up the loose end of the floss tied around my cock and balls. I looked down, but could only see my cock, redder than usual. She gave the string a little tug.

"You see this?" she said.

I nodded.

“If I yank hard enough, you will lose everything. It will slice clean through. If you don’t do exactly what I say, I will yank hard enough. Do you understand?”

I nodded.

She raised the head of the chair up, so that my head was now slightly higher than my body. I took a deep breath. It was good to be able to breathe freely again.

Momo pulled up a stool and sat down. She pulled off her right tennis shoe, revealing a tiny bare foot, her toenails painted black. She reached out with her foot and pinched my nose between her big and second toe. It hurt like hell, and my eyes watered, but I didn’t say a word. She still held the floss in her hand.

Her feet were sweaty. When she let go of my nose, I breathed in the musty, salty smell of them.

“Open,” she said, and I opened my mouth. My back tooth still hurt, but again, I didn’t say a word. She popped her big toe in my mouth.

“Suck,” she said. I did, suckling the toe like a pacifier. She closed her eyes for a few minutes and leaned her head back.

Then she plucked her toe from my mouth, opened her eyes, and slapped me across the face with her foot. I grunted with pain. She’d hit the side with the toothache.

“Tongue out,” she said.

I stuck out my tongue.

“More,” she said.

I tried to stick it out more, straining.

She ran her foot from the heel down on my tongue. I got all the sweat, along with tiny pieces of fuzz from inside her shoe. She turned her foot so that I could lick the instep, and then each toe one by one.

My jaw was aching, my head thumping, and I could feel each heartbeat in my cock. But I didn’t say a damn word. As with Sandy, I tried to do the best job I could.

When I was done with the right foot, she pulled off her other shoe and went through every step exactly as she had with the first one, right down to pinching my nose.

The effects of the gas were wearing off now. The taste of Sandy was now mixed with the salt, sweat, and dirt from both of Momo's feet.

She stood up and leaned over my cock, giving the floss a tug. "Not too bad," she said. Then she reached out with a black-painted fingernail and thumped my right ball.

I bucked in the chair and tried to take deep breaths. Goddamn that hurt. She thumped the other one.

I clenched my teeth, but that only hurt more.

She thumped the head of my cock. I bit my lip to keep from yelling out. I looked down to see it wobbling like some stupid toy on a spring. I could feel tears running down either side of my face.

Unlike Sandy, her expression hadn't changed through everything. Her eyes were flat, her face calm. She reached for an instrument on the tray, the one with little curved hooks on each end.

I cringed, trying to pull back into the chair, but I wasn't going anywhere.

She looked at me, then at the tip of my penis. The tiny hook pricked my skin. I closed my eyes and tried to keep breathing evenly.

I felt the hook poke the head again. I tried not to jump. I didn't want to break the skin. She poked me again. And again. And again. She poked the underside, then began poking in a spiral from the head down.

I was panting now. I felt the aftermath of dozens of pokes of the hook. I felt like I was bleeding from all of them, but when I looked down, I didn't see any blood, just little angry red dots, like ant bites.

She moved to my balls next, pricking them with the hook. I clenched my fists, the nails biting into the palms. I don't know how long this went on. There was no clock in the room, just the light piano music that seemed to be on some sort of a loop.

“When I’m done down here,” she said, “You are going to clean my asshole with your tongue.”

Poke, poke, poke.

“I’m afraid we won’t have time for that,” another female voice said. I turned my head, and there in the doorway stood a tall brunette in glasses, her hair up in a tight bun. Her lipstick was bright red, her nose long and fine. She wore red spiked heels.

“Dr. Borman?” I asked, my tongue heavy in my mouth.

She smiled. “Momo, would you please untie...that?” She wagged a finger at my cock, then sat in the stool, folding her hands in her lap.

She looked at me with a polite smile on her face while her assistant unlooped the floss first from my balls, then the shaft. The blood returning to them made the constellation of pinpricks pulse in little points of pain. I felt like my crotched had just been jammed into a cactus patch.

Momo left me exposed.

Dr. Borman reached for a tiny mirror instrument and said, “Now let’s see what we’ve got here.” Momo stood behind her.

I hesitated, then opened my mouth.

She looked around inside, moving the mirror to examine each angle. She adjusted the overhead light to see better.

Her finger pushed against my gum in the back, then down on the tooth. I flinched and groaned.

“Yep,” she said. “That’s gonna need to come out.” She put the mirror back on the tray, then leaned in and whispered to Momo, who nodded and left the room.

“You have advanced decay and gum degradation in thirty-two,” she said. “We’ll take care of that for you.” She leaned over to pat my chest, the top of her tits heaving against the lab coat. I didn’t think she was wearing anything under it.

“You’re a real dentist?” I said.

She laughed at that. “Of course. We just like to have a little fun around here as well.”

Momo came back in carrying a syringe. I felt my balls shrink up a little. Dr. Borman held it up to the light and tapped it lightly. I thought she was going to jam it into my mouth. Instead she stuck it in my forearm and pushed the plumb.

“Now,” she said, “I want you to start counting down from one hundred.”

I looked up past her nice round breasts, into her beautiful eyes, and over her shoulder at Momo’s stoic face. I began counting down, just like she said.

The room swam. Everything became fuzzy. Before I got to ninety, I was out.

I woke up lying on my stomach in the same chair. My jaw ached, but differently than before. I probed the inside of my mouth with my tongue and felt the right side packed with gauze. I felt the cool air of the office on my ass cheeks and realized my pants were down around my ankles. I also realized my ass, the inside of my ass, was sore. Jesus, what was this place?

I moved to sit up, and was surprised to find I wasn’t locked into the chair anymore. No one else was in the room. I struggled in the chair, rolling onto my back. My cock was limp now, covered in tiny black pips where the pinpricks had dried. At least it didn’t hurt now. I pulled up my pants and was buckling my belt when yet another woman in blue scrubs opened the door.

She was black, light-skinned, with her frizzy hair pulled back in a ponytail. Her lipstick was bright red, and she smiled to show perfect white teeth. “How are we feeling, Mister Sanders?”

“Oh-ghay,” I said.

“Great,” she said. “Sit here until you feel ready. Becky can take care of you at the front.”

Oh, I was pretty sure they’d already taken care of me. I felt obliterated. But my cock also stiffened at the thought of everything: eating out Sandy, getting my dick roped up by Momo, licking her feet clean, and whatever the hell they’d done to me when I was out.

I nodded and she left. I got to my feet and my head swam again. I sat back down and waited a few more minutes. When I was finally able to walk, I opened the door to an empty hall.

I walked with a stiff gait. My ass ached, and I tried not to lose my balance.

At the front desk sat the blonde with short hair I'd first seen when I entered the office. She smiled at me, and I noticed her name tag. Becky. She printed out the bill and put it on the counter in front of me. Fifteen hundred bucks.

I took out my credit card and gave it to her.

While she processed it, I swallowed and took out the gauze. The empty pocket where my tooth had been felt puckered and lonely.

"What did they do to me while I was out?" I asked.

She handed me my bill and winked at me.

Then she said: "None of your fucking business."

Long Overdue

I got the following letter in the mail:

*You have outstanding overdue fines in the amount of \$472.35.
Please remit
payment at your earliest convenience.
Baytown Public Library*

How the hell did someone rack up that much in fines? At some point whatever you checked out was worth less than that, right? The letter was addressed to me, but I didn't even remember having a library card. I'd moved here four years ago with Hannah. She'd gotten a job with a pharmaceutical company and I'd tried to be the good husband and come along for the ride.

Two years later she'd left me for some shithead doctor, and I was stuck here in a crappy tech support job. At least she let me keep the house. Mighty grand of her.

And now there was this bizarre fine notice. At least something interesting was happening in my life, even if it was a clerical error. I felt like I'd been sleepwalking through life since the divorce.

I looked up the library website and saw they were open until eight. That would work. I'd just stop by the main branch after I got off at seven and had some dinner.

Just clear this shit right up. Maybe even get a library card.

I grabbed a burger after work and headed for the library. I got there right as they were closing up. I held the door for an old man in a red cap shuffling out with a cane. He smiled at me and muttered thanks.

A woman with a little boy and girl were checking out at the semi-circular front desk, and they looked to be the last patrons left. I got in

line behind them and looked at the woman reading their books into the scanner.

She was striking, that was the first thing I thought. Shoulder-length straight black hair, dark eyes, and a wry little smile on her lips. She wore a white blouse, open at the throat with a bow between her breasts, and what looked like a black corset over it. A bit racy for a librarian, but he certainly didn't mind.

The nameplate read: Mona Boswell.

When the woman and her children were all checked out, they headed for the door and I stepped up to the desk.

The librarian just looked up at me with that little smile on her lips. Didn't ask if she could help me or what I wanted. I fished the letter out of my hip pocket, unfolded it, and cleared my throat.

"You have a fine to pay," she said.

"Well, actually, this isn't. I mean, I—"

"How will you be paying?"

"No, you don't understand," I said. "This isn't my...I don't even have a—"

A fat guy in glasses emerged from the door behind her, pulling on a light green windbreaker. "I'm heading home, Mona," he said. "You okay to lock up?"

"Yep, thanks, Jeff," she said, her eyes fixed on me. "Just one last thing to take care of." Thing. Not customer or patron or gentleman. That seemed a little rude.

"Okey dokey, then," Jeff said. He walked out and as the door shut behind him we were left all alone, the only sound the faint buzz of the florescent lights overhead.

"We don't take credit cards," she said, sliding the letter out of my hand and looking at it. "So cash, then?"

"No," I said. "There's been some kind of mistake. I don't owe anything."

"Everybody owes something," she said, staring at me. That gaze was starting to make me uncomfortable. I was worried about sweat

showing under the pits of my long-sleeve shirt, even though it felt like sixty in there.

“I mean, sure,” I said. “That’s true, but—”

“I can’t access records and fines from this terminal,” she said, standing up. The corset was part of a black skirt, and under that white hose and black pumps. “Let’s see if we can get to the bottom of this.”

She walked from behind the desk and headed into the shelves. I wasn’t sure if I was supposed to follow or stay where I was. She was a bit weird. Hot, sure. But disconcerting.

I decided to follow, but she’d turned at some point, and soon I was walking among the stacks, not sure which direction she’d gone. The library was huge, bigger than it seemed from outside. The shelves reached at least ten feet, and jammed with books it was impossible to see anything but what was in line of sight.

“Over here,” I heard her whisper. I thought it came from my right, but I wasn’t sure. I headed in that direction.

The shelves opened up into a clearing, a long wooden table with six chairs sat in the middle of the space. Mona sat the edge, her blouse now wide open, framing her perfect pale breasts. Her nipples were small, dark, and erect in the chilly air.

“Maybe I can think of another way you can pay off that fine,” she said.

I started to stiffen, and the blood must have drained a bit from my head, because like an idiot I said, “But it’s not my fine.”

She smirked. “Does it matter?”

No, it certainly did not. I hadn’t had sex in nearly a year. The last time was with someone I’d met from an online dating site. She was loud, overweight, and we didn’t particularly like each other. But after dinner we had still gone back to my empty house and done it anyway. It wasn’t very good. Since then it had been a nearly nightly jack-off session in front of the computer before bed.

So the sight and sound of a woman, a real, beautiful woman, ready and willing in front of me. Well, it confused me. When a bar of gold drops out of the sky at your feet, you should probably just pick it

up and be thankful. But my first instinct was to try to figure out where it came from. Just then I tried my best to go with it.

“Are you just gonna stand there, or are you gonna take off your clothes?” she said.

I paused a beat, then kicked off my shoes and began unbuckling my belt. “Aren’t you worried?” I said. “You know, about anybody coming in?”

“I circled around and locked the front door while you were wandering the shelves,” she said. “Nobody’s coming in. And nobody’s going out.”

She certainly liked to say foreboding things, but rather than sending up a red flag, quite the opposite was happening. I was hard as that gold brick might have been. I pulled off my socks, and then my boxers, wobbling like a divining rod that finally stabilized pointing right at Mona.

“Aren’t you going to, you know, get undressed too?” I said.

She pushed herself off the table and walked slowly toward me. She rested her hands on my shoulders. They felt warm. She looked me right in the eyes and there was that smirk again.

“No,” she said, and kneed me right in the balls.

I doubled over, pain and shock pushing out everything else, red and black flashing in front of my eyes as I squeezed them shut. From some faraway place I registered someone jerking one arm behind my back, then the other, something cinching my wrists together tight. It hurt, but the pain was a distant backdrop to the blinding ache in my balls.

“Typical,” she said, her voice also seeming far away. “Trying to get out of paying a fine.” I opened my eyes, blinked away the tears, and saw her reaching into my pants pocket for my wallet. She flipped it open, shook her head, and tossed it aside.

“Guess we’re going to do this the hard way,” she said. “You’re in for the longest night of your life.”

I felt her shoe on my back, shoving me hard to the ground, knocking the air out of me and thumping my already sensitive balls against the hard carpet.

I didn't know it yet, but she was right.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw her move to a nearby shelf. She stood on her tip-toes and shoved a row of books to the side. From behind them she pulled out a black leather bag. It looked like an old, beaten doctor's bag.

I pushed at the floor and struggled to my knees. I hopped up onto my haunches, and the jolt hurt my balls all over again. She'd kneed me so hard I could feel it up near my stomach.

She turned and saw me stand. She let out a little laugh. "Where do you think you're going?"

I turned, and limping from the pain, ran back into the stacks. I was naked, aching, with my hands clasped behind my back, so I don't know what I thought I was going to do. Maybe she had forgotten to lock one of the doors. Maybe even if the doors were locked, I could yell for help. Someone might still be in the parking lot.

I hobbled my way past rows and rows of books, in the direction I thought was the front of the library. Then I heard her. Behind me? In front of me? The sounds bounced around in here in a way that was hard to tell.

"Don't wear yourself out," she said. "We've got a long night ahead of us."

I tried to ignore her taunting, but I looked down toward my aching balls and there I was, as hard as can be. Traitor, I thought. How could I be hard at a time like this?

I stopped, gasping for air. God, I was out of shape. Then I looked up, and straight down the row I saw the front doors. I took a deep breath and ran.

I emerged from the stacks into the wide open foyer, and then I saw her out of the right corner of my eye, leaning against the shelves. I shouldn't have stopped, but the shock made me pause. I hesitated, turning slightly toward her, and that's when it happened.

She kicked me straight in the balls. The tip of her black pump lashed out in an expert karate kick. I flinched, but I was far too late. Her foot connected and a fresh blast of pain radiated from my balls

to my thighs, and up almost to my throat. But I didn't fall over. I don't know how, but I stayed on my feet, doubled over, gasping in pain.

I felt her fingers clutch my hair. It hurt, but paled next to the agony radiating out of my crotch.

Then she was pulling me, leading me by my hair, back into the stacks. I stumbled along in tow.

"Here's how it's going to go," she said as she walked. "You're going to do exactly what I say, when I say to do it. When you don't, I'm going to hurt you, and I'm going to stop being so gentle about it. Do we understand each other?"

"Unnh," was all I could manage.

"Unnh is not an answer," she said. She stopped dragging me, jerked my head up so I could see her face. "Do you or don't you understand the arrangement?"

"Yes," I said. "I understand."

She nodded, satisfied, then pulled my head back down and continued to pull me forward.

Back in the clearing, the pain had subsided into a horrible throb that pulsed with the beat of my heart. Mona led me to the table and let me go. I straightened up and saw the black leather bag sitting on the table top.

She opened the bag, and I half expected some hideous cat o' nine tails or some other medieval implement to emerge. Instead, she pulled out a ball of red string.

She unraveled a length, tied the tip into an elegant loop, then looked at me. "Now I'm going to tie you to the table so you don't go anywhere," she said. "I'm not going to tie it tight enough to cut off the circulation, but it will tighten on its own if you move around too much. And again, if you misbehave, the first casualties are going to be your balls. Are we good?"

I nodded.

"Say it."

"We're good."

She smiled, bent down, and looped the ring of yarn like a mini lasso around my ball sack, cinching it snug, but not too tight. Then she let out more slack, tied a second snug ring around tip of my cock. She pulled a pair of scissors out of the bag, cut the end of the yarn, then tied that off to the table leg. The end result left me tethered to the table like a horse in an old Western.

“Fun fact,” she said, putting away the yarn and the scissors. “One of the more popular methods of castrating a bull involves cinching a rubber band at the base of their scrotum. They lose circulation, and after a while, bloop, they just fall off.”

I had never felt so helpless in my life, but there it was again. My dick was getting hard. She ran a polished black fingernail along the shaft.

“You dig this, don’t you? I could tell, you know, when I saw you walk in the door.”

Maybe she was right. Maybe I did. My cock certainly thought so.

Next she reached into the bag, but this time I couldn’t see what she took out. She had her hands behind her back.

“Now then,” she said. “Tell me again about how this fine isn’t really yours.”

I opened my mouth to speak, and she moved again, as fast as a snake. Her arm came from behind her back and jammed something into my mouth. She cupped the back of my head with the other hand and pushed what felt like a giant rubber ball forward, opening my jaw.

Then she moved behind me, stretching the two straps around the back of my head, and I heard a click. The gag was firmly in place, filling my mouth. I cried out, but the gag blunted the noise, allowing only muffled grunts.

She stepped back around, put her finger to her lips. “Shhh.” She pointed to a plaque hanging on one of the shelves. It read: Quiet please. Baytown Public Library appreciates your silence.

She dropped her own voice to a whisper. “There are two aspects to penalties and justice,” she said. “Deterrence and punishment. A fine obviously is not a very good tool, since you

blatantly ignored it for so long, then sauntered in here with no intention of paying it.”

She reached into the bag again and withdrew a white piece of plastic maybe eight inches long. She flicked her wrist and it telescoped into a long, slender rod about five times its original length.

“What sort of punishment would you respond to?” she said. “It’s my job to make sure not only that you are never so neglectful and insolent again, but also that the city and its residents attain retribution for your callous disregard in taking and keeping city property against the law for so long.”

She moved behind me.

I heard it whistling through the air just before the rod struck me full across both ass cheeks. I flinched, closed my eyes, and felt the sharp sting only a second after the strike.

“One,” she said.

With my parts yarned to the table, I couldn’t go anywhere. I started to turn, but the noose around my balls tightened ever so slightly, and I thought about what she’d said about those cows.

The rod hit my ass again.

“Two,” she said.

Shit, that hurt. I hissed in air around the gag. If I could have talked, maybe I could have said something to get her to—

Thwack!

“Three.”

The strikes weren’t exactly in the same place, but clustered close. I imagined three red stripes criss-crossing my ass. If this kept up I wouldn’t be able to sit down tomorrow.

She hit me again.

And again.

And again.

I was bouncing up and down on the balls of my feet, crying now like a little girl. At one point I tried to lower my tied hands down to cover my ass.

“I’m not going to stop,” she said. “If I were you I’d move my fucking hands because you’ll probably get a broken finger or two.”

I moved my hands.

At the twentieth stroke, she stopped. She walked back to where I could see her.

“You think that’s sufficient?”

I nodded furiously.

“Of course you do,” she said. “A few whacks on the ass and you’re ready to call it even. You have no sense of proportionality.”

She put one hand on the tip of the rod and collapsed it back down to its original size, then put it back in the bag. I sighed at the sight of it disappearing. But as her hand came back out of the bag, it held something else.

At first I didn’t register what it was. I saw the buckles and straps of a leather harness, but didn’t see the shaft until she laid it out on the table. I felt my eyes grow wide, my beaten ass clenching instinctively.

She took off her blouse, her round breasts like cups of cream. She began to slip out of her skirt.

“There’s no way I’ve got nearly five hundred dollars out of that ass yet,” she said, strapping on the rig. When she was done, the shiny black shaft stood erect, menacing. “But I will.”

She reached back into the bag, mercifully withdrawing a tube of lube. She squirted it liberally along the shaft and coated it with her fist as if she were jacking it off.

“First time?” she asked. The terror in my eyes must have given away the answer because she laughed. “It’ll go easier if you bend over. Put your head on the table and try to relax.”

I looked frantically around as if searching for an escape. There was none of course. I whimpered, acquiesced, and bent over to put my head on the cold wood of the table.

She moved around behind me, and I clenched. I couldn’t help it. She slapped my right ass cheek, setting it afire all over again.

“I said relax.”

I tried, I really did. But when the tip went in, relaxation was the last thing on my mind. My ass suddenly felt full, stretched, trying to push out the invasive shaft of rubber forcing its way in. It didn't work.

She pushed inside me and kept going. I breathed hard through my nose, biting down on the gag. It started to slide back out, giving me some temporary relief. I hoped she might just stick it in once to make her point. I was wrong.

The shaft slid back, but not out, then moved forward again more quickly. I breathed, tried to stay calm, tried to just stay loose. But she went back and forth once more, in and out. She started to fuck me with growing steam.

She grabbed a clutch of my hair from behind and began to smack my ass as she pounded me.

"Now we're making some headway," she said. "Now you're working off some of your civic debt, you goddamn whore."

She thrust into me, over and over. At some point I didn't feel the pain or the humiliation anymore. At some point I began to pivot my hips to take each thrust in rhythm with hers. When she realized what was happening she laughed even harder.

"You are a fucking little whore, aren't you?" She let go of my hair, and still not missing a beat, her nimble fingers undid the buckles on my gag. "Tell me you like it," she said. "Tell me how much you enjoy your ass filled with cock."

I let the gag fall out of my mouth and thump to the table. A trail of spit hung from my lip. "I like it," I said weakly.

"Oh, come on," she said, smacking my ass again. "You can fucking do better than that."

"I love it," I said, the words spilling out of me now. "I'm a little bitch. I'm your little bitch, and I want your cock. I love the way you pound me with your big black—"

She squeezed my balls. I hadn't realized that all the time I was talking, she'd slid her hand around to grab them. I let out a grunt, and she pulled the dildo out.

"If you love it," she said, "then it's not really punishment, is it?"

I guess she had me there. Deep down, I was actually enjoying this. What the hell was happening to me? I slumped against the table, looking around. I wondered what time it was, whether dawn would ever come and the morning staff would save me.

“We’re not open tomorrow, dipshit,” she said. I looked back at her. She had one leg up on the chair, unfastening the harness. “We’ll be done by the morning anyway, but right now it’s only just past midnight.”

Oh god. Did she really mean to do this all night long?

She tossed the rig back in the bag and sat on the edge of the chair. “Now let’s see how much of that fine you can work off with your tongue. Get off that fucking table and get your head between my legs.”

I tried to lift myself up off the table, but I was like a sea lion on the surf, my hands still clasped behind my back. An exhausted sea lion at that. She just watched, amused, as I struggled to stand up. My legs shook as I gingerly lowered myself to my knees.

I was eye level with her knees, which she slowly began to part. Her pussy was clean-shaven, a dark, velvet flower framed by her white skin.

“What the fuck are you waiting for?” she said.

Truth was, I was nervous. I’d never been that good with my tongue. Hannah didn’t like receiving oral. She said she was too self-conscious about her smell. Though after the divorce I imagined her new doctor pal burying his face in her muff while she squealed in delight.

I was worried I was going to be bad. That’s why I hesitated, but no matter the reason, that was a bad idea. She leaned forward, cocked her finger, and thumped me on the tip of my nose.

I cried out. Damn, that hurt like hell.

“Remember the rules?” she said, leaning back.

I scuttled forward, enough slack in the yarn to comfortably nestle up to her. The hard carpet scraped my knees. I just added it to the list of things that were going to be sore for the next week.

I leaned in and smelled her. She'd been working up a sweat, chasing me around, beating me, and fucking me. She smelled salty and pungent, and my mouth began to water.

I stuck out the tip of my tongue and gently licked upwards between her fleshy lips. I tasted her juice, mixed with a little sweat. I sidled up closer, scraping my knees even more, but I didn't feel it. All I wanted was to bury my tongue in her, to suck up those sweet juices.

I began to lap hungrily at her. She grabbed my hair and pulled my head back.

"You don't have the first fucking clue how to eat pussy, do you?" she said. "Maybe you'd learn more if you visited the library a little more often." She sighed. "Don't worry. I'll tell you what to do."

And she did, guiding my head by the hair. She made me kiss the insides of her thighs, to work my way in, to take my time. She ordered me to kiss it long and slow and deep. I was wondering when to make the move up to her clit, but she was in charge, and I'd get there when she wanted me to.

But before then, she jerked my head back and got to her feet. I thought maybe she'd heard something. She let go of my hair, turned around, and bent over to grip the armrests of the chair. Her ass was right in my face.

"Please tell me I don't need to spell it out," she said.

I pushed my face between her sweaty cheeks, tongue out, and found the puckered hole of her ass. I licked it, not knowing what I would taste. This, I'd never done before.

She started to moan. "Mmm, that's it," she said. "Now get that tongue hard and fuck my ass with it. Come on, in and out."

I did as I was told, bobbing my head like a chicken, sliding between her slick cheeks as my tongue darted in and out of her tight hole. She began to rock slightly, pushing her ass toward me as I was pushing forward. And she began to make a lot more noise.

I don't know how long that went on, but my neck began to hurt, and I strained to keep my tongue out and erect for that long. Finally, she stopped rocking, turned around, and sat back down in the chair.

“Now you can lick my clit,” she said.

I probed with the tip of my tongue up to the top of her lips until I found the little nub. Mona lay her head back and closed her eyes.

I circled it with my tongue, slowly at first. I felt her body tense, and I picked up speed. I flickered my tongue across it, and she arched her back. Then I went back to the circles. She reached out with both hands and clutched fistfuls of hair.

“Just like that,” she said. “Don’t you dare fucking stop.”

Round and round my tongue went. Juice was pouring out of her now, dripping down my chin. She moaned, and bucked.

Then she screamed.

It was weird. I felt a sense of accomplishment, like I’d finally done something right for the first time in a very long time.

She let go of my hair and slumped in the chair, a satisfied grin on her face.

I sat before her, my face wet, waiting.

“Whew,” she finally said. “Not bad.” Then she got up and started putting her clothes back on. I looked down at myself. My cock was still hard, bobbing with every movement. I realized I’d been dribbling cum onto the carpet the whole time.

She looked down, following my gaze. “Clean that up.”

I looked around for a paper towel, thought about using my shirt

—

“With your mouth, idiot,” she said, buttoning up her blouse.

Oh. I’d never done that before, either. But tonight was a night just full of firsts. The thought disgusted and titillated me at the same time. I bent down and licked my own cum off the carpet, bringing flecks of dirt and sprigs of fabric with it.

She walked to a nearby bookshelf, took down a pile of six or seven books, then walked back to me.

“Stand up,” she said.

I struggled to my feet. When I did, I saw my knees for the first time, the skin scuffed off in a few places. She pulled a knife out of the bag, walked behind me, and cut my hands free.

Oh god that felt good. I rubbed them together, getting the blood flowing. They tingled painfully as feeling returned.

Back in front of me, she threw the knife in the bag and said, "Hold out your arms."

I looked at her, a question forming in my mind. But I knew enough by now to actually ask it. I was mostly free now, anyway. The only thing holding me to the table was the yarn, but I could reach into the bag for the knife, cut myself free, and—

And I found I didn't want to.

I held out my arms.

"Palms up."

I turned the palms up.

She took the stack of books and put them in my outstretched arms. Oh god, they were heavy.

"I'm gonna take a little break," she said. "Get some coffee. You just stand there holding those. You drop them and you'll wish you hadn't."

She disappeared among the shelves. I focused on holding the books, on not dropping them. The worst were the tendons below my biceps. At first they strained, which turned into a dull ache, which then became a fire.

I strained to hear any sign of her. Several times I thought I heard her pumps thumping across the carpet, but it must have been wishful thinking. I was delirious with exhaustion at that point.

How much time had passed? Twenty minutes or three hours, neither would have surprised me.

I felt my legs wobble, my knees begin to buckle. I shook my head and tried to straighten up. But finally it was too much. I felt my eyelids flutter. The room spun around me.

I collapsed, and everything went dark.

"Hey," I heard a female voice, far away.

I felt a sharp pain in my nose. I opened my eyes, now filled with tears, and tried to blink them away.

Mona's black shoe was inches from my face. She must have nudged my nose with it. I looked up to see her standing over me. Weak shafts of light poured into the room from skylights above. Motes danced around her dark black hair. She looked like a goddess.

She moved her shoe from my face to my crotch, nudging my sore balls. I curled up reflexively.

"I thought I told you to hold those books," she said.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, my voice hoarse. Suddenly I was very thirsty.

"Doesn't matter," she said. "You were right." She waved a piece of paper in the air. "Clerical error. I checked the name on the account against the driver's license in your wallet." With her other hand she dropped my wallet on my head. "The fine was for a Don Melkin. You're Dan Melkin."

She took a seat in the chair, crossed her legs. She shrugged her shoulders. "Oops?"

I looked up at her, wiping away my tears with the back of my hand. I hurt all over. My jaw ached. My arms ached. My cheeks were raw, and my ass felt like I'd been violated by a flagpole.

"Anything else I can help you with today?" she asked, leaning over me.

"Yeah," I said, my voice barely a rasp. "I'd like to apply for a library card."

The Headhunter

Darren waited at the hotel bar, sipping a watery ginger ale. He was waiting for the headhunter. Her name was Alicia Barton. She'd sent him several emails, and he finally responded.

Recruiters had been a waste of time, but he was desperate. He'd been out of work almost a year. His savings were nearly gone. He'd actually gotten the house in the divorce just before he lost his job, but it already had a second mortgage on it. He needed a job.

"Mister Robbins?"

He turned to see a pretty blonde woman in a black dress, black hose, and black pumps. She held a laptop case in one arm. The other reached out to shake his hand.

"Miss Barton?"

"Call me Alicia."

"All right. Alicia. Nice to meet you."

"Likewise," she said. "I've reserved one of the meeting rooms. Are you ready?"

"Sure," he said, taking out his wallet and turning to the bartender. "How much?"

"Three seventy-five," the bartender said.

Nearly four bucks for a goddamn ginger ale? Darren opened his wallet to find two beaten-up dollar bills.

"Uh, what's the room number?" he asked Alicia.

"Twelve," she said.

"Do you mind if I meet you there? I'll just settle this up."

"No problem," she said, a smile on her lips. He felt his face flush. Fuck, he couldn't even pay for a lousy ginger ale.

"Hey," he said to the bartender once Alicia had walked away. He took the two dollars out of his wallet. "I'm a little short right now. Do you think—"

The bartender sighed heavily, snatched the money out of his hand, and shook his head.

“Thanks,” Darren muttered. He put away his wallet and headed for room twelve.

The room was small, with blank white walls and only two simple chairs facing each other. Alicia had already seated herself in one and opened her laptop. She smiled again when he walked in the room.

“Go ahead and close the door and have a seat,” she said.

He straightened his tie and sat.

“Now then,” Alicia said. “How well do you eat pussy?”

Now his face did flush, hard. “Excuse me?”

“Nevermind,” she said. “We’ll get to that later. Let me tell you a little about the position.”

Darren shifted in his chair and glanced back at the door. “Did you say what I think you did?”

“I told you, we’ll get to that later. Now, you’d be working for a woman named Jessica Hanscomb. She’s the VP of sales at Woodrow and Stine.”

“Wait, I thought that was the position that was open.”

“Okay, two things,” Alicia had been typing. She stopped and looked at him over the top of the computer. “First, don’t interrupt me. Ever. And second, you must have misunderstood me on the phone. You’re qualified for the position I was about to tell you about, if you’d shut the fuck up and listen.”

Darren’s heart thumped in his chest. “You can’t talk to me like that,” he said. He stood up and shook his head. “We’re done here.”

“I don’t think so,” she said. “You’re in deep financial shit, Darren. You’ve got a second mortgage. You’ve missed your last two child support payments. You’re at the end of your rope.”

“How do you know that?”

“Dana told me,” she said.

“You talked to my wife?”

“Of course. Why do you think I contacted you in the first place? You’re exactly the kind of pathetic, limp-dicked loser my clients are looking for. Your self-esteem is shot, and you’re looking for anything to validate your shitty little life. So sit the fuck down and listen to my offer.”

What was going on? Was he really considering this? He looked at Alicia, her expression calm and in control. She was enjoying this. He looked at the door. He knew what was waiting for him out there. More of the same. He didn’t have any other prospects, unless he wanted to flip burgers. Maybe this would be worse, but he wouldn’t know if he walked out that door.

He sat down.

“Good,” she said. “If you meet the requirements, you’ll be Miss Hanscomb’s personal assistant.”

“But I—”

Her hand snapped out and grabbed his ear. She twisted. “What the fuck did I just say about interrupting me?”

He sucked in a breath of air and the pain, and thought about pulling away. But her little fingers were like a vise. “I’m sorry,” he said. She gave another little twist and let go.

“You’ll do whatever she wants, whenever she wants it,” Alicia went on. “You’ll be on call twenty-four seven. You’ll get her coffee, her meals, run her errands. You’ll clean and organize her workspace. If she wants you to, you’ll clean her house. Mow her lawn. Wash her car. Got the picture?”

“Sounds like a slave,” Darren said.

“Yes, you’re getting it.” Her face brightened. “Do you know how to give a manicure?”

He shook his head.

“A pedicure?”

“No.”

“You’ll have to learn. We’ll send you to class for that.”

He tensed up. This was insane. She was insane. He wasn’t going to become some woman’s errand boy. He had more dignity

than that. Didn't he?

"Can I ask a question?" he said.

"The pay is minimum wage," she said. "But here's why you're not going to walk out that door. You've got nothing. You are nothing. I can spot someone like you a mile away. I've been doing this for a while, and I'm never wrong. You'll make enough to make your payments, barely. If you eat mac and cheese and don't spend money on anything else. And with this job, you won't be doing anything else. This will be your life. And let me tell you something. You want to do this. Guys like you know that deep down you don't deserve any more than to serve someone else's needs, to debase yourself to a strong woman who will tell you exactly what to do and when to do it. It's pathetic, but it actually turns you on. I can see your little pecker struggling against your zipper."

It was true, all of it. He crossed his arms across his lap, and she smirked.

"Last chance, dipshit," she said. "You want out? There's the door. You want in, then it's time for your test. Get out of that chair and crawl your stupid ass over here."

He stood up and looked at the door one last time. Then he dropped to his knees and crawled toward her.

She snorted. "Every goddamn one of you are the same." She put her laptop down on the floor and stood. She hiked up her dress and pulled down her panties, letting them fall around her ankles. They were white, translucent, with a floral print. She kicked them aside, sat down again, and spread her legs.

Her hair was neatly trimmed, mousy brown curls in a perfect triangle. Her pussy lips were dark and delicate.

"You do a halfway decent job," she said, "and I'll pass the reference along to Miss Hanscomb."

Darren leaned in and put his hands on her thighs.

She immediately grabbed the hair on the back of his head and jerked him back.

"Who the fuck said you could put your grubby little hands on me?" she said.

“I’m, I’m sorry,” he stuttered.

She slapped him full across the face, the sting blooming across the right side of his face.

“Goddamn right, you are,” she said. “Don’t you ever touch me or another woman without permission. Got it?”

“Yes,” he said.

She jerked his head back and forth. “Yes what?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

She sighed. “I just don’t know if you’re going to be worth training. You’re a fucking moron.”

“I’ll do better, ma’am,” he said. “I promise.”

She smirked. “I don’t know. It’s obvious you have poor impulse control. Let’s put those hands somewhere you won’t be tempted to use on me. Put your right hand down the front of your pants and hold onto your balls.”

He looked down, but remembered she didn’t like hesitation. He thrust his hand into his pants and wrapped it around his sweaty ball sack.

“Now give it a good squeeze,” Alicia said.

He squeezed. She slapped him across the other cheek. “I said a good squeeze, bitch. You didn’t even make a face. Hurt yourself for me.”

Both smacks rang in his ears. He squeezed hard this time, wincing and letting out a groan.

“Better,” she said. “Now for the other hand. Show me a thumbs up.”

He curled his left fist and put up his thumb.

“Now shove that one up your ass,” she said.

He looked at her. Goddamn she was vicious. But his cock had never been so hard. He shoved his left hand down the back of his pants, and worked the tip of his thumb into his ass.

“Don’t be shy, dipshit,” she said. “Just jam it up in there.”

He pushed, thrusting his thumb all the way up. He'd never had anything up there before. It felt utterly humiliating.

"Now get back to work," Alicia said, pointing at her pussy.

Darren leaned in, one hand on his balls, the other with his thumb up his ass. He started to lick, straight up from the bottom to the top of her pussy.

Again, she grabbed his hair and jerked him back. She sighed.

"Are you a kitty cat?" she asked. "Does my snatch look like a water bowl?"

"Uh—"

"Uh is right, dumbass. Right now my pussy is the center of your universe. It's the only fucking thing that matters. Your stupid fucking dumb ass gets the privilege of using your disgusting tongue on my precious womanhood, so the next time you go down, you need to be massaging it, kissing it, loving it. You understand, fuckface? My pussy is the sole object of your obsessively devoted worship."

He nodded vigorously. "Yes, ma'am."

Darren leaned slowly back down to her soft, wet lips. He took her words to heart. Her pussy was to be revered. Putting his mouth there was like tasting the forbidden sacrament of a powerful Goddess, like be allowed to taste an offering placed on the most sacred of shrines.

He cupped his mouth over her and worshipped her with his tongue, not probing or jabbing her with it, but stroking her with the cautious awe a peasant might use when touching the silk hem of a queen as she stepped over him.

"Yes," she said, looking down into his eyes. "Better."

He watched, working, as she closed her eyes and tilted her head back. There was no clock. He could have counted, but did not, focusing all his will and attention on revering her, swallowing mouthfuls of her juice every few minutes. At one point, her body jerked involuntarily, bumping his nose painfully, but he took that as a complement.

“Squeeze your balls,” she said. He gave them a hard squeeze and grunted at the pain. The thumb up his ass was a constant reminder that he had hit the bottom. He was nothing, and she had complete power over him. Anything she told him to do at this point, he would have.

He looked up at her, with her eyes closed. She bit her lower lip and smiled, then furrowed her brow. She reached down and grabbed his head with both hands, running her fingers through his hair, then bunching it up in two handfuls.

A light knock came at the door, then a woman’s voice. “Is everything okay in there?”

“Yes, thank you!” Alicia called out, then muttered under her breath, “Go away, you dumb bitch.”

She looked down at Darren, still clutching his hair. Her brow was knit, the expression in her eyes urgent and fierce. “Don’t you stop, fuckhead.”

He thought he might love her just then. He knew that was stupid. He’d just met her. He spiraled his tongue around her clit in slow, loving circles.

She clenched her teeth and stifled a deep groan, closing her eyes again. Her whole body shuddered. She pulled harder at his hair, and he thought she might rip out tufts from either side.

Finally she let out a low rumbling sigh, her whole body going slack. She pulled his head away from her and let go of his hair.

Alicia straightened up in the chair, then stood and pulled up her panties. She sat back down and got out her phone. As she dialed, Darren pulled the thumb out of his ass and withdrew it from the back of his pants.

She paused dialing and hissed at him, “Did I say to take that out?”

“I thought we were fin—”

“You don’t think shit anymore,” she said. “From now on you do what you’re told. Now shove it back up there.”

He jammed his hand back down the back of his pants and worked his thumb back into his sore asshole.

She resumed dialing. "I'll tell you when you can take it out."

"Yes, ma'am."

Alicia talked into the phone, "Hi, Jessica? It's Ali. I just finished interviewing the latest candidate. He's—"

She looked down at him. "—passable. You have some time tomorrow to interview him yourself? Tomorrow at two. Sounds great. Bye."

She put her phone away and stood up. "I'm going for lunch now. I'd ask you to join me, but you already ate, didn't you?"

He wasn't sure if he was supposed to answer, so he just nodded.

"We have the room for another twenty-five minutes," she said. "You just sit there on the floor like that until then. I'll tell the bitch up front not to disturb you until then. You can get up when she knocks on the door, or if she comes into the room and finds you like this. Either way, I don't give a shit. Just make sure you don't wash your face or brush your teeth until tomorrow."

She took a business card out of her bag and held it in front of his face. "Open," she said.

He opened his mouth. She held it forward, and he closed his teeth on it.

"Get there early," she said. She patted him on the head and left the room.

Darren tried to conceal his hard-on as he opened the big glass doors on the 36th floor offices of Woodrow and Stine. He had his left hand in his pants pocket, pulling his dick to one side. He was also worried about leaking and spotting the front of his pants.

The young brunette at the reception desk had startling blue eyes, her black hair done up in a tight bun.

As he approached the curved wooden desk, she smiled and said: "What the fuck do you want?"

He stopped in his tracks, shocked. He pulled the card out of his jacket pocket. "Uh, I'm here to meet with Miss Hanscomb." He held out the card.

The receptionist looked at the outstretched card like it was a piece of dirty newspaper, then at Darren like he was a cockroach. "What am I supposed to do with that?"

He put it back in his pocket and shrugged. The clock on the wall was close to one-thirty. He was thirty minutes early.

"She's not ready," the receptionist said. "Obviously. Your appointment was for two."

"Yes," Darren said. "I got here early." He felt the awkward smile on his face.

"When she's ready, she'll come and get you," the receptionist said.

"Um, okay," Darren said. He walked to the green sofa opposite the desk and began to sit.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" the receptionist asked.

He paused, his ass hovering over the cushion. He looked at her, not sure how to respond.

She shook her head, and pointed at the corner. "Stand over there," she said. "Nose against the wall."

He looked at the corner, then back at her.

Her eyes widened in exasperation. "Which part of that did you not understand?"

Darren moved to the corner and put his nose to the wall. It smelled faintly of paint.

"And pull your pants down," she said.

He paused, wondering if this was all too much. His dick was harder than ever. If he pulled down his pants, it threatened to spring out of his boxers.

The receptionist cleared her throat. Darren unbuckled his pants and let them fall to the floor. His dick propped up his red-and-black checkered boxers like a pup tent.

“Those too, dipshit,” she said. He looked at her, and she motioned at his boxers with a finger, flicking in downward.

He felt his face flush red. This was a public office. Maybe most people were off for the day, and only Miss Hanscomb and this receptionist were here. Either way, he slowly reached down and tugged his boxers around his ankles. His boner sprang out, pointing slightly upwards. It throbbed a little with each pounding heartbeat.

He leaned back to the wall and put his nose in the corner, keeping the lower part of his body away from the wall.

He heard the tick of the wall clock as the minutes creeped by. The phone rang. His heart leapt, hoping it was Miss Hanscomb. Instead, the receptionist chatted with someone about weekend plans and some TV show she had seen the previous night.

He felt the cold whirls of office air tickling the hair on his ass and scrotum. He felt himself drip onto the carpet and stole a glance at the receptionist to see if she had noticed. She was pressing buttons feverishly on her phone, probably playing a video game. He stuck his nose back in the corner.

After fifteen minutes or so, his neck began to stiffen from leaning in, but he didn't move. He heard voices out in the corridor, female voices chatting and laughing. His ass cheeks clenched. He felt like pulling up his pants and sprinting out of there, but it was too late.

He heard the glass door open and the bright voices of the women fill the room.

“And then I told him to go fuck himself,” one said. “Oh, hi Beth.”

“Hey,” the receptionist said.

“Can I borrow one of these?” the other voice said.

He didn't want to look around. Instead, he clenched his eyes shut and pushed his nose harder against the wall, pretending as if they didn't exist.

“Sure.”

“Thanks.”

He heard giggles, then felt a stinging pop on his right ass cheeks. He let out a little cry of surprise and looked down. There was

a red rubber band lying near his feet.

“Hey,” the first voice he had heard said. “Keep that fucking nose pinned to the wall.”

More giggling, then another ping on his other ass cheek. They took turns firing rubber bands at his ass for at least another five minutes. Then he guessed they got bored.

“All right,” one of them said. “We’re gonna get some coffee. You want anything?”

“Nope.”

He heard the glass door on the front open and the women laughing on the way out.

The two o’clock meeting time came and went. So did several other women, alone, in pairs, in groups. Some came over and smacked him on the ass. One took a pencil from the receptionist desk and stuck it up his ass, eraser end first, and told him to leave it there. So he stood there with the pencil jutting from his ass as he waited.

Around two-fifteen, the glass door opened and his heart leapt as he heard the receptionists say, “Hello, Miss Hanscomb.”

The voice that answered was deeper than he’d expected, husky, and sounded almost bored. “Any messages for me, dear?”

“No, ma’am. Just...that.”

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the receptionist jab a finger in his direction. He shifted on his feet.

Jessica Hanscomb sighed, then said, “All right, dear. Keep up the good work.” With that, she went back into the offices.

Darren turned his head. “Should I—”

“Shut the fuck up,” the receptionist snapped.

He turned his head and put his nose back to the wall. The pencil up his ass was really starting to hurt.

Thirty minutes later, Jessica Hanscomb returned to the lobby.

“All right,” she said, snapping her fingers once. “You. Let’s go.”

Darren looked from the corner to her to make sure it was all right.

Jessica looked at him like he was an idiot, and he certainly felt like one. “What are you waiting for?” she asked. “Hurry it up.”

He reached around and pulled the pencil from his ass.

She put her hands on her hips and sighed. “Did I tell you to take that out?”

“No, ma’am,” he said, holding the pencil like a little boy who’d just taken a cookie out of the jar without permission.

“Then put it back in,” she said, sounding like a mother talking to her three year-old. “And get your dumb ass in my office.”

He winced as he reinserted the pencil between his ass cheeks and up into himself. He had planned on pulling up his pants, but that was impossible now, with the stick of wood jutting out. So he did the only thing he could do, waddle from the corner with his pants around his ankles.

His cock was still hard, painfully so.

She walked slowly as he shuffled behind her. All the doors and walls were glass. In the first office to the right, he saw a blonde woman in her thirties sitting in an office chair, her feet propped up on the back of a naked man down on all fours. He had a red ball gag in his mouth. He looked up at Darren, tears standing out in his eyes.

As far as he could tell, all the workers were women, and most of them had male “assistants.” Jessica’s office sat at the end of the long hall, so Darren got to shuffle the whole way down, clenching his ass so the pencil wouldn’t fall out. Despite his best efforts, halfway down it fell out.

Jessica heard it clatter to the carpet. She turned, quickly, and walked over to snatch it up. She pulled back one of his cheeks and slid the pencil back up.

“Drop it again,” she said, “and I’ll break it in half and shove both pieces back in.”

He made it to her office without dropping it again.

The walls of her office were glass as well, just like all the others. She took a seat behind her desk, and he stood before her, pants around his ankles, pencil jutting from his ass like a weird little tail, and his cock still erect, pointing directly at her. She seemed not to notice.

Now, facing her, he got a much better look at her. She was older than him, probably in her forties, with shoulder-length dark hair streaked with gray. Her eyes were dark, her jawline smooth, and her bright red lips set in a hard line.

“Why do you want this job?” she asked.

“Uh,” he said. Why did he? Was this really better than flipping burgers? He thought so, yes. The whole experience so far had been dreamlike, a hazy, unreal journey into a world he didn’t even know existed. But now that he was here, he didn’t want to leave. He wanted to be part of it.

“Uh is not an answer,” she said.

“I want to serve you,” Darren said.

“Go on.”

“I want to help you in any way I can,” he went on. “To make you happy. To handle all the petty little things, so you have time for the more important ones.”

Her lips raised in a slightly smile. “Not a bad answer. But why would you want to do those things for me? You don’t even know me.”

“I can already tell you’re a strong woman, an important woman. You deserve to be waited on, hand and foot.” He didn’t know where these words were coming from, but they tumbled out of him.

“Good,” Jessica said. “But what about you?”

“Sorry?” he said.

“I mean, aren’t you strong and smart? Don’t you have needs.”

Ah, he understood. “No, ma’am,” he said. “I’m weak and stupid. All I’m good for is serving someone like you.”

“And say again what someone like me is, exactly?”

“A goddess.”

Her smile grew. "Alicia always does such a good job choosing candidates." She stood again, and walked around the desk. "Congratulations, you're hired."

Now Darren felt himself smile. Just as soon as it had formed on his lips, she slapped it off his face.

"Rule number one," she said. "When you're in my presence, you're on all fours."

He dropped to his knees, then put his hands on the cool gray carpet.

"You do what I say, when I say it," she said. "Without hesitation. Disobedience is grounds for immediate termination. But not before every lady in the office gives you a swift kick in the balls. You'll get here at five in the morning, along with all the other assistants. You'll clean my office every day, have my breakfast, with coffee ready by seven thirty. During work hours, you'll do whatever I need you to do, including manicures and pedicures, laundry, running errands, servicing my pussy, whatever. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, his face to the floor. "Thank you for the opportunity."

"All right," she said. "That's all for today. Be here at five sharp tomorrow morning. You can see yourself out."

He thought about getting up, but remembered what she said. He began to crawl toward the door.

"Did you forget something?" she said. "What kind of a way is that to say goodbye to your new boss?"

He crawled back to her and looked up into her eyes. She was waiting for him to do something. But what? Tentatively, he looked down at her open-toed heels, her red toenails before him.

He kissed the big toe of her left foot, then each toe next to it. He smelled her sweat, and the leather of the shoes. He had no idea if this was what she wanted, but he moved to the right foot and did the same, kissing each toe. When he was done he looked up at her. She was smiling.

"All right," she said. "Get the fuck out of here."

Darren crawled to the door, the pencil still in his ass. He had a long way to go down the hall, but for the first time in a long while, he thought he might actually be happy.

He finally had a job.

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