

A full-page photograph of Lexi Stokes, a woman with long, wavy brown hair, sitting on a white bed. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

LEXI
STOKES

**Punished
At Work
Office Collection**

Punished at Work: Office Collection

Lexi Stokes

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Passed Around the Office

Chapter 1

My boss drops his voice low, and that's what makes me lean closer to the thin wall of my cubicle. Mr. Findlay is on the other side, talking to one of the guys in the accounting department.

And whatever they're talking about must be good. Otherwise, they wouldn't be whispering.

"So there's an entire image gallery. Row after row of thumbnail photos of women. Let's just say that they don't leave much to the imagination in those photos, either," Mr. Findlay's gravelly voice explains.

"When you click on a girl, it brings you to her page. Most of the time she's online, just waiting to give you a private show," Mr. Findlay continues.

"What's that like?" my coworker says.

By now, I'm so curious that my ear is pressed up against the upholstery of my cubicle wall. I took a long time carefully pinning up my red hair this morning, but I've stopped caring if it gets messed up.

This is the most salacious conversation I've heard at the office. Actually, it's one of the few conversations I've overheard. You see, I'm the only woman in the accounting department, and I don't socialize with my coworkers.

I eat at my cubicle, get my work done, and go straight home instead of going out to dinner with the rest of them. I still haven't gotten over being transferred here from the New York City office, I guess.

Mr. Findlay clears his throat and speaks again. “The private shows are guided by the viewer. She can see and hear you, just like you can see and hear her. The cam girl will do whatever you ask. But here’s the thing: to protect the girl’s identity, you never see her face, and she never sees yours. There’s total anonymity for the performers and the viewers, and that’s why a lot of women who have never done anything like it before are flocking to sign up.”

“Wow, that’s even hotter,” Peter says. “I love that amateur shit,” he adds.

They talk a little more about it, and when Mr. Findlay says the website name, I scramble to pull open my desk drawer and grab a pen and a sticky note to jot it down on. I need to see this site for myself tonight at home.

The rest of the afternoon, it’s all I think about. Whenever I remember their hushed, husky voices talking about private cam girl shows, my stomach tightens.

What would it be like to be the anonymous girl on the other end of the video call? To be ordered around and do whatever a man asks? Honestly, it’s like all my deepest fantasies have come to life—without any of the potential downsides.

There’s no risk if no one knows who you are, I tell myself. This could be the perfect way to experiment with my darkest urges.

That’s why my hands are shaking a little as I sit in front of the glowing screen of my personal laptop that night. I use a throwaway email account and a fake name to sign up, and I’m so close to getting what I crave that my eager pussy is already slick with need.

But there’s just one problem: I have to enter a real bank account in order to get paid as a performer. Biting my cheek, I search everywhere for an option to opt-out. After all, for me, it’s not about the money, it’s about scratching my itches.

Blowing out a breath, I give in. What does it matter? There’s absolutely no way I’ll be connected to my account. And this is the last hurdle before I

get what I'm desperately craving.

With all the boring sign-up stuff out of the way, I put on a black, see-through lace push-up bra and a matching black thong. Then I click "Start Stream."

Chapter 2

Humming to myself, I stride into work feeling like a million dollars. My shoulders are squared and my head's held high. I know I look irresistible: my jade-green eyes are sparkling, and my cheeks are rosy.

Not to mention the fact that I'm wearing my tightest pencil skirt and a silky green button-down shirt that matches my eyes. When I walk in, Peter looks me up and down, and his eyes settle on my six-inch stilettos.

It's not vain to say I usually look good—I can tell from the reactions I always get walking down the street. But today? Today I look incredible.

Peter looks dumfounded, and he sits there, opening and closing his mouth. But I can't even enjoy his reaction. Because Mr. Findlay stomps toward me. "Erika! My office. Now!" he barks.

The smug smile evaporates off of my face, replaced by total confusion. Like I said, I keep my head down and do my work, so why does my boss seem like he's about to fire me?

The walk to the end of the hall feels a million miles long while I try to figure out what this is all about. Nothing at all comes to mind. I stare hard at the ground, blinking back tears. It was bad enough that I was transferred here, but now I'm going to lose my job completely?

Mr. Findlay whips open the glass door to his huge office. He's the head of accounting for the entire region, and rumor has it that he doesn't even need this job—apparently, he has family money or something.

And I would've known that without the rumors swirling around him. He only wears the most impeccable suits, and he sports one of those watches

that costs more than I make in a year.

In fact, I've always found him intimidating. It's not just the money—it's also his steely blue eyes and salt-and-pepper hair.

"Sit down," he says in a low growl, and I slink over to the sofa he's pointing to, the one that's artfully arranged in the corner of the room. For his part, Mr. Findlay leans against his glass-topped desk, staring me down as I smooth my skirt and sit.

After taking a deep breath, I gather my courage. "Mr. Findlay, why am I here?" I ask quietly. "Is there something wrong with my accounts?" In the back of my head, my panic starts to fade, though, and my stubbornness replaces it.

There's no way I've made a mistake with my accounts. This is ridiculous.

Crossing my arms defiantly, I drag my eyes up from the plush throw rug under my feet until I'm meeting my boss's stare. The corner of his mouth pulls up into a smile when he sees the anger burning in my eyes.

I don't know why, but it seems like he was hoping I'd mouth off to him. I haven't yet, but I can tell I'm getting more and more angry, and that soon, I won't be able to help myself. What can I say? I've earned my reputation as a fiery redhead.

My pulse quickens, and I remember everything that went down last night. I feel so sexy and confident after performing through my webcam, and I decide that Mr. Findlay needs a talking to.

Standing up, I glower at him, even though he towers over me. "Mr. Findlay, this is ridiculous," I snap. "My accounts are perfect. Excuse me, I have a lot of work to do."

I brush past him, but his voice stops me dead in my tracks. "Stop," he commands. Wheeling around, I see he's perfectly calm. Actually, he looks amused.

“Sit back down. Now,” he tells me. His tone brooks no argument, and I find myself obeying like I’m in a trance. Mr. Findlay waits until I’m seated before speaking again.

“Erika, you find yourself in quite a predicament. And I’m afraid that your future here is uncertain,” he tells me, steepling his fingers.

Biting my lip, I listen hard, still sure this is all a big mistake.

“We hold our employees to the highest standard,” he says, and I nod vigorously. “And you’ve fallen short. You see, I have my fingers in a lot of pies, so to speak. One of my latest projects is an exciting little start-up. A site whose newest...performer is sitting right in front of me.”

Chapter 3

The color drains out of my face, and my jaw goes slack. My boss knows what I did last night. He knows about my first time as a cam girl, and now I have to sit here in his office and talk about it. It's the most humiliating moment of my life, and my eyes flick to the door. My body is telling me to run.

But Mr. Findlay senses that and holds up a hand. "Stay where you are, Erika. There's no need to panic. There is a way to make this right with me, you know. Sure, you could go back to your cubicle and promise to delete your profile from the website. Or you could take on a new role here."

My thoughts swirl as my cheeks turn bright red. "What are you talking about? What kind of performance? What website?" I manage to rasp.

Mr. Findlay chuckles humorously. "Don't try to lie your way out of this. I got a notification when you signed up for the site," he says. "And so I got in your queue. Let's just say I've seen...everything."

Scrunching my eyes shut, I think back to the night before. The men who talked dirty to me and the way that I followed all their orders. How I touched myself for them and showed them every inch of me.

That same feeling that came over me then is sweeping me now. Aside from my total humiliation, my legs are starting to quiver. When I open my eyes, Mr. Findlay is licking his lips, and I stay perfectly still on the sofa.

"That's what I thought," he smirks. "I'm going to give you what you really want. And I'm going to teach you your place. Now get on your knees and get ready to serve me."

Mr. Findlay's voice cracks like a whip. He's dead serious, and even though anyone walking by can see into his glass-walled office, I immediately sink to my knees. It's like he has a hold on me, and I want more than anything to see where this is going to go.

My body demands it. Wetness is coating my inner thighs, and my hard nipples are poking against my green button-down shirt. This is so forbidden, and Mr. Findlay knows I want it.

Mr. Findlay strides forward while unzipping his pants. His cock springs out, and I gasp at the sight of it. It's as thick around as my arm and standing straight out from his body, twitching and rock hard.

I shouldn't be this shocked at the sight of his member: I saw it last night on the webcam, after all. But in person, it's even bigger than it looked online. And in person, I can touch and taste it, which my body is begging for.

When Mr. Findlay thrusts forward, my mouth stretches obscenely around him. I'm already gagging, and not more than the tip is between my lips.

"Suck me off like the slut I know you are," he commands, making me think about what he said to me when I performed for him. Last night, before I knew who I was stripping for, he told me, "This is just practice for when I get you alone. You'll learn to choke on my cock."

I had thought it was just dirty talk then, but it was a promise.

Bobbing back and forth, I try desperately to take him all the way to the back of my throat. But he's just too big. Mr. Findlay is also relentless. He takes hold of the back of my head and presses himself deeper and deeper.

The musky smell of him overtakes me. I can't believe I'm on my knees in my boss's glass office, but in a way, it seems like it was inevitable. I've thought he was handsome and commanding since the day I transferred here, and the way he's taking control makes me moan around him.

Plus, no one ever walks down this hallway, so it'll be me and Mr. Findlay's dirty secret. That makes it even hotter for me, and I reach down and press my palm to my mound.

My eyes flick up to Mr. Findlay, and I see that he's smirking down at me. "I know what you like," he tells me with a groan. "But mostly, I know what you *need*."

Bobbing up and down on him harder and faster, I squeal and work myself over at the same time. Mr. Findlay reaches down with both hands and tears open my button-down shirt before tearing off my bra.

My full, aching breasts bounce out and he runs his thumbs over my nipples. His touch feels like a jolt of electricity, and when he pinches both nipples, he does it hard enough to make me shudder.

"Focus on pleasing me," he growls. "That's your job—your real job."

Obediently, I lick the length of his shaft before deep-throating him again.

"Good," he says, patting the top of my head.

The head of his cock starts to flare in my mouth, and he moves in jerky thrusts. Still, when Mr. Findlay comes, it surprises me. The hot, wet spurts of cum come fast, and I swallow it all down.

As soon as he's done, Mr. Findlay backs away and looks me over. I know I'm a mess. My shirt is open, and I hunt around for my bra. But Mr. Findlay wags a finger at me.

"Did I say I was done using you?" he asks. "Stand up and come here," my boss instructs me. Slowly, I rise and walk over to him, and he takes me by the shoulders and wheels me around.

At first, I'm too shocked to make sense of what I'm seeing, but then I can't ignore it. All my coworkers are standing on the other side of the glass, with their faces pressed against it for a better look.

They were watching me the entire time. Now I'm topless in front of the department, and they know that I've just deep-throated the boss. Complete and total humiliation sweeps through me, much worse than when Mr. Findlay busted me for using the cam girl site.

My stomach flips, and I'm quivering with shame as I cross my arms to cover myself.

Mr. Findlay chuckles before speaking again. "Come in, boys," he calls, pulling my arms away to give everyone a perfect view of my body. "Everyone will get their turn."

Chapter 4

Mr. Findlay leans down to whisper in my ear as my coworkers whoop and hurry into the office. “It’s more fun when I get to share and watch,” he says in a gravelly voice. “Don’t let me down,” he commands.

I’m overwhelmed. I’m so turned on from what I just did, but I’m also still quaking with shame. I can’t believe that everyone knows and everyone saw.

Peter comes up in front of me and pushes me down to my knees, his hands on his hips like he’s scolding me. “Look at the big city girl now,” he laughs. “The one who never would give any of us the time of day. Here she is on her knees begging to be fucked.”

I stare down at the floor. I can’t deny what he’s saying; it’s true. Never in my life have I been this aroused, and giving Mr. Findlay total control of my body is the hottest thing that’s ever happened to me.

“You boys better teach her a lesson for acting like she’s too good for everyone,” Mr. Findlay says, clapping Peter on the shoulder.

Peter beams. “Any hole?” he asks, and it’s shocking that they’re talking about me this way, like I’m not even here.

“Every hole,” Mr. Findlay says. “I highly recommend her mouth.”

Peter doesn’t have to be told twice. His cock is out just a second later, and he arranges me so that I’m on all fours. Another one of my coworkers walks around me and thrusts into my mouth just as Peter starts to flip up my skirt.

“Look how wet she is,” Peter crows, and everyone in the room laughs. “She’s so desperate to be stretched around my cock.”

But I can’t even be embarrassed about it right now. Not when there’s a cock in my mouth and Peter is rubbing his dick up the length of my slit, coating himself in my wetness. The sensations take me over, and I don’t feel anything except my tingling arousal.

Arching back, I try to get Peter to plunge in. But he swats at my ass, making me jump. “Mr. Findlay said it’s time to teach you your place. We’re in charge, not you.”

As I lick and suck the cock in my mouth, he takes his time, teasing me until I’m almost frantic. But each time I back up, trying to get him inside, he spansks me.

Finally, I go still. “I think she’s finally learning,” Peter chuckles.

That’s when he thrusts all the way in with just one thrust. It takes me by surprise, and I moan around the cock in my mouth. Peter is huge, and it’s such a tight fit. He doesn’t even let me get used to his size.

Instead, he pulls all the way out and slams back in, making me claw at the floor to try to stay upright. My two coworkers bounce me back and forth between them, and Mr. Findlay stands behind the guy in my mouth.

“Look at me,” my boss commands, and he makes me maintain eye contact with him as I’m used.

It makes me feel so ashamed to see him studying me as the cock in my mouth pulses. I drink down my coworker’s cum while Mr. Findlay smirks at me. At the same time, Peter’s hands dig into my hips and he slams into me so hard that I collapse onto the floor.

That doesn’t stop him from rutting me and groaning. His cock is swelling inside my desperate pussy, and he pumps me full of cum. I’ve made three guys come so far today, I think absently. I’ve never behaved like this before.

“Who’s next?” Mr. Findlay barks, snapping me out of my thoughts. Wordlessly, two more of my coworkers come up and replace the men I’ve just satisfied.

The entire afternoon is like this. The men pass me around, always using my mouth and pussy for their pleasure. The more men I please, the closer I get to coming, but I never quite get there.

My orgasm hovers just out of reach. The problem is that the more the men fuck me, the more turned on and desperate I get.

After fucking the fifth guy, I realize I’m not even flushed with shame anymore. All I can think about is getting release. I’m going crazy, whipping my head around and pushing back against any cock inside me.

But I think Mr. Findlay isn’t going to let me come. His eyes are dark and hooded. One by one, the men leave, and I still haven’t been satisfied.

My normally perfect hair is matted, and there’s cum on my face and leaking out of me. I lie on the floor of Mr. Findlay’s office, and my hand finds its way to my red, swollen pussy lips.

“No,” Mr. Findlay’s voice cracks like a whip. “Pull your hand away, slut.”

Whimpering, I do as he commands. Mr. Findlay is in charge of me now.

“If you’re going to come,” he tells me, “it’s going to be with my cock inside you.”

Turning over, I obediently get back on my hands and knees, offering myself to him. He walks behind me, breaking eye contact for the first time this afternoon. My pussy is so empty, and I can’t wait to finally feel his huge cock.

But when Mr. Findlay starts pressing against me, it isn’t my used cunt he’s pushing against. It’s my virgin ass.

“I’ve never done it there!” I hear myself squeal.

“You’ll love it,” Mr. Findlay grunts, continuing to push against my tight rosebud.

Biting my lip, I try to relax, but Mr. Findlay’s cock is huge. I don’t think it’s possible to take him in my ass.

“You’ll take me, and you’ll love it,” he says. Scrunching my eyes closed, I breathe in short pants. There’s so much pressure, and it makes me groan with effort.

All of a sudden, my body stops resisting, and Mr. Findlay grunts his approval. He’s in.

“By the time I’m done with you, you’ll beg to take it in the ass,” he says, thrusting forward more until his hips meet my ass.

The sensation is so different than being fucked in the pussy. I feel so full of his cock, and my empty pussy is clamping down, even though there’s nothing in it.

Mr. Findlay starts giving it to me harder, and soon he’s rutting me as hard as Peter did. The faster and deeper he goes, the emptier my pussy feels.

Mr. Findlay is a stud, and he lasts and lasts. But as he gets close, he reaches under me, and his finger brushes the sensitive nub of my clit. I squeal at the electric pleasure of his touch.

His fingers trace my slit, and he puts three fingers inside me roughly. It feels incredible, so incredible that the waves of pleasure deep in my core start to build. He fingers me in time with his thrusts, and I start to see stars.

I bite my lip hard and moan as my orgasm starts. But I can’t hold back. I scream loud, and it’s like I’m an animal. Warmth spreads through my body, and Mr. Findlay uses me exactly how he wants. My pussy shudders around his fingers while the pleasure overtakes me.

I come and come, my orgasm wrecking me. And at the same time, Mr. Findlay claims my asshole, filling it with his cum.

When he's finished with me, he leaves me on his office floor. He walks over to his desk and makes a business call, like nothing happened here, like he didn't just pass me around.

I try to stand just as he's hanging up, which makes him get to his feet and spank me hard. "I didn't say you could move," he tells me. "After all, you've only pleased the accounting department so far. You have the rest of the building to go."

Trained and Shared by My Boss

Chapter 1

The entryway to the club is so darkly lit that I walk slowly in my six-inch heels, afraid that I will stumble. I don't want to embarrass myself here, not when scoring an invitation was like winning the lottery.

My heart flutters with excitement, beating so rapidly in my chest that I'm certain the bouncer at the door can see how nervous I am. But the thrill of doing something so deliciously naughty outweighs any reservations I have about coming to the elite sex club.

For the whole year since I've lived in the city, I've heard rumors about how the club is packed with celebrities, athletes, and powerful businessmen. I filled out a membership application on a whim one lonely night after a disastrous date.

You see, most men can't figure out what to make of me. My body gives the impression I'm a different kind of girl than I actually am. My breasts are full and perfectly round and impossible to hide, even though I keep trying by wearing the most conservative clothing I can find.

But it never works. I'm too tall and thin to disguise my giant tits, and my long blonde hair and high cheekbones turn heads, especially when I'm trying to fit in and not be noticed. My appearance makes people think I get around, when in reality, I have almost no experience.

Most weeks I work long days at the office and go home to be by myself. That's why being here at the club is so exciting. It's totally out of character for me, and I'm hoping I'll finally get what I crave.

I can't help it that all of my fantasies on those long, lonely nights revolve around being with a man who knows what he's doing, someone who's not

at all intimidated by me.

Any minute now, I'll be escorted through the black silk curtain up ahead. And then the fun will really begin. There's almost no information online about the club, so my imagination runs wild.

Maybe I'll watch someone famous have his way with a girl in a dark alcove. Maybe I'll even have the courage to be the girl in the dark alcove. The thought sends a shiver up my spine, and I smooth the hem of my short, black mini dress.

But just as the bouncer looks me up and down, jerks his head toward the curtain, and pulls it back, all of my pulsing excitement disappears. Through the open sliver of the curtain, I catch sight of a familiar silhouette.

There is no mistaking his tall build or the overpriced suit. It's the manager of my department at work. All the blood drains from my face, and I turn on my heel and run through the double doors out onto the street.

Teetering on my heels, I don't stop running until I'm on the next block. What was I thinking? Shame courses through me. If someone from work had spotted me there, I would have died of humiliation.

Lucky for me, I got out just in time.

Chapter 2

All night, I toss and turn. In my dreams, I'm back at the club, and I make it through the curtain. It looks almost like a restaurant with dim, plush banquettes.

My favorite actor is sitting behind a table with a lazy grin spread across his face. Beneath him, a woman in a leather collar and leash is on her hands and knees.

She rocks back and forth, deep-throating him, and I can't look away. His half-closed eyes snap open when he sees me, and he gestures me forward.

I glide across the room toward him, and then a beeping sound fills my ears. Even after I figure out that the blaring sound is my alarm, and I need to wake up to get ready for work, I force myself to stay asleep to see what happens next.

But the dream slips away, and I sit up in my bed with a groan. Why can't I get satisfaction, not even when I'm asleep?

My body is trembling, and instinctively, I reached down to stroke my hairless mound. I'm ridiculously wet, but I don't have time to touch myself.

I can't be late today. I need to slide behind my desk before my manager gets in. There is no way I can face him, not knowing what I know about what he gets up to outside of work.

And at first, it seems like everything is finally going my way. The subway is on time, and when I take a seat at my cubicle, no one else is at their desk on the entire floor.

Blowing out a huge breath of relief, I switch on my computer and open up the spreadsheet I'm working on. As soon as the file appears, I lose myself completely in the mountain of work I have to get done today.

That is, until someone clears their throat behind me, making me jump out of my skin. Turning my head, I hope against hope it isn't him—my manager—but apparently my luck has been short-lived.

"How are you today, Gemma?" Mr. Lawndale says, raising an eyebrow at my reaction. "Oh, you look flustered. Is something wrong?"

Mr. Lawndale takes a sip of coffee from his steaming mug, and I stare at his big hands. My mouth has gone totally dry, and I shake my head vigorously.

"N-no, nothing's wrong," I say, forcing a smile. "Everything's great," I lie, willing myself to forget the sight of my manager at a sex club. But I can't control what's flitting through my head.

I think of my dream, but instead of my favorite actor, I see Mr. Lawndale at that banquette getting a blowjob. My cheeks turn hot while the rest of my body goes cold.

Logically, I know there is no way Mr. Lawndale can tell I'm thinking about sex, but that doesn't stop my discomfort from mounting. I cross my legs tightly and squirm in my chair as the wetness spreads in my panties under my skirt suit.

But the more I squirm, the more Mr. Lawndale looks like he enjoys it. His fixed stare never leaves my flushed face. I realize something is off about the situation. My manager has never spent this long by my cubicle.

"Well, I don't think that's true," Mr. Lawndale says. "I don't think everything is great." His eyes flash darkly, and the smile slips from his face.

I say nothing, steeling myself for whatever he's going to say next. But he simply waits silently, stretching out the moment until I can't help but start babbling.

“I know I’m behind on the annual report,” I say quickly. “I promise it will be done by the end of the week. I’ll stay late every day until it’s done,” I promise.

Mr. Lawndale grips his mug tight enough that his knuckles turn white. “It’s funny...” he starts, trailing off to give me a hard look. I sit up straighter in my chair under his piercing gaze.

But it’s really weird. He’s always been an imposing figure, someone I avoided as much as possible. So why is my body reacting to this conversation the way that it is?

The harder he stares at me, the more sensitive my skin becomes. The air from the vent above my desk isn’t all that cold, but for some reason, I can feel my nipples poking out from my tight, white dress shirt.

“What’s funny?” I ask, gulping.

“It’s funny that someone who acts all innocent, like she’s too good for everyone, is in such big trouble,” Mr. Lawndale growls.

Chapter 3

Trouble? Most people are further behind on their work than I am,” I protest. “You know I’m going to get it done.”

“No, it’s not that. What I’m talking about is much worse.” Mr. Lawndale sighs, but from the sparkle in his eyes, I can tell he’s still enjoying this. “I’m afraid you need to follow me to Mr. Jules’s office,” he says, gesturing for me to stand.

He raises his voice when he says that I need to report to the CEO’s office, and my coworkers’ heads all turn to look at me. By this point in the day, everyone is at their desk, and the bustling office goes silent, watching me walk to the huge office at the end of the hall.

I have no idea what’s going on as Mr. Lawndale knocks on the door, and Mr. Jules tells us to come in. Mr. Lawndale slams the door shut, and I bite my lip.

“Am I going to be fired? I don’t even know what I did,” I say to Mr. Jules, and my voice comes out as a whine.

Mr. Jules holds up a hand to silence me from behind his long, mahogany desk. When Mr. Lawndale takes a seat on the couch in the corner, I walk toward the desk, but Mr. Jules stops me.

“I did not invite you to sit,” he barks at me. “You need to get better at following directions,” he says as I stare at the carpet.

“Mr. Lawndale has informed me that we have a problem,” the CEO continues. “Apparently, you did not show him the respect he deserves as your superior.”

I open my mouth to protest, but the way Mr. Jules is glaring silences me. I rack my brain for any time I was rude to Mr. Lawndale, but I can't even remember talking to him in person aside from today, and I'm always very polite by email.

"I can tell you have no idea what I'm talking about," Mr. Jules chuckles. It's a mean laugh, and I shuffle from foot to foot. "It's about yesterday," Mr. Jules says, steeping his fingers. "Tell me what you did wrong."

Mentally, I run through everything that happened at work the day before. The thing is, Mr. Lawndale was off yesterday. I brighten, figuring this is all a big misunderstanding.

"Nothing happened yesterday," I say confidently, relaxing a little. "It was Mr. Lawndale's golf day." I smile, hoping we're almost done here.

"Can you believe this?" Mr. Lawndale's voice comes from behind me. "She really thought she got away with it."

"What we're talking about didn't happen during the day. It happened at night," Mr. Jules says matter-of-factly.

My stomach drops. There's a lump in my throat as everything clicks into place. Mr. Lawndale saw me at the sex club. And now the CEO of the company called me into his office to talk about it.

I'm going to have to discuss going there with the founder of a billion-dollar company. Never in my life have I felt so embarrassed and ashamed.

"Looks like it's all coming back to her now," Mr. Lawndale crows. "Gemma, tell Mr. Jules how you disrespected me."

"I ran away when I saw you, and I thought I hadn't been caught," I rasp.

Mr. Jules clicks his tongue. "I see," he says. "Well, that won't do. I think you're going to have to make it up to him, show him that you know your place."

After taking a deep breath, I turn to face my manager. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lawndale. I'm sorry for being rude," I say, hoping this is the end of it.

But to my surprise, both men laugh uproariously, like I've told the funniest joke in the world. I twirl a strand of my blonde hair around my fingers nervously.

"That's not what you did wrong, Gemma. No, I'm upset because you didn't stay and serve me like you should have." Mr. Lawndale cocks his head at me, watching as his meaning dawns on me.

"What?" I say breathlessly.

He nods slowly and gestures me forward. My legs seem to move on their own, carrying me toward him.

Then he points at the ground. Without thinking about it at all, my instincts take over. I think back to the dream I had, and I get on my knees in front of him, sinking into the plush carpet.

My body quivers with desire as Mr. Lawndale unzips his pinstriped pants and pulls out his cock. It springs free, already hard, and a bead of precum glistens on the mushroom-shaped head.

I offer my tongue, and Mr. Lawndale thrusts forward. When his hard member makes contact with my eager tongue, the salty taste of his precum fills my mouth.

"You better do more than give it a little lick," Mr. Jules commands me.

At the same time, Mr. Lawndale pushes forward, harder this time, and my lips part around his girth. Mr. Lawndale doesn't give me any time to get used to him. Before I know it, he's all the way at the back of my throat, and I'm gagging around him.

"That's more like it," Mr. Jules says, watching intently.

Mr. Lawndale thrusts in and out, fucking my mouth as I squeal around him. His firm hands grip the back of my head, and I'm totally at his mercy.

His groans echo in my ears, and I feel flash of pride that I'm pleasing him.

"All the way to the back of your throat," Mr. Lawndale groans. "Once I'm through with you, you'll know how to suck cock the way I like it."

I try hard to relax my throat and follow his instructions, but he's just too big. It feels impossible to take him, especially since I have almost no experience.

"What do you think is the best way to train her?" Mr. Jules says. "Punishment? Or reward?"

Chapter 4

Mr. Jules's words make me shiver, and I blink back the tears forming in my eyes from gagging on Mr. Lawndale.

"Better," Mr. Lawndale chuckles. "Seems like she just needed a little motivation."

Then Mr. Lawndale's thrusts turn slow and lazy. "Keep going," he barks. "Suck me off like you always wanted to." Mr. Lawndale starts to breathe hard, and it makes me bob up and down frantically.

My manager expects me to get him off, and I want to obey. No one has ever come in my mouth before, so it surprises me when Mr. Lawndale's cock spasms in my mouth, and his hot, salty cum spurts out.

I start to jerk back, but Mr. Lawndale's hand clamps on the back of my head, holding me in place. "Drink it all down," he growls.

Swallowing hard, I take his load, and he lets go of me and steps away to confer with Mr. Jules. "It wasn't perfect, but she got the job done," I hear him say. "I think she'll be perfect for our purposes," he continues, and I have no idea what he's talking about.

But I don't think about that at all. All I think about is how I'm on my knees in the CEO's office. It's like my darkest fantasies have come to life. And because no one has touched my aching pussy, my arousal is the only thing on my mind.

Mr. Jules rubs his hands together and steps forward. "I don't think you've quite learned your place," he says, grabbing the back of my neck and maneuvering me so that I'm on all fours.

His hand trails up my skirt, and when he touches the sensitive nub of my clit through my panties, I cry out. But Mr. Jules pulls his hand away, rubbing his fingers together incredulously.

“Mr. Lawndale, you were right about her. She’s so needy it’s unbelievable. Her juices soaked through her little thong.”

Staring at the carpet inches from my face, I feel my cheeks burn. It’s true; I’m unbelievably wet.

But I don’t care what I look like offering myself up like this. At this point, coming is all I care about. My desire has completely overwhelmed me. And somehow, a situation this humiliating and this dirty only makes me crave it more.

Mr. Lawndale and Mr. Jules know it. They are toying with me, making sure I know who’s in charge. They’re going to drag this out. That becomes clear when they have a whispered conversation in the far corner of the room, and then they leave me alone in the office, exposed, spread, and desperate.

*

I don’t dare look up from the carpet when they return minutes later. But hearing an unfamiliar voice makes me peek behind me.

Whatever I was expecting, it wasn’t four of my coworkers. They’re staring at me, elbowing each other, jostling for the best look at my wet, exposed panties.

There is no reasonable explanation for why I’m on my hands and knees with my skirt flipped up over my hips. Now all my colleagues know who I really am: a desperate slut, willing to do anything.

Mr. Lawndale and Mr. Jules walk over and peer down at me with their arms crossed. “Mr. Jules has decided that the best way to break you in is to share you,” Mr. Lawndale snickers.

Mr. Jules snaps his fingers, and I feel hands on my hips, and they're pulling down my panties. Mr. Jules looks deep into my eyes. "This is what you want. This is what you always wanted. And you need to make up for making us wait for it when you left the club. Tell me that you understand."

"I understand, sir," I whisper, and Mr. Jules smiles, showing all his teeth.

He snaps his fingers again, and that's when I feel it. There's a big dick pressed up against my tight hole. I gasp and arch back. It's so big I'm not sure I can fit it.

Mr. Jules takes hold of my chin between his thumb and forefinger. "Show us how hard you can ride it," he instructs, and he stares deep into my eyes as the man behind me enters me. I can feel myself stretching around him, and my hands grasp the carpet beneath me.

"So fucking tight," a voice whispers in my ear, his breath hot on my neck. Mr. Jules gives me a satisfied smile and steps back to watch.

Even if the CEO hadn't instructed me to ride the cock hard, I would have. I can't hold back, not when it slides all the way in, filling me up. The feeling is incredible, and it makes me go wild. I'm bucking and thrusting, ignoring the way the men around me laugh at my behavior.

I can't help myself. The man behind me slaps against me over and over, and I don't even know which of my coworkers it is. Somehow, that makes it hotter, to be used and not know who is using me.

The man's hands knead at my hips and flat stomach, and I push back against him, throwing my head from side to side.

"She always acted like she was better than the rest of us," I hear one of my coworkers say.

"Yeah, and look at her now," someone responds. "Letting herself be fucked with an audience watching."

The pounding in my ears drowns them out, though. My eyes start to cross, and the guy fucking me pummels me, each stroke harder and deeper than the last. Just as I'm about to go over the edge, the guy from the cubicle next to me faces me.

When he takes his cock out, I open my mouth, and he stuffs himself in. Choking on the second cock of the day is all it takes to get me there. As I'm bounced back and forth between the two men, I scream around his member.

Stars explode in front of my eyes, and warm pleasure fills my core. I start to collapse forward as the waves of pleasure tingle through me, but the two men hold me up and keep using me.

I scream and spasm for I don't know how long. It seems like it goes on forever, and afterwards, I want to curl up into a satisfied ball. But that's not a choice. Even after the man behind me pumps me full of his seed, and I swallow down my coworker's cum, I'm not finished.

The other two men take their places, the one behind me spanking me hard. "Serve them just like you served the first two," Mr. Jules commands. At first, I feel spent, but once they start thrusting into me, I get turned on all over again.

I work them over so well that it isn't long before they reward me with their loads. Once I'm done, I finally collapse to the floor. And I hear Mr. Jules dismiss everyone who shared me, except Mr. Lawndale.

Mr. Jules cracks his knuckles, and I turn over. "Spread your legs so I can get a good look," he tells me, and I look down at my puffy, red lips. There's cum dripping down my thigh as the CEO inspects my body.

He smirks at me and then bends down to lift me up, marching me over to his imposing wood desk and bending me over so that my cheek and tits are pressed against the mahogany. Before I realize what's happening, he's spreading my ass cheeks.

"Mr. Jules," I say weakly, "what are you doing?"

“Do you really think I’m going to fuck that cummy, used pussy?”

Mr. Lawndale perches on the desk next to me, his eyes glued to me. “Mr. Jules can have whatever he wants. Isn’t that right, slut?”

Mr. Lawndale glares until I answer. “Of course. Sorry, sir,” I rasp.

Mr. Jules presses himself against my back door, and I bite my lip. I’ve never done this before, and even though he’s thrusting, my rosebud isn’t giving way. He pushes harder and harder against the ring of muscle, and I struggle to stay standing.

Then, with a pop, he’s in. The CEO thrusts deeper, a little at a time, until his hips slam against me. Once he’s balls deep, he lets loose, fucking me with abandon as I start sliding across the desk. The whole time, Mr. Lawndale gawks.

It’s a feeling of fullness unlike anything I’ve ever felt before, and my pussy starts to clamp down around nothing, and I know I’m already coming with a cock in my ass.

“Mr. Jules knew you would like this,” Mr. Lawndale tells me.

Behind me, Mr. Jules picks up the pace. “I don’t care if she likes it or not,” he grunts. “All that matters is she learns to be used for my pleasure.”

I can’t help but cry out as my orgasm wrecks me. Mr. Jules ignores it, though. I don’t know how long he lasts, but it feels like at least an hour before he groans loudly, and a hot wetness fills my rosebud. When he pulls out, he stands beside Mr. Lawndale.

Mr. Jules sighs contentedly. “Not bad for her first training session,” the CEO growls. “Of course, she needs a lot more training before we bring her to the club to be shared.”

Humiliated and Shared by the Board

Chapter 1

Unclasping my bra, I feel so naughty that a sly smile appears on my face. I'm completely alone in my small apartment, but that doesn't matter. What I'm about to do is so out of character and so bad.

Next, I hook my thumbs around my black, see-through thong. I wiggle it down over my full, heart-shaped butt until it falls to the wood floor.

Standing in front of a full-length mirror in the corner of my bedroom, I try to decide how I should wear my glossy blonde hair. I gather it at the nape of my neck to twist it up into a messy bun.

When I lift my arms, it's hard to look away from my straining breasts. They would be big on anyone, but on my slim figure, they're absolutely huge.

And with how excited I am, my poor, untouched nipples are stiff and puckered. My eyes trail down to my freshly shaved pussy. My excitement is evident there too.

I spread my pussy lips with two fingers and turn to the side, admiring how it glistens. I think I'm finally ready for my close-up.

My hands shake as I pull out my digital camera. I bought it yesterday especially for this. I couldn't take the risk of these pictures being on my phone, after all.

Rounding my shoulders, I rub my clit with one hand and snap a photo in the mirror with the other. For the next photo, I kneel on the hard, wood floor, enjoying how it hurts my delicate knees.

I spread my pussy again, this time for the camera. And for the final photograph, I push my elbows together against my tits and snap my outrageous cleavage.

Shrugging on a silky robe, I flop onto my bed and peer at the tiny camera screen. I can't wait to see how these turned out. And I can't believe I'm going to post them online.

I spend the rest of the evening deciding which ones I'm going to upload. The problem is the very best picture shows half of my face. And if I were to crop it out, it wouldn't be nearly as sexy.

It's not like anyone I know goes on the BDSM forum, I tell myself. Plus, posting a picture with my face in it makes this feel even more forbidden.

I've been reading the forum ever since I moved to the city for my job. It's the perfect place to indulge in my secret desires. But until now, I've never posted, not even text posts.

I guess I've just gotten bored of working twelve-hour days, six days a week at my firm. There's no time to date, and I really need some attention.

Actually, that's probably the real reason I'm uploading the picture with my face in it. All the girls who include their faces get tons more comments and upvotes.

My hand hovers over my computer mouse. The photos are embedded, and I've written, "I'm too tight to be this lonely. What would you do to me if you got me alone? ;)"

Am I really going to do this? Am I going to invite total strangers to see my most intimate photos and talk dirty to me? It feels so, so wrong and a little dangerous.

That's why I click "submit." When I see the post has gone live, I practically squeal with excitement. This is going to be so fun. This is going to be my dirty little secret, my exciting life outside of work.

Chapter 2

I don't let myself check the responses until my lunch hour the next day. It's such sweet torture to have something so naughty to look forward to.

When it's finally time for lunch, I close my office blinds and lock the door. I don't think I've ever been this excited in my life.

I pull my personal laptop out of my briefcase. I'm smart enough not to risk pulling up the BDSM forum on my work computer, after all.

Pushing the stack of papers on my desk aside, I log in as fast as I can, and my jaw drops open.

I've been upvoted hundreds of times, and I have tons of comments. Licking my lips, I start scrolling through them.

"I have a spreader bar with your name on it," one says.

"That clit needs to be punished."

I feel myself getting wet all over again as I read.

"I'm thinking you need to be tied down and fucked for hours. God damn you're hot."

It's going to take me hours to go through everything these guys have written. And I'm going to relish every minute of it. This is so unbelievably hot that I can't believe I never posted on the forum until yesterday.

But for now, I have to get back to work.

Sighing, I start to close my laptop just as there's a sharp knock on the door and the locked handle jiggles. I nearly jump out of my skin, and I slam the lid of my laptop and scurry over to the door.

"Aubrey! Open this door right now," a deep voice shouts. My stomach sinks. It's my boss.

I'm going to have to face him, and I know I have the guiltiest look on my face. I try to paste on a smile.

"Sorry, Mr. Went," I say in a high-pitched voice as I swing the door open. "I was just...doing a little yoga," I lie, hoping that will explain why I'm flushed and out of breath. Maybe that will cover over the arousal I'm still feeling.

It doesn't help that I've always had a thing for my boss. It would be impossible not to. I mean, I'm here at the office most of my life, and he's never looked anything but sexy, dominant, and in charge.

I've never seen him flustered. And I've never seen him in anything other than a tailor-made, designer suit. Mr. Went likes everything just so. And right now, he's furious.

"Your office is a little...tight to be doing yoga, don't you think?" he yells, emphasizing the word "tight."

I must be blushing scarlet for how hot my skin feels.

"Yes, sir," I say quickly. "I was doing some simple stretches. I'm sorry the door was locked when you needed me. What can I help you with?"

Mr. Went's silvery-blue eyes flash. "You need to come with me," he says, his frown turning to a smirk.

"Of course, Mr. Went," I say. "I can help you with whatever you need."

"Oh, you have no idea," he says, rubbing his hands together. "Come along to the conference room. Aubrey, I'm afraid we have much to discuss."

Mr. Went walks quickly toward the conference room and I try to keep up. The entire time, my mind is racing.

I work hard, but I'm not that important around here. Mr. Went has never summoned me personally before. And his entire demeanor is grim, so there's no way that it's a good thing. None of this makes sense to me.

When I walk into the conference room, Mr. Went's three partners sit on one side of the long table. There's a lone chair across the table from them, and Mr. Went gestures to it.

I sit down slowly, completely in a daze as Mr. Went joins them on the other side of the table. One of the partners clicks a remote, and the lights dim, and a projector screen lowers from the ceiling.

"Aubrey," Mr. Went says, "we've prepared a presentation for you. Before it begins, I want you to remember that our company has a strict code of conduct and that infractions are always punished."

I gulp, but the first image appears before I have time to try to piece together what he's saying. Instantly, my eyes focus on the photo blown up on the huge screen.

It's me. It's me on my knees in my apartment spreading myself open for the camera. My face isn't in this one, but I already know what's going to happen next.

"Recognize this?" Mr. Went says, and my hands fly up to my face.

All of the partners are staring at me, but I can't meet their eyes. I'm too humiliated. I'm stark naked on the screen. My entire body is on display to the men who run my company.

"What...what is this?" I say, hoping that I can feign ignorance.

No one says anything. Mr. Cooper clicks the remote again, and the picture that shows my face comes up.

“I think you know exactly what this is,” Mr. Went tells me, propping his elbows on the table in the darkened room and steeping his fingers.

“Don’t look at us,” Mr. Baker says. “Take a good, hard look at this photo.”

Instead, I close my eyes. This must be a bad dream. This is crazy.

Mr. Baker clicks his tongue. “She’s not very good at following instructions, is she?” he asks Mr. Went.

“I never realized we were going to have a problem with her,” Mr. Went sighs. “I used to think that she was the portrait of innocence. So imagine my surprise when I clapped eyes on this filth.”

I open my eyes and take a deep breath. I just have one important question. “Am I going to be fired?” I croak.

The idea is too much to bear. I moved to the city for this job, and it’s my whole life.

“Of course not,” Mr. Went says absently. “We simply need to make sure this isn’t going to happen again, that you understand there are consequences for your very naughty actions.”

He smiles at me, showing all his gleaming teeth in the darkness. “So you have two choices: You can promise to never do it again. Such outrageous, desperate photos don’t make our company look good, do they?”

I shake my head, my blonde hair covering my face like a curtain. I’m so ashamed. This has to be the most humiliating thing that could ever happen.

“I can promise that,” I say quickly.

Mr. Baker holds up a hand. “Not so fast, Aubrey,” he says firmly. “You haven’t heard your second option, and I think it’s one you’ll *really* like.” Then he turns to Mr. Went. “You do the honors,” Mr. Baker tells him. “It was your idea, after all.”

Mr. Went stares at me for a long moment before parting his lips to speak. The entire time, I squirm under his gaze. I can't believe he's seen all of me, and so have the other partners.

"Your other choice is that you can learn the answer to your question," Mr. Went smirks.

"What do you mean?" I whisper, barely able to speak.

"You can find out what we'll do to you now that we have you alone," he says, standing up to his full height.

The mood in the room changes as Mr. Cooper switches to the next slide. This one shows a line of comments under my forum post, and one is highlighted.

"When I get you alone," it reads. "I'm going to teach you who owns that dripping slut pussy. And when I take it, you won't just have to please me. I'm going to pass you around. I'm going to watch every hole get filled."

My eyes go huge. The lights switch on, and all of a sudden, Mr. Went is standing next to me. I'm hyperaware of his size as he towers over me.

"Well?" he says, tapping his foot. "Do not keep me waiting. Say it. Say it now."

His musky cologne fills my nostrils, and some of my shame is replaced with pure lust. I'm too turned on to just slink back to my office and pretend this never happened.

I guess it was all those comments that I read, but especially the one that Mr. Went left for me.

"I—I'll do whatever you want," I whisper.

Chapter 3

I told you she'd agree," Mr. Went chuckles, glancing over at the other guys.

"Shit, I thought for sure she wasn't *that* much of a slut," Mr. Baker shoots back. His dark eyes glitter as he looks me up and down.

I can hardly believe this is real as I sit in the office chair, but Mr. Went's voice breaks me out of the daze I'm in.

"Undress, Aubrey," he commands. "We're going to take our time today. And I know how much you like to show off."

A flicker of shame flashes through me at his words. I did relish the attention I got from men. How could I not?

Standing up shakily, I take off my clothes mechanically. First, my blouse and then my skirt. The air is so thick with tension I can barely stand it as I peel my lacy thong from around my hips.

At last, I'm standing completely naked in the cold air of the conference room. It feels so wrong to be utterly exposed at work, especially with the three men still wearing their expensive suits.

My nipples are harden—whether its from the chill in the air or desire I can't tell, but it draws a laugh from Mr. Baker.

He crosses the room and takes one of the sensitive nubs between his fingers. His skin feels rough, and I stiffen involuntarily.

"She can't help it. She's already turned on," the partner says, shaking his head ruefully.

He pinches my nipples, sending a surge of pain and pleasure across my breast and making me gasp.

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Mr. Went says, his voice gravelly. “The camera isn’t even on yet.”

It takes a few seconds for his words to sink in, but then my jaw drops and I look over at him in shock.

“Camera?” I squeak.

“That’s what you like, isn’t it, Aubrey?” my boss growls, walking around me and eyeing my naked flesh up and down. “To tease guys with your body. Why else would you post those pictures online? I’m giving you the chance to do more than tease.”

My heart skips a beat at his words. “What—what are giving me the chance to do?” I stammer.

“Stream yourself getting fucked like the desperate slut you are,” Mr. Went declares matter-of-factly. “So all the guys who looked at your pictures know you’re not just a tease.”

I stare slack-jawed at my boss. He wants to record me being fucked! It was too much to process, but just the thought of it made my knees wobble.

Mr. Went stalks over to a camera on a tripod that’s always in the conference room and flicks it on. On the huge screen behind him, video of the conference table in the middle of the room comes to life.

Right now, the frame is empty except for the table and chairs, but I know that’s about to change.

“Get on the table, Aubrey. On all fours,” Mr. Went barks. “Or else put your clothes on and get out of here.”

I know this is it. My last chance to leave and pretend none of this has ever happened. To go back to my boring life of working all the time and

maybe posting a naked photo or two on a different forum, trying to hide it from Mr. Went.

But I can't help myself. My stomach is twisted with pure lust, and my breath comes in quick pants. Walking unsteadily into the camera frame, I clamber up onto the conference room table and get on my hands and knees.

Someone whistles appreciatively as I spread my legs, leaving my puffy, wet pussy completely exposed. I sneak a glance toward the TV screen, and the sight of myself, naked and spread, makes my breath catch in my throat.

I look like a total slut. One whose sole purpose is to be used and fucked. It's the most exhilarating thing I've ever seen.

"Open your mouth," Mr. Went growls, his voice is thick with desire, and I obey him without hesitation.

Staring straight ahead, I watch as my boss unzips his pants and his cock springs out. It's massive, nearly as thick as a soda can and long, too.

"Show everybody what a good cocksucker you are," he commands.

Eagerly, I lean forward and run my tongue around the flared head of my boss's cock. The musky, manly taste of it fills my mouth, making my stomach clench with need.

Opening my jaw as wide as I can, I slip his thickness between my lips. It's not easy—I've never blown someone so big before, but I barely manage it.

"There's already fifty viewers!" Mr. Cooper announces.

"No wonder," Mr. Baker replies. "Sluts this hot and desperate don't come around every day."

Humiliation floods through me as the men laugh and talk about me. Fifty people, I think numbly. Watching me blow my boss and gag on his huge cock. But underneath the shame, I can't ignore the desire that's surging through my body, making me tremble with need.

Suddenly, a hand touches my bubble butt, startling me. The touch trails over the curve of my ass, down between my thighs until it's just a hair's breadth from my pussy.

I can't even see if it's Mr. Cooper or Mr. Baker, but it doesn't matter. Electricity crackles up my spine at the touch, and a high-pitched whine escapes my mouth around Mr. Went's cock.

Spreading my legs wider, I blow my boss even faster, desperate to show them how good I can be. Maybe if I please him, the hand will keep going.

I don't have to wait long.

"Look how wet this bitch is already," Mr. Cooper laughs. His fingers brush against my sopping lips and I can't help but squeal.

Without hesitation, he slips a finger inside of me.

"Agh," I moan, squirming as he pushes deeper inside. He plunges it in and out a few times, testing my pussy while I suck on Mr. Went's cock in front of me.

The finger slips out of me, and I feel something much larger press against my hole.

"Get ready, slut," Mr. Cooper growls from behind me. His hands grab my heart-shaped hips, bringing them up so he has better access to my pussy. It feels so wrong and so right at the same time—to be moved around like a sex doll so these men can use my body for their own pleasure.

"Have you ever been spitroasted before?" Mr. Went asks, smirking down at me as I hungrily suck his cock.

I shake my head slightly, but he pulls his cock out of my mouth and turns my chin so I'm looking at the camera.

"N—no, sir," I stammer. I've never even heard the word before, but it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know what he means as Mr. Cooper is

running his cock up and down my slit.

“It’s your lucky day then, Aubrey,” my boss says.

Turning my head back toward his cock, he holds me motionless while the gestures to Mr. Cooper. At the exact same time, the two men plunge into me: one cock in my mouth and the other in my pussy.

Mr. Cooper stretches my pussy open, driving into my tightness easily because I’m so wet. Pleasure blooms through my core. *Finally*, I think numbly, bucking my hips back to drive his cock even deeper inside of me.

“I knew she’d love it,” Mr. Went laughs, shaking his head as I grind my hips back more toward the cock plunging in and out of my pussy.

The two men take their time, bouncing my body between them as they fuck me.

The feeling is intoxicating. I’m powerless to do anything but kneel there on my hands and knees while they take me.

The knowledge that tons of men are watching, staring at my body, dreaming about fucking me, just makes me even more turned on.

Pleasure tingles through my core, making me whimper. I usually can’t even come when a guy fucks me. But this is different. There’s something so exhilarating about being shared by these men.

They seem to sense I’m close, and both of them speed up. Matching each other stroke for stroke as I struggled to take their cocks.

Mr. Went’s cock swells in my mouth, and I run my tongue around it eagerly. Soon, I’m rewarded with a spurt of hot, salty cum across my tongue, and I swallow it instantly, milking the rest of his load out with my tongue.

Mr. Cooper goes wild behind me, slamming into me even faster as I lick try to lick Mr. Went clean.

“God, you’re one fucking horny slut,” he roars.

His cock is hammering into me so hard that I’m sliding across the wooden table. It’s too much for me to stand.

“I’m going to—” I start to moan, but my words disappear into a scream of pure bliss as my orgasm rips through me.

Mr. Cooper just fucks me harder, and a second later I feel him cock throb in my pussy as he spills load inside of me.

Waves of pleasure wash over me. I’ve never come so hard in my life, and I sag down to the table as Mr. Cooper thrusts into me a few more times, using my pussy to get the last of his load out.

He casually smacks me on the ass, making me jump before he pulls out, leaving me in a heap.

“That’s one tight pussy,” he tells the camera, shaking his head at the sight of me crumpled in a sweaty heap, gasping for air in the afterglow of my orgasm.

Chapter 4

I don't have time to pull myself together though.

Without saying anything, Mr. Baker climbs on top of my prone body. His hands pull my legs apart, and I feel the hot, hardness of his cock press against my pussy. It runs up and down my slit until it's covered in my juices.

I expect him to plunge into me then, just like Mr. Cooper. But to my surprise his cock surprise, his cock suddenly stops touching me.

A sigh of disappointment leaves my lips as I lie there, my face pressed against the table. Turning my neck, I look over my shoulders back at the partner.

His eyes meet mine, and he leers down at me. Suddenly, I feel his slick cock press between my ass cheeks—against my virgin rosebud.

My eyes widen in shock as I realize what's about to happen.

"You ever been assfucked, slut?" he growls.

I shake my head quickly.

"You're so big, Mr. Baker," I squeak uncertainly.

"I'll be gentle. Don't worry, Aubrey," he says, his voice thick with desire. His hand tangles in my hair, and he presses me firmly to the table.

The pressure against my hole builds, and I try to relax. I can hear Mr. Baker grunting with effort behind me as he strain to push inside of me.

It's not east, but finally the head of his cock pops inside my ass, stretching me open. It doesn't really hurt—I just feel completely full. Like I'm being stuffed by something ten times the size of Mr. Baker's cock.

"It's huge," I moan, my legs trembling as the man pushes deeper still. His cock slides in easier now that I'm wedged open, plowing deeper and deeper into me.

"Relax, slut. It feels good, doesn't it?" he growls, his voice strained.

I can't deny it. The sensation of fullness is weirdly satisfying, and its only growing stronger the farther he slips into me. By the time his hips slap against my ass, I'm panting for air, and my head feels fuzzy with pleasure.

Mr. Baker doesn't give me any time to get used to it though. Immediately, he draws back and then skewers me on his cock again.

Stars dance in front of my eyes from the intensity of the sensations surging through me. I moan and clench my hands until my nails dig into my palms. It's almost too much to bear.

The sound of his hips slapping against my bare flesh fills the room, and I wonder how many people are watching the stream now. Watching me lose my anal virginity while I writhe on the cold, wooden table.

The thought makes my stomach tingle with need, and without thinking, I slip a hand down between my legs.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, I press against my aching clit. I can feel another orgasm building inside of me, but I know I have to help it along. Just getting assfucked isn't going to get me there.

"Holy shit, look at that slut go," Mr. Cooper shouts from beside the table. "She's fucking masturbating with a cock in her ass!"

My face burns bright red with shame, but I can't stop myself. I push even harder against my clit.

Looking up at the TV screen, I hardly recognize myself. My perfect makeup is smeared and running down my face as I bite my lip to stop from crying out. My whole body is tensed, shaking slightly as I rub furiously at my clit. I look like a total slut.

But it doesn't matter. I'm so close. The pleasure is mounting deep inside of me, deeper than its ever been before.

The feeling of Mr. Baker's cock sinking into my ass, bottoming out inside of me is just too exquisite.

Then, he tenses on top of me.

"Fuck, I'm coming," he roars, driving into me even harder. A flood of warmth unloads inside my ass.

He's coming inside of me, I realize. Spilling his load in my ass while hundreds of people watch.

It's too much for me. With a primal scream, I come. Pure bliss explodes through my body, and I can feel myself tightening rhythmically around Mr. Baker's cock.

The two men watching laugh and say something I can't understand while I whip my head from side to side, sobbing with ecstasy.

My orgasm seems to last forever, but when it's finally done, I'm utterly spent. I collapse weakly against the table, my limbs rubbery as I gasp for air.

I don't even know when the men switch the camera off or when Mr. Cooper and Mr. Baker leave. By the time I come to, it's just Mr. Went alone in the conference room with me.

He reaches down and brushes my matted hair from my face.

"I knew you'd enjoy that, Aubrey," he says. "From now on, you're going to be slut at the office. Would you like that?"

My whole body feels so relaxed I can't even speak. I just nod, a look of pure adoration of my face as I gaze up at the man who gave me so much pleasure.

"That's what I thought," he chuckled. "Tomorrow, we'll have to find you more than three cocks."

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