



Katt Ford

Office Sluts

Parts 1 - 7

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All characters in this story are over the age of
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Office Sluts: Parts 1 - 7

Under Her Desk

I managed to make it all the way through the morning without seeing her. Funny; seeing Amber was once the highlight of my day. All the guys in the office knew she was an incorrigible tease. The fact she was married to the boss only made her worse, I think. She loved to be looked at, to taunt the rest of us with what we could never have. She and Royce were well-matched, in that sense. He was big on status. His company, his office, his fancy imported German sports car. His sexy wife. All status symbols, constant reminders for both him and for us that he was doing better than the rest of us. I used to tell myself that such traits were the sure sign of a fragile ego, that he needed to bolster his sense of self-worth with all the trinkets and baubles that money could buy, because deep down he suspected his own worthlessness. Pop psychology. Who knows? Maybe there was some truth to it. But if I wanted to get all analytical about it, I'd be better off analyzing myself. What was at the heart of these feelings I had towards Royce and his wife? Jealousy. Simple jealousy.

Not that I had anything to be ashamed of when it came to partners. In fact, that was about the only metric where I could hope to compete with Royce on an even footing. Jamie and I had married young; too young, our parents thought at the time. Maybe that was why she had consented to marry me, being too young to know her market value. Jamie was beautiful then, and is even more beautiful now, fourteen years since we started dating back in high school. It's not like I'm ugly, I hasten to add. In the right light and from the right angle, I can pass for decent looking. I'd like to be a little taller, a little more muscular, but I spend my life behind a desk. It is what it is.

Luckily, my beautiful wife, who could have pretty much any man she wants, genuinely loves me. She really does. After all the trials and triumphs of the years we've spent together, growing up together in many ways, our bond is incredibly strong. It would have to be, to survive what it's been put through lately. To make metal harder, you melt and pound it, over and over again, and what seems like an attempt to destroy it in fact forges rough ore into something perfect. With Royce wielding the hammer and Amber pumping away at the bellows, our marriage had been tested more than most. But here we still were, still together, still facing down the years and the challenges. Not to mention the thrills. It's only quite late in life that it has occurred to me that those things are often the same.

I'd managed not to see Amber all morning, like I said. Not an easy task. I had to pass her office any time I wanted coffee or to visit the bathroom. I knew she was there, of course. I could hear her at times, talking on the phone or laughing with a co-worker. Once upon a time, I'd have been like the other guys, vying to get a look at her, speculating on what she might be wearing today. Not any more. I knew I was going to find out. And it was just creeping towards lunch time, and I thought I might actually make it halfway through the day, when my phone vibrated on my desk. It was her. A message from Amber.

My office. Now.

Sighing, I slipped my phone into my pocket. Amber did not like to be kept waiting. I had a ton of work to catch up on, and this intrusion was only going to make me fall further behind. But Amber was the boss. Next to Royce, she had the most power of anyone in the company. And Royce backed her decisions no matter what. An order from her was effectively an order from him. So I did as I was told. My stomach fluttered nervously as I made my way along the short corridor to Amber's office.

She was sitting on top of her desk, instead of behind it. With her legs crossed, I could see the shape of her thigh beneath the black skirt she wore, a relatively demure garment that fell almost to her

knees. The only concession to her exhibitionist nature was the tightness of the cut. Tall boots rose to her knees, the black leather glistening dangerously in the overhead light as a single foot bobbed rhythmically. A thin maroon sweater hugged her torso, the deep V in the front exposing the swell of her boobs that looked even bigger than usual under the top she wore. She was smiling, that faint and devious smile I had come to know so well over the past few months, that made slight dimples appear in her otherwise smooth cheeks. Her chestnut hair was tied back today, the loose ponytail falling sleekly down her back. Amber was my age, or perhaps just a few years older. In the full flush of womanhood, her body retaining some of the freshness of youth mingled with the sultriness of a woman who has come to really know herself, and what she wants. Like I said, my wife is beautiful. In a straight contest of classical beauty, I'm confident that Jamie would win, even if I am biased. But Amber was sexy. Some women just exude sex appeal like a dark magnetism only vaguely related to their looks. There was something about Amber, besides the obvious appeal of her curvaceous body. Something in her eyes, or in that sultry smile. Something dangerous, and irresistible.

"Close the door," she said softly. I gulped, and did what she said, even locking it behind me. Amber didn't directly supervise me, and so I had a feeling I knew what she had in mind when she asked me to close the door. Something we wouldn't want to be caught doing. I could feel my cock hardening in my pants as the lock clicked shut beneath my hand. I couldn't help myself. It was this, exactly this, that got me into so much trouble. And sometimes I loved it, and sometimes I came close to hating it. The way Amber treated me sometimes...but there was nothing I could do. If moths knew the lightbulb that draws them in will destroy them, would they keep hurling themselves against it? I think that they would. Some instincts are just too powerful to resist. With the door locked, I turned to face Amber, my chest rising and falling steadily as my fingernails made tiny dents in the flesh of my sweating palms. Her warm brown eyes flickered over me unabashed, and I saw that teasing smile deepen as her gaze fell to the front of my pants. Clenching my hands tighter, I

resisted the urge to try and cover the increasingly obvious shape of my erection. After all, it was nothing she hadn't seen before.

"Do you like my boots?" Amber asked, in a conversational tone that jarred with the building sexual tension of the moment. Her thin heel scraped lightly across the top of her desk as she moved her foot this way and that. The supple leather hugged her calves, the lean muscle of her legs accentuated by the tall heel that lent a sexy, dangerous look to her footwear. They were perfect for her, I thought to myself. Like some kind of weapon that you can't help but want to be wounded by.

"They're very nice, Miss," I stammered. Outside, in the office as a whole, there were no such formalities. But behind closed doors, Amber insisted on deference. Amber's demands were many and various, and yet I complied to the best of my ability with every one of them. She just had that kind of authority, that mysterious charisma. And her devious little games were not without appeal to me, as shameful as it was to admit. Her capricious generosity was almost as overwhelming as her equally unpredictable greed. The light shone in the polished leather as Amber ran a hand over the shaft of her boot.

"If I told you what they cost, it would probably upset you," she grinned. "They were custom made for me. I had to wait six weeks for the leather to be flown in from Italy. But it's only money, right? I mean, it's nothing to us. I'm blessed with a generous husband."

"Yes, Miss," I mumbled.

"It's a shame you can't afford to treat your wife the way my husband treats me. I'm sure she'd like something like these in her closet. But I know what you make. Poor woman. It must be awful to be married to a man who can't properly provide for her."

I said nothing, gritting my teeth behind my tightly compressed lips. Certain of Amber's kinks did nothing for me at all. I wasn't even poorly paid. But I clearly made far less than she did, far less than Royce. For a couple without children, Jamie and I were perfectly

comfortable. But Amber was absolutely right that we weren't about to spend hundreds, if not thousands, on a custom-made pair of boots.

"They're hot though, aren't they?" Amber said as she continued to stroke the smooth leather. Her voice was little more than a whisper now, her eyes half-hidden behind thick black lashes.

"Yes, Miss," I said, and cleared my throat. They were. The boots simply screamed sex as they clung to Amber's shapely legs and shone with every slight movement she made.

"Come here," she said. "Take a closer look." As though in a dream, I stumbled forward, barely feeling my clumsy feet as all the sensation in my body focused on my groin. The blood roared in my ears, the way it always did when I stood on the edge of some new depravity, and my vision narrowed into a dark tunnel with Amber at its end. Her skirt drew tighter as she raised one knee, leaning back on her hands as she reclined on top of the desk. Her smile was wide as she stared into my flushed face, enjoying the change she had brought about by showing no more of herself than a tall boot and a glimpse of her knee and the round shape of her thighs beneath the black skirt. In the deep V of her sweater, her deep cleavage swelled. Her eyes sparkled as she grinned at me.

"Would you like to touch them?" she asked, so quietly I could barely hear her over the rapid thumping of my deranged heart.

"Yes, Miss," I rasped through dry lips. My tongue felt suddenly too big for my mouth.

"Get your cock out," Amber smiled. "I want to see how hard my feet make you." She giggled to herself as I fumbled with the front of my pants. This was no time for considerations of pride or ego. Amber had me. She knew it. She knew that even the dim promise of pleasure from her was like a sacred command to me, and she rarely missed an opportunity to exploit this wrinkle of my soul. After all this time, it still seemed to fascinate her, my almost trance-like compliance, the ease with which she controlled me. Her glowing eyes danced over my face with a look of fascination, as though at

any minute she expected me to resist. She ought to have known better. I was helpless, every time she took control. My cock burst through the open zipper of my pants as I pulled it free of my boxer shorts, standing out hard and proud from between my legs, the red skin bulging with a network of swollen veins like steel cables. Amber smiled with delight at the sight of my manhood, throbbing with need and pointing directly up at her where she reclined on her wide desk. As though in tribute, it throbbed visibly, and as she reached out a hand and trailed it lightly, ever so lightly, over my needy shaft, I let out a low groan of frustrated desire.

“You really do like these boots, don’t you?” she teased.

“Yes, Miss,” I moaned. I did. But it wasn’t just that. It was her legs, her hips, her giant breasts swelling against the sweater above her narrow waist. It was that smile, and those dimples. It was that voice. Those eyes. Everything about my boss’s wife dripped with raw sex appeal, and I was helpless in her presence, a tiny boat on a storm-tossed ocean, doing everything I could just to stay afloat and not capsize in the shadow of her elemental allure.

“Why don’t you lick them?” Amber said. And she said it in such a soft, steady whisper that the request seemed not at all unreasonable. Powerful hormones danced in the office’s close air between us, and my reason withered away along with my resistance, and her suggestion seemed to only make sense. She was so far above me, so sexy and in control, that it didn’t even seem that strange as I bent my trembling body at the waist. The leather was even softer than it looked as I pressed my lips to the top of her foot, and my cock surged as I tried to sneak surreptitious glances up into the darkness inside her skirt while I kissed her foot. She giggled happily, excited by her own power, and I felt her toes wiggling against my mouth inside the boot. I could smell the leather of the brand new footwear, an intoxicating scent that made my cock throb as I debased myself, sliding my tongue over the top of her foot while she smiled down at me.

“On your knees,” she said quietly. Like some voice-activated automaton, I sank at once to the floor. Amber’s high heels tapped against the desk’s wooden front as she pivoted, turning to face me with her feet hanging down in front of me. This time, she didn’t cross her legs, and only her knees, pressed together inside her skirt, prevented me from seeing the goal I so rabidly desired. Her heels drummed lightly against the desk as she kicked her legs in excitement, and I knelt on the short carpet before her. I heard her sigh happily as I licked and lapped at her boots, leaving a rapidly fading trail of moisture behind as I kneeled and worshiped her. My cheeks prickled as my face reddened. Thank God the door was locked. If my coworkers on the other side of the closed door could see me now, I’d be utterly humiliated. It was humiliating enough as it was, to be groveling so pathetically at Amber’s boots. But my cock lunged desperately in the empty air below her.

“Alright, slut,” Amber finally said. I could hear the low growl in her voice as she spoke, and my balls ached with a load of boiling cum at the thought that she, too, was getting excited. “Time to do your job,” she sneered. Her boot heels thudded on the floor as she slid down from the desk. Her skirt pulled tight around her legs as she stood with her feet apart, her hands on her hips, seeming to tower over me in her wickedly sexy boots that still shone with traces of my adoration. “Get under my desk where you belong,” she said. A single finger with its nail painted a deep, dark red pointed towards Amber’s desk. Without a word, I crawled towards the darkness in front of her chair, encouraged along by a swift kick from her boot against my ass. “Move it, slut,” she snarled, and my cock twitched as I scrabbled quickly into position. I could feel her footsteps through the floor as she followed me, her body swaying from side to side as she strode behind me. As I settled myself as best I could on my knees in the foot of her desk, Amber sat down in her swivel chair and rolled backwards, bending down so that she could look me in the eye.

“Lunch time,” she smiled. “You’re going to stay under there and worship me until I’m satisfied. Understand?”

“Yes, Miss,” I panted. My mouth was watering in anticipation. As Amber rolled her chair forward again, I heard the rasp of a desk drawer being opened. In the rectangle of light that framed her legs, I saw a pair of steel handcuffs being dangled.

“Put these on,” Amber ordered. “Behind your back.” In the cramped space, the maneuver was tricky, but I did as I was told. The cuffs clicked, and the cool metal tickled the skin of my wrists as I fastened my own hands behind me. In an agony of anticipation, I watched Amber wiggle out of her skirt and drop it to the floor beside her. Then she rolled her chair forward again, trapping me under her desk. Slowly, she spread her legs, and I inhaled the fragrant scent of her arousal as my cock twitched against her boot. She wore no panties. I wondered if they had been removed when she summoned me, or if she had simply not bothered wearing any today. Neither outcome would especially surprise me. Leaning forward unsteadily, I tried to press my face to her waiting sex. But her hand on my forehead kept me just out of reach.

“Silly little slut,” she giggled, her face hidden by the desk above me. “So turned on, just by my boots.” I gasped quietly as she raised a foot from the floor, and her slender heel drew a deep red line down the skin of my thigh, making me shudder. “That’s all you’re good for,” Amber went on. I groaned and shuddered as the pointed toe of her boot tapped lightly against my erection, making my shaft bounce slightly up and down while I strained for an impossible release. “Licking my boots. Worshiping me. Just wait until your wife hears about this.” Red shame rose within me. But monstrous lust drowned it out. My wife would laugh, if she could see me now. She’d seen worse. But I could never fully escape the feelings of shame and wounded pride I felt when Amber so effortlessly dominated me like this. That was what made it so hot. For both of us.

Amber released my heat and I lunged forward. She chuckled happily as she felt my lips meet hers, and my tongue slid over her swollen pussy eagerly while she sighed with pleasure. I’d been in this position, or others similar to it, often enough to have learned a thing or two when it came to pleasuring Amber. Starting with small kisses

to her sex, I worked my way up, my kissing becoming deeper and more passionate by the minute. Amber moaned quietly as my tongue began to explore, slipping easily between her lips that were already wet with the juices of her arousal. I could taste her liquid pleasure in my throat, and her thighs swayed on either side of my head as I continued to please her.

In the hot space beneath the desk, my skin prickled. Amber's knees knocked against my head, and her boot heels scratched my skin as her movements became more erratic. Her low murmurs of approval soon turned to cries of delight. As I slipped my tongue inside her wet folds, I could feel the tiny tremors deep within her sex as her pleasure mounted. I grunted as she accidentally jabbed a heel into my stomach, and the vibration of my lips against her pussy made her scream with unbridled delight. My cock swayed and throbbed, lurching like a drunk from side to side in the empty air, starved of pleasure while Amber's delight filled the air around me. The cuffs bit into my wrists. With a sudden shout, Amber howled, and a hot flood of her juices ran over my chin. I gulped and gasped and licked and swallowed, my mouth filling with her cum as quickly as I could drink it down. Her pussy gripped my probing tongue as she gripped the back of my head, pinning my captive tongue inside her pulsating sex while her orgasm made her body convulse above me. With a loud sigh, she slumped in her chair. Tentatively, I withdrew, licking the remnants of her cum off my lips while she gasped and shuddered. I could see the muscles twitching in her legs around me, spasming arrhythmically as stray neurons fired and sparked. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't at least a little pleased with myself. Amber loved belittling me, mocking me, talking to me as though I was worthless. But I had made her cum, hard. There was no way to pretend otherwise. For all the other things she could mock me for, she couldn't deny my abilities there.

"Fuck," Amber breathed. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her breath as her chest rose and fell, sucking in lungfuls of air to feed her tired muscles. "Good little slut," she said quietly. "At least you're useful for something. Just a submissive little cunt licker, aren't you?"

“Yes Miss,” I said. In the hot darkness beneath the desk, my body crackled with desire. Amber’s powerful orgasm had only made my need for one of my own that much stronger.

“Here,” she said. That malicious chuckle was back in her voice. I watched her, silhouetted by the window behind her, as she reached between her legs, her breath catching as her fingers slid over the wet mess of her orgasm-racked pussy. Slick juices of pleasure sparkled on her wet fingers as she smeared her own cum over the front of her boots. I could see her moisture shining on the leather as she rolled forward again.

“Clean my boots,” she ordered. “Don’t stop until they’re sparkling again. I want to see my face in them.” The taste of her sex on the leather was intoxicating. I ran my tongue over her feet and shins, licking her legs in a fog of submissive lust, my ignored cock throbbing as though it might burst. Above me, I could hear Amber typing out something on her computer. But I had been given my task to perform. Underneath her desk, everything was so much simpler. Sometimes, I think that’s part of the appeal. When Amber takes control, I don’t have to think any more. All I have to do is obey.

I stiffened as I heard her pick up the phone. A quick jab from a sharp heel against my chest reminded me of my duties. Lapping once again at her shiny boots, I listened to her talking on the phone, as if I wasn’t there at all. A fresh wave of humiliation swept over me as I cowered beneath the desk. The person on the other end of the phone had no idea I was there, of course. But I couldn’t help but cringe at the shame I felt as I groveled before her while she carried on with her job. Her boots prodded and poked me idly while she talked, and I did my best to keep licking and kissing her legs while she toyed with me.

“Yeah, I know,” she said. “That account’s always been fucked up. It used to be handled by you-know-who, and she made a total mess of it. Just do the best you can.” A pause, while I pressed my lips to a spot on her shin that still shone with a faint trace of her smeared juices. Amber laughed out loud.

“Oh yeah, for sure,” she cackled. “We should totally do that. Who, Tim?” I bristled at the sound of my name, until another little kick brought me back to the task at hand. “I think he’s busy at the moment. Yeah, I think so. Oh, probably. You know little Timmy.” She laughed again while my cheeks blazed. I could feel the red glow of shame even in my ears as she discussed me with some unknown party. My greatest fear was that our twisted little games would be discovered, outside the small circle who were already aware. Amber loved playing with that fear, just as she did with all my other worries.

“Ok. Well, we’ll see. It’ll be up for review soon anyway, and then maybe we can redo the file in a way that makes more sense. Yeah, just email me if you hear from them. Ok. Talk to you later.” The phone clicked back into its cradle. I resisted the urge to ask who she had been talking to as I ran my tongue over an already spotless section of Amber’s boot. She wouldn’t tell me. I wasn’t there to ask questions. I was there to follow orders. Up above, I heard Amber sigh happily as she felt my mouth work through the expensive leather.

“Alright, that’s enough,” she said. There was that growl in her voice again. My cock hadn’t softened since I stepped into her office, but as I heard the sound of her own arousal starting to build again, my erection felt ready to burst. Amber snapped her fingers, pointing to her exposed pussy that shone and sparkled with the remnants of her earlier cum.

“We’re not done here,” I heard her say as I inched forward between her thighs. “Get your slut mouth back here and lick my pussy.” She didn’t need to tell me twice. With a moan of sweet torment, I pressed my mouth once again to her trembling pussy, tasting her again on my tongue, more strongly this time, and she gripped the back of my head and ground her hips against me as she began to cry out in pleasure once again.

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Sheepishly, I stepped out of Amber’s office, leaving the door open behind me. She had to crack a window, letting the slight wind outside sweep away the smell of sex that permeated her office as I

was finally dismissed. I'd lost track of how long I'd been in there. My jaw ached from going down on Amber, and my shirt was damp with sweat. I hoped it was only sweat. I couldn't shake the feeling that her pussy could be smelled on me, on my breath, on my cheeks, on my clothes. I needed to get to the bathroom, to clean myself up as best I could before anyone noticed my disheveled state and began to put two and two together. Amber was practically glowing as I left, leaning back in her chair with a broad smile of contentment on her face. Thoroughly sated. I, on the other hand, was boiling over with unrelieved desire. Amber had made it quite clear that I was there to please her, not the other way around. After a long stretch of extensive pussy licking, I was sent away like a lowly servant, my own satisfaction immaterial. I walked slightly bent at the waist in an attempt to hide the erection I had had to awkwardly stuff into my pants, and as I made my way to the bathroom, I silently prayed that I wouldn't run into any one else. I prayed I would have the bathroom to myself, so that maybe I could relieve this awful feeling of blocked desire that was burning brightly in my tight guts.

But I'm not that lucky.

Royce's office was right beside Amber's. With the taste of his wife's pussy lingering on my tongue, my boss was the last person I wanted to see, and I was relieved to see that his door was closed. But as I scuttled by, the handle clicked, and the door swung open. It wasn't Royce who stepped out, though. Swaggering, cocky Royce. It was Jamie. My wife.

She stopped in the corridor in front of me. Our eyes met. She looked absolutely lovely, as always. Her eyes glowed a deep sapphire blue in the mobile shadows cast by the soft waves of her ash blonde hair. Her make up was subtle, work appropriate, but it highlighted her delicate cheekbones and brought out the dazzling blue of her eyes. Her red lips were slightly smudged from when I had last seen them this morning. As though she had caught me looking, she raised a hand and wiped the excess lipstick from her bottom lip before smoothing her rumpled pencil skirt over her thighs. My

treacherous cock throbbed. Jamie looked incredible, no matter what she was doing. That was part of the problem.

“Hey,” she said, her voice quiet, her breath seeming just a little short.

“Hey,” I said. As I watched, her cheeks colored right before my eyes, and I felt my skin prickle as mine did the same. We have no secrets, my wife and I. We can’t. That’s rule number one. I could guess all too easily what she had been doing in my boss’s office, and she was under no illusions as to where I had just been. When Royce hired my wife, I had no idea that things would turn out like this. I knew he was attracted to her, of course. I’m used to that. But never in my wildest dreams did I picture a scenario like this, the two of us frozen in front of one another like teenagers caught breaking curfew. I gulped, and the taste of Amber’s pussy swelled in my throat while shame roasted the edges of my heart in green flame.

“I was just - uh - going to the bathroom,” I said, completely unnecessarily. Jamie’s golden hair bounced around her shoulders as she nodded. A pale smile appeared on her still-smudged lips. After a moment, it found an echo on my own face. You had to laugh at the situation, for all its utter perversity and blood-curdling embarrassment. We’d caught each other out doing something we both wanted to do, something we already knew each other did. I didn’t know if Royce and Amber had planned it this way deliberately, or whether it was pure chance. But either way, I had to laugh.

“Come on,” I said, stepping forward and taking my wife’s hand in mine. Her smile grew, her teeth showing white and even against her bold red lips. “Let’s go get some lunch,” I said. Swaying from side to side in the stiletto heels she wore, Jamie walked beside me, her hand in mine.

People had warned me, before we did it, that working with my wife could be hard. They had no idea, I thought to myself. They didn’t know what Royce and Amber were like, after all. They had no idea, just as I had no idea at the time, of the plans the two had for us. But then there are moments like this, I thought as I walked hand in hand

with Jamie towards the company lunch room. Moments of unrivaled sweetness, both of us sitting on a secret we don't need to vocalize. This is what we signed up for. As hard as it sometimes gets - and believe me, it gets harder than I ever imagined sometimes - we wouldn't change a thing.

Seduced By The Boss

It's hypnotic, watching her get ready. I don't know what it is. My wife is beautiful, no matter what she wears. She wakes up beautiful, to me at least. She, I'm sure, would disagree. But from the minute the rude alarm goes off in the morning and her royal blue eyes blink open for the first time on the day, her golden hair swirling around her face in a tangled mess that never looks anything less than adorable, she looks fantastic.

But that doesn't mean she doesn't work at it.

She gets up before I do, since it takes her longer to get ready. One of those inherent injustices of womanhood that I'm secretly glad I'm on the right side of. I pretty much shower, put on clothes and I'm out the door. What Jamie goes through is more like a performance. And I like to watch it. As the make up goes on, my already beautiful wife becomes truly stunning. It never ceases to amaze me, what a few tiny pots of liquid and powder can do. She keeps her make up work appropriate, more or less. She goes maybe a little heavier than most women would. Not that she needs it. But then, ours is not a normal workplace. We try to keep the illusion intact for our coworkers, that nothing's going on behind closed doors. But it very much is. Even the thought of them suspecting anything, of them whispering gossip and innuendo about us behind our backs, makes my heart freeze and my stomach flutter with a dizzying cocktail of fear and excitement. God, if they knew. I don't know what I'd do.

Jamie doesn't wear pants at work. Not ever. Showered and with her make up finally done, I watched as she began to dress. Her soft skin seemed to glow in the rising light as she adjusted herself into a bra. And this was no workday bra, either, the practical seamless comfort garments another woman might wear beneath her work clothes. This was an elaborate red affair with carefully engineered cups that pushed her breasts up and together, giving her a mouth-watering cleavage that made it hard to look anywhere else. Catching my eye in the mirror, Jamie smiled sheepishly. Her panties matched, the thin string of the thong disappearing between the soft globes of her toned ass as I watched. My cock was rock hard as I watched her move, my eyes following her hungrily across the bedroom. My body throbbed to this striptease in reverse as she slowly, carefully, covered herself from my desperate gaze.

She rummaged in the closet and produced a deep blue dress. Cardboard tags still hung from the brand-new garment, and Jamie used a small pair of nail scissors on the top of the dresser to cut them off. Her closet was filled to bursting. Soon, we'd need to upgrade. But Jamie had an image to maintain, and that costs money. I wasn't about to complain. She held the new dress out towards me, and her eyes sought mine.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"It's nice," I said. "It'll look great."

Jamie smiled. I always said that. The thing that she maybe only half-believed, or believed wholly but only some of the time, was that I meant it. Each and every time. And yes, I'm biased. I'm not stupid; I'd have said something similar no matter what I thought. That's a husband's job. But to my inexperienced eye, my wife had impeccable taste in clothes. Of course, it was easier for her. She was one of those blessed people who look good in everything. She had the slender body that they actually design clothes for, despite how rare that particular body type truly is among real people. She worked at it. She had more discipline than I did. I go to the gym, sometimes, when my gut starts getting soft and I start feeling self-conscious about it. Then

I shed a few pounds and go back to my old lazy ways. Jamie does it properly, three times a week, only missing a day if we travel or if she's sick. It shows. I can't count how many times on an average day it occurs to me that I'm lucky I met her when I did, and married her when I did. She was always the hottest girl in school, but her beauty has grown with age. Mine has - well, I didn't have much in the way of looks to begin with. Jamie says she likes the gray hairs that are starting to shine in my dark scalp, but I don't know if I believe her.

"Give me a hand?" I rose from the bed as Jamie unzipped the dress. I loved and hated this part. Being this close to her, smelling her soap-scented skin and the gentle heat rising from her gorgeous body, my face tickled by her sun-colored hair as I pressed myself against her. She bent, sliding the blue sheath of the dress up her legs, and I couldn't help myself. My desires are utterly predictable. I'm consistent, you have to give me that. The firm skin of her ass dented slightly beneath my fingertips as I gripped her delectable cheek in my hand, and my fingers slid between her legs, seeking her sex beneath the thin fabric of her vanishing panties.

"Stop it," Jamie said, straightening up. "We don't have time." She affected irritation. But I could hear the smile in her voice. It's nice to be wanted, after all. She was right, we didn't have time. We had to be at work in forty minutes, and traffic can be unpredictable. But my cock throbbed inside my boxer shorts, and - well. If I was the kind of man who could ignore the urgings of my body, we wouldn't be in the position we were in. But I'm not, and so we are.

Jamie pulled the dress up, the blue fabric growing tight around her hips as she filled it out. Against my own judgment, I helped her pull it up over her body as she slipped her arms through the holes in the dress's front. The long silver zipper shone along her spine as I pulled it up, the dress pulling tighter around her as the two halves joined until the closed zipper dangled just below her neck. Jamie turned. I looked her up and down, nodding my approval. She looked great. The dark blue of the dress really brought out the color of her beautiful eyes, and the cut of the fabric clung to the curves of her body, revealing nothing while hinting at everything. The outfit was

quite modest, with a knee length hem and a high neckline, despite her bare arms. The dress was pulled in at the waist, accentuating Jamie's hourglass figure while her sexy bra pushed her breasts out beneath the blue clothing.

"You look fantastic," I said. She really did. She looked sexy, but not overpoweringly so. It was a dress that could work in a boardroom just as well as in a bar. Jamie had a difficult line to toe when it came to her work clothing, but I thought she had succeeded admirably.

"Thank you," she smiled. "Can you get my shoes? They're just inside the closet. The black ones." Jamie sat down on the edge of the bed while I padded across the bedroom to get her shoes. I knew immediately the ones she meant. These, I'd seen before. Shiny black pumps of patent leather, with a peephole in the front to show off her painted toes and a wicked spike heel that had to be five or six inches tall. My hands trembled as I picked up the shoes, holding them in one clumsy fist by their slender heels. Jamie smiled encouragingly as I walked towards her. Bending my knees, I sank to the bedroom floor in front of her and reached for her feet.

My cock throbbed. I could never kneel before a woman and not feel this way now, reminded in a bright instant of all the times I'd been made to kneel before. Jamie was not like Amber. She didn't get the same thrill my boss did from humbling and humiliating me, from making me grovel and crawl. But all of that came back to me in a sudden rush as I kneeled before my wife, and she wordlessly offered me her foot, and I slid on first one sexy shoe, and then the other. I still hadn't showered, and wore only the boxer shorts I had slept in. There was no hiding my powerful erection as I helped my wife dress for her day, leaving no doubt that what I really wanted to do was to undress her and sink my hard cock into her pulsating pussy. But that wasn't going to happen. Jamie was right; we were running late already. And our bosses could be real sticklers for punctuality. Among many other things, come to think of it.

With her shoes on, Jamie put both feet on the floor, adjusting her feet slightly in her high heels. I knew what the provocative footwear

would do to her gait. Just balancing on such slender spikes would cause her to thrust out her ass, and the muscles in her legs would tighten, and that modest blue dress would cling beautifully to her body with every step she took, and every eye in the office would be on my wife as she passed. And I'd have to sit there and watch it. And Jamie knew I'd be watching.

"Ok," she said quietly. "You better get showered. Hurry up; you know what happens if we're late." I did. Red-faced, I stood. Jamie's sapphire eyes sparkled as she watched me, a faint smile playing on her red painted lips. My erection was plainly visible, a humiliating sign of my arousal that I could do nothing about as I gathered fresh underwear for after the shower. She sat on the bed looking absolutely radiant, absolutely untouchable, watching me with amusement as I slunk off to shower.

*

I never really liked Royce. Not that that matters to him. Royce is one of those people who doesn't give a damn what people think. At least, he doesn't care if you like him on a personal level, anyway. He wants you to see his nice car, his expensive watch, his hot wife, and be impressed. But he couldn't care less whether you think he's a nice guy. The truth is, he's not a nice guy. Maybe you can't be, if you really want to succeed. And Royce has most definitely succeeded. I can't argue with that.

Maybe you're not meant to like your boss. It's not that I hated him, back then. I found him a little loud, a little arrogant. But that kind of goes with the territory. What Royce was good at, above all, was growing his business. He was the most persuasive man I ever met in my life. A born salesman. Sometimes I'd go into his office to make some point or another, and come out having swallowed every word that he said, and it was only days later that I realized how easily he had convinced me of his point of view. It was a gift. And it was the secret of the company's success. The truth was, Royce didn't know all that much about running a business, day to day. He just knew how

to sell. But that was all he needed to know. He could hire people for all the rest.

It was my second year of working for him. The second Christmas party I had attended with the company. Jamie hadn't been to the first. We were all invited to bring our spouses, but her mother had been sick at the time, and Jamie was back east helping out. But that year, Jamie came to our Christmas party, which was being held in the private room of an upscale downtown restaurant.

"Hey Tim. Glad you could make it." Royce met us at the door. He took my hand in his, gripping me firmly in one of those hard handshakes some men like to inflict on others. Beneath his tight dress shirt, the muscles of his arms bulged. Royce is a fitness fanatic. His body, I suppose, is just one more aspect of his carefully cultivated image, and he took as much care over it as he did over everything else. Of course, genetics helped him there. I'm not a short man by any standard, but Royce towers over me. He's got to be at least six foot four or five. His sandy blonde hair shows no sign of either thinning or graying, falling in thick waves from his scalp. His blue eyes are piercing above the designer stubble that flecks his square chin. He's a good-looking guy, basically, is what I'm trying to say. Even without his money, I'm sure he'd do well with women. With it, he's unstoppable.

"Hi Royce," I said. "This is my wife, Jamie."

"Hello," Royce said. He had that way of directed his focus at whoever he was speaking, making them feel like they were the only person in the room. Charisma, I guess. As he turned to Jamie, it was as though I was a mere fly on the wall. Her blue eyes met his, and I saw her cheeks turn pink, her bottom lip twitching slightly, and a red spike of jealousy rose in my chest. I know my wife. She was attracted to him instantly, I could see that. And even though I wasn't exactly surprised, given Royce's looks and charm, it gave me a strange feeling inside to see her so visibly responding to him as he took her hand far more gently than he had mine in his heavy fist.

“Hi,” Jamie smiled. She looked like a schoolgirl gazing up at a picture of some teen heartthrob. There might as well have been tiny pink hearts floating around her head, she was so obviously smitten.

“You are absolutely stunning,” Royce said, his voice deep and even as he smiled. The deep crags that rose on his cheeks as he grinned only added to his rugged masculinity. “I’m so glad we’re finally getting to meet. Tim has told us all how beautiful his wife is, and I can see he wasn’t exaggerating one bit.”

“Oh, well - thank you,” Jamie giggled.

“Oh, I mean it,” Royce went on, while I plastered a stupid smile on my face and curled my hands into fists in my pockets. “You are just - breathtaking. How did a guy like Tim ever land a woman like you, huh?” Jamie laughed, a little louder than I would have liked.

“I wonder that myself,” I said. Jamie’s eyes flickered towards me, briefly, before returning to Royce. He didn’t so much as look at me.

“Come with me,” he said. Still holding her hand in his, his other hand curled around her to lie flat against the small of her back. “There’s some people I’d like you to meet. Tim, I’m just going to borrow your wife for a second, ok?”

“Uh - ok,” I mumbled dumbly. He was already leading her off into the crowd. Jamie cast a glance back at me, her blue eyes sparkling with confusion and excitement. She shrugged as she went with Royce, and I took a seat at a table.

The night wore on. From time to time, I caught a glimpse of Royce and my wife, working the crowd. His attention was turning Jamie’s head. Even at a distance, I could see that. I made awkward conversation with my coworkers, trying to pretend that I was interested in their lives, trying to pretend I didn’t mind that my boss seemed to have co-opted my wife. Who did he want her to meet? Why was he clinging to her so possessively? I try to control myself at these functions. But as I downed yet another beer, losing count of how many empty bottles littered the table around me, I steadily

abandoned all pretense of doing anything but watching the two of them.

“How’s it going, Timmy?” The empty seat beside me was supposed to be for my wife. But it was Amber who flopped down into it now. My bleary eyes struggled to focus as I turned to her, my head suddenly unsteady on my neck. I never liked being called Timmy. It was Amber’s nickname for me, and I never could decide whether it was affectionate or mocking. In my state of drunkenness and wounded pride, I was inclined to believe the latter.

“Hey, Amber,” I slurred. “Wh - what’s up?” I’d always had a bit of a crush on Royce’s wife, along with the rest of the guys in the office. Dressed up for an event like this, though, she looked amazing. Maybe the beers I had polished off helped with that. But they certainly didn’t help me make eye contact with her. She wore a gorgeous full-length gown of red silk, her dark hair piled carefully on top of her head, baring her shoulders and a truly jaw-dropping expanse of cleavage. I couldn’t take my eyes off her boobs as they swelled over the top of her dress with every breath she took, her skin shining with a faint dusting of glitter that caught the light every time she moved. With an effort, I wrenched my gaze away to look her in the eye, even as my eyes tried to make their way downwards again. I knew she was well-endowed, but I’d never seen her like this. As I gazed drunkenly at her, I could see the smile on her face. She had caught me looking. And she didn’t care.

“You’re wife’s quite the hit,” she said, and the dimples showed in her cheeks as she smiled. “Royce seems quite taken with her.”

“Yeah,” I growled. “He - he does.”

“Are you the jealous type, Timmy?” Amber gently mocked.

“No, I - I mean - no,” I protested. “I didn’t mean it like, like that, I just - “

“It’s ok,” Amber smiled. Beneath the table, I felt her hand on my leg, and my cock shifted lazily inside my pants. “Royce is like that. He’s a big flirt. But I’m ok with it. I mean, I like to have fun too.” She

squeezed my thigh, gently. In my booze-addled brain, I was struggling to keep up. I'd always wondered if Amber knew about my attraction to her. I was pretty sure she'd caught me looking in the office once or twice, when she was dressed especially sexy. But I was hardly alone in that. I always thought we'd had chemistry, the two of us. But we were both married. I tried not to devote a lot of thought to pointless what-if scenarios. But now, with her hand on my leg and alcohol coursing through my bloodstream, all those fantasies came flooding back to me.

"You - you do?" I spluttered.

"Sometimes," Amber shrugged, and my eyes dropped of their own accord to the monumental cleavage that bounced in her dress. Her smile deepened.

"People don't own each other, Timmy," she said. "Not even a husband and wife. You can love each other, and still want different things from time to time." Was it my imagination, or did her hand creep higher on my leg under the table? My cock was swelling rapidly now, quickly overcoming the effects of the beer as it surged towards erection. Tentatively, I glanced around the large room. No one seemed to be paying us any attention. In fact, the crowd was beginning to thin out a little. Most of our coworkers had kids, and needed to be home before it got too late. Royce and Amber were unusual in being childless, just as Jamie and I were. It made sense that we'd stay a little longer. Over by the bar, I could see Jamie throwing her head back and laughing at some witticism of Royce's. The music was loud, but did he need to talk right into her ear like that, almost pressing his mouth to her neck? My cock throbbed. Amber's hand was definitely climbing higher on my thigh.

"I - what are you - I don't know what you're talking about," I mumbled, shaking my head slowly and abruptly stopping. Bad idea. When the world finally stopped spinning, I looked up to see Amber smiling at me over the magnificent swell of her boobs.

"Come on," she said. Her red dress shimmered around her as she stood from the chair that was meant to be for Jamie, and she

reached out a hand towards me. "Let's go get a drink." Leaning on the table, I pushed myself to my feet. Amber's hand was warm as I took it in my clumsy paw. Grinning, she turned, still holding my hand behind her back as she led me towards the bar. I stumbled along in her wake, my eyes alternately watching her ass moving beneath the shimmering silk, and trying to keep an eye on my wife.

My memory gets blurry after this. Amber ordered shots, and the liquor went straight to my head. What memories I do have come in fragments, fuzzy around the edges the way dreams are, and it's hard to separate what I remember from what I imagine.

At one point, I was doing shots out of Amber's cleavage. I remember the feel of her boobs engulfing my face, the skin soft over the firm flesh beneath, the hot liquor running down my chin as I gulped and guzzled and she shrieked with laughter.

I think I remember watching Jamie do the same thing. Or maybe I just imagined that part.

I remember Royce nudging me, and saying something. And I remember that it shocked me at the time, but I don't remember what it was.

I remember Jamie sitting in my lap, her arms around my neck, kissing me deeply right in front of my boss, and I remember her leaning forward, and the smell of alcohol on her breath, and the single word she whispered in my ear, "Please?"

I remember running down the hallway of the hotel across the street, my hand in Amber's, the two of us howling with laughter at something while she gathered up her dress in her free hand so that she could keep up with me.

My memory clears again in a hotel room. Everything suddenly snaps back into focus. It's dark, and the curtains are wide open, the lights from the city casting a haphazard pattern of chaotic colored light on the white ceiling. The broad bed is shaking, and my blood is boiling, and I'm thrusting my cock into the pulsating pussy of a woman. Her moans are filling the room, and I can see her hands

gripping the headboard behind her, but her face is hidden by the shadow cast by my own trembling arms. Pleasure crawls up and down my spine, lighting up my nerves like grass kindling in the wild heat of a forest fire. I lower my head, pressing my mouth to the hot skin of this mystery woman, and my face is engulfed by two huge bouncing boobs. Amber. I'm in bed with Amber, fucking her hard, hearing her cry out in lust and desire as I bury my cock inside her. Her body is every bit as magnificent as I imagined, a sweeping symphony of feminine curves, her nipples hard and erect in the vast expanse of flesh that bounces on her chest every time I thrust against her. My balls are boiling with cum, and my cock twitches as I feel Amber's pussy pulse, the slippery walls of her vagina clamping down on my eager cock, and I cry out as I feel myself explode inside her. I hear her moan, and I hear her sigh, and I collapse on top of her, burying my face in her breasts as though I can hide from the shame of what I have done. I'd never cheated on Jamie before. I never thought I was that kind of guy. Much as I was attracted to Amber, I never for a moment thought we'd do anything like this.

Inside her chest, I could hear Amber's heart beating. Her fingers slowly stroked my hair while I peered open-eyed into the darkness.

"Well," she said breathlessly, "you definitely worked for that, Timmy."

"Amber, what did we do?" Raising myself up on my tired arms, I peered at her shadow-streaked face. I could see the wet gleam of her eyes among the dark pool of her hair.

"We had some fun," she shrugged. "You seemed pretty willing downstairs, pressing your hard-on into my ass all night. What's this, buyer's remorse? Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it."

"No, I did," I admitted, shaking my head as though to clear away the muddle of churning thoughts that swirled in my turbulent brain. "But - your husband. My wife!" I was in despair. But Amber's teeth showed white in the gloom as she smiled.

“What about them?” she asked. “Whose idea do you think this was? Who do you think that is next door?” In my confusion and the roar of my own beating heart, I hadn’t noticed until that moment the sounds from next door. But as I listened, a cold chill gripped my heart. It was unmistakable. Loud female cries, and blissful male grunts, and the steady pounding of the headboard against the wall our rooms shared.

“Oh fuck!” I heard through the wall, the loud scream able to penetrate the thin hotel wall. “Oh, fuck me Royce!”

“That’s them?” I gasped. I felt as though I should pinch myself, this all seemed so unreal.

“Of course,” Amber grinned. She sat up in the bed, and I blinked and squinted as she clicked on the lamp beside her. Her hair was a tangled mess from our sex, and her heavy breasts dangled above her folded arms.

“I have a key to their room,” she smiled mischievously. “Let’s go take a look at your pretty little wife getting railed by my husband’s big cock. I’ll show you how a real man fucks.”

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We drove to work in near-silence. Both lost in our own thoughts. I steered the car into the company parking lot and parked in our usual space.

I often thought back to that night, the night it all started. When Amber and Royce seduced us both. Things haven’t been the same since. The thing is, Jamie and I have been together since high school. Neither of us have a ton of experience with things like this. I guess in a way, we were easy prey for them. Because Amber and Royce seem to have plenty of experience. There’s nothing they won’t try, or at least contemplate. They’ve broadened our sexual horizons to an unbelievable degree. We don’t live like normal people, and it’s all because of them.

I’d rushed through my morning shower, and we were five minutes early for work. We sat side by side in the humming car, both

staring out through the windshield at the nondescript industrial estate the office was on. The words we didn't say seemed to hang in the air like glittering flakes of snow stirred by an arctic wind. There was nothing to say. Another day at work, and we both knew what that meant. More sex. More humiliation. More serving as the submissive sex slaves of a dominant couple. And it would go on like this until Royce and Amber tired of the game, or else we did. But I didn't want it to stop. And nor did Jamie. Of all the things about our situation that are hard to fathom, hard to even admit, that was the hardest of all.

A tiny vibration sounded in the car, and Jamie fished through her purse for her phone. Sliding a finger over the screen, she opened the text message she had been sent. She snorted with amusement, a smile forming on her painted lips.

"It's Royce," she said. Of course. Who else would it be? "He says to get my ass into his office. You know what that means." Of course I did. My wife was qualified to work at the company, but that wasn't why Royce had hired her. At least I couldn't accuse him of making any secret of that fact. He wanted her around him all through the day, so that he could use her in any way he saw fit. And Jamie loved it. Even if it meant some late nights at the office for me, trying to do the work she hadn't gotten to. She spent plenty of late nights there herself, for other reasons.

I stifled a sigh, and opened the car door. Stalling doesn't make a problem go away. Every morning was like a job interview now. Every time I stepped through the door of the office with my sexy wife beside me, I felt nervous. Everything was edged with a patina of fear and excitement. Making my way around the car, I opened Jamie's door for her. Smiling to herself, she stepped out, wobbling slightly in her tall heels. She loved it, the little tease. She loved being wanted like this, even if Royce didn't seem sometimes like the most considerate lover in the world. Closing the door behind her, I took her hand. I could feel the cool smoothness of her wedding ring in my palm as she strode along beside me, her blue dress pulling tight over her legs with every step. Her high heels echoed on the parking lot as we made our way to the door, and my blood throbbed in my veins, and I

knew she felt the same as I did as I pushed aside the glass door for her to step inside.

Say what you like about Royce and Amber's management methods. But at least it's never boring.

The Boss's Wife

It was a slow morning. Try as I might, the mountain of work piled up on my desk never seemed to recede. I found myself playing that game beloved of procrastinators everywhere, the one where you break down any task into increasingly smaller and smaller portions in the hope that it will somehow spur you to get on with it, somehow make it easier. It didn't. It never does. I caught myself merely shuffling things around on my desk, as though that was actual work. I caught myself staring out of the window over the windswept industrial estate our office was built on. The work wasn't going to do itself, I knew that. But how was I supposed to concentrate like this? I could see more late nights stretching out before me, trying to do the impossible. Trying to concentrate on what was a monotonous job at the best of times, while knowing all the while what was going on in Royce's office.

An hour passed. Really, Royce? An hour? I know my boss has a lot of stamina. Believe me, I know far more about Royce's sexual attributes than I ever wanted to. But surely he had work of his own to do? But then, he could do everything he needed to do by phone or email. An image erupted in my mind, in bright color and full motion. Royce, reclining in his expensively engineered swivel chair, a shit-eating grin on his face as he shot the shit with some client on the phone while my wife kneeled at his feet, blowing him. My stomach spasmed. Shame and lust, those cackling partners who went so happily hand in hand for me, tap-danced along my shivering spine once again. Beneath my desk, my cock throbbed. My wife was

sucking my boss's cock just a few feet away from where I sat, and I was just supposed to get on with my work.

The minutes limped by. The office around me filled with the buzz and hum of my co-workers, like a bee hive awaking under the summer sun. Sometimes I wondered what they thought was going on. I'd die of shame if any of them knew. Had anyone besides me noticed the amount of closed-door meetings Royce had with my wife? In a way, I thought with a faint grimace of grudging admiration, hiring my wife to be his personal assistant was a clever move. Had Jamie merely been some pretty girl out of school, tongues might have wagged. But who would ever guess that he'd be fucking my wife while I sat right outside, or while his own wife sat in the office beside him? And even if they suspected, they'd never in a million years imagine that both me and Amber knew about it, and that we had a relationship - a twisted, deviant, kinky relationship - of our own.

At least, I sincerely hoped no one would guess.

I heard the steady thump of high heels on the carpet in the hallway, and I tried to mentally brace myself. It could only be Amber. I hadn't heard the door to Royce's office yet, and Jamie was the only other woman who wore heels like that around the office. Their jobs weren't even customer-facing. There was no need for them to dress attractively, beyond the usual parameters of professionalism and feminine vanity. But Jamie's job, above all, was to be attractive to Royce. As for Amber - well, she just enjoyed being a tease. Even back before all this started, she was known for dressing provocatively around the office. She was the boss's wife; it's not like anyone was going to say anything. Not to her face, anyway.

Amber came out of the hallway that led to her office, right beside Royce's as well as the bathroom and break room. I scowled in silent determination at my computer monitor. I wasn't going to look up, I told myself. I was determined not to. Because in order to get to where she was standing now, she would have had to pass Royce's office, and she would have seen his door closed and Jamie's desk empty, and she would know as surely as I did what that meant. I

wasn't going to look up, and see the knowledge dancing in her rich brown eyes, that smug, mocking smile forming on her lips. I didn't want to see her, wearing whatever she had chosen to wear today, never the same thing twice as Royce's money paid for an endless parade of new and expensive outfits. No. I wasn't going to look. I was going to keep my eyes firmly on the spreadsheet open on my monitor as though it was the most fascinating thing in the world. I could feel her looking at me as she walked by, the way you can feel the direction of a hot sun with your eyes closed. My neck ached with the tension of trying not to look up, my blood burning with lustful curiosity. I loved looking at Amber. But not today. I scowled at my screen and kept my head down, and she passed by in a rolling wave of fragrant air, passing right in front of my desk to stand beside one of my co-workers.

"Hi, Gary," I heard her say.

"Hi," Gary replied.

"I just wanted to talk to you about Braverman Industries," she said. Just a few feet away from me, they talked, and I heard every word despite my feeble attempts to focus on my own work. Sometimes I wonder if I might have quit this job by now, if it wasn't for the direction my work life has taken. It's fucking dull. The pay is alright, but nothing great. Selling phone systems to businesses is nobody's dream job. And the pay's ok, especially for a couple with no dependents, like Jamie and me. But it's nothing great. We're hardly talking about golden handcuffs here. What keeps me here is more like real handcuffs. It's almost as though Royce and Amber know better than we do how we should run our lives. I don't want to say that our life was boring before they came along. I am content enough, and I believe Jamie was too. But we had no idea what was out there. We barely imagined, either of us, the level of desire and excitement that was possible for those willing to step out of the bounds of mundane normality. Despite how it may seem at times, I don't generally consider Royce and Amber to be better than us. Richer than us, yes. More successful? Definitely. Royce is better looking than me, but Amber, for all her sexiness, doesn't beat Jamie in any

beauty contests. But still, I've always liked to consider myself the equal of any man, and my wife above any other woman. It just...gets harder to see that sometimes. Sometimes, it just feels right to bow to another.

And then my will broke. Almost casually, automatically, unintentionally, my eyes rose from my screen. I let my guard down. I let my gaze drift, and my eyes rose towards Amber like two errant asteroids pulled in by the gravity of a black hole. Gary's desk was just in front of mine. She was peering at his screen, leaning forward with her elbows on his desk. Bent double at the waist, she kept her long legs straight, and the tight leather pants she wore strained around her raised buttocks. She was basically mooning the entire office, since Gary's desk was way in front, close to the window. As though that bothered her. Amber had an exhibitionist streak a mile wide. She loved to be looked at. With a body like hers, it must be easy to be so confident. I gritted my teeth around a groan that tried to form in my throat. I could almost feel it in the air around me, the silent and oppressive male attention that was focused on Amber. I wondered if she could feel it too, several sets of eyes locked onto her body. I wondered if it was making her wet, and my cock throbbed stupidly. All the guys in the office liked to look at Amber. But I was the only one, besides Royce, who had touched and tasted and fucked her. At least, as far as I knew, anyway.

"Alright, sounds good," she said. "Just wanted to clear that up." Her leather pants creaked as she straightened up, and you could almost feel the regret in the office behind me. Who wears skintight leather pants to work? Amber, that's who. And like an idiot, I didn't look away in time. She turned, swiveling suddenly on her tall heels with the grace of a dancer, and that sexy smile collided head-on with my anguished gaze. She was looking straight at me. Of course she was. Her little display had been aimed at me, and I had taken the bait. Triumph radiated in her pretty face as her dimples showed on either side of her smile, and I felt the corresponding feeling of defeat. She virtually swaggered back across the office, cellphone in hand. I returned my eyes to my spreadsheet, too late, far too late. But the

screen was a blur to me. Really, I was watching her, watching the light move over her thighs with every step she took as her leather pants clung to her. Beneath the pants, she wore black suede ankle boots with laces up the front and her usual towering high heel. The top she wore was a bold red, hugging the proud swell of her breasts before flaring out from the waist to drape over her hips, where bright silver decorative zippers shone in the leather pants. A stack of silver bracelets on one wrist matched the zippers and the metallic D rings that held the laces of her black boots. In short, she looked incredibly well put-together, as always. And as though ever cell have my body had suddenly sprouted unseen eyes, I absorbed her progress across the office rather than merely watching it. Over by the window, where the dusty light streamed in from outside, she leaned against the top of a wide black filing cabinet, her hips swelling against the tight leather as she perched on top. Her dark hair, loose on her shoulders, glowed almost auburn as the morning light shone through it. Her eyes were down, fixed her cellphone as she tapped out a message with nails that clattered quietly against the screen. Sometimes, it's hard to believe that a guy like me landed a woman as beautiful as Jamie. Looking at Amber in the morning glow, it seemed even less probable that another woman so beautiful would be interested in me. But Paradise has its price. Unbeknownst to my colleagues, I was paying it right now. And so was Jamie.

A notification appeared in the corner of my computer screen. An email from Amber. So that was what she had been typing. I remain thankful to this day that I had the good sense to open it on my phone, instead of on the computer. Because if the attached images had appeared on my screen, with people working right behind me, our kinky secret would have been revealed.

The email was a forward, from Royce. The subject read simply, *Whore*. Royce and Amber, as the owners of the company, didn't worry in the slightest about what they sent through the work email exchange. They had the ability to see everyone else's emails, and no one but them could see theirs.

There was no text. Instead, there were three images. My heart pounded in my chest as I watched them quickly load, my fingers gripping my phone tightly as my hands began to shake.

It's not like I thought Royce and Jamie were doing accounting in his office. I knew what was going on. But they say a picture is worth a thousand words, and I had three of them. It was nothing I hadn't seen before, either. But some things you never get used to.

Royce's cock was huge. It was always jarring to see it. In the first photo, it loomed up in the foreground, slightly out of focus. Between my boss's spread legs, my wife kneeled on the floor. She was smiling up at the camera with a look of utter delight on her face, her teeth showing white against her painted red lips as she reached for Royce's bristling manhood.

In the next photo, his thick cock was in her mouth. Jamie's red lips were wide to accommodate him. An impressive amount of his cock was buried in her mouth, and her cheeks were hollowed around his shaft as she sucked. Her blue eyes shone as she gazed up at the camera, framed by thick dark lashes.

Picture number three showed only Jamie's face. She was still kneeling, staring up at the camera as he held it above her. Her hands were on her knees in the blue dress I had helped her put on that morning. Her golden hair was messed, and I pictured Royce's hard hands seizing her beautiful tresses as she orally serviced him. A proud smile wasn't the only thing splashed across her face. Her chin was richly daubed in thick white cum, and her lips shone with the traces of Royce's pleasure.

My heart pounded. I dropped my phone down on top of my desk. My whole body trembled. For a moment, I thought I had gone blind. My vision darkened and narrowed, and the world before my eyes grew hazy and indistinct, as though a heavy fog had settled over everything. The only thing I could see clearly was the images Royce had sent, the smug photos of my wife's willing degradation to a submissive office slut. Amber was looking at me again, I could feel it. Watching my reaction. Beneath the desk, my cock raged. Humiliation

singed my heart with curling flames while my stomach convulsed. There was a dull ache in the deep pit of my gut, an ache I only knew one certain cure for. The breath was coming fast and heavy from my mouth, and I knew what I had to do.

My chair rolled back from my desk as I pushed it aside. Snatching up my phone, I thrust it into my pocket. Holding my bunched fist there helped to disguise the shape of the erection that tented the front of my pants as I hurried across the small office. I didn't dare meet Amber's gaze, but from the corner of my eye, I saw her body stiffen, rising slightly from where she perched on the edge of the filing cabinet. I swept right by, as quickly as decorum allowed.

In the corridor beyond, the door to Royce's office was still closed. Jamie was still in there, doing good knows what. As I hurried past, my ears pricked up, almost swiveling on my skull like a cat's as I tried to hear what was going on. Silence. And I couldn't wait. My throbbing cock led the way like a lodestone as I hurried towards the bathroom, the hot pressure building in my guts with every step I took to a near unbearable pitch.

The office had two bathrooms. Not the communal kind, but the kind where each bathroom had one single toilet like a bathroom in someone's house. They were designated male and female, but in practice it hardly mattered which you used, since you were guaranteed to be alone while you went about your business. I stepped into the men's room and locked the door behind me. Quickly crossing the small room, I tore my belt open and fumbled with the front of my pants. My cock swelled out as I tugged my underwear down, hard and throbbing and thickly ridged with dark veins. The screen of my phone lit up as I reopened the painful email. Royce's cock dwarfed mine. I gazed into the digital echo of my wife's smiling eyes, and my hand gripped my jumping shaft, and I imagined it was my cock her lips were wrapped around instead of his, and I sighed as pleasure erupted throughout my body.

When someone tried the handle of the bathroom door, I jumped. My cock twitched in my frozen hand. I managed to cry out, "I'm in -"

in a strangled voice, before the door flew open.

Amber stepped inside. She must have opened the lock with a coin or something. They had that as a safety feature. Hurriedly, she swung the door shut behind her. I was caught. My pants and underwear sagged in a crumpled heap around my ankles, my breath coming in ragged gasps, one hand gripping my cock while the other was pressed against the wall above the toilet for balance. The lock clicked shut again. Amber smiled.

“Well, well,” she cooed. Her heels rapped loudly on the linoleum floor as she paced slowly across the room with exaggerated strides. Placing one booted foot in front of the other, she swayed on her tall heels with her leather pants groaned around her body. The sight of her was hardly helping my predicament, as my cock throbbed with the need to cum. “What have we here?” she grinned.

“Please, Miss,” I panted. “I was just -”

“Oh, I know exactly what you were doing, you dirty little slut,” she purred menacingly. “That’s obvious. What I don’t understand is why you think that this is appropriate workplace behavior.” I blinked. After all the debauched shenanigans she and Royce had put my wife and I through, her words seemed more than a little hypocritical. Not that I would dare say that to her.

“I - I,” I stammered feebly. Amber was a pro at getting me on the back foot. The mortifying situation I was in hardly helped. The fact was, I had no cards here. When it came to Amber, I never did.

“Ssshhh.” Amber pressed a slender finger against my lips, and I fell silent. In her tall heels, she was almost my height, staring me straight in the eye while I quailed and trembled. “I know exactly what happened,” she said. Her deep brown eyes seemed to glow as they searched mine, her gaze seeming to probe into the disgraced depths of my perverted soul. “You were turned on by the pictures my husband took. Your little pecker got all hard seeing a real man fuck your wife’s whore mouth, and you just had to come down her and stroke yourself silly like a pathetic teenager.” I stayed silent. It was no

more than the truth. My phone lay face up on the toilet cistern, the picture of my wife with Royce's cock in her mouth clearly visible.

"The thing is," and now a faint smile began to lift the corners of Amber's mouth, a smile that sent a shudder of fear and lust along my already crawling spine, "it got me a little hot too. That man has the most amazing cock - well, I don't need to tell you that. And I certainly don't need to tell your wife." Amber's hand left my lips and drifted slowly downwards, plucking idly at the front of my shirt as it hung from my slumped shoulders. "And I think it's quite rude of you to sneak off here to see to your own needs without offering to take care of mine."

"Miss," I panted, whining pitifully with need, "please let me cum."

"Not until I cum first." Amber took a step backwards, her heel cracking loudly on the bathroom floor. Standing in the center of the room, she placed her fists on her hips. Her hair fell in soft waves over her shoulders as she tossed her head proudly.

"Strip," she ordered. "Now."

It didn't take long. In seconds, I kicked off my shoes and stepped out of the crumpled heap of my pants and underwear. I undid three buttons of my dress shirt before pulling it over my head and tossing it aside. My cock lurched and throbbed as I turned towards her, stripped bare while she watched, smirking.

"Come over here," she demanded, pointing at the floor at her feet. "Kneel." My cock swayed from side as I obeyed. In the small room, her pelvis was right in front of my face, the tight leather hugging her pussy as I stared at the warm space between her legs.

"Take off my shoes," she ordered. Immediately, I bent over her feet. Despite the laces that zig-zagged up the front of her boots, there were discreet zippers on the sides, making my task easier as my trembling hands fumbled at her feet. She raised one foot as I undid her shoe, balancing effortlessly on one foot as I carefully tugged the open shoe off. Then we repeated the procedure with the other foot. I set her ankle boots aside almost reverently.

“Now the pants,” Amber said. As I reached forward eagerly, her hand on my forehead stopped me cold.

“No hands,” she smirked. My cock throbbed. My hands formed clenched fists beside my thighs as I leaned my face towards Amber’s crotch. The leather pants were warm and slick against my lips and tongue. A tiny zipper hid beneath a little hood, and I struggled to lift it with my tongue so I could pull it down with my teeth.

“Hurry up,” Amber ordered. “This counts as your lunch break.” With effort, I got the zipper between my teeth and tugged it gently down. Amber’s dark panties showed through the widening gap, and the smell of her mingled with the smell of the leather she wore in a heady cocktail of lust. On bare feet, she turned around, and I sighed at the close-up view of the perfect round ass I had been drooling over that morning.

“Now you can use your hands,” she said. My fingers trembled as I reached out and touched her skin, hooking the clumsy digits over the waist of her pants. With some difficulty, I pulled them down. The tight leather clung to her hips, reluctant to part with her. I could hardly blame them. As the pants gradually slid downwards, her ass came into view, the firm cheeks bared by the thong that disappeared between the round globes.

“Kiss my ass,” Amber ordered, and I didn’t hesitate. I willingly pressed my lips to her skin, hearing her giggle at my ready submission as I worshiped her. The pants slid down to her ankles, and I carefully removed them, still showering her ass with desperate kisses as I set them aside. Amber turned, and stepped past me. I watched her shimmy out of her panties and drop them to the floor, and the dark triangle of her pubic hair above her already wet slit made my cock ache with pent up desire. Bending, she closed the toilet lid with a brisk snap. I watched from my knees as she climbed on top, snatching up my phone as she turned and sat on top of the cistern. Her swollen lips showed as she slowly spread her thighs, and her dripping pussy became the center of my world.

“Get over here and do your job, slut,” she said. “Please me like your wife just pleased my husband.” My knees thumped on the floor as I hurried towards her. Bending over the toilet, I gripped her toned thighs as I pressed my mouth to her waiting slit, and I felt her left hand on the back of my head, forcing me deeper. Her right hand held my phone. As my lips made contact with hers, drawing a hungry moan from her mouth, she peered at the screen. With a sick thrill, I realized she was looking at the pictures of Jamie and Royce while I ate her. My cock throbbed all the more for being ignored.

“Oh, that cock’s so big,” Amber panted as I probed her silken folds with my tongue. “Look at that slut, taking it all. What a fucking whore your wife is. The company fucktoy, just like you. My husband’s slutty little cum dump; that’s what your wife is.” Her breathing sped up as I licked and kissed, sliding my tongue deep inside her as I scooped out her fragrant, free-flowing juices. Her words stung my pride, and in the same instant, made my cock throb. Still holding my head, she ground her hips against my face, and I rubbed my nose against her hardening clit as I lapped at her pussy eagerly. She tasted divine. As I slurped and swallowed her juices, she shuddered, and cried out.

“That’s what a real cock looks like,” Amber snarled as her pleasure fed her cruelty, and vice versa. “Not that pathetic little prick you have. That’s why you’re on your knees, licking my cunt. It’s the only way a maggot like you can please a woman.” Beneath the red shirt she still wore, her breasts heaved. A shallow wrinkle appeared between her sculpted eyebrows as her body tightened with the onset of bliss. “That’s all the two of you are good for,” she panted. Her wet pussy convulsed around my tongue, telling me she was close. I maintained my rhythm, bobbing my head as I licked her steadily.

“Oh fuck,” Amber gasped as pleasure began to overwhelm her. “You slut...you dirty little sluts...on your knees...oh, fuck!” A great ripple ran through her body as she sprawled above me. “Look at me,” she ordered. “Look at me while you eat my cunt, slutboy.” I did as I was told. She held my phone above me, and my cock surged as I was reminded of the photos of my wife that Royce had taken. “That’s

right, lick that cunt,” Amber sneered as I gazed up into the unblinking dark eye of the camera. “Swallow my cum like the whore you are... oh, fuck...oh, fuck!” Amber’s other hand gripped a handful of my hair. I felt her pussy spasm beneath my busy mouth, and a sudden flood of her juices erupted over my lips and tongue. Just as she ordered, I swallowed the hot flood as best I could while the taste of her orgasm filled my mouth. It seemed to go on forever as Amber came heard, the phone’s camera lurching above me while my face dripped with her cum.

Finally, she sighed, and relaxed. After licking the last juices from her shaking thighs, I backed away. Amber lay back against the white wall behind her, breathing hard. She stared at me through half closed eyes, lowering the phone to her side. I waited for her to recover while my cock throbbed angrily.

“Please, Miss,” I said, as humbly as I was able, “may I please cum now?”

“Fuck no,” Amber grinned. My heart sank. “You’ll have to do a lot better than that if you want to cum, whore.” Instantly, I began to shuffle forward on my knees, but Amber languidly raised a leg, her bare foot on my shoulder stopping me in my tracks.

“No,” she said sternly. “No more pussy for you. No orgasm either. Get dressed and get back to work.” I stared up at her in disbelief. But her face was stern. My heart quivered as I stood and reached for my underwear.

“Oh no,” Amber chuckled, “no no.” She rose from the toilet cistern and lightly sprang down to the floor. Bending, she swept up her own discarded thong from the bathroom floor. I stared in disbelief as the feminine underwear dangled from her hand.

“With a tiny cock like that, we can’t really call you a man, can we?” Amber smirked. “Boxer shorts are for men, like my husband. Horny little slutboys like you wear panties from now on.”

“Are - are you serious?” I gasped. Amber’s face became stern.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” she snapped. “Put them on. Now.” My heart burned with shame and fear as I took the panties from her. Amber folded her arms and watched with a smug look as I stepped into the lacy underwear. I grimaced as I struggled to stuff my rock-hard cock into the panties while the string in the back sank deep between my ass cheeks. Finally, the thong was on, or as on as it was going to get. My erection tented the front of the panties obscenely, tightly constrained by the elastic fabric.

“Good,” Amber grinned. “Now you’ll wear those for the rest of the day. And you’re not to cum, at all. From now on, every time you need the bathroom, you text me and I’ll come with you to make sure there’s no funny business. Got it?”

“Yes, Miss,” I mumbled sadly. Standing in front of her in panties made it impossible to resist.

“Now get your clothes back on, quickly,” she ordered. “And then you can dress me too. No lunchbreak for you, either. You’ve wasted enough time already.” Amber watched, basking in her total power, as I pulled my pants back on over her panties. I pulled on my shirt and tied my shoes. When I was done, she picked up my discarded boxer shorts and flung them into the small garbage bin in the corner of the bathroom.

“Won’t be needing those any more,” she smirked. “Now help me get my pants back on.” For the second time that day, I dressed a woman whom I wanted nothing more than to undress, sighing as I zipped up the tight leather over Amber’s damp and fragrant pussy. Without her panties, the shape of her pussy lips showed through the tight pants. Following the forlorn gaze of my eyes, Amber saw what I was looking at, and smiled.

“That’ll give you and all the other pathetic perverts something to stare at, won’t it?” she grinned.

“Yes, Miss,” I said humbly. Inside the panties, my trapped cock raged. This was shaping up to be the longest day of my life. With

Amber strutting around like that, and me forbidden from orgasm, I knew there was no possibility of getting any work done.

“Shoes,” Amber ordered. As I reached for her sexy footwear, she took a seat on the closed toilet, crossing her legs in the sighing leather. My phone was in her hand. My stomach trembled as she operated the device. I knew better than to ask what she was doing. Instead, I slid a boot onto her foot and zipped it up, and was rewarded with a quick glimpse of her leather-covered pussy as she uncrossed and recrossed her legs to let me put her other shoe on. When I was finished, I sat back on my knees.

“Ok,” Amber said brightly, standing up from the toilet. “Let’s get back to work, slut.”

Yes, Sir

If anything, the ride home from the office that day was even quieter than the ride to work in the morning had been. I clutched the steering wheel, staring glassy-eyed at the road ahead, lost in my own thoughts. Tormented by memories, and by rampaging lust. I shifted in my seat from time to time, uselessly. It was impossible to get comfortable no matter how I squirmed. Just as it was impossible to forget that I was wearing women’s underwear. Amber’s underwear, moist with her wetness. And the thought only made my cock harder, and that only made the underwear more uncomfortable, the thin string of the thong biting deeper into my ass as my swelling cock pushed the fabric out in front.

Jamie sat beside me. As we sat at a red light, I glanced in her direction. There was a dreamy expression on her face as she gazed out at the passing world through the window, a faint smile tugging at the corners of her mouth like an attention-seeking child. Her head was back against the headrest. She seemed happy, but tired, and my stomach churned, because I knew exactly why. Worn out from

vigorous sex with another man, she sighed and sat back as I drove us home.

I pulled into the driveway and stopped the car. Jamie's high heeled shoes clattered on the pavement as she stepped out. The low sun cast rippling shadows across the driveway from the mature tree that grew in front of the house, and I followed my wife inside. The way her ass rolled beneath her clinging dress as she strutted ahead of me on her fuck-me shoes did nothing to ease the swelling in my tormented member. God, I wanted her. I'd never lost my attraction towards my wife. She was more beautiful in my eyes with each passing year. But knowing that she was now the sexual plaything of another man stoked the fires of my lust like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Some days, it drove me half-mad with lust. That day, it certainly did. It was almost an obsession. There was a kind of dark magic to this lifestyle we were leading, a twisted logic to the bizarre arrangement we had come to with Amber and Royce. Now that my wife was cheating on me, I wanted her more than ever before.

Jamie stepped inside the house, and I closed the door behind us. Kicking off my shoes, I watched her make her swaying way towards the living room. Against our usual custom, her shoes stayed on. Hard to say if that was good or bad from my point of view. I loved the way she looked, the way the tall heels made her sway and strut. But it was doing nothing to help my condition, as Amber's thong squeezed my manhood tight, like her invisible hand on my cock and balls. Jamie was going to be sore, I knew it. Numbly, I followed her into the living room, trying to decide my angle of approach. I wanted her, and I needed her, and I hoped she had something left over for me after her exertions in our boss's office.

"So how was your day?" Jamie smiled as she spoke. She sat on our sofa with her legs crossed, one shining shoe dangling from her raised foot. She looked so elegant, so classy, and yet so desirable. To look at her sitting there, all posed and proper, you'd never guess what she was. The office slut. A shiver ran down my spine as the

words ignited in my brain. My wife, the office slut. And I was no better.

“Brutal,” I sighed. “Amber was brutal today.”

“Why?” Jamie asked, her teeth showing white in her dazzling smile. Her blue eyes glowed as she looked at me. I knew what she wanted. She wanted to hear about it. Because it excited her. And that gave me hope of some long-awaited relief, even if it did mean I’d have to go through the humiliation of recounting the day’s adventures.

“She - she caught me jerking off in the bathroom,” I said as I slumped heavily onto the sofa beside her.

“Oh my God, really?” Jamie hooted with laughter, and I felt the blood rise to my cheeks as I nodded. “That must have been so embarrassing for you!”

“It was,” I nodded. My wife’s eyes glowed like two deep blue jewels as she smiled at me, and my cock rose as I read the glowing excitement in her face. She wanted all the details, I knew. My skin tingled as she laid a gentle hand on my knee.

“She just barged in,” I said. “And then she wouldn’t let me go to the bathroom alone all day in case I did it again. She went with me.”

“I wondered where the two of you were going off to all day,” Jamie smiled. “I figured you were - you know. Having some fun.”

“She was,” I said. Jamie’s hand was creeping along my thigh, and my cock bulged the front of my pants in anticipation.

“Did she watch you pee?” Jamie asked.

“Kind of,” I squirmed. “She made me sit down to do it.”

“Oh my God,” Jamie chuckled. “She’s so mean to you.”

“I know,” I nodded.

“She looked hot today though, didn’t she? Those pants were, like, painted on. I bet they gave you quite a little boner, didn’t they?”

“Yes,” I mumbled. I wasn’t too keen on the use of the word ‘little’. But there was no denying that Royce’s weapon was far larger than mine, and that was what my wife had been enjoying all day. Jamie shifted slightly in her seat, pressing her body against mine as she moved closer.

“When you were jerking off,” she asked quietly, her beautiful eyes peering up at me as she studied my face, “were you thinking about Amber, or me?”

“You,” I said truthfully. My breath grew shorter as her creeping hand reached my inner thigh, mere inches from my trapped cock.

“What were you thinking about?” Jamie teased. I shuddered as her hand slid over the bulge of my genitals.

“Those photos,” I panted. “The ones Royce took. I was looking at those.” My wife smiled devilishly.

“The ones of me sucking his big fat cock?” she said. Her voice was low, sultry, smoldering. I nodded.

“It turns you on, seeing me be his slut, doesn’t it?” Jamie purred.

“Yes,” I said through gritted teeth.

“That’s what he calls me,” Jamie said. “His slut. He’s so possessive. And I can’t help myself. There’s something about that man that just...does something to me. That cock of his is just... something else.” Jamie’s fingers deftly undid the button of my pants, and I felt the throb of desire in my whole body as she reached inside. “He’s like a - what’s this?” Jamie sat up. More businesslike now, she quickly unzipped my pants. My cock swelled out, my erection bent and bowed as it pressed against the tight panties I wore. I felt the heat in my cheeks as my face turned crimson with shame.

“Those - they’re Amber’s,” I squirmed. A roar of laughter from Jamie set my teeth on edge.

“She made you wear her panties?” she spluttered. “Oh my God! That’s hilarious!”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “She said I had to. She threw my boxers away.” Jamie bent at the waist, tugging at my pants briskly, and I shifted in my seat as she pulled them all the way down to my ankles.

“Poor thing’s so constricted in there,” she cooed as she sat up again, making me shudder as she ran a teasing hand over my trapped cock. “Come on, stand up,” she said. “Let me get a look at you.” I froze. For a moment, I stared at my wife’s smiling face. But the look in her eyes told me she wasn’t joking. Not even a little bit. Burning with shame, I stood up, and my cock twitched as her bright eyes ran over my body.

“Take your shirt off,” she said, and sat back on the couch as though enjoying a show. For the second time that day, I stripped at a woman’s command. Casting aside my shirt, I kicked my pants away and stood in front of my wife in nothing but Amber’s lacy black thong. “Oh honey,” Jamie sighed, “you look so cute in those. Turn around.” And so I did, to be treated to another bright peal of laughter from my wife.

“Oh my God, it’s a thong!” she howled. The sofa creaked as she leaned forward, and I jumped as she brought a hand down on my bare ass with a sharp crack. “That’s perfect! Ok, you can turn back around now.” I shuffled in a half-circle to face her again. I could almost see the cogs whirring in Jamie’s buzzing brain as she considered her next move. I felt utterly powerless, a helpless victim of whatever my wife decided. It was a feeling I lived for.

“I think Amber’s got the right idea,” Jamie smirked. “They suit you.”

“They’re uncomfortable,” I said, plucking at the narrow waistband.

“Now you see what we women go through,” Jamie shrugged. “Besides, I think it’s sexy.”

“You - you do?” I said. Jamie smiled, her blonde hair swaying around her pretty face as she nodded.

"I do," she said. "I think you should wear panties to work every day from now on. It'll be like another little secret that the four of us share. Besides, I have a whole drawer full of underwear, and I think one of us should use it, don't you? Royce told me I'm not to wear underwear to the office anymore."

"He did?" I gasped. Amber smiled.

"He said there's a new dress code, just for me," she said. "He's giving me an allowance to buy office clothes. He said a slut should look like a slut, and he doesn't want anything getting in the way of him fucking me. Nor do I." Jamie's fingers curled as she sat forward, gripping the edge of the couch cushion while her teeth shone against her lower lip. My cock throbbed, desperate for release.

"No more panties," she said. "No pants, ever. No skirts or dresses below the knee. No shoes with anything less than a six inch heel. Everything has to be tight, too. He said if I can walk comfortably, I'm doing it wrong." I clenched my helpless fists at my sides. Royce was a man who knew what he liked. My wife already met some of those requirements of her own volition. She never wore pants to the office, and usually wore some kind of heel. Ever since Royce had hired her to be his personal assistant and lover, she wanted to look nice for him. But the idea of him dictating her wardrobe like this, making her strut around like a slut in front of our coworkers, made my blood sing.

"Heavy makeup," Jamie went on. Her voice was a low purr as she listed Royce's demands like an incantation. Beneath her blue dress, I saw her squeeze her thighs together. "Especially lipstick. Cocksucking lips, he calls them. He says I need to make my mouth fuckable for him."

"Oh my God," I whimpered.

"And while I'm down on my knees, sucking on that big cock of his like a good little slut, I'll think of you sitting outside in your panties, and I'll get so wet thinking about it. Your little cock, trying to get hard in my panties while his is in my mouth. Fuck, that's hot." Jamie's

eyes were burning with blue fire, and the string of the thong was splitting me in half as my cock strained the elastic limit of Amber's panties. The air crackled with sexual energy. My chest rose and fell rapidly, my heart kicking like a mule against my ribs as I stood in front of her. The silence grew, our eyes locked on one another.

"Get me my phone," Jamie finally said. She sat back against the sofa again, tossing her golden hair over her shoulder. It was only when I was already across the room, reaching into the purse she had left near the front door, that it even occurred to me that I had unquestioningly obeyed her. It was as though Amber's dominance was training me to associate sex with obedience. My cock bobbed obscenely in her panties as I returned to Jamie's side and handed her the phone. Smiling, she looked down at the screen and began to type something. I stood humbly by, as though awaiting further instruction. It didn't seem right to sit, somehow,

The phone buzzed in Jamie's hand. She had received a reply. She tapped her screen, and a familiar voice rose from the tiny speaker. Amber. I shuddered, and Jamie shrieked with laughter and surprise as she listened to the other woman's words.

"Look at me while you eat my cunt, slutboy."

My cock throbbed. Jamie squirmed in her seat as she watched the short video Amber had taken with my own phone, and must have sent to herself before sending it to Jamie. I didn't need to see the screen to know what was going on. Me, on my knees on the bathroom floor, looking up at the camera while I licked Amber to orgasm.

"Holy shit," Jamie muttered. Her eyes stayed locked on the phone as she shifted in her seat, and my eyes widened as she hiked up her dress. As though in a hurry, she pulled her skirt up around her hips and tugged at her panties, flinging them away from her. Her pussy shone between her bare legs. The tender folds glistened with moisture, and the inviting scent of her sex floated in the air towards me. I groaned in helpless desire.

“Come here,” Jamie smiled, glancing up at me before returning her eyes to the phone. “I want you to lick me while I watch you licking her.” My cock threatened to burst as it forced itself against Amber’s panties. In a flash, I dropped to my knees in front of the sofa between my wife’s spread legs. “Be gentle, honey,” she gasped as I leaned in closer. “My pussy’s sore from Royce’s big cock.” Another groan rose from my throat as I began to tenderly lick my wife’s well-fucked pussy. On Jamie’s phone, the video finished, and restarted, and she cried out happily as she listened to Amber berating me again. I reached for my cock as I licked her, stroking myself through the panties.

“Oh my God,” Jamie gasped, and her juices began to flow over my probing tongue, “you’re a little slut too.” I moaned into her pussy as my cock surged in my hand, and the video played on. Every repetition of my sexual humiliation at the hands of sexy Amber seemed to drive a new nail of shame into my fluttering heart. It felt like an image in a distorted mirror, my wife watching me swallow Amber’s cum on screen just as I had jerked off earlier to the pictures of her blowing Royce. She was right. We are sluts, I thought to myself. Two submissive sluts in the hands of a powerful dominant couple.

Jamie cried out. Her pussy spasmed against my mouth, the strong contractions pulsing around my tongue as her orgasm flooded out of her. The phone tumbled from her hand, the video still rolling, as she thrashed on the sofa in front of me. Her thighs shuddered against my shoulders as she howled in orgasm, and I swallowed her cum just as the image of me on the video swallowed Amber’s, my mouth delivering two female orgasms in a single day while my cock cried out for one of its own, ignored.

As Jamie’s orgasm subsided, I leaned away from her. Her face was glowing as she lay slumped on the sofa, her eyes closed as she savored the ecstatic sensation in her body. My hand manipulated my cock through Amber’s panties, my balls tingling with the desire to cum. Impatiently, I waited.

Jamie's eyes fluttered open. She reached for the phone, and stopped the video. Then she lay back, simply staring at me for a moment while I toyed with my cock. I could see those gears turning in her head again. A smile broke across her flushed face, and I gulped as I wondered what she had come up with now.

"You must really want to fuck me," she smiled. "Look how hard your little cock is in your slutboy panties." Amber's words, coming from my wife, were somehow even more humiliating than when they had come from my boss.

"Yes," I gasped, "yes, I do. Come on, please." Jamie grinned.

"I like that," she beamed. "Say it again."

"Please, Jamie," I begged. "Please let me fuck you."

"It's not me you need to ask," she said. Lust crowded out any other thought in my brain, and I was slow to catch her meaning. She held up the phone and pressed a button, and the glow of the screen showed reflected in her eyes as she made a call.

"No..." I murmured, a feeling of horror rising in my quivering stomach. Jamie pressed a finger to her lips, winking at me while we waited for an answer.

"Hello?" A deep male voice. Royce.

"Hi, Sir," Jamie purred. Even her voice changed when she spoke to him, her pitch rising to a girlish giggle. The effect that man had on her was astonishing. "I'm sorry to bother you at home, but I wanted to ask you something."

"What is it, slut?" I could hear the smile in Royce's voice. From the wide grin on Jamie's face, I guessed she heard it too.

"Well, Sir, I was telling my husband about how well you fucked me today, and we got all horny. I want him to fuck me, but I thought I should check with you first." There was a moment of crackling silence from the phone. I think her submissiveness had surprised even him. But Royce quickly recovered.

“Good girl,” he finally said. “You know that pussy belongs to me now, don’t you?”

“Yes Sir,” Jamie simpered while I watched in stunned silence.

“Honey, come here,” Royce called. There was a pause. “It’s my slut,” he said. “She’s asking if her husband can fuck her.” There was a feminine giggle, and a snort of laughter from Royce. The next voice that rose from the phone was Amber’s.

“Well, that depends,” she said. My cock twitched inside her panties at the sound of her smoky voice. “Is he wearing panties?”

“Yes,” Jamie giggled. “He’s still wearing those panties you made him wear, and his little cock’s all squished inside. He looks adorable.”

“Why would you want to fuck a loser like him?” I bristled at Royce’s words.

“I’m just so horny, Sir,” my wife whined. “And you’re not here.”

“Tell me whose cock tastes better,” Royce demanded.

“Yours, Sir. Your cock is far better than my husband’s. It’s so thick and hard, and your cum tastes much sweeter.” Jamie stared right at me as she spoke, and I shivered.

“Slutboy,” said Amber, “how bad do you want to fuck my husband’s little cum dumpster?”

“Bad, Miss,” I whimpered, shaking as I spoke. “Please. I need to cum so badly. Please let me fuck her.”

“Such a couple of sluts,” Amber chuckled. “You just can’t get enough, can you?”

“No, we can’t,” Jamie answered while I kneeled in sullen silence. “We are sluts. Both of us. Sluts who need to fuck.”

“Is that right, slutboy?” Amber demanded. “Is your wife Royce’s own personal slut?”

“Yes,” I hissed through gritted teeth, while Jamie’s breasts rose and fell beneath her dress with her panting breath.

"Then you need to ask him," Amber purred. "Nicely. With respect. You need to say, 'Please, Sir, may I fuck your little slut?' Maybe then he'll let you." My blood froze as Royce chuckled at his wife's devious idea. My whole body trembled. My mouth opened, and no sound came out. Everyone was waiting to see what I would do. Slowly, Jamie stretched out a leg. The toe of her shiny high heel tapped against my trapped cock, sliding over the surface and making me hiss between my teeth as desire overcame the tattered remnants of my pride.

"Please, Sir," I began. My voice was a feeble whimper, coming out strangled from my clenched throat as though my own body was trying to stop me from saying words I would never be able to take back. But there was no stopping it. The desire to cum was like an avalanche, effortlessly sweeping me away as I tried to resist. "Please may I fuck your slut?" Royce laughed. Amber giggled. Jamie gasped. Her wet pussy disappeared for a moment from my view as she pressed her thighs together like a dam against the flood of her own desire. Utterly defeated, I waited for my boss's response.

"That depends," Royce said coolly. "Tell me who that pussy belongs to."

"You, Sir," I croaked.

"Tell me that your wife worships my cock, and that you're a spineless cuckold who isn't worthy to shine my shoes."

"She does, Sir," I said dejectedly. "My wife worships your cock. I am a spineless cuckold who isn't worthy to shine your shoes." Royce grunted down the phone. His breathing grew louder as we listened. There was a rustle, and a wet, gulping sound.

"You hear that, cuck?" Royce sneered. "That's my wife, sucking my cock. She loves it almost as much as your whore wife does. It turns her on, seeing a weakling like you bowing before me. You'd like to fuck my wife, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Sir," I said.

“Of course you would. But instead, she’s blowing me right now. Listen.” The wet sounds returned, and I heard Amber’s soft moan as she sucked Royce’s cock. Royce groaned loudly as his wife pleased him.

“Here’s what you’re going to do,” Royce said. “You’re going to bring your wife to my office first thing tomorrow morning. And you’re going to get down on your knees and beg me to fuck her slut mouth. Then, you’re going to watch. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said. Every cell of my body prickled with shame. But as deep as I looked inside myself, I couldn’t summon the strength to resist. Royce’s words exploded in my brain, and my cock raged in his wife’s panties, and the sound of Amber sucking the cock my wife loved so much drove me to new depths of desire and humiliation. And all the while, Jamie’s eyes sparkled as she watched me debase myself for her lover.

“You know what else you’re going to do? I don’t want any trace of your sad little load in that pussy tomorrow. So once you’ve had your little spurt, you’re going to clean your wife of every drop of cum. With your mouth.”

My stomach churned. Jamie’s eyes went wide with delight. Royce’s grotesque idea seemed to inflame her further, and in response, my own cock throbbed.

“Yes, Sir,” I said. Royce laughed down the phone.

“Ok,” he said. “Fuck that whore. But no blowjobs. Her mouth is for my use only from now on.” Jamie shrieked with laughter.

“Thank you, Sir,” she cooed. “I can’t wait to suck your cock tomorrow.” Royce laughed again, and hung up. Jamie dropped the phone to the cushion beside her.

“Alright,” she said, turning to me. I could barely believe what had just happened. It’s bad enough knowing that your wife is fucking your boss every chance she gets. But Royce had never humiliated me like that before. Amber, for sure. But Royce and I usually steered fairly clear of each other in these games. I couldn’t shake the feeling that

something had irrevocably changed in our quartet. "Come here," Jamie smiled as she sat up on the sofa. As I rose to my feet, my gloomy thoughts were dispelled by a deep inner growl of lust. Hooking the waistband of Amber's panties with my thumbs, I was about to pull the uncomfortable underwear down when Jamie stopped me.

"Wait," she said. Leaning forward, she reached for the front of the underwear. My erection forced the front of the thong out in front of me, and my wife was easily able to slip a small hand through the leg hole of the underwear and grab my throbbing shaft. Pushing the panties to one side, she wrestled my hard shaft free. "There," she smiled as my cock stood out proudly. "That way, you can wear panties while you fuck me so that you don't forget your place." My place? As Jamie ran her fingers over the bursting veins of my shaft, I batted the thought aside. Who cared what she meant? The sofa groaned as I sank on top of her, her high heels scrabbling on the cushions as she lay back. Pinned beneath me on the couch, she cried out as the head of my cock pressed against the quivering lips of her pussy. I could feel her ready wetness against the sensitive skin of my engorged cock. With a single thrust, I slid inside, moaning low in my throat while she gasped gratefully.

I was in heaven. The slick walls of her pussy pulsed rhythmically, gripping my cock tightly as though eager to milk me of my seed. I had waited all day, my cock throbbing in my pants since this morning, teased beyond belief by Amber's tight leather pants and the photos of my wife sucking Royce's cock. As I pumped my cock in and out of her, I shuddered while a feeling like electricity crawled up my spine from my boiling balls.

"Oh fuck," Jamie gasped beneath me, her eyes closed and a stray strand of blonde hair clinging to her face. "Royce just...made you his...bitch, didn't he?" Gritting my teeth, I thrust my cock as deep inside her as it would go, trying to bury myself inside her as though I could hide from my shame.

“Answer me!” Jamie yelled. Her hand slapped my ass hard as I fucked her, the skin stinging from the impact as I moaned.

“Yes,” I panted, “yes.”

“Oh my God,” Jamie moaned. “He’s so fucking hot. And you’re just...his little...bitch boy now. Oh God. Oh God!” Jamie’s wet walls squeezed tightly around my cock as a kind of miniature orgasm thundered through her. I braced myself. I was desperate to cum, but the feelings of inadequacy raised by my wife’s infidelity made me struggle to hold back. I wanted to fuck her like Royce did. I needed to prove I could make her cum, even if my cock was smaller than his. So I measured my breath and controlled my pace and did everything I could to resist the swirling tide of pleasure inside me while Jamie abandoned herself completely to desire.

“Yes,” she hissed, “yes. Fuck me with that little cock, bitch. Fuck me while you wear panties. Oh, fuck!” My muscles danced on the edge of cramp as I pounded her into the sofa, as though I was trying to use her writhing body as a battering ram to destroy the furniture. Sweat ran over my face as I fucked my wife with everything I had, ignoring the fatigue in my body while she screamed and yelled.

“He’s so much better than you,” Jamie gasped. “Isn’t he?”

“Yes,” I groaned.

“And his cock...is so much...better. Say it!” My ass smarted as she slapped me again.

“His cock is better than mine,” I growled.

“Oh, yeah,” Jamie moaned from deep in her throat. “That’s right. Whose pussy is this?”

“Royce’s,” I gasped. “It’s Royce’s pussy.”

“Oooooohhhh!” Jamie wailed, sent over the edge by my humiliating words. Her feet scrabbled on the sofa, one of her shoes clattering to the floor as it fell from her curling toes.

“Oh, Royce,” she moaned. Her breasts bounced beneath her tight blue dress as her body rocked under me, and her wet pussy

spasmed wildly around my throbbing cock. She lay back, one arm draped over her face, covering her closed eyes. My heart burned. She was thinking of him, thinking of her lover even while I fucked her and making no attempt to hide the fact. My formerly sweet, innocent, inexperienced wife had become a cock-hungry slut, and it wasn't my cock she was hungry for.

"Royce," she gasped, chanting his name like an incantation, "Royce, fuck me, Royce. Yes, that's it, harder, harder, oh, Royce!" I was virtually launching myself into her now, the sofa sliding slightly on the floor as I pounded her into the dented cushions. And still she moaned his name, calling for her lover as though she could only cum while thinking of him. And I was no more that a feeble stand-in, an understudy, a placeholder until she could get the cock she loved back inside her. Yelling his name, she came, the hot flood of her juices pouring forth from her pussy to warm my cock and balls and aching thighs. As she moaned and thrashed, I lost control. My balls clenched, and my cock swelled with what felt like a monster load of cum as it traveled up my shaft. I cried out loudly as my cum exploded inside her, and Jamie moaned too as she felt my orgasm. The cum kept coming, spurt after spurt rising from my teased balls to coat the inside of my wife's pussy in hot semen. I collapsed on top of her, panting with the force of my orgasm, my sinking cock still dribbling a last few rivulets of cum as it slid free of her wetness. My body trembled. All the aches and tiredness I had ignored while I fucked my wife came back tenfold. I could feel the throb of someone's heart as I lay on top of her, and I didn't know if it was mine or hers.

"Good job, honey." I opened my eyes to see Jamie's shining face gazing at me happily. Rising up on my elbows, I kissed her, and she kissed me back, her tongue dancing with mine as we both basked in the glow of shared ecstasy. When our kiss finally broke, she stared up at me with shining eyes.

"You know what you have to do now, honey," she smiled. "Clean up time. And be gentle. Take your time; make sure you get it all." I studied her beautiful face. She was grinning at me. But she was deadly serious. She was a more than willing participant in my

humiliation. She loved it. As I slipped off the couch and sank to my knees on the floor, she adjusted herself, spreading her legs in front of my face. The wet mess of her pussy winked at me, with the white gleam of one of the biggest loads of my life showing between her moist lips. My stomach churned. Now that I had cum, the idea seemed far less appealing than it had just moments before, when no price seemed too high to pay for the release I had been denied all day. I had never in my wildest dreams imagined anything so depraved, so humiliating. So utterly wrong.

But a deal's a deal. Jamie chuckled in delight as I lowered my face to her thoroughly fucked pussy, dripping with my pungent cum. Grimacing, I extended my tongue, and for the first time in my life, tasted semen.

"Good boy," Jamie cooed. Reaching down between her legs, she grabbed the back of my head and slowly pulled me closer. I had no fight left in me as I lapped up my own load. Once again, Royce had won.

A Cuckold Shopping Trip

Sometimes, in my quieter moments, I had to admire the cleverness of it all. The ideas came from Amber, usually. And her creativity was astounding. Her husband was obviously a smart man; no one gets to Royce's position in life without having a good head on their shoulders. It was his skills that grew the business, his work that drove the engine of the whole company he had formed, and if he and Amber got to live in luxury in their big house with their nice clothes and their imported cars, it was down to Royce's sales skills and business acumen.

But Amber was creative. When it came to our tangled sex life, Royce's desires were relatively simple. He liked fucking my wife. He especially liked her to suck his cock. He liked her to wear revealing clothing. So far, so standard. There was nothing in Royce's sexual

preferences that was alien to me. Except perhaps his taste for domination. Sometimes, I'll admit, I thought about it. My wife responded so strongly to our boss's commanding nature, more than I ever thought she would. If she had been nurturing this submissive side all along, why didn't I try and play to that? But I never did. Somehow I knew that if I ever tried, it would just come off as laughable. I didn't have it in me. It's as simple as that. With me, it would only ever have been an act, an act that Jamie would see through in an instant. The truth is, Royce was a natural alpha male. Whatever other qualities I may possess, I'm not.

I suppose you could see it as fortunate. I tried to, in these calmer moments. Royce liked to dominate in the boardroom as well as the bedroom, and Amber might indulge that as far as she was able. But Amber herself had a dominant streak a mile wide. She needed to be in control, to dominate and humiliate. There was no way a man like Royce was ever going to go for that. Impossible to imagine him grovelling at the feet of his beautiful wife, begging her for release. But me? I was someone Amber could indulge her dominant side with.

Meanwhile, Jamie got to play both roles. To Royce, and by extension to Amber, she was the perfect submissive slut, always sexually available and eager to please. She loved it. I saw the spring in my wife's step these days, the new fire in her eyes. She felt desired. So desired, in fact, that the handsome man who desired her wanted to own her completely. It was a powerful aphrodisiac. Believe me, I understood. I was going through the same thing with Amber, in a way.

But the idea of Jamie ever submitting to me just seemed silly, somehow. And the longer this went on, the more I started to see her adopting the more dominant role in our relationship, too. How was I supposed to stand up to her? She was too beautiful to resist. And after she'd seen me debase myself for Amber, it became impossible to make any kind of stand. Amber's dominance had exposed me for what I really was - a guy who gets off on sexually submitting to women. And while this was all relatively uncharted territory for Jamie and me, she was very quickly learning from the dominant couple we

worked for. At home, she had become almost the executor of the will of Royce and Amber, enforcing their rules even when they weren't around.

And all this is a way of hiding in plain sight, avoiding the central issue. Sometimes, in my moments of reflection, I can see the link. I'm submissive precisely because I have a hard time owning up to my true desires. When I see a beautiful woman, like Amber, like Jamie, I don't think of ramming my cock down her throat, the way a guy like Royce probably does. I think of worshiping her. But the tattered remnants of my pride demand that I be forced to do it. I can't admit to myself that this is what I really want, the way Jamie seemingly can. I need to be pushed the whole way, so that I can soothe my pride with the illusion that I have no choice. Behind all the kinky sex and humiliation, my wife loves me as deeply as I love her. I could stop all this with a single word. But I don't. Because deep down, I want this. Some of it, anyway. And the parts I don't want are completely swamped by the parts that I do. In fact, in a way, the parts I fear and dread enhance the parts I long for. You know how some food can be too sweet, even if you really like sweet things? You need a dash of bitterness in there to enhance the flavor. That's how it goes, more or less.

All this to explain precisely how we came to be in one of my least favorite places: the shopping mall. On a Saturday.

"What about this?" The curtain slid back with a hiss, and Jamie stepped out of the department store dressing room. On a nearby bench, other husbands sat with bags between their knees, staring down at the screens of their phones as they waited for their wives to reappear. But I wasn't with them. I think we've established that I'm not like other husbands. I stood outside the dressing rooms, as close as I could without making the women undressing inside thinking I'm some kind of pervert. I mean, I am. But not that kind. Not the kind who sneaks peeks at women without their consent. Every twisted sexual act my wife and I indulge in is consensual. Even the ones that don't look that way.

Jamie stood in front of the now open changing booth, the narrow mirror on the wall behind her showing me the view from behind while she faced me. The skirt she was trying on hugged her hips, the stretchy black material clinging to her thighs as she shifted her weight, her hands on her hips.

“Turn around,” I said. Smiling, Jamie twirled on the spot. I watched her body move. From the corner of my eye, I observed a head lift from the bench of bored men. One of them was watching my wife as she posed and strutted. Lust rumbled within me like distant thunder.

“Can you walk in that?” I asked.

“Oh yeah,” Jamie said. To demonstrate, she took a few steps across the floor in front of the changing rooms, and I watched the hem of the skirt slide up her toned thighs with every step, the long muscle of her legs plainly visible even in bare feet. A simple T shirt covered her from the waist up; she had sensibly decided to wear clothes she could get in and out of easily for this shopping trip. But I could imagine all too well how the skirt would look at the office, with high heeled shoes and a tight top. The eyes of all my male coworkers would be on my wife, I knew, and that thought only fed the slow fire of desire crackling inside me, and inside my jeans, my cock twitched.

“It’s too big,” I said. Jamie stopped. She smiled, and her cheeks colored beautifully.

“Really?” she said. It wasn’t, I supposed, by any normal metric. It fit her quite well. But I had my orders, just as she did. This game had its rules, and it was a game I was determined to win.

“Wait there,” I said. “I’ll get you a smaller one.” Adjusting my suddenly tight jeans surreptitiously, I made my way back across the halogen-lit hangar of the sprawling store to the rack Jamie had chosen the skirt from. My heart beat steadily, seemingly far higher in my throat than anatomy would allow. Under the bright lights, I quickly flicked through the rack, looking for a size down from the one she was wearing.

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I once heard space-time described as almost like a rubber sheet, stretched out with all the planets and stars lying on top. The greater the mass of the celestial body, the bigger the dent it makes on the rubber sheet. Something like that; I didn't really understand it. But I remembered it all the same as I heard Amber's high heels on the floor of the office. I knew they were Amber's. I knew her step, just as I knew my wife's, just as a dog learns to recognize the specific sound of the car engine of its owner returning home. Amber was the biggest star in my galaxy, besides my wife, and I could feel the warping of the universe caused by her heavenly body without needing to look up from my computer screen. I felt, as much as heard, her approach. Tiny beads of sweat like jewels broke out on my forehead as I stubbornly avoided looking up. I lived in fear of the rest of the office finding out what was going on behind the closed doors of Amber and Royce's offices. And Amber knew just how to play on those fears.

When her shapely shadow fell across my desk, I had no choice but to look up.

"Hi Tim," she smiled. The dimples in her cheeks made my heart flutter. She had her dark hair tied back from her face in a sleek ponytail, her understated makeup serving to enhance the glow in her chocolate eyes. A purple turtleneck sweater clung tightly to her torso, and the swell of her large breasts pushed out against the fabric as though desperate to break free. A white pencil skirt gripped her long legs, falling to her knees but doing nothing to hide the lust-inspiring shape of her hips, her legs, the swell of her ass. And her shoes. As though to undercut the professional look of her clothing, Amber had chosen a sexy pair of shoes, her outfit getting progressively bolder from head to toe. Sleek black ankle boots with a high, thin heel made of shiny black patent leather. They would have been more at home in a strip club than an office. Amber was the boss's wife, and could wear whatever she liked. She was known among the men in the office for her daring fashion choices. By her standards, the outfit she wore that day was relatively conservative. But I couldn't help but gulp at the sight of her. I couldn't keep myself from imagining kneeling at

her feet, kissing those sexy boots, or feeling the sharp heels scrape my back while she wrapped her thighs around my head. Beneath the desk, my cock throbbed. This is why I try to avoid looking at Amber when I'm trying to work. And this is also why I fail, every single time.

"Hi, Amber." Her smile deepened. No one but she could have heard the slight pause in my voice, my treacherous mouth twitching slightly as it habitually tried to call her what I had been trained to call her in private. Miss Amber, or simply Miss. A term of respect to remind me of the deep imbalance in our relationship. As though I could ever forget.

"Could you come to my office before you leave today?" She asked, but she wasn't really asking. My nerves jangled at the thought of what she might have in mind. Amber was capable of almost anything. But there was only one appropriate reply.

"Of course," I said. Amber smiled. She held my eye for a moment as she grinned, just a moment longer than normal. Everything was in that momentary glance. Every bit of the deep power imbalance between us shone in her brown eyes as she smiled at me. Then, without another word, she turned on her tall heels. Quickly glancing around the office, I checked to see if anyone was looking in my direction, but my coworkers were all busy looking at their own screens. And so I allowed myself to stare, safe in the knowledge that her back was turned, as beautiful Amber shimmied her way across the office, her tight white skirt flaunting her dangerous curves as she made her way towards her own office. My cock throbbed and raged unseen in the darkness below my desk.

As five o'clock approached, my colleagues shut down their computers and said their goodbyes. I stayed behind, pretending to work. The truth was, I had accomplished nothing since Amber asked me to come see her. How could I? The anticipation of what she had planned was too much. And there was a corollary to her request. Jamie and I carpooled to work together. If I was staying behind, she would have to also. It didn't take a psychic to guess how she would be spending her extra time at the office.

But in the rigid hierarchy of our kinky foursome, I am most definitely at the bottom. I don't get to argue, or protest. I do what I'm told. So, with a fluttering heart and a throbbing erection, I waited for the last of the other staff to leave, then headed for Amber's office.

She was waiting for me. And, to my surprise, so was Jamie.

Amber sat perched on the edge of her desk, facing the door. The shape of her thigh showed plainly through her skirt as she sat with crossed legs, her feet in their sexy boots dangling above the floor. Jamie sat in the sofa that faced the desk on the opposite wall, her legs likewise demurely crossed in a short gray skirt. My wife was the office slut, but she looked as classy and elegant and beautiful to me as she did all those years ago when I married her. As I entered the room, two beautiful faces turned towards me, so different in features but so alike in beauty. My wife is the classic blue-eyed blonde, the girl next door. She was my high school sweetheart, and the girl all the guys wanted. Fourteen years later, she still is. Jamie turns heads everywhere she goes. A classic beauty.

Whereas Amber - Amber is beautiful too. But above all, Amber is sexy. Those curves, that body - she looks like sex on two legs. And if you could see them, the two of them waiting for me, so different and so alike, you'd know why it is that I let them treat me the way they do.

"Have a seat, Timmy," Amber said, waving towards the sofa. I sat beside my wife, and Jamie smiled warmly at me. The now-familiar stab of jealous lust bloomed inside me as I studied the fresh gloss on Jamie's painted lips and knew how she had spent much of her workday.

"I've been thinking," Amber said. Seated on her desk, she towered above us, our faces level with her stomach. I had no doubt it was completely deliberate, and I resisted the urge to try and sneak a peak up her skirt as she shifted her hips slightly on the table top.

"I've decided to play a little game," Amber went on. "Since you two are the office sluts around here, I think you need to look the part. But I don't have time to take you shopping for more...appropriate

attire. Besides, you know the dress requirements.” We did. The office was fairly standard as far as dress code went, but Royce had decided that my wife had a dress code of her own to follow. And so did I, even if my requirements were less obvious to the untrained eye. I shifted uncomfortably on the low sofa.

“So,” said Amber, “this weekend, you will both go out shopping. You are each going to choose what the other one wears. And when you come in on Monday, Royce and I will judge your outfits. Whoever dresses the other one the most to our liking will get a reward. The loser - well, let’s just say that the loser will regret it. Do I make myself clear?” Amber was smiling, but her eyes glittered dangerously. For all her beauty, she was a dangerous woman to cross. I of all people knew that only too well.

“Yes, Miss Amber,” I mumbled, and heard Jamie echo the words a half-second later.

“Good. Now go home,” Amber curtly dismissed us. I stood. The front of my dress pants bulged as my cock struggled against the clinging fabric, but Amber seemed in no mood to play, for once. But as I made my way to the door of her office with Jamie a step behind me, Amber spoke again.

“Stop,” she said. “Before you go, you need to show me the proper respect.” I looked over at her. Amber’s purple-painted fingernail pointed down at her shiny shoe. She was no longer smiling. And as shame and desire bubbled inside me, I knew what she wanted. Debasing myself in front of her was bad enough. But having my wife witness my submission added a new thrill to the act as I stepped across the room, and kneeled. I heard Jamie stifle a gasp as I pressed my lips to the toe of Amber’s dangling boot.

“Good boy,” Amber purred. “You too, slut.”

I stood, and stepped back. My legs felt suddenly numb. Jamie’s sapphire eyes went wide as saucers as she looked at Amber, then me, then back to Amber. This was new. Normally, Royce played with my wife while Amber played with me. But Amber wasn’t the type to

leave things alone. And as Jamie sheepishly stepped forward, glancing at me again from the corner of her eyes as she approached our boss's wife, my cock raged with the hot blood of arousal while silver flecks danced in my blurred vision.

Jamie's skirt slid up her bare legs as she kneeled on the floor. She brushed her golden hair back from her face, pinning it behind one ear as she bent forward. Amber grinned triumphantly as Jamie pressed her red lips to the rounded toe of the other woman's boot, leaving a faint smear of lipstick behind as she raised her head and stared up at her mistress.

"Good," Amber said briskly. "Now, get out of here."

Stunned, I staggered behind my wife's body as she swayed on her tall heels towards the door of the office. I knew with absolute certainty that the image of my wife submitting to another woman would haunt me for weeks to come. We barely made it out of the office car park before I had to pull over, and Jamie cried out in laughter and lust as I flung myself upon her, and we had sex right there by the side of the road during rush hour, past caring who might see our car rocking to the rhythm of our moans.

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"Can I help you?"

Being a lone man in the woman's clothing section of a department store attracts attention, even in this day and age, when we're all supposed to be so much more tolerant. I'm not about to tell you my wife's size. Even if it is a number most women would be proud of, I know Jamie wouldn't thank me for revealing that kind of information. But I can tell you that I couldn't find a single skirt on the rack in her size.

At the sound of the saleswoman's voice, I looked up. The young woman had a guarded expression, her eyes cautious above her practiced smile.

"Do you have this in a size --?" I asked, brandishing a skirt at her. "It's for my wife," I added redundantly. But the salesgirl looked

relieved all the same.

"I can definitely have a look for you," she said, studying the label on one of the hanging skirts. "Let me take a look, and I'll meet you by the changerooms?"

"Ok," I said. Smiling more confidently this time, the woman made her way towards the back of the store while I returned to Jamie.

"She's just bringing one," I said as I stood beside my wife. Jamie was plucking nervously at the hem of the skirt with her fingers. Over on the nearby bench, I noticed that a few of the husbands were now looking over at us. Jamie's cheeks colored as she followed the direction of my gaze, and saw exactly what I did.

"Are you sure this is too big?" she asked in a low voice.

"Not for a christening or a dinner party," I said. I leaned close to her, my voice barely above a whisper. "But you're supposed to look like a slut at work. And there's no way I'm losing that competition." Jamie smiled. I could see the flicker of excitement deep in her eyes. My stomach clenched. I was dressing my wife in a way that would make Royce want her even more than he already did. But Amber's vague threat gave me little choice. That was her genius.

The salesgirl appeared as if by magic at my side. Jamie turned, and smiled at her as she took the skirt from the other woman.

"Thank you," she beamed.

"This is a great skirt," the salesgirl said. "They're really on trend right now. And I think your husband will really like it, too." The girl smiled cheekily, her pale eyes darting from Jamie to me and back again.

"Oh, I'm sure he will," said Jamie with a smirk. "I just hope my boyfriend does, too." The salesgirl's eyes were as big as two moons. Her lips twitched as she looked at me, and Jamie, speechless with surprise.

"Er - ok - I, um," she stammered. But Jamie was already making her way back to the open curtain if the changing booth. I could feel

my cheeks prickling redly as the woman quickly walked away. Amber was a genius at finding new ways to humiliate me. But sometimes, Jamie displayed a lot of creativity in that department, too. Between the two of them, I had no chance.

Anxiously, I waited. Without my wife to look at, the bored husbands returned to their phones. The salesgirl stood behind a counter now, talking to a colleague. I saw them both look over at me, and a bright peal of feminine laughter drifted across the cavernous store. I stared at my feet while my cock throbbed.

The curtain hissed. Jamie stood in the open booth, holding the curtain aside with one hand while her other rested on her hip. The smaller skirt was extraordinarily tight, the fabric shining under the light as her thighs pushed it to its elastic limit. The hem barely reached down to the middle of her thighs. It was hard to imagine how Jamie would be able to sit in such a garment, let alone move around.

"I don't know if I can walk in this thing without showing everyone my cooch," she said in a conspiratorial stage whisper.

"I know," I said. "It's perfect." And lust swelled like a wave through my body. A quick look around the bright store assured me no one was watching, though I don't think I would have cared if they had been. Jamie giggled as I grabbed her by the hips, pushing her back into the booth and pulling the curtain shut behind us.

"What are you doing?" she laughed as I turned her around to face the wall. "We can't do this here!" But she didn't try to stop me as I pushed her forward until she braced herself with her hands on the wall, her legs spread beneath the tiny skirt.

In seconds, my jeans were around my ankles, and my eager cock soared into the air as I pulled my underwear down. The skirt sprang up over the swell of Jamie's ass with the slightest pressure from my finger, and she sighed as I roughly pulled her panties down. The head of my swollen cock pressed against her pussy, and I could feel her ready wetness as I pushed myself against her. Jamie sighed as she felt me enter her, and I placed a hand over her mouth as I

pulled myself against her. My cock slid in and out of her warm wetness, our bodies moving in unison in the cramped space while she sighed and moaned against my palm. The sheer spontaneous wrongness of the situation inflamed our desire, and the dirty thoughts that had been plaguing me all day bloomed now in my mind while I watched in the mirror, my own reflection seeming to me like another man fucking my wife while I watched. Jamie writhed in my grip, her breath loud in her nostrils as she sighed and snorted, and the feeling of her warm body pressed against mine as she pushed herself back into my thrusts sent me over the edge. Tiny fireworks seemed to erupt all along my body as my teased balls heaved, and I moaned loudly as my orgasm overwhelmed me. I emptied myself into her while she moaned and sighed, her spasming pussy milking me of every drop of my voluminous cum. When I finally withdrew, I was dizzy. Panting, I leaned against the wall, trying to catch my breath.

“Wow,” Jamie panted. Her eyes had that glassy look they sometimes get after sex, but her eyes sparkled keenly. “I guess you really do like this skirt. It’s a good thing, I suppose. We’ve bought it now.”

“I can’t believe you told the salesgirl it was for your boyfriend,” I panted. Smiling, Jamie bent to retrieve her underwear from the changing room floor. I watched as she wadded up her panties and used them to wipe between her legs. The wet mess of our mingled juices shone as it slowly seeped into the fabric.

“Well, I had to get you back for making me wear such a slutty skirt,” she said. “Here.” Extending her arm, she held the cum-soaked panties out towards me. “I’ll make you a deal,” she said. “If you’ll wear these under your boxers, I’ll wear this skirt out of the store. And if some guys see my pussy underneath, well, lucky for them, I guess.” Jamie laughed as, without a moment of hesitation, I took the panties from her. Kicking aside my jeans, I stepped into her underwear, and her blue eyes shone as she watched me struggle to pull the panties into place. I could feel the wetness of my cum and hers against my now-soft cock as I forced it into the skimpy feminine

underwear. Jamie's teeth showed white against her lower lip as she watched, her cheek colored with the unmissable glow of orgasm.

"Fuck," she said, her voice a low growl, "that's hot. Hold it right there." My hands clenched at my sides, I waited while she rummaged in her purse. Fishing out her phone, she held it towards me and took a photo of my humiliating attire. Then she tossed it back into her bag, along with her balled-up pants. Inside the wet panties, my cock twitched at the thought of her walking around the mall with her just-fucked pussy peeking out beneath the tiny skirt.

"Alright," Jamie grinned. "Sit down. Right there, on the floor." As she pressed down gently but firmly on my shoulders, I sank to the changing room floor, sitting among the bags and items of discarded clothing. My confusion must have shown on my face, because Jamie laughed as she stood over me.

"I can't go out in a short skirt like this with your cum leaking out of me, can I?" she said. "You made the mess. You have to clean it up." My shoulders were resting against the low bench below the changing room mirror, and as my wife pushed my head back, I looked up at the ceiling with my head on the bench. Jamie stepped forward, her pussy shining beneath the skirt that was hiked up around her waist. Lifting a leg, she placed one knee on the bench beside my head, then the other. As she straddled my face, I made no attempt to resist. By now, I knew this feeling well, a kind of mute paralysis that comes over me when a woman takes charge. Jamie's wet panties tightened against me as my cock began to swell once more. As she settled herself on my face, trapped between her thighs, I knew what I had to do. The smell of my own cum was pungent as my wife sat on top of me, and I probed her dripping folds with my tongue, grimacing at the slimy feeling of my own cum as it began to fill my mouth.

"Good boy," Jamie cooed above me. In the darkness between her legs, I could see nothing. But I could hear and smell and taste and touch her, and myself, and I groaned in lust and abject humiliation as I lapped at her freshly-fucked pussy.

“Clean up your mess like a good cuckold,” Jamie whispered. I could hear her voice catch, her breath coming quicker as new pleasure bloomed in her body, and it spurred me on. Humiliation lent a sharp edge to my desire as I swallowed my load while Jamie moaned and squirmed above me. As the taste of my own semen diminished, it was replaced by the familiar flavor of my wife’s passion. Now I licked and lapped more eagerly as Jamie’s own juices flowed over my cheeks, and her cries of pleasure filled the tiny space as she ground her pussy against my face. I felt her sex spasm against my lips, the wet walls of her vagina gripping my tongue tightly, just as they had gripped my cock moments before. Inside the wet panties, my cock was swelling rapidly again. Jamie screamed, her palms slapping the wall behind me as she surrendered herself to her orgasm, and I swallowed the sudden flood of her ecstasy as she came in my mouth.

With a sigh, Jamie climbed off the bench. With shaking hands, she tugged the revealing skirt down over her hips as far as it would go before sinking to the floor beside me. In the tight space of the changing booth, I knew, the smell of our sex would be impossible to miss. I wiped my mouth with my hand, smearing Jamie’s cum across my face.

“I can’t believe we did that,” she panted. “What the fuck is happening to us?” She had a point. A year ago, something like what had just happened would be unthinkable for us. But this was Amber’s dark genius. She could make anything, even clothes shopping, into a sex act. We couldn’t help ourselves.

“I don’t know,” I replied. “But I like it.” Reaching out, I found her hand on the floor beside me, and squeezed it. Jamie turned her head to smile at me, her deep blue eyes shining merrily in her flushed face.

“I guess Amber’s right,” she said. “I guess we are a couple of sluts.” She stood, and fidgeted with the skirt again. Then she reached out her hand. Taking it, I rose to my feet and pulled my boxer and jeans up over the damp panties I wore.

“Let’s go pay for this skirt,” she said. “Then it’s my turn to buy some new work clothes for you. Something nice and pink and frilly, I think.” I gulped. Jamie pushed aside the curtain, and we hurried out into the store before anyone could see us. As I followed her towards the cash desk and watched her hand the tag she had torn from the skirt to the bemused cashier, I couldn’t help but think that she was right. And Amber was right, too. Like a self-fulfilling prophecy, she had made us into a couple of sluts whose every action was motivated by sex. And yet, as I stood beside my wife wearing her cum-soaked panties under my clothes, the taste of our sex lingering on my tired tongue, I knew I wouldn’t change anything.

A Cuckold Contest

Going to work isn’t what it used to be. Now, it’s an ordeal. It’s a trial. It’s something to be feared, even dreaded. But it’s never boring. I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again, here. The kinky relationship my wife and I had gotten involved in with our boss and his wife had a way of making almost everything a sex act. I spent my days hunched over my desk with a raging erection hidden in my pants, most of the time. And my wife spent her days on her knees under Royce’s desk.

Monday was always the worst. I know it is for most people anyway. But it’s as though having a break from Royce and Amber over the weekend made it harder to go back and submit to them again. Like my pride grew back, just a little, in the two day space, and had to be painfully broken down again. I knew it would be, just as Jamie did. Just as Amber and Royce did. I’d bend to their will, like I always did. It was in my nature. But Monday was always the hardest, the day I was most likely to resist. Not that that was saying much.

And this Monday was different, yet again. Things were never static. I had to give Amber the credit for that. All these kinky ideas, they all came from her. I don’t know where she came up with them. There’s an ugly stereotype that really attractive women aren’t

creative in bed, since they don't need to be. Guys will want to fuck them anyway. Amber was definitely proof against that idea. She was gorgeous, and she was perverted. And, increasingly these days under the influence of the alpha couple, so was my wife.

"Come on, honey," Jamie said brightly as the alarm went off that morning. Outside the window of our bedroom, the sky was just starting to lighten. I rubbed my grainy eyes. I'd never been a morning person, and this particular morning was far earlier than usual. Besides, neither of us had slept much the night before. I'd lain awake long into the night, watching the shadows cast by the streetlights outside move across the dark ceiling. Even when sleep finally came, it was fitful, torn by dreams that had me waking at all hours, my cock hard and throbbing beneath the blanket. It had to be the same for Jamie, I knew. But she sat up in bed all the same, the lamp light glowing in her golden hair. She was excited for what was to come.

With a groan, I rolled out of bed. My cock stood out straight in front of me, tenting the front of my boxer shorts as though I was eighteen again. It didn't escape Jamie's notice. She giggled, her blue eyes bright as she stared at the bulge in the front of my underwear.

"Someone's excited," she grinned. "Are you going to be able to get dressed like that?"

"I doubt it," I said. Jamie's eyes sparkled as she smiled at me. The silence thickened.

"What?" she finally shrugged. "I don't have time to help you out. You're going to have to take care of that yourself." I sighed. My bare feet slapped against the floor as I trudged towards the bathroom. A fine start to the day this was, I thought to myself as I stood over the toilet and pulled down my boxer shorts. My cock sprang out, dumb and predictable, bobbing in the bathroom air. At least I wasn't short of inspiration. Amber provided my masturbation fuel enough for a lifetime, and my wife's exploits with Royce only fed the flames of lust that were steadily roasting my heart. I closed my eyes, and sighed again as my fingers made contact with the hot skin of my manhood. We'd been promised a reward - one of us, at least. You're supposed

to want the best for the one you love, and I do, I really do. Like any good husband, I put Jamie before myself, ninety nine times out of a hundred. But I wanted to win this kinky contest. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed our unusual sex life. But Jamie got to fuck Royce pretty much daily, whereas I almost never got to actually have sex with Amber. She played with me in various ways. She liked having me lick her, and suck on her ample breasts, and grovel at her feet. But when Amber wanted cock, she, too, went to Royce. I was there to be teased and humiliated, but both the women in my life chose my boss over me when they really wanted to get fucked. The same blood that prickled my cheeks with shame made my cock surge in my hand. Lost in thoughts of what Amber might be wearing today, what she might have planned, I didn't hear Jamie come up behind me.

"Here." Her voice was soft, but still I jumped, my eyes snapping open as I was jolted out of my sexual reverie. Jamie's breath was hot against my ear, and I could feel her hand on my shoulder as she stood behind me. "Let me help you with that." My heart surged hopefully. But Jamie had no intention of having sex that morning. Not with me, anyway. She was right, I suppose; we didn't have the time. Our bathroom is small enough that she was able to reach across to the sink from where she stood and squeeze out a dollop of hand lotion. I felt her slick hand reach for my throbbing cock, and I closed my eyes again and sighed gratefully as she took my member in her hand.

"There," she said, sliding her slippery hand up and down my shaft and drawing sparks of pleasure from my trembling body, "you just think about me, all dressed up in the outfit you picked for me. Do you think the guys in the office will be looking at your slutty wife? Maybe I'll bend over in front of them. You know, to get something out of the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet. I'll bend over, right at the front of the office, and maybe they'll see I don't have any panties on. That'll get them talking, won't it?" I growled between gritted teeth as pleasure overtook me. I could see it all so clearly, just as Jamie described it. And the worst part was, I didn't know if this was just dirty talk, or something she was actually planning. I couldn't put it past her.

Every day, my wife seemed to sink more readily into her role as an exhibitionist slut. The thought of being the object of other men's desire excited her, just as it excited me to see her objectified like that. Maybe it was her lack of sexual experience - we had been together since high school, after all. But it was as though Jamie was only now realizing just how attractive she was. She's a beautiful woman, but it seemed as though it wasn't until Royce took an interest in her that she started to see that for herself. And the boost it gave her confidence showed in her face, in her smile, in every strutting line of her beautiful body. Being desired only made her more desirable. My wife had never been so downright sexy as she became once she stepped outside the bounds of our marriage.

"Just think about what I'll be doing later," Jamie purred against my ear. "Just think about me under Royce's desk, where the office slut belongs. I can't wait. I can't wait to get my lips around that big fat cock of his. You know, he doesn't even need to fuck me, really. I almost cum just from blowing him. His cock is just that sexy."

"Oh, fuck," I hissed between my teeth. We've been together nearly half our lives, Jamie and I. She knows exactly how to press my buttons. I felt my orgasm rising up my iron-hard shaft, and Jamie clearly felt it too, because I felt the warm explosion of her breath against the skin of my neck as she chuckled, pleased with herself, my ejaculating cock in her slick hand. My knees trembled as I came, spurting my load into the waiting toilet as Jamie did her best to angle my erection downwards and avoid splashing the toilet lid with my cum. As my cock softened, the last few drops of cum falling from the deflating tip, she released me, and stepped away. In the mirror over the sink, I saw her wiping her hands on a towel.

"Alright," she said, a teasing smile on her pretty face as she met my eyes in the mirror. "Time to get dressed. Go put your panties on. We don't want to keep them waiting, do we?"

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I'd never been a fan of shopping. But this wasn't shopping. This was sex, too. A strange kind of sex, sure, but sex all the same. Even

when Amber wasn't with us, her devious brain was at work in our relationship. Only she could make traipsing around the mall on a Saturday so sexy. And so humiliating.

Not that Jamie was a slouch in that department, either. I'd only just emptied my balls into my willing wife, filling her wet pussy with my hot seed in the changing room of the department store. But already, my cock was twitching again as I walked beside her through the mall. I was almost grateful for the panties I wore beneath my clothes. The tight fabric helped to keep my erection in check and stop it from showing through the front of my jeans.

Jamie was moving sinuously, carving her way through the crowds of shoppers. You'd have to know her as well as I did to see it, but to me, it was as clear as day, the change that had come over. Wearing the tight miniskirt I had chosen for her was making her feel sexy. Not to mention the sex we'd just had in the changing room. And as I walked along beside her, I could see the eyes of other men follow her through the mall, hoping that their wives wouldn't notice but unable to resist the call of their blood in response to my wife's long legs. If only they knew, I thought to myself with a giddy thrill. Beneath the skirt, there was nothing between her just-fucked pussy and the hungry gaze of these strangers, and every step threatened to expose her to the crowd. The secret we shared buoyed us both up, and I knew that Jamie felt the same crackle of sexual energy as I did.

At the door of the lingerie store, I balked. Jamie turned, and smiled at me over her shoulder as she stepped inside. I don't know if it was calculated, or instinctive, or just blind, dumb luck. But the thought of her bare pussy beneath the slutty skirt broke my resistance. I followed her inside, unable to bear the thought of being anywhere else except by her side. Even when I knew that it would mean my utter humiliation.

"Can I help you?" My heart stumbled in my chest as a shop worker approached. The woman was young, probably no more than twenty, with a steel ring glittering in the side of one nostril. Her eyes

were the pale blue of an April sky, in contrast to my wife's ocean-deep sapphires of eyes. Her black hair was tied back in a short pony tail. A name tag pinned to her black V neck T shirt read 'Brianna'. She was a pretty young thing, and I couldn't decide if that made what I was about to go through better, or worse. Jamie smiled broadly as she turned to the girl.

"Yes," Jamie purred, casting a sly glance at me from the corner of her eye while I hung my head in shame. Even a few weeks ago, I never would have imagined this. But something about these little public displays of power dynamics seemed to excite my wife. And what excited her, excited me. "I'm looking for some panties," she smiled. "What size would you say my husband is?"

If Brianna was shocked, you'd hardly know it. Maybe her eyes widened, just a little. Maybe I detected the slightest flicker of amusement at the corner of her pink lips as I stole a glance at her from under lowered brows. But that was all. As she boldly cast a practiced eye over my body, I stared at the floor and felt my cheek burning with shame.

"I think we can find something for him," Brianna said. She was talking directly to Jamie, as though I was insignificant. I felt about two feet tall as the woman decided my fate between them without my input. "What kind of panties do you have in mind? A lot of men value the extra support of, say, a boy cut panty. Helps keep everything in check. But it all depends on what he'll be wearing on top."

"It'll just be his regular work clothes," Jamie said. Her cheeks were colored too, I noticed. This dominance game was new to her, and she didn't have the ready confidence that Amber did, who dispensed orders and commands to me as though it was her natural right to rule over us. But Jamie was learning fast. Easy for her to overcome the embarrassment, I thought to myself with some bitterness. She was the one in charge.

"Thongs are always good at staying hidden, especially under tight clothes," Brianna said. "Of course, they're not the most

comfortable things to wear, especially for men. But maybe in this case, that's a good thing?"

"Maybe," Jamie mused, casting another quick glance in my direction. "The main thing is that it should be as sexy as possible. You see, we're having a competition."

"Ok," Brianna smiled. "Sounds like fun. I like a challenge. Why don't you take him over to the changing rooms, and I'll bring you a few options?"

"Awesome," Jamie smiled. "Thank you so much." My head down, I followed my wife through the racks of frilly underwear, trying to avoid the judging stares of the female shoppers. There was no fight left in me. All I could think of was Jamie's pussy, getting wetter and wetter underneath her tiny skirt, and my cock throbbed in the panties I was already wearing as I imagined what I'd do to her once we got home.

We waited in silence. I wasn't sure if I could say anything if I tried, and Jamie seemed happy enough, humming quietly to herself while she bounced on her toes. She had told me she would get me back for making her wear such a slutty skirt. Now I was being paid back tenfold. When Brianna appeared with an armful of items, I wordlessly took them from her and scurried into the changing room. While I fiddled and fussed with the unfamiliar garments, trying to fit them as best I could to a body shape they were most definitely not designed for, I could hear Jamie and Brianna chatting on the other side of the curtain.

"You'd be surprised how common this is," the young girl was saying. "After the first couple of times, you get used to it. Some are crossdressers who do it voluntarily. Some are being made to do it. Are you his mistress? Are you punishing him?" The girl spoke so matter-of-factly, while I cringed and squirmed in the brightly lit booth.

"Not exactly," Jamie said. I could see, as clearly as though there were no curtain between us, the sheepish smile on her face. She used to be such a private person, especially about our sex life. But all

that was fading away as her new slut persona grew. "It's our boss. Our bosses, really. They told me to do this."

"Oh, wow," Brianna said. "That's really cool. That's hot."

"I never thought I'd get such a kick out of it," I heard Jamie say. "But it is hot, seeing him submit to another woman. And as for her husband, well...." Jamie's voice trailed off into a chorus of giggles from the two women. My cheeks burned furiously. Inside a fresh set of panties, my cock raged. It was obscene. But I knew I had no choice. I pushed aside the curtain, and two sets of blue eyes turned to me, roaming over my body in the ridiculous feminine underwear Brianna had chosen for me. The smiles on their faces pierced me to the heart as lust and shame struggled with one another in my trembling chest.

"Not bad," Jamie said, nodding slightly. "But I think we need something a little sluttier."

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The office was empty. I pulled up in the parking lot, beside the only other car that was there at this early hour. Royce's luxury import. Jamie stared straight ahead, her face set in a kind of nervous smile. I sighed, and stepped out of the car. As I opened Jamie's door for her and helped her out of her seat, I was treated to a glimpse of her exposed sex that made my cock throb before she stood and adjusted her tight skirt.

"Ready?" she asked as she fidgeted with her high hem.

"Ready," I breathed. Taking her hand, we made our way across the small car park, Jamie's high heels echoing in the still-quiet air of the industrial estate. It was early, and there was no one around. We had that to be thankful for, at least.

Once inside the office, we made our way towards Royce's private office. They were waiting for us. Royce grinned as she turned in his huge swivel chair, his piercing blue eyes focusing at once on blushing Jamie. His sandy blonde hair was swept back from his ruggedly handsome face, his square jaw dusted with a careful growth

of stubble that only added to his air of masculinity. Royce was a big man, even sitting behind a desk. He wore his tailor-made shirts tight, revealing the hard slab of muscle he called a chest, and the swell of his biceps like two grapefruits straining the sleeves of his shirt. I heard my wife's breath catch at the mere sight of him.

Not that I could allow myself much moral high ground on that score. Royce's wife was as beautiful as you would expect for a handsome and successful man like him. Amber sat perched on the edge of her husband's desk, as she often did, her crossed legs straining the skirt she wore as it both concealed and revealed the shape of her thighs. Amber like leather. And I loved to see it on her, my cock raging forlornly in my pants at the sight of her. She wore a black leather dress, and the supple material clung to the wicked curves of her sexy body as she turned her glowing brown eyes to us as we entered. Like soldiers on inspection, we stood side by side in front of Royce's desk, awaiting the judgment of our sexual superiors.

"Look at these two sluts," Amber purred. Her leather dress creaked as she hopped down from the desk. Her high heeled pumps, no doubt outrageously expensive, thumped on the short office carpet as she swayed her way over to us. Jamie stared straight ahead, at Royce, while Amber stood beside her. Even with the tall heels I had chosen for Jamie to wear, Amber was a shade taller than my wife. But her natural air of dominance, combined with Jamie's obvious nerves, made her seem much taller. Royce simply watched, smiling and turning slightly in his seat, while his wife inspected mine.

"Not bad," Amber said. Her fingertips plucked at the hem of Jamie's skirt, and my wife jumped slightly at her touch. "Look at this slutty little skirt. I bet you were hoping it would turn my husband on to see you in that, weren't you?"

"Yes, Miss," Jamie said, her voice little more than a whisper. Still she stared straight ahead, as though she couldn't tear her gaze away from Royce. My cock raged as I watched Amber's hand slide slowly up under my wife's short skirt.

"I hope you're not wearing panties under this slutty skirt," Amber growled. "You know the rules."

"Yes, Miss," Jamie meekly breathed. Amber slowly circled my wife as I stepped back to allow her to pass, her hand trailing over Jamie's thighs as she maintained contact with her.

"Turn around," Amber said suddenly. "Bend over. Hands on the wall." Jamie did as she was told, crossing the few steps to the far wall of Royce's office and bending at the waist, thrusting her ass out as she put her palms to the wall. My guts ached with desire as I watched her go. Along with the skirt, I had picked out some black knee-high boots with a tall heel that on Amber might have looked dominant, but on submissive Jamie simply looked slutty. A tight red top clung to her torso, baring her arms and shoulders beneath its thin straps and revealing her bra-enhanced cleavage with the deep V in front. With the heavy make-up she had applied herself, especially the deep red lipstick and lip gloss that Royce insisted she wear, my wife was dressed more for a night at a club than a day in the office. And my body was responding just the way I knew it would as I watched her strut and pose at Amber's direction.

"Look at that," Amber said as she stood at my wife's side. She smiled across the room at her watching husband. "Look at this dirty little slut." Jamie yelped, in surprise more than pain, as Amber brought her hand down with a loud smack against my wife's ass. I could see Jamie's legs shaking in her tall boots as Amber grabbed the hem of her tiny skirt and abruptly pulled it up around her hips, the elasticated material springing easily away from the round curve of Jamie's ass to settle around her waist. There was another sharp crack, louder this time, as Amber slapped Jamie's bare ass.

"Look at this whore," Amber grinned. This time, her deep brown eyes found mine. Unable to meet her triumphant gaze, I turned away. "She's already wet for you, honey."

"Good," Royce said, his deep voice loud in the small room. "She should be."

“Look at that tight little pussy,” Amber sneered. Jamie whimpered as Amber’s manicured hand slipped between her legs while Royce shifted in his seat. I stifled a gasp of my own. Jamie had never displayed any kind of bisexual desires. It was her lust for Royce that made her so compliant, so submissive. But as Amber manipulated my wife’s pussy right in front of me, I could see Jamie’s eyes closing, her cheeks coloring beneath their dose of powder as her body responded to the other woman’s touch.

“You want my husband’s big cock inside you, don’t you?” Amber growled.

“Oh, yes please,” Jamie whimpered. Sunk into her submissive role, it was as though I wasn’t even there any more. My wife would do just about anything for our boss’s cock. That was the simple truth that burned me up inside.

“Well, we’ll see about that,” Amber said, grinning. Once more, she slapped Jamie’s ass, leaving a faint red hand print on my wife’s pale skin. Then she ordered her to stand up straight and turn back around. Jamie stood as though at attention, her hands behind her back and her wet pussy wantonly on display beneath her hiked-up skirt. As Amber turned her bright gaze on me, a shudder rippled through my body.

“Now, let’s see what you’re wearing, slutboy,” she grinned. Her eyes were locked on me. Jamie was bouncing on her toes with anticipation. Royce cast a quick glance in my direction before settling again on my wife. He wasn’t interested in this part, beyond seeing me humiliated. But Amber wanted to have her fun, too.

Suppressing a sigh, I kicked off my shoes and unbuckled my belt. As my pants dropped to my ankles, Amber spluttered with laughter, and even Royce chuckled. All eyes were on me now as I stripped completely, stepping out of my pants and peeling off my shirt, trying to get my humiliation over with.

Brianna and Jamie had chosen carefully. My cock and balls were tightly constrained by the hot pink fabric of a skimpy thong. The

harder I got, the deeper the thin string bit between my buttocks. But they hadn't stopped there. Fishnet stockings, the same lurid pink as the thong, encased my legs. Jamie had made me shave, saying no one wanted to see ugly hair peeking out of some nice stockings. I had to admit, the feeling of the garments against my newly-smooth legs was as erotic as it was shameful. The stockings gripped my thighs tightly, held up by a lacy pink garter belt around my waist.

And Jamie hadn't stopped there, either. It wasn't only my legs that had been denuded of hair. She had had me shave my chest, my pubic hair, everything. And on my smooth chest, she had gotten one of those temporary tattoos. Flowing cursive proudly proclaimed my status, making the dominant couple howl with laughter at the words: ROYCE'S BITCH.

"Oh my God, honey, look at that!" Amber spluttered, pointing right at me.

"That's not all, Miss," Jamie said, as humbly as she could manage. Her blue eyes blazed as she looked at me. "Turn around, honey." I sighed, and my skin prickled, but I did as I was told. A new gale of laughter swelled behind me as I turned to face the wall. I knew all too well what had provoked all the hilarity. There was another fake tattoo, this one on the skin of my ass bared by the thing panties I wore. I'd seen in the bathroom mirror that morning the words Jamie had carefully applied, one to each cheek: AMBER'S SLUT.

"Good job, slut," Amber laughed. "I have to say, I'm impressed. I think we have a winner, don't you babe?"

"Definitely," Royce rumbled. I felt as well as heard the vibrations of Amber's heels as she strode across the office. A drawer opened. I felt her hand on my arm, and then a length of rope was being bound around my wrists, tying my hands behind my back. Once my hands were tied, Amber turned me around to face the room again.

"It was a good attempt, slutboy," she said mockingly. "Your wife does look like a hot slut, and I'm sure my husband appreciates you

dressing his slut for him. But Jamie wins. So now, she gets to fuck. And you, slutboy - you have to watch." A cold fist gripped my heart. Amber seized my cock and balls, trapped in the thong, in one hand, and began to wind more rope around my genitals. Soon, she had them tightly tied, still inside the thong, with one end of the rope still in her hand like a leash. "Over here," she ordered, and a light tug on her end of the rope was all the motivation I needed to follow her closely. Leading me to the office door, she locked it. Then she turned me back to face her husband's desk, feeding the rope back through my legs before tying it off to the door handle.

Now Royce rose from his seat. Slowly, methodically, he unbuckled his belt. He stripped completely, his deliberate movements revealing his chiseled body inch by inch while my wife waited. Naked at last, he stepped out from behind his desk, his huge cock jutting out menacingly in front of him as he approached my wife. Even in her heels, he towered over her. She looked so small and vulnerable as she stood before him, whimpering with need, unable to keep her eyes off his monstrous member.

"Down on the floor, slut," he ordered. Jamie couldn't comply fast enough. In seconds, she was on all fours, and Royce's big hand gripped the back of her neck as he fed her his cock. Those painted red lips of hers gripped my boss's shaft tightly, causing him to groan happily as he felt her wet mouth on him.

"Come," he ordered. His hand still on the back of her head, Royce backed away across the office. And my wife followed, crawling as fast as she could to keep his cock in her mouth, as though she couldn't bare not to have him inside her. Her beautiful blue eyes stared up at him in adoration as he led her by his cock across the office, and as I moaned in despair, Amber turned to grin at me over her shoulder. Those dimples of hers mocked me as she smiled at my disgrace. Royce dropped back into his chair, and Jamie rose up on her knees as she took his cock deeper into her mouth, and all I could do was watch as my wife sucked a cock far bigger, and in her own words, far better than mine.

“You just watch, slut boy,” Amber said. Turning, she made her way across the office towards her husband and my wife, her body swaying seductively on her tall heels. “I don’t want to hear a peep out of you, either. Don’t put my husband off.” She was facing Royce and Jamie now, and I suppressed a groan of frustration as I watched her reach for the shiny metal zipper at the back of her sexy dress. Jamie’s eyes glanced away from Royce for a moment to watch Amber approach, but his heavy hand on her head soon brought her attention back to him. Bound by rope and stuffed into pink panties, my cock ached with unrelenting need. The rope bit into my wrists as I uselessly struggled.

“You be a good boy, and be quiet, and watch us fuck your wife,” Amber said.

Owned By The Alpha Couple

I don’t think I’ll ever forget what happened there, in Royce’s office, bright and early on a Monday morning.

It’s not as though I hadn’t seen them fuck before. Certain things you never get used to. But I had been forced to watch in person, once or twice, as my wife sucked my boss’s big cock. That’s not to mention all the still pictures and videos I’d seen, sent to my phone by my wife or by Royce himself, as though I didn’t know what my wife was doing when she stayed late at work. The reality was, my wife had very few actual work-related duties. And those she did have mostly ended up being done by me. Royce had hired Jamie because of the way she looked, and the way she sucked, and there was no point pretending otherwise. Some nights, I lay awake thinking about it, bristling with helpless rage while my cock throbbed in my hand and my exhausted wife slumbered beside me.

But this was our most intense scenario yet. Amber had tied me well. The rope that held my wrists pinned behind my back made any thought of escape impossible. The rope around my cock and balls was, if anything, even tighter. My genitals made an amorphous bulge in the pink thong I wore with the rope tied around them, making the fabric of the panties strain to hold my raging cock inside. The other end of the short rope was lashed to the handle of Royce's locked door, and there wasn't enough play in the rope to allow me to get my tied hands to the knot Amber had tied to keep me in place. As though it would matter anyway, I thought bitterly to myself. Let's say I freed myself from the door handle; what then? My hands would still be bound. I'd still be dressed up in a pink thong with matching stockings and suspenders, totally emasculated. And even if my hands were free, what then? Would I dash across the office and tear my wife away from Royce and Amber? Royce's body was a broad slab of sculpted muscle, and I'm no fighter. I knew without a doubt that any physical altercation would end badly for me.

And even that's not the truth. Not the whole truth, anyway. Being tied in a corner while you watch your wife get fucked encourages a lot of reflection and self-examination. Ropes or not, the reality was that I could have stopped the whole thing, any time I wanted. But I didn't want to. Our sex life, as demented as it had become since Amber and Royce got involved, had never been so fulfilling. It wasn't the ropes or the locked office door that held me prisoner. It was my own desire. And that, the fact that I wanted this, the very thing a husband is supposed to fear the most, fed the shame which fed the lust which roared inside me. The door to this prison is elaborate, and utterly inescapable.

Royce sat back in his chair, the expensively engineered springs creaking beneath his muscular weight. His piercing blue eyes shone beneath half-closed lids, his ruggedly handsome face a mask of growing pleasure as he sighed and moaned. Every gasp, every grunt seemed to drive another hot nail through my heart as I watched, and tried to suppress some groans of my own. If my hands had been free, I might not have been able to resist touching myself, pulling

aside the pink panties my wife had made me wear to relieve the unbearable pressure building in my genitals. But Amber had made that an impossibility.

Jamie kneeled on the floor at Royce's feet. It was a position she had become very much used to. Her tight black mini-skirt rode up her bunched thighs, tantalizing me with the promise of a glimpse of her pussy that I knew was bare and dripping beneath the short skirt. Jamie had been banned from wearing panties at work on Royce's orders. They only got in the way of what he wanted my wife for. It was I that wore the panties now, the thin string of the back of the thong biting deep between my cheeks as my cock bulged the front of the feminine underwear. The high heeled boots I had made Jamie wear shone against the carpet, and her breasts threatened to spill out of the red low-cut top I had chosen for her. I had turned her into a sexy slut, choosing her outrageous outfit for maximum sex appeal, just so that my boss could now enjoy her willing mouth. Jamie looked as hot as she ever had in her life, dressed like a complete slut with her red lips wrapped around another man's bulging shaft. Her cocksucking lips, I thought, my insides swelling with bitterness and desire. That's what she and Royce called them. Half the time she spent getting ready for work in the morning was devoted to getting her lips just the lurid shade of red that her lover preferred, dabbing them with gloss to make them as shiny and inviting as candied fruit. Clearly, it worked. I wondered gloomily at what point my wife would have sucked Royce's cock more times than she had mine in the course of our fourteen year relationship. And I couldn't help but think that that tipping point was fast approaching. If it hadn't arrived already. My wife loved sucking Royce's cock, and she made no pretense otherwise. Happy little gasps and moan rose from her throat as her cheeks hollowed around his thick member. Her hands gripped her thighs for balance, and Royce's palm cupped the back of her head, and my wife sucked and licked his cock as though it was necessary for her survival, while Royce's wife watched.

Amber stood tall beside her husband's desk. Her leather dress clung to the wicked curves of her body, accentuated by the tall high

heels she wore. Amber always dressed to impress, but on this day, she had outdone herself. In an agony of unrelieved sexual frustration, my red eyes roamed from Jamie to Amber to Jamie again, and I couldn't decide which of them made my cock throb more, the powerful dominatrix or the cocksucking slut. It was Amber who had orchestrated everything, she who had mapped out this deviant scenario. Royce liked to fuck my wife, and he especially liked her sucking his cock. And Jamie loved to serve him. But that was about as far as it went, for the three of us. It was Amber who came up with these wild ideas, these kinky games that did so much to mercilessly ratchet up the sexual tension. It was her idea to have me choose what my wife would wear today, and make it slutty. It was her idea to extend the same challenge to Jamie, to make a twisted game out of it. It was because of Amber that I was dressed in girly pink underwear and tied in a corner, ordered to be a silent witness to my own humiliation. And yet I couldn't hate Amber, try as I might. I wanted her too badly. All it took was a flash of that dimpled smile, and I was putty in her hands. Sometimes I wondered if I felt the same way about Amber as my wife did about Royce. If so, we were in trouble. But then, clearly, we already were.

"Suck that cock," Amber growled as she loomed over my kneeling wife. For the moment, I seemed to have been forgotten. This was something between the three of them, something for me to witness, but not participate in. And that was Amber again, steering our unconventional arrangement in a new direction. Up until that point, our relationship with the dominant couple had been based on Royce fucking my wife, and Amber toying with me. I rarely got to fuck Amber. But I satisfied her in other ways. Neither Amber nor Jamie had ever expressed any interest in each other, not in that way. Jamie might have commented that Amber was hot now and then, sure. But that was no more than a statement of fact. But as I watched Amber, swaying slightly on her tall heels in a way that made the light move seductively across her tight leather dress, I could feel the new energy that had entered the room. Watching Jamie suck Royce's cock was turning Amber on, just as it was turning me on. I could see it in every

line of my boss's wife's beautiful body. And that just made my cock throb all the more.

"You like sucking my husband's cock, don't you, you little slut?" Amber sneered.

"Mmm-hmm," Jamie gulped around Royce's cock, making my heart throb.

"I bet you do," Amber chuckled. I watched forlornly as her dress tightened around her narrow waist and spreading hips, the round fullness of her ass straining the garment to its limit as she crouched on the floor behind my wife. The lean muscle of her legs showed beneath her smooth skin as she balanced easily on her heels, and I groaned in delight and despair as I watched her reach a hand between Jamie's legs.

"Look how wet you are, slut," Amber said. Jamie gasped, and quivered. We had been together since high school. Her experience with other women was exactly zero. It wasn't something we had ever talked about, and she had never so much as hinted at any kind of same-sex attraction. I watched Jamie's eyes swivel as she attempted to look back at Amber over her shoulder without removing her mouth from the cock of grunting Royce. And I knew that burning look in the deep blue of my wife's gaze. My spine jangled with a kind of electricity as I writhed helplessly in the rope that held me. My wife wasn't attracted to women, not really. Not even Amber. But she was overwhelmingly attracted to power. And that was something Amber had to spare. So as Amber reached between Jamie's legs, beneath the tiny skirt that did nothing to prevent her, an identical shudder of helpless lust shook mine and my wife's bodies simultaneously. And as Jamie shifted her weight, putting her hands on the floor so that she could raise her ass in the air and allow Amber easier access to her dripping pussy, I knew that there would be no going back from this.

"My husband's little cum dumpster," Amber cooed. I could see her lean arm moving steadily as she slid her probing fingers in and out of Jamie's quivering pussy. "Suck that cock while your pathetic

husband watches. That's a good little slut. A man like Royce needs lots of orgasms, and that's all you're good for. Just a few wet holes for us to fuck." Jamie moaned around the cock in her mouth, and I moaned right along with her as I watched her thighs start to shake. Someone needed to fuck my wife, right now. All my objections and resistance was blown away by the hurricane-force winds of my desire to witness what I wouldn't be allowed to do myself. I wanted to see Jamie cum, almost as badly as she plainly wanted to cum herself, almost as much as I wanted to enjoy my own orgasm. But that wasn't up to us. From the moment Amber clicked shut the lock on the door to her husband's office, nothing was.

"Come on, honey." From her position crouching on the floor behind my wife, Amber grinned up at her husband. Royce lifted his head, panting steadily as he gazed at Amber over Jamie's arched back. "I think it's time you fucked this little slut properly." Royce nodded. I heard the soft whimper in Jamie's throat as Royce pushed his chair back, his hard cock slipping out from between Jamie's lips, his obscene shaft tinted red by her thickly-applied lipstick. Royce stood, and Amber likewise rose to her feet, and my heart convulsed as I watched my wife, so vulnerable and submissive, on all fours on the floor between them.

"Up," Amber ordered. Without waiting for Jamie to respond to her brusque command, she bent over my wife and seized a handful of her long golden hair. Jamie rose carefully to her feet as Amber pulled her up by the hair, not sharply enough to hurt, but firmly enough to leave no doubt as to who was in charge. She still held Jamie's hair as she stood up straight beside her. From across the room, I could see my wife's breasts rising and falling inside the deep V of her top. Jamie wasn't nearly as well endowed as Amber, whose ample breasts could be easily seen as they forced out the glossy front of her expensive dress. But the push-up bra I had chosen for Jamie to wear certainly enhanced her small but beautifully formed cleavage. For a moment, Jamie's eyes skittered across the room and met mine. Despite her predicament, what I saw in her deep blue gaze wasn't fear. It was excitement. Her breath was coming in

hurried little gasps, just like mine, and her whole body seemed to vibrate with need in the slutty outfit I had chosen for her. Amber tugged on her hair, and Jamie turned her gaze back to the other woman as she tottered on her heels while Amber led her into position.

“There,” Amber said, “up on the desk. That’s it. Spread those legs.” Trembling, I watched Jamie climb up onto Royce’s desk, settling herself on hands and knees as she was told. Royce’s threatening cock swayed between his legs as he came around the desk, immediately seeing what his wife had planned. Releasing her grip on Jamie’s hair, Amber reached for her tight red top, and Jamie sat back on her knees while the other woman peeled off her shirt. With a quick pull, Amber tore Jamie’s expensive bra away, and my wife’s bare breasts hung beneath her as she placed her hands back on the desk. Jamie cried out as Amber directed a couple of quick slaps at her swollen nipples, but her cries of pain instantly turned to a deep moan of satisfaction as Royce stepped forward and forced his cock into her from behind. Jamie’s eyes rolled back in her head as the sensation overwhelmed her, Royce’s fat cock reaching places inside her that I never could, and her knuckles went white as she gripped the edge of the desk.

Royce began to rock his hips back and forth, and I watched Jamie’s breasts sway underneath her to the rhythm of his thrusts. Already, her body was shaking, as though it could barely withstand the pleasure of his cock inside her. But Amber seized my wife’s chin, and Jamie’s eyes snapped open as Amber stared directly into her panting face.

“Have you ever eaten pussy before, slut?” Amber growled. I gulped. It was everything I feared, and everything I hoped for, as Jamie slowly shook her head and rocked to the rhythm of Royce’s thrusts.

“Well you’re going to now,” Amber gloated. “A good slut needs to learn how to pleasure anyone, man or woman. So you’re going to lick my cunt while my husband fucks you like the whore you are. Got it?”

“Yes,” Jamie panted, her voice catching on the raw edge of her lust as Royce continued to fuck her from behind. She’d say anything, that much was clear. Anything to keep the blissful sensations flowing through her body from her pulsing vagina. The rope bit hard into my cock as I watched Amber peel off her leather dress, slowly, unhurriedly. My guts swam with turbulent feelings as I noticed that Jamie was watching, too, with unconcealed lust in her eyes. The leather dress pooled like oil at Amber’s feet, and she kicked it aside, stripping off her black lace panties before climbing onto the desk in front of Jamie. As she swept my wife’s blonde hair back from her face into a loose pony tail at the back of her head that she held like a handle, Amber cast a sly smile across the room in my direction. She held my gaze with her glowing eyes as she guided my wife’s mouth between her legs.

It was ecstasy. It was torture. The sounds of sexual pleasure filled the small room, the sexual pleasure I was firmly denied. Royce grunted, and Amber moaned, just as though the two of them were fucking. But between them, Jamie crouched on elbows and knees, craning her neck to press her mouth to Amber’s pussy while Royce’s powerful thrusts made all three of them sway together. As her own pleasure swelled, Jamie’s licking, at first reluctant and tentative, became more impassioned. She abandoned herself to lust as Royce’s cock pounded her deeper and deeper into submission, and I moaned freely along with the three of them as I watched my wife become exactly what they said she was. The office slut. A docile, compliant little whore to be used in any way our superiors saw fit. Amber moaned, still holding my wife’s hair as she grinned at me across the office in total triumph. She’d never looked hotter to me than she did in that moment, with my straight wife’s face between her legs.

“Roll her over,” Amber panted, her breasts heaving in her skimpy black bra. Releasing Jamie’s hair, she rose up on her knees. Royce took the hint. Jamie cried out in something like despair as he pulled his cock free of her grasping pussy, then yelped in surprise as he gripped her by her hips. Royce’s muscular arms bulged, and he

flipped my wife onto her back on top of his desk as easily as turning over a pillow. Jamie's bare breasts jiggled on her chest, and she squealed in delight as she felt Royce's thick cock pressing against her wet lips again. Snorting heavily through his flared nostrils, Royce plunged his cock deep inside Jamie's trembling body while Amber hovered over her.

"You better make me cum, slut," Amber snarled menacingly. While she nodded frantically, staring up wide-eyed at her mistress, Amber delivered another couple of sharp slaps to Jamie's breasts. "If you ever want my husband to fuck you again, you better give me the best head I've ever had." Before Jamie could reply, Amber straddled her face and lowered her dripping sex down onto my wife's mouth. Her high heeled shoes slid on top of the desk as she adjusted her position, wiggling her hips to get comfortable. Jamie's arms were pinned beneath Amber's knees, and as she began to lick, I heard Amber sigh happily. Completely at their mercy, Jamie licked for all she was worth while Royce gripped her thighs and slammed his hard body against hers.

"Just think, slutboy," Amber purred as she gazed across the room at me, her words punctuated with steady moans. "I already have no use for your cock, and nor does your wife. If it turns out she's a better pussy licker than you, too, we really will have no further use for you." My cheeks prickled with shame while Amber laughed out loud at her own deviousness. My tied cock and balls ached mercilessly. Over on the rocking table, Amber leaned forward, one hand on Jamie's convulsing stomach. Draping her other arm over Royce's broad shoulder, she kissed him passionately, the two of them moaning in mutual pleasure while their tongues explored one another's mouths. I watched them make out while they fucked my wife, using her like some kind of living sex toy to increase their own passion. I'd never really stopped to consider what the two of them were getting from our arrangement. Besides Royce getting to fuck my beautiful wife while Amber took pleasure in dominating me, of course. We so rarely played all together like this that it was easy to forget that, underneath the cruel and dominant personas the two of

them had adopted, they were husband and wife. Royce and Amber were very different from Jamie and I. But they were married too, facing all the same challenges a long-term relationship faces and trying to weather the storms of the years together. It might sound strange, but honestly, there was something reassuring about seeing this display of affection from them. By deepest, darkest fear was that my wife's relationship with Royce would become more than merely sexual, that one day I'd lose her to him completely. To see him displaying his love for his wife, even in this outrageously kinky moment, came as something of a relief.

When their kiss broke, Amber was panting loudly. Her round breasts heaved in her bra, and she leaned back, gripping her own calves tightly while she ground her pussy against my wife's face.

"Oh fuck!" she yelled. Her long dark hair hung down her arched back as she threw back her head, screaming in ecstasy at the ceiling. I had licked Amber's pussy often enough myself to know what was about to happen. Like a ghostly echo, I imagined I could taste her liquid pleasure in my own mouth, like some kind of psychic bond with what Jamie was experiencing. It felt as though the pink panties that I wore might burst at any moment from the pressure of my throbbing cock against the material.

"Lick that pussy, you slut!" Amber yelled at the ceiling. As though spurred on by his wife's cries, Royce grunted and thrust himself even harder against Jamie. I watched Jamie's hands gripping Amber's trembling thighs, and Amber wailed and clutched at her convulsing breasts as her orgasm overtook her. I watched Amber cum in my wife's mouth, the roaring in my ears unable to drown out the wet slurping sounds that drifted across the room as Jamie did her best to swallow Amber's flowing juices. Amber's hips rolled above my wife's busy mouth as she writhed in pleasure, and Jamie's bare breasts bounced and heaved as she sucked and gulped. It was, without a doubt, both the hottest and most frustrating thing I had ever seen.

With a sigh, Amber climbed off Jamie's face. Unsteadily, her legs shaking in the aftermath of her orgasm, she slid down off the desk to

her feet and leaned against it, panting heavily. I could hear Jamie sucking in air, hindered by Royce's relentless pounding as he continued to fuck her hard. Her face glistened with Amber's wetness, and my cock raged as I watched her moan and groan. She writhed on our boss's desk like an animal, all pretense of civilization gone as she surrendered to the powerful sensations of her body. With horror and fascination, I watched her legs beating frantically against Royce's rock-hard chest while the heels of her boots waved in the air above his shoulders. Amber watched, a dreamy smile of satisfaction on her pretty face as she saw my wife cum. Jamie screamed, thrashing wildly on the desk, and Royce grunted as her tight pussy gripped his invading cock and squeezed it tightly, as though she never wanted to let him go. Sobbing with pleasure, Jamie moaned and gasped while her orgasm flared out.

"Come here." Seized by some new idea, Amber stepped forward. Once again, she seized Jamie by the hair. I watched helplessly as Jamie struggled to sit up, her limbs as uncoordinated as those of a newborn foal in the bright glow of her orgasm. Royce stepped back, his monstrous cock glistening with my wife's cum as he slid it free of her still-twitching sex. The man was a machine. His stamina was incredible. I had almost cum in my panties without so much as being touched, just from the sight of my wife being fucked while she licked Amber's pussy. How Royce had held back was utterly beyond me.

Amber's warm gaze held mine again as she walked across the office towards me. She swayed seductively on her heels, her wet pussy shining between her legs with every sinuous step she took. Jamie trotted along behind her as best she could, her neck bent awkwardly as Amber led her by the hair. Jamie's blue eyes glanced up into mine, and skittered away. We could barely make eye contact with one another, after watching each other so utterly disgraced. Her face shone with Amber's juices, and her pussy with her own cum, while I was tied and dressed in panties and stockings with my cock rock-hard at our shared humiliation. It was hard to look each other in the face at that moment.

But Amber had no such trouble. She stared defiantly at me while she manipulated my wife into position, forcing her down onto her knees right in front of me.

“Honey,” Amber called, “come over here.” She was talking to Royce, but she still stared at me. Royce’s cock swayed like the limb of a tree as he strode across the office. He loomed over kneeling Jamie, right in front of me, his cock rising menacingly over her face. Like a well-trained pet, Jamie opened her mouth, leaning slightly forward to suck Royce’s cock again. But Amber’s fist in her hair held her in place.

“You stay right there, slut,” she growled. Amber shifted her weight, and now she stood right in front of me, between my wife and her own husband. As she reached out a hand and caressed Royce’s wet cock, she smiled at her tall husband. He snorted in satisfaction, his cock twitching at her touch. Beneath them, I could hear my wife let out a tiny whimper.

“You want his cum?” Amber mocked, turning her attention to my wife again. “Beg for it.”

“Please,” Jamie whined without hesitation, while acid churned in my guts. “Please, Sir, let me have your cum. Please. I need it. I’m your slut, Sir, your cum-guzzling whore.” Royce sighed as Amber’s hand slid over his shaft, lubricated by the moisture of Jamie’s orgasm. Delighted, Amber grinned, her dark eyes moving from Jamie to me to her husband and back again, basking in our humiliation. Royce’s cock twitched in her hand. The ridged muscles of his stomach grew suddenly even more pronounced. At close range, I heard the sudden intake of his breath,

“Please, please,” Jamie babbled submissively. “Please cum for me, Sir.”

Royce groaned, and his body shook. A sudden spurt of white cum flew from the heavy head of his cock as it swelled in Amber’s hand. Adjusting her grip, Amber pointed it like a weapon at my wife’s face. The next spurt of Royce’s cum splattered across Jamie’s face,

daubing her from nose to cheek, and she blinked rapidly as the hot fluid dripped from her skin. Royce spurted again and again, releasing a remarkable load of cum for a man who got laid as often as he did, glazing my wife's face with the evidence of his pleasure while he emptied his heavy balls. Cum dripped from Jamie's eyebrows, her nose, her cheeks, her chin, as though she had simply dipped her face in a bowl of the stuff. Amber laughed evilly as she aimed her husband's spurting cock right at Jamie's face, watching thick strands of his cum pool inside her open mouth. I shook and shuddered, my nerves on fire with this new humiliation.

Finally, even Royce was spent. Amber released his softening cock. While Jamie stared up at them from her knees and I watched, helplessly tied to the office door, Amber and Royce passionately kissed again. Amber pressed her abominably sexy body against his, and he took her in his arms, almost lifting her off her feet as their lips met. Jamie and I were almost intruders on a private moment as we watched, and waited.

The kiss broke. Breathing rapidly, Amber stepped back, a bright smile plastered across her face. Royce returned to his desk, scooping up his abandoned clothes. Cum dripped from Jamie's face as she waited for her next instruction. Amber didn't keep us waiting long.

"Up, slut," she commanded. Jamie quickly rose to her feet as Amber tugged on her hair again. The two women stood in front of me, both almost naked, both flushed with the glow of orgasm while I writhed and squirmed, desperate for release. Mischief shone in Amber's brown eyes as she looked me over.

"Give your bitch husband a kiss," she said finally. "Show him what a real man tastes like." Jamie didn't hesitate. A dreamy smile showed on her face as she stepped forward, her arms around my shoulders as she pressed herself against me to Amber's delight. My cock throbbed in the pink panties I wore, but I pressed my lips tightly together as Jamie's cum-covered face approached mine. I could

smell Royce on her, the sour scent of another man's seed, and I screwed my eyes shut, trying to resist this latest degradation.

"What's the matter, slutboy?" Amber giggled. "Don't you want to kiss your pretty little wife?" I cried out as a sudden pain bloomed in my churning stomach. Amber had reached forward, and now gripped the neatly tied package of my cock and balls in her hand. She squeezed, her fingernails sharp through the thin pink fabric, and I shouted in pain. Jamie's lips were on mine, and the unfamiliar taste of another man's cum filled my mouth for the first time.

"Kiss her," Amber hissed. "Kiss her properly. Lots of tongue." My stomach churned, but I did as I was told. While Amber shrieked in delight and squeezed my trapped balls mercilessly, I kissed Jamie, and Jamie returned the kiss passionately, her tongue slick with Royce's cum sliding over mine.

"Ok." Finally, Amber released my balls. The kiss broke. Jamie smiled up at me as she pulled her face away, and I tried to smile back. I had just endured the most painfully humiliating experience of my life. And unlike my wife, I didn't even get to cum. I sighed with relief as the rope that bound my balls was untied, followed by the one around my wrists.

"Oh my God, it's nearly nine," said Amber. The sky outside had turned a bright blue while the twisted scenario played out in Royce's office, and none of us had noticed. Any minute now, the other workers would start showing up. Amber bent to the floor and flung a bundle of my discarded clothes at me.

"Get dressed and get to work," she ordered. "We're going to keep your slut wife with us for the rest of the day, I think. But you need to get to your desk and get on with your job. Go on now." Royce utterly ignored me, turning to his computer as I hurriedly pulled my pants on. Jamie's eyes shone with excitement as I quickly dressed. Amber had turned her back on me as she marched across the office, reaching for her own dress where it lay on the floor.

“Bye, honey,” Jamie smiled at me as I unlocked the door behind me. “Have a good day.”

“You too,” I said instinctively, and felt my cheeks color. Jamie’s smile deepened in response. We knew only too well, both of us, what kind of day she would be having.

[Read the next chapter here!](#)

A photograph showing the back and side of a woman wearing black lace lingerie. A man in a grey suit jacket and a red and white striped tie is touching her back and hip with his hands. The background is plain white.

Katt Ford

***A Slut's
Promotion***