

OWNER TO OFFICE GIRL

ONE WOMAN'S DESCENT

CHARLES RYDER

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

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Chapter 1

She'd never really known what love was until she'd met Jason. It was a bit sad really, she was thirty-three years old and had just discovered love and the pleasures it brought. Epic love-making and enormous physical and mental highs had now become routine. She had a whole new self-image, she liked herself nowadays. She'd never be a beauty; she was certainly realistic enough to accept that. But now, thanks to him, she had started to dress better and take more pride in her appearance.

Her work colleagues had certainly noticed, at first they had nudged each other and whispered, but as time had gone on her staff had begun to openly comment appreciatively on her new choice of clothes. She hadn't encouraged it of course, she was a firm believer in proper office etiquette, and once she would have considered such chatter as frivolous and inappropriate for an accountant's office. But now her suits were certainly more expensive and better cut, her heels were a little higher and glossier, her lingerie was more daring, and her hair was definitely cut in a more flattering style.

All in all, life was good. Business was pretty steady, she might never be a millionaire, but she paid herself a good salary and owned a nice house in a very pleasant area of the large town she lived in. She drove a fairly new Mercedes and ate out two or three times a week. Nice as her comfortable lifestyle was, it paled into virtual insignificance compared to her new found love life.

From virtually no sex she'd graduated to marvellous, fulfilling sex at least once a day every day. Looking at her reflection in the mirror she could actually see the improvement in her own well-being. She had more or less accepted that she'd spend her life unfulfilled and alone but Jason's almost miraculous appearance had changed all that. She'd tried dating sites and joining clubs but hadn't found anyone even remotely interesting. Most of the people she met were older than her and she could tell almost immediately that she was destined to end up like them, sad, lonely and the owner of a couple of cats.

She clearly remembered the day they'd first met. They'd literally bumped into each other in the street and he'd sent her briefcase flying.

"Don't we know each other, love?"

She looked at him carefully, no she didn't think so. By his accent he was a little bit common for her circle of acquaintances, and anyway he was far too young. He was probably ten years younger than her at least. She looked around for her smart leather briefcase which had been jolted out of her hand in the collision. He held it up in front of her, as she went to grab it he moved it just slightly out of her reach which was easy as he was about a foot taller than her five feet two inches.

"Let me buy you a coffee, by way of an apology like."

"I...I don't think..."

"Come on, what harm can it do, let's go in here?"

He was a very persuasive young man and despite herself she followed him into the little cafe.

"Two cappuccinos please darling, we'll be over by the window."

She didn't particularly like cappuccino, but she thought it churlish to refuse his offer. They chatted for a little while, his name was Jason and he was a builder apparently. She found herself, for some reason telling him her name and something about herself. He wasn't a particularly attractive chap, she decided, but there was something about him. He had a certain air of authority despite his age, which she found unusual.

All the men she had chatted to or dated previously were older than her and all a bit...needy if she was being honest. Jason appeared to be quite the opposite, he was extremely self-assured and at ease with himself. For a second Kathryn wondered what it must be like to be confident in your skin, to not be constantly worrying what other people might think.

"Where do you live, Katie?"

Katie? The last man to call her Katie had been her late father twenty years ago. She didn't like to contradict him though. She quickly thought about giving him a fake address, but what did it matter? It wasn't as if they'd be meeting again soon.

"Erm... Stansfield Gardens, how about you?"

“Ha, that’s not far from me! What number?”

Before she could stop herself she’d blurted out the actual number of her house. He took out his mobile and spoke as he typed. “Katie Wallis, accountant at Wallis & Co in town, lives at 43 Stansfield Gardens. Is Friday good for you?”

“I...I’m sorry, how do you mean?”

“Our first date, Katie. I’ll pick you up at 7.30, yeah?”

She looked at him opened mouthed, what on earth was he talking about?

“What’s your number, work or mobile, I don’t mind?”

“B...but...”

“You’re not busy Friday are you?”

“No, but...”

“Well that’s settled then, Friday 7.30 it is. Wear something nice. What was that number again?”

He was irresistible, she realised. Once he’d made his mind up, he wouldn’t be swayed. In an odd way she was quite flattered, she’d never been picked up by a man in her entire life. And now an apparently pleasant young man had virtually demanded her number and arranged a date! Despite herself she made an effort and dug out one of the few party dresses she owned, and true to his word he arrived to pick her up.

Admittedly he was 30 minutes late, a fact that didn’t seem to bother him as he didn’t waste time by apologising. The very few male friends of her acquaintance would have agonised over their lateness and spent half the evening apologising, not Jason, however. Clearly it just didn’t matter to him, so she didn’t let it bother her either. He took her to a bar that she’d never been in before, a younger clientele than she was used to maybe, but so what? He insisted on buying her a double G&T, while he drunk his pint faster that she could drink her short. He even sent her to the bar for a refill, her other dates would never dream of that!

The whole thing was such a novelty to her that she drank too much and invited him over to hers for a coffee. That never materialised, what did happen was a huge shock to her though. It consisted of sex, wild abandoned, passionate sex. Carried out by a master of the trade. She had never, ever reached such heights of ecstasy; she didn’t even know they existed!

It was unbelievable, just what had she been missing for the last ten years? She didn’t like vulgarity, but now she understood just what the term being fucked actually meant. Jason had most certainly fucked her; he was strong and aggressive and led the whole thing from start to finish. His skilful fingers, his tongue, his simply enormous cock all played their part, but what was most thrilling and most exciting was the fact that the young man was so dominant.

Although he brought her to three enormous, mind-blowing climaxes he didn’t seem too bothered about pleasing her. The contrast with the couple of boys she’d actually had sex with was astonishing, he didn’t ask her if she’d enjoyed it he just rolled over and went to sleep. She smiled and did the same, sated and happy.

The following morning was much the same; they had sex again almost as soon as she woke up. He never seemed to tire; he was so excited in fact that she had release the pressure that he’d brought to bear on her neck. He grunted his brief apologies but it didn’t prevent him coming enormously and then her doing the same. When she eventually got out of bed she was exhausted, she showered and then she stood in front of her bedroom mirror. She was astonished to find she was covered in bruises, which in its own way was quite exciting she reasoned.

From then on, Jason had been almost a constant in her life. He spent a lot of time at her house; he’d even had a key cut for himself. She was so happy; everything seemed to be falling into place. To celebrate their first month together she took him shopping and bought him a nice suit and a couple of shirts, and he in turned had told her that she needed some nicer clothes and a better haircut. She hadn’t taken any offence, it was just his way. When they got back and had finished their customary love-making she found him looking through her wardrobe.

“You gotta get rid of a lot of this shit, babe.”

“H...how do you mean?”

“When we’re out together I want you to stop wearing this granny shit. I don’t like my girls to wear trousers. The man should always wear the trousers, know what I mean? You’re not a secret lezzie, are you?”

She smiled and shook her head, the very thought that any of her male acquaintances would ever dream of asking her such a question! He was very insistent though, he made her throw away all her slacks and even her jeans. He made her throw away her 'granny knickers' as he called them and made her buy herself some more exciting lingerie. He liked her to wear stockings as well and regularly made love to her when she was wearing just her black stockings and suspenders.

They were such good friends now that he regularly borrowed money from her, twenty's at first, and then fifty pounds. Now it was usually a hundred pounds whenever he asked for money. He was always going to pay her back but he never seemed to get round to it. The one time she playfully asked him when he was going to start paying her back, he'd become furious and stormed out of the house. She didn't see him or even hear a word from him for five days. When he did eventually answer his phone to her, she was almost frantic. She apologised over and over again, and promised that he could borrow money whenever he needed it.

Chapter 2

Looking back she realised that was probably the moment when their relationship suddenly changed. It was clear to both of them that he now held all the cards. Neither was in any doubt that he would never chase her. She loved him and desperately wanted him, but he was quite ambivalent. Sex was still available of course, but just not on tap. Intercourse now only occurred on his say, it didn't matter to him what she thought or wanted.

She learned much more about oral sex, he enjoyed using her mouth to stimulate him, he enjoyed coming down her throat, but most of all he liked to withdraw and then spurt his copious load over her expectant, upturned face. It was such a rush, such a feeling of power to spurt over her wealthy, entitled, middle-class face. Sometimes he didn't let her wash it off, he'd just lazily slap her arse and send her into the kitchen to prepare him some food. And she never complained, that was also something of a rush. No matter what he did, or how he treated her she simply didn't have the nerve to question him.

One wet Monday morning he announced that he needed to borrow her Mercedes and would that be a problem? She'd admitted it wasn't just so long as he gave her a lift into work. He'd just laughed and told her that he wasn't going that way. He held out his hand for the keys and she reluctantly handed them over. She couldn't get a cab at such short notice, but a quick check of Google informed her that a 37 bus would take her there, but it was at least a twenty minute walk to the stop.

She quickly shrugged on a raincoat, grabbed an umbrella and almost ran out of the house. She'd arrived at work flustered and soaked and had to make up some story about the car in order to deflect any awkward questions. She called him in the afternoon to arrange a lift home but he didn't even answer his phone. To rub salt into the wound she realised that when she got home, her car hadn't actually moved out of the drive.

"Sorry babe, I need it tomorrow not today. That's not a problem is it?"

She'd gritted her teeth and responded in the negative. That was pretty much the last time she got to drive her pretty, white car. He just simply wouldn't give her the keys back. She had to dip into her reserves and buy herself a little Ford run-around. One day she found him rooting around in her private papers.

"You pay yourself a lot, don't you babe? Do you really need all that money?" He asked her while looking at her latest bank statement

"H...How do you mean?"

"I mean, babe, that it's time to share out the love a little. What I want you to do is to go on to your internet banking and set up a standing order into my account for, let's say, a grand a month?."

She looked at him aghast, surely he wasn't serious? Unfortunately for Kathryn he was very serious.

"It's either that, Katie, or I'm out of here and your back to your miserable spinster life. Do you really think you're going to strike lucky twice? Who else but me could give you what you want? Who else would take pity on you like I have?"

She looked at him in horror, what did he mean take pity on her?

"No point in looking at me like that you daft old cow, I've had enough of working for nothing. I'm fucking you good and proper on a regular basis, I'm keeping my end of the deal up but what the fuck are you doing? You begrudge lending me a few quid, you don't even like me driving the car; you haven't bought me a present for ages either. My own friends are asking me why I'm dressing like a tramp. Giving me a couple of quid a month might help me to have a little bit of independence, can't you see that you selfish, stuck-up bitch?"

She was dumbfounded, she sat down clumsily. What he'd just said had stunned her, but in a way she could see his point. Nevertheless the tears started to stream down her face. Impatiently it seemed he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her to her feet.

"Let's go and do what we do best babe, before I lose my temper with you."

He pulled her to the bedroom and roughly pulled her skirt up and her silky knickers down. He pushed her down onto the bed and then climbed between her legs. Hurriedly he unzipped himself and started to thrust his engorged cock in and out of her wet cunt. She came very quickly in a screaming orgasm, and

within twenty minutes she'd repeated the act. Later that afternoon she'd organised the monthly bank transfer.

The next day he took her shopping in 'his' car and she bought him a smart £2000 watch. He'd moved into her house on a pretty much permanent basis now. He never seemed to actually employed anywhere, she daren't actually ask him what he did for a living. Most evenings when she returned the house would be a tip, clothes and takeaway food packaging would be strewn around and the dishwasher was still not emptied. He would invariably be sprawled in front of the large TV playing some sort of violent game.

Once, after a particularly stressful day at work she'd come in and berated him for not emptying the bin that was now overflowing in the kitchen. With a face like thunder he'd jumped up and grabbed her by the collar of her expensive suit. Ignoring her apologies he dragged her to a chair and pulled her over his knees. Then with just his heavy, calloused hand he'd quickly reduced her to tears by slapping her upturned backside even through the skirt of her woollen suit.

She'd kicked her stocking clad legs and cried and begged, but he was relentless. She could feel her voice breaking but still his hand crashed down. When, eventually, there was no more fight left in her, he'd relented and pushed her on to the carpet. When she'd eventually recovered a little composure he made her kneel up in front of him.

"I did hope that you'd be a good girl, Katie, but I can see that I'm going to have to take a firmer hand with you. What I do, or don't do in the house is absolutely no concern of yours, do you understand me?"

He took her tear-stained cheek in the palm of his hand and caressed it a little. When she didn't reply to his question he slapped her sharply across her face.

"I asked you a question, Katie. If you know what's good for you, you'll answer me respectfully."

She held her cheek, shocked by his action rather than the pain.

"Y...Yes, I understand, J...Jason."

He took her other cheek in his left hand and stroked it. "What do you understand, you snooty bitch?"

"I ...I understand that wh...what goes on in the h...house is no business of mine."

He smiled and gripped her cheek more forcefully.

"There's a good girl, Katie. See it's not too difficult to understand is it, even for a dimwit like you?"

He slapped her again,

"Is it, you silly little girl?"

She agreed that it wasn't too difficult and once he was satisfied that she had learned her lesson he sent her away to make him some tea. She started to go upstairs to change out of her formal work clothes but he called her back.

"I don't want you to change when you get home from work without my permission; I like the idea of you trying to look a bit smarter around the house in future."

His idea of her looking smarter was heels and stockings and short skirts. He liked her in blouses too, silky or crisp and formal. That's how he preferred her to dress around the house even on weekends, and therefore that was what she did. He liked to be waited on hand and foot by the older, middle-class woman. She was clearly his social superior and was evidently a successful business-woman. That, he reasoned, was what made it such a buzz to demean and degrade her.

That was why he liked her to wear her smart work clothes all the time, it served to remind her that despite everything, he was the master in the bedroom and the house. He insisted on being invited to her office in order to 'check up on her' as he put it. He wanted to make sure that she was behaving herself when she wasn't under his direct control, wanted to make sure that she wasn't getting 'up herself' as he charmingly described it.

As a result she had to fabricate a meeting between herself and 'Mr Jackson'. He'd dressed himself in a smart suit and tie but still looked like the out of condition, fat, drinker that he was. He was shown into her office by Kathryn's young, attractive secretary.

"Who's that horny little bitch, babe?" He asked after the girl had left the room.

"Er, that's Susan, she's my secretary."

"Nice, does she like to fuck?"

Kathryn's face coloured at his crude language. "I...I'm not sure, it's not something I'd like to discuss with an employee."

He smirked and looked at her expectantly. "Aren't you forgetting something, babe? I'm a potential customer, and I like to be referred to as Mr Jackson, or sir. Do you think you could manage that?"

"Y...yes of course, I'm sorry, Mr Jackson."

"I would prefer you not to forget that in future, Miss er...Wallis. You are a 'Miss' aren't you, Miss Wallis. I don't imagine you're married, are you? I can't see a man taking a particular interest in you, no offence of course."

She was offended of course, and struggled not to show it.

"So what do you do all day love, toss yourself off in your little office while the proles do all the work?"

He leaned back comfortably in his chair and enjoyed the sight of the red flush slowly making its way up her neck

"Not quite, Jason...Sorry, Mr Jackson. I oversee everyone's work and I organise..."

"Yeah, yeah babe, I'm sure you must be very busy telling everyone else what to do." He interrupted rudely. "Anyway, I'm not here to here you witter about yourself, let me see your tits."

She looked at him and then glanced at the door, was he serious?

"Come on, babe get those tiny little things out and show them to me. That's unless you want me to take you over my knee again?"

With a last glance at the door, her hands went to the buttons at the collar of her cream blouse. Slowly she unbuttoned herself and pulled the garment apart. For a minute she sat and looked at him, would that be enough? His face told her otherwise, she pulled down her pale blue, push-up bra and allowed her firm little breasts to spill out.

"That's good babe, but know I want you to button up your blouse again but leave them flopping out like a cow's udders, can you do that for me? I know they're only little but we can pretend that they're a real woman's size"

Shamefaced, she obeyed. She'd always had a bit of a thing about the size of her boobs, well actually the lack of size. She almost always wore a push-up bra to try and make the most of what little she actually had.

"So what I want to know love is there a place in your organisation for a hard-working young chap like me?"

She could feel her heart beat quicker, what did he mean by that? Surely he couldn't be serious?

"Erm...I'm not sure what you mean ...Mr Jackson."

"What I mean, you dimwit, is that I want to be given a job here. I'm sick of labouring; I'd rather do a piss-easy job like this, and at the same time take in all the available pussy." He smiled conspiratorially showing his discoloured teeth.

"B...but what did you have in mind, all our employees are graduates..."

"Are you saying I'm stupid or something, too dumb to push papers around all day? His voice had taken on that familiar threatening tone that she knew all too well.

"N...no it's not that. What I meant was..."

"I know what you meant alright, you stuck-up bitch. Come over here."

"I...I don't think this is the time or the place, Jason."

"Now!"

Reluctantly she got to her feet and made her way over to him, her unfettered breasts naked and wobbling.

"Stand facing your desk."

"P...please, Jason I..."

Craack

Craack

The two heavy, open handed slaps echoed around her smart office. He'd simply lifted her skirt and slapped her once across the back of each uncovered thigh. She struggled not to cry out and draw attention to herself. She felt him stand up behind and grab both her breasts. He squeezed and mauled them

painfully, grinding his erect cock into the back of her pinstriped skirt. His fingers felt for and gripped both her engorged nipples. He squeezed and pulled them sharply upwards.

Despite the situation, Kathryn couldn't quite stifle a squeal of pain. He pulled her further upwards, forcing her to stand on her tiptoes. His right hand dropped to the waistband of her skirt and forced its way underneath it. He ran his finger down the length of her lips and then found her clitoris. He toyed with her, squeezing her left breast and sliding his finger in and out of her pussy. To her everlasting shame she could feel herself rapidly moistening.

"You like this, don't you babe?" he whispered into her ear. "Even your tiny, schoolgirl tits get all excited when I do this don't they? When I get you home tonight you're going to get your bare bottom thrashed, you know that don't you?"

She moaned and mumbled something indecipherable. He inserted two fingers into her wet cunt. She squirmed against him, her plump backside outlined by her tight skirt. It didn't take long, the relentless thrusting fingers, the thrill of her possible discovery, and the whispered abuse regarding her appearance and the fact that she was a 'tiny-titted, cock-hungry whore' soon sent her over the edge.

Chapter 3

True to his word, he'd given her a thrashing to remember that evening. he'd produced a new toy from behind his back, a leather-coated paddle, something slightly larger than a table-tennis bat.

"Bought it with your card, babes. They'll think you're a right kinky bitch when they look back at your purchases, won't they?"

He sniggered, pleased with his own wit. She, meanwhile, paled at the sight of it.

"P...please Jason. I...I'm sorry. Can't we just go out and get something to eat...I'm paying," she added brightly in an attempt to deflect him.

He shook his head sadly as if her request was beyond his remit.

"We can't, babes. What did I promise you at work today?"

She could already feel the tears forming in her eyes,

"A th...thrashing," she whispered.

"A what now, you're going to have to speak up, Katie?" He replied, holding his cupped hand to his ear in a show of exaggerated deafness.

"A thrashing...you promised me a thrashing," she answered with her eyes downcast.

"What sort of a thrashing, you'll have to remind me?"

She thought for a second before replying. She could tell he was enjoying her reluctance.

"A b...bare bottom thrashing," she replied reluctantly.

"That's right," he replied condescendingly, "skirt and knickers off then please."

Despite her tears and protestations, she obeyed. She didn't want to upset him after all.

"Something different tonight, babes. I want you to kneel down, now put your forehead on the carpet. That's right, now slide your knees apart. Hands away from there, put them in the small of your back and hold your own wrists, good."

Jason smiled, she'd obeyed him almost without protest and, my, didn't she look sweet?

"Just reach down babe and take a cheek in each hand, yes like that, now pull those pretty little arse-cheeks apart. Yeah, let the dog see the rabbit. That's right."

He took the opportunity to take his engorged cock out of his pants and play with it for a while.

He took out his phone and took a couple of shots, one of which was a particularly juicy close up.

"Please, Jason...please let me stand up?"

"Too late babe, you must be desperate for a beating by the sounds of it? Here we go then."

He put his phone down and picked up the paddle.

"Stop showing yourself off, love, and we can begin."

Sobbing in shame and humiliation she released her bottom cheeks and put her hands submissively back where they were. Jason raised the paddle and brought it down with a resounding

Thwaackk!

The sound was extraordinarily loud even in her large living room space, and the shriek of pain was equally jarring on Jason's eardrums.

"You felt that one, didn't you babes?"

She didn't reply. He gave her another jarring stroke which produced a similar reaction.

"I asked you if you felt that one?"

"Ohhh, yes...yes, please...it hurts so much."

"Up you get."

She scrambled from her undignified position with relief, both hands held to her bruised posterior.

"Ahhh, ohhh...thank you, Jason."

"Take your blazer off and put it over the chair."

She looked at him incredulously, surely he didn't want her...

"Hurry up, babes. You've brought this on yourself you know."

Crying again, she slipped the dark tweed jacket from her shoulders and deposited it on the chair as ordered.

"Please, Jason." She implored.

"Resume your position, babes. In future, when I tell you to resume your position this is what I mean, understood?"

Slowly, reluctantly she knelt back down onto her expensive woollen carpet .

"Knees, Katie. I won't tell you again. No, wider! Wider than that,"

He crouched down behind her and ran a stubby, calloused finger down the length of her pussy lips.

"Not wet yet, babes? I've got just the remedy for that."

Another full-force blow to her defenceless backside re-stoked the fire that was smouldering there. Almost before she could scream in pain, another similar stroke bit into her writhing backside. She felt his cool hand rest on her burning nates before sliding inevitably between her legs to find her little nub and stimulate it. She pushed back anxious for his touch, hoping that was that and they'd go to bed together. For a minute or so that seemed like the likely outcome, she could feel her juices sliding down her thighs. Her squirming was suddenly interrupted by his annoyed tutting.

"Up you get again."

When she moved too slowly for his liking he simply took a fistful of her hair and hauled her to her feet.

"Blouse off and stick it with the blazer. I can see that I'm not really getting through to you."

Had he not still been gripping her hair tightly she'd have attempted to fall to her knees and beg. As it was she slowly unbuttoned her stylish, cream blouse. She stumbled over to the chair and placed the blouse with the jacket.

"Resume your position."

She looked at him hopefully, trying to beg him with her eyes.

"Right now!"

Hurriedly she obeyed, this time she tried really hard to push her knees as far apart as possible. Maybe she could please him that way? Rather than stand behind her, he came in stood right in front of her. She could see his shiny shoes, shoes she'd recently polished for him she realised bitterly. She felt him move a little and then he placed a foot either side of her head. His feet shuffled and suddenly she realised she was trapped between his ankles, both of her ears were squeezed tightly against his jeans.

Without another word he reached down and took a hold of her white silk knickers. Before she could protest he pulled them sharply into the cleft of her bottom and then began to slap her backside with the paddle. All her immediate thoughts regarding the shame of her humiliating position evaporated, the pain was incredible! Six, seven, eight strokes...she tried to protect herself with her hands despite his instructions but only succeeded in having those slapped as well as her toasted backside. Eventually he paused, but she still carried on howling.

Chapter 4

"I'm liking your nerd pics, Katie. Very cute," sniggered Jason.

He'd found the school photos in a little folder marked 'private'. Little things like rooting through her personal possessions didn't seem to bother him that much.

Kathryn examined the photo again, although she knew the content of it very well. There she was, at the end of the second row with an inane smile plastered to her face. Miss Stevens had told them all to smile and that's just what she'd done. She'd always been one of the 'good girls' at her Grammar School. She never questioned authority or tried to wear her uniform in a 'rebellious' way. The white, knee length socks were always pulled up, her grey pleated skirt was always the required couple of inches above her knee, her crisp white blouse always ironed and immaculate, her school tie fastened just so.

Even when she wasn't being taking part in an official school photograph she'd have dressed the same. Her mother would have insisted on it. That's why her hair was plaited and tied with ribbons even when she was in the sixth form. That's why her unflattering, round rimmed spectacles didn't suit her. Her mother had simply made those decisions for her.

"You look quite posh there, Katie, snooty and posh. Were you a teacher's pet?"

"Erm...No, not really."

And that was one of the strange things about school. She always tried really, really hard to fit in. She never argued with a teacher like some of the other girls did and she never missed a homework assignment but she was, she realised, fairly anonymous. She was never chosen for any sort of authority role, she was never made a Prefect for instance even when the majority of her classmates were. She never felt as if she could chat to a teacher, or any adult for that matter, as an equal as some of the more self-confident girls did. She simply arrived at school on time, did her work quietly and conscientiously and was largely ignored.

"Now you're being modest, Katie. A smart girl like you? I'll bet you were quite the popular little thing."

He took her by the hand and guided her to a spot between his legs. Automatically she sank to her knees and unzipped his jeans. She fumbled in his pants and drew out his semi-erect penis. She did love his penis, the size and warmth of it, the sheer manliness it symbolised. Even when it smelled like sweat and stale piss she loved it. Delicately she ran her hand down the shaft, watching it quiver and engorge. She felt his hand on the back of her head and leaned down to take him into her mouth.

"And I do love you in that uniform, do you still have it?"

He took his cock out of her mouth with a plopping noise and slapped her cheek with it.

"I asked you a question, girl."

He liked the look on her face so much that he slapped her on the other cheek.

"Well?"

"I...I don't know. I...I'd have to check. I don't think so."

He guided her head back on to his staining cock and allowed her to lick the length of it. He sighed, she wasn't too bad a cock-sucker. Although, to be fair, he'd trained her well. He thrust in a little more forcefully enjoying her momentary panic. Now they moved in rhythm for thirty seconds until he paused.

"I want you to check for me Katie, would you do that? Check if you've got parts of your old school uniform."

He thrust in and out for a couple more times before sliding out again.

"Which posh school did you go to anyway babes?"

"Maybury Grammar."

He slapped her upturned face with his cock again, leaving a trail of sticky sperm on it.

"Maybury Grammar! I knew you were a snob. Did mummy and daddy pay for you to go there?"

"N...no. I erm...had a scholarship." Which was true and possibly why she always felt like a bit of an outsider.

"No matter, babes. Still a snob, or in your case a swotty snob eh?"

He slapped her face again with erect member before sliding it back between her unprotesting lips. She sucked enthusiastically for several minutes while she listened to him speak. his size meant that she

struggled to take him all in. She'd heard the term 'deep throat' but hadn't really associated it with what she was trying to do now.

"I've been thinking, babes. Rather than search out your old stuff, let's just go across to Maybury and get you a brand new uniform. Bet you'd look ever so cute in it, properfuckable. Aaaaaaagh!"

He came in a huge rush. She'd felt him twitch as he did just before he climaxed and had prepared herself but this time he grabbed her head forcing her to keep his cock half way down her throat. The volume made her cough, but he still wouldn't release her. The semen escaped from her lips and ran out of her nose. He relented and slid out a little, still spraying her with his seed. When he'd eventually finished he looked down to see her covered in spit and drool and semen. her face was shiny red and her fringe was sleek and plastered to her forehead.

"Go and put the kettle on love and make a cup of tea, the football's on soon. Nah, I don't think you've got time to wash. Just get on with it, will you?"

Kathryn blinked to try and clear her eyes of the sticky fluid as she hurried to obey.

That night he spanked her again but this time both were naked as she lay across his lap. The growing heat in her buttocks just served to ignite another sensation in her loins, she could smell her own arousal and feel the insistent pressure of his cock straining against her stomach. When neither could stand it any longer they made love until, exhausted but happy and sated, Kathryn fell asleep in his muscular arms. Jason didn't fall asleep immediately, he spent some time laying comfortably on his back staring at the ceiling and calculating.

Chapter 5

The next morning she watched him fondly as he slept. He was no Adonis to be sure, but he was fantastic in bed. True, there were times when she hated him, when he could be a bit of a bastard. But at least he was her bastard, it was her getting all the attention and not some young girl who wouldn't appreciate him as much as she did. She smiled at the thought of what they'd done last night, where his fingers had been, what his tongue had discovered, never mind his pulsating, wonderful penis.

She couldn't even remember how many orgasms she'd had, at least three perhaps four. She buttoned up her suit jacket and played with her hair in the mirror for a little while before closing the door quietly and leaving for work. Three hours later, Jason slowly came around. He farted loudly as he did almost every morning and then reached for his mobile phone.

It had been a good day for Kathryn. She'd arrived at work that morning in an excellent mood, thanks to her lover and his gifts. She'd got a lot of work done and had acquired a valuable new client over lunch. Her last meeting of the day was with a Mrs Stevenson who apparently owned a portfolio of various businesses and was looking for a local accountant to oversee all of them.

According to Susan she sounded quite desperate to book an appointment and therefore Kathryn was looking forward to making the woman's acquaintance. She quickly checked her appearance and stood up as Susan led the potential new customer into her office. The smile of welcome she'd prepared died on her lips, she knew the woman only too well.

"Mrs Stevenson, Miss Wallis." Susan introduced the two women to each other.

"Thank you, Susan. You can get off now if you want, this won't take very long."

Susan her secretary looked at her a little oddly, perhaps confused by her response. Nevertheless, she nodded and smiled before leaving. The tall, raven-haired woman had meanwhile taken a chair and sat with a faintly amused

"What can I do for you, Jemima?"

"Good grief, little Kathryn Wallis, what a surprise! You hardly changed at all, it must be twenty years. How are you?"

"I'm very well," she replied.

"That's excellent. What are you now, the office manager?"

Kathryn gritted her teeth and counted to five.

"I'm the owner,"

"Really! Wow who would have that? Mousy Kathryn is the big boss. Good for you."

Kathryn could feel the tension in herself. Jemima Gordon, as she was known then, had always been trouble. An arrogant, condescending, bitch. She had always had that effect on Kathryn, ever since their schooldays together.

"Are you married now or anything, any little Wallis's on the horizon?"

"Thank you. No I'm not married and I don't have any children. Now, what was it you wanted?" She looked at her watch for added emphasis.

Rather than been intimidated, the woman ignored Kathryn's brusque tone and settled herself comfortably in her chair.

"There's nothing I want from you. However I do potentially have something to give you." Jemima smiled enigmatically.

"I don't have time for your games, Jemima. I do have a business to run. So, if you'll excuse..."

"It's a nice little business as well, turns over 250k most of which is profit. You pay yourself 60k, you pay your five staff 140k between them, you drive a fairly recent Mercedes coupe and you live in a nice house down by the river which has a small mortgage on it. You have around 40k in savings and investments and something like 15k in cash in a separate bank account."

"H...how do you know all that? You didn't even know it was my business five minutes ago."

"I was only messing with your head, Katie. I have a lot of good contacts and I always extensively research my prospective business partners. Plus, isn't that your name above the door? That's a bit of a clue I suppose."

Kathryn managed to ignore Jemima's mocking tone.

"What are you talking about? We're not partners and..."

"Prospective business partners, Katie darling. Why not listen to what I have to say? What do you have to lose? Maybe we didn't always see eye to eye, but we're both adults now, and I have a proposition for you."

Kathryn looked at the woman for a few seconds, taking in her obvious sleek prosperity as well as her unshakeable self-confidence.

"What sort of proposition?" she asked.

Later that evening she sat at her desk in the spare room that served as her home office. She'd ordered a takeaway for them both and had picked at hers absent-mindedly until Jason asked her if she was going to eat it or 'just fuck about with it' as he charmingly put it. She'd given her plate to him and gone upstairs. Eventually, once the TV show he was watching had finished, he followed her upstairs.

"What's wrong babes, you've got a face like a wet weekend?"

She sighed and looked over at him. He actually seemed quite concerned, and he'd find out sooner or later anyway.

"I've got a bit of a problem at work...no, it's nothing like that."

She smiled despite herself at the look on his face.

"Jesus, don't frighten me like that babes. I thought you'd fucked up at work or something."

"No, quite the opposite in fact. I've been offered a really big contract."

"So...?" He looked at her in a confused fashion.

"It's not the offer as such, it's more a case of who's making it."

"Don't follow, babes?"

With a look of resignation, Kathryn launched into her story. Many years ago, when she'd first won a scholarship to Maybury Grammar School, she'd fallen foul of a dreadful bully who had made her life a misery. The girl and her friends had hounded her, making fun of her, calling her names, pulled her hair and destroyed her homework. As far as she could make out the basic problem was that the girl and her little gang thought she was 'common' and that she didn't belong at a prestigious school like Maybury.

All because she was a scholarship girl and wasn't in their social set. Luckily the ringleader had left before they went into the sixth form and Kathryn had really enjoyed her final two years at the school. Even a man as slow on the uptake as Jason couldn't fail to realise that the bully in question was Jemima, the same woman who'd made her a proposal that afternoon.

It turned out that Jemima's former husband had been a bit of entrepreneur and had his fingers in several pies. He'd recently died and Jemima had inherited all his business interests. The problem was, as she herself said, she was 'useless at business, darling' and that's where Kathryn came in. In return for organising the various businesses on Jemima's behalf and making sure that everything was okay with them, she'd pay her a retainer of 60k per annum. In other words, she would double Kathryn's current salary.

Later that evening, Jason had taken her to bed and they'd made energetic, uninhibited love. As he climbed back onto her for the third time they discussed Jemima's offer. Thinking aloud, she noticed, didn't appear to affect Jason's technique. They worked in unison, pushing in and out of each other.

As he eased inside her again, she groaned in pleasure.

"See, what I'm thinking babe is this."

He withdrew and she gasped again

"She sounds like a bitch, no doubt about it."

He thrust back in again and she could feel it at the end of her toes.

"But she's a rich bitch."

Slowly, slowly out again.

"By taking her on as a client, you get to control a business that she can't manage."

An even deeper, firmer thrust which made her squeal.

"And she has to pay you a lot of cash for the privilege."

A quicker retraction and then re-insertion.

"For you babes."

A faster coupe of thrusts.

"It's."

Faster, faster.

"A."

She was starting to buck and writhe now.

"Win"

Her gasping rose to a higher pitch as it always did when she was about to come.

"Win."

She screamed as she climaxed . A long, extended howl of pleasure. She twisted and then arched her back as she savoured the last few seconds of her release. He allowed her to rest her head on his muscular chest .

"What do you say, babes? Are we going to take the bitch's money, or what?"

For a brief second she had an image of her nemesis down on her knees in front of her. Jemima apologising for all her misdeeds at school. Jemima admitting that running a profitable business was beyond her. Jemima handing over her money. Jemima acknowledging her as the better woman. She took one of his nipples between her lips and licked at it.

"Yes," was all she had to say. Revenge for all Jemima's cruel taunts would be a cold, but enjoyable dish. Kathryn had a succession of erotic, enjoyable little dreams, most of which consisted of images of Jemima Gordon grovelling at her feet.

Chapter 6

She'd half-hoped that with the excitement surrounding the new contract Jason might have forgotten his idea of taking her shopping for her new school uniform. But quite clearly it was at the front of his mind. The next weekend he bundled her into the Mercedes and they drove the twenty five miles to Maybury. She knew where the shop was and reluctantly led him there. As usual he'd made her dress up in a smart suit, stockings and heels. He left it to her to decide on how to go about buying it.

"I want you to buy a full uniform, babes, blazer, hat, knickers, socks everything. I don't care how you do it. I'm going for a drink in that pub over there, meet me in there when you're ready."

With that he sauntered off with a backwards glance. Kathryn made her way slowly into the school outfitters praying she wouldn't meet anyone she knew. This was where she was brought up, her mother still lived here. Imagine bumping into her mother with a bag of school clothes in her hand? How would she ever explain that?

"I'd like a Maybury Grammar uniform please? Yes, the complete uniform, it's for my daughter. She's starting there next term. The size? I'd say a ten. Yes, we are about the same size."

She felt herself blush as she said the words, and wondered how many parents didn't bring their school-aged daughters to try on their uniforms. The older gentleman didn't seem to register her nervousness and busied himself gathering all the parts of it together. She stood and watched, half an eye on the entrance.

"Will madam be requiring the school hat?"

"Erm...yes please," better err on the side of caution. He had mentioned the hat specifically hadn't he?

"And the junior school tie, presumably?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Madam would require the junior school tie rather than the senior one?"

She must have looked a little blank.

"The hat is a requirement for the lower school rather than the senior school madam. And therefore am I correct in assuming that madam's...daughter will be starting her Maybury career in the junior school?"

Despite the man's punctilious manners she knew straightaway that he knew. That little pause was enough to tell her that he knew that the uniform was for her rather than her non-existent daughter. Shamefaced, she nodded. His little smirk of acknowledgement was enough to make her blush an even deeper red as a junior school tie was added to the rapidly growing pile on the counter. Eventually the time came for her to settle up. He handed her the bill with another little smirk.

"I've added some hair ribbons, madam. One never knows when they might come in useful. A gesture of thanks for your business, madam. Please don't hesitate to call in again if you need anything else."

She could feel even the tips of her ears were red with embarrassment. She paid the eye-watering bill on a card and was given four bags of clothes in return. She walked as quickly as she could from the shop and around the corner to the pub. She found him propped in a corner staring at his phone. He made her go and buy more drinks and bring them back to the table.

"Got it babe? Nice one, we're going to have some fun and games tonight!"

The young couple on the next table glanced across at her. Kathryn could sense their disdain.

Jason was right though. He made her change into the uniform as soon as they got in through the door. White knee socks and thick, navy blue knickers, blue wraparound kilt, crisp, snow-white blouse, navy blue and white tie, navy blue blazer with the white badge on the breast pocket, and even the straw boater, perched on her head and held there with a piece of elastic that went behind her ears and under her chin. She had to stand in front of him and model her new outfit while sat on the settee with his tumescent cock in his hand.

"Mmm, that's nice babes. This is what you really are isn't it? A silly little schoolgirl? You don't look like such a big shot now, do you, miss executive business woman?"

Kathryn flushed, she was only too aware of how she looked without her Wonderbra and her three inch heels.

"Do you feel more comfortable dressed like that? It's certainly more you, don't you think? You haven't really got the swagger to carry off the smart suit look, if I'm being honest babes. I wonder if the people you meet laugh at you behind your back? You know, when you come over as a bit desperate?"

"I...I don't think that's t...true at all."

"Pull your skirt up and show me your knickers, you naughty little girl."

Slowly, reluctantly she lifted her knee-length kilt to reveal her deeply unflattering, navy blue gym knickers.

"My, my they do suit you. Turn around."

Holding up her skirt she obeyed.

"And nice and tight, they're doing a good job of holding that fat little bottom of yours in place. Bend over and touch your toes. Mmmm, that is nice. Did you ever have to bend and touch your toes when you were at that posh school, babes? To have your fat bottom spanked, maybe?"

Kathryn sniffed, she could already feel the start of tears.

"Stand up babes and turn around to face me. Now put your hands on your head."

She did as she was told, trying to avoid staring too much at his straining cock.

"I asked you a question babes, and I think it's rude of you not to answer. Well?"

"N...no. i...I didn't."

"You didn't what babes? You've already earned one schoolgirl spanking over my knee for rudeness. You don't want to make it two already, do you?"

"No...I don't," she sniffed miserably.

"So, in future you answer in full sentences. And I think that when you're in uniform you should call me sir. It shows a little respect. Let's try again, did you ever have your fat bottom spanked at school? It's a simple enough question isn't it?"

"Yes...sir. No, I mean no sir. I never had my bottom spanked at school."

"You're what bottom?"

"My f...fat bottom, sir."

It was uncanny she thought as the tears slowly rolled down her cheeks. He was so much younger than her and yet he knew instinctively which buttons to press to call her maximum humiliation. She had been bullied at school partly due to her 'little girl' appearance. Her diminutive stature and lack of physical development had often seen her mocked in the changing-rooms at school. Girls could be such bitches.

That experience was partly what encouraged her to dress in a more formal, professional manner at work. And to almost never appear in public without her bra or heels. He'd even picked up on her private fear that her backside was a little plump. She'd tried to convince herself that it only appeared to be a bit bigger than it should due to the fact that she was petite, but at the same time it annoyed her that it was her bottom and not her breasts that seemed to have grown out of proportion.

He smiled at her obvious discomfort.

"I can't think why. If I'd have been your teacher at that posh school, you'd have had a permanently red arse. Look at it, just begging to be spanked."

She squirmed miserably.

"Take your hat off babes. What sort of hat is that anyway? I've seen posh girls wear them but I don't know what they're called."

She untangled the elastic from behind her ears and removed it from her head.

"It's called a boater, sir. They're not that common nowadays,"

"Did you actually wear that to school? You're not wearing it in the photo."

She felt herself blush enormously.

"It's meant for junior girls. I joined the school when I was older, sir."

He looked confused for a while, but then his face broke into an ugly grin.

"And your wearing it because the man in the shop thought it was for a younger girl did he?"

"Y...yes...I assumed that, sir?"

She hoped very much that the conversation regarding her junior school hat would end there. But of course it didn't.

"You assumed, didn't you make it clear it was for a daughter or a niece or something?"

She struggled to avoid meeting his eye.

"Haha, oh I see now! He knew the uniform was for you! That's very funny. I must take you back there sometime and have a chat with him."

How Jason knew that, she just couldn't tell. It was as if he was a mind reader. She had a sudden paranoid thought that the man, or rather the boy she mentally corrected herself, knew just what was inside her head. She saw him pick the school photo with his spare hand.

"And that's why your tie is striped rather than plain as it is in the picture? It's a junior one, not a senior one?"

She nodded miserably, he was such a bastard!

"Put your boater on the table, take your smart blazer off and put that with it."

She hurriedly obeyed. Although a part of her hated being treated like this, she couldn't help feeling a little excited at what she presumed was about to happen. She could feel herself starting to moisten in anticipation. He made a twirling motion with his forefinger and she slowly spun through 360 degrees.

"Where's your shoes, little girl?"

"I...I don't have an appropriate pair, sir."

"Don't you now? So that's another punishment. I think we'd better make a start, don't you?"

She started to nod before she caught herself and replied, "Yes sir, we should."

He patted his thick thighs through his jeans, "come on then, over you go."

Carefully she laid herself over his muscular legs. He tipped her forward so that her nose was near to the carpet and her skirted backside was her highest point. He patted her,

"Remind me how old you are again, babes."

She gulped but forced out the words.

"I...I'm thirty-three, sir."

"Thirty-three? God, that is old! Don't you feel just a little bit humiliated, bent over my knee just waiting for me to tan your fat little arse?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"You're going to have to speak up, babes, I didn't quite catch that."

"Yes, sir. I do feel humiliated waiting for you to t...tan my arse."

Slaaapp!

"Your what?"

"Ooooh, aaahh. My fat little arse, s...sir," she managed to gasp out.

Slaaapp!

"Full sentences, young lady!"

"Oooohhh! Yes sir, I do feel humiliated waiting for you to t...tan my fat little arse, sir."

"You're not thirteen any more, are you?"

Slaaapp!

"N...no, sir. Aahhh. I'm not thirteen any more, sir"

"You're not even twenty-three are you?"

Slaaapp!

"Oooooohhh. Please, sir, no sir. I'm not twenty-three, sir"

"Remind me how old you are again?"

Slaaapp!

"I...I'm thirty three, sir."

"Thirty-three hey? And what job do you do, little miss grown-up thirty-three year old?"

Slaaapp!

Caroline squirmed and wriggled helplessly. His large, horny hand had already lit in her backside

Slaaapp!

"Well?"

Obviously he knew exactly what she did for a living but she got the distinct impression that he'd keep spanking her until she told him.

"I own an accounting business, sir."

"You own a business, aren't you a little young to own a business?" He asked in a surprised tone, patting her steaming hot buttock cheeks through her knickers as he did so.

"N...no, sir," she forced herself to answer.

"Now," he replied in a conversational tone, "if you'd have said you were the tea-girl, or even a junior clerk, I might have believed you. But the owner? Don't you think you'd be happier doing those sort of undemanding roles? Being the boss of a company is an awfully big challenge for such a little girl."

His hand slipped between her thighs and rubbed at her sex. She groaned and tried to push against his thick finger.

"What do you think if your staff could see you now, trying to get off by rubbing yourself against me? It's hardly young executive behaviour now, is it?"

She groaned and wriggled some more. He laughed at her again.

Slaaapp!

"Imagine what mummy would say if she could see you now? Guess she wouldn't be so proud of her little girl then, would she?"

For reasons that she couldn't quite fathom, she found that whole idea weirdly arousing. It was true, she'd always been desperate to please her mother.

"Mmmm," she groaned again as his fingers traced the outline of her lips through her knickers.

She pushed and wriggled but he simply withdrew his finger and then, to her shock drew it across her upper lip. Oh my God, the smell of her arousal was so strong! To her shame she felt herself starting to hump against his lap, hoping to find a little resistance she could grind herself against. She felt his hand return, but it was only to slide her knickers and turn them inside out at her knees. He shuffled her around a little until he was comfortable.

"Time to begin your spanking, babes. This first one's for rudeness, if you recall. Now, how many spanks does a pretend big-shot, thirty-three year old executive deserve?"

"Erm...six, sir?" She thought it was always six.

Slaaapp!

"One last chance babes, or I'll send you to run and get your paddle. It's still there, hanging up on your office door."

She forced herself to concentrate.

"Erm...thirty-three? She managed to squeak.

"Thirty-three strokes, for a thirty-three year old boss? That sounds about right I'd say?"

She lay there compliantly over his knee almost breathless with arousal, but at the same time scarlet with shame. The thought of what she looked like in her old school uniform with her knickers pulled to her knees ran through her mind for the hundredth time. She knew that she was sinking deeper and deeper under the control of her nineteen year old master, but yet she couldn't do anything about it. Or was it that she didn't want to do anything about it?

Slaaapp!

All thoughts of trying to rationalise her position were driven out of her mind by a very firm application of his hand to her big, bare, bright-red, bottom.

"Oowwww, ow...owwww!" She squealed.

That was so much harder than the earlier ones. She kicked her legs, but it was to no avail. The spanks rained down on her defenceless backside. If anything, they felt harder and harder. She was shrieking now, and absolutely begging him to stop, but he was completely unmoved and simply carried on belabouring her. She felt that every centimetre of her bottom was on fire. She'd completely lost count of the number she was supposed to be receiving, but so what? What could she do if he decided to give her a hundred and thirty-three spanks?

He was far too strong for her and she found it very difficult to argue with him. Plus, of course, she needed this. She was a woman in the prime of her life with a normal sexual libido that needed to be satisfied. The sudden switch from no sex to regular, wild, uninhibited sex with a master of the game had affected her enormously. There was no way she could go back to her previous loveless existence, and that meant hanging onto Jason, no matter what.

She realised then, that he'd stopped beating her. The heat in her bottom and in her sex was just incredible. She couldn't but help trying to hump herself against him again. Even the snigger she heard from above her couldn't dissuade her. His hand delved between her legs again and stroked the length of her pussy lips.

"You're very wet aren't you, you randy little cow?"

"Mmmm," she replied, working her hips against his hand.

His finger found her clitoris and began to work on that.

"It almost seems like that you enjoy being spanked like a naughty little schoolgirl, babes?"

He tweaked her clitoris and flicked it a little.

"Would I be right in thinking that?"

She squirmed against him again. She was so, so clooose.

He laughed.

Slaaapp!

"That's another spanking, babes. Rudeness again, seems like you never learn. I asked you if you like being spanked like a naughty schoolgirl."

"Owww...owwww. Yes, yes I like being spanked like a naughty schoolgirl, sir."

Although it was terribly humbling to admit it, what else could she say? She wasn't even sure it was true, but on the other hand she was leaking like a tap so how could she deny it?

"How many spansks was it again, babes?" He asked.

"Thirty-three spansks, sir. It was thirty-three."

He stroked her bum again, enjoying the heat it generated.

"Ask for them nicely, babes, and then we can begin."

"P...please, sir. May I have my bottom spanked thirty-three times please, sir?"

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

He didn't bother responding to her shameful request, he just launched straight in and started smacking her rosy-red behind. This time it hurt much, much more. She'd already had about fifty heavy strokes, and now he was spanking her just as hard as he had on the first one. It only took a couple before she was bawling her eyes out again.

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

Slaaapp!

God! How many more could she stand? She howled and screamed and absolutely *begged* him to stop, but he was undeterred. Eventually he paused and released her right arm that he'd bent behind her back. Taking that as a sign she began to dismount from his knee.

"Whoa babes, where do you think you're going?"

"Please, Jason, please...that's e...enough," she sniffed.

She stood on shaky legs and squeezed her bottom cheeks urgently in a vain attempt to alleviate the dreadful sting in them. He watched with an amused expression on his face.

"How do you mean, babes? You don't get to say what is and isn't enough. I would have thought that even you would have figured that out by now?"

"Please, darling. I...I've really had enough...my bottom hurts so much," she begged plaintively.

Jason looked at her for a few seconds.

"Well, *darling*," he replied, mocking her posh accent. "Here's the deal. You were going to get just another thirty three slaps for not bothering to supply a pair of proper schoolgirl shoes. But now, for not calling me 'sir' when dressed in uniform, you're getting a nice, round fifty strokes."

Before she could complain he held his hand up.

"And if you haven't taken that pretty skirt off and laid yourself over my knee in the next thirty seconds, I'm going to send you to go and get your paddle. And then I'll give you fifty with that, and I promise you'll feel every single one."

Catherine looked at him aghast. Surely he didn't mean that? He looked back at her unsmiling and slowly patted his thighs.

Oh God, oh God, oh God! What if he did mean it. She couldn't take fifty with that dreadful leather paddle, her poor bottom would be skinned. She could imagine how much it would hurt over her already glowing backside. She saw him look meaningfully at his watch, the expensive one she'd recently bought for him.

"Last chance, *darling*."

With a little squeal she unzipped her kilt and stepped out of it before lowering herself back over his knees.

"There's a good little girl. Your learning slowly, I suppose."

His hand delved between her thighs and stroked and fondled her sex.

"And please, let's not pretend that you don't love being spanked like a naughty little schoolgirl. You can surely smell yourself, you dirty old slut?"

His hand played with her clitoris. "Know what I'd like to do babes? I'd like to film this and then show it to your staff at work. Get them all sat around in your meeting room and then play it through your computer onto a big screen. Imagine that, babes. You on the big screen being spanked in your school uniform, screaming and begging me to let you cum. Imagine how that play with the staff? Haha, I can just see it now, can't you.?"

Quite weirdly, Catherine could imagine it very clearly. The mere idea of it, the dreadful humiliation should have disgusted her, but...but she could feeler herself getting wetter and wetter for some reason, and more heated. Much more heated.

"Please, sir...please let me cum."

He laughed and then delivered a shockingly painful slap to her unprepared buttocks.

"Owww owowow!" She squealed loudly, all thought of her imminent climax driven from her head.

His hand rose and fell with monotonous regularity, accompanied by her wailing and screaming and furious attempts to free herself from his firm grip. he was simply way too powerful for her though. he may have been a bit fat and out of condition, but he was also surprisingly strong.

Slaapp!

Slaapp!

Slaapp!

The heavy, open-handed smacks continued to rain down in her defenceless bare bottom. Oh God! Every single stroke hurt her, and she'd learned to her cost that once he had promised her a particular punishment, that's exactly what he was going to do. No amount of begging or pleading would dissuade him, but nevertheless that didn't stop her from trying.

Slaapp!

Slaapp!

Slaapp!

Three really heavy blows that made her scream followed and then he stopped. She didn't stop crying though. it still stung abominably. he stroked her backside, sending little sparks of pleasure through her.

"Know what babes?" He asked conversationally. "Although I do love spanking you like a little girl, and it smells very much as if you like it too. My hand is beginning to ache. I think it's time we progressed onto something a little more suitable, don't you? In fact, let's make that your homework. Research what naughty little girls should have their bottoms spanked with by Monday evening. If you can't convince me of anything we'll simply use the paddle for these occasions."

Even though her poor backside was in absolute agony, she knew how much worse it would have been had he used the paddle on it. She managed to calm herself enough to reply.

"Yes, sir."

Chapter 7

The following morning she was up bright and early and off to work. Her new £200 black pumps, black self-supporting stockings, crisp sky-blue blouse, and her beautiful dark blue skirt suit. Her hair and make-up were, of course, perfect as befitting a woman of her status. Apart from a very slightly stiff walk, it would have been impossible for the casual onlooker to know that the smartly attired, mature businesswoman had recently had her bare bottom soundly spanked by her teenage lover. And last night he had certainly lived up to that billing. Their sex had, in her opinion, been simply out of this world. She'd never cum in quite such a dramatic, satisfying way as she had yesterday. And not just once either.

The sexual tension that had been building up inside her ever since she'd been ordered to dress in her newly purchased uniform had been well and truly relieved. Oh My God! It had been absolutely awesome. When it was finally over and he'd turned onto his back and begun to snore, she'd laid by his side completely drained but utterly content. The games they played, the dressing-up, even the spankings were so, so worth it if that was the reward. She snuggled into him contentedly and soon fell asleep.

Apart from the bruised backside he'd given her, he also insisted that she go into work wearing the navy schoolgirl knickers that were a part of her uniform. As a reminder, he said, that she shouldn't 'get above herself' at work. Also he wanted a photograph of her bottom at 3pm exactly. She was to remove her skirt, pull her knickers to her thighs, photograph her bottom and then send a picture of it to him, just so he could check the effect his spanking had on her 'fat arse' as he disparagingly referred to it.

But despite that rather humiliating demand she'd had a most enjoyable morning at work, she'd got through a ton of jobs that needed doing. She'd enjoyed lunch with Susan and the rest of the office girls as they gossiped and chatted. Idly she wondered if any of them could tell if she'd recently been well and truly, royally fucked.

She glanced at her watch, she had an hour before she had to send Jason his picture. Just time enough to make a start on the thick file that she'd been sent from Jemima Gordon, or Stevenson as she should think of her now. In fact the woman's original name still had the capacity to make her stomach muscles contract. Jemima bloody Stevenson had been a truly horrible bitch. A cruel, sharp-tongued bully, she was very big and strong-looking.

She wasn't fat either, just tough, and mean. She was the undisputed boss of the playground despite being two years younger than the oldest girls at Maybury Grammar, she wasn't just big, she was athletic and aggressive as well. Nobody had the nerve to stand up to her in a fight so she had to get her pleasures elsewhere. That usually involved terrorising other pupils. And one of those she particularly liked to bully was her, thought Kathryn, bitterly.

At first it had stated off as pretty low-level intimidation

"Who are you looking at, four-eyes?"

As she tried to hurry by, head down, briefcase clutched tightly in her sweaty palm.

"I'm talking to you, little miss teacher's pet. Get yourself over here."

Kathryn had sniffed and looked around for some non-existent help before slowly shuffling over to Jemima. The tall girl had taken a hold of her navy blue school tie and pulled it tightly before slapping her face and sending her on her way.

"Don't ever try to ignore me again, you sly little bitch."

That had been enough to shock Kathryn to the core. Nobody had ever treated her or spoken to her like that before. What she should have done there and then was to report Jemima to one of the teachers, but she just didn't have the nerve. From then on the intimidation factor increased. Sometimes Jemima and her friends stopped her and emptied out her school bag onto the pavement. Other times they might steal some of her homework and tear it up in front of her.

Towards the end they even began to demand money off her, and Kathryn would have to give them what little pocket money her parents had given her. Kathryn had begun to despair and even contemplated begging her mother to remove her from Maybury Grammar. But when the new term started, Kathryn was overjoyed to see that her nemesis and her cronies had all left school to go to work, rather than stay on into the 6th form. She wasn't under the thumb of Jemima Gordon anymore, but try as she might, Kathryn couldn't forget the mean girl who'd made her life a misery.

Chapter 8

Kathryn left for lunch thirty minutes before the end of the working day and went to an upmarket shop to buy herself a suitable pair of black, leather school shoes. They weren't very different to the sensible shoes her mother had always made her wear, with laces and a low heel. She had toyed with the idea of buying a normal pair of glossy black pumps so that she could wear them for work as well, but she didn't dare risk another spanking. She got the impression that sometimes he was just looking for an excuse to do that. As she walked out of the shop, she almost bumped into a couple who were strolling past the shop holding hands. As she started to apologise to them, her reply stuck in her throat.

One of them was Jason, the other was her secretary, Susan McCarthy.

There was a moment's embarrassed silence before Jason spoke

"Hi, Miss Wallis isn't it? What a coincidence, we were just talking about you."

Susan's guilty look and sudden flushed face confirmed Kathryn's worry that might have been true.

"Hello there," she forced herself to respond.

"Oh, hi, Miss Wallis," mumbled Susan, dropping Jason's hand from her own.

"Hello, Susan," Kathryn tried hard not to let her anger show. It wasn't as if Susan could know that she and Jason were together.

"Bought anything nice?" Asked Jason with a little glint in his eye.

Kathryn glanced down at the bag in her hand as if she'd only just noticed it.

"Just a pair of shoes, nothing too exciting," she made herself reply. "How about you two, are you shopping?"

"Me and Susie are just about to have a bite to eat and maybe a coffee."

Susan nodded as if the fact needing confirming anyway.

"Well, enjoy yourselves. I'll see you back in the office tomorrow morning, Susan," she made herself smile at the two of them and they parted company.

She drifted home in a bit of a daze, were Susan and Jason an item? If so, how long? How was Susan with him? Why was she with him? Although surely she was deluding herself if she had to ask that question. By the time she got home she'd run that scenario backwards and forwards in her mind a hundred times. He wasn't in the house of course, obviously he was still out with her secretary. She went up to her room to put her new shoes away. She didn't change of course. Although he wasn't actually in the house she knew that he liked her to wear her office clothes around the house and he could be back at any time. She was at a bit of loose end, that meeting had come as such a shock that she felt vaguely disorientated. She had work to do, but she just didn't feel in the mood.

She went back down to the kitchen and put her frilly apron on over her smart suit. She was going to cook them both a really good meal and open a nice bottle of wine. She looked at the clock on the kitchen wall and estimated that he'd be back in an hour or, maybe 6pm? She found a promising recipe and busied herself in the kitchen. Perhaps she was over-reacting? There was probably a quite rational and sensible explanation as to why Jason and Susan were strolling through the streets together.

It wasn't as if Jason was embarrassed to be seen with her or anything like that, he didn't seem to be hiding any sort of affair. Affair! She silently cursed herself for allowing that word to enter her head. Why would Jason be having an affair anyway? Didn't she provide everything he wanted? Didn't she do everything he demanded of her? After all, she thought bitterly, what does a sexy, pretty young, blonde with big tits have that she didn't have?

Jason's anticipated time of arrival came and went. She ate her portion of dinner and put his on a plate in the fridge for him. She poured herself another big glass of wine and sat and watched some sort of formulaic murder mystery until she fell asleep in front of the TV. She woke with a start and realised it was past midnight and she was still alone. She picked up the phone and looked for a message. Nothing at all. Tearfully she texted him

'Where R U?'

She tidied up the kitchen and realised that she'd involuntarily returned to life, pre-Jason. She poured herself the last of the wine and drank despite the onset of a headache. Almost as she was giving up hope, her mobile pinged. Quickly she opened it.

'staying the nite at my mums.'

'U Ok?' she quickly texted back.

There was no reply, miserably she turned everything off and dragged herself up to her empty bed. The following morning she woke with a shocking hangover. She checked her texts, but there was still nothing. Instead she texted Susan to tell her that she wouldn't be in that morning, she had clients to visit. She shuffled off to the shower and washed herself. She put on her jeans and a T-shirt and sat at her desk to review the client issues that were most pressing. She had one report that she simply had to get done by the end of the day, but the truth was that her heart just wasn't in it at the moment.

By the time 11am came around she could wait no longer, she called his mobile number and let it ring. There was no answer. She made herself coffee and then thirty minutes later, she rang him again. It rang ten times before it was answered.

"What?" Asked a tired, fractious voice.

Her heart gave a little bound, at least he was answering the phone to her.

"It's me, Jason. Is...is everything okay? I missed you last night." She could feel the desperation in her voice as she spoke.

"Sorry bout that, babes. You got my message though, right?"

"Yes but..."

"But what, babes? Do I have to tell you in advance what I'm doing now or something?"

"No...of course not, it's just that..."

"Just what, babes? You're beginning to annoy me now...do you know that?"

Kathryn managed to stifle a sob. She didn't like the way the conversation was going.

"D..did you get the picture I emailed you?" She asked slightly pathetically.

"Which one was that?"

She felt her heart sink, he hadn't even looked at it!

"The one I sent from work...the one you..."

"Oh that one! The one of your big fat, red arse filling the screen. yeah...I got that, yeah, we had a bit of a laugh at that to be fair."

Her blood suddenly ran cold. What did he mean 'we'?

"W...who's we, Jason?"

"Me and a couple of my mates, babes. Aren't I allowed to show you off now or something? Do you think I'm ashamed of you, is that it?"

"No, no I don't. It's just that...I thought the photo was just between you and me?"

"Did you, babes?" His voice had that mocking tone that she hated.

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. What time are you coming home tonight? I'll make something nice. I'm here now. I can make anything you want"

"Don't know babe, I haven't given it a lot of thought to be honest. I might stay here another night, I dunno."

She felt that cold, familiar feeling of rejection in her stomach once again.

"Please come home tonight, love. I miss you when you're not here."

There was a pause, at least he hadn't put the phone down.

"Have you done that homework that I set you yet?"

Her mind worked quickly, he meant that horrible thing about researching an instrument for him to spank her with.

"No, not quite. But I've done some work and..."

"Call me back in a couple of hours, and if you can convince me it's worth my while coming home, then maybe I will."

The phone went dead in her hand. She quickly fired up her laptop and began the humiliating task that he'd set her. Five minutes later her phone buzzed with a text message.

'I've been thinking babes. it might be a good idea if you go and change in to your uniform to do your homework. When you've done that, send me a pic.'

She blushed and realised this whole thing was slowly sliding out of her control. She almost ran up the stairs to her bedroom. She quickly undressed and then carefully re-dressed in her uniform. She even put her hair into pigtails using the ribbons she'd been given. She was sure he'd like that. She debated if the blazer or hat were required but then decided to play it safe. She took a picture in the mirror so that her face was obscured by the phone. Almost immediately her phone buzzed again.

'a picture from the side babes, showing you sat at your desk doing your homework. Set the phone to timer, I'm sure a smart girl like you can figure it out'

Two hours passed awfully quickly. She looked at her watch, oh hell! It was nearly 2pm and she hadn't eaten or put a foot into work yet. Quickly she texted Susan again, apologising and checking that nothing untoward had happened. She couldn't bring herself to speak directly to Susan just at the moment.

She dragged herself back to her 'homework', flipped through it quickly and then called Jason back on Facetime as instructed. He was wearing a tight white T-shirt that showed off his chubby musculature, and it looked like he'd just showered.

"Let me take a look, babe. That tie's a bit untidy don't you think. Do me a favour? Take it off and retie it properly for me."

Biting her lip in exasperation, She nevertheless complied making sure the knot was pulled tightly to her throat.

"That's better. Right then, let's hear what you have to say."

For the next ten minutes she carefully explained the most common available choices of instruments to spank her with apart from his hand were slipper, gym- shoe, hair-brush, paddle, leather strap, and cane.

That's good work, babe. Now let me have a think. The slipper's out, too soft for a big bottom like yours. The cane sounds good, but a bit too sharp for regular use. And I've already got a paddle."

Her bottom involuntarily twitched at the mere sound of that horrible thing.

"So the choice is gym-shoe, hair-brush, or strap. Now, which is it to be?"

She let her eyes slide to the clock on the wall, Come on, come on, she had an important report to write.

"Help me out here, babe. Have you an experience of any of those three? The truth now, be honest."

She couldn't help but blush profusely. It was quite uncanny, as if he was a magician. Why did she find it so hard to lie or pretend with him?

"My...my mother used to keep a hair-bush for me. When I was bad...that's all."

"Your mother used to spank you with a hair-brush? Haha, little Miss Prim and Proper used to get her arse warmed by mummy? Oh babes, I'd love to have seen that."

She smiled back weakly, at least he sounded happier now.

"Well that's got me in the mood and no mistake. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a nice hair-brush right now, and I'll come over later on?"

Oh God! it was nearly 3pm and she had a paper to write. But she couldn't turn him down, she just couldn't! He said he'd be over once she'd bought a hair-brush. He must have heard the concern in her voice.

"Oh, and don't worry babe, as a special treat for all your hard work you can take your uniform off before you go into town and buy the brush."

"Thanks, Jason."

"What was that again?"

"Sorry, thank you, sir."

"That's better, see you later." With that he simply rung off.

Now she was in a quandary. What should she do, go and shop or write up the report? As she pulled at her clothes, she already knew the answer. She just needed him back in the house, right now everything was secondary to that. She threw on a nice dress and a pair of heels and almost ran out to the car. As she drove she was trying to think where the hell could she buy a nice hairbrush. She had no doubt that he'd be expecting something quite large and hefty, something would produce a proper sting. Just then her mobile went off in the car. Shit! Jemima Stevenson! She had to take it.

"Hi Jemima, how's things?"

"All good at my end. You do remember we agreed to have that report on my desk by the close of play today don't you?"

Shit! Shit! Shit! She could feel the growing panic in her stomach.

"Yes of course, it's taking me a little longer than I anticipated to be honest. There seems to be lots of loose ends."

"That's as maybe darling, but I'm getting pressed by my investors now. Can I call you back in ten?"

"Of course, no problem," she replied trying to maintain a calmness she didn't feel. What was she playing at, driving round like a fool when she should have been working on this report? The woman, as obnoxious as she used to be, was offering to double her salary! The Stevenson contract would safeguard the future of her business in the short-term, all those people relying on her. And what was she doing? Driving around looking for somewhere to buy a hairbrush which her lover was intending to smack her backside with. She could feel the tears pricking her eyes. She only had ninety minutes anyway, so concluding the report was out of the question. The phone rang again.

"Hello?"

"No problem, my investors still want a local person that I've recommended. All they require is a signature on the agreement binding you to us before 5pm, and the report itself can wait until next week. I think between you and I they were impressed by your extra diligence, and they know the problem that William left me will take some unravelling. So can you sign that form electronically and get it back to me asap? It's form 14c, the heads of terms. Don't let me down, Katie."

"Don't worry, you can count on me."

Kathryn's heart rate perceptibly eased. That had been a narrow escape. That little bit of excitement had been the shot of adrenaline she needed. She remembered an upmarket department store that sold what she wanted and in her relief bought a large, £97 Mason Pearson hair-brush. She got back in enough time to call up the heads of agreement on her laptop, briefly skim it, it looked to be standard, sign it, and send it off to Jemima. What an afternoon! Now she could relax, unwind and welcome Jason back home.

To be fair to her demon lover, he didn't disappoint. Any questions she might have had regarding the 'Susan situation' were washed away by yet another night of monumental love-making. Interspersed with the amazing sex, Jason casually explained that Susan and he were just friends. He'd introduced himself to her when they'd met in the office and she'd agreed to join him for a coffee after work. She was a nice girl, he explained, and they had 'stuff' in common. Kathryn was so relieved he was back in her bed that she didn't even bother to ask what that 'stuff' might be.

Even when he asked to see the brush he'd only given her backside a very light dusting with it, just enough to get them both in the mood he'd said. He was right of course, he usually was in any question regarding sexual pleasure. All he'd done was to add a little pinkness to her bottom-cheeks but that had been enough to light a fire inside her.

A second and then a third climax followed for her. it was really quite astonishing. The sex she was enjoying was nothing like anything she'd ever read about in her hopeless, vanilla, romantic novels. There just weren't words to describe it. As she lay awake by his side, her head still buzzing as she listened to him snore, she couldn't help but think how at last everything seemed to be going her way. Both her business and her private life seemed to be thriving. It was only as she began to happily drift off herself that something that had been nagging at her sub-conscious finally crystallised. Had Jemima actually referred to her as 'Katie'? And if so, why? But before she could give it any serious thought, she too had succumbed to sleep.

Chapter 9

She wasn't looking forward to work that morning as much as the previous one. As she ran through the Stevenson file yet again, she could feel the familiar, bitter taste of fear as the bile built up in her gut. Why on earth was she involved in this mess? The accounts were an utter shambles. Nothing matched, there were hardly any invoices to account for the very large sums of money that the assorted businesses were producing. Most of the transactions she noticed with a sinking feeling in her stomach were for cash, large amounts of untraceable cash.

Her anxiety must have shown on her face because when Susan brought her coffee in, her secretary asked in an anxious voice if she was okay. Kathryn laughed off her question and drank up. But if anything she felt a little bit worse, rather than pick her up the drink made her feel a little drowsy. She shook her head angrily, perhaps she needed to get a little more regular sleep?

Neither woman had mentioned the Jason situation, clearly Susan didn't know that Kathryn and Jason were together and that he practically lived in Kathryn's house. And she certainly didn't want to discuss that particular situation with her secretary. She shook her head angrily, she needed her wits about her right now. She buzzed Susan and asked for a refill. She drunk it down greedily before she called Jemima but once again her phone rang until it triggered her messaging system.

Kathryn slowly put down the phone and then rested her head in her hands. Not only was she tired and frustrated, but her head was banging as well. Her phone rang, it was Susan reminding her that she had a meeting with a client first thing after lunch that afternoon. She pretended that she remembered it, but in fact it had slipped her mind completely. Oh God! Although she was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate, she had to pull herself together for the good of the business. She rung through to her secretary and called her into the room.

"I need a bit of a favour, Susan. I've had so much going on recently that some of the details of this client have escaped me. Do you mind sitting in on the meeting? I know you've done a lot of work on it, which I'm very grateful for."

Susan smiled happily.

"Of course, Miss Wallis. It would be my pleasure."

The meeting actually went very well, Kathryn couldn't quite shake that woolly feeling that she'd had all day but Susan was on top form, everything to hand and every query satisfied. Kathryn almost let herself relax, but she was compelled to regularly check her watch. It was almost 4.30pm and still that bitch hadn't rung her. The client left, happy. Susan and Kathryn exchanged pleasantries, Kathryn was genuinely grateful, and then returned to their respective offices.

She decided to give Jemima's phone another go. And to her relief it was answered almost immediately.

"Mrs Stevenson's phone, Samantha speaking. How may I help?"

"Erm...oh hi. Is Jemima there please?"

"Who's speaking?"

"Kathryn, Kathryn Wallis."

"I'm sorry, Kathryn who?"

"Kathryn Wallis, I...I'm your accountant."

"Oh, just a second Kathryn I'll check with Mrs Stevenson."

Was it her imagination, or did she detect a slight tone of amusement in the woman's voice?

She was still waiting nervously with the phone in her hand for a good two minutes before the secretary returned.

"Mrs Stevenson has asked me to tell you that she's far too busy with clients at the moment to come to the phone. She will however call you before 5pm this afternoon."

"Oh...I...erm..."

"Thank you, goodbye."

Resignedly, she started packing her bag. It was nearly 5pm, and that absolute cow still hadn't...The sudden trill of her phone made her jump. She snatched it up.

"Jemima, hi. I wondered if..."

"Could you speak up a little, please. You were always very quiet as school as well as I remember."

"Erm...sorry." Although why she was apologising she didn't really know.

"What is it you wanted by the way? I am very busy you know."

What was it she wanted again? She'd almost forgotten.

"We need to talk, Jemima."

"About what, darling? You seem awfully flustered? Is everything okay?"

"Yes, fine thank you. I just..."

"Then why are you calling me? You're awfully vague, darling. You're not drunk again are you?"

Interrupted Jemima, rudely.

"No, no I'm not. It's the middle of the afternoon, I don't even drink particularly."

"Sorry dear, you know you sounded a bit vague, that's all. Now, what did you want?"

"Erm... it's the accounts, Jemima. I'm having difficulty with..."

"Difficulty, darling? Didn't you get a First at the clever university you went to?"

"Well, yes. But that's hardly the point. The accounts are in rather a mess."

"A mess? But isn't that rather your responsibility now? I mean, do you want someone else to do the work and still get paid?"

"I...I'm not sure if I want to do them at all to be honest...it's just that..."

"Nonsense! You've signed a contract and you work for me now."

Kathryn could feel the familiar tension in her stomach. Jemima's tone so reminded her of her schooldays.

"B...but there appears to be all sorts of errors, I..."

"We have a contract which I will be insisting you honour, in court if necessary."

There was a silence while Kathryn digested that fact.

"C...can't we at least talk about the situation...please?"

"I'm a busy woman, as you know. I have very little spare time."

"Please, Jemima. It would be very helpful."

The woman sighed theatrically.

"Oh, I suppose so, go on."

Kathryn paused to gather her thoughts, she was finding it difficult to concentrate.

"Now's the time to talk, dear. I have someone important to speak with in the next thirty minutes."

Kathryn blushed profusely at the implication that she wasn't important. She took a deep breath and then decided to come straight to the point.

"Jemima, as a friend I'd like to be released from my contract with you."

There was no reply.

"It's j...just that I think there's a problem with the accounts, Can I tell you...?"

"I don't look at accounts, darling. I have staff to do that sort of tedious nonsense for me. In the same sense I employ servants to open the door rather than do it myself, do you see?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Kathryn, a little dejectedly.

"And while on the subject of staff, Miss Wallis, I don't employ friends to work for me. Do you understand?"

Kathryn nodded, trying not to cry.

"My friends may call me Jemima. My employees certainly may not."

Kathryn felt a single tear roll down her cheek.

"So what I suggest is, that you take yourself back to your tacky little office, and make my accounts say exactly what I want them to say. Which is, were you in any doubt, that everything is fine and dandy. If you can't, or won't do the job you're being handsomely paid to do then I'll sue you for breach of contract and put your amateur little organisation out of business and also make sure that you find work very difficult to come by, incidentally."

The main thing at the moment was not letting Jason know what was going on. She remembered how shocked he'd been when he thought there was a problem at work. She daredn't run the risk of that happening again. What if he was to take fright and simply stop coming around to hers? What would she do then? She didn't think she could face the rounds of dating eminently unsuitable men all over again, She already had what she wanted, admittedly he might not be perfect and she still couldn't see a time when she could introduce Jason to her rather snooty mother, but he was a hundred times better than any of the sad procession of losers that she'd already had the misfortune to date. Jason made her feel alive again after being buried for fifteen years. She realised with a certain degree of shock that she might be in love with him.

That evening she arrived home to find him slumped in front of the TV as usual watching something mindless about cars.

"There you are, businesswoman of the year. How much longer do I have to wait for my tea? Did you forget about me or something."

"No, of course not, I've just been busy, that's all." She could hardly tell him that she thought of little else but him.

"Too busy to be here on time? I don't ask for much, do I? Being here on time to cook me a little bit of grub isn't too much to ask, is it?"

She couldn't help but smile at the ridiculous look of helplessness on his foolish face.

"What the hell are you laughing at babes? What have I said that was funny?"

"Would it have killed you to make yourself a sandwich? Or maybe make two and give one to me?"

She could see his face change from pathetic to angry in a flash.

"What the fuck...you cheeky old bitch!"

She backed away wondering if she'd pushed him too far.

"I don't make sandwiches when you're around! What's the point of having a dog and barking myself? Hey? Hey?"

He prodded her twice in the shoulder as if to emphasise the point.

"Now fuck off upstairs and get your paddle, you've earned yourself a thrashing. HURRY UP!!" He bellowed into her face.

To scared to argue, she literally ran upstairs and fumbled for the hated leather paddle which hung on a hook screwed to her bedroom door. She handed it to him.

"Get your fat old arse over the back of the settee!"

She hurried to obey. He was so annoyed that he just lifted her higher up the back of the settee so that her high-heeled pumps couldn't quite reach the floor and her head was almost buried in the cushions, and then proceeded to spank her backside through the tight cotton fabric of her skirt. It hurt so much that she was screaming after three strokes, and although she kicked her stockinged legs just a little due to the extreme pain, she didn't attempt to avoid the strokes. Deep within the recesses of her mind was the growing suspicion that she deserved all she was getting and more.

The following morning she got up early and examined her bottom ruefully in the bathroom's full length mirror. The paddle had certainly made a mess of her backside, it was well-bruised and even blistered in places. She'd lost count of the number of strokes he'd given her, and at the end he hadn't even fucked her. Just led her upstairs by the ear and deposited her in the spare room with instructions not to leave until morning. Despite the early hour she'd fallen asleep almost immediately, her hands still clutching at her sore backside. That bloody paddle hurt like hell, she really hated it.

Chapter 10

"Good morning, Susan."

"Good morning, Kathryn."

Her secretary, she noticed, seemed to have stopped calling her 'Miss Wallis'. Was it something to do with the Jason situation, she wondered.? Had he told Susan that her boss liked to be spanked while dressed in her old school uniform? Or was she just over-thinking the situation a little? Her mind seemed to drift off in a haze, until the door opened and her secretary arrived with a cup of steaming coffee for her. She's been so engrossed that she hadn't heard Susan knock on the door.

"Thanks so much, Susan."

"No problem, Kathryn."

"Anything for me?"

"Not at the moment, I'm pretty much on top of everything now. Although..."

Kathryn looked up quizzically.

"Mrs Stevenson called first thing and told me to tell you that she wants the first draft of the accounts over by 6pm today. So you probably need to get on with those?"

Kathryn bit her upper lip nervously.

"Is there something the matter Kathryn?"

She shook her head.

"No, why would there be?" She snapped.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was just trying to help."

Susan turned on her heel and left.

Kathryn gently banged her forehead on her desk. Everything was going wrong. She returned to her coffee and took a long draught before turning back to the bloody Stevenson file. The next time she looked at the clock it was way past lunch time. Susan hadn't called her, even her phone had stopped ringing.

She felt tired and isolated, she could feel the pressure weighing on her shoulders. She needed food. She put her jacket on and went outside. As she did so she heard Susan's voice on the phone, but before she got into her office, she heard the handset being replaced on its hook.

"Oh, hi. Erm...I'm sorry about earlier. I...I'm just not thinking straight at the moment," she apologised.

Susan smiled.

"Don't worry, apology accepted. I can tell you're a bit stressed."

"I'm just going to get a sandwich, can I get you anything?"

"Yes, that would be great. Can you get me a cheese sandwich and a Danish?"

"Of course."

"Could you get it from that bakery on the high street? They're the best."

"Yes, no problem," although it was a bit of a problem. it was quite a walk and there was always a queue there. But she could hardly argue with the request.

"I'll make the coffee for us when you get back."

it took Kathryn forty long minutes. When she arrived back she could hear voices and laughter in Susan's office. Her heart gave a little lurch, it was Jason. She pushed open Susan's door and carried in her secretary's lunch.

"Don't you knock, Miss Wallis? Me and Susie could have been talking about anything."

And although it was said in a jovial manner, she could just tell that he meant it.

"I'm sorry, I'll knock next time."

"Thanks for that, Kathryn. I'm sorry I didn't make the coffee, I got a little distracted and now I have to make a phone call. Do you mind?"

"White and three sugars for me, Katie."

Kathryn smiled, but inside she was fuming. Now she was the tea girl, apparently. She marched off to the kitchen and rattled a couple of cups and saucers.

"I hope you're not being a naughty little girl, Katie? You know how I feel about that sort of behaviour."

He could move awfully quietly when he wanted to. He was stood right behind her, close enough for her to feel the tumescence in his grubby jeans. He thrust his hips into her skirt and whispered into her ear.

"I'd love to spank you right now. Lead you out into reception by your ear, bend you over my knee and spank you like the naughty little girl you are. Imagine what your staff would think of that, imagine what Susie would think of you bawling and begging like you do? I'll bet that most of your staff would be happy to see you being put in your place, wouldn't you?"

Jason reaches around and took a firm grip on her right breast and squeezing it painfully.

"Wouldn't you, you arrogant bitch?"

Kathryn squirmed and squealed a little. Her breasts may have been quite small, but they were very sensitive.

"Y...yes, perhaps they would," she managed to whisper.

Although as far as she was concerned the half dozen or so people she did employ seemed to like her. The horrible thought entered her head that perhaps they didn't? How did Jason know that her staff would enjoy seeing her being spanked? Was it something Susan had told him about? Did Jason and Susan talk about her behind her back?

He'd taken hold of both her nipples through the thin material of her blouse and her bra, and was busily tugging and twisting them.

"P...please, Jason. She'll hear us," she whispered.

He pinched her bottom painfully and then slapped it.

"Hurry up and make the coffee then, I'll be in Susan's office. Don't forget to knock this time."

He laughed as he sauntered out of the room. Five minutes later she followed him, remembering to knock on the door as ordered. Inside, Susan was on the phone. She simply pointed to her desk and carried on the conversation. Jason smiled at her but said nothing. Hurriedly she left and returned to her own room.

What was going on? Why was Jason even here, at her office? Why was he flaunting his...relationship with her secretary? She glanced at her watch, it was already 4pm. She had a decision to make. Either she had to sign the accounts off, or she was going to stand up to her former bully and refuse to do as she was told.

There was no contest really. Kathryn was used to doing what she was told. First by her mother and then by Jemima, and now Jason. She was a natural submissive, and she knew that of course. She would always take the path of least resistance. Her setting up the business was an aberration rather than the natural order of things.

The natural order would have been for her to work for someone more dominant than herself and to just accept whatever terms were given to her. Despite her pride in the success of her own accounting firm, she knew in her own heart that it wasn't really her. Perhaps she'd suspected all along that something like this was going to happen?

Reluctantly she applied her signature to the bottom of the report and added it to the little folder she'd prepared earlier. She picked up her phone and called Susan, but the line was engaged. With a sigh she gathered up her work and went to Susan's office. She knocked and waited until she was told to enter.

Susan continued with her conversation while Kathryn stood awkwardly in the centre of the room. Jason was on his mobile and paid her no attention. Eventually Susan finished and looked up at her expectantly.

"I have the Stevenson file, Susan. Can you organise a cab and get it taken up to her place, please."

Susan looked at her for a second.

"I'm sorry, Kathryn, perhaps I didn't make myself too clear. Mrs Stevenson wants you personally to deliver the file by hand no later than 6pm today."

Did she detect a glimmer of amusement in her secretary's bright blue eyes. She definitely heard a snort of laughter from Jason hunched over his phone in the corner.

"Bye bye, Miss Wallis. Nice to meet you again. Maybe I'll see you some other time?"

Chapter 11

Kathryn turned on her heel and stalked angrily away. Pausing only to collect her suit jacket she marched down to the car park and drove off to. She was absolutely furious! She briefly considered rebelling, confronting him and telling him to fuck off. That's what she should do, simply pick up the phone and tell him to get the hell out of her flat and out of her life. He was such a bastard! She hated him at that point, he was treating her like dirt and in front of her subordinate too! As her breathing calmed down she paused and began to consider the alternative

What if he did just up and leave, what would she do then? She took a couple more deep breaths to calm herself down. Without Jason in her life, it was back to ready-cooked meals for one and long evenings on her own. She could just picture the scene in her head, the long slide into spinsterhood. Her friends and colleagues whispering about her, told you she'd never find a boyfriend. I always knew she'd end up on her own. She could even imagine the look on her mother's self-righteous face when she began her inevitable lecture regarding her lack of grandchildren.

Before she knew it she was piloting her car up a long, gravel drive. The building her Satnav had directed her to clearly wasn't an office block as she'd been expecting, it was an absolutely massive house. Kathryn checked the address again. No, this was it. She rang the door bell and it was eventually opened by a uniformed maid.

"Can I help you, madam?" The woman spoke quietly and kept her eyes firmly on the ground .

"Erm, yes. My name's Kathryn Wallis. I'm expected I believe?"

"I'm sorry, madam. I have no one by that name on my list," she looked suitably apologetic.

"C...could you inform Mrs Stevenson I'm here then please?"

God damn it! Now she'd adopted a stutter! And how come she wasn't expected? Jemima had invited her after all?

"Of course, madam. If madam will just give me a minute."

Kathryn stood on the entrance to the palatial house. What was this place, she wondered. Surely it wasn't Jemima's actual house, it was absolutely enormous. Her business probably rented a part of it, or something? The maid returned, Kathryn caught a sight of her face beneath her very traditional mob cap. She was, Kathryn guessed, roughly the same age as her.

"If you'll please follow me, madam?"

The tall woman led the way through the impressive hallway and up one flight of stairs before knocking on a one of a pair of double doors.

"Come!" Ordered a voice.

Behind the door was a massive, beautifully appointed room with a fantastic view over a manicured garden and a lake. At the far end behind a large imposing desk sat Jemima, who made no effort to rise and greet her.

"That will be all, Chadwick.

To Kathryn's astonishment the dark-haired maid executed a graceful curtsy before leaving the room.

"Ah, Katie. You have my accounts as instructed?"

"Yes, Jemima, here they are."

"Bring them over."

Kathryn could hear her heels clicking on the immaculate parquet floor. The imposing woman held out her hand without bothering to get up. Kathryn had to lean halfway over the large, antique desk just to place them in front of her. She watched as Jemima Stevenson flicked through to the last page.

"That seems in order."

She returned to the paperwork on her desk. For ten excruciating seconds, Kathryn stood still before realising that she'd been rudely dismissed. Slowly she turned to go.

"Oh, and Katie?"

Kathryn turned back.

"As I told you earlier my name is Mrs Stevenson. That's how I prefer my employees to address me. You'll remember that in future."

It wasn't so much a question as an instruction. Kathryn nodded, too embarrassed to actually reply. Hurriedly she made her way out of the room and down the stairs. The uniformed woman was waiting for her and led her through the front door before closing it behind her without a word. As she drove she banged her hand on the steering wheel in frustration. What a fool she'd been!

She'd taken Jemima Stevenson's money, and now she was her employee just like that poor woman opening and closing doors for a living. She began to cry gently, wiping her eyes on the back of her sleeve. She was still upset when she actually got home. She'd already rung Susan and asked her to lock the office up. To her vague surprise, Jason was in the house. Even more surprisingly he took her in his arms and hugged her.

"Tough day, babes? Go and put your feet up and I'll make you a coffee."

Almost immediately, her mood lifted. He was so cute when he was trying to be sensitive. He brought her a mug of coffee and sat down by her.

"So what's the matter with you then?"

She told him the whole story, how Jemima Stevenson was using her accounting practise to launder dirty money from her dodgy businesses and how she couldn't do anything about it. Jason shook his head sympathetically.

"What's your plan?"

"There's nothing I can do, that's the problem."

"Best just keep quiet then. Take the bitch's money and say nothing. What's the chances anyone will ever find out?"

"Well, as soon as there's any sort of investigation into her affairs then I'll be in trouble."

"How do you mean, trouble?"

"If anyone discovers what she's up to, I'll be charged with aiding and abetting fraud. I could go to prison. I'd lose my license to practise for sure. That would mean the end of the business and probably the end of all this," she gestured around the room hopelessly.

"It won't come to that, babes. What are the chances? If I were you I'd just concentrate on covering my tracks. You know, do such a good job that no one will ever know?"

She nodded, if she was honest she wasn't feeling quite so stressed as she thought she would be. The chances of the scam being discovered were really quite small. And anyway, so many accountants were already doing what she was planning to do and getting away with it. For some reason that she couldn't quite put her finger on, she felt quite oddly relaxed about the whole thing.

Jason stood up and pulled his sweater over his head revealing his slightly stained vest. His hands went to the buckle of his belt.

"Drink up your coffee, babe. All this naughty talk is making me extra-horny."

She licked her lips. God! She needed fucking, she could feel the itch deep inside her. She unzipped her skirt and threw it onto the sofa. Jason stepped out of his jeans and tore away his underpants. His cock was already straining. Kathryn pulled down her own, pink knickers and started to unbutton her blouse. Before she could do so he was on her, sweeping her up he deposited her back on the sofa and pulled her legs apart.

There was no need for foreplay, she was already soaking wet.

"Fuck me, Jason! For God's sake fuck me!" She almost shrieked the words.

He didn't need any further encouragement he slid his engorged cock deeply into her and was rewarded with a little scream of pleasure. She arched her back to meet him as he squeezed her breasts through her silk blouse.

Kathryn gasped as she rode his throbbing cock. Even by their normal standards this was incredible. It was as if she could feel every pulse and ripple of his penis inside her, as if her senses had been turned up and somehow made more receptive. He thrust ever deeper inside her, tearing her blouse, and then taking her nipple into his mouth and sucking and licking.

She wrapped her stocking-clad legs around him and pulled herself more into him. Oh God! She didn't want the sensation to ever end, but deep within her she could feel her orgasm slowly building. Above her she could tell by Jason's familiar groan that he'd reached a similar position. She thrust herself on to him faster and faster, desperate to cum before he did. She felt him suddenly stiffen and twitch and then she was suddenly overwhelmed by the most enormous orgasm that she'd ever experienced.

A fraction of a second later she felt him ejaculate inside her and then collapse exhausted on top of her, his head resting on her shoulder. It took them both a minute or so to recover. They kissed, their tongues exploring each other and then lay together.

"That wasn't too bad, babes."

She laughed and tousled his hair. That had been extraordinary! Where it had come from, she had no idea. On her tearful way home all she really wanted was to cry a lot more and drink at least a bottle of wine. But now she felt fulfilled and remarkably, quite chilled about the whole Stevenson experience. So Jemima was a bully and a crook, so what? It wasn't like she didn't already know that. And as Jason said, the chances of her being caught were fairly remote. She stretched on the sofa, the aftershock of her orgasm still tingling inside her.

Chapter 12

The next morning she was up early and out. She was determined to put the Stevenson contract out of her mind and get on with the backlog of work that had mounted while she dealt with it. She got a good hours work in before her staff started to come in. Susan was late, which was quite unlike her. Kathryn thought about having a word with her about her tardiness, but after last night's session with her lover, she was in a magnanimous mood. Clearly she'd over thought the relationship between her secretary and Jason.

It was only after getting through a hell of a lot of work that she realised she hadn't yet had her morning coffee. In fact she hadn't even spoken to Susan all morning She buzzed through to her secretary.

"Morning, Susan. Could I get my usual coffee please?"

"Hi, Katie. I'm a bit busy at the moment. Do you mind doing it yourself?"

Kathryn looked angrily at her machine. Katie? Who the hell did Susan think she was? She gave it five minutes before marching over to Susan's office and pushing open the door.

"Susan, I don't ask much, but really..."

Susan looked up from some papers on her desk

"Do be quiet, you silly woman."

Kathryn took a step backwards and her mouth dropped open. To say she was merely shocked would be a huge understatement.

"Who the hell do you think you're speaking to? I won't have.."

"Shut up, and sit down."

Kathryn stood and goggled at her secretary, had the woman gone mad?

"SIT Down!"

Kathryn obeyed, quickly seating herself opposite Susan. The edge to her voice had frightened her.

"I've been going through a copy the accounts that you've just done for the Stevenson woman."

Kathryn felt that oh so familiar jab of stress in her gut. She decided to try and brazen it out.

"What about them?"

"You know who she is, don't you?"

Of course, Jemima Gordon, I knew her at school."

"That's nice for you. Do you know who her deceased husband was?"

Kathryn didn't like the way this was going at all.

"Not really, William something? William Stevenson, I guess?"

"You guess?"

"Yes, as I recall. But what gives you the right to..."

"William, better known as Billy Stevenson. Does that ring a bell in your empty head?" Susan interrupted rudely.

Shit! It did ring a bell. Billy Stevenson, corrupt businessman with alleged links to organised crime. It had been in all the papers. How the hell had she missed that? That was just foolish inattention. No wonder the accounts made no sense, no wonder Jemima lived in a bloody massive mansion with servants!

"Please tell me you haven't signed off those accounts?"

Kathryn could already feel the tears in her eyes. She put her head in her hands.

"You have, haven't you? What a stupid thing to do! How could you do this?"

Kathryn shook her head, not daring to reply.

"You've put the entire business at risk, all our jobs! What were you thinking!?"

Kathryn started to sob. The worst thing was that her secretary was entirely right, she had been stupid. She hadn't exercised due diligence. She'd actually been rushing to the shop to buy her lover a hairbrush with which to spank her bottom when she should have been doing her research. Her shoulders heaved as she poured out more tears.

"Crying's no use, you idiot! What the hell are we going to do? If this comes out, you're going to prison. You do know that don't you?"

Kathryn bit her lip and tried to stem the flow of tears cascading down her cheeks. Susan was also right about that as well. The last few days had passed Kathryn by like a dream. What had she been

thinking? This was the obvious and only outcome as far as her personal behaviour was concerned. Why had her thinking been so muddled?

She tried to get her rapidly beating heart under some sort of control.

"What the hell are you going to do, Katie?"

Kathryn shook her head helplessly.

"What's got in to you recently? You've been acting like a love-sick teenager, you do know that?"

Kathryn nodded her head, she could hardly disagree after all.

"Do you think we should tell the police or someone?"

Kathryn felt her heart slump into her expensive high-heeled shoes.

"N...no, we mustn't."

Kathryn could feel the tears starting again.

"Why mustn't we? The whole future of the business could be compromised. If we don't do something we could all of us, me, the rest of the staff be seen as complicit in this. Surely you can see that?"

P...please, please Susan. I'd lose the business...and everything. I'd be ruined."

Susan McCarthy glared across the table at her

"You're going to have to learn that it's not all about you, Katie."

Chapter 13

Jason withdrew his engorged cock slowly and watched the look of abandon on her face. He paused a second and then thrust it back into the woman writhing beneath him. She gasped in pleasure, Jason liked it when women did that. It was all a part of their ritual of submissiveness to him as far as he was concerned, a tangible sign of his skill and mastery. Not unlike scoring a 25 yard volley in front of an appreciate football crowd, he mused. Not that he'd ever played a competitive game of sport, obviously.

He was proud of his sexual prowess however, very proud in fact. He was a sexual athlete rather than a sporting one. He was talented in a sport that really mattered, as he never tired of telling his drinking buddies. He glanced across at tonight's audience. Rather than thousands it numbered just one person, and rather than cheering she was kneeling in the corner of the room with her arms folded neatly behind her.

He watched the expression on her face with a certain amount of pleasure. It was difficult to tell if she was enjoying his performance her not. She never once took her eyes off him, but there again that's what she'd been told to do. Her face was certainly flushed, but from shame or pleasure he couldn't be sure. Her little tits were heaving, and was that a tear running down her cheek? Jason wasn't overly concerned if he was being honest.

He slipped out of her again and she moaned,

"Ooooh, so close, so close."

He thrust in and then out of her a couple of times and felt her nails gouge into his back.

"Now...Now! For fuck's sake, you little bastard!"

He ploughed into her again, but in a slow, controlled way. She squealed and pulled him deeper into her. He smiled at her desperation and increased his pace just a little. She squealed again, Jason just caught the eye of the woman in the corner of the room. She was naked and her knees were pulled apart as far as they could go. He increased his pace again, the woman on the bed was panting now, riding to his rhythm

Suddenly she paused and went rigid for a fraction of a second, before being overtaken by a huge orgasm that washed over her. Half a dozen more thrusts and Jason groaned as he ejaculated as well. She screamed with pleasure and held him into her as cock throbbed inside her. They held each other tightly until their respective pleasures had subsided a little.

"Did she keep looking at us the whole time?" Asked the woman.

"Why not ask her yourself? Katie, you titless slag, get over here right now!"

Kathryn had been waiting to be summoned. Immediately she crawled over from the corner she'd been positioned in and scurried to the side of the bed. She looked up at the two occupants.

"He's good isn't he, Katie dear?" Asked the woman.

Kathryn nodded. She knew exactly how exciting Jason's attention was. Even kneeling in disgrace in the corner of her own bedroom she could feel herself becoming more and more aroused.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you missing Jason, Katie? Are you missing regular cock?"

Kathryn sniffed miserably.

"Yes, ma'am. "

What else could she say? Everyone knew that was the case. She looked up just in time to see Jason smirking at her in his self-satisfied way and blushed.

"Why aren't you getting regular cock any more, Katie?"

"I...I...don't d...deserve it any more, ma'am." Kathryn mumbled the humiliating words that had been beaten into her memory.

"And why is that?"

"Because I d...don't have anything to offer Mr Jackson in return, ma'am."

"That's for sure," sniggered Jason.

"Can you be more specific, dear?"

Kathryn looked up in to the woman's complacent, smiling face.

"Because I'm ugly, ma'am. I d...don't have any tits to speak of, and I don't have any money."

"That's all true, Katie. So, just what are we going to do with you?"

Kathryn Wallis cried noisily as Jason levered himself off the bed and came towards her, his cock dangling and his spunk dripping off the end of it.

"I've got an idea," he said, taking a handful of Kathryn's blonde hair and guiding himself into her mouth. "Clean me, bitch. "

She gagged slightly as she felt him slide into her mouth. She could taste his bitter semen, but that wasn't all. She could also taste the familiar flavour of her new mistress' excretions. As she licked him clean, she could hear the woman laughing.

"When you've finished there, slut. I've got another job for you. You might not like it as much, but I certainly will."

Jemima Stevenson sat on the edge of Kathryn's bed with her legs splayed and stroked her clitoris a little in anticipation of Katie's tongue.

Susan McCarthy bid the last of her staff good afternoon. She'd let them go a couple of hours early. They'd worked hard and business was good, but it was also Friday afternoon and Katie Wallis was due to spend the weekend with her. She could already feel the excitement rising in her at the prospect of having her former boss at her beck and call. She was such a prissy, stuck-up little bitch sometimes.

The plan had worked quite brilliantly. Jemima had conceived it originally but Susan and Jason had also played their parts. Jemima needed a tame accountant, someone to simply sign off her dubious accounts at the end of every tax year. She'd selected Kathryn Wallis to be that person. Not because Kathryn was the ideal choice. She was far too law-abiding and straight to volunteer for anything underhand. As far as Susan knew, Jemima had chosen Kathryn just because of those character traits...and because she just didn't like her.

Knowing that Kathryn wouldn't do it voluntarily, she'd concocted a love interest, that man was Jason Jackson. He was the son of one of her husband's more stupid friends. All Jason had to do was to seduce shy, unsophisticated Kathryn Wallis and bring her under his control. When that was done she was ripe to be plucked. Susan had helped by adding a certain something to Kathryn's regular morning coffee. Something that simultaneously lowered her natural inhibitions but also encouraged a certain loss of focus.

After that it was easy. Once the contract was signed, Kathryn was trapped. To avoid the shame and a possible jail sentence, Kathryn took the only least worse option as far as her befuddled mind could discern and took a back seat as far as her business was concerned. Yes, it was still her name over the door, and yes, she was ultimately responsible for the accounts that her business produced. But to all intents and purposes, Kathryn now had no control or even input into her practise. She even disappeared from it for a month.

The official story, started by Susan, was that Kathryn was suffering from 'burn-out' and had been advised that the best way to alleviate her stress was to go on a long, indulgent holiday. But in reality she'd been sent to Jemima's huge house and put to work as a maid there. A junior scullery maid in fact. A position she was to learn that was the lowest of the low, even among Ms Stevenson's army of servants. Susan, on the other hand was rewarded by being made manager of the accounting practise and been left in charge of its day to day running.

Kathryn slaved away at the Stevenson mansion for a month. Once there she became thoroughly under the thumb of Jemima Stevenson and exposed on a daily basis to her cruelty and abuse. She wasn't the only one by any means. The majority of the household staff were former friends or colleagues, or even business rivals who'd fallen foul of either Jemima or her gangster husband. Their life was one of unrelenting toil, punctuated by foul-mouthed criticism from their mistress and vigorous corporal punishment.

In Kathryn's case, she soon learned to toe the line. Her natural submissiveness was only amplified by her treatment and she quickly became yet another of Jemima's sexual playthings. Rather than enjoy gloriously fulfilling, passionate sex with her former lover, Jason, she was now expected to provide

Jemima with everything that her perverse new mistress wanted, oral sex, anal sex, being fucked with a strap-on by Jemima while being made to watch the act in a mirror, nothing was taboo apparently.

When Kathryn had been thoroughly mastered and understood her new position, she was allowed back into circulation. Susan had taken her house, but Kathryn was still permitted to occupy the smallest bedroom in it. During the day she'd accompany Susan to work in what used to be her car and sit at her little desk positioned outside what used to be her office. The word was that after her slight breakdown, Kathryn was working her way back into the business but for the time being she was content to help out wherever she could around the office. To that end, Susan dressed her as an intern in a simple blouse and skirt with knee socks and a pair of black ballet flats. Her hair was styled in a simple pony-tail.

As it turned out, the staff didn't care too much, just as long as Kathryn continued to pay their wages. They accepted their former boss back and treated her as if she was a rather delicate simpleton, which was just fine as far as Susan McCarthy was concerned. In return she made sure that Kathryn was constantly occupied by running errands for them, keeping their office supplies topped up , and getting their lunches from the neighbouring shops.

In the evenings however when they were alone together, that all changed. She had all sorts of games she liked to play with her former boss. Tonight for example she was going to make Katie dress in her old school uniform, she liked that apparently, before blistering her cute little backside with a paddle and then fucking her with one of the strap-ons while her bottom was still warm to the touch. Then maybe on Saturday the two of them could go to Susan's favourite gay hangout and she could introduce Kathryn to some of her more...dominant friends? She smiled to herself excitedly, ahh, decisions, decisions.

The End