

Repayment Plan

Lorenzo Marks

Copyright © 2021 Lorenzo Marks.

The right of Lorenzo Marks to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

CHAPTER ONE

“So, if you could please give us a few more months, I just know that my husband can turn his business around,” Jenifer Marlow said.

Herbert Franklin was finding it almost impossible to concentrate on this extraordinarily beautiful woman’s words. As a rule, a client needed a prior appointment to speak directly with the branch manager, but it just so happened that his office door had been open when he had glanced up and seen her talking with one of his loans officers in the main banking hall.

He had been immediately entranced by her astonishing loveliness, and unable to resist, he had strolled nonchalantly past the cubicle where she was seated, for a closer look. She’d had her back to him, but a quick glimpse of her exposed thigh where her skirt had ridden up, and the profile of her impressive bust had piqued his interest even more, and under the pretext of making a random check of one of his subordinates, he had introduced himself before ascertaining that the distressed young lady was attempting to obtain a stay of execution on the foreclosure of her home.

To the surprise of the loans officer—and a few other bank employees nearby—Herbert had graciously invited Jenifer into his office to discuss her situation. This of course was not normal protocol, but unbeknown to his staff, Herbert was no longer the same dull, uninspired, middle-aged man that had been working at the bank for the past twenty years.

The reason for this personality upgrade was the passing of his wife a few months earlier. Contrary to external appearances, it had never been a happy marriage. Born largely out of convenience, their union had remained childless and almost completely sexless—understandable given their mutual lack of physical interest in each other. As Mrs. Franklin had grown older, larger, and increasingly disappointed with her life, Herbert had steadily retreated into his own private world of peculiar sexual fantasies, during which he had spent many secret hours in his den surfing kinky porn on the internet—and spent his working days covertly observing the younger female employees at the bank and daydreaming about the myriad ways in which he would love to publicly discipline them if he could only get away with it.

None of these fantasies had ever been realized of course, and even though he was now out from under the matrimonial yoke, it was unlikely that they ever would be. He still had a professional reputation to uphold, and even though he was financially secure, risking dismissal for sexual harassment was simply not an option.

But then today he had caught sight of young Mrs. Jenifer Marlow, blonde, hourglass figure, breathtakingly large breasts, and with the most captivatingly pretty face that had ever graced these premises—and it was as if a light bulb had suddenly been illuminated inside Herbert’s brain. He still couldn’t believe that he had brazenly intervened like that, but now here she was, sitting in the privacy of his office, desperately pleading with him for some kind of clemency regarding her house payments while Herbert marveled at the way she had so unexpectedly fallen into his lap!

Maybe there is a chance after all, Jenifer thought as she waited for Mr. Franklin to finish studying her husband’s loans file. After months of helplessly watching the gradual erosion of her husband’s spirit as his custom car business relentlessly spiraled downwards, she had finally decided to take matters into her own hands. Scott already had two large business loans that he couldn’t repay, and it was only when he had told her that the house had also been put up as collateral, did Jenifer realize that he could no

longer manage this situation on his own. Scott was a proud man, and he would have been furious if he ever found out that she had come here behind his back, but despite knowing little about the financial world, Jenifer had, in her twenty-three years, learned a lot about men. She was hoping that if she dressed and acted the part right, there was a slight possibility that she could earn them a reprieve.

So this morning, she had applied a little more make-up than usual—nothing too tarty, but enough to accentuate her carmine lips and green eyes—and then selected a tight, short, navy blue skirt, an equally close-fitting peach color cotton blouse, opted against stockings, and then finished the outfit off with a pair of three-inch pumps that enhanced the lines of her long, shapely legs. It was a look that she always accomplished with ease—simple but sexy, subtle but unmistakable. As an afterthought, she had undone an extra two buttons on her blouse, enough to draw attention to her cleavage without making it overly deliberate.

Of course, she had needed a male loans officer to work her charms on, and fortunately she got one—but as she had watched the serious looking old fart frowning and shaking his head, Jenifer had begun to fear that she had wasted her time. But then, Mr. Herbert Franklin, the branch manager no less, had appeared out of nowhere, and now, from the way she caught him furtively glancing up at her chest, she felt a glimmer of encouragement.

Eventually Mr. Franklin placed the file on the desk in front of him, and putting his fingertips together, looked at her thoughtfully. Jenifer gave him her most sincere and hopeful expression while surreptitiously pushing her shoulders back to accentuate her size thirty-six bust. His eyes flickered down to her chest very briefly, and then he said, “It’s a grim situation, Mrs. Marlow.”

“Please, call me Jenifer.”

A clumsy attempt at intimacy, but worth trying under the circumstances.

“Alright—Jenifer.” Mr. Franklin’s expression softened slightly. “Ordinarily, the bank wouldn’t even consider the rescheduling of such a high-risk debt. I mean—a custom car shop? Hardly a solid business venture, is it?”

Ordinarily? Jenifer thought hopefully. *Does that mean he’s considering it?*

“My husband’s work is usually in high demand,” Jenifer said. “But he over-committed himself to a single corporate contract and they recently pulled out without notice. He just needs time to restructure his clientele.”

Mr. Franklin regarded her a moment longer, his tongue running across his lower lip, and then he appeared to come to a decision. “Well, fortunately for you, I do have the authority to overrule standard policy in certain cases that I deem exceptional.”

Got him!

Jenifer tried not to smile just yet—she knew how men don’t like to be made to feel as if they are being manipulated.

“However, before I come to a decision, I’d like to ask you why you came here today without your husband?” Mr. Franklin said.

Ah! Okay then. Here goes.

“Well, the truth is that my husband doesn’t know I am here at all,” Jenifer said.

“Uh-huh.”

Mr. Franklin leaned back in his chair.

“And you thought that maybe you could help him out?”

Right. The guy is sharper than I figured. Time to act coy.

Jenifer lowered her eyes and blushed, something she found easier to do than she would have expected.

“I feel a bit foolish,” she said. “But I didn’t know what else to do. This is our first home and I would hate for us to lose it.”

Her performance seemed to be working because when she looked up, Mr. Franklin was smiling at her. “Not at all, my dear. I understand perfectly. I know how it is for young couples these days. I admire your courage in coming here, and I want to help.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely.”

Mr. Franklin leaned forward again, still smiling, but now there was a peculiar glint in his eyes and for the first time, Jenifer felt a little uneasy.

“I’m sure we can come to an arrangement, Jenifer,” Mr. Franklin said. “But now I have another question for you—how badly do you want to keep your house?”

CHAPTER TWO

Jenifer Marlow blinked at him and stammered, “I-I want to keep it, of course—very much so.”

It was make or break time and Herbert could feel his pulse racing. The concept of having a beautiful young woman such as this under his total control had been festering in his dirty mind for a long while. But now that the opportunity to turn his fantasy into a reality had so unexpectedly presented itself, he was experiencing a sudden attack of nerves.

What if she refuses? Suppose she storms out and makes an official complaint?

It would be her word against his of course, and he could probably convince his superiors that there had just been a misunderstanding, but it was equally crucial that he made his unsavory intentions clear to her from the outset.

This pretty young specimen had quite obviously dressed this way in order to appeal to his manly urges, so it should come as no surprise if he came on to her. Like so many of her ilk, she would no doubt be skilled in the art of politely but firmly rejecting a man’s advances, but this cutie needed his help, so if he had read the situation accurately, Mrs. Jenifer Marlow wouldn’t be so foolish as to insult his masculinity in that way. No, Herbert figured she had come here to play him, and that meant going along with his suggestions as far as possible without actually letting him get his hands on her—little did she know that he had a lot more in mind than that!

Emboldened by these thoughts, Herbert cleared his throat and assumed the authoritative demeanor one would expect from a bank manager.

“Very well, Mrs. Marlow, then this is what I propose. I do have the authority to reschedule your husband’s payments to make them more manageable, and I can even grant a moratorium for a short time. Furthermore, if you decide to take up my offer, I will give you my personal guarantee that the bank will not move to repossess your home.”

The loaded nature of Herbert’s offer was clearly reflected in Jenifer’s lovely features. The expression of gratitude in her green eyes was mixed with apprehension and bewilderment.

“Thank you—what exactly is your offer?” she said uncertainly.

“In addition to the generosity that I am extending toward your husband—I’m also offering you a job as my personal assistant!” Herbert beamed.

Jenifer stared at him for a few seconds while this unexpected development sunk in.

“A job?”

“Correct,” Mr. Franklin said. “Oh, and it’s non-negotiable, by the way—either you work for me or the deal is off the table.”

Non-negotiable?

“But I have a job already,” Jenifer said, her voice sounding pathetically whiny.

“And where would that be?” Mr. Franklin said curtly.

“I work at a boutique in town.”

“That’s hardly a career, Mrs. Marlow,” Mr. Franklin sniffed, and Jenifer’s misgivings now took on a greater intensity. This seemingly kind banker had quite abruptly taken on a rather schoolmasterly demeanor—and why had he just switched back to using her surname?

“Regardless,” Mr. Franklin was saying, “I have been kind enough to offer my assistance with your plight, and frankly I’m a little offended that you don’t appear grateful.”

He made a dramatic gesture of picking up her husband's file and dropping it into his out tray.
"Now if you don't mind, I have work to do."

It took Jenifer a couple of seconds to process this sudden and unexpected turnabout.

Oh God! After all this effort, I've just blown it!

"No, please," she said. "I am grateful, really I am—it's just that your job offer was rather unexpected."

Mr. Franklin frowned and glanced at his watch.

"And? I'm a busy man, young lady."

Still taken aback at his sudden officious manner, Jenifer figured she had to make a decision fast. She had no idea what she was letting herself in for, but saving her home—and perhaps even her marriage—was of paramount importance.

"I—I accept your offer of employment," Jenifer said, feeling her throat go dry.

Mr. Franklin continued to glower at her, but she was sure she detected a flicker of a triumphant smile on his lips.

"Very well," he said. "In that case, I will outline the terms and conditions for you. These are also non-negotiable and if you contravene them at any time, our agreement will become null and void. Understood?"

Terms and conditions?

Suddenly feeling like a naughty schoolgirl, Jenifer nodded.

"The first and most important rule is that you will carry out any instructions that I give you, immediately and without complaint."

"What exactly will my duties entail?" Jenifer said warily.

Mr. Franklin sighed impatiently. "I will get to those in due course. But your interruption has brought me to my second inviolable rule. You will under no circumstances talk to anybody about what goes on between us—especially your husband. If he happens to draw his own conclusions about our relationship, well that is something that you will have to deal with yourself, but under no circumstances will you convey to anybody that you are working for me against your will."

Now this whole proposal was sounding rather sinister. Jenifer was not a naive person, and neither was she a fool.

"What do you mean—goes on between us?"

"Well, as I already explained, you will carry out any orders I give you, no matter how distasteful or—embarrassing they might be."

Feeling her cheeks burning, Jenifer glanced at the door. She had gambled on this middle aged banker succumbing to her charms but it was becoming apparent that he was a little more than just a dirty old man. She could possibly handle having him ogling her while she was here, but carrying out *distasteful* and *embarrassing* orders? What the hell exactly did he have in mind?

"I don't think—" she began, but Mr. Franklin cut her short.

"Before you say anything more, let me assure you that this is your last chance. Accept my terms unreservedly, right now, or I will allow the mechanics of the banking system to continue unhindered."

He tapped her husband's loans file.

"Your call, young lady."

There was to be no let up! Jenifer had no choice but to surrender to this man's demands! She would just have to try to keep any groping or attempted kissing to a minimum. Surely she could manage to do that?

She took a deep breath and said in a barely audible whisper. "Okay."

"Okay?" Mr. Franklin sneered. "Please don't do me any favors. How about thank you?"

Realizing that her new submissive role had already begun, Jenifer lowered her eyes and said, "Thank you for letting me keep my house, Mr. Franklin."

CHAPTER THREE

Underneath his desk, Herbert was already sporting a tremendous hard-on. Even this little game had turned him on enormously—and they hadn't even gotten started!

His initial trepidation was quickly being replaced by a growing self-confidence, largely because of the rapidity of Jenifer's capitulation. Obviously she had made the quick decision to go along with him in order to save her home, but if the pretty blonde young wife had even the slightest inkling of the twisted ideas in his head, he was certain that she would not still be sitting there.

The trick would be to layer the list of indignities on her at a pace slow enough to facilitate her acceptance, but also fast enough to keep her off guard. And of course, as she submitted to each one, the next, and more extreme, violation of her dignity should be a little easier for her to accept.

"You're very welcome," Herbert said. "Now, some basic ground rules before we begin. Your employment will begin immediately—consider this afternoon to be your induction course—so you will no longer be working at that silly boutique."

Jenifer opened her mouth to protest at this, but checked herself and merely nodded. Herbert supposed she had harbored hopes of juggling the two jobs. The poor girl would quickly discover that she would have little time for anything in her life—including her husband—other than attending to the endless demeaning and humiliating tasks that Herbert had planned for her!

"Now as to your attire," Herbert went on, his excitement gathering. "I like the way you have presented yourself today, so we'll stay with the tarty theme."

Jenifer blushed delightfully and looked out of the window. Was she now regretting trying to bait him with her delicious curves?

"But I feel you've only gone halfway there. Would you stand up for moment?"

Now Jenifer looked back at him with a mixture of fear and surprise in her eyes.

"I said stand up and move away from the desk so I can have a better look at you," Herbert repeated, his heartbeat racing faster as he tested out a new boundary.

Looking even more flustered, Jenifer did as she was told and stood in the center of the office facing him.

"Turn around for me, full circle, nice and slow," Herbert said, gesticulating with his finger.

There was a little hesitation before she shuffled self-consciously around, first presenting him with a profile of her splendid bust, then a good view of her nicely rounded ass under the tight, navy skirt, before coming to a halt facing him again, her hands now clasped in front of her.

"Yes, almost, but not quite. Tomorrow—and you will report to this office at seven in the morning each day, by the way—your skirt will be three inches shorter, and you will wear a pair of four-inch pumps. And just like today, no tights—I like to look at a bit of bare thigh."

Jenifer's draw dropped.

"What? I can't wear a skirt that short in public!"

"I thought we had already agreed that you would obey my instructions without question?" Herbert said, and for effect he picked up Scott Marlow's loans file, waving it at her. Fortunately, the warning had the desired effect, and Jenifer's shoulders visibly slumped in defeat.

Dear Lord! Herbert thought happily. *This is really working!*

"Very well," Herbert said. "Now the blouse is fine, nice and tight, but you could lose a couple more buttons. Just remove them permanently because you obviously enjoy displaying your cleavage."

Her cheeks turning an even deeper shade of red, Jenifer glared at him, but said nothing. It was time to up the ante big time. Herbert pressed a button on his desk phone and told his secretary that he was not to be disturbed for the rest of the day—that would get some tongues wagging out there!

Then he stood up and went over to the office door and locked it, Jenifer watching him warily the whole time. He was being wildly reckless now, but his pent-up desire was frankly overwhelming him and he just had to see more of this delectable young beauty!

Breathlessly, he said, "Now I need to check out your underwear."

It was all happening so fast! Less than an hour ago, Jenifer had absolutely no idea who this stuffy, middle-aged banker was. Now he was standing inches away from her, asking her to show him her underwear! Intellectually, she knew that this had all been a terrible mistake, and yet instead of bolting as she should have, she remained frozen in place, her eyes fixed upon her husband's loans file in the out tray. That buff folder represented everything that she and Scott had together. If they lost the house, they would be set back three years and would have to start over. Where would they live? At his parents' place? Scott wouldn't be able to stand the shame. And if they moved into a pokey, rental apartment, it would only increase the growing pressure on their relationship. Feeling somewhat lightheaded, she forced herself to look at the lecherous old man hovering close by.

"My underwear?" she said feebly.

"Yes, Mrs. Marlow," Franklin breathed. "I want you to raise your skirt for me."

Jenifer let out a tremulous breath and grasped the hem of her tight skirt with shaking fingers. Unable to bear the greedy look in Mr. Franklin's eyes, she focused on the closed window blinds behind his desk, and slowly tugged the skirt upward. That morning she had put on her Victoria's Secret white lace push-up bra and *cheekini* panty set—a naughty gift from Scott—only because the bra accentuated her large bust and her panty line would not be visible through the stretched skirt. It hadn't occurred to her in a million years that she would be letting some dirty old pervert examine the revealing garments up close!

Trying to delay the inevitable, Jenifer paused just as the crotch of her panties came into view.

"Very nice," Mr. Franklin whispered. "I do like a tease."

His words made Jenifer feel like a cheap stripper and her cheeks grew hotter still. What had been a simple business discussion a short while ago had now turned into something uncomfortably intimate. Biting her lip, Jenifer worked the skirt up a couple more inches so that the filthy old man had a clear view of her pubic mound.

Mr. Franklin stepped back a pace to give himself a better view and let out a stuttering breath.

"Now pull it all the way up to your waist and turn around."

CHAPTER FOUR

Oh, what a perfect peach of a butt! Round and firm! And those panties! Not quite a g-string, but still revealing plenty of smooth and unblemished ass cheek!

His cock straining against his own underwear, Herbert had to fight the urge to bend down and kiss those succulent apples! He had no idea what was going through young Mrs. Marlow's pretty head right now, but he still couldn't believe that she was actually going through with this! How much more was she prepared to take? He had already gone much further with her than he had intended today—his hastily conceived plan being to gradually condition her over time into becoming his slutty plaything. At this rate, he would get her there in a matter of days!

He let his eyes linger on her lovely ass for a moment before following the elegant curves of her long, bare legs. Oh, how he yearned to see this delightful creature in the nude!

Unable to resist, he blurted out, "Bend over!"

He saw Jenifer's shoulders stiffen, and she turned her head to one side.

"Do it now!" he hissed, rubbing at the bulge in his pants.

Jenifer's legs now started to tremble as she reluctantly bent forward, still clutching the crumpled skirt around her waist, and then pushed her sweet ass out towards him.

"Oh, my dear God!" Herbert moaned.

Somehow the tormented girl had contrived to part her feet, toes pointing inward, with her knees pressed together and the tantalizing white panties disappearing between the twin orbs of her buttocks. Herbert let Jenifer suffer in that pose for a good minute before allowing her to straighten up and turn around. Her inversion had added even more color to her face and Herbert also detected a little moisture gathering in her beautiful green eyes. Spotting his obvious erection, Jenifer looked away toward the shaded window.

Herbert cleared his throat and said, "That was most enjoyable, honey. Now I haven't seen the rest of your underclothes, so I'd like you to lose the skirt completely, and then take off your blouse."

"Please, Mr. Franklin, no more!" Jenifer quietly implored him. "I can't do that in here!"

Please!

Her muted reaction both relieved and thrilled him. She was obviously as anxious about being discovered as he was excited, but her supplication indicated that she had already accepted his dominant role in their nascent relationship.

Further encouraged by this, Herbert said, "I thought you understood me. No arguments or discussions—just obedience. Or have you already reneged on our agreement?"

The loans file on his desk—the key to this whole titillating journey—almost glowed with its presence. Even though Jenifer had already suffered the unimaginable indignity of having to display her skimpy panties to a perfect stranger, this next step would have to be a major watershed for her.

Herbert held his breath as he watched the delectable young wife's face. It was do or die time. If she decided to undress in front of him now, then she would surely have resigned herself to her fate! She looked at the loans file, then at Herbert, and then up at the ceiling as with quivering fingers, she unzipped her skirt and worked it down over her thighs and calves, and then stepped out of it.

After a brief hesitation, Jenifer then undid the remaining buttons of her blouse and shrugged it over her shoulders, allowing the garment to join her skirt on the carpet. At first, she instinctively clamped her arms across her breasts, but incredibly, she quickly placed them by her sides.

My, we are learning quickly!

Herbert took his time perusing her youthful beauty. Her belly was flat with a cutely indented navel. Her vulva was well pronounced, her bush visible beneath the sheer panties. Even though her large

breasts were supported by the push up bra, they looked very firm, and he suspected that they would stand up proudly on their own.

Tempted though he was to put that to the test, Herbert willed himself to be patient. It looked as though there was going to be plenty of time to become intimately acquainted with young Mrs. Jenifer Marlow. They way he had it planned in his head, her husband would never actually be able to free himself from his debt, and that meant he would end up handing his young wife over to Herbert for a very long time to come!

A red hot pulse of power surged through Herbert as he retook his seat behind his desk. He actually had a beautiful young female customer standing in her underwear in front of him and waiting for his next command!

“You have an exquisite body, Mrs. Marlow,” Herbert said. “Scott must be very proud of you.”

Hearing her husband’s first name, Jenifer made eye contact with Herbert again.

Turning the screw a little tighter, Herbert said, “I wonder what he would think if he could see you right now.”

Jenifer’s succulent mouth turned down at the corners, and for a moment Herbert thought she might cry.

“Do you love him?” he asked.

It was quite a question to ask of a young woman standing half-naked in front of a stranger, but with a quavering voice, Jenifer said, “Yes, of course I love my husband.”

“I’ll bet you’ve never been unfaithful to him, have you?”

Looking increasingly uncomfortable at this line of interrogation, Jenifer shook her head. “No! I’m not like that!”

“And yet here you are, brazenly showing your body off to another man.”

His barbed words must have hit home because now a tear did indeed trickle down one of Jenifer’s cheeks, while her deep blush had extended all the way down her neck.

“I know what you’re thinking” Herbert said. “You have only done this under duress and when you are at home you will return to being a faithful and loving wife, am I right? Well, I can’t do anything about that, but I don’t want to be constantly reminded of your matrimonial bliss—therefore you will not wear that wedding band during office hours.”

Jenifer sniffled and unconsciously twiddled the ring on her finger. The wretched girl looked quite crestfallen, but Herbert was only just beginning to chip away at her domestic life.

“But even that’s not enough, is it? I’ll have to constantly address you as Mrs. Marlow in front of the staff, and that won’t do at all. No, I have a better idea. Tell me, what is your maiden name?”

Jenifer stared at him a moment and then stammered, “It’s—Pickett.”

“Pickett?” Herbert allowed himself another condescending sneer. “How quaint. Well that is what you will be called in the bank from now on—*Miss Pickett*. As far as everybody here will be concerned, you are an unmarried woman. There will be no talk of your husband, and quite frankly he doesn’t deserve to be mentioned. After all, it was his financial imprudence that has led to your standing here in your underwear now.”

A flicker of indignation passed across Jenifer’s face, but she kept her mouth closed.

“Now before we conclude this meeting, I want you to display your appreciation properly.”

His heart pounding, Herbert stood and came around the desk. Standing a couple of inches in front of his new sex toy, he inhaled her perfume and felt the heat coming off her flushed face.

“Look at me, Miss Pickett.”

Reluctantly, Jenifer raised her eyes, and for the first time Herbert actually touched her by gently wiping away a tear from her cheek.

“Just remember that I am helping you to keep your home,” he said. “All you have to do is be a very good girl.”

He leaned closer so that their lips were almost touching, and Jenifer reflexively pulled away.

“Uh-uh,” Herbert whispered. “Remember the rules.”

With a miserable little sigh, Jenifer parted her rosebud lips and after a slight hesitation, pressed them against Herbert’s. Overcoming a little resistance, he managed to force his tongue inside her mouth. It wasn’t a great kiss because Jenifer was plainly revolted by the whole experience, however it was enough for now. Their tongues were touching, their saliva mingling—and Herbert Franklin was in heaven! He finally broke away, and the unhappy wench couldn’t help grimacing and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

“You’d better get used to it, sweetie,” Herbert said. “Because each morning when I arrive at work, I expect to be greeted by you with a cup of coffee and a welcoming kiss just like that—while you are dressed only in your underwear!”

CHAPTER FIVE

The banking hall was mercifully deserted as Jenifer clip-clopped across to Mr. Franklin's office in her brand new four-inch heels. Along with an outrageously short skirt that barely concealed her skimpy panties, and a blouse that clearly revealed her prominent cleavage, her outfit was the embodiment of every sexist male's office fantasy! She had already been forced to endure the appreciative stares of the security guards in the lobby as she had presented her hastily arranged ID card—issued rather embarrassingly in the name of *Miss Jenifer Pickett—Trainee*.

As this was her first day, Jenifer had no idea what to expect other than that she was now firmly in the clutches of a lecherous man who was easily old enough to be her father! She could only pray that whatever he had in store for her would only take place within the confines of his office.

She knocked on the door, and when there was no reply, she timidly opened it. With some relief, she entered the empty room and closed the door behind her. She wasn't sure why Mr. Franklin had set her such an unreasonably early starting hour, but she had half expected him to be waiting for her so that he could continue where he had left off yesterday without worrying about any interruptions from his staff. Now, as she stood awkwardly in the center of the same room that he had ordered her to strip to her underwear, she was more puzzled than anything else. What did he expect her to do until his arrival—and when would that be? She remembered him saying that he expected her to welcome him with a French kiss and a cup of coffee while dressed in just her panties and bra! Was he serious about that?

Jenifer hated being in this awful situation, but she simply didn't know what else to do. Her mind had been in a whirl since yesterday's horrible interview with Mr. Franklin, but she had juggled the other areas of her life as best she could, first telling her husband that she was needed early at the boutique, and then calling in sick to the owner. She hadn't told them that she was now an employee at the bank, because she was buying time in order to figure a way out of this mess without disrupting her real life. Realistically she knew that it was only a matter of time before somebody would recognize her here, and then she would have to say something to Scott, and also imply that she was working here of her own volition—Mr. Franklin had been quite clear about that.

Maybe she was fooling herself, but Jenifer couldn't accept that this bizarre arrangement was really going to continue for any length of time. Surely the old lecher would grow tired of her eventually. The worrying part was how far she would have to go before that time came. She couldn't even comprehend the idea of actually having sex with the old pig, but she was unsure if that was what he even wanted. He was quite obviously aroused by her, but something told her that there was more to this than just sex. She vividly recalled that wicked glint in his eye as he had ordered her to strip to her underclothes, and she had been acutely aware of the way he had reveled in her embarrassment and the total control he had so suddenly assumed over her.

With a nervous sigh, Jenifer took her cell phone out of her purse, checking for any text messages. It still wasn't too late to back out, but deep down she knew that she was committed to this thing. In her mind, as long as her house was safe, there was still a future for herself and Scott—and whatever Mr. Franklin made her do, she would need to keep reminding herself of that.

As the clock ticked annoyingly on the wall, she sat for a while, then stood and paced, before once again taking the seat where she had originally agreed to Mr. Franklin's indecent proposal. Through the door, she could hear the first of the bank employees turning up for work, and a fresh wave of anxiety gripped her. This wasn't a game! She was really here and there were a lot of real people out there. She consoled herself with the possibility that Mr. Franklin might just use her as an office gopher but she knew that was unrealistic. Quite clearly, the filthy old man had much lewder intentions.

Just when her patience was reaching breaking point, the door swung open and Mr. Franklin strode briskly into his office. Unsure of what was required of her, Jenifer stood up, but Mr. Franklin didn't so

much as acknowledge her presence. She watched him remove his coat and then set his briefcase on his desk before he finally looked at her.

“Coffee,” he snapped. “The coffee-maker is in the staff lounge on the far side of the banking hall. You can ask for directions if you get lost. And tomorrow I expect it to be waiting for me. I always arrive just before eight, so make sure you are ready each morning”

Then he opened his briefcase and took out his laptop. Jenifer hovered for a moment, but when he added nothing further, she went cautiously out into the main banking hall. Acutely aware of her scanty attire, she attempted to pull the two sides of her gaping shirt together, but with the top three buttons gone, it was impossible to conceal her generous bust.

Taking a deep breath, Jenifer walked as confidently as she could across the hall, trying to ignore the sideways glances she was getting from the rest of the arriving staff. She didn’t know if they knew who she was, but with her ID badge pinned over her left breast, it would be obvious that she wasn’t a customer. As she passed the tellers’ desks, Jenifer couldn’t help but notice how neatly and professionally dressed the other women were. Sensible business suits with pants or respectably long skirts were the norm here—in stark contrast to the naughty getup she had been told to wear! She felt like a cheap whore, and wondered if that was what Mr. Franklin had intended. Was this his unsubtle way of punishing her for previously attempting to use her looks to secure his cooperation?

She peeked inside the small lounge which was furnished with a couple of couches, tables and chairs, a refrigerator, a water cooler, and the coffee maker, which to her dismay was being utilized by another of the bank’s stylishly dressed female employees. Jenifer hesitated, not wanting to make contact with anybody else if at all possible, but at that point the woman turned around. She was gray-haired, with cool blue eyes set in an elegant, angular face, and on her jacket lapel was a bank ID that read, *Mrs. Vivian Southgate—Forex Department*.

Vivian’s eyes instantly dropped to Jenifer’s exposed cleavage and then moved down to her bare thighs, and a thin, knowing smile crept across her lips.

She looked at Jenifer’s name tag, and said, “Good morning—Miss Pickett. I don’t believe we’ve met.”

“No—it’s my first day,” Jenifer mumbled, feeling the heat rising in her cheeks.

“Oh, I see,” Vivian said, with an amused twinkle in her eye. “And which department have they put you in, my dear?”

Bridling somewhat at the condescending form of address, Jenifer raised her chin, and said, “I’m Mr. Franklin’s new personal assistant.”

Glancing at Jenifer’s name tag again, Vivian corrected, “*Trainee* assistant.”

“Well, yes. I’ve just started—” Jenifer said weakly. She was normally a self-assured person but after the unsettling events of the past twenty four hours, she was finding this refined woman a bit intimidating.

“And you wanted to create a good impression by dressing nicely for him?” Vivian smirked, her eyes again roaming over Jenifer’s scanty attire.

Jenifer wasn’t sure how to respond, so she pressed her lips together and looked away as Vivian continued, “Well, I think you’ll certainly have got his attention by now—along with every other male member of staff in the building!”

Jenifer wanted to slap the sarcastic bitch, but she just stood there, feeling increasingly foolish. Desperate to get back to the privacy of Mr. Franklin’s office, she said, “Well, Mr. Franklin is waiting for his morning coffee, so if you’ll excuse me—”

“Oh, how cute!” Vivian said, moving aside. “I expect he’ll have you running lots of little chores for him.”

Turning her back on the spiteful cow, Jenifer kept her counsel as she prepared Mr. Franklin’s coffee. The woman’s goading was cruel and unnecessary, but Jenifer had to concede that at least she

was being honest—how could any of the employees at the bank be expected to take Jenifer seriously, dressed as she was?

“Well, I must go. I have some serious work to do upstairs,” Vivian said behind her. “But it was nice meeting you, sweetheart—I’m sure you’ll be very popular around here!”

Inwardly cringing, Jenifer also clearly heard Vivian’s parting comment.

“So, Dirty Herbert’s finally found himself a piece of eye candy!”

CHAPTER SIX

Herbert was rather pleased with the superior, offhand manner he had assumed on his arrival. He wanted to keep young Mrs. Marlow—or Miss Pickett, as he preferred to think of her now—continually on the back foot. And by making her feel like a lowly junior trainee—which she effectively was—he was establishing the ground rules early.

In truth however, he had been so excited about their arrangement that he had hardly slept a wink all night! His imagination had run riot dreaming up endless humiliations for the young woman, which he couldn't wait to put into practice. Within a few months, he was confident that she would be transformed into a mindless bimbo, endlessly striving to please him but always falling short, her self-esteem gradually diminishing day after day!

A silly electronic tune emanated from Jenifer's bag on the chair, and dipping his hand inside, Herbert located her phone. The message was from a woman called Kelly, whom he assumed was her employer at the boutique. So the crafty little missy hadn't yet handed in her notice! Well, there was plenty of time to take care of that—after preventing Jenifer from turning up at the boutique for a few weeks, he was pretty certain that they would eventually be forced to let her go. There was also still the issue of her husband to take care of. The incompetent fool was bound to become suspicious eventually, but Herbert was willing to bet that once his crushing financial burden had been lifted, with a little encouragement, Scott Marlow would be prepared to turn a blind eye to the unusual hours and requirements of his wife's new job.

Mindful of the repercussions if his plan were ever to be exposed, Herbert had already decided that the key here was for everybody else to believe that Jenifer was here of her own free will. He had already warned her to keep their deal a secret, and he would quickly spread the news that the idea of becoming his personal assistant had come from her alone. Word would soon get around that she was a cheap slut who was willing to do anything to save her home, exonerating Herbert from any accusations of inappropriate behavior. On the contrary, he would be seen as the good guy trying to help out a struggling young couple, while she would be looked down upon as a wanton hussy by the entire staff!

When Jenifer came back into his office with his coffee, Herbert caught his breath. He had hardly looked at her when he had breezed in earlier, but now he could see that she had followed his dress instructions to the letter. She had indeed removed a further three buttons from her blouse, and her purple bra was almost entirely on view. The tight skirt had either been altered or she had bought a new one which left little to the imagination, and she was tottering delightfully on a pair of four-inch pumps. As commanded, her long legs were bare, their comely lines beautifully emphasized by her high heels.

Dear Lord! Herbert silently giggled to himself. *I'll bet she attracted some interest out there just now!*

Gathering himself, he frowned at the tray she had placed on his desk as if she had done something wrong. On the contrary, she had left his coffee black, and added a pot of milk, a teaspoon, a saucer of sugar cubes, and even some sweeteners just in case. The fact that she was already trying so hard to please him, was as endearing as it was exciting.

Without saying thank you, Herbert dropped two sugar cubes into his coffee, and as he stirred it, said casually, "What's wrong with this picture?"

Jenifer looked at him with a sweet little frown of her own. "I'm sorry, I don't understand."

Herbert let out an exaggerated sigh. "Dear me, we aren't very bright, are we? What did I say about your morning routine? How am I to be welcomed each morning? Surely you haven't forgotten already?"

As her hand reflexively came up to her chest, it was evident that Jenifer hadn't forgotten, but had opted to ignore his instructions in the hope that he might have. No chance! He had been thinking about this moment all night!

"Come on, Miss Pickett," Herbert said, already feeling his prick getting hard under the desk. "You are supposed to give me a nice good morning kiss, remember?"

Just as it had the day before, Jenifer's face immediately turned an enchanting shade of pink. She wobbled on her high heels for a second before moving uncertainly around the desk towards him, but Herbert put up his hand.

"And? What else?"

Jenifer visibly gulped as she halted a foot away from him.

"Is this really so difficult?" Herbert sighed again. "You've already stripped to your underwear for me once, so it's not like you are doing anything new. And you had better get comfortable with it because I expect you to be waiting for me in your bra and panties every day from now on."

Biting her bottom lip, Jenifer glanced out of the window before flipping open the remaining two buttons of her blouse. Herbert pretended to be more interested in his coffee as she shrugged off the blouse and then twisted the micro-skirt around her waist so that she could unzip it. Seconds later she was standing before him in just the matching purple bra and panty set, and the black pumps on her feet.

Despite his Oscar-winning performance so far, Herbert's heart rate picked up as she leaned down towards him. His breath coming in little shudders, he couldn't help but stare at her cleavage as she bent awkwardly over him, her reddened face descending towards his. This was their second kiss, but it was no less exhilarating for him as their mouths touched. Her breath was warm and honeyed, and when he parted her soft lips with his tongue, she emitted a little whimper but offered no resistance.

Their tongues flickered together for a moment before Herbert quickly pulled away in case he creamed his underpants! He had never been as horny as this in his life, but then again, he had never kissed a woman as hot as this before!

"That was a little better," Herbert conceded, his quivering voice betraying his true feelings of arousal. "I'll give you a pass today, but if you err in your duties again you will be punished, young lady."

He noted the look of alarm in her lovely green eyes, but he guessed she was learning the rules quickly now and had therefore decided that it would be wise not to question him as to the nature of any punishments. He ogled her semi-naked figure for a while as he sipped his coffee, marveling at what a stunning specimen she was, while the poor girl shifted uncomfortably under his gaze. It suddenly occurred to Herbert that he had been so captivated by her looks that he had forgotten to check whether she had left her wedding band at home.

"Hold out your hands."

As she extended her bare fingers for inspection, Herbert experienced that glowing power surge again. By acquiescing to his demand regarding the ring, she had, in his mind, drawn a tangible line between her married life and her new world of subservience to him. She was no longer Mrs. Jenifer Marlow, but merely a sexy little bubble head called Miss Pickett, his humble slave who would in time—he hoped—become his sole property for life!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Squirming under Mr. Franklin's lecherous gaze, Jenifer couldn't escape the feeling that she was in some way deeply betraying Scott. It was cruelly ironic that in order to save her home and, she believed, ultimately her marriage, she was most likely going to have to cheat on her beloved husband with this unattractive middle-aged man!

However, she had already committed herself to this course of action, no matter how loathsome it might prove to be. Here in this office, behind closed doors, she would allow this dirty bank manager to do with her as he pleased—just so long as Scott never found out about the details!

Adding to her feelings of culpability was the fact that she had left her wedding band at home, albeit under orders from Mr. Franklin. Along with being forced to revert to her maiden name, Jenifer simply could not get away from the idea that she was somehow conspiring to shut her husband out of her new work life here at the bank. She wasn't even allowed to tell anyone that she was actually married! Once again, it occurred to her that this was precisely the impression that Mr. Franklin wanted to convey about her—his pretty, dumb blonde assistant, willing to fuck him for favors!

Well, let them speculate all they wanted—provided that they had no actual proof that she was behaving inappropriately, she would just keep to herself and maintain her dignity as far as possible. No doubt, that arrogant Vivian woman was already spreading the muck around. So be it! They could whisper and stare all they pleased—Jenifer Marlow was made of sterner stuff than that!

Just when Jenifer was beginning to wonder if Mr. Franklin was going to leer at her semi-clothed body for the rest of the day, he said, "Well, I have work to do, and so do you, Miss Pickett. But before you get started, I need to make a few more minor alterations to your office uniform."

Uniform? I'm standing in my underwear, for Christ's sake!

Jenifer watched him fish around in one of his desk drawers before producing a pair of shiny scissors. A new sense of foreboding settled upon her as she quickly comprehended that they could serve only one purpose in Mr. Franklin's warped mind! True enough, snapping the blades together for effect, the horny old businessman then touched the sharp points against Jenifer's navel, causing her to suck in her stomach. Teasingly, he then trailed the scissors down to her waistband, and slipping a blade inside, snipped clean through the elastic just beside her left hip. Jenifer immediately felt the material loosen and had to resist the urge to hold up the waistband as Mr. Franklin repeated the procedure on the right side.

The ruined panties now hung limply about her waist, staying up only because of the snug fit between her buttocks. If she stayed motionless, she felt that they would remain in place, but Jenifer instinctively knew that as soon as she started walking, she would have to hold them up with at least one hand. But if that prospect wasn't daunting enough, now Mr. Franklin stood up, and grinning like a naughty schoolboy, he sliced completely through the bra straps over her shoulders! As the elastic fell away, Jenifer felt her heavy breasts jiggling with their newfound freedom.

Still not quite satisfied, Mr. Franklin then leaned forward, and craning his neck over Jenifer's shoulder, cut away at the back strap, until that was also hanging in two useless pieces. To her dismay, Jenifer was now forced to accept that the rest of her day would be spent in a constant battle with gravity to keep everything up! There was no point in asking why he was behaving in such an unreasonable and puerile fashion. She had already guessed that he was finally getting to act out some long-suppressed sex games—and that she was his new toy!

Now apparently happy with his ill-intentioned tailoring, Mr. Franklin said, "That should keep your mind from wandering. Now, you'd better get dressed before I set you a simple errand to perform."

Keeping her knees pressed together, Jenifer bent down to retrieve her micro-skirt, and then after a bit of fumbling and wriggling, she managed to work the tight-fitting garment up over her thighs. After

fastening it in place, she reached behind and pulled the gusset of her panties deep into her crotch to give it just a bit of purchase. Then she put her skimpy blouse back on, fastening the two surviving buttons, and trying to arrange the uselessly dangling bra-straps so that the hewn ends wouldn't look too obvious through the light material.

“Very good,” Mr. Franklin said contentedly. “Now I would like you to accompany me to where all of our junior employees begin their careers at the bank—the waste storage room.”

And before Jenifer had time to respond, Mr. Franklin opened the door to the main banking hall and with a grand sweeping gesture, said, “This way, please, Miss Pickett!”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Hobbling awkwardly behind Mr. Franklin as they passed the rows of now fully occupied desks and cubicles, Jenifer's earlier resolve to somehow contain this situation had quickly been rendered futile. She was painfully aware of the countless eyes upon her as she held one arm across her chest while the other hovered behind her buttocks—lest her precariously secured underwear free itself from between her thighs!

Now feeling horribly self-conscious, Jenifer focused her eyes on Mr. Franklin's back as he strode rapidly ahead, making it increasingly difficult for her to maintain her dignity as she strove to keep up. As one of the senior employees in the building, Mr. Franklin was receiving plenty of respectful early morning greetings from his staff along the way, but in her peripheral vision Jenifer was acutely aware that it was she who was really attracting everybody's attention. And why not? Wobbling along on high heels with her knees pressed daintily together, her tiny skirt barely covering her buttocks, and her breasts wobbling freely under the loosened bra, the intriguing *Miss Jenifer Pickett – Trainee*, would most certainly be creating quite a stir already!

Through a *Staff Only* exit, they descended two short flights of stairs before entering a dingy basement which was filled almost entirely with stacks of cardboard boxes from floor to ceiling. In the center of the dusty room, illuminated by an overhead fluorescent light, was a large metal shredding machine.

"Welcome to the waste storage room," Mr. Franklin beamed. "As its name implies, this is where all of the surplus and redundant paperwork finally ends up. However before it is bagged and sent for recycling, everything must be shredded for confidentiality purposes—and that is the first task I set for my new minions arriving fresh from school!"

A little out of breath from hurrying across the banking hall, Jenifer tried to process this latest development. Yes, she understood that she was now in some way employed at the bank, but after all of the kissing and semi-undressing, she had braced herself for a long day of sexual harassment in Mr. Franklin's office. Now, it seemed, she was going to be spending some time away from him—away from everybody, in fact—down here below floor level!

On the one hand, she felt a little relieved to be out of the sight of the rest of the staff, but perhaps she was fooling herself. Maybe Mr. Franklin had chosen this location for its privacy. Here with the door locked, he could molest her to his heart's content without fear of interruption. But Mr. Franklin was to keep her second-guessing him again. Tapping the two stacks of boxes sitting nearest the shredder, he said, "You can take care of these first. That should keep you occupied for a while."

Jenifer gazed up in dismay at the boxes which towered well above her head—it was inconceivable to her that a bank could generate this much paperwork in the digital age!

And clearly she had been mistaken about Mr. Franklin's intentions, as he apparently did intend for her to earn her keep while she was here! Having mentally prepared herself to deal with his sexual advances, Jenifer felt an irrational stab of rejection at his surprisingly abrupt disinterest. But was he just toying with her? After all, what had all the kissing and posing in her underwear been all about? And then cutting through her bra and panties? She had assumed that little prank had been designed to make her slowly reveal her most personal parts to him as the day progressed—but now she wasn't entirely sure what he had in mind.

"The machine is simple enough to operate," Mr. Franklin said. "Green switch for on, red for off. It's auto-lubricating and jam proof, so even a bimbo like yourself shouldn't be able to break it."

Jenifer flushed and bridled at his insulting words, but let him continue with his condescending instructions without comment.

“When the bin is full, put the shredded paper into these black bags and tie them off with the sewn-in wraps. Oh yes, there’s a small step ladder in the corner so that you can reach the upper boxes. That’s about it. I’ll be back to check on your progress after lunch. Any questions?”

In spite of her serflike status, Jenifer had to ask him, “Is there any air-conditioning? It’s a little warm down here”

Mr. Franklin dabbed theatrically at his forehead as if he hadn’t noticed, then said, “So it is. I’ll see if I can have a fan sent down for you.”

Then he grinned wickedly. “In the meantime, if you find yourself getting a little overheated, you can always strip down to your underwear again!”

He went to the door and then paused. “Oh, by the way. I expect you to have finished the two stacks by the time I return—if not, you can expect a punishment!”

Jenifer gaped at the empty doorway after he had gone, trying to process what he had just said. A punishment? What the hell was that supposed to mean?

All she really understood right now was that the terms of her so-called employment remained the same—do as she was told or the deal was off, and her matrimonial home would be repossessed. If forcing her to undertake menial office tasks fit only for school leavers was his idea of entertainment, then she would simply have to humor him. She now understood totally that she was involved in a weird game of Mr. Franklin’s making, and she was beginning to suspect that his ultimate goal was to in some way break down her resolve.

Sliding the step ladder over to the first stack, Jenifer set her jaw grimly. *Fuck him and his punishments!* She would have this lot shredded and bagged long before the sick pervert came back to check up on her—and she would happily relish the disappointment in his face when he saw that she had outmaneuvered him! If this was how it was going to be, then bring it on!

Without Mr. Franklin there to order her about, she gratefully slipped out of her uncomfortably tall heels and climbed up the small stepladder. Keeping her thighs clamped together to ensure that her panties stayed in place, she reached up with both arms to get a grip on the highest box. Now unrestricted, the cups of her brassiere immediately fell away from her breasts, but knowing she was alone she let them be as she pulled the heavy box away and awkwardly stepped backward down onto the hard concrete floor.

By the time she had set the box down, her useless bra was hanging around her midriff. Irritably, she tugged it back up into place, but quickly recognized that with her hands being occupied, she would be fighting a losing battle! If she was going to get this lot shredded in time, then she was going to have to be pragmatic about it. She padded barefoot across to the door, but finding that it had no lock, she dragged a couple of boxes across and pushed them up against the door as a safeguard, and then whipped the infuriating brassiere off and tossed it onto the floor.

Now her large breasts swung naked and free under the flimsy material of her blouse, but she was actually relieved for the newfound freedom. It was so close down here that she was already beginning to perspire, and it hadn’t been more than ten minutes!

Wiping her brow with the back of her arm, Jenifer punched the green button on the shredding machine, and dressed in a tiny skirt with ruined panties clinging to her crotch and her breasts unencumbered beneath her two-button blouse, she set about completing her menial task.

CHAPTER NINE

Fortunately, there wasn't a lot of real work to be done today which might distract Herbert from the titillating show unfolding on the screen of his laptop. Unaware that she was being watched via three strategically placed hidden cameras, the feisty Miss Pickett seemed to be attacking her trivial chore with some gusto!

Quite apart from her stunning good looks and amazing bodywork, Herbert detected a keen intelligence behind those captivating green eyes, and notwithstanding that she was obviously no academic in the first place, he was sure that a steady program of mindless jobs like this would eventually start to wear her down emotionally and intellectually. Yet with the threat of punishment hanging over her head, she would be forced to take her lowly duties quite seriously. Certainly she seemed to be doing just that as she began feeding the shredder, clad in just her thin blouse and short skirt.

The light in the basement wasn't the best, but Herbert's secretly installed cameras were state of the art, and with a little fine tuning on his keyboard, Herbert managed to get a clear definition of Jenifer's profile as she bent to retrieve more printouts from the pile at her feet, her dangling breasts silhouetted beautifully against the sheer material of her blouse.

It had been an unexpected bonus that she had so quickly dispensed with the lacerated bra, but then the unsuspecting girl was under the impression that she had been left to her own devices. There was also something quite alluring about her working in bare feet on the concrete floor too, an image which conjured up scenes from bygone days when women knew their place in society.

Periodically Jenifer would pause to wipe her brow, and he could see that her luscious body was working up quite a sweat. Of course, there was an air-conditioning unit set flat in the ceiling, but the flustered young woman was obviously not thinking straight enough to figure that out. Besides, Herbert had made sure to throw the breaker switch in the panel outside, in case she became hot enough to desperately seek out some form of ventilation.

Anyway, he had promised her a fan and indeed it was on its way—although Miss Jenifer Pickett might not be altogether happy when it arrived!

With the noise of the shredder blotting out all other sounds, Jenifer let out a shriek of surprise when she felt a finger prodding her in the shoulder. Whirling around, she fully expecting to see Mr. Franklin standing there, but instead two young male employees were staring with a look of utter amazement at the prominent outline of her unfettered breasts! Jenifer reflexively wrapped her arm across herself and glanced helplessly at her useless brassiere over by the door which had been effortlessly pushed open in spite of the boxes she had pushed in front.

Like Jenifer, the two unexpected visitors were wearing plastic trainee tags, identifying them as Kevin Barton and Peter Vaughn.

Mortified at their unexpected arrival, Jenifer punched the red button on the shredder, and squealed, "What do you want?"

With his eyes still glued to her chest, Kevin thrust an envelope into her hand.

"Mr. Franklin sent us."

Jenifer looked at him uncertainly and then opened the envelope with her free hand. Inside was a memo bearing the bank's letterhead, under which was typed, *Trainee Program Team A, Kevin Barton,*

Peter Vaughn, and Jenifer Pickett. Job Description: Waste Paper Duty. Monday 12th – Friday 16th, 10am – 1pm. It was signed by Mr. Herbert Franklin, Branch Manager, but Jenifer’s eyes were immediately drawn to a scrawl in red ink along the bottom, which announced, Kevin is in charge—do exactly as he says, or else!

Jenifer looked back up at her youthful supervisor, trying to make sense of Mr. Franklin’s menacing addendum—particularly the second sentence. She had no way of knowing how much these two lads knew about her current predicament, and although it was quite possible that Mr. Franklin had briefed them fully, she somehow doubted it. In all likelihood, they had simply been told to report to the basement so that they could show the ropes to a new starter—and they would probably have been expecting to find another spotty-faced teenager like themselves!

Certainly, the hang-jaw expressions on their faces betrayed the fact that they most certainly hadn’t been prepared for the sight of a perspiring young woman clad only in a revealing blouse and skirt! The frightening question was had they already read the memo and consequently the handwritten note at the bottom? And if so, now that they had laid eyes upon her, were their youthful imaginations already running riot with the opportunities it raised?

Totally baffled as to what possible satisfaction Mr. Franklin could be deriving from this fabricated encounter, Jenifer tried to reassure herself that nothing untoward was likely to happen between her and these two fellow trainees. It was inconceivable that the whole branch could be co-conspirators in Mr. Franklin’s dirty little scheme, so it would appear that his strategy here had been to send these two unsuspecting teenagers into this potentially combustible situation simply to see what might transpire!

Heartened by the thought that these two inexperienced kids probably wouldn’t have the courage to seize the opportunity that Mr. Franklin had presented them, Jenifer took a brief moment to assess her unwanted companions. Physically, they weren’t at all imposing, just a pair of skinny kids out of high school with the pasty faced look that suggested countless hours spent indoors gaming in front of a computer screen. From the look of them, Jenifer guessed that they were most likely virgins, which should give her the upper hand were they to attempt getting familiar with her.

Despite all of the above rationalizing, there was still one major factor that she could not avoid—ultimately Mr. Franklin’s word was law, and by virtue of the note in her hand, he had just delegated that authority to these two salivating young men. Miserably, she understood that if push came to shove, she would have no choice other than to do whatever they wanted her to!

“Mr. Franklin said you might be getting a bit overheated, so we brought this for you.” Kevin said.

He held up a tiny hand-held battery operated fan, and when the little plastic blades whirred into life, he pointed it at Jenifer’s face. In the stifling heat of the basement, the directed breeze was indeed very welcome, but it did nothing to decrease the temperature in her flushed cheeks. Mr. Franklin was obviously mocking her with this stupid little device, a clear demonstration of her impotence in this increasingly inhospitable workplace, where even her physical comfort was now outside of her control!

“Thank you,” Jenifer said grudgingly as she reached for the fan, but Kevin pulled it out of reach with just the hint of a rather unsettling smile.

“No, it’s okay,” he said. “We’ll keep you cool while you climb up the ladder and bring down the next pile of printouts, okay?”

CHAPTER TEN

It came across as more of a suggestion than an order, but Jenifer was almost certain that if she demurred, Kevin would report it back to Mr. Franklin. There was a noticeable look of mischief in Kevin's eyes now as he watched Jenifer hesitantly place her bare foot on the bottom rung of the stepladder. He was obviously well aware that by making her climb up there, she would be presenting him and his buddy with an excellent upward view of her partially covered rear end—but did he know about her severed waistband?

Jenifer took a couple of tentative steps up the ladder, her right hand automatically dropping to protect the rear of her crotch as she did so. The top of the stack was still a couple of feet higher, and when she raised her leg again, the unstable ladder wobbled under her weight, causing her to brace herself against the boxes with her hands. With her backside exposed, Jenifer felt a sudden cool rush of air against the cleft between her ass cheeks and she emitted a little yelp of surprise.

“You're looking a bit sticky in there,” Kevin said from below, and Jenifer closed her eyes in mortification. She was a married woman, and these two trainees, at least four years her junior, and perfect strangers, were already examining her most personal parts!

Realizing that to dawdle meant more ogling time for them, Jenifer reached for the uppermost box. There was no question of using just one hand, and as soon as she stretched up to pull the box clear, she realized to her horror that her slack panties had suddenly slipped an inch downward! Tottering on the stepladder with the box balanced on her head, Jenifer was compelled to stay quite still to avoid falling backward onto the hard floor. Quickly realizing that she wasn't going to make it, Jenifer yelled, “Can you help me with this box? I'm going to fall!”

Even as the words left her lips, Jenifer realized that in her panic she had just set herself a trap and she stiffened as she felt the palms of Kevin's hands pressing against her exposed buttocks.

“Don't worry, I've got you!” he said gallantly. “Peter, give us a hand here, will you?”

“Wait! Not there!” Jenifer cried as Peter's fingers gripped her narrow waist.

Then she felt her body being pulled away from the ladder and the box slipping from her grasp, and before she knew what was happening, she was in a horizontal position, looking up at the bright fluorescent tube light. As the two young men eased her to the floor, Jenifer became aware that Kevin's right hand had somehow worked its way between her clammy thighs, while the other was squeezing her left buttock. At the same time, Peter had moved his arms under her armpits and he was now holding her breasts!

In the oppressive heat, Jenifer was acutely aware of their masculine proximity, and she began to push away at the ladder with her toes.

“Okay!” she yelled. “That's enough! Let me down, now!”

“Easy,” Kevin breathed into her ear as they maneuvered her down to the hard floor.

Jenifer immediately struggled to get back up, but Kevin said, “Just relax for a second. You had a bad scare.”

“I'm okay,” Jenifer protested angrily, now fully alert to her vulnerable position beneath them. She began to thrash her legs, frantically trying to get some space and she twisted over onto her stomach, wrenching herself free and crawling blindly toward to the door.

Totally enthralled, Herbert gazed longingly at Jenifer's naked butt as she scurried along on all fours, oblivious to the fact that her ruined panties had now slipped down to her knees. The looks on the faces of the two young trainees kneeling beside the stepladder, told him that they were getting a beautiful eyeful of Jenifer's rear-end, and he zoomed in with one of the cameras for a closer look. Sure enough, he caught a delightful glimpse of her fleshy hammock snuggled between her wobbling ass cheeks!

Before he had sent the two male trainees down to help her, he had explained to them that Jenifer was a special equal opportunities employee, who would need more than a little assistance with the simplest of tasks. He deliberately hadn't mentioned that she happened to be an absolute honey with a figure to die for! As he had suspected, these two lads had quickly adapted to the situation without any further elaboration required on Herbert's part. The confined space, suffocating heat, Jenifer's relative lack of clothing, and young male testosterone would surely do the rest!

On camera, he saw Kevin say something and then a moment later, Jenifer came back into frame, standing now, and pulling her panties back up, with her head hanging down in a posture of embarrassment at her unintentional flashing. Satisfied that Jenifer had managed to get herself under enough control that she wasn't going to flee, Herbert closed his laptop and decided he would take an early, long lunch. The unfolding scenes down below would all be recorded for his viewing pleasure later. He wondered how far the boys would go now that they comprehended the level of dominance they had over their lovely new charge.

He was still impatient to partake in Jenifer's fleshly delights himself of course, but by putting her out to work in another part of the building, he was hopefully putting up a smokescreen that might quell the gossip that was undoubtedly already spreading throughout the building.

Yes, Jenifer would indeed become his personal whore in due course, but there was work to be done in the interim to paint a public picture of her as an airheaded nympho, a horny, easily confused slut who would eventually be fair game for every red-blooded male employee at the bank! And by that time, nobody would blame Herbert for falling for her seductive charms, would they? Within a few weeks it would become normal for Jenifer to be universally regarded as the office bicycle, the washroom cocksucker, and Herbert's very own bimbo assistant.

But the truth of the matter? His coercive manipulations and her inner shame and humiliation? Well that would remain very much their little secret!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mr. Franklin was not in his office when *Trainee Program Team A* finally completed their waste paper disposal task. Jenifer desperately wanted to hide in there until he returned, but she figured that would be a mistake. His use of the word *punishment* was still very fresh in her mind—and she didn't want to take a chance on receiving any nasty surprises from the twisted pervert!

In Mr. Franklin's absence, Jenifer had been given no choice but to ask young Kevin for her next instructions. That had been a demoralizing enough experience in itself, but it had been made far worse because she had been standing there without any underwear on at the time! She had somehow managed to lose both the ripped up bra and panties while they had been working. She suspected the boys had hidden them but she had been too embarrassed to ask for them back—besides, the sliced up garments were next to useless now.

So back up in the busy banking hall, standing in just her two-button blouse, tight microskirt, and uncomfortable four-inch heels, she proceeded with her next demeaning task of the day. At first, she had no idea where to start, and afraid of attracting the customers' attention, she had lurked by the basement door feeling utterly foolish.

As she drew more and more inquisitive glances, Jenifer figured she had to do something, so she shuffled over to a row of cubicles on the far side of the banking hall. It was quieter over here, although she still managed to attract plenty of attention as she tottered along in her heels. The microskirt was also presenting a problem, because minus her underwear, she was forced to tug the hem down at the back. Unfortunately this action resulted in the front riding up, so she settled for holding the skirt down with both hands while walking with her knees pressed together.

When a couple of passing bank clerks started giggling at her, Jenifer ducked into the nearest cubicle—but when she saw its occupant, she immediately wished she hadn't! Jenifer had been hoping to find a sympathetic female for her next task, but instead she found herself looking at a very handsome man, and the way he was now gaping at her caused her flushed cheeks to burn even brighter!

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" Jenifer said, backing out of the cubicle.

"That's okay, honey," the man said. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing!" Jenifer gasped. "I-I didn't mean to disturb you—"

The man looked at her name tag, which was uncomfortably close to her untethered breasts.

"Are you lost—Jenifer Pickett?" he said.

Jenifer looked around frantically.

"N-No! I—"

The man rolled up a chair and patted the seat.

"Sit."

Jenifer blinked at him and then sat. The man's eyes involuntarily flickered down to her crotch, and she tugged her microskirt forward and clamped her knees together.

The man held out his hand.

"My name's Adam," he said.

Jenifer glanced nervously into the aisle. Under any other circumstances, she would most likely have been flattered by the appreciative looks this attractive man was giving her, but with her damp, low cut blouse, tiny skirt, and lack of underwear, she felt practically naked in front of him! She looked at his desk, clutter free except for a flat screen monitor displaying a colored bar chart, and a wire tray stacked with printouts. In front of it was a metal nameplate which said, *Adam Cantrell—Mutual Funds*.

She looked up at him and he smiled, his eyes crinkling in the corners. He seemed inoffensive enough and Jenifer didn't relish the thought of venturing back out into the public view just yet. If she

offered to help him, she could hunker down safely in this cubicle and she couldn't be accused of shirking her duties.

Keeping one hand on the hem of her skirt, Jenifer shook his hand.

"Jenifer Marlow," she said.

Adam looked at her name tag again and frowned.

"Marlow?"

Shit!

"Sorry, Pickett. Marlow was my maiden name," Jenifer said hurriedly.

"Maiden name? But your badge says *Miss Pickett*," Adam said.

Oh, God!

"Right," Jenifer said, feeling her cheeks turning red hot now. "I meant, I was supposed to become Mrs. Marlow but the marriage was called off—"

Her voice trailed off as she realized how stupid she sounded.

Adam frowned and then turned her hand around in his.

"No wedding ring," he observed.

Jenifer felt his fingertips lightly touching her palm, and she withdrew her hand.

"Well, anyway, it's nice to meet you Jenifer—whoever you are," Adam smiled. "So again—what can I do for you?"

"I-I have been sent to ask if there is anything I can do to help," Jenifer said.

"Help?"

"Y-Yes. Anything at all."

"Anything?" Adam grinned.

Jenifer felt that if her face was going to turn any redder it might explode!

"My boss, Kevin, he said—"

"Ah, right," Adam nodded at Jenifer's badge. "The trainee program."

Jenifer nodded and looked at the floor.

"If you don't mind my saying, you look a little old to be on the trainee program," Adam said.

God, if you only knew!

"Not that I'm saying you are old at all!" Adam added hastily. "You look quite amazing from where I'm sitting!"

Jenifer squeezed her thighs tighter together and crossed her arm over her chest.

"Well, sure I could use some help," Adam said. "Just having your company alone would be enough to cheer up any man, Jenifer!"

Jenifer realized that Adam was trying to give her some encouragement, but he obviously assumed that there had to be something wrong with her to be in the trainee program at her age, and the patronizing way he was talking made her feel like a total airhead! Mr. Franklin's master plan was picking up pace fast!

A little peeved, Jenifer said, "I'm supposed to help. I can do filing or something."

"Not much filing to do around here," Adam said, gesturing to his computer screen.

Jenifer felt oddly relieved and rejected all at the same time.

But as she made to stand, Adam said, "Hey, what's your hurry? I'll think of something for you to do."

CHAPTER TWELVE

After lunch, Herbert quickly popped into his empty office and checked the security camera feeds on his laptop. The basement was empty which meant young Kevin had issued new orders to Herbert's young filly. He hadn't been too explicit with his instructions to the testosterone-filled young lads, but he would be surprised if they had actually had their way with Jenifer down there—especially in the knowledge that it would all be captured on the security cameras!

Making a note to review the recordings later, Herbert left his office and began a leisurely stroll around the banking hall. It wasn't often that he did this, but his staff would soon become accustomed to it on a regular basis—particularly when young Miss Pickett was out here among them! He made a couple of cursory stops for appearances sake, but all the time he was glancing around to see what had become of his blonde haired beauty. After a few minutes, he began to worry that she might have called it quits while he was at lunch! Had he pushed her too fast, after all?

He spotted Kevin Barton making notes with one of the bank tellers and he pulled him to one side.

“How did it go?”

“Everything shredded and bagged Mr. Franklin—”

“The girl—Jenifer?”

“Oh, yes well she was a little hot and bothered down there, but she kept at it, sir.”

Interesting.

“So she's still here now?”

“Yes, Mr. Franklin. I assigned my team to spend the afternoon asking staff how they can make themselves useful.”

Herbert smiled inwardly. That had to be another major blow to the young lady's self-esteem!

“And where is she now?”

“I think I saw her heading over to investments.”

Herbert looked across the cavernous banking hall. That would make sense. Dressed in just her tiny blouse and skirt, she would be looking for as much privacy as possible.

“Well done, Kevin. I'll let you know when I have another assignment for you.”

As Herbert turned to go, Kevin said, “Oh, Mr. Franklin, what should I do with these?”

The young trainee reached into his jacket pocket and produced Jenifer's damp and destroyed underwear. Herbert felt his cock stiffen at just the sight of them!

“Give them to me,” he said, clearing his throat. “I'll return them to the young lady.”

Kevin gave him a knowing look and handed over Jenifer's bra and panties, which Herbert quickly stuffed into his own pocket.

“Work with me Kevin, and you'll have a bright future here,” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Franklin.”

Herbert glanced around, and then assuming his important bank manager's demeanor, made his way over to the investment division. There was a subtle but noticeable shift in the atmosphere as he checked in on the slightly more important staff members that worked over on this side of the building. It was as if they had already sensed what he was up to. They had all obviously seen Jenifer stumbling past in her scanty attire, yet nobody commented about it—that was an encouraging sign.

He finally located the wretched young woman in Adam Cantrell's cubicle—and was surprised by a twinge of jealousy as he watched them sitting side by side. Adam was considered by the office gossips to be the bank's most eligible bachelor, and Herbert certainly wouldn't have expected the happily married Mrs. Marlow to have made her way here first!

The guilty look on Jenifer's flushed face suggested that she hadn't exactly intended this either, and Herbert swiftly got his irrational reaction under control—this was something he could use. The fact that

she was putting herself through all of this painful humiliation out of love for her husband could be turned against her—and having Adam as a buffer would deflect any possible future backlash against Herbert himself!

“Good afternoon, Adam, I see you are making good use of our new trainee,” he said.

Jenifer looked away and eased her chair a couple of inches further from Adam’s. The investment analyst was too savvy to try making any moves on Jenifer in the office, but he had no doubt been working his undeniable charms on her—and why not indeed? For her part, Jenifer was looking more uncomfortable by the second, and she began tugging at the hem of her skirt while pulling the two sides of her blouse together.

“Afternoon, Herbert,” Adam said suavely. “Yes, just showing Miss Pickett what happens here in my little cubicle every day.”

“And she’s behaving, I hope?” Herbert said.

“Absolutely,” Adam smiled. “We’ve been going through the market basics. I was just explaining spreads, isn’t that right, Jenifer?”

Jenifer mumbled and nodded her head.

“I would imagine she already know all about spreads,” said Herbert.

Adam gave him a curious look.

“So how long will Jenifer be staying with us?” he said.

“Oh, for quite a long time to come, I should imagine,” Herbert said.

Jenifer shifted in her seat again and turned her head slightly toward Herbert, but she stayed silent.

“Well, that’s definitely good to hear,” Adam said.

“If she’s becoming a distraction, I can take her off your hands,” Herbert offered.

“Not in the least,” Adam said. “Jenifer, you are welcome to come and visit me anytime you want.”

Herbert wasn’t sure, but her thought he heard Jenifer whisper thank you. Right now, the poor girl didn’t know what to do with herself!

Well, this is only the beginning, young lady! I haven’t even gotten started with you yet!

“In that case, I’ll let you carry on,” Herbert said. “Perhaps you could send her to my office in an hour?”

“Will do,” Adam said.

“Jenifer, please pay attention and try to learn something,” Herbert said.

Jenifer kept her head down and nodded.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t hear,” Herbert said.

“Y-Yes, Mr. Franklin,” Jenifer mumbled.

Again, Adam gave him an inquisitive look.

“Oh, and one more thing,” Herbert said. “Kevin Barton told me you left these in the basement.

Please remember that we have a dress code here at the bank.”

Herbert tossed Jenifer’s damage underwear onto Adam’s desk, waited a moment to watch her face turn beet red, and then returned to his office.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Herbert was watching Kevin and Peter staring up Jenifer's skirt on his laptop when he heard the knock on his office door. He had been correct. The two horny lads had indulged in a little light groping and a lot of ogling, but Jenifer hadn't been coerced into anything of a more sexual nature. Even so, that experience would have been enough to erode her dignity just a little bit further, and that was all Herbert wanted to do with her—strip away her pride, little by little, every single day!

"Enter."

The door opened and the girl of the moment crept inside, closing the door quietly behind her. She seemed to have permanently rosy cheeks now, and the effect only served to make her even more desirable. She stood in front of his desk, hands in front of her, fingers fiddling with the hem of her microskirt.

"How did it go with Adam?" Herbert said.

"Okay," Jenifer mumbled.

"Just okay?" Herbert said. "Weren't you were supposed to be learning something?"

Jenifer nodded.

"I have to say I was surprised that you chose a young single man to sit with when there are so many women out there," Herbert said. "I mean people talk, you know. What if your husband were to find out?"

Now Jenifer looked up at him. "We didn't do anything!"

"Anything? What does that mean? What were you hoping to do with him?"

"N-Nothing!"

"So why did you choose to sit with him?"

"I-I didn't!"

"But Kevin Barton told me you were free to roam the banking hall looking for something to do."

"Yes, but—"

"Did you think he might be interested in you because you no longer wear a wedding band?"

Jenifer's mouth opened and her eyes glistened but she couldn't find a reply.

"Hey, it's none of my business who you choose to fuck around with," Herbert said. "I'm just thinking about poor Scott, working hard all day to provide for you, and you repay him by snuggling up with an unmarried man—and without any underwear on."

A tear trickled down each of Jenifer's reddened cheeks and she looked so endearing in that moment that Herbert was half tempted to give her an avuncular hug.

Instead, he said, "You have to remember that you are here to work—and if you mess up, your house will be at risk again. I hope you understand that."

"Y-Yes," Jenifer sobbed.

Herbert leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. She looked so ashamed of herself standing there, so totally submissive, that Herbert felt that he just had to seize the moment. Another risky move perhaps, but what the hell—he wasn't getting any younger.

"Perhaps a little punishment might help you keep your priorities in order," he said.

Jenifer's eyes widened in alarm.

"P-Punishment?"

"Nothing too terrible—just a light spanking."

"A *spanking*?"

Herbert watched her reaction carefully. This was without doubt another pivotal moment in their relationship. She always had the option to break their agreement, of course—but that was what made this game so exciting!

“But why?” Jenifer sniffed.

“A little reminder that you are here to work—not to flirt with the unmarried men.”

“I-I’m sorry!” Jenifer said. “It won’t happen again!”

“I’m not so sure about that,” Herbert said. “I actually think you are enjoying the freedom that comes with your unmarried status here.”

“But I *am* married!” Jenifer cried. “And I love my husband! This is all your—”

She suddenly shut up and checked herself, lowering her head. She knew what was at stake and she knew she would have to go through with this. Herbert nodded with satisfaction. Even though she didn’t yet realize it, the wretched young woman had just taken another significant step away from her respectable marriage—toward becoming his brainless office bimbo!

“Lock the door,” Herbert said in a low voice.

Keeping her head down, Jenifer meekly did as she was told.

“Now raise your skirt up around your waist.”

Instead of doing that, Jenifer raised her face and looked at him aghast.

“Please don’t make me!” she whined.

“You can hardly expect me to spank you with that skirt in the way,” Herbert said.

Jenifer sniffled and looked off to one side as she tugged the microskirt up until it formed a thin band around her slender waist. She had put her ruined panties back on, jamming the gusset into her crotch and letting the severed waistband hang uselessly at the sides.

“I think you can get rid of those now,” Herbert said breathlessly.

To add to the delicious tension, Jenifer turned coyly around before pulling the panties out from between her thighs and bunching them in her hand. Herbert stared in awe at Jenifer’s perfect ass. It seemed somehow larger now that it was completely uncovered, but it was still in perfect proportion to the rest of her hourglass figure. The flawless cheeks were plump and round but very firm, without the slightest hint of cellulite.

Trying very hard to keep his voice even, Herbert said, “Turn around.”

Jenifer swiveled her head to the side, and then after a brief pause she turned around to face him, shifting uncomfortably with the balled up panties in front of her crotch.

“Drop the panties and put your arms behind your back,” Herbert croaked.

Jenifer emitted a little sob of despair and then dropped the panties on the floor, but kept her hand in front of her crotch. Then, still looking away from him, she hesitantly moved her arms around behind her. Herbert let out a little groan of his own and leaned forward in his chair. She had a perfectly manicured dark vee of pubic hair, just thin enough to show off her prominent mound and pouty lips. For a long moment he simply stared at Jenifer’s heavenly lady garden. It was a momentous moment between them. Until now, this had been Scott Marlow’s exclusive playground—but from now on, it would belong to Herbert Franklin!

Clearing his throat, Herbert said, “Come around here.”

He rolled his chair back from his desk as Jenifer walked awkwardly in just her heels and blouse. When she was standing directly in front of him, Herbert tore his eyes away from her delectable cunt and settled them on her sizable chest.

“I think you can dispense with that damaged bra, too.”

Jenifer bit her lip and looked up at the ceiling as she pulled the unsecured brassiere out from under the blouse. Herbert considered telling her to remove the blouse too, but he decided he would save those magnificent puppies for another time!

“Now I want you to bend over my knee, Miss Pickett,” he said hoarsely.

Jenifer hesitated, not sure exactly how he wanted her arranged, but finally she inclined herself across him, her pendulous breasts just touching his thighs. Herbert inhaled her heady mix of perfume and sweat—and then he placed his hand on her spectacular butt. Jenifer tensed and let out a squeak of surprise, but she stayed in position.

“Lay over my lap,” Herbert whispered.

With a little mewl of protest, Jenifer lowered her torso until her belly was flat on his lap. She jerked when she felt his erection, but Herbert kept his hand on her ass and she stayed put.

“Now, Miss Pickett,” Herbert said. “Do you know why I am about to spank your bare ass?”

“Y-yes,” Jenifer sniffled.

“Tell me why.”

“B-Because—I was a bad girl?”

Oh my God! Did she really just say that? This could not be going any better!

“That’s right. And why were you bad?”

“I-I was flirting with Adam,” Jenifer said miserably.

Herbert gave her right buttock a light slap.

“And that is not how a young married woman should behave, is it?”

“No,” Jenifer said softly.

Herbert brought his hand down on her left cheek—much harder this time.

“Aah!” Jenifer softly cried.

“Tell me, Jenifer—are you really married?” Herbert said.

“W-What? Yes, of course—”

Whack!

“What is your name?” Herbert hissed.

“M-My name?”

“Yes, tell me your name!”

“I-It’s Jenifer!”

Smack!

“Ugh!”

“What is your name?”

“Oh, please stop! It’s Jenifer! Jenifer—Pickett!”

“Are you married, Jenifer Pickett?”

Thwack!

“Yah! I-I don’t know—”

Slap!

“Eek! N-No! I’m not married!”

“You are just a silly single little bimbo, aren’t you Jenifer Pickett?”

Wap!

“Ah! Yes! I’m a silly single bimbo!”

“Who do you work for, Jenifer Pickett?”

“You, Mr. Franklin!”

Clap!

“Hah!”

“Who do you want to please, Jenifer Pickett?”

“You, Mr. Franklin! I only want to please you!”

Outside his office door, Herbert could hear the usual quiet hum of the banking floor. He wondered if anybody out there could hear Jenifer’s desperate pleas as he disciplined her—at this ecstatic point in time, he really didn’t care!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“Holy shit! I don’t believe this!” Scott called out from the dining table.

Jenifer tensed, not entirely sure if this was the good news she had been waiting for.

She was in the kitchenette, preparing Sunday breakfast and still mulling over how to get out of the house alone without upsetting Scott. Mr. Franklin must have been thinking along the same lines because it would seem that his email had arrived very soon after his phone text to Jenifer.

She picked up a jug of orange juice and went to look over Scott’s shoulder at his laptop.

“What is it, honey?” she said.

“The bank have only granted me a moratorium on both my business loans!”

“Wow! That’s just—”

“Incredible?” Scott grinned.

Jenifer peered more closely at the email.

“Did they say why?”

“I’m still reading,” Scott said. “Something about new leveraging strategies. Beats me. Hey, but who cares? The document is signed by the manager himself—Mr. Herbert Franklin!”

Jenifer tried not to blush—the very same Mr. Franklin who had only yesterday spanked her on her bare buttocks in his office, while making her confess to having had adulterous thoughts!

“You know what this means, don’t you?” Scott said.

“We get more time?” Jenifer said.

“That’s right, babe! They’re not going to foreclose on the house! I’ve been given a chance to turn things around!”

“That’s awesome!”

Jenifer put on her brightest smile. Scott looked so happy, she could have wept!

Scott put his arm around her waist and pulled her onto his lap—and to her chagrin, Jenifer reflexively tensed.

“What’s up, sweetheart?” Scott said. “Aren’t you pleased?”

“Of course I am!” Jenifer beamed. “It’s just a bit much to take in. You know how worried I’ve been.”

“Well, I have a breathing space now—thanks to Mr. Franklin!” Scott said.

You poor man! If only you knew! Jenifer thought grimly.

“You know what? We should go out and celebrate!” Scott said.

Jenifer placed the back of her hand tenderly against her husband’s cheek. He suddenly looked like a young boy again, and every bit as handsome as the day she had first seen him.

“Honey, don’t you remember? I have to go in to work today.”

“Since when did you start working Sundays at the boutique?”

“It’s that special promotional event I told you about,” Jenifer lied. “We’re taking on a new clothing line.”

“Nah, I don’t remember that,” Scott frowned.

Jenifer kissed him on the forehead.

“You’ve had a lot on your mind.”

“That’s true. So how about I tag along with you? I can take you somewhere after.”

“You’d just get bored,” Jenifer said. “It’ll just be a bunch of women and effeminate men drinking wine and talking about clothes.”

“Yep, sounds pretty lame,” Scott said.

“Why don’t you phone the guys? Go drink a few beers,” Jenifer suggested.

“But I wanted to treat you, baby,” Scott pouted. “A nice meal together. Just the two of us.”

“Aw, me too. But we can do it another time, okay?”

“You really do have to attend this thing?”

“Yeah, I do,” Jenifer nodded.

“I’ve a mind to call Kelly at the boutique and tell her what I think of her dragging my wife in on a Sunday.”

“No! Don’t do that!” Jenifer said sharply.

“Easy! I was just kidding!” Scott said.

Jenifer kissed Scott on the cheek and slid off his lap.

“I have to get ready.”

Scott took hold of Jenifer’s hand.

“Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are?” he said.

“Yes, you did,” Jenifer smiled.

“And that I love you?”

“Every day, my darling.”

As Jenifer withdrew her hand from his, Scott said, “Hey, what happened to your wedding band?”

Shit!

Jenifer looked at her bare finger.

“Oh, I took it off in the shower. Must have left it up there.”

Scott looked a little put out.

“You’ve never taken your wedding band off before,” he said.

“I’ll go get it now.”

On her way up the stairs, Jenifer’s phone buzzed—Mr. Franklin was calling.

There was only one security guard on duty and he unlocked the door and let her in without any questions. The vast banking hall was empty except for a couple of cleaners vacuuming the carpets. Jenifer walked quickly between the vacant cubicles to Mr. Franklin’s office and knocked on the door.

No answer.

She knocked again. Then she turned the handle and went inside. Mr. Franklin wasn’t there but a red cocktail dress was hanging over the back of one of the chairs. Jenifer held it up to the light. It had a deep vee neck and an asymmetrical petal skirt. Also on the chair was the tiniest black g-string Jenifer had ever seen in her life. On the floor beside the chair was a pair of white tennis shoes. Evidently, Mr. Franklin had been out shopping.

Jenifer had come out in a pink floral print dress and blue slip on shoes, the sort of thing she would have worn to the boutique. Scott had still been home when she had left and she hadn’t wanted to arouse his suspicions. She had also been wearing her wedding band, which she now slipped off her finger and placed on Mr. Franklin’s desk.

She undressed quickly. Even though Mr. Franklin had already spanked and fondled her bare ass and examined her naked vulva at his leisure, she was still loathe to be caught naked by him. She pulled the g-string on first—and discovered that the ridiculous thing was so small that she really needn’t have bothered! Then she got into the snug cocktail dress and slipped into the tennis shoes. There was no mirror, so she picked up her phone and took a few selfies.

The pictures confirmed what she already suspected—the cocktail dress was so figure hugging that it looked practically spray painted on! Her large braless breasts were bunched up together and very much on view inside the low neckline, and her nipples pointed shamelessly through the red fabric. She looked like a slut!

Jenifer's phone beeped and she read the message—Mr. Franklin was waiting for her outside in his car. She was to bring her purse but leave her clothes. Jenifer looked around the office. Had he been watching her on camera?

She gathered up her purse and phone and hurried out through the banking hall. The security guard grinned at her as he pressed the door lock button. She knew exactly what this must look like. She waited outside on the pavement and tried to ignore the curious glances of the passing pedestrians. She just hoped nobody she knew recognized her. She had no idea where Mr. Franklin was taking her today, but the *fuck me* dress was not a good omen. She didn't want to jump the gun, but if he had any ideas of renting her out today, she would have to reconsider this whole deal—there was only so much that she was prepared to put up with.

A gust of wind came down the street and lifted her skirt, causing one passing guy to trip off the kerb, and another to drop his cigarette down his shirt. Jenifer looked up and down the street and held her skirt down. Where the hell was Mr. Franklin?

While she waited, she thought about how happy Scott had been at breakfast. For the past few months he had been shuffling around like an old man. Now, thanks to Jenifer's self-sacrifice, he had a spring in his step again. The thought of his boyish smile gave her new resolve to keep on with this whole sordid affair.

She heard a car horn and saw a silver Volvo S60 flashing its headlights. She walked over and the passenger door clicked open. As she got in, she remembered that she had left her wedding band on Mr. Franklin's desk.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“Your job today is to be my arm candy—do you know what that is?” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer had a pretty good idea. She nodded.

“Good. That doesn’t mean just standing around looking pretty. It means being attentive, sexy, tantalizing—in other words, I want you to be a distraction to the other men.”

Other men?

“Where are we going?” Jenifer said.

“Don’t you worry your empty little head about that,” Mr. Franklin said. “Just focus upon making me look good. I want you smiling all the time, hanging on my every word, striking sexy poses—”

“Poses?”

“Yes, seductive poses. Stand with one hand on your hip, your knee bent, and your butt pushed out, that kind of thing. You’re playing the part of my doxy—”

“What’s a doxy?”

“A courtesan, paramour, mistress, moll—pretend you are a high class escort if it helps you,” Franklin sighed.

“As long as we are only pretending,” Jenifer muttered.

“What was that, Miss Pickett?”

“Nothing.”

“I hope so. A floozy doesn’t indulge in backchat does she?”

“No.”

“No, who?”

“No, Mr. Franklin.”

“You wouldn’t want me to punish you in public, would you, Miss Pickett?”

Jenifer recalled her bare-ass spanking in Mr. Franklin’s office and her ears burned.

“No, Mr. Franklin. I’m sorry—Mr. Franklin.”

“And talking of floozies, I thought you looked very much the part when you were approaching my car. A little more sway to the hips required, perhaps, but you could easily have passed as a hooker in that tight red dress. I noticed quite a lot of pedestrians watching you walk by.”

Jenifer closed her eyes and imperceptibly shook her head. Her beloved husband wanted to take her out to lunch, but here she was instead, dressed like a whore in the car of a middle-aged man, heading out to the country!

“However, your makeup is all wrong,” Mr. Franklin went on. “Too reserved and stylish, which conveys the image of Mrs. Jenifer Marlow, the respectable married woman—not Jenny Pickett, the horny slut!”

Jenifer flashed him a venomous look. He was grinning now, thoroughly enjoying himself as he openly insulted another man’s wife!

“Jenny Pickett,” he mused aloud. “Yes, I like that. It has a certain rustic ring to it.”

Jenifer balled her fists and looked out of the window.

“So whenever you are on my time—which will be pretty much most of the time—you will always refer to yourself as Jenny. And that starts as of right now. Understood—Jenny?”

Jenifer bit her lip and nodded sourly.

“I didn’t hear that.”

“Yes, Mr. Franklin.”

“Excellent. Now back to your makeup. Open the glove box and you will see a plastic container. Take it out and open it.”

Jenifer popped the button and withdrew a clear plastic rectangular container. She flipped the catch with her thumb and peered inside. It was filled with neatly stacked silver tubes. Curious, she placed the container on her lap and picked up one of the tubes. Holding it up to the light, she noticed the join line circling the middle and pulled off the cap.

“Lipstick?” she said.

“Very special lipstick,” Mr. Franklin said mysteriously. “Expensive too. Try it on.”

Jenifer hesitated. She didn’t like the word *special*. Plus it was a garish bright red color—the sort of lipstick a streetwalker would wear!

“I can buy some lip gloss on the way if you want—”

“I said try it on,” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer glanced warily at him and then took her compact out of her purse. Using the mirror, she carefully applied the lipstick, trying not to overdo it. When she had finished coating her lips, she pressed them together and then examined the end result. Her efforts not to look slutty had failed miserably! She looked as though she had a permanent silky red pout on her lips!

Then she felt the tingling. It was indistinct at first, but within seconds, her whole mouth was tickling!

“It feels strange,” she said.

Mr. Franklin glanced at her and chuckled.

“You look delicious,” he said. “Keep that one in your purse and put the rest back in the glove box. I’ll let you have more—if you’re a good girl.”

Why do you think I would possibly want more? It looks cheap and vulgar, and it tastes funny!

Jenifer returned the container to the glove box and put her compact and the weird lipstick in her purse. She looked out of the window and licked her lips. It did have a strange taste, but not altogether unpleasant. The prickling sensation around her mouth intensified and she parted her lips and rested the tip of her tongue between her teeth. She felt a little more comfortable that way.

Mr. Franklin turned off the expressway and open fields rolled away on either side of the road. Jenifer had no idea which direction they were heading, but it didn’t really matter anyway. Mr. Franklin was in charge and she had to follow his instructions—that was the deal. They drove on in silence. Jenifer had plenty of questions buzzing around in her head, but for some reason she was unable to articulate them. She felt a little light headed, but quite relaxed, and she reclined her seat and kicked off her tennis shoes and then closed her eyes.

“How do you feel, Jenny?” Mr. Franklin said.

“Fine,” Jenifer said, the word thick on her tongue

“Just chill out,” Mr. Franklin said. “We’ll be there in about half an hour.”

Although her mind was alert, her arms and legs felt heavy, as if any significant movement would require a monumental effort. She shifted in her seat and rubbed her thighs together and licked her lips. Yes, they tasted odd but kind of good—

“Wake up, sleeping beauty, we’re here,” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer opened her eyes and blinked a couple of times to get them into focus. They had pulled into a large graveled parking lot filled with luxury cars. There was a golf course off to the right, a lake to the left, and a low, elegant old building right ahead of them.

Jenifer shifted up in her seat, and to her dismay she realized that she was a little damp between her legs! She had been having a vivid erotic fantasy in which she had been having sex with Adam Cantrell in his cubicle while Vivian Southgate was filming them!

Where the hell did that come from?

“You’re looking a little flustered,” Mr. Franklin grinned.

He handed her a wet wipe, and she pressed it to her flushed cheeks.

“Come on, hot pants,” Mr. Franklin said, opening his door.

He went around the front of the car and opened Jenifer's door. She stepped out of the car but her legs felt like rubber and she had to lean on Mr. Franklin's arm for support.

"Ready?" he said.

"Wait."

Jenifer took out her compact and the enigmatic silver tube of lipstick. It felt good in her hand. Reassuring. She checked in the mirror to make sure she hadn't messed up her mouth with the wet wipe but her lips looked plump and full and the lipstick she had applied was unblemished. All the same, she figured they could do with one more coating just to be sure.

She looked up at the wooden sign above the imposing front porch—*Cherry Hills Country Club*. Even though her legs were wobbling, her mind remained crisp and clear and now she was nervous about meeting wealthy and refined strangers while she was dressed this way—but the lipstick gave her confidence although she had no idea why. Her lips began to tingle again.

"Okay?" Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer ran her tongue around her lips and gripped his arm tightly. As they approached the imposing entrance, she heard Mr. Franklin chuckling to himself.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The clubhouse was busy, as would be expected on a weekend, and Herbert and Jenifer were attracting plenty of inquisitive looks as they followed the club attendant through to the private rooms at the back. Herbert didn't know many people here. He had only been a member for a couple of years, and that was only because it was the selected venue for The Gentlemen's Club. He had brought the late Mrs. Franklin here once for dinner just after his acceptance but he had never bothered again. Such had been the loveless state of their marriage that she had never since inquired about his activities up here—and had she known what he got up to, she probably wouldn't have cared.

As per usual, Clifford West, the key player behind this informal club, had reserved the East Room, which was located furthest away from the main restaurant and afforded the most privacy. As a member of the committee and a generous contributor to the Cherry Hills Country Club, Clifford had negotiated an agreement whereby The Gentlemen's Club would be left to its own devices provided that its more libidinous pursuits remained behind closed doors.

On the surface, most of their activities were actually relatively innocuous, the basic premise being that a group of like minded executives get together once a month to share ideas and information while mixing a little pleasure with their business. The usual schedule was nine holes of golf after a late breakfast, and then a leisurely lunch followed by a very long poker session that often stretched deep into the evening. As money was always the central topic of conversation, there was always plenty of betting going on, and once they hit their stride, these wealthy men became almost possessed by an obsessive need to wager on just about anything that was said or done during their monthly get together. Of course posturing and one-upmanship played a major part in the proceedings, and quite aside from the gambling, the moral victors were the players who had the most, the biggest, the best—and the sexiest.

Because among these powerful influencers, the second most important subject after money was sex. All of these men, mature in years, were either married or had been, but just had Herbert had done, they had all lost sexual interest in their spouses years ago. Which was why they all brought their own young pieces of pussy along with them. Some of these beautiful young ladies were mistresses, some of them secretaries, others might even have been high class hookers. It didn't matter. What counted was who had the best arm candy.

And today, as the attendant pushed open the thick teak door to the East Room, Herbert Franklin would bet money that he had the best by a long way. Jenifer seemed to be getting some control back in her legs, but she was still leaning heavily on him, which Herbert didn't mind at all. The highly dubious dealer who had sold him the narcotic-laced lipstick, had warned that there would be some physical reaction as it kicked into her system, but that with each dosage, she would handle it better. And if the illicit chemical aphrodisiac was as highly addictive as the dealer had said, there would be plenty more doses to come—all unwittingly administered by Jenifer herself!

Herbert had deliberately aimed to arrive late because he wanted to make a dramatic entrance, and he wasn't disappointed—everybody else was already there, tucking into their brunch at the long dining table. Clifford was the first to notice them, his watchful eyes immediately settling on Jenifer, flicking down to her prominent breasts, and then back up to her face. Beside him, Bob Harrington, a successful antiques trader, followed his gaze, and then Pierre Schwarz, a farming magnate, broke off from his conversation with a sultry looking redhead, and he stared at Jenifer too.

Herbert glowed with pride as they took their places at the dining table. He had always been the underdog among these wealthier men, but the expressions on their faces right now confirmed what he already knew—in young Mrs. Jenifer Marlow, he had struck gold!

“Good morning, Herbert,” Clifford said, his eyes still on Jenifer. “I was beginning to wonder if you had bailed out on us.”

“Oh, we got a little sidetracked on the way,” Herbert smiled sheepishly.

“I’ll bet you did,” Clifford said. “And are you going to introduce your fetching young companion to us?”

“Indeed,” Herbert said. “I’d like you all to meet Miss Jenny Pickett, my new trainee assistant at the bank.”

“Trainee assistant?” said Pierre. “However did you manage to swing that, you old dog? She’s absolutely adorable!”

“Yes, she is sweet isn’t she?” Herbert said. “But I was actually obliged to take her on under the equal employment opportunity laws.”

“Equal employment? What could possibly be wrong with her?” said Wendell James, who had made his money in computers and had survived several sexual harassment lawsuits at his various companies.

“Physically, nothing at all—as you can all see,” Herbert said. “But Jenny suffers from a range of emotional issues which have handicapped her career path somewhat.”

“And kindly old Herbert has stepped in to provide some fatherly assistance?” Clifford said, winking at Jenifer.

“Always ready to help the disadvantaged,” Herbert said. “Isn’t that so, Jenny?”

Jenifer’s cheeks turned pinker and she stared down into her lap.

“Yes, Mr. Franklin,” she said softly.

“Mr. Franklin!” Bob Harrington nearly spat his coffee over the table cloth. “Is Dirty Herbert providing the firm hand you never had as a child, Jenny?”

“Come now, leave the girl alone,” Herbert said. “Can’t you see she’s embarrassed?”

“As well she might be,” said Dominic Byrd, the environmentally controversial industrialist. “This young lady could have the pick of any man she chooses—and the poor thing winds up with you!”

Herbert was used to this barbed banter, but today he didn’t care what they said. He had Jenifer and they didn’t, and he knew that was already pissing them off!

Rueben Snyder, a Wall Street wolf, but always polite, said, “Jenny, please don’t take any notice of these ill mannered rogues. It is a pleasure to make you acquaintance.”

To Herbert’s delight, Jenifer looked up modestly and said, “Thank you—it’s very nice to meet you all.”

The only member of The Gentlemen’s Club yet to comment was sitting on Jenifer’s immediate left. Fast approaching his eighties, Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes was undoubtedly the wealthiest man at the table—he was also the most disgusting when it came to defiling pretty young women. Overweight, with bulging frog eyes and a treble chin, if it weren’t for his enormous wealth, Leonard would have struggled to get the attentions of a seventy year old spinster, never mind the hot little brunette sitting on the other side of him now. But ever since Jenifer had entered the room, Leonard had kept his bug eyes fixed upon her—which was exactly what Herbert had been hoping for.

Herbert was in the middle of a sizable property deal which, if successful, would set him up for a prosperous retirement. But there were a few obstacles, and Leonard had the influence and connections to overcome them for him. Herbert had already outlined his proposals to Leonard at the last meeting, but the old pig had been far more interested in the young females in attendance. Herbert had made a mental note of the way Leonard had reveled in demeaning the girls in his insidious way, and with Jenifer as bait, Herbert hoped to exploit that today. If it panned out as he hoped, Herbert would get his business deal underwritten by old Leonard—and have the added pleasure of watching the old lecher degrade poor Jenifer in front of everybody!

Now Leonard put his hand on Jenifer’s bare thigh and said, “My dear, if Herbert upsets you in any way, you can always come to me.”

Jenifer's shoulders stiffened as she turned to him.

"T-Thank you," she said weakly.

Leonard gave her thigh a squeeze. "You're welcome, dear."

Jenifer gave Herbert a horrified glance, and he whispered, "Be nice."

Once again, Jenifer didn't disappoint, and with a pained expression, allowed Leonard to rub his hand up and down her thigh. So far so good. Herbert poured himself a coffee and glanced around the table as general conversation resumed. All of these successful, but morally questionable, characters were accompanied by extremely attractive young women, but none of them could resist stealing looks at Jenifer. With her ruby red lips, large, braless breasts, and long bare legs, she had already stolen the show without even trying.

Clifford looked at his watch and said, "Okay, gentlemen, tee off in ten minutes. It's five thousand per player in the pot, and of course any side wagers are between each of you. Good luck and have a good day."

Herbert wasn't much of a golfer, and he had little time for the stuffy members of the Cherry Hills Country Club—but he had a gut feeling that today was indeed going to be a good day.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A cool breeze shivered the willow trees overhanging the first tee, which would make driving tricky—but Herbert didn't give a shit. He had every intention to lose this match up with Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes, along with the substantial side bet they had struck on the way from the clubhouse. Call it a loss leader. The name of the game was to keep revolting old Leonard happy, and with Jenifer Marlow under his control, Herbert intended to do just that. But subtlety was the name of the game. If Herbert tried to stage manage the situation too much, old Leonard would pick up on it and the mood would be broken. Softly softly, catchy monkey. In fact, Herbert might even use some reverse psychology here—maybe act a little jealous as Leonard inevitably began to interfere with his girl during the course of the day.

Because Leonard was old and out of shape, they waited until the other three pairs had teed off, Leonard and his young lady—a lithe young secretary called Susan—taking a golf cart while Herbert walked alongside. He had deliberately sent Jenifer up ahead, a newly purchased golf visor adorning her head and Herbert's gold clubs slung across her back. A gust of wind lifted her dress and treated them to a wonderful view of the thin black g-string separating her perfect buns.

"Oh my!" Leonard said. "That girl of yours is such a honey!"

"But a mischievous one, I'm afraid," Herbert said.

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. Don't be fooled by those innocent green eyes. Young Jenny has tested my patience to the limit at times. I even had to give her a spanking in my office last week."

Leonard's bulging eyes almost popped out of his head.

"A spanking?"

"On her bare ass," Herbert added casually. "Between you and me, I think she rather enjoyed it."

They both watched Jenifer's rear end swaying enticingly beneath the tight, red cocktail dress as she carried Herbert's clubs.

"Looks can be deceiving," Leonard said, licking his purple lips.

"Yep. Some girls just need a firm hand," Herbert smiled.

Susan, who was obviously listening to the conversation, shot Herbert a quick glance. Like all the female companionship at The Gentlemen's Club, she was a looker and she had a curvy figure. Herbert wondered what her story was. Although many of the girls were paid well to come here, some of them were not so fortunate, and like Jenifer, had been somehow blackmailed or otherwise coerced into joining in the fun and games. Knowing Leonard's reputation, Susan most likely belonged to the latter group, and judging by the grim set of her pretty features, she had probably experienced some office discipline herself.

"Well, if you need any help keeping her in line, just let me know," Leonard grinned.

"I'll be sure to do that," Herbert said.

Susan parked the golf cart at the edge of the first tee where Jenifer was waiting. As Susan helped Leonard out of the cart, Herbert noticed Jenifer applying another layer of lipstick. The black-market pharmaceutical dealer had certainly been right when he had warned that the lipstick was highly addictive!

Susan flipped a coin and Leonard got to drive off first. As he lined up his shot, another stiff breeze unexpectedly lifted Jenifer's dress exposing her tiny black g-string. Jenifer yelped and pressed the front of her dress down, and although the old fox looked to have plenty of time to pull his shot, Leonard played on, slicing his drive into the long grass.

"Hey now, that's not fair! Your girl distracted me!" Leonard said, turning to Herbert.

“I do apologize,” Herbert said. “It’s Jenny’s first time on a golf course and she doesn’t understand the etiquette.”

“That’s all very well, but there’s a lot of money riding on this,” Leonard said with a twinkle in his eye.

“By all means take a free shot,” Herbert said.

“I most certainly will,” said Leonard. “And I would like my ball back, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course,” said Herbert. “Jenny, go fetch Leonard’s ball.”

Jenifer scowled at him and then began walking toward the rough.

“We haven’t got all day!” Herbert called after her.

Jenifer hesitated and then began walking a little faster.

“Run!” Herbert shouted.

Now Jenifer looked back at him, but she kept her counsel and then began to jog down the fairway. She was surely a sight to behold, but it quickly became apparent that the tight cocktail dress was riding up her thighs as she ran. She began to scamper along making little pixie steps while holding down the hem of the dress, and Herbert saw this as a wonderful opportunity to entertain old Leonard—and humiliate young Jenifer at the same time!

“You can’t run in that silly dress!” Herbert yelled. “Lift it up!”

Jenifer stopped and looked back over her shoulder. She was still close enough for him to see the look of dismay on her face. She glanced around the golf course and seeing that they were the only group at the first hole, raised the skirt up over her hips. The close fitting dress bunched up tightly around her midriff, giving them all an unhindered view of her skimpy underwear.

“Oh, my word!” Leonard muttered.

“Well, get going, then!” Herbert shouted.

Jenifer turned and ran, and Herbert marveled at the mesmerizing bounce of her ass cheeks as she disappeared into the long grass. Susan set down Leonard’s free ball, and this time he fired his shot straight down the middle of the fairway.

As he handed his driver to Susan, Leonard said, “I hope your Jenny isn’t going to be a distraction all the way around the course.”

But the dirty smile on his face suggested that he wouldn’t mind that at all!

Jenifer looked quickly around to make sure nobody was nearby before bending down to search through the thick grass. She knew she was presenting her practically naked ass to anyone who happened by, so she needed to find that stupid golf ball quickly. At least she was far away enough from those two filthy old men that they couldn’t see her rear end in detail—and that was a very good thing, because to her dismay, Jenifer had discovered while pulling up her dress that her little g-string was very damp indeed!

She had no idea what had brought on this little shameful reaction, because she was certainly getting no enjoyment from exposing herself to that pair of unattractive old men! But there was no denying the reality of the heat between her legs, or for that matter, the intense throbbing in her erect nipples! If jogging away from them with her buttocks exposed hadn’t been embarrassing enough, then running back with her unharnessed and stimulated breasts bouncing all over the place was going to be just plain mortifying!

As she parted the tufts of grass with her fingers, Jenifer suddenly became aware that she was running her tongue around her lips. They still felt a little warm and tingly, and it felt somehow comforting to lick them. How long had she been doing that for? She fished into the little pocket in the

side of her cocktail dress and pulled out the silver tube of lipstick. Was this the reason for her unexpected and most inappropriate state of arousal? She glanced over her shoulder and saw that the two men were advancing up the fairway. Mr. Franklin would start shouting at her again if she didn't hurry up and locate that golf ball. She held up the tube of lipstick and contemplated the thick grass around her. She could always pretend that she had dropped it out here while she was searching for the ball. Jenifer twirled the silver tube between her fingers but for some reason she couldn't make herself drop the damn thing. Instead, to her consternation, she uncapped it and began reapplying it to her lips.

What am I doing?

She finished painting her lips, replaced the cap, and pocketed the tube. She would get rid of it later. She heard Mr. Franklin shouting something in the distance, and with her bare ass cheeks pushed out in the fresh air, she continued rooting through the long grass.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Herbert was about to use his seven iron to approach the green when Jenifer came bounding down the fairway toward them. As she drew nearer, he could see her unfettered breasts bouncing wildly under the red dress as if they had a life of their own! She still had the dress bunched up around her waist, and her long, shapely legs looked spectacular as she raced across the grass.

She came to a halt in front of Herbert, her cheeks flushed and her breasts heaving, and held out the golf ball. With her golden hair in a mess, her ruby red lips shining, and her nipples straining against the fabric of her dress, young Mrs. Marlow looked so fuckable that Herbert instantly acquired a semi-erection!

“Don’t give it to me, you silly girl!” Herbert said. “It belongs to Leonard.”

Jenifer frowned endearingly and then went over to where Leonard was standing a few yards away. As she awkwardly held the ball out to him, Leonard said, “Thank you, my dear. Why don’t you keep hold of it for me?”

Jenifer withdrew the ball and fumbled with the bunched up dress around her waist.

“Leave that where it is,” Herbert said. “You’ll most likely be running off to find other wayward balls today.”

Looking a little confused, Jenifer closed her fingers around the ball and looked at Susan, who merely gave her a wicked smile.

Interesting, Herbert thought. *No girl to girl sympathy there.*

“You can’t do your job as a caddie holding it either—but I can see a good place to keep it,” Leonard said, staring at Jenifer’s prominent pubic mound.

Jenifer stared at him in disbelief and then looked pleadingly at Herbert.

“I-I can’t put it down there!” she whimpered.

“Then I’ll do it for you,” Leonard said, holding out his hand.

Jenifer took a step backward and held the ball behind her back.

“Give Leonard the ball, Jenny,” Herbert said sternly.

Susan snickered as Jenifer reluctantly handed the ball over to Leonard.

Keeping his eyes fixed on Jenifer’s stricken face, the old lecher reached down and pulled out the top of the g-string. Then holding the golf ball between thumb and forefinger, he slipped it inside, but instead of immediately letting it go, Leonard kept his pudgy fingers on the ball and slid it up and down Jenifer’s inflamed labia.

“Please don’t!” Jenifer said, as a soft gasp escaped from between her red lips.

Leonard removed the ball and held it up for everyone to see. The little dimples glistened with Jenifer’s feminine juices in the sunlight.

“Well, I’ll be!” Leonard grinned. “Jenny likes the little golf ball!”

Jenifer turned bright red and looked away as Leonard popped the ball back inside her g-string, and then let it snap back into place, flush against her flat belly—but now with a funny little round bump in the front.

“You’re right,” Leonard said to Herbert. “Jenny is indeed a mischievous girl!”

At that point, Jenifer did a peculiar thing—instead of trying to cover her now distended crotch, she placed her hands over her pointed nipples, as once more her pink tongue came out and described a circle around her scarlet lips.

Leonard said, “Susan, can you give Jenny two more of my balls to keep warm, please?”

His attractive caddie giggled and handed two more golf balls to Jenifer, who held one in each hand and shifted uncomfortably. Herbert guessed that with the powerful aphrodisiac now surging through her bloodstream, Jenifer was finding the golf ball touching up against her labia just a little bit too sensitive!

“Well, go on,” Herbert said. “You know where to put them.”

Her face contorting with embarrassment, Jenifer slipped another golf ball down the front of her g-string, the new ball sitting directly on top of the first.

“Now you look like you have a little penis in there!” Leonard said. “But you won’t get a third one inside that skimpy little thing. Try sticking it in the back.”

Jenifer chewed her lip and looked at the horizon as she moved her hand behind her back.

“Turn around,” said Herbert.

Blinking back a tear, Jenifer turned and presented them with her glorious backside. Herbert could already see that there was no way that the thin gusset was going to hold a golf ball in place, unless—

“I think she’s going to have to jam it between her ass cheeks,” Leonard said.

Dirty minds think alike!

Jenifer turned her head to the side as if she couldn’t believe what she had just heard.

“Hurry up,” Herbert said. “There’s a foursome behind us and we’ll have to let them play through if they catch up”

Clearly Jenifer didn’t want any more witnesses to her embarrassing situation than was necessary, so she reach behind and pulled the gusset out of her butt crack and then slipped the ball inside. With the softest of grunts, she wiggled her hips and pressed the ball in between her buttocks and then let the gusset snap back into place. She had such a fine, round pair of ass cheeks that the additional little golf ball nested between them was completely hidden from view!

“Now pick up my clubs so we can get on with the round,” Herbert said. “We’re already way behind the others.”

Despite his impatient posturing, neither Herbert nor Leonard were in any great hurry to finish the round—they were having far too much fun watching Jenifer hobbling around with three golf balls jammed down her underwear! And for some inexplicable reason, they both started hitting a lot of wayward balls into the deep rough—which of course meant that Jenifer was getting plenty of exercise running off to find the lost balls!

Each time she scampered off, the two men took great delight in watching her awkward movements as she endeavored to keep the balls from getting loose. Susan also appeared to be deriving a great deal of pleasure from Jenifer’s discomfiture—and was probably more than a little relieved that she was being spared any of these indignities herself!

At the fourth hole, Herbert observed another rather interesting development with his young captive assistant. The combination of the strong aphrodisiac and the constant rubbing of the dimpled golf balls against Jenifer’s labia was evidently having a palpable effect on the hapless woman. Her face, already red from embarrassment and the physical exertion from her constant scuttling back and forth into the rough, was becoming noticeably more flushed as she trotted onto the green with yet another lost ball in her hand. As she stood waiting for one of them to take the ball, Herbert saw that her nipples were now straining at the red fabric of her dress, and that there were also noticeable damp patches on the insides of her thighs. As she had been instructed, Jenifer stood with her arm outstretched, the ball resting in her upturned palm, while her breasts rose and fell as she tried to catch her breath.

Leonard was trying to focus on a rather long putt, but the lecherous old swine couldn’t stop himself from glancing across at Jenifer as he made the shot—and he missed by a couple of yards. He tossed his putter away and glared at the unfortunate young lady.

“Dammit! Must you stand just there—barely dressed like that?” Leonard growled at Jenifer.

With the golf ball still balanced on her extended palm, Jenifer looked helplessly at Herbert. But if she thought he was going to come to her assistance, she was sorely mistaken—this was all going wonderfully to plan! Leonard was known for having a notoriously bad temper, particularly when he was losing, but it paled in comparison to his appetite for humiliating and abusing pretty young women.

He marched over to Jenifer and said, “Just keep the goddamn ball!”

Jenifer stared at him wide-eyed, closed her fist around the golf ball, and lowered her arm.

“In your pants, you silly girl!” Leonard snapped.

Jenifer glanced down at the distended front of the g-string.

“T-There’s no room,” she mumbled.

“Oh, I’m sure we can make some!” Leonard said.

He snatched the golf ball out of her hand and yanked the front of the g-string out. Jenifer gasped and lurched backward, but Leonard’s grip on the g-string kept her near. He dipped his fingers inside the g-string, plucked out the top ball, and held it up in the sunlight.

“It’s covered in your cunt juice, you filthy girl!” he chuckled. “I don’t expect this will be too difficult.”

As he thrust his hand inside the g-string again, Jenifer let out a plaintive mewl.

“Mr. Franklin! Help me!” she squealed.

“You just do as Leonard tells you,” Herbert said.

He watched gleefully as Leonard began working the ball up and down Jenifer’s well-lubricated pussy lips. The poor girl looked distraught, but to her credit she didn’t attempt to fight the old reprobate off. Because she was still barely covered by the tiny g-string, Herbert couldn’t see precisely what was going on, but he could see her puffy vulva moving around on either side of the black material.

Suddenly, Jenifer let out a loud gasp of surprise, and her eyes grew even bigger.

“There, it went in without any trouble at all!” Leonard laughed. “This girl of yours is as wet as a fish market, Herbert!”

“I’ll bet she smells like one, too!” Herbert chuckled.

Jenifer was now flexing her knees in a little hip-rotating dance, as Leonard worked his thumb over her clitoris. Then she parted her rouged lips and let out a long, low moan. Just as Leonard dropped the other two golf balls back into her g-string, Jenifer jerked and gasped and sank to her knees.

At that precise moment, Clifford West and Bob Harrington came over from the adjacent eighth fairway.

“Is your young lady alright?” Clifford said. “We saw her go down.”

“I do believe she’s just had an orgasm in the middle of a golf course,” Herbert said in mock amazement.

“Good Lord!” said Bob Harrington.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Jenifer groaned as her climax pulsed through her sweat covered body.

“You will be,” Herbert said. “Absolutely disgusting behavior! This is a members only country club, for heaven’s sake! Just you wait until we get you back to the clubhouse!”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Lunch was loud and jovial with excellent food and plenty of expensive wine flowing. The girls had all switched roles from golf caddies to glorified waitresses, topping up glasses, collecting plates, and generally attending to the various needs of the gentlemen. There was a lot of business talk over lunch, the idea being to get all private deals settled before the afternoon poker session. Herbert had made sure he was seated next to Leonard of course, and he was pretty close to getting the favors he needed for his land venture, but he already knew that sweet Jenifer was going to have to be the deal clincher.

Herbert was still a little nervous about that. Although Jenifer was still here, even after enduring her orgasm humiliation on the golf course, it was likely that dirty minded Leonard would be after something more intimate before they day was done. Herbert was still amazed that Jenifer had allowed the old pervert to stick a golf ball up her cunt and then stroke her clit with his thumb! Of course, the drug-laced lipstick would have to be playing a big part in that and Herbert could see that Jenifer was still in a slightly muddled state of mind as she carried two glasses of wine over to the dining table.

The other girls were all freshly showered and had changed into sexy cocktail dresses, but because Jenifer had arrived wearing one, Herbert hadn't seen the need for her to change clothes. He had also decreed that she didn't need to shower either, so she was still dressed exactly as she had come off the golf course—and that included her damp and sticky underwear complete with the four golf balls inside! Although she was hardly happy about it, Herbert was encouraged that Jenifer had accepted his decision without complaint. Again, he wondered how much the lipstick was influencing her docile condition.

He looked at her now, sweaty and unshowered, her hair a tangled mess, her body emitting the musky scent of a bitch on heat as Pierre Schwarz whispered into her ear. Herbert had deliberately orchestrated it so that Jenifer was the odd girl out, the Cinderella of the ball so to speak, and yet, even in her state of disarray, with her natural beauty, stunning figure, and enigmatic sexual aura, she was still far and away the most alluring woman in the room.

Unlike the more reserved atmosphere at breakfast, the dining table was getting quite rowdy now, and it was at this time that the more lascivious side of The Gentlemen's Club usually surfaced. Indeed, Herbert noted that the girls were already mixing and matching among the seated men, rather than sitting with their own sponsors as they had done in the morning. Leonard's secretary, Susan, had been dragged onto Ruben Snyder's lap, and although she didn't look particularly pleased, she was reluctantly allowing him to pour wine into her mouth from his own glass. There was plenty of groping going on around the table too, although Herbert observed that Jenifer was doing a pretty good job of moving her ass out of reach of exploring fingers as she served the table.

Of course, despite her befuddled and horny state of mind, Mrs. Jenifer Marlow would likely still be mindful that she had a loving husband waiting for her at home, and that she was only working this undignified hostess assignment as a part of her enforced obligation to Herbert. But as her days of sexual servitude turned into weeks and then months, and her addiction to the lipstick reached the point of no return, would she still be able to hang on to the same mental resolve? Herbert's plans for her included dragging her down off her high horse and turning her into a cock hungry slut—and after riding so many different men as part of her daily routine, would she even be interesting in making love to poor Scott again?

Clifford West was holding court to much general amusement, and Herbert was pulled out of his reverie when he realized that everybody was looking at him.

"I was just telling the boys about your assistant's embarrassing accident at the fourth hole," Clifford smirked.

Herbert knew that Clifford was trying to undermine his triumph in bringing by far the best looking babe to The Gentlemen's Club, but he didn't realize that he was actually playing into Herbert's hands.

For Herbert, the whole point was to humiliate Jenifer in front of as many people as possible—and when the day’s entertainments had run their course, he would simply bid them all goodnight and take the desirable young girl back to his guest cottage.

“Which accident was that, Clifford?” Herbert asked innocently.

“Well, you know, when the poor girl collapsed on the putting green. You told me she had just had an—”

“Orgasm?” Herbert said. “That’s right, she really did!”

Jenifer, who had been pouring Pierre Schwarz a glass of wine, now stood up straight with a look of great concern on her face.

“Jenny had an orgasm out there?” Dominic Byrd spluttered into his drink. “However did she manage that?”

Everyone now stared at Jenifer and her cheeks again made that wonderful transition through the various shades of pink to bright red!

“Well, it was Jenny’s first shot at caddying, and she didn’t realize that there is a zippered pocket on the side of the golf bag for the balls—so she stuck them down her panties,” Herbert said casually.

A brief silence descended on the East Room, followed by a ripple of titters from the other hostesses.

Finally, Bob Harrington said, “I don’t believe it.”

“Oh, it’s true alright,” Herbert said. “And I believe one of the balls slipped right inside her snatch, which triggered off her climax.”

More shocked giggles greeted Herbert’s crude description of Jenifer’s outdoor mishap.

“Bullshit!” said Bob Harrington.

“I can prove it, if you like,” said Herbert.

“Hold on, Bob,” said Leonard. “The man is telling the truth, and I can vouch for him. If you want proof, how much are you prepared to put down?”

“Five hundred bucks!” said Bob.

“Are you sure?” said Leonard.

“You’re telling us that this lovely young lady walked around the golf course with a golf ball up her cunt?” said Pierre Schwarz.

“I am—and she also had two more stuffed inside her g-string and another one stuck between her buns,” said Leonard.

The tittering around the table became louder, and Jenifer shook her head in horror.

“You’re making it up!” said Bob Harrington. “Five hundred it is. Now how the hell are you going to prove it?”

“Oh, that’s the easy part,” said Herbert. “Because they’re still in there.”

“You mean she’s been serving my wine with a golf ball inside her twat?” Pierre spluttered.

Herbert grinned mischievously. Now was his time to show these assholes just how much power he wielded over Mrs. Jenifer Marlow.

“Okay, Bob. Five hundred dollars,” he said. “Jenny, would you please climb up on the table?”

Jenifer backed off and shook her head again.

“N-No!”

Herbert felt Clifford’s eyes boring into him—the last thing he needed was for her to rebel now.

“Jenny Pickett, you will get up on that table—otherwise you know the consequences!” Herbert said sharply.

Jenifer looked imploringly at him but unfortunately for her, the devastated look on her lovely face only increased his arousal. This was a real moment of truth. If she did as she was told, Herbert would have scored all the bragging rights among his peers—but if she stormed out now, he would look like a total fool!

The room went quiet again and Jenifer's glistening green eyes flickered around the room. She really had to be considering fleeing at this point—but then all of her sacrifices so far would have gone to waste.

"Well, Jenny?" Herbert said. "Are you going to show everyone why you had an orgasm out there today?"

Jenifer took a trembling breath and put down the wine bottle. Then she stepped onto a vacant chair and clambered up onto the dining table. Herbert could have whooped with delight, but he managed to maintain his authoritarian demeanor in front of his fellow players.

"Now raise your dress, Jenny," Herbert prompted.

All eyes were locked on Jenifer as she lifted the hem of her dress and scrunched it up around her waist. The two round bumps in the front of her g-string were plain for everyone to see and the previously timid snickering now grew into open laughter. Jenifer looked up at the ceiling and rolled her eyes with embarrassment.

Bob Harrington might have realized that he was about to be five Benjamins down, but he still intended to get some entertainment out of it.

"So what does that prove?" he said. "I don't see any golf balls."

"You're right," Herbert said. "I was merely trying to spare Jenny's blushes, but if you insist—"

"I most certainly do!" Bob grinned. "I'm not paying up until I'm convinced she has a golf ball stuck inside her!"

"Well, in that case," Herbert said. "Jenny, please take off your g-string for Mr. Harrington."

Jenifer looked down at him and shook her head again. With her dress pulled up around her midriff, and her lips all pouty and red, she really looked like a dirty stripper up on that dining table—although the anguished expression in her eyes told a very different story!

"I can't!" she said in a barely audible whisper.

Herbert sensed that having gotten her up there, she would inevitably do as he asked—all she needed was a little push.

"Does that mean our deal is off?" he asked.

Jenifer glared down at him and for a second it looked as though she might kick him in the face—but Herbert had assessed her cornered mindset correctly again. Chewing her lip and lowering her eyes, Jenifer took hold of the thin waistband of her g-string and slowly pulled it down. Little by little, her damp pubic hair came into view, and then the first sticky white golf ball appeared, bobbling as it was gradually freed from the g-string, and then dropping to the table and bouncing toward Clifford. As she drew the g-string down her thighs, her inflamed cunt lips revealed themselves, and every single member of The Gentlemen's Club leaned forward in their chairs.

As Jenifer pulled the g-string down to her knees, the second golf ball settled inside the black gusset like a bird's egg in a nest. When she had the tiny garment around her ankles, Jenifer bent forward, and the golf ball that she had been carrying between her ass cheeks slipped free and bounced noisily along the table, coming to rest in front of Wendell James. Jenifer then worked the g-string over her tennis shoes and let it fall onto the dining table. She straightened up and placed her hands over her damp crotch.

She presented a bewitching sight, standing up on the table, naked from the waist down. Her face was a picture of shame and misery and Herbert decided in that moment that he was going to have her all to himself that very evening—but the show was still not over.

"I still don't see it," Bob Harrington said breathlessly.

Herbert said, "Jenny, please let Mr. Harrington see the hidden golf ball."

Closing her eyes, Jenifer began to part her labia with her fingers, but Leonard said, "Not like that—make her squeeze it out!"

Well, Herbert was not about to disappoint the very man who could do so much to help him with his discounted land investments, was he?

He said, “Jenny, put your hands behind your head and squat—pretend you are laying an egg.”

Jenifer opened her eyes and let out a whimper as she hesitantly raised her arms and bent her knees. Very slowly, she lowered herself, her strong thighs parting more and more, as her puffed up labia began to open. She focused on the opposite wall and a look of concentration settled upon her tortured features. She grunted and everybody watched in fascination as the hidden golf ball slowly emerged from between her bloated pink labia. As the little white ball gradually revealed itself, Jenifer parted her red lips and let out a deep moan, and then all of a sudden the ball dropped out of her, bounced on the table top, and plopped directly into Clifford West’s glass of wine!

CHAPTER TWENTY

After Mrs. Jenifer Marlow's astonishing golf ball show, the esteemed—and now slightly inebriated—members of The Gentlemen's Club moved to the lounge area of the East Room for the poker game. While the men played cards, the girls continued in their roles as hostesses, bringing snacks and drinks as required, giving neck massages, mopping brows with cold towels, whatever was asked of them. The random ass and tit grabbing continued, and if a girl was offered an alcoholic drink, she was expected to drink it all down. None of them looked overly appreciative of this boorish and chauvinistic behavior, but none of them complained—they all understood that it came with the territory.

Except for Jenifer, that was. She was going about her duties in a kind of shocked daze, as if she were still trying to fathom how she had materialized in this outdated, male dominated world. And although it was not uncommon for the hapless hostesses to find themselves in various states of undress as the men's behavior deteriorated, Jenifer had quickly become the easiest and most desirable target.

After folding early in the first hand, Leonard said to Herbert, "How about a few prop bets using our two girls as proxies?"

These side proposition bets were a common feature of the The Gentlemen's Club poker games, and the wagers could be based on anything from the mundane to the outrageous, depending on the level of drunken debauchery of the bettors. Given Leonard's almost obsessive fascination with Jenifer, Herbert had been ready and waiting for him to suggest this.

"Why not?" Herbert said. "What did you have in mind?"

"A few games of chance, some tests of skill, perhaps. Say, fifty dollars a bet?" said Leonard.

"Count me in," Herbert said.

"And the sponsor's girl has to pay a forfeit for each lost bet," Leonard added.

"Now you're talking!" Herbert grinned.

Leonard crooked his finger at Susan and she immediately moved away from Rueben Snyder's wayward hands and came around the poker table. Jenifer was hanging back near the minibar—which was understandable given that she was the only hostess not wearing any underwear! Herbert found it amusing that even though everybody present had already seen her wet pussy in great detail when she was up on the dining table, she still tugged down on her dress at every opportunity. Aphrodisiac lipstick or not, Mrs. Jenifer Marlow was clearly still very uncomfortable in her involuntary capacity as a rich man's sex object!

Herbert caught her eye and nodded his head and Jenifer shuffled around to join them. Now the two young hotties were standing beside their respective masters, which didn't go unnoticed among the other fellows as they played out the hand. Herbert sipped his drink and reveled in the jealous attention he was receiving—he was finally getting the recognition he deserved!

"Let's start off nice and simple," Leonard said, producing a pair of dice from his pocket and handing one to each of the girls. "High score wins."

After a brief hesitation, Susan dropped her die on the table.

"Five," said Leonard.

Jenifer was looking at the die in her hand and rolling her tongue around her lips again.

"Come on, dear," Leonard said, giving Jenifer's thigh a squeeze.

Jenifer jumped, and then threw the die.

"Two!" Leonard smiled. "Well done, Susan! You just won me fifty bucks!"

"So what is Jenifer's forfeit?" Herbert said.

"We'll keep that simple to begin with too," Leonard said. "A tequila shot, down the hatch in one."

"I-I don't really drink," Jenifer mumbled.

“I’m sure there are a lot of things you think you don’t do,” Leonard winked at her. “But you don’t get to make the rules, we do. Now go fetch that bottle.”

Herbert watched Jenifer’s sexy ass moving under the tight cocktail dress as she went back over to the minibar. No matter how much she might be trying to resist inside, with her blonde hair all shaggy and wild, her pouty red lips, and her big wobbling braless breasts, she looked every bit the brainless bimbo right now. Whatever would darling husband Scott say if he could see her right now?

So it begins, Herbert thought contentedly. And the night is still so very young!

Jenifer was awake but she kept her eyes shut. Her head was throbbing and she just knew that if she moved it would split in half! So she stayed perfectly still. Her mouth was dry and tasted of tequila. Vile stuff! She licked her lips and tasted that peculiar but moreish lipstick.

Lipstick. Tequila.

Now it was coming back to her. The country club! The golf course! Those golf balls! Then the poker game. Mr. Franklin and that disgusting old pig, Leonard. The increasingly humiliating forfeits. What an awful, degrading day!

At least she had made it home. She was safe here with Scott. No matter what those sexist pigs made her do, she could shut it out of her mind and get on with the marriage she was trying so hard to preserve. But the problem was she couldn’t shut it out. Her alcohol sodden brain insisted upon replaying the sordid scenes in vivid color, and the longer she lay there, the more shameful recollections it kept on digging up!

After a few enforced tequila shots, the challenges had started becoming more imaginative—as had the forfeits. Instead of rolling dice, Jenifer and Susan had been set little tasks and skill tests to complete—silly, ridiculous things, designed to belittle them in front of the poker players. There were still a lot of blanks in her memory, but she remembered having to serve drinks and snacks with a whiskey glass balanced on her head. Susan too. The first one to lose the glass had to take off her dress—

Oh God!

An image of Susan serving drinks in her underwear flashed through Jenifer’s mind. The smirking faces of the other fully dressed girls. The rude comments from the men. But then it had been Jenifer’s turn! She couldn’t recall how she had failed, only that she had been forced to take off the red cocktail dress in front of everybody! Then they had made her continue to serve drinks—stark naked! One by one, she again saw their leering, grinning faces as they had ogled her exposed breasts and crotch. Most of all, the faces of Mr. Franklin and revolting old Leonard—

No!

She had been walking outside arm in arm with Leonard, and she had still been naked, the cool night air bringing up goosebumps all over her body. But where had they been going? They had been on a shingled pathway lined with quaint little cottages.

Jenifer’s heart began to beat a little faster, but she remained absolutely still. Then she spread the fingers of her right hand and moved them over the sheets. Satin. Her sheets weren’t satin.

She tried to remember the ride home in Mr. Franklin’s Volvo S60—but she couldn’t.

You blacked out, that’s all. Mr. Franklin said he only needed you for the day.

She ran her hands over the satin sheets again. Then she cautiously opened her eyes. Her purse and phone were on a mahogany dresser. There was an unfamiliar oil painting on the wall.

She heard somebody cough beside her.

A man.

She could hear birds singing outside. It was daytime.
She wasn't in her own cozy bed with her husband, Scott.
Jenifer hadn't gone home!

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Herbert sat on the front porch of the country club guest cottage and sipped his coffee. Early morning dew glistened on the golf course as the sun rose behind the distant Cherry Hills. It was a beautiful view but Herbert wasn't looking at it. Instead, all of his attention was focused on the video playing on his MacBook Pro on the glass coffee table.

Herbert had brought his newly purchased mini camcorder along to secretly record yesterday's raunchy fun and games for prosperity. It had been a big risk, because if he had been found out he would most certainly have been kicked out of The Gentlemen's Club, and possibly incurred more serious retribution from the other players—legal or otherwise. These were all powerful men, and they had reputations to uphold in the outside world. Also, it had taken Herbert a long time to be accepted into their clandestine group, and trust was a big part of their culture.

Fuck them. Anyway, he had no interest in blackmailing the members of The Gentlemen's Club—that would surely come back to bite him in the ass. No, the sole purpose of taking this risk was to tighten his stranglehold on the exquisite young lady who was now sleeping in the bedroom behind him. Although the financial carrot of keeping her matrimonial home had so far been sufficient to keep Jenifer playing Herbert's naughty games, there always remained the possibility that she might balk at any time. If he pushed her too hard and too fast, she might just decide that it was no longer worth it.

But if he had blackmail material, that may very well be the game changer. Herbert had been bringing Jenifer down gradually, but now he wanted to accelerate her moral collapse. Yes, she had been obeying him so far, but there had to be a low point where she would finally say enough. Certainly, Jenifer's lewd performances yesterday had been nothing short of sensational, but she had been under the influence of the narcotic lipstick as well as quite a lot of alcohol, and she was bound to wake up today full of remorse for her wanton behavior.

That was why he intended to show her the racy movies that were playing on his MacBook right now. Somewhere in the back of Jenifer's mind, she was no doubt hoping to get through her ordeal without her husband, family, or friends ever finding out. Otherwise, why would she be putting up with all this? If she had an inkling that Herbert planned to keep her as his sex slave forever, she would undoubtedly disappear from his life like a shot. No, she had to be given hope. Carrot and stick. Her house was the carrot—and the Herbert's growing collection of sex films starring Mrs. Jenifer Marlow would now be the stick!

The mini camcorder set up had not been cheap, but due to the necessity to avoid detection, Herbert figured that the expense was justified. The supplier had been the same dubious character that had sold him the narcotic lipstick, and Herbert had been quite simply stunned by the sophisticated technology that was now available out there. After watching a mind boggling sales demonstration, Herbert had purchased a state of the art set up comprising several miniature eight by eight millimeter high definition lenses, all brilliantly concealed inside common objects of his choosing, and a small memory box that could store hours of recordings.

Holding back on his alcohol consumption in the East Room, Herbert had picked his moments to place a camera golf ball on the minibar, a camera pen on the dining table, and two more strategically placed golf balls to cover the poker table. Along with another camera in his shirt button, and one more in his watch, Herbert had wirelessly recorded enough footage of Jenifer's obscene performances to surely destroy her marriage and maybe even her life if they should ever go public!

As he perused an astonishingly detailed clip of Jenifer squeezing the golf ball out of her cunt, it occurred to Herbert that in the event Jenifer's fall from grace became public knowledge, there might be a point when she would no longer care, and this blackmail material would be rendered obsolete. But that eventuality was for the future. By then, if Herbert's master plan came to fruition, she would already

be divorced from Scott, all her self respect would be gone, and she would have totally accepted her well-known position as Mr. Herbert Franklin's nymphomaniac floozy!

Herbert touched an icon and a live image of sleeping Jenifer filled the screen. She was naked and lying on her side with her back to the hidden camera, the satin sheets covering her from the waist down. Herbert took his time studying her well shaped shoulders with her tangled golden hair cascading over the pillow. She had been totally out of it when he had finally got her back to the guest cottage, and because she was already naked, all he'd had to do was slip off her tennis shoes and roll her into bed. She had slept in the same position all night.

Herbert had poured himself a nightcap and propped himself up in bed next to her as she had gently snored. It had felt strangely warm and fuzzy to have the woman of his dreams sleeping beside him while he had examined his covert movies of her. It was as if they were a married couple, and his almost desperate desire to take her had subsided in the sudden realization that he could fuck her any time he wanted. Delayed gratification—that was the key. He was quite sure that he owned Mrs. Jenifer Marlow now, and he intended to savor the moment.

Not long after they had settled in for the night, Jenifer's phone had vibrated in her purse. Herbert had forbidden her to take it out on the golf course, and of course the crazy scenes that had unfolded during lunch and on through the evening had kept her far too preoccupied to attend to her messages. Herbert had gone over to the dresser and taken out Jenifer's phone. There were nine missed calls and three messages, all but one of them from Scott Marlow. Poor Jenifer had been kept so busy that she hadn't even had time to look at her phone, never mind answer his calls!

Herbert had scrolled through the messages, the last one from Scott telling Jenifer he was worried about her and to call him back as soon as possible. There was also another message from a woman called Kelly from the Sidewalk Boutique. Jenifer's boss, no doubt—and soon to be ex-boss! Herbert had set the phone to silent and returned it to the dresser before climbing back into bed. Then he had leaned over and kissed his sleeping beauty on her ruby red lips before continuing with his movie editing.

Now on his MacBook Pro, he saw the live version of Jenifer stirring under the sheets, her hand moving over the satin. Herbert basked for a moment in this voyeuristic moment, the blonde goddess awakening, a special moment hitherto reserved only for her husband. Well, the stupid schmuck had fucked up, and now Herbert was taking her away from him—forever.

He drained the last of his coffee, walked stealthily back inside, and slipped into bed beside her. She became still again and he wondered if her eyes were open. He deliberately coughed. She didn't move, but he sensed that she was now awake, hungover, and confused.

Herbert waited, the warmth and proximity of Jenifer's nude body bringing his cock to life. If she was awake, clearly she had no intention of initiating the first move. Fine. Herbert reached over and slowly drew the sheet down to her knees, exposing her awesome ass. Immediately, she reached down and yanked the sheet back up to her neck, but kept her back to him.

"Good morning," Herbert said. "Sleep well?"

"W-Where are we?" Jenifer said groggily.

"One of the country club guest houses," Herbert said.

"Why?"

"Because you were in such a mess last night that it was a miracle I even got you this far."

"But you were supposed to take me home!" Jenifer groaned.

"And I will this afternoon," Herbert said.

Now she turned to look at him and grimaced.

"This afternoon? I have to go back to my husband!"

"I don't think you are in any state to be talking to Scott, right now," Herbert said. "You stink of tequila."

"But you made me drink it!" Jenifer moaned.

“Well, do you really want to explain that to him?” Herbert said.

“No, but I have to go home,” Jenifer said weakly. “I told him I’d be back last night. He’ll be worried.”

“He is,” Herbert said. “There are a bunch of missed calls on your phone.”

“Oh!”

Jenifer raised herself up onto her elbows and quickly put her head in her hands.

“You’d better call him and tell him you are okay,” Herbert said.

“He’ll be angry with me,” Jenifer said quickly. “What can I tell him?”

“Tell him you were serving drinks naked for a group of rich businessmen,” Herbert suggested.

“Oh, God!”

“Or you can message him and tell him you will be home later,” Herbert said. “That will give you time to think of an alibi.”

“I don’t need an alibi!” Jenifer said into her hands. “I haven’t done anything wrong!”

“Really?” Herbert said. “Then I think you need to take a shower while I fix a couple of Bloody Marys”

“Ugh! Oh, please!”

“And then come and join me on the porch.”

“But I have to go home, right now!”

“No, Jenny Pickett. You have to come and look at the dirty movie on my laptop—after that, you can make up your mind what you want to do.”

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Showered and swathed in a thick toweling robe, Jenifer went out to the front porch. Mr. Franklin was sitting at the coffee table, upon which sat his laptop and two Bloody Marys.

“Feeling better?” he said.

Jenifer sat and looked at the fiery red cocktail with distaste.

“I feel like shit,” she moaned.

“Drink up,” Mr. Franklin said. “Hair of the dog. You’ll feel better.”

“Can’t I just have a coffee?”

Mr. Franklin raised his glass.

“Drink up, Jenny.”

With a sigh, Jenifer picked up her drink and they clinked glasses.

It tasted spicy and good, and she downed it in one go. She immediately felt more alert as she looked out over the golf course, and a shiver ran down her spine.

“Did you put on more lipstick after your shower?” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer looked at her empty glass and saw a bright red imprint of her lips on the rim.

“I-I don’t remember,” she said truthfully.

Mr. Franklin chuckled and took her glass out of her hand.

“I’ll fix you another. You look like you still need it.”

“When are we going home?” Jenifer asked.

“This evening,” Mr. Franklin said.

“But what about my—?”

“Call him. Text him. Make an excuse. I want you to stay with me today. Remember—we have a deal.”

How could she forget?

Mr. Franklin went inside and Jenifer picked up her phone. She looked at Scott’s anxious messages and her heart wrenched. She considered calling him, but she really didn’t know what to say. He was bound to interrogate her about yesterday, and with good reason. She simply couldn’t face that just yet. She needed to think of a plausible excuse. She tapped out a message explaining that she had been roped into another function for the boutique. She signed off with a bunch of kisses and told him she would see him this evening.

Poor Scott. If he only knew!

The problem was Jenifer didn’t know all of it herself. She really had been out of it. She looked at Mr. Franklin’s laptop. He’d said there was a dirty movie she needed to see. Jenifer shuddered. She really didn’t want to see this but she felt she had to know all the details. She didn’t want any unpleasant surprises coming back on her after this was all over.

“There you go,” Mr. Franklin said.

She glanced up at him as he put down two more fresh Bloody Marys. God, how she despised this unattractive old bastard right now! He was behaving as if they were a pair of lovers! Jenifer was a married woman, for Christ’s sake! Now she glanced at him as they touched glasses again. She had just woken up naked in the same bed as him! Did she let him touch her during the night? Dear Lord, she hoped not!

She sipped her drink slowly this time, and said, “How did I—?”

“How did you end up in my bed?” Mr. Franklin grinned. “As I said, you could barely walk.”

Jenifer took another sip and steeled herself to ask the next question.

“Did anything—happen in there?”

“Where?” Mr. Franklin asked innocently.

Jenifer cautiously nodded back toward the bedroom. “In there.”

“God, no! You were like a corpse!” Mr. Franklin chuckled.

Jenifer breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

“But plenty happened before I took you back here,” Mr. Franklin said. “And I got it all on film—want to take a look?”

Jenifer’s shoulders tensed and she drained her glass.

“Fix me another Bloody Mary first,” she said.

It wasn’t the most cleanly edited video, but Herbert had managed to cobble all the clips together in the chronologically correct order. More important, most of the footage was sharp and well focused—and there would be no doubt about the identity of its star performer should he ever have the need to release it online!

As they sat side by side watching the high definition color replay of the previous night’s debauched antics, Herbert’s eyes flitted back and forth between the computer screen and Jenifer’s increasingly horrified face. He remembered every minute of it of course, but for Jenifer, a lot of this was a very unpleasant revelation as the blank spots in her drunken memory were being so cruelly filled in!

The video clips started out on the golf course with the wind lifting Jenifer’s short cocktail dress and giving everyone a glimpse of her tiny black g-string. Then there was a spectacular shot of her running toward the deep rough with her dress bunched up around her waist, her exquisite buttocks wobbling as she disappeared into the distance. The next segment showed her running back to them with a lost golf ball in her fist, her big breasts bouncing beautifully under her dress, and her pouting lips glossy with a new coating of red lipstick!

Then came the close up scenes of Leonard pushing the golf balls down her g-string, and more shots of her scampering to and from the long grass with a far more awkward gait than before—followed by Jenifer’s knee trembling orgasm in front of Clifford West and Bob Harrington!

The next scenes were taken at lunch in the East Room, culminating with Jenifer removing her g-string and squeezing the golf ball out of her cunt into Clifford’s wine glass!

At this point, Jenifer put her hand to her mouth and groaned.

“Do you remember all of this?” Herbert said.

Jenifer nodded, a pained expression on her face.

“Another drink?” Herbert said.

Jenifer didn’t answer—the video footage had moved on to the poker game. When he returned with two strong martinis, the computer screen was showing Jenifer standing naked beside Leonard, and Susan in her bra and panties beside Herbert. The poker game was still in progress at this point, Herbert recalled, but it was beginning to disintegrate as more of the females were being pressed into removing items of clothing.

Jenifer had been forced to consume a fair amount of tequila by now, and her lovely green eyes were looking a little glazed. She was constantly running her pink tongue around her lips too, and her puffy brown nipples looked as hard as bullets. Herbert glanced at Jenifer and from the mortified expression on her face, he guessed this must have been about the time when her memory had started failing her—Herbert however, remembered this part all too well!

Leonard had been angling to get at Jenifer since he had first laid eyes on her in the morning, and with a fair few cocktails inside him, the filthy old pervert was gambling recklessly both at the poker

table and with his side bets—cut to the next scene of naked Jenifer serving drinks with Leonard’s underpants covering her face with just her eyes peeking out of the leg holes!

“Oh, no,” Jenifer said weakly, and drained her martini glass.

Herbert went back inside to make one more for Jenifer—he was feeling a little tipsy himself right now—and took her lipstick from her purse. It was half used already, and he guessed that she was putting it on without even thinking about it. Perfect. He wanted Mrs. Jenifer Marlow kept in a permanent state of heat—as well as irreversibly addicted to the aphrodisiac lipstick that was causing it!

Back out on the balcony, Jenifer was watching the next video through her fingers. On screen, Leonard was now naked from the waist down, his chair pushed back from the poker table, his small, fat cock erect. Jenifer was on her hands and knees, holding his left foot in her hand and sucking on his toes.

“That can’t be me!” Jenifer quietly moaned.

“Certainly looks like you,” Herbert grinned.

In the next scene she was straddling Leonard’s lap, her wet cunt sliding up and down his penis while she jammed her tongue into the old lechers mouth. The narcotic lipstick and the tequila must have totally overwhelmed her by this stage of the evening, and Jenifer was behaving like the whore that Herbert intended for her to permanently become!

“Oh, dear God!” Jenifer gasped.

“Keep watching, you naughty girl,” Herbert said. “It gets better!”

Inevitably, the next segment showed twenty three year old Mrs. Jenifer Marlow on her knees between the flabby thighs of seventy eight year old Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes—with his small but very erect penis inside her mouth! The image was a little jerky at first because Herbert had needed to shuffle back on his chair, but there could be no mistaking the identity of either of the performers in this obscene porn clip! If Herbert ever had to use it online, he could always blur out Leonard's face, but Jenifer’s red, slurping lips, misty green eyes, and tousled blonde hair were all beautifully captured in vivid color!

Herbert stopped the video and Jenifer automatically reached for her lipstick which Herbert had left beside her drink. She slid the red, waxy pigment back and forth over her lips, and then took a long drink of her martini. Then she belched.

“I can’t believe it,” she finally said.

“It all happened, I promise,” Herbert said.

“With that disgusting old man?”

“And you swallowed his semen,” Herbert said. “Would you like to see?”

“No!”

“I don’t think Scott would like to see it, either,” Herbert said.

Jenifer looked at him. “What does that mean?”

“Why do you think I went to the trouble to film all of this?”

“I-I don’t know—”

“Are you sure?” Herbert said. “Jenifer, you’ve been doing really well so far, but I want to take our relationship a bit further.”

“Our relationship?” Jenifer said.

“Yes. Boss and trainee assistant. Mature executive and brainless mistress. Master and slave.”

Jenifer narrowed her eyes.

“What are you saying?”

“Well, I’ll make it simple for you,” Herbert said. “Today, you and I are going to fuck—among other things.”

A tear escaped Jenifer’s eye, as she said, “B-But I’m married.”

“You knew this was going to happen,” Herbert said.

Jenifer glanced at the screen displaying a video still of her sucking off Leonard.

“I don’t think I can,” she said.

“In that case, the loan moratorium for your husband will be canceled, and your pornographic videos will be leaked onto the internet,” Herbert said.

Jenifer looked out over the golf course with wide, moist eyes, and at that moment she looked irresistible to him.

“When?” she whispered.

Herbert closed the laptop.

“Right now, Jenny Pickett,” he said. “Let’s go into the bedroom.”

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Herbert went inside and put his travel bag on the bed. Jenifer didn't immediately follow him—no doubt anxiously contemplating this imminent moment of truth in her young life. Was she working up the courage or was she considering making a run for it across the golf course? Herbert tried to imagine what must be going through her pretty little head right now. Up to this point, she could probably morally justify her actions in that she was trying to save her home and help her husband. She could also take some solace from the fact that Herbert was coercing her, and that on the inside she still remained the same loyal wife to Scott that she had always been.

But this moment had to feel different. Yes, she was being blackmailed and there was a high likelihood that her marriage would be destroyed if the video clips ever became public—but the stark fact remained that she still had a choice here. All that counted in this moment was that she was a young office assistant on a trip with her boss, and that he had just invited her to have sex with him—that was the reality of her situation. He wasn't putting a gun to her head or physically restraining her and if she refused, Herbert would have to accept that. But if she came into the bedroom with him now, ultimately it would be her decision—which is most likely what she was mulling over right now.

Herbert unzipped the bag and looked at the items he had purchased especially for this trip. His cock thickened and he gulped with anticipation. If Jenifer thought he merely wanted conventional sex with her, then she still didn't understand him at all!

A minute ticked by and Herbert again wondered if he might have misjudged her mindset. Was it possible that she had finally reached her tipping point? After all, if she allowed Herbert to have his way with her today, then there could be no pretense later that it had never happened—the dirty deed would have been done!

He was just about to go back outside when Jenifer appeared in the doorway. She looked like she had shed a tear or two and her eyeliner was slightly smudged—although her glossy red lipstick looked as though it had just received another coat! She stood there staring at him for a moment, her green eyes almost glowing with animosity. Herbert couldn't tell whether she was going to fuck him or kill him. He waited for her to say something but she just looked at him.

Okay, time to reassert my authority, he thought. *Here goes nothing.*

“Lose the robe,” he said.

Jenifer hesitated and then untied the belt.

Yes! I have her!

Herbert waited as Jenifer took hold of the two sides of the robe and paused again. The tension between them was palpable. They both knew that by the simple act of stripping for him, she would be accepting total defeat, offering herself to him completely. With a shuddering sigh, Jenifer finally shrugged out of her bathrobe, letting it fall in a pile around her feet. She immediately brought her left arm across her breasts and placed her right hand over her crotch.

“Put your arms behind your back,” Herbert said quietly.

Jenifer looked away and her cheeks bloomed as she reluctantly moved her arms behind her. Herbert's heart quickened as he ogled her superb nude figure. He thought back to the day he had first spotted her in the bank—never in his wildest dreams back then had he expected to one day have her strip naked for him.

His hard-on threatened to poke through the gap in his robe, but he didn't care. He dipped his hand into the bag and picked out the red dog collar he had purchased from an online pet shop. Jenifer continued to look pointedly at the wall as he approached her. It was only when he raised the dog collar

to her neck that she turned to see what he was doing, and as soon as she realized what it was, she put her hands up and stepped away.

“What are you doing?” she cried.

There was no other way to explain it, so Herbert said, “I’m putting a dog collar on you.”

Jenifer looked at him, aghast. “No, you are fucking not!”

Herbert counted silently to three. He had anticipated that there would still be some resistance in her—particularly each time he ratcheted up the perv level of their games. He decided it would be easiest to spell it out for her.

He said, “If you don’t do everything I say, I will post those videos of you online—and I will send a link to your husband’s email.”

Jenifer’s luscious mouth fell open.

“You wouldn’t do that!”

“I thought you already understood,” Herbert said.

“Yes, but—”

“No buts,” Herbert said. “Either we do this my way, right now, or you can leave and our deal is off.”

Jenifer’s mouth turned down and her eyes began to tear up again.

“B-But I thought you just wanted sex?”

“Oh, I do, but I also want so much more from you,” Herbert said.

“W-What?”

Herbert held up the dog collar.

“I want you to be my bitch, Jenny Pickett!”

He watched Jenifer’s horrified face as she tried to process this information.

“I don’t—”

“Put your hands back down by your sides.”

“Please—”

“Now!”

Jenifer sniffled and then lowered her arms. Now Herbert’s erection did stick out of his robe—and it was pointing directly at Jenifer’s sweet cunt!

He raised the dog collar again and Jenifer flinched but this time stayed in place. He brushed her blonde locks away as he placed the collar around her neck and then buckled it securely. Jenifer sniffled as Herbert stood back and admired her—evidently this was the first time the young lady had ever worn a dog collar!

“Don’t move,” Herbert said.

He went back to his bag and took out the covert miniature cameras he had previously used in the East Room. Then he went around the bedroom and living room, placing them so that every part of the guest cottage was covered. All the time, Jenifer watched him with wide eyes, looking quite delightful wearing nothing but her new dog collar!

After setting the cameras and switching on the wireless memory drive, Herbert went back to his travel bag and took out a stainless steel leash. Jenifer’s round eyes locked on the shiny chain as he approached her, but this time she said nothing. The ground rules had been set. She had made the decision to stay. Herbert believed that he was now back in full control.

He stood directly in front of her but she couldn’t look him in the eye. He clipped the leash to the collar and then let it hang between her generous breasts. He could smell her alcohol sweet breath on his face and her rosebud lips seemed to be puffier and fuller than before.

Herbert took hold of the leash handle and said, “Get down on all fours, Jenny.”

With a little mewl of discontent, Jenifer slowly dropped to her knees and then leaned forward and put her hands down on the carpet. Herbert looked down at the curve of her spine, the twin orbs of her

buttocks, the pink soles of her feet. Somewhere out there in suburbia, her husband was anxiously wondering what his lovely young wife was doing right now.

Poor, stupid, fool!

“Up on your toes, Jenny Pickett,” Herbert said. “We’re going for a little walk.”

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

After her initial revulsion and resistance, Mrs. Jenifer Marlow began to respond to obedience school rather well. It helped that Herbert had also procured a menacing—and apparently rather painful—leather flogger from an online sex shop.

After a couple of swift swipes across her upended ass, Jenifer finally agreed to crawl around the guest cottage on her hands and tiptoes, her damp cunt nicely on display between her swaying buns. They did a few circuits, Herbert leading his bitch by her leash, Jenifer's grunts and moans signaling her distress at this latest indignity. For his part, Herbert could not have been happier, leading a hot as fuck happily married woman around on the end of a dog leash!

They got back to the bedroom, and Herbert said, "Stay!"

And Jenifer indeed stayed up on her hands and toes.

Wow!

His excitement reaching fever pitch, Herbert went to his travel bag and took out a bone shaped doggie chew stick.

"Get up in a crouch," Herbert said.

Still down on all fours, Jenifer raised her head and looked at him.

"Beg, bitch!" Herbert said.

It took a second or two, but very slowly, Jenifer raised up onto her haunches and squatted in front of him. Herbert visually devoured every inch of her—she had even raised her hands like a begging pooch!

"Open your mouth," he said.

A frown creased Jenifer's brow as she parted her lips and Herbert placed the doggie chew on her tongue.

"Bite down on it—and don't drop it!"

Mrs. Jenifer Marlow duly clamped her teeth around the doggie chew. She didn't look at all happy about it, but nevertheless she had done it! What a delectable vision!

"Let's take another little walk," Herbert said. "But this time I want you to stay up in the begging position."

Jenifer didn't seem to quite understand this command and she leaned forward and placed her palms on the carpet. Herbert gave her a wack across the ass with the flogger and she squealed around her doggie chew.

"Keep squatting with your paws up!" Herbert said.

Jenifer snorted through her nostrils and a trickle of saliva escaped the corner of her mouth as she assumed the humbling position. Herbert nearly ejaculated at the sight of her!

"And walk," Herbert said hoarsely.

Again, Jenifer seemed not to get it, so Herbert gave her another swat with the flogger—this time right across her perfect breasts.

"Ngh!"

She wobbled on her toes but didn't fall over. Herbert tugged on her leash and she took a tentative step forward. He pulled again and watched the muscles in her thighs flexing as she staggered along, more drool coming out of her mouth as she concentrated on her balance, her hands balled into fists on either side of her head. They went through to the living room, Herbert leading with the leash, Jenifer following on her haunches, huffing a little around the wet doggie chew as they circled the dining table.

"And stay," Herbert said.

Jenifer did exactly as she was told, crouching naked, her leash dangling between her big tits as Herbert went back to his travel bag. He rifled around among his little treasure trove of sex toys and

located an extremely realistic flesh colored suction cup eight inch dildo. In the days leading up to this little trip, Herbert had loosely played out a lot of these scenarios in his head. Even though he was now almost certain that he had snuffed out any remaining fight in Jenifer Marlow, he still couldn't quite believe that this was all manifesting exactly how he had planned it!

Returning to the dining room, he was pleased to see that his little bitch was still squatting on the floor for him. Her eyes instantly locked onto the dildo in his hand and she let out a little whimper. Trying to keep his own excitement under control, Herbert planted the dildo in the middle of the dining table and pressed down so that the suction cup was well and truly stuck in place. He stood back and admired the big, pink, silicone cock sticking proudly up in the middle of the walnut dining table. Then he looked down at his bitch.

“Up!”

Jenifer's emotional pain was clearly displayed in her shining green eyes—shame, guilt, fear, outrage, it was all there, and Herbert relished every second of it! Apart from that, his doggy bitch responded immediately to his sharp command, clambering up onto the chair he had just pulled out and then up onto the table.

Herbert inhaled her sexy scent, noting her inflamed and damp labia and erect nipples—all a result of the narcotic aphrodisiac that thickly coated her velvety, red lips.

“Good girl!” Herbert said. “And sit.”

Now she wavered. He hadn't expressly told her where to sit, but that had been deliberate. He wanted her to figure it out for herself. Do it of her own volition. Far more humiliating for the young wife. More tears welled up in Jenifer's eyes as she shuffled back toward the big fat dildo. She had to know what was required of her, but now her thighs began to tremble and Herbert could hear more pitiful whinnying from around the doggie chew. She inched further toward the fat round cockhead of the dildo, her cunt lips glistening with her dew. Herbert reached over and unclipped the leash so that he would have an unimpeded view. Jenifer shuffled her bare feet a little more on the shiny walnut wood finish, the dildo now just beneath her cunt.

There was a knock at the door.

Jenifer froze.

Herbert said, “When I come back, I expect you to be fucking yourself on the dildo—and I want you to keep going until you come. Everything is being filmed and recorded, by the way. The more disgusting sex shows you perform, the more blackmail material I have to use against you!”

Leaving his tearful, blushing doggy bitch poised above the suction dildo, Herbert went to answer the door.

There was a mirror on the wall directly opposite, and Jenifer stared dumbly at her reflection. Was that really her crouching naked over a rubber dildo, with a dog collar around her neck, and a doggy chew jammed between her bright red lips? How had she allowed that sadistic swine to drag her down to this level so quickly?

After watching those mortifying video clips on Mr. Franklin's laptop, there had been no doubt at all in Jenifer's mind that she had to continue playing his games, no matter how despicable they might be. She had come too far to throw everything away now. Even so, nothing had prepared her for this abnormal scenario. Now she was his dog? What the hell was wrong with this man? And he was filming it all!

She heard voices in the hallway, and remembering his perverted instructions, slowly lowered herself onto the dildo. She still didn't quite understand why she was in such a perpetual state of heat,

but her vagina was easily wet enough to slip over the bulbous rubber head. She wanted to look away, but for some reason she kept on looking at herself in the mirror as she gradually slid down the thick rubber shaft. Her aching legs and gravity did the rest, and Jenifer glided down until her labia were touching the big artificial balls at the base. She grunted and bit down on the doggy chew. Why was she so horny?

He said I have to come. I don't want to, but he said I must!

As Jenifer began to work her way up and down the dildo, her thoughts involuntarily turned to Scott and she guiltily wondered what he was doing right now. He might be pacing the floor in their shared home, worried sick about Jenifer—alternatively, now that the financial pressure had been lifted, he might be out sinking a few beers with the guys. In his worst nightmares, he would never have been able to imagine what his faithful wife was doing right now, that was for sure!

Jenifer closed her eyes as she bounced faster up and down the thick artificial shaft. She knew she was being filmed, but her physical need was taking over. She picked up her tempo, listening to the vulgar squelching sound of her sopping cunt. She didn't know if she was supposed to wait to come in front of Mr. Franklin, but her body was fully in control now. She tried to stop but she couldn't even make herself slow down!

“Uh! Oh!”

Her climax rushed through her and she threw her head back, still pumping the dildo furiously. She jerked and rocked forward and opened her eyes—and standing there right in front of her were Mr. Franklin and old Leonard, both of them stark naked!

Jenifer gasped with shock and the doggy chew dropped out of her mouth, bounced once on the table, and landed on the carpet. A myriad of emotions whirled around her head as her climax slowly subsided. She had just experienced one of the most powerful orgasms of her life, but her ecstasy was quickly tinged with shame and guilt as the two old lechers pointed their erect cocks at her.

“Jenny, shame on you!” Mr. Franklin said. “You were supposed to wait—now you'll have to do it all over again.”

“I—huh, what?” Jenifer panted.

“Leonard wants to watch you come,” Mr. Franklin said. “So you'd better start riding that dildo again.”

What? Is he insane?

“P-Please! I'm tired!” Jenny moaned.

“And why did you drop the doggy chew when I expressly forbade it?” Mr. Franklin said.

“Maybe she wants a real bone?” Leonard said, shaking his short, fat cock at her.

“Is that right, Jenny?” Mr. Franklin said. “Are you gagging for some old man's cock?”

Jenifer shook her head even as she realized that she was slowly pumping the dildo again.

“Why not?” Leonard smiled. “You wanted it plenty last night!”

Jenifer painfully recalled the video clip of her kneeling between Leonard's knees. She still couldn't believe that she had actually sucked this disgusting old man's penis!

“I-I was drunk! I didn't mean to do it!” she whined.

“It sure looked like you were enjoying it on the video clip,” Mr. Franklin said. “Say, why don't I send it to your husband and ask him what he thinks about it?”

“No!”

“Or maybe I should send him a video of his beloved, dog collared wife sitting on a dildo? How would you explain that away?”

“You made me do it!” Jenifer sobbed, still grinding herself on the dildo.

“But we just caught you having an orgasm all by yourself,” Mr. Franklin said.

“T-There's something in the lipstick!” Jenifer whined. “You drugged me!”

“Who keeps putting it on? I only told you to apply it once—not every half hour!” Mr. Franklin chuckled.

Jenifer had no idea why she was fighting him. There was no way she could explain her disgusting performance on the video to Scott. Mr. Franklin now had her totally trapped. She didn't answer his taunting question—there was no point in arguing anymore.

“Now, I'll ask you one more time,” Mr. Franklin said. “Do you enjoy sucking old men's cocks?”

Blinking away another tear, Jenifer muttered, “Yes.”

Mr. Franklin said, “That doesn't sound very convincing, does it Leonard?”

“No it doesn't,” Leonard agreed.

“Maybe the flogger will spur her enthusiasm,” Mr. Franklin said.

“No, please don't!” said Jenifer. “I-I like sucking old men's cocks!”

“You only like it?” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer had to force the words out. “I-I love it.”

“Is that so? And whose cocks do you want to suck right now?”

Drawing a deep breath, Jenifer said, “Yours.”

Mr. Franklin raised his eyebrows and waited.

Feeling sick to her stomach, Jenifer said, “I want to suck your cock, Mr. Franklin.”

“And?”

“And I want to suck Leonard's cock.”

Mr. Franklin said, “What do you think, Leonard?”

“I don't know,” Leonard said. “Maybe if she asks us nicely.”

What? Now I have to ask nicely?

The two naked old men waited patiently while Jenifer agonizingly summoned up the demeaning words.

“P-Please may I suck your cocks?”

“Say it louder for the cameras,” Mr. Franklin said.

“P-Please may I suck your cock, Mr. Franklin? Please may I suck your cock, Leonard?” Jenifer sobbed miserably.

Incredibly, Mr. Franklin said, “We'll see. Maybe if you are a good doggy bitch—now ride that dildo and make yourself come!”

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

Poor Jenifer came alright! Herbert watched in fascination as her blushing face first contorted with carnal rapture and then crumpled into tears of shame and self loathing!

“You disgusting slut!” Herbert said. “What would your husband think if he could see you now?”

“P-Please don’t say that!” Jenifer wailed.

“Why not?” Herbert said. “You’re a dirty bitch, aren’t you?”

“Y-Yes,” Jenifer sobbed.

“And what does the bitch want to do now?”

“I-I want to—please may I suck your cocks?”

“Then get off that table and beg, bitch!”

Giving Herbert a reproachful look, the sniffing young blonde disengaged herself from the dildo with an audible popping sound. As she clambered down to the floor, Herbert slid the dildo off the edge of the table and then stuck it to the door.

Jenifer was on her knees, her shoulders shaking, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I said beg!” Herbert shouted. “Have you learned nothing from this morning’s training session?”

Jenifer actually jumped at the sound of his voice and immediately reassumed her begging posture, squatting on her toes on the floor, with her fists up and her face just inches from Leonard’s erect little cock.

“How else do doggies beg?” Herbert said to her.

She looked up at him with tear-filled eyes, and said, “I-I don’t know.”

“They pant,” Herbert said. “I want to see you pant for Leonard like a good bitch.”

Jenifer closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and poked her tongue out into a little point.

“Not like that,” said Herbert. “Stick your tongue all the way out—and open your eyes and look up at Leonard.”

Jenifer reluctantly obeyed, her pink tongue now flattened over her chin and her anguished eyes looking up at old Leonard.

“Pant,” Herbert said.

So Jenifer panted, her tongue almost touching the tip of Leonard’s penis, a trickle of saliva running down her chin. Even though he was capturing all of this on his spy cameras, it was such a visually stimulating scene that Herbert fetched his phone and took a good long close-up video clip of Jenifer begging for an old man’s cock!

After watching the once dignified Mrs. Jenifer Marlow panting like a dog for a good two minutes, Herbert said, “Well, Leonard? Does Jenny deserve to suck your dick?”

“I guess so,” Leonard said, and he inched forward and placed his glans on Jenifer’s tongue.

Jenifer made her trademark whining sound and her shoulders jerked, but to Herbert’s delight she stayed where she was, still panting, as Leonard wiped his cockhead around her ruby lips.

“Suck the bone, Jenny,” Herbert said, now stroking his own erect shaft.

Jenifer briefly hesitated, no doubt recalling the video of her sucking this very same seventy-eight year old penis at the poker table, and then she slowly wrapped her lips around it. Still squatting, Jenifer pushed her face under Leonard’s fat belly as she began to move her head back and forth.

While Jenifer was busily working her mouth up and down Leonard’s manhood, Herbert moved around behind her and said, “Heel!”

With the help of the stinging flogger, Jenifer had learned to respond quickly to Herbert’s commands and she instinctively raised herself up onto her feet, but pulled her mouth off Leonard’s cock.

“Keep sucking the bone,” Herbert said, grabbing her by the waist.

Ever since he had first laid eyes on this delectable creature, Herbert had fantasized about fucking her. After trapping her into becoming his unwilling assistant, he believed that fantasy could become a reality, and as he had drawn her deeper into his web, it had only been a matter of when he would decide to take her. An aficionado of delayed gratification, Herbert had deliberately bided his time, pondering when, where, and how their first coupling would take place.

After watching Leonard's face as Jenifer had sucked him off at the poker table, Herbert had figured the old lecher would almost certainly want to come back for more. That was why Herbert had decided to finally fuck Jenifer this morning. She belonged to him, and although he was not in a position to deny old Leonard, he was determined that he would get stuck up Jenifer's cunt first.

But the rich old bastard had taken him by surprise, and Herbert realized that if he didn't act now, Leonard would be sticking his little sausage into Mrs. Jenifer Marlow first. Herbert had stage managed Jenifer's performance as best he could, and although it wasn't quite as he would have imagined, he simply dared not let this opportunity pass.

Herbert placed his cockhead against Jenifer's swollen labia and she squealed around Leonard's penis. She wiggled her ass, realizing what was about to happen as Herbert gripped her waist tighter.

"Stay," he warned her.

He nudged himself forward, parting her well lubricated lips with ease, and she emitted another muffled protest. As he pushed deeper into her, Herbert caught Leonard's eye, and a silent understanding passed between them. The older man knew that he had been outmaneuvered, but what could he do about it now? Herbert was already half way inside the unfortunate young woman!

Leonard gave Herbert a sardonic smile and grabbed onto Jenifer's collar as she squirmed to get free. Then Herbert braced his legs and shoved his cock all the way up Mrs. Marlow's wet cunt.

Paradise found at last!

Although Herbert was an almost obsessive porn watcher, he hadn't actually had sex with a woman in many years, and even though he had been forced by circumstances to share Jenifer today, he still intended to make the most of this landmark occasion!

Preferring not to dwell on Leonard's ugly face opposite, Herbert parted Jenifer's whipped ass cheeks and examined her cute little brown butthole. He was willing to bet that Scott Marlow had never invaded that sacred place! But now that he had secured total dominion over her, Herbert very much intended to learn the pleasures of anal sex along with his reluctant partner. Indeed, they were going to embark on a carnal voyage of discovery, experimenting with every conceivable fetish and perversion that Herbert had jerked off to in front of his computer! In time, Jenifer would hopefully become quite proficient in a whole array of deviant X-rated acts—and she would come to accept Herbert as her only true sexual partner.

Herbert watched his hard cock sliding in and out of Jenifer's slick twat. Even as juiced up as she was, her vaginal walls kept a firm grip on his shaft and he had to slow down to keep from shooting his load too early. He had taken a Cialis tablet first thing in the morning just in case, but the sensation of his bare cock against her snug vaginal wall felt so exquisite that his performance enhancing drug had probably been unnecessary.

He kept his head down and focused on his strokes, pulling almost all the way out and then giving three or four shallow strokes followed by a deep one that forced a muted grunt out of Jenifer at the other end. Herbert had watched and read about sex far more than he had ever practiced it, and he found it ironic that he was the dominant in their forced carnal relationship, given that Jenifer was probably getting it from her young husband on a regular basis. He wondered if Scott was any good, or had he, after two years of marriage, grown bored with servicing his wife? Maybe Jenifer had become used to a monotonous missionary position and despite her guilt and shame, she might actually be getting turned on by Herbert's ministrations. Her sopping cunt told him that her body was certainly responding—although that was hardly surprising given she was turbocharged by the aphrodisiac lipstick and she had just fucked herself on an eight inch dildo!

Leonard grunted loudly, and Herbert looked up at the repugnant old man's twisted features as he shot his load into Jenifer's mouth. The woeful young woman shrieked around his cock, but because Leonard was tightly holding onto her dog collar, she couldn't pull away.

"And swallow!" Herbert growled as he picked up the pace at his end.

Jenifer warbled something unintelligible and Herbert swatted her ass with his open palm. She yelped, gulped, and then gagged as Leonard finally withdrew his cock from her mouth. Now it was Herbert's turn, and he started banging her hard, his thighs slapping against her lovely buns. Without Leonard to support her, Jenifer braced her arms with her hands on the floor as Herbert hammered away at her doggy style. Then the most wondrous thing happened—as Herbert ejaculated into her, Jenifer squealed, groaned and gasped and her whole body twitched and jerked.

"No! No! No!" Jenifer cried, lifting her head and arching her back.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Leonard, now slumped on the couch. "I do believe you just made the horny bitch come!"

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

Jenifer was sullen and silent during the ride back into town.

“You did a good job back there,” Herbert said. “I mean with Leonard and the others. You made a very good impression, and I made some good business deals—largely thanks to you.”

Jenifer rested her head against the side window and stayed quiet. She was still wearing the same red cocktail dress, her purse sat in her lap, and clasped in her right hand was the tube of lipstick.

“You can have another one of those, if you like,” Herbert said. “Consider it a payment for a job well done.”

Jenifer shifted in her seat and glowered at the passing countryside.

“And don’t forget that you still have your house,” Herbert added.

She snorted and closed her eyes.

Herbert grinned to himself.

Are we having our first lovers tiff?

It felt a bit weird now that they had physically consummated their relationship. Herbert certainly felt as though he knew Jenifer a lot better—in more ways than one! It was almost as if they were a married couple. He wondered if Jenifer felt it too. It was funny how the act of sexual intercourse changed the whole dynamic between a man and a woman. It had been so long, Herbert had almost forgotten what it felt like—that fuzzy afterglow. And now he could have it as much as he wanted. Jenifer didn’t seem quite so contented, however.

“I don’t know what you’re being so moody about,” Herbert said. “You seemed to be having a pretty good time yourself today.”

Jenifer sniffed and uncapped the tube of lipstick. As she ran it over her lips, Herbert noted that it was almost finished. The truth was, of course, that although Jenifer’s chemically altered body had responded positively to the sex games that Herbert and Leonard had subjected her to, she had quite obviously hated every minute of it on an emotional and intellectual level. He supposed that was understandable given that she was still very much in love with and—until today—loyal to her husband. But it was precisely Jenifer’s abhorrence and humiliation that turned Herbert on the most. Of course he didn’t expect her to be attracted to him. On the contrary, he reveled in the fact that she loathed him but still had to submit to his will. And yet he now had the biological mechanism in place to practically make her come on demand! Talk about control!

After they had spit roasted Jenifer in the guest house dining room, Herbert and Leonard had turned their attention back to her puppy training. First, they had made her fuck herself on the dildo again, this time with it stuck to the door so she had to take it doggy style—naturally! After her third orgasm of the day, Leonard had clipped her leash to her collar and taken her for a few circuits around the guest cottage with the doggy chew once more clamped between her teeth, and Herbert had following behind with the flogger to make sure that she stayed up on her toes and showed off her ass.

Then they had played fetch, the two older men tossing the doggy chew to various parts of the room with Jenifer scurrying around on all fours to collect the chew between her teeth. After that little game, they had taken her to the bedroom and simply fucked her for the rest of the afternoon. Leonard first, then Herbert again, then the three of them together, using every position they were bodily capable of. By mid-afternoon, both men were physically and sexually spent—and Jenifer had almost crawled to the shower, full of their sperm and coated in their sweat and saliva.

Now Herbert glanced at Jenifer, her eyes puffy, and her tongue darting out over her red lips, looking, quite rightly, like a woman who had been well and truly fucked.

“Not long to go now,” he said. “In a couple of hours you’ll be back in your cozy little house and you can snuggle up in bed with your husband.”

Jenifer closed her eyes.
Sometimes, Herbert really couldn't help himself!

It was twilight by the time Jenifer let herself into the house, and she was relieved to see that the living room lights were out. It was too early for Scott to be in bed, so he was most likely out having a beer somewhere. That was good. All Jenifer wanted to do right now was step into her bathroom and have a hot shower. She had already showered once in the country club guest house but that wasn't enough—she wanted to shower in her own house. Because it was her house. Jenifer and Scott Marlow owned it. That was the reason for this whole nightmare she had subjected herself to, wasn't it?

Back in the city, Mr. Franklin had dropped her off at the bank—which had already closed for the day—and the same security guard had let her in again without question. With her head in a spin, she had changed back into her floral print dress and blue shoes, and then driven home, trying to think of what to tell her husband. She needed to call Kelly at the boutique and try to arrange some kind of an alibi, but Kelly might well be upset with her for not showing up at work without notice. There was so much to calculate and arrange but Jenifer was just too tired to think right now.

She quietly closed the front door and crept past the dining room. Glancing in, she saw a silhouette at the table and it moved when she passed the archway entrance. Exhausted though she was, Jenifer's heart began to pump faster as the dining room lamp came on. Scott was sitting in front of his closed laptop, red eyed, and empty beer cans were strewn across the table.

He looked up at her and said, "How was your trip?"

Jenifer drew a breath. "It turned into something much longer than I expected—you saw my message."

"Indeed I did," Scott said as he drained another beer can. "Why don't you come and sit down a moment?"

Staying back in the shadows, Jenifer said, "I'd rather not, honey. I really need a shower and bed. I'm beat. I'll see you upstairs, okay?"

"You don't have time for your old man?" Scott said woozily. "I haven't seen you for two days."

Jenifer hesitated. Ordinarily she would have gone straight over and sat on his lap. But circumstances had changed. She still loved him with all of her heart, but after the events of the past two days, the last thing she wanted to do right now was cuddle up with him—with any man for that matter.

Stalling, Jenifer said, "You've had a few drinks, huh?"

"You told me to go drink a few beers, remember?" Scott said.

"Yeah, but I meant go out with the guys—"

"Come here, baby. I want to see you."

"I-I look a mess."

"You always look beautiful to me."

"Why don't you let me clean up first? We can talk in bed—"

"What are you hiding from me, Jen?" Scott said, standing up now.

"Nothing. I just—"

"You went to a promotional event for the boutique, right?"

"That's right, and it went on for a couple of days. They didn't warn me. I sent you a message—"

"Kelly called," Scott said.

"What?"

"Kelly. Your boss at the Sidewalk Boutique. She wanted to know what had happened to you. Why you hadn't shown up for work for a few days."

Jenifer's stomach turned over.

"That doesn't make sense," she said weakly.

Scott turned on the main light.

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "What the fuck have you got plastered all over your lips?"

"It was a sample," Jenifer said. "At the promotion—"

"What the hell kind of a promotion was this?" Scott said. "You look like a hooker!"

Jenifer began to tear up. "Don't say that!"

Scott took hold of her wrist.

"What's been going on, Jen?"

"I told you—nothing!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really!"

Scott lifted up her hand.

"Then why are you still not wearing your wedding band?"

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

Jenifer stood beside Mr. Franklin's office desk. His coffee was ready, just as he liked it. It was almost eight o'clock and she hoped he wouldn't be late. If his coffee was cold, she would be sure to get a whipping across her bare ass—and then he would probably make her walk through the banking hall in front of the rest of the staff to get him a fresh cup. She would prefer to avoid that embarrassment if possible.

She looked glumly at her reflection in the window. She was wearing a tight fitting, knitted purple tank top without a bra, a short black leather skirt, floral lace hem fishnet stockings, and a pair of white stiletto platform heels. No panties. Her golden hair was feathered out Eighties style, her eye shadow a garish blue, her eyelashes dark and long, and her full lips painted by the glossy red lipstick that she could no longer do without. She checked her manicured fingernails, bright red to match her lips, her toenails the same awful color too, and finally, the cheap silver hoop earrings that completed her slutty appearance—hardly the workday attire of a bank employee!

But of course she was not really an employee here at all, in the normal sense of the word. She was Mr. Franklin's sex slave, to do with as he pleased. He could, and most likely would, share her with his friends and associates, but ultimately she now belonged to Mr. Franklin, body and soul. She was still Mrs. Jenifer Marlow of course, and she still shared her house with her husband, but the events of the past seventy two hours had driven an invisible wedge between them. Jenifer spread her left hand and looked mournfully at her fourth finger which used to wear her wedding band. Mr. Franklin was keeping hold of that for her now. Jenifer thought back to the night before last when she had tried to sneak indoors, and her drunk husband had confronted her about the missing wedding band.

Feeling that she had no other choice, Jenifer had told Scott about her new job at the bank, tearfully explaining that she had done it out of love and a last-ditch attempt to save their home. For a moment, Scott had softened, but then he had demanded to know why she hadn't returned his calls, why she had stayed away overnight without telling him, and why she was wearing that whorish lipstick! So Jenifer had told him about the trip to the country club—leaving out all of the disgusting sex acts—trying to get him to understand that Mr. Franklin needed her to charm his clients.

"Mr. Franklin," Scott had said. "The bank manager who halted the foreclosure on our home?"

"Yes," Jenifer had replied. "I took the job for us, Scott."

Then he had to ask the question.

"Are you fucking him?"

Jenifer had never lied to Scott in her life, never had cause to, but now she drew on every ounce of her inner strength and looked him in the eye.

"Of course not."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"At the country club."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Maybe Jenifer had waited a beat too long before answering or maybe Scott had seen the deceit in her eyes. Whatever it was, Scott had stepped away from her with a mixture of hurt and anguish in his eyes that she would never forget.

"Fuck this! I don't care how much we are in debt to the bank!" Scott had snarled. "I'm going to talk to that son of a bitch tomorrow!"

And he had.

Jenifer had tried to talk him out of it. She was terrified of what Mr. Franklin might do. Would he show Scott those incriminating videos? She had hardly slept that night. Neither had Scott. They had

gone to their matrimonial bed together as usual, but had kept their bodies apart, keeping to their own thoughts now that the argument had been exhausted. At one point during the night, as much as she had wanted to let her body recover, Jenifer had reached out for his cock, hoping that an act of love might convince him that he had nothing to fear from evil Mr. Franklin. Encouragingly, Scott hadn't turned away, but after a couple of minutes of hand pumping, she realized that nothing was happening down there. Jenifer's body however was getting heated without her permission, and she had leaned over to take Scott in her mouth, but when he remained flaccid, Scott had said, "It's no good—I've got too much on my mind."

Jenifer had turned over, tears of anger and frustration in her eyes. Scott had never failed to achieve an erection with her before! Now Mr. Franklin had even managed to interfere with their private sex life!

The next morning, Scott had dressed in a collar and tie. He had seemed calmer, but he had a steely look in his eye. Jenifer knew that look well, so she had kept quiet during breakfast. Then Scott had asked Jenifer for Mr. Franklin's number. Terrified of the consequences, Jenifer had made one last plea for him not to go through with this, just to please let her handle Mr. Franklin by herself. Scott wouldn't hear of it, so resigning herself to the worst, she had handed over her phone. Scott had scrolled through her numbers and found Mr. Franklin's number on speed dial. He had glanced up at Jenifer with a little sneer on his lips and called. With butterflies in her stomach, Jenifer had listened to Scott's end of the conversation. He had been cool but cordial. After hanging up, he had said to Jenifer, "Mr. Franklin has agreed to see me at nine o'clock."

They hadn't spoken during the drive into town. Jenifer's head had been abuzz with the myriad likely outcomes from this meeting—none of them seemed good. But was it at all possible that her nightmare could suddenly be over? Had her handsome young husband come to her rescue like a shining white knight? Clinging to that possibility, they had walked together through the banking hall with their heads held high as they had attracted a few curious looks from the staff. But as they had approached Mr. Franklin's office, Jenifer's knees had suddenly gone weak.

A customer services representative had approached them and Scott had calmly introduced himself, although Jenifer could see that his fists were balled and his knuckles were white. Jenifer had placed her hand on his arm and said, "Please don't do anything stupid."

"I think you've done enough for the both of us," Scott had hissed.

Then the door had opened and Mr. Franklin was suddenly standing there before them and Jenifer had nearly wet herself with fear. Completely ignoring her, Mr. Franklin had held out his hand to Scott and they shook, both grips firm.

"Mr. Marlow, I'm glad to finally get to meet you," Mr. Franklin had said.

"Likewise," Scott had replied.

Then Mr. Franklin had turned his eyes on Jenifer.

"Mrs. Marlow, perhaps you'd like to have a coffee in the staff room while I talk with your husband—we have much to discuss."

When Scott had emerged from Mr. Franklin's office an hour later, he had looked very pale and subdued. Jenifer had intercepted him in the customer waiting area and he had almost looked through her as if he were in shock.

"How did it go?" Jenifer had said.

While she had been drinking her coffee, her mind had relentlessly turned over the possible outcomes of their meeting. The worst case scenario was losing their home, Scott's business, and having those damning videos spread across the internet. The best case was for Scott to take her by the hand

and triumphantly walk her out of the bank. But how could that even have been possible without losing their home? Was Scott willing to sacrifice the house and possibly his business in order to protect Jenifer? She hadn't told him any of the sordid details of what Mr. Franklin had so far put her through. Maybe he had simply decided that it wasn't such a bad deal after all. But his body language had suggested that the meeting had been far more significant than that—in fact he looked as if the life had been sucked out of him!

“Honey?” Jenifer had said, aware that they were being covertly watched by nearby bank staff.

Finally, Scott's eyes had focused on her.

“It's okay,” he had mumbled.

“What's okay?” Jenifer had said.

“Everything has been cleared up now.”

“What do you mean? Can I go home? Do we still have a home to go to?”

“No. I mean yes,” Scott had said. “It's all the same as before.”

“The same as what?”

Jenifer had been loosely holding Scott's hand, and now he gently extracted it.

“I have to go to work,” he had said.

“But what about me?” Jenifer had said.

Scott had looked her in the eyes, and the sadness she saw in there made her heart ache. It was then that she had known—the power that Mr. Franklin held over both of them was absolute. She didn't know the details, and maybe she never would, but whatever he had told Scott had somehow broken him.

Scott had leaned forward and kissed Jenifer on the cheek.

“You have to go to work too,” he had said meekly. “Mr. Franklin is waiting for you.”

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

There were new rules—a lot of them. And much more detailed and specific than before. The most important rule was that Jenifer had to keep her smartphone nearby at all times, and if Mr. Franklin called or messaged, she was to respond immediately. In this way, he could issue new rules or instructions as he thought of them, no matter where Jenifer was or what she was doing. This meant that he could control her like a puppet by remote control.

And her phone had been almost constantly beeping ever since.

Her clothes, her makeup, the way she walked, how she spoke to other people, even her facial expressions, were now being closely stage managed by Mr. Franklin. All pretenses were gone now—she was Dirty Herbert’s brainless bimbo, and everybody in the bank knew it.

As the clock ticked past eight, Jenifer anxiously looked at her phone. Had she missed one of his messages already? Mr. Franklin had made it perfectly clear that if she made the slightest mistake, their new deal could be canceled at any time. She knew she couldn’t allow that to happen for a variety of reasons. Quite apart from the blackmail sex videos, she now understood that there was a lot more at stake than the foreclosure of the house. Mr. Franklin had also threatened to shut down Scott’s business, with no chance of reopening, even under another name. It had turned out that Scott’s two most important clients were financially controlled by Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes—the same dirty old pig that had repeatedly violated Jenifer at the Cherry Hills Country Club!

Without these clients, Scott’s business would be effectively out of business overnight. And such was Leonard’s influence, that Scott would have little to no chance of rebuilding. He would effectively be blackballed in the custom car business. And what else could he do for a living? It was all he knew! And there was more. Scott’s parents had also signed as guarantors on his business loans, and Mr. Franklin had stressed that the bank would go after their assets to recover the outstanding debt. His net was spreading wider—and the only answer to all their problems was Jenifer!

She and Scott has spent another sexless, sleepless night together, and then first thing in the morning, she had showered and dressed for work. No loving breakfast together today—what was the point? They could hardly look at each other, let alone talk.

Now here she was, dressed like a cheap hooker, running through the list of rules in her phone, and hoping that she hadn’t missed anything that might offend Mr. Herbert Franklin—her new boss, sexual lover, and master!

The door opened and Mr. Franklin strode in, holding out his briefcase without even glancing in Jenifer’s direction. She caught it as it slipped from his fingers and she placed it on his desk. Then she put his coffee in front of him and leaned in close.

“Good morning, Mr. Franklin,” she said.

He looked at her as if she was a pesky nuisance, but Jenifer knew she had to go ahead with the humiliating rules he had laid out for her. She pressed her lips to his and then worked her tongue into his mouth. Mr. Franklin didn’t respond and his inertia made Jenifer feel like a stupid teenage girl with a crush on her boss. After a minute of tongue thrashing, Mr. Franklin pulled away and picked up his coffee cup.

Jenifer, although feeling absolutely revolted, licked her wet lips, and said, “Thank you for my kiss, Mr. Franklin!”

Mr. Franklin ignored her and opened his laptop.

Remembering more of her demeaning lines, Jenifer said, “And thank you for letting us keep our house, and for saving my husband’s business. Scott and I are so grateful for your generosity—and I will do anything you want to repay your kindness.”

Even though she was trying to sound sincere, Jenifer could feel her cheeks burning with anger and shame. Mr. Franklin continued to look at his laptop as if he hadn't heard her, but she could tell by the cruel glint in his eyes that her groveling was exciting him immensely. And why wouldn't it? He had written the script for her.

Jenifer hovered nearby as he checked his emails. Now what? She was on the point of thanking him again, when he said, "You need to resign."

She looked at him. Had she just done something wrong?

"From the boutique, stupid," Mr. Franklin said. "You work full time for me now, remember?"

Jenifer considered the implications of this. The pathetic junior starting salary that Mr. Franklin was allowing her was less than a quarter of what she had been earning at the boutique. Money was going to be extremely tight. Whereas before, Scott had been relying on Jenifer's salary to help him get through difficult times, now his business earnings were going to provide the bulk of their income. And of course, from what she had learned from Scott, Mr. Franklin now had total control over whether Scott's business succeeded or failed. Glumly, she realized that Mr. Franklin had already thought this through. The net was closing in. There was another reason why her resignation from the boutique would be significant—it was her last tangible link to her life outside of this bank. She had already quit the gym on Mr. Franklin's orders, and she was now forbidden to take any calls from her friends—Mr. Franklin said he would be checking her phone on a regular basis—so the only existence that lay in front of her was the bank and her home. But given the many ways that Mr. Franklin could devastate her life, Jenifer knew that she had no choice.

"Um, when, Mr. Franklin?" she said meekly.

"Right now, Jenny Pickett," he said.

Jenifer swallowed as she scrolled down to Kelly's number—this wasn't going to be easy. Kelly was a friend as well as being her boss, and she had been good to Jenifer on many levels. Somewhere in the back of her mind, Jenifer had always hoped to keep her old job until this ordeal was finally over—she didn't see any chance of that happening now.

"Wait up," Mr. Franklin said. "I haven't sent your dialogue yet."

He typed in his laptop and then Jenifer's phone pinged. When she read the text he had just sent her, she could have cried.

"Do I really have to say this?" she whimpered.

Mr. Franklin gave her a withering look.

"Unless you want to be punished," he said.

Jenifer wanted to avoid as much unnecessary punishment as possible, so with a heavy heart she pressed dial. While she was waiting for Kelly to pick up, Mr. Franklin said, "And you'd better make it convincing."

How the hell am I supposed to do that?

She ran her eyes over the offensive lines one more time and then Kelly's voice came on the line.

"Jenifer! I'm so glad you finally called. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine thank you," Jenifer said.

"You didn't return any of my messages so I called Scott. I thought you were sick, but he said—"

"I quit," Jenifer said abruptly.

"I'm sorry?"

"I said I quit."

There was a brief silence on the other end.

"May I ask why?" Kelly said.

"I-I've found another job. Better pay and working conditions."

"I see," Kelly said slowly. "I always thought we had treated you well here."

"But it's better here—and my boss is a dish."

"A dish?"

“A hunk. He’s sexy. I think I might have fallen in love with him,” Jenifer said.

Mr. Franklin was laughing at her and she cringed inside.

“So, what about Scott?” Kelly said.

Having started, and not wanting to risk punishment from Mr. Franklin, Jenifer had to improvise a little.

“What about him?”

“He’s your husband,” Kelly said frostily.

“Yes, but I can have a little fun too, can’t I?”

Kelly said, “Jenifer, what the hell has happened to you? You love Scott!”

Jenifer felt herself welling up.

“But my new boss is so—horny. I can’t help it. I want to have sex with him.”

There was another pause at the other end, then Kelly said, “I don’t know what to say—I’m shocked.”

“Well, it’s none of your business, is it?” Jenifer said, her hand trembling.

“Excuse me?”

“It’s my life. It has nothing to do with you who I sleep with.”

“Why are you talking like this?”

“Why don’t you fuck off?” Jenifer said.

“What?”

“Just fuck off! I think you’re a cunt! I never liked the boutique and I never liked you!”

“How dare you speak to me like that—”

“Just fuck off, you bitch! Don’t ever call me again!” Jenifer yelled.

She hung up before Kelly could reply, and then stood there shaking as a tear rolled down her cheek. There was a letter opener on Mr. Franklin’s desk, and for a split second she thought of picking it up and plunging it into his throat.

“Well, Jenny Pickett,” Mr. Franklin chuckled. “That was very rude. I doubt you’ll be allowed back there again.”

“B-But, you made me say all that!” Jenifer blubbered.

“Stop crying,” Mr. Franklin said. “You’re whoreish eyeliner is running.”

Jenifer instinctively took her compact out of her purse and set about repairing her makeup. When she had herself a little more under control, she applied another coating of that abominable red lipstick and she felt better—but not much. She had just lost a dear friend because of this smug bastard!

“Okay, if you’ve finished acting like a baby, it’s time for your body inspection.”

Jenifer had already read this one. Mr. Franklin swiveled around in his chair and leaned forward. Jenifer pulled the tank top over her head and laid it on the desk. Then she unzipped the skirt, pulled it down and stepped out of it. She stood there naked except for the fishnet stockings and white stilettos as Mr. Franklin casually surveyed her body. Then with a twirling gesture of his finger, he indicated for her to turn around. Still emotionally spent from her phone call, Jenifer did as she was told.

“Bend over, spread your legs, and part your ass cheeks,” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer drew a shuddering breath and did as she was told. Mr. Franklin left her in that degrading pose for a long while as he studied her most intimate parts from behind. Eventually he said, “Stand up and turn back around.”

Red faced, Jenifer straightened up and turned for him.

“Hands.”

She held out her hands for nail inspection. Mr. Franklin examined them briefly and then made her raise her legs in turn to inspect her toenails.

“It will have to do,” he said. “Next time, take a little longer with your manicures. You need to keep yourself in perfect condition if you wish to stay working here.”

Seething inside, Jenifer said, “Yes, Mr. Franklin.”

“Now, I have sent you a list of menial errands to run,” Mr. Franklin said. “But before you go, is there anything you would like from me?”

Jenifer took a deep breath—this was also on the list.

“Mr. Franklin,” she said with a quavering voice. “Please may I suck your cock?”

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

Jenifer dashed through the banking hall carrying Mr. Franklin's lunch in one hand, and a big bunch of red roses in the other. Under his orders, she had paid for them out of her own meager funds. She tried to ignore the snickering as she passed the nearest cubicles. She knew that her braless tits would be bouncing obscenely as she hurried along, and the tiny leather skirt was bunching up around her thighs. As humiliating as this was, she didn't have time to protect her modesty—she was behind schedule and Mr. Franklin didn't take kindly to tardiness.

After the devastating phone call to Kelly, followed by the no-less distressing blow job she had been forced to ask to perform on Mr. Franklin, Jenifer had spent the rest of the morning scooting around the town working through his list of errands on her phone. She had hand delivered a document to his insurance company across town—taking the bus as he had instructed—then gone shopping for some household goods for him in a supermarket, picked up his lunch and the mandatory red roses, before finally collecting his dry cleaning and hanging it up in the back of his car in the parking lot.

Throughout the morning, she had been acutely aware of the looks she had been receiving from passers by because of her skanky appearance—interest from the men, disgust from the women. But the worst part had been her enforced visit to an adult novelty shop situated down a run-down side street. The amused looks of the staff as she had purchased a range of obscene sex accessories had been demoralizing beyond belief.

She had almost reached his office door when her phone pinged. She put down the bag containing his lunch and read the message from her new master with a sinking heart—he was on one of his walks around the bank, and he wanted Jenifer to go find him. Just having to present a bunch of roses to the evil bastard who had ruined her life was bad enough—but now he was requiring her to do it in front of everybody!

Her heart beating faster, Jenifer looked around the vast banking hall for a glimpse of his balding head. With any luck, he wouldn't be too far away and she could avoid having to walk around the whole building trying to locate him. But Jenifer's luck seemed to have deserted her a long time ago and there was no sign of the twisted pervert, so she carried the sandwich bag and the roses through the cubicles, listening to the tittering and whispers as she passed.

When she reached the far side of the banking hall, she heard a familiar voice.

“Nice flowers! Are they for me?”

Jenifer had been so preoccupied looking for Mr. Franklin that she hadn't been aware she had wandered into the investments area—and now she was standing right outside Adam Cantrell's cubicle again!

“No, uh, I was looking for—” she blustered.

“Herbert?” Adam said.

He was staring at the prominent outlines of her nipples, but with her hands full, she was unable to cover them.

“Mr. Franklin? Your boss?” Adam prompted.

Jenifer flushed and nodded.

“I think he went upstairs,” Adam said, regarding her carefully.

Jenifer glanced at the upper floor balcony surrounding the banking hall. The senior staff had offices up there, many of them educated, sophisticated women like Vivian Southgate—Jenifer really didn't want to go up there dressed like this!

“I don't get it,” Adam said. “What do you see in that old fart?”

Jenifer shifted uncomfortably.

“It can’t be for the money,” Adam continued. “A looker like you could easily catch a very rich guy. And it certainly isn’t for his looks or personality. So what is it?”

“I-I don’t know what you mean,” Jenifer said.

“Really?” said Adam. “Everyone in the bank is watching you. And look how you’re dressed, for God’s sake!”

Jenifer’s phone pinged and she looked up at the balcony again—Mr. Franklin was looking down at her.

“I have to go,” she said.

Adam reached out and gripped her wrist.

“Jenny, if you need to talk to someone, I’m always available, okay?”

Feeling Mr. Franklin’s eyes boring into her, Jenifer nodded and pulled her hand away.

“Okay?” Adam said.

Jenifer fleetingly looked into Adam’s eyes, wondering if there was even the tiniest possibility that he could help her. He was a really good looking man, and his eyes were kind. But what if she were to confide in him? Would Mr. Franklin break Adam the same way as he had done to Scott?

“Okay,” she whispered and hurried off to the stairs.

Herbert watched Jenifer scurry away from Adam Cantrell’s cubicle, and that irrational pang of jealousy zapped him again. He had no reason to be jealous. Ever since he had brought Scott Marlow to heel, Jenifer had become his own personal chattel, body and soul.

But this was the second time he had caught her hanging around Adam’s cubicle, and he wondered if there was more going on than plain mutual attraction. As Jenifer climbed the sweeping staircase to the second floor with his lunch and bunch of roses in hand, Herbert decided he would have to do something about that budding relationship.

Even though she had spotted him watching her, there was a game to played, and Herbert moved back into the small, open planned office where the traders worked their magic. He quickly cast his eye around and then crossed the plush carpet to Vivian Southgate’s trading station. He had heard through the rumor mill that Vivian had been gossiping about him and Jenifer, and he knew that she called him Dirty Herbert behind his back, so he figured her corner of the office would be an appropriate backdrop for Jenifer’s latest public humiliation.

“Good afternoon, Vivian,” he said. “How is the world of currency trading today?”

Vivian gave him a level look. She had little time for him, and as a top earner for the bank, she really only answered to the vice-president. Even so, Herbert was technically her superior, and she always addressed him in a cordial manner.

“Herbert,” she smiled. “What brings you to the front line of our business?”

“Oh, just keeping in touch with the troops,” Herbert said. “I understand from the executive meeting last week that you are having a highly profitable year, so far.”

“Fingers crossed, the market gods have been smiling on me,” Vivian said. “And how has life been treating you on the shop floor?”

“The usual humdrum stuff,” Herbert said, peering at Vivian’s trading screen. “I envy you sharpshooters up here sometimes.”

“Hmm,” Vivian said. “So nothing exciting going on then?”

“Like what, Vivian?”

“Oh, I don’t know—like your new young female assistant?”

“Hardly exciting.”

“She looks very—sexy.”

“Does she? I hadn’t noticed.”

“Really?” Vivian said dryly. “Well I had.”

Herbert gave her a sideways glance. Vivian was a cultured feminist who missed little and had a caustic wit. She was also married, but Herbert sometimes wondered if she didn’t lean both ways—or at least wanted to.

“Tell you the truth, she’s beginning to become a bit of a nuisance,” Herbert said.

“How so?”

“Have you seen the way she dresses?” Herbert said.

“How could I not?”

“Well, that’s for my benefit.”

Vivian raised her eyebrows. “You? But you’re old enough to be her father!”

“Who knows what’s going on in that pretty little head. Maybe she’s looking for an avuncular figure in her life.”

Vivian narrowed her eyes. “What’s really going on, Herbert? Male mid-life crisis?”

“Seriously, I’m not encouraging her—”

“Talk of the she-devil,” Vivian said, looking over the top of her trading screen. “Here she comes now!”

Herbert looked at Jenifer entering the office and pretended to be surprised.

“Oh, God! Flowers!” he groaned.

“Whatever is she wearing?” Vivian chuckled.

Herbert gazed with pride at Jenifer’s large breasts, bouncing freely underneath the tight purple tank top that stopped just above her belly button. The equally tight black leather skirt barely covered her naked crotch, and her long stockinged legs wobbled ever so slightly on her high stiletto heels. With her feathered blonde hair, garish eye makeup, and pouting cherry red lips, she looked every bit the wanton young hussy, and Herbert’s cock stirred in his underpants.

As Jenifer nervously approached Vivian’s desk, all the other traders in the office stopped what they were doing to look at her. Even though she looked every inch the slut, her natural beauty still somehow shone through, and the nervous flickering of her green eyes, the deep flush of embarrassment in her cheeks, the awkward way she held out the bunch of roses, betrayed the innocence of the real Jenifer Marlow underneath.

“These are for you, Mr. Franklin,” Jenifer said with a forced smile.

“Why did you buy these?” Herbert sighed. “You can’t afford to waste your small salary on this sort of thing.”

Jenifer glanced away and then restored eye contact with him.

“B-Because I wanted to thank you for employing me, Mr. Franklin,” she said.

Herbert wondered if Vivian could detect the inner torment in Jenifer’s eyes as she uttered these idiotic words.

“There really is no need for you to buy me gifts, Jenny,” Herbert said. “And besides, it’s quite inappropriate.”

Jenifer ran her cute little tongue around her lips and then took a deep breath.

“B-But I want to,” she said breathlessly. “You are so nice and kind, and—”

“Yes, well, thank you then,” Herbert huffed theatrically. “You’d better take them downstairs and put them in water or something.”

Following the rough script he had written for her, Jenifer then held out the lunch bag.

“Your sandwiches, Mr. Franklin,” she said, positively squirming now. “I bought beef with lettuce and mustard, and there’s coleslaw, and a fresh orange juice—”

“That’s very good of you, Jenny,” Herbert said. “But please take them down to my office. I can’t exactly eat up here, can I?”

Jenifer managed to keep the fake smile on her face, but Herbert detected a quick flash of rage in her eyes. She was playing out this stupid bimbo role against her will and according to his instructions, but of course he was making it look as though it was all her doing!

“Will there be anything else?” Herbert asked.

There was, of course. It was in his script. But would she be able to bring herself to do it with everyone watching? They both knew that she would have to do it, if she didn’t want her life destroyed, but there was a chance that stage fright might overwhelm her and she would flee the scene.

Jenifer glanced at Vivian and then stepped up to Herbert and pressed her lips against his. Herbert heard Vivian gasp and he pretended to struggle before pushing Jenifer away.

“Miss Pickett!” he said. “What are you doing?”

“I-I’m sorry!” Jenifer said with glistening eyes. “I-I didn’t mean to do it!”

“But you really must control yourself!” Herbert said wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “This is a place of business, Jenny!”

“Yes, Mr. Franklin!” Jenifer said. “I-I don’t know what came over me!”

“Well, just go on down to my office,” Herbert said. “We’ll discuss this later.”

Herbert watched Jenifer’s gorgeous ass swaying under her tight leather mini skirt, and subtly tried to hide his boner inside his pants. Jenifer had performed beautifully! He hadn’t provided every single word for her, but her improvisation had made the illusion that she had been acting of her own volition all the more convincing!

Herbert looked at Vivian who was staring at him open-mouthed.

“Do you see what I mean?” he said.

CHAPTER THIRTY

My reputation is totally finished! Jenifer thought tearfully as she set Mr. Franklin's lunch out on his desk. *He doesn't just want to use me for sex, he wants the whole world to know about it—and make them think that I was the one who initiated it! What if Scott were to find out?*

If she had asked herself that question only a couple of days ago, Jenifer had a pretty good idea how Scott would have reacted. He would have either beaten the crap out of Mr. Franklin or divorced Jenifer—or both. But the strong, manly, assertive young man that she had married seemed to have vanished into thin air after his meeting with Mr. Franklin. Sadly, Jenifer realized that there was a high likelihood that Scott would meekly accept that his wife was having an open affair with her boss!

If that was so, then what did Jenifer even mean to him anymore? She had gotten herself into this awful predicament precisely to save her home and her marriage. If Scott was no longer man enough to defend her honor, then what was the point in continuing on with this endless humiliation?

But of course, so much more had been thrown into the mix now. Even if her marriage was facing ruin, there was still the issue of the blackmail videos. Jenifer was under no doubt now that Mr. Franklin was vindictive enough to release them if she walked out on their deal. And even if Scott no longer cared, what about Jenifer's family and friends? Those degrading movies would be out there in cyberspace forever—she would never be able to live them down!

And then there was the accursed lipstick.

She put the roses into a glass vase, and without any further instructions on her phone, took one of the silver tubes out of her purse. After applying it to her lips she felt the familiar tingle of excitement, the warm throbbing in her belly, and her nerves began to calm a little.

She held the lipstick up to the light and examined it, wondering what the hell it was made of. It obviously contained a highly addictive narcotic because she had discovered that she was applying it to her lips several times a day almost without realizing it. She had tried to stop herself on a couple of occasions but the urge had been overwhelming. Whatever it contained was highly potent and Jenifer had been hooked almost immediately—and the aphrodisiac effect was equally powerful and fast acting!

Once more a venomous hatred of Mr. Franklin welled up inside her. Without her knowledge or permission, the evil old bastard had tricked her into becoming addicted to an overpowering aphrodisiac! Of course his heinous little plan all made sense to her now—by regulating her supply, he not only kept her dependent upon him, but also in a constant state of sexual heat!

On that subject, Jenifer could already feel her crotch becoming damp—which was a worry considering she wasn't wearing any underwear. What if Mr. Franklin made her go out to the banking hall? Even if she was in a position to argue with him, what could she say? That she was feeling too horny? He would just laugh at her—which he was doing a lot more frequently now whenever they were alone. As far as the rest of the staff were concerned of course, he was the kindly bank manager and she was the oversexed slut with an infatuation for older men—he was manipulating her like a puppet!

Jenifer tentatively reached under her miniskirt and touched the inside of her thigh—it was already sticky! *Dear God! What kind of drug is in this lipstick?* She took a tissue from her purse, lifted the hem of the skirt, and began to dab at her thigh—and inevitably the door opened and Mr. Franklin strode in.

He shut the door behind him, took one look at Jenifer, and chuckled.

“What are you up to now, hot pants?”

Jenifer pulled her skirt back down and balled the tissue in her fist. This dreadful man had already seen every inch of her naked body, but she still felt compelled to hide herself from him. No matter how much Mr. Franklin dominated her life now, she had to keep reminding herself that she was a married woman—and she would do everything in her power to keep it that way.

Mr. Franklin sat behind his desk and opened his sandwich wrapper.

“I’m surprised. You actually got the order right,” he said.

He opened his laptop and took a bite of his sandwich. Jenifer stood there dumbly and he looked at her—had she missed one of his messages?

“I can’t eat my lunch with your sopping cunt dripping down your thigh.”

Jenifer bridled at his insulting language, but she kept her counsel. Her days of openly resisting this cruel man were over—for now.

“Did you go the adult novelty shop, as I requested?” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Franklin.”

“And you bought everything on the list?”

Jenifer flushed.

“Yes.”

“Good. Where is it?”

Jenifer turned to the large plastic shopping bag she had left on the office couch.

Mr. Franklin said, “I want you to take out the condoms.”

Cringing inside from the memory of that embarrassing shopping side trip, Jenifer went to the bag of sex toys and found the smaller bag of condoms. It was the first time in her life she had ever bought them, her only prior encounters being on a couple of high school dates, and because she was on birth control pills, she and Scott had never bothered with them.

Chewing into his sandwich, Mr. Franklin said, “You will spend the afternoon in the men’s washroom.”

What?

“Don’t look so shocked,” Mr. Franklin said. “The staff are beginning to figure out what you are now—especially after your brazen conduct in the trading office just now.”

But you told me to do that!

“You will set your bag of novelty condoms up by the wash basins, and whenever a male member of staff comes in to take a piss, you will ask him for his help.”

“Help, Mr. Franklin?”

“Yes. Jenny Pickett has been shopping for condoms, but because she is such a dimwit, she doesn’t know which ones will please a man best. So she is going to ask any willing man to model one for her.”

“I-I don’t understand—” Jenifer said.

“Of course you do. Most of the men won’t give you the time of day, especially the married ones. But the single men and the young trainees might very well be interested. If they are, you will take down their pants and underwear and arouse them to erection—and then roll the condom onto their cocks.”

Jenifer felt faint. Was she hearing him right?

“You will also thank them for modeling the condoms, of course—and then ask if there is anything you can do to help relieve their sexual tension,” Mr. Franklin concluded with a sip of his juice.

What the hell is this madman saying? I am to spend the afternoon whoring in the men’s room?

“I assume you understand what I am talking about?” Mr. Franklin said. “After your porn star performances at the country club, I would have thought so.”

Dear God! He is serious!

“I’ll spell it out then. You will offer them a hand job or a blow job, whichever they prefer. And don’t think you can wriggle your way out of this. I will find out if you are doing your job correctly—and God help you if I find out you are not!” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer waited a moment longer in her sluttish get up with her bag of condoms in her hand, hoping against hope that he was just fooling with her.

Mr. Franklin raised his half eaten sandwich to his face and looked up at her.

“Are you still here? Fuck off to the men’s room.”

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

Jenifer crossed the banking hall to men's room in double quick time. They were all looking at her now—and not just because of her bouncing titties and short skirt. Word must have gotten around fast after her embarrassing show of affection to Mr. Franklin upstairs—no doubt thanks to that smarmy bitch, Vivian Southgate. She wondered if there would ever be a point when she got used to her new bottom-feeding role in the bank. The shame and humiliation she had experienced from day one never went away, it just ebbed and swelled in waves of varying proportions. But did she even want to stop feeling the shame? Wouldn't that just mean that she had finally accepted defeat and become what Mr. Franklin wanted?

Jenifer reached the washrooms and stopped in the narrow passage. How was she supposed to do this? Just walk in to the men's room? What if somebody was already in there? What could she possibly say to him? She glanced up and down the passage and pushed the door open. Luckily the pristine washroom was empty, but of course that meant nothing if Jenifer was to spend the rest of the day in here. And she wasn't allowed to just stand in the corner with her head down whenever anybody came in, either—she had to greet them with these disgusting condoms!

As she set the different colored boxes out on the ceramic sink counter, Jenifer tried to process how her life had sunk so low, so fast. Just over a week ago, she had been a happily married young woman—admittedly with financial difficulties of her husband's making—working at an upmarket boutique. Now, as far as the rest of the bank staff were concerned at least, she was an unmarried loose woman whose sole objective in life was to get herself fucked!

With the condom boxes laid out, she stood to one side of the door and waited anxiously. She really had no idea how she was going to get through this! A moment later the door opened, and a gray haired, bespectacled man walked in and looked at Jenifer in astonishment.

“Miss, I think you're in the wrong bathroom!”

Jenifer took a deep breath and said, “I-I was hoping to ask your opinion about these condoms.”

“What? Condoms?”

“I don't know which of these a man might prefer,” she said. “And maybe—”

“Not interested,” the man said. “Now turn around and face the corner while I use the urinal.”

Feeling cheap, disgusting, and embarrassed beyond belief, Jenifer obediently turned around. She stood uselessly in the corner listening to the old guy's tinkling urination followed by the sound of him washing his hands.

“You should be ashamed of yourself!” he said as he left the washroom.

Jenifer choked back a sob. He was right. She felt like a whore! How the hell had her life degenerated to this level? Yes, Mr. Franklin was responsible for making her do this, but how much of it had she brought upon herself?

She stood there on the brink of tears and then took out her tube of lipstick. It was getting low and she would need to ask Mr. Franklin for some more soon. That would no doubt cost her via a sexual favor—or maybe he would think up another belittling forfeit for her to play out in public. Either way, she knew she had to get the lipstick, and if she messed this distasteful job up, there was the frightening prospect of him withholding it from her!

The door opened and a short, fat guy came in. Jenifer had noticed him watching her a lot as she sashayed around the banking hall, and he had once even tried to chat her up in the staff lounge. She was pretty sure his name was Ben. Unlike the older gentleman who had recently left, he smiled pleasantly when he saw her.

“Hi, there!” he said. “Jenny isn't it?”

Jenifer finished her lips and put the lipstick away.

“Yes,” she nodded sheepishly.

“And what are you doing lurking in the men’s room, Jenny?”

Jenifer gestured to the laid out boxes of condoms beside her.

“I-I was hoping you might give me an opinion on these condoms—Ben,” she said, cringing inside.

Ben looked at the condoms, then at Jenifer’s prominent chest, and then back at her face. He was sweating slightly and he had creepy, pale blue eyes.

“You remembered my name,” he smiled. “It’s not often a pretty young girl like you remembers my name—never, in fact.”

Jenifer could have told him that if she wasn’t acting under duress, she wouldn’t be standing within a hundred yards of him right now. But she couldn’t, of course. That was the point of Mr. Franklin’s cruel games. She had to appear as if she was the office tramp—willing and available to any man that was interested!

Ben returned his attention to the condoms. “So what have we here, Jenny?”

Jenifer also looked at the boxes. She hadn’t really paid much attention to the different styles when the adult novelty shop assistants had shown them to her—mainly out of pure embarrassment. Mr. Franklin’s list had included vibrators and rubber dildos, leather hoods and masks, gags, cuffs, clamps, and lubricants. For a girl that had never set foot into a place like this, Jenifer had been almost lost for words—much to the growing amusement of the shop assistants. Now she had to pretend that she really did care what type of condom a man preferred. She leaned toward the boxes and read the various titles.

“Um, well I have Magnum Large Lubricated, and Night Lite Glow in the Dark, and Superior Studded, and these are Grape Flavored, and these ones are Chocolate, and these have a Smiley Face and then these ones from Japan are—shaped like a fish.”

Seriously?

Jenifer straightened up, her cheeks flushed. If Mr. Franklin was watching on one of his secret cameras, she hoped she had done well enough—so far.

Ben was grinning at her, his eyes twinkling. Clearly he thought she was a nympho or an idiot—or both. But a loser like this wasn’t likely to get many offers of this sort in his lifetime and to Jenifer’s dismay he didn’t look about to pass it up.

“Which ones do you like, Jenny?”

None of them, you sexually repressed retard! Jenifer thought frantically.

But she had to choose.

Trying to act as if she really cared, Jenifer said, “Well, let’s see—how about the grape?”

Jenifer figured that if she really had to go through with this, she might as well make it as painless as possible. At least she wouldn’t have to endure a bad taste if her made her suck the horrible thing!

“Yes, that’s what I thought you’d say,” Ben said. “Either that or the chocolate—because you’re thinking about licking it, aren’t you?”

Dear Lord! Is he for real?

Putting on what she hoped passed as a sexy but coy smile, Jenifer said, “Sucking, actually.”

“Oh, my goodness!” Ben said, his chubby jowls quivering. “You are a bad girl!”

Jenifer stared into his shining eyes and wanted to spit in his face.

“But I don’t have time for a blow job,” Ben said. “I have an ATM facilities meeting in ten minutes.”

“Oh, that’s too bad!” Jenifer lied.

“Tell you what, though,” Ben said. “I really do have to take a piss. How about you help me, and then we can put one of those fish shaped ones on? I’ll wear it for the rest of the day—especially for you!”

Oh, how kind, you sick fuck!

“Maybe if you don’t have time, we could do it tomorrow?” she offered.

“Will you be here again tomorrow?”

Shit!

“Uh, yes, I think so,” Jenifer said.

Ben regarded her a moment.

“Just in case, why don’t we try that fishy shaped one now, huh?” Ben said moving toward the nearest urinal.

“How about I put it on you in the toilet stall?” Jenifer said, worried that they would be caught in the act.

Ben unzipped himself. “No. Here’s just fine, Jenny.”

Jenifer looked nervously at the restroom door. There wasn’t a lock. Then she picked up one of the stupid Japanese fish shaped condoms and joined Ben at the urinal.

“Maybe you should kneel down?” Ben suggested.

Realizing that it would be in her interest to get this indecent performance out of the way before anyone else came in, Jenifer miserably complied.

Ben shifted around a tad and said, “Can you take it out for me, please?”

Trying not to show her revulsion, Jenifer took hold of his zipper and tugged it down. She couldn’t prevent herself from looking away as she reached inside his pants and her fingers touched his underwear. Resisting the impulse to remove her hand, Jenifer fumbled around until she was touching Ben’s flaccid cock. In spite of her utter disgust, she found herself wondering why he wasn’t already hard. Conscious of being caught in the act, Jenifer flopped his dick out into the daylight, and started to open the condom packet.

“Wait up,” Ben said. “If I’m going to wear this for you all afternoon, I’d better take a piss first.”

Wondering how she was possibly going to get the rubber onto his limp dick, Jenifer braced herself while Ben concentrated. Even after everything she had been forced to endure by Mr. Franklin, she could hardly believe she was actually kneeling next to a urinal in the men’s room while a fat dork she didn’t even know was taking a piss!

And he seemed to take forever. Jenifer waited, the condom packet in hand, terrified that somebody would walk in at that moment. Then she heard Ben grunt, and a yellow dribble of urine came of his little white dick. He moved his hips back and forth and the dribble increased to a trickle. Jenifer watched in horrified awe as his micturition picked up momentum, finally becoming a spurt and splashing against the porcelain—and back onto Jenifer’s face!

“Agh!” she jerked her head away, but Ben reached down and pressed his palm on the top of her crown.

More droplets of his piss hit her in the face, and she closed her eyes in disgust—she hadn’t even watched Scott pissing this close up before! Finally, Ben’s emission slowed down and he sighed.

“Okay, Jenny,” he said. “Hurry up and put it on. I only have five minutes.”

Jenifer opened her eyes and looked at his thing—it was still limp!

“How?” she said.

“You tell me,” Ben said. “You asked me to try it on, remember?”

Groaning inwardly, Jenifer had to concede his point—and what if Mr. Franklin was watching her on his laptop right now? Trying not to gag, Jenifer reached out and took hold of Ben’s cock. He swiveled around so that he was facing her, and she began to slowly move her hand up and down. Little by little, she felt it growing under her fingers. She increased her pace, wanting to be done with this vile act as soon as possible, and finally, he started to become erect. She listened to him panting above her and she realized that she needed to be careful—a loser like this was most likely prone to premature ejaculation!

When Ben was finally standing proud—for want of a better description—Jenifer let go and opened the packet. She pulled out the condom, hoping she wouldn’t mess it up because she had little

experience with them. Drawing on memories of her high school days, she placed it over Ben's damp glans and slowly rolled it back down over his pathetic four inches of manhood.

"Oh, Jenny, you have such a wonderful touch!" Ben whispered.

Jenifer sat back and looked at his cock which had now been transformed into a wide eyed open mouthed salmon, complete with dorsal fin! It looked so absurd that she just knelt there for a moment, gazing incredulously at the ridiculous sight.

"You'd better tuck me in," Ben breathed. "I have to get back to work!"

With a little bit of shoving and twisting, Jenifer managed to push Ben's fish-faced dick back inside his pants—and just as she was about to zip him back up, she heard the men's room door open.

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

“Whoa! Excuse me!”

Still on her knees, Jenifer whirled around to see young Kevin Barton gawping at them.

“We weren’t doing anything!” Jenifer blurted.

“That’s not what it looks like!” Kevin grinned.

“I-I was just showing—”

“She’s trying out condoms,” Ben said. “She just put one on me.”

Kevin looked at the bulge in Ben’s pants and then at the display of colorful boxes on the sink counter.

“Did she now?” he smiled, picking up a Grape Flavored condom.

“Oh yes,” Ben said. “And she has such a delicate touch.”

“Jenny!” Kevin laughed. “And I thought you were such a shy girl!”

What could she say to that? That Ben was lying? That she hadn’t just rolled a stupid fish shaped condom onto his penis? She had! This was all really happening to her!

Ben leaned down and kissed her on top of her head. Somehow, that affectionate gesture made her feel even more violated than having to masturbate his little dick.

“I have a meeting to attend,” Ben said. “I’ll help you try out some more of these condoms tomorrow, okay?”

Jenifer stared at the floor and nodded. She listened to the door swing closed and then she saw Kevin Barton’s black shoes on the white tiles beneath her.

“I’m willing to help, too,” Kevin said. “Do I have to open this pack, or are you going to do it for me?”

Jenifer continued to stare at his polished shoes for a few seconds, and then she slowly raised her head and looked up at him. He was just a trainee, still in his late teens, but right now he was her sexual master. They all were—Mr. Franklin had made sure of that. She could stall and protest, come up with little diversions, but to what end? Even if she managed to fob Kevin off, he would be sure to tell everyone what she was doing in the men’s room. Peter Vaughn would most likely be the next one to come rushing through that door!

Jenifer took a shuddering breath and took the condom packet from him, put it between her teeth, and then undid Kevin’s belt. Then she unbuttoned his pants and drew them down to his ankles. He was wearing a pair of blue boxers, and unlike Ben, it was clear that Kevin was already highly aroused. Jenifer pulled his boxers down and Kevin’s cock sprang out in front of her face. She kept her eyes on his angry purple glans as she opened the condom packet. It still wasn’t easy, but she was beginning to become accustomed to the different shapes and sizes of the various penises being presented to her.

“You are fucking beautiful, Jenny Pickett,” Kevin said from above her.

Jenifer didn’t feel beautiful. She felt dirty. Using the same technique that she had just used with Ben, Jenifer rolled the purple condom over Kevin’s cock. She waited, looking at his quivering dick, hoping that he might give her a reprieve.

“Well?” Kevin said. “What do you think?”

Huh?

“You want to taste it?” Kevin said.

Jenifer wasn’t totally certain that there were any hidden cameras in the men’s room, but what if Kevin was reporting directly back to Mr. Franklin? She wasn’t sure if he could actually make her life any worse than it was if she didn’t behave, but she wouldn’t be surprised either.

She stuck out her tongue and touched it against Kevin’s grape flavored cockhead.

“Your lips are getting bigger and redder every day,” Kevin breathed.

It was interesting that he mentioned her lips—the access point through which the aphrodisiac drug was entering her body—because as soon as her tongue made contact with the tip of his penis, her groin throbbed and she felt herself instantly getting wetter. She didn't want to be aroused by this geeky trainee. She wanted to be with her husband. But Mr. Franklin was gradually reconstructing her, and with every additional man she serviced, every new cock she encountered, she feared that Scott's scent, his muscular body, his sex, would gradually come to have less meaning for her.

Squeezing a tear out of the corner of her eye, Jenifer took Kevin's cock into her mouth all the way until his pubic hair was tickling her nose. At least she wasn't technically sucking him, she told herself, because the latex was keeping her tongue from physically touching his flesh. She moved her head back and forth, picking up speed, placing her hands on his waist, and it didn't take long for him to make a silly little high pitched squeal as he came into the condom. Jenifer immediately slid her lips off his cock, still feeling hot and damp between her own legs.

"Take it off, Jenny!" Kevin panted.

She carefully rolled the sperm filled condom off his still-hard cock and held it between finger and thumb, away from her face.

Kevin said, "So how was that?"

Jenifer didn't reply.

"You wanted to test the condom," Kevin said. "Was it tasty?"

How the hell did he expect her to answer that? It tasted like grape!

"Yes," she murmured.

"And how about the inside?"

Jenifer looked at the purple condom hanging between her fingers, the little white pool of Kevin's semen accumulating in the end. His hot, stiff cock had just been inside there!

"You have to taste the inside as well, Jenny," Kevin said.

Perhaps even as recently as a few days ago, before her husband had been broken by Mr. Franklin, Jenifer would probably have put up a fight, even stalled for time, but her resistance was weakening. She thought she had gotten away with it, but she knew she was going to have to do what he wanted eventually, so she opened the end of the used condom with her thumbs, the mingled odors of latex, grape, and Kevin's semen in her nostrils. She dipped her tongue inside, moving it around the top of the condom. Then she retracted it and looked up at him.

"I-It tastes good," she mumbled.

Kevin smiled wickedly at her and said, "You didn't taste all of it."

Jenifer swallowed and then pulled the condom out wider and, feeling utterly nauseated, she dipped the tip of her tongue into the small reservoir at the tip, tasting Kevin's briny issue. It wasn't the first time she had tasted semen of course, but this stuff on the end of her tongue had been manufactured inside the scrotum of a spotty faced little shit who wasn't even remotely in her league!

Jenifer gagged and made to pull her tongue out again, but Kevin said "Put it on your tongue."

Jenifer looked at him in disbelief—was there no end to the depravity of these men?

"I want you to wear it on your tongue," Kevin repeated.

What difference did it make now? She was tasting his cum anyway. She formed a point with her tongue and pulled the condom onto it as best she could. She looked up at him, mouth wide open, trying not to retch, and he pulled out his phone.

"Smile, Jenny," Kevin chuckled.

As the flash fired, the men's room door opened and Jenifer instinctively turned around. Adam Cantrell froze in the doorway and stared in shock at the sight before him—Kevin Barton with his pants around his ankles, his erect cock inches from Jenifer's face, and her purple condom covered tongue sticking out rudely.

He lingered for a second, his eyes locking angrily on Jenifer's, and then he turned on his heel and walked out.

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

After her men's room condom testing humiliation, Jenifer's reputation in the bank sunk to an all time low. If before she had been regarded as something of a saucy joke, now she was seen as a danger to the married men—and an easy target for the singles. The glances she received as she carried out her endless tasks for Mr. Franklin were tinged with derision and contempt from the women, and open lust from the men. Then there were the snide comments and the loud whispers she heard as she walked past them in her skimpy outfits, the occasional flippant invitations to the washroom from men she didn't even know. She was a social pariah, the office bike, the butt of their jokes, and the object of their scorn.

To make the cruel illusion that Jenifer was nothing more than a horny slut appear all the more real, Mr. Franklin was directing each of her lewd stunts with detailed instructions in his office in the mornings, or via text messages sent to her phone during the course of the day. This kept her constantly on edge because she never knew from one minute to the next what she might be doing next—and she suspected that Mr. Franklin didn't either. He could be in a meeting or working at his desk, or more likely watching her from across the banking hall, and a mean and nasty idea would pop into his head which he would then transmit to her phone. And whenever her phone pinged, Jenifer had to immediately drop whatever she was doing and read it—because it could only have come from Mr. Franklin. The reason? He had forced her to block or delete all of her other contacts except for her family, but even then she was not allowed to talk to them during office hours—and that included Scott.

Every day, from the minute she woke up, Jenifer's day was arranged for her by Mr. Franklin. She barely had time for a quick breakfast—eaten alone now, because Scott had taken to grabbing an early bite at a diner on route to his business—before Mr. Franklin started sending her instructions. Apart from the many errands she had to run, he would describe in detail the outfits she was required to wear to work. These would always be scanty and slutty of course, sometimes with sexy underwear—more often without. The majority of these outfits were new additions to her wardrobe, purchased during her long excursions through the city. There was no way Jenifer could afford to purchase all these new clothes on her meager salary, but Mr. Franklin had provided her with a credit card in his name—to be used only on items specified by him.

Her work day began very early, and she was always the first to arrive at the bank, heading straight to Mr. Franklin's office to make sure that everything was neat and tidy for him. A new game he had invented was leaving something for her to clean up or fix—without telling her what it was. It might be a pile of paperclips spilled under his desk, a dirty coffee cup hidden behind the window blinds, or even a used condom—*her* condom, he would say—hidden in one of his desk drawers. If she hadn't found and then taken care of it by the time he arrived for work, then she would be whipped on her bare ass with the dreaded flogger.

Then there was her appearance. God forbid anything should be out of place before his routine morning inspection. Her hair, makeup, fingernails, toenails, earrings, sexy clothing, all had to be just perfect to avoid an early morning ass whipping. Then she had to take it all off and stand naked before him while he examined her body—*his* body, he would say—in minute detail. Checking her armpits for any residual hair, making sure her pubic bush was nicely trimmed, making her bend and part her cheeks so that he could inspect her asshole, the whole procedure designed to cement his absolute possession of her.

And of course there was her morning greeting on his arrival, his coffee ready, and her mandatory and cringeworthy platitudes as he took his seat behind his desk without so much as glancing up at her. All a charade, a big performance to feed his pathetic ego—he was the one attracted to her, not the other way around! Next came the kiss that Jenifer had to ask for, and him acting as if he didn't really have time for such nonsense, but okay then, if you really need to!

And finally, the big one of the morning, where Jenifer had to beg Mr. Franklin to suck his cock under the desk. But he would only allow it if she made a good job of it. So she did because she knew she had to, wrapping her puffy red lips around his horrible old man's dick, licking his balls, slathering his shaft with her saliva, kissing his cockhead, flicking her tongue against the little eye, and then taking him in all the way to the back of her throat, making him come like a porn star, swallowing his seed, and then standing naked and flush of face before him while he offhandedly graded her performance.

This every day—for how long?

And then there was handsome Adam. The one person who had shown a genuine interest in her, now refusing to so much as to return her greetings after walking in on her disgraceful condom scene in the men's room. But he was always on Mr. Franklin's list. She didn't know exactly when it was going to come up, but at some point during her long day, Jenifer would be instructed to approach Adam's cubicle and ask him out on a date. He would ignore her, but she was compelled to keep on pestering him for an answer until he would finally snap at her and tell her to leave him alone. The shame, the soul-crushing shame!

All through this emotional torment, Jenifer would ask herself why she was still putting up with it. Her marriage had suddenly become empty and meaningless, she had no friends left, no time to visit family, no money or social life, everything revolved around Mr. Herbert Franklin. Why couldn't she just walk away from this nightmare? Was it the hope that she could repair the damage done with Scott? The fear of having those damaging sex videos released? The almost unbearable addiction to the narcotic lipstick that Mr. Franklin controlled?

Jenifer could no longer answer that. She only knew that she had to keep going and hope that there would one day be a way out of this trap. Just keep going one day at a time. She had already endured so much—how much worse could it possibly get?

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR

In the kitchenette of her little home, Jenifer chopped and diced vegetables while a garlic herb chicken roasted in the oven. Scott was drinking beer and sulking as he watched television in the living room. He used to help Jenifer prepare dinner, but he hardly spoke to her now. Jenifer could hardly blame him. Underneath her kitchen apron, she was wearing a red lace camisole, matching French knickers, and black five inch heels—that was it. This sexy display was not however for the benefit of her husband, because they had a dinner guest tonight.

After another long, grueling and humiliating day at the bank, Jenifer had taken the bus home and started cleaning the house. It had to be immaculate. So did she. These were the new rules of her life. After putting the chicken in the oven, she had vacuumed, dusted, polished and tidied, set the dining table and then gone upstairs to shower. Mr. Franklin had made her buy the lingerie and shoes during her lunch break. She had made herself up just the way he liked her, slutty, and overdone, dressed in the lingerie and heels, and then returned to the kitchenette to prepare potatoes and vegetables and open the wine. Scott was already slumped in the sofa in front of the television. He hadn't moved since.

"Honey, can you please make an effort and get changed?" Jenifer called out over her shoulder. "Mr. Franklin will be here in half an hour."

Scott put his feet up on the coffee table and took a swig of his beer.

"Why do I even have to be here?" he said.

"Because Mr. Franklin invited you," Jenifer said.

"He invites me to dinner in my own home?" Scott said.

Jenifer sighed. They had been through this.

"I told you how he thinks of this place," she said. "He had to sign personally as a guarantor for the mortgage—he just wants to see how we are taking care of it."

"Taking care of his place," Scott said.

"No, the deeds are still in our name," Jenifer said. "You know that because he showed them to you."

"But he can take it away from us any time he wants," Scott said.

Jenifer drew a breath. "Not so long as—"

"So long as he has you," Scott said.

Jenifer stopped chopping and took off her plastic gloves. She quickly inspected her red fingernails and then went and sat down next to her husband. He looked tired. There were several empty beer cans scattered by his feet. She wanted to put her arms around him and give him a kiss but she reached for his hand instead. He didn't grip her fingers but he didn't pull away either.

"How was work today?" she asked.

Scott shrugged. "Okay."

"I heard you got one of your old contracts back."

Scott looked at her with bloodshot eyes.

"Did your new boyfriend tell you that?"

Jenifer didn't reply. They both knew that Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes was manipulating Scott's business now—and he was working with Mr. Franklin. Bottom line, if Jenifer didn't cooperate, both their house and Scott's business would be gone—as well as Scott's parents' house.

"We have to stick together and get through this," Jenifer said. "We've come too far now."

Scott crumpled his beer can and dropped it on the floor.

"When is it going to end, Jen?" he said.

Jenifer squeezed Scott's hand. "We'll find a way."

She collected up the empty beer cans and kissed him on the top of his head.

“Go get changed,” she said. “He’ll be here soon.”

Herbert pulled up outside the modest house on the outskirts of the city and smiled to himself. This shitty little abode had been the reason why Jenifer Marlow had unexpectedly entered his life. He still couldn’t believe that in such a short space of time, he had so totally subjugated her! She had looked so unobtainable when he had first laid eyes on her, but now she was stripping naked for him and sucking his dick on a daily basis! And he could literally make her do anything he chose—just by sending her a text message!

But as exciting as that was—and he didn’t think he would ever get tired of this gorgeous young woman—Herbert was driven by a gnawing desire to mark his territory once and for all. Because no matter how many times her played with her naked body or caused her to blush with humiliation in the bank, there was still one area of Jenifer’s life that he had yet to fully dominate—this little sanctuary that she called home.

He got out of his car, went up to the front door, and rang the bell. The curtains in both windows were drawn but lights were glowing inside. He could also smell cooking. That meant Jenifer was still following his text messages. A good sign. Herbert didn’t really doubt Jenifer’s obedience to him anymore—it was Scott Marlow who might prove to be awkward about this invasion into their domestic privacy.

During their meeting in Herbert’s office, Scott had struck him as naturally strong and assertive. Clearly by the time their paths had crossed, Scott’s confidence had been dented due to his financial troubles, but his body language had still displayed the macho pride of the young. He was a good looking guy with a good physique—which was to be expected if a hot babe like Jenifer had chosen him for a mate. Of course, his bravado had quickly crumbled after Herbert had finished with him, but even so he needed to be on his guard this evening—particularly with what he had planned for Jenifer.

The door opened, and there she was—his lovely young sex slave, dressed as instructed in the red lingerie and ridiculously high heels Herbert had instructed her to purchase. Her soft, blonde hair cascaded over her bare shoulders, her makeup was immaculate, and her ruby red lips almost begged to be kissed. Herbert’s cock immediately stirred as it always did when he came into close proximity with this stunner!

“Good evening, Mr. Franklin!” Jenifer smiled.

It was a bright and enthusiastic smile that showed off her perfect white teeth, but Herbert could see in her eyes that it was fake. All of her attempts at complimenting him and showing affection were betrayed by those glistening green eyes. Herbert didn’t give a hoot. The fact that she really despised him made these little real life sexual fantasies all the more exciting!

Herbert looked her up and down, and said, “Not too shabby.”

Jenifer’s smile faltered briefly but she recovered quickly and said, “Welcome to our home! I’m so glad you could come!”

Herbert smiled to himself as he followed her to the dining table. It must be very difficult for such a desirable woman to be taken so much for granted—particularly by an older man that she actually found repulsive!

She pulled out a chair for him and Herbert sat and looked around the pokey little living room, which was actually neat and tidy and tastefully furnished. His naughty little sexpot was evidently quite the homebody when it came down to it! A clean white table cloth covered the table, and the cutlery was real silverware, which surprised him. The plates also looked good quality, and the glass into which Jenifer now poured his wine was crystal cut. The poor girl really was trying her best.

“I hope this isn’t some cheap supermarket plonk,” Herbert said, sniffing his glass.

From the kitchenette, Jenifer replied, “It’s a Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon—over a hundred dollars.”

“Really?” Herbert scoffed. “Did you have to take out another loan for it?”

Jenifer showed him the bottle to read the label, and despite her fixed smile, he could see the hurt in her eyes.

“No, we were saving it for Thanksgiving,” she said.

Herbert raised the glass and inhaled and then sipped his wine.

“Not bad,” he nodded grudgingly.

Jenifer looked relieved. She was standing close to him and Herbert could see the side of her bare breast under the camisole. He was tempted to reach out and tweak her nipple, but he willed himself to be patient.

Herbert looked at the empty place setting opposite him.

“Where is your husband? I do hope he will be joining us.”

“He’s upstairs getting changed,” Jenifer said. “He hasn’t long been back from the workshop.”

“And how is the custom car business going?” Herbert said. “Is it turning a profit yet?”

Before Jenifer could answer, Scott Marlow appeared at the bottom the stairs, and said, “Soon, Mr. Franklin. I promise you—very soon.”

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE

Scott took his seat opposite and the two men regarded each other without smiling. Despite the vice-like hold he had on this young couple, Herbert wasn't entirely certain that Scott wouldn't turn nasty. He was a young man full of latent aggression and although he had no proof, he would be an idiot if he hadn't by now deduced that Herbert was sexually involved with his wife. If everything went as Herbert intended of course, he would very soon give the young husband all the proof he needed. But first he needed to test the water.

"Well, that's very good to hear, Scott," Herbert said. "As you know, I have taken a considerable personal and professional risk to help you."

Jenifer returned to the table with plates of potatoes and vegetables, and then filled her husband's wine glass.

"And we are very grateful for all your help—aren't we, honey?" she said.

Keeping his eyes on Herbert's, Scott seemed to be going through a mental wrestling match. His jaw was flexing, and his cheeks were almost as red as his wife's. Then very deliberately, he picked up his wine glass and raised it.

"Yes we are," he said through gritted teeth. "I'd like to make a toast to Mr. Franklin—and to thank him for his generous help."

Then he put his glass to his lips and gulped it all down in one.

Sensing that any possible danger moment may have passed, Herbert now raised his own glass.

"And don't forget a big thank you to your beautiful and sexy wife, Jenny, who's amazing efforts made it all possible," he added.

Jenifer's cheeks turned a beautiful shade of pink as she raised her glass and touched it to Herbert's. When Jenifer went to the kitchenette to take the chicken out of the oven, Herbert held out his glass and said, "A nice drop of wine."

Scott looked at Herbert's glass for a moment, and then with shaking fingers refilled it.

"Cheers," Herbert said.

Jenifer returned with the roast chicken and took her seat between the two men currently in her life. She served Herbert's plate first, then Scott's, and then her own—a subtle reminder of the new pecking order around here. They ate in silence for a while, Scott with his head down, Jenifer trying hard to look cheerful, and Herbert thoroughly enjoying their awkwardness.

"How is your dinner, Mr. Franklin?" Jenifer said finally.

"It's alright," Herbert said through a mouthful of potato.

Jenifer managed to maintain her smile.

"More wine?" she said.

"Okay, but better make that the last one because I'm driving," Herbert said. "Unless you want me to stay over tonight!"

Scott's fingers tightened around his dinner knife as Jenifer poured Herbert another glass.

"I must say Jenifer is dressed very nicely this evening," Herbert said. "Don't you think so, Scott?"

Scott raised his head and looked across at his wife with disdain. With her overdone makeup, pouting red lips, big hair, and skimpy lingerie, she must have presented a very different image to the sweet girl he had once proposed to.

"Yes, very nice," he muttered.

Herbert reached over and squeezed Jenifer's hand.

"Well, I think you look more than nice," he said to her. "You look so nice I could eat you!"

Scott suddenly jumped up so quickly that his chair fell over.

Startled, Herbert let go of Jenifer's hand—maybe he had seriously miscalculated here.

“Scott, no!” Jenifer cried. “Think of your parents! Think of us!”

Scott stood for a moment, breathing hard and glowering at Herbert. Then he turned and looked at Jenifer and quite unexpectedly, he smiled.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I don’t know what came over me.”

He picked up the empty wine bottle and examined it as if it had magically appeared in front of him. Herbert leaned back in his seat, fearful that Scott might at any moment bring the bottle down on his head.

But instead, Scott said, “I think we have another bottle in the cellar. Excuse me.”

Herbert looked at Jenifer and she actually shrugged while keeping her fake smile on her red lips.

“I’m sorry too, Mr. Franklin,” she said. “My husband has been under a lot of pressure, recently.”

As Jenifer served desert, she picked up a bizarre shift in the atmosphere—at least as far as Scott was concerned. He no longer looked as though he might explode any moment, and although not exactly chatty, he was no longer just staring at his plate. But he also had a strange look on his face, a sort of stupid half-smile as if he had just thought of something very clever but wanted to keep it secret. He actually looked very weird. Jenifer had never seen him like this, and she would have preferred him to still be sulking—at least then she would have an idea of what was going on in his head!

Mr. Franklin had also visibly relaxed as the moment of tension receded. Scott had plied him with another glass of wine, and the alcohol was playing its part for the both of them. It occurred to Jenifer for a crazy moment that Scott might have somehow poisoned Mr. Franklin’s wine, but she dismissed the idea as absurd. Even so, his odd mood shift worried her.

“Well, not a bad effort at all, Jenny,” Mr. Franklin said. “I had no idea that you could cook too!”

Jenifer glanced at Scott but he just let out a gurgling laugh.

“So, how about you show me around the rest of the house?” Mr. Franklin said. “I feel as though I have a vested interest in it now.”

He reached under the table and squeezed Jenifer’s thigh.

Oh, no! Is he thinking what I think he’s thinking?

Scott’s smirk disappeared as he looked back and forth between them. Mr. Franklin squeezed Jenifer’s thigh again—this time a lot harder.

“Yes, of course,” she said. “Perhaps you two would like to get to know each other better while I do the dishes—”

“I was thinking you could show me around upstairs, Jenny,” Mr. Franklin said.

Fuck! He is!

“Well, perhaps the three of us—”

“Scott wouldn’t mind, would he?” Mr. Franklin said pointedly.

Jenifer looked at Scott. The color seemed to have drained from his cheeks.

“Scott?” Mr. Franklin said. “Do you give me permission to take your wife upstairs?”

Scott blinked at him.

“I’m waiting, Scott,” Mr. Franklin said.

Jenifer’s heart began to pound as Scott stared dumbly at Mr. Franklin.

Then he imperceptibly nodded.

“What was that?” Mr. Franklin said.

Avoiding Jenifer’s eyes, Scott said in a mechanical voice, “I give you permission to take my wife upstairs, Mr. Franklin.”

“Thank you, Scott,” Mr. Franklin grinned.

He took Jenifer by the hand, stood up, and pulled her to her feet.

“Maybe you could do the dishes while we’re up there?” Mr. Franklin said. “We shouldn’t be too long.”

As Jenifer went up the stairs holding Mr. Franklin’s hand, a tornado raged in her head.

This can’t be happening! Not here in my house!

But it was happening, and now she realized that Mr. Franklin was making a huge statement—this was his house now, and he could come and go here as he pleased!

They reached the landing and Mr. Franklin put his hand on Jenifer’s ass, pushing her up to the passage way. Ahead of them on the left was the guest bedroom and the bathroom, on the right the master bedroom. Mr. Franklin gave her left buttock a squeeze.

“So where shall we start?” he breathed into her ear.

Jenifer felt that familiar warm rush between her legs, not because Mr. Franklin was anywhere near attractive, but because it took very little to get her going these days—the aphrodisiac lipstick made sure of that. Stalling, Jenifer opened the door to the guest bedroom. The bed was unmade because Scott had slept there last night.

“Oh dear! Is this where your husband sleeps now?” Mr. Franklin said. “I had no idea you had a sexless marriage—that explains your wanton behavior in the bank, I guess.”

Jenifer could have screamed at the injustice of it all! The only reason she and Scott were having trouble connecting was because of the behavioral changes that Mr. Franklin had imposed upon her. But of course he knew that—he was just mocking her. And to emphasize his total domination, he slipped his hands up inside her camisole and pinched her nipples between his fingers. Jenifer groaned as he pushed his erection between her buttocks.

“Do you think Scott jerks off in here while you are sleeping alone in the master bedroom?” Mr. Franklin said.

“N-No,” Jenifer whimpered. “He doesn’t do that.”

“How do you know?”

“H-He’s my husband—”

“But you don’t sleep together. That’s highly unusual for a young couple.”

Mr. Franklin ran his hands down inside the waistband of her French knickers and slid them over her thighs and down to her ankles. He licked her earlobe and reached around to her vulva, sliding his finger up and down her wet slit.

“Do you think Scott might be a closet gay?” Mr. Franklin breathed.

“No!” Jenifer gasped as Mr. Franklin’s finger slipped inside her.

“So why doesn’t he want to have sex with a horny little bitch like you?”

The aphrodisiac was controlling her body now, and she leaned her head back onto Mr. Franklin’s shoulder. She was aroused, ashamed, and terrified all at the same time. Her husband was downstairs, and she was being frigged by her boss!

“He should be fucking you every night,” Mr. Franklin said hoarsely.

“Ugh!” Jenifer moaned.

“If he won’t fuck you, then I will,” Mr. Franklin hissed.

Still with his finger stuck inside her pussy, Mr. Franklin maneuvered Jenifer further down the passage and opened the door to the master bedroom. He flicked on the light and looked around the bedroom—the last bastion of her privacy—and then tugged the camisole up over her arms before pushing her naked onto her marital bed.

“Please, not here!” she sobbed.

“Why not?” Mr. Franklin breathed.

“This is my home!”

Mr. Franklin quickly took off his pants and underwear, his now familiar cock pointing rudely at her.

“Our home, Jenny!” he said. “From the day you first came to see me, I knew that this would one day be our home!”

Jenifer lay back as he straddled her, and placing his hands on the metal frame headboard, positioned his scrotum over her mouth.

“Suck and lick, Jenny Pickett!” he said, laying his balls against her red, tingling lips. “Suck and lick!”

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX

Jenifer stood in Mr. Franklin's office and wondered what she should do. It was approaching nine and Mr. Franklin still hadn't turned up for work. She really had no desire to see him after the events of last night in her little house, but she was worried nonetheless. There had been no text messages this morning. That was a first. There were two left over from yesterday's demeaning to-do list, but that was all.

She looked at his coffee which was now developing a skin. She had no idea who she should talk to about this. Mr. Franklin was her sole boss here. She answered to him, and him only. She guessed she could try messaging him, but he had never given her instructions to do that and she was afraid of making him angry. She decided that all she could do for now was wait. He might have been delayed in traffic. Or maybe he was testing her.

To add to her concerns, Scott had dropped off the radar last night too. After a noisy sex session with Mr. Franklin in her own bed, they had dressed and gone downstairs to discover that the dishes hadn't been done, and that Scott had gone. Hardly a surprise considering Jenifer's screams as she had ridden Mr. Franklin's cock to orgasm upstairs.

After Mr. Franklin had driven off, Jenifer had rushed back upstairs to the bathroom and stayed under a hot shower for a very long time. She wanted every molecule of Mr. Franklin expunged from her skin. If she had hated him before, now she loathed him with every ounce of her being. He had desecrated her matrimonial bedroom! The place where she and Scott had once made soft and tender love! And he intended to keep coming back there again and again!

Her soul-cleansing shower complete, she had tried Scott's phone but all she had received was voice mail. Unable to bear sleeping in the master bedroom, she had crawled into the guest bedroom where Scott had been sleeping recently, and pulled the pillow up close to her chest. Despite her tormented state of mind, sleep had come swiftly. In the morning, she had tried Scott again. Voicemail. She had checked for messages from Mr. Franklin. Nothing.

Although she had been given no specific wardrobe instructions today, Jenifer had dressed in a lightweight animal print mini dress with a plunging neckline and spaghetti straps. She had opted to remain braless, because that's what Mr. Franklin preferred, but she had slipped into a pair of white thong panties and three inch heel sandals for her own comfort. She had checked Mr. Franklin's office for any sneaky traps he may have set for her, and then at just before eight, she had prepared his coffee—just the way he liked it.

Now an hour had gone by and she was getting anxious. Was this one of his elaborate traps? Had she missed something that would earn her a flogging or worse? She looked at her phone and checked her messages from him. There had been nothing since yesterday afternoon when she had been forced to take a Jack Rabbit vibrator up to the Forex department and ask Vivian Southgate if she would like to try it out—the sound of Vivian's furious response and the derisive laughter of her colleagues was still ringing in Jenifer's ears!

What to do? What if Mr. Franklin had taken the day off and hadn't told her? She couldn't just stand here all day—her legs were starting to ache already! She looked at the other outstanding text message on her phone and her heart sank. Adam Cantrell. That handsome young mutual funds manager who had taken such a shine to her and now wouldn't even give her so much as a glance. Mr. Franklin had obviously noticed their mutual endearment and had moved to destroy it as quickly as possible. The last thing she wanted to do right now was go through the painful process of being spurned by Adam again, but it was either that or stand stupidly beside Mr. Franklin's desk for God knew how long. Plus, she couldn't be accused of disobeying her orders because the text was right there in front of her face.

With a sigh, she went over to the adult novelty shop bag and withdrew a couple of packs of condoms. Then she went outside to run the gauntlet of the main banking hall again. She kept her eyes forward as she walked swiftly to the investments area, picking up one or two comments about her dress sense, but refusing to react except for the unavoidable burning of her cheeks as she passed by.

Her pulse began to race as she approached Adam's cubicle. This was a daily occurrence now, but it was always every bit as humiliating as the first time she had been forced to do it. Adam glanced up at her, frowned and returned to his computer screen.

"Good morning, Adam," Jenifer said.

"I'm busy, Jenny."

"Yes, I know," Jenifer said clumsily. "Can I get you a coffee?"

Adam picked up his coffee cup.

"I already have one—see?"

Jenifer flushed even deeper.

"I, yes, I—"

Adam abruptly swiveled around in his chair and studied her slowly from head to toe. This was not his usual response. Jenifer had been accustomed to him telling her she was a slut or a whore and then promptly sending her on her way. Today, he seemed to be mulling something over as his eyes roved up and down her tight dress. Jenifer shifted awkwardly.

"You really are something of an enigma, do you know that?" he said.

Didn't she just! Even he only knew the half of it!

"You behave like a sex starved slut and dress like a hooker, but then I look at you now and I see an innocent girl next door type, blushing and squirming like a virgin on her first date. What is it with you?"

Jenifer wished she could tell him everything but that time seemed to have long passed now.

"Um, I like you, Adam," she mumbled, lowering her eyes.

That was in fact true, although she would never have dreamed of flirting with him if Mr. Franklin hadn't demanded it.

"And I like you too, Jenny," Adam said.

Surprised at his unexpected amiability, Jenifer looked up at him.

Adam said, "When I first met you, I had hoped there was a chance we might get together. You know, start a relationship, that kind of thing. Of course, that's out of the question now. I realize that there's nothing of any value in that empty head of yours, and although I find you as amazingly attractive as ever, there is no way I could ever spend my life with a girl like you."

Jenifer bridled but managed not to respond. He knew nothing about her or what she was going through! And the conceited prick still had no idea that she was actually married!

He nodded at the condoms in her hand. "What have you got there?"

Remembering the reason she was here, Jenifer held out her hand, "I-I was wondering if you could help me?"

Adam looked the brightly colored packets and rolled his eyes.

"And how can I do that, Jenny?"

This was a regular Jenny Pickett routine by now, and unlike Kevin Barton and the other younger employees, Adam usually didn't get this far with it—now however, he let her suffer and waited for her answer.

"I-I don't know which one is better—the Superior Studded or the Trojan Twisted?"

Adam shrugged. "How should I know?"

There was something wrong here. By now, he should have scolded her angrily and sent her away.

"Um, I thought maybe you had some experience—?"

"Not really," Adam said, leaning forward. "But I'll let you into a little secret. I did buy a pack of condoms this weekend, because I had a really hot date. Actually she was more than that, a lawyer in

fact, intelligent and sophisticated, not a bimbo like you, and after dinner we went back to my apartment and she was sending me all these signals, and I thought to myself, this is it, this lovely, educated woman wants me, and we made out a bit on the couch, and then guess what happened?”

Jenifer stared at him. “What?”

“Nothing.” Adam said. “The bitch told me that we would have to wait to get to know each other better. She left me with a large restaurant check, a packet of condoms, and a raging boner! That’s the dating game in this modern feminist world, Jenny. It’s really not fair, is it?”

Jenifer didn’t reply—what was she supposed to say to that?

“So you know, I was just looking at you all dressed up in your fuck-me clothes, and it occurred to me that a girl like you isn’t really that bad at all. I mean, there’s no way you are marriage material, but you understand what a woman’s body is for, don’t you? You are continuously licking your red lips, and your braless nipples are always sticking out, and you have been practically begging me for it for over a week now—I don’t know why I have been so blind!”

Jenifer couldn’t believe what she was hearing from him! Adam was the last man she would have described as sexist, but now he was objectifying her in the same way as Mr. Franklin!

Adam reached over and took the condoms from her.

“Let me see, I think I’ll try the Trojan Twisted.”

Jenifer began to panic! She couldn’t deny that she found Adam very attractive, but was he seriously planning on having sex with her?

Apparently yes.

“You do this stuff in the men’s room, right?” he said.

Horrified, Jenifer could only nod dumbly.

“Okay, I’ll go first. Wait five minutes and then follow me in. I don’t want anyone to see us, of course—I have a reputation to uphold.”

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN

“Adam?”

Jenifer stood nervously in the empty men’s room.

“In here,” Adam said.

She cautiously walked past the stalls, pushing them open one by one until she reached the last one. She opened the door and gasped and stood back—Adam was standing astride the toilet, naked from the waist down!

“Don’t even think about playing the prick teaser now!” Adam growled.

Jenifer looked quickly around and stepped into the stall, bolting the door behind her.

“Okay, my little early morning coffee slut,” Adam said. “This boy needs seeing to, so get on your knees!”

Jenifer still couldn’t believe it was kind, sweet Adam Cantrell talking to her like this! But could she really blame him? After all, she had been the one dressing and acting like the office tramp. He was only treating her the way he thought she wanted. If only he knew the truth!

She sunk to her knees and looked at his semi-erect cock directly in front of her face. It was big and long and circumcised, the swelling purple glans already glistening with his growing arousal.

“Go on then,” Adam said. “If you want me to try out your condoms, you have to make me hard.”

With trembling fingers, Jenifer wrapped her hand around his warm shaft. Her stomach jumped as her own sexually fired-up body immediately responded to the contact. She moved her hand up and down and he quickly hardened under her palm.

When he was standing to full attention, Adam said, “What do you think? More impressive than young Kevin Barton?”

Was she supposed to answer that? His glans was almost touching her lips!

She started to open the condom packet but Adam said, “Wait. I want you to suck it first. I’ve been imagining those lush red lips around my cock for days now!”

Jenifer again wondered if there were any hidden cameras in the ceiling. Was Mr. Franklin watching them right now? What the hell. She was carrying out his orders—and a part of her actually wanted to do this. She had found Adam desirable from the moment she had first met him. If she was going to have to sacrifice her body to fat old men and pimply office juniors, then why couldn’t she get a little pleasure from the most eligible bachelor in the bank?

So she opened her mouth and poked out her tongue and licked all around his glans, making him groan with pleasure. Then she lifted his cock up and kissed and licked his scrotum, and then she took his shaft into her mouth and sucked him slowly, feeling the dirty passion rising between her legs. And all the while, Adam was moaning and sighing and uttering insulting barbs at her.

“Oh, you filthy, cocksucking bitch!”

“You dirty cunt!”

“Take it all the way back in your throat, you fucking whore!”

“Gag, slut! Yes, gag!”

Somewhere amid all this carnal abandonment, Jenifer understood that Adam’s cruel words weren’t actually directed toward her, but at the nameless female lawyer that he probably loved and wanted to marry. Sadly, Jenifer understood she was just a sexual vessel whose sole purpose was to provide him with much needed relief.

Adam gripped her head tightly and pulled her off him and she looked up in alarm. His normally immaculate hair was mussed and his dark eyes shone like a wild animal.

“Jenny Pickett, you little skank! Do you want to fuck me?”

With saliva oozing over her chin, Jenifer whispered, “Yes! Please may I fuck you, Adam?”

“You may—now put the fucking condom on!”

Jenifer did, sliding it on with now practiced ease, and then Adam slumped onto the toilet seat and lifted up her dress. He actually ripped her thong off her, and she opened her thighs and bent her legs and eased herself onto his rock hard cock, feeling the Trojan Twisted condom slowly impaling her. As they built up a rhythm, he pulled her dress up higher, exposing her large, bouncing breasts, pinching and twisting her nipples with a viciousness that told her he was still angry at the lawyer lady and that Jenny Pickett had to be punished for it.

When he shot into the condom, Jenifer came too, and they bucked and twitched for a while and he pressed his face into her shoulder, breathing hot and hard. After a while, he lifted his head and she looked at him and wiped his brow. All the anger and frustration seemed to have lifted from him and she felt oddly proud of herself that she had done such a good thing for this sweet man. When he smiled at her she leaned closer to kiss him but he placed his finger on her nose and gently pushed her away.

“Don’t ever kiss me, Jenny Pickett,” he said softly. “Not with that mouth.”

After waiting a respectable amount of time for Adam to return to his cubicle, Jenifer crept out of the men’s room and into the ladies next door. It was thankfully unoccupied which gave her time to get her emotions together. The base, animal sex session with Adam had left her feeling sexually charged, but also confused, used and worthless. With Scott drifting away from her, she really needed a friend, but she now realized that Adam wasn’t it. As far as he was concerned, she was just something to fuck.

Jenifer fixed her makeup in the mirror, including a thick layer of the narcotic lipstick, dropped the used condom and her torn thong into the waste bin, and made her way back across the office. She immediately became aware that people were looking at her, which was not uncommon around here anymore, but there seemed to be more interest than usual. She and Adam hadn’t been disturbed during their lewd toilet copulation, and she had been careful not to scream when she had come, but she guessed that somebody had spotted her going to the men’s room.

She checked her phone as she approached Mr. Franklin’s office—still nothing from him. What was going on? When she reached his office, the door was open and the bank’s vice president walked out without acknowledging her. She went inside, half expecting to see Mr. Franklin sitting behind his desk with the flogger in his hand, but instead Vivian Southgate was sitting on the couch talking on her phone.

When she saw Jenifer, she stood up and said, “I have to go.”

“What’s going on?” Jenifer said.

Vivian had a strange look on her face.

“There’s no easy way to say this—Mr. Franklin died in a car accident last night.”

Jenifer just stared at her. It didn’t make sense.

“I know that you were—close to him,” Vivian said. “I’m sorry.”

Close? Are you insane?

“How?” Jenifer said.

“We don’t have all the details yet. The police said he skidded off the road sometime last night. He was dead on arrival.”

Last night?

Jenifer swallowed. “Um, what should I do?”

“I suggest you take the rest of the day off,” Vivian said. “Go home. The bank will contact you.”

Vivian went to the door and then turned. “Jenny, I know we haven’t exactly seen eye to eye—but if you need somebody to talk to, you know where I am.”

Jenifer watched Vivian walk out of the door and then she went over and closed it. She walked around behind Mr. Franklin's desk and sat in his chair. Then she looked up at the space in the middle of his office floor where she had stood naked before him so many times.

Dead?

Jenifer reached under Mr. Franklin's desk and felt around for the little box that contained his desk keys. She took out the small bunch and opened the drawer on the right. At the bottom, underneath a stack of files, was the plastic container of the narcotic lipstick. There were over fifty more tubes in there. She locked the drawer, returned the key, got up and put the container of lipstick into her purse. Then she opened the door and turned out the light.

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT

Sitting on the bus as the news finally started to sink in, Jenifer felt as though a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

He's gone—the monster is dead!

But as she began to process this shocking development, her relief soon gave way to concern which rapidly morphed into outright anxiety. As she understood it, Mr. Franklin had taken personal control of her and Scott's debts. Now that he was gone, who would take over from him? If he had granted their stay of execution without informing his superiors, surely the next bank manager would uncover this—and then what? Would everything she had endured have been in vain?

Or maybe she was worrying over nothing. There was a chance that Mr. Franklin had filed the paperwork correctly and that Scott would be given time to rebuild his business without Jenifer having to suffer anymore.

God, please let that be the case!

Of course with Mr. Franklin dead, there wasn't anybody left at the bank to make her suffer. But now that her old life had been so completely torn away from her, Jenifer felt a bit lost. She had become conditioned to dressing up sexy and heading in to the bank early every morning, ready to satisfy Mr. Franklin's every whim. Now that there was no need to, Jenifer wasn't entirely sure what she was supposed to do next. Vivian had told her that the bank would be in touch, so she guessed she would just have to wait.

As she watched the rain splattering against the grimy bus window, Jenifer turned her attention to Mr. Franklin's car accident. Vivian said he had crashed his car some time last night—which of course would have been after leaving Jenifer's house. After he had fucked her in her matrimonial bed. After Scott had left the house.

Scott.

He had suddenly turned so very weird during dinner. After nearly losing it, a strange calm had settled upon him, as if he had received a divine revelation. But Jenifer knew her husband better than that. He wasn't a spiritual man—he customized cars.

Cars.

Scott knew cars inside out.

As she got off the bus, the terrible possibility that had been bubbling around in her head, began to crystallize. Walking down the quiet street toward their little house, her whole body began to shake. She stopped and scabbled around in her purse for the lipstick. Not caring if any of the neighbors might be watching, she ran the lipstick over her lips and within seconds she began to calm down.

When she reached the house, she saw Scott's car in the driveway. He would normally be at work now. In fact, he had been doing his best to avoid Jenifer as much as possible recently. She went to put her key in the front door lock, but the door was already ajar.

She cautiously went inside. Scott was sitting in front of the television. On the coffee table was a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket and two glasses. Jenifer quietly kicked off her shoes and went into the living room.

Scott glanced up at her and said, "Hey, honey. You're back early."

Jenifer said, "So are you."

"Ah, I decided to leave the guys to it just for one day. Guess what? We got our corporate contract back!"

"Is that what the champagne is for?" Jenifer said.

"Sure! We've been going through a tough time of it recently—come and help me celebrate."

Jenifer hesitated and then perched herself on the edge of the couch next to Scott. He opened the champagne and the cork flew through the air with a loud pop and bounced off the ceiling.

“Here’s to a new beginning!” he said, handing Jenifer her glass.

They clinked and Scott drank his all the way down and refilled it. Jenifer sipped hers and watched him cautiously.

“So tell me about your day,” Scott said.

Jenifer impulsively swallowed the contents of her glass and held it out for more.

“There was some disturbing news,” she said, watching Scott top up her glass.

“Yeah? What was that?”

“Mr. Franklin—he died.”

Scott looked at the television. No reaction at all.

“He was in a car accident last night,” Jenifer said.

“Yeah, I heard,” Scott said.

Jenifer’s heart skipped a beat.

“How?” she said.

“I don’t know,” Scott said. “Wasn’t it on the news?”

“No, it wasn’t on the news!” Jenifer said. “I only heard about it myself a couple of hours ago!”

“Oh,” Scott said. “I guess I heard it somewhere else then.”

Jenifer put down her glass and placed her hands on Scott’s cheeks, turning his face toward her.

“Scott, what did you do?”

“Me? What are you talking about?”

“Last night, when we—came downstairs, you were gone.”

“You mean while you were upstairs in our bedroom fucking your boss? Yeah, I really didn’t want to stick around for that.”

Jenifer blinked back a tear. “I haven’t been able to reach you all day.”

“I told you—been busy. It’s all good.”

“It’s not all good Scott!” Jenifer said. “Do you realize what you have done? Everything I’ve been through, it could all be for nothing! Your business loans could be called in now! We could still lose this house! You parents could lose theirs, too!”

Scott gently took her wrists and lowered her hands.

“We’ll figure it out,” he smiled. “We’ll talk to the new manager—together this time.”

A tear trickled down Jenifer’s cheek and Scott tenderly wiped it away with his thumb.

“But what if we can’t figure it out?” she said. “What if they take everything away from us? Everything I’ve sacrificed will be wasted!”

Scott leaned forward and kissed Jenifer on her plump, red lips.

“But at least I’ll have my wife back,” he said.

Driving her own little Chevrolet Sonic out of the city, Jenifer Marlow turned onto the expressway and exhaled long and deep. She felt like she had been holding her breath for a very long time. Under Mr. Franklin’s tyrannical reign, she had been taking the bus in to work, and it felt good to be back behind the wheel. She turned on the radio and found some light background music.

The meeting at the bank had gone very well. Better than well, in fact. It was taking her a lot of self control not to yell out loud with sheer delight. She had talked Scott out of going in with her, still not trusting him to say or do something that might jeopardize their chances of coming out of this intact.

The temporary manager had been cordial and efficient, but Jenifer couldn't help feeling awkward sitting back in the very office where she had sexually serviced Mr. Franklin so many times.

She had been bracing herself for the worst, so when the temporary manager had informed her that Scott's business loans and the house mortgage were all guaranteed, she had wanted to kiss him! Fortunately, she didn't. She was no longer Jenny Pickett, and she didn't have to keep men happy any more. She hadn't fully understood the bank legalese, but it seemed that they were happy to honor the agreement that Mr. Franklin had put in place, and they would be given plenty of time to get back on their feet. So Scott had been right, after all—it had worked itself out!

Jenifer had then been sent to human resources where she had been politely informed that her services would no longer be required, but they did give her a very generous severance package. Before leaving the bank, Jenifer had, on a whim, gone to say goodbye to Adam Cantrell. He was polite, although after their vulgar sex session in the men's room, their conversation had been a little stilted. He was quite taken aback at her appearance. Her hair was tied back in a sensible pony tail, and she was wearing a blouse, jacket and jeans with comfortable flat shoes, the only residue of her Jenny Pickett persona being her pouting red lips—she wasn't sure she would ever be able to change that. Adam had expressed a desire to keep in touch and maybe go on a date sometime—to which Jenifer had proudly replied that she was a married lady. Leaving Adam looking somewhat downcast, she had quickly popped upstairs to say goodbye to Vivian Southgate. No vibrators this time, just a thank you. Vivian had been kind and repeated her offer of friendship should Jenifer ever need it.

As she drove into the suburbs, Jenifer turned her thoughts to the future. She was finally free to make plans for herself! The boutique was obviously out of the question after the way she had spoken to Kelly, but there were all kinds of other options. Maybe Jenifer would start her own business.

She turned into her leafy suburban street and turned off the music. A black Lexus sedan was parked in her driveway. Jenifer parked on the street and looked at the house. The front door was open. Odd. No way would the Lexus be one of Scott's custom cars. Jenifer got out and walked slowly up her garden path to the front porch.

"Scott?"

No answer.

She didn't think he would have splashed out on a new car, but he had been acting very strangely recently. She had been so upbeat after the news from the bank that she would have actually welcomed a celebratory glass of champagne with her husband this time, but she sensed that all was not as it should be inside her home. When she went in to the living room, she froze and her breath caught in her throat—for a terrifying moment she thought she was looking at the ghost of Mr. Franklin!

The bald headed man sitting on her couch, said, "Come on in, Jenny Pickett."

Jenifer walked slowly around until she could see the stranger's face, and she let out a little gasp of dismay. No, Mr. Franklin hadn't come back from the dead—but she had an awful gut feeling that this was going to be a lot worse than that!

Leonard Trevelyan-Forbes looked up at her with his bulbous eyes and ran his tongue over his thin, purple lips. The memory of that vile weekend at the Cherry Hills Country Club came rushing back and Jenifer recoiled in horror.

"H-How did you get in here?" she said.

"Your husband let me in," Leonard said casually. "I sent him out to go get drunk for the rest of the day. You and I need to talk."

"Talk about what?" Jenifer said.

"Haven't you figured that out yet?" Leonard said. "You had a good meeting at the bank. Your house and your husband's business are safe—for now. Who do you think fixed all that?"

Jenifer blinked at him. "Mr. Franklin did."

Leonard chuckled. "Oh, you innocent girl! Herbert was a lightweight. He sold your loans to me a week ago. Why do you think he was pimping you out at the country club?"

“W-What do you mean he sold the loans?” Jenifer said.

“Well, without taxing your brain too much, it means that this house and your husband’s business all belong to me,” Leonard said.

“But the manager at the bank told me that all the paperwork is correct,” Jenifer said.

“And it is,” Leonard said. “The mortgage is still in your name and Scott still owns his business. But you should be aware that I can pull the plug at any time I choose.”

Jenifer suddenly felt faint.

This can't be happening!

“So, I gather you already understand the rules of the game, Jenny,” Leonard said. “You also belong to me now.”

Jenifer stared wildly at him and shook her head.

“I-I can’t! I can’t do that again!”

“Are you sure about that?” Leonard said. “You seemed like such a natural born slut to me.”

“No! I’m not a slut! I’m a good, married woman!”

Leonard stroked his chin thoughtfully.

“Then there’s something else you might consider,” he said. “You may have realized by now that I am a very powerful man. Anyway, I have connections high up in the city police force, and I was intrigued by the sudden and unfortunate death of our mutual friend, Herbert Franklin, so I made a couple of unofficial calls. It turns out that the accident investigators suspect that Herbert’s brakes may have been tampered with—and they have also collected some excellent fingerprint samples.”

Oh, Scott! You fucking idiot!

“I-I don’t know what you are talking about,” Jenifer said weakly.

“That’s exactly what your husband said,” Leonard smiled. “But when I explained that I have the power to keep those samples buried indefinitely, he soon showed an interest.”

Jenifer felt all of the strength running out of her body. A few minutes ago she was thinking about her future—now she realized that she didn’t have one!

“Think about the downside, Jenny,” Leonard said. “You lose your house, your husband’s business goes bankrupt—and on top of that he goes to jail for life without parole for premeditated murder.”

Jenifer’s knees were trembling and her eyes began to fill with tears.

“Or you make me happy, just as you did with Herbert.”

“B-But my husband—” Jenifer sobbed.

“Scott has already agreed,” Leonard said. “Forget about him. He is going to turn into a barely functioning alcoholic—and you my dear, are going to revert to the filthy cocksucking whore that you were always destined to be.”

Jenifer wiped her eyes and looked at the floor—it was over.

“So, do we have a deal?” Leonard said.

Jenifer sniffed and nodded.

“Excellent!” Leonard said. “Now, I just want to make sure you have been taking care of your body since I last fucked you. Be a good girl and strip off for me.”

Jenifer drew in a shuddering breath and numbly slipped out of her jacket, unbuttoned her blouse, and dropped them on the carpet. Keeping her eyes on Leonard, she unzipped her jeans and then rolled them down her legs and stepped out of them. She paused then, aware that she had reached a point from which there would be no turning back. She was going to belong totally to this disgusting fat old man. He would take her out, show her off to his friends, and maybe even loan her out to them. She would smile and bat her eyelashes and pretend that she was in love with the old pig. Meanwhile, Scott would be the object of ridicule among his friends, and his life would spiral down into an alcohol-fueled hell.

So be it.

She reached around and unclipped her bra strap and then took the cups away from her breasts. After dropping her bra, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and lowered them to her

ankles. She wanted to cover herself with her hands but she knew by now what Leonard wanted, so she put her arms behind her back and let him study her naked body at his leisure.

“You really are a work of perfection, Jenny Pickett, do you know that?” Leonard sighed.

Jenifer knew it all too well—what she had once regarded as a blessing had become a curse.

“Now, my dear,” Leonard said. “I want you to put on some more of that lovely red lipstick—and then you can take me upstairs and show me the rest of the house.”

THE END