

BDSM Erotica

Breaking In Amanda



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

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The sound of the slap Amanda Watson delivered to the cheek of Oliver Northwood echoed about his sleek office on the top floor of the Northwood Synergistics building. Through its windows were visible the honey-tinted dreaming stone spires of Oxford, looking tranquil in comparison to the surge of anger Amanda felt. Oliver's strong square jaw took the slap easily and it only seemed to bring a look of half amusement to his sardonic lips. She knew he had admired her physically ever since she took the position of his secretary and personal assistant, but he had been the perfect employer... until now.

'How dare you say such a thing!' Amanda spat at him. 'You can't make sexist, chauvinist remarks like that any more! This is the 21st-century, you know!'

'I'm well aware of the date,' Oliver replied calmly. 'I was merely complimenting you on your breasts and expressing the honest desire to see more of them. You should be grateful that I find them so attractive...'

Unconsciously Amanda brushed a hand over her blouse which was tight across her full breasts.

Oliver continued: 'You shouldn't feel embarrassed about them, Amanda. They helped you get you this job and not your qualifications, which were, let's be honest, barely adequate.'

'What's that got to do with anything?' Amanda said angrily. 'I'm still going to report you for sexual harassment!'

'As there were no other witnesses to what I said, any complaint you make will be a case of my word against yours,' he pointed out. 'I will then have every reason to reconsider your position, bearing in mind your poor qualifications. Now we both know how desperately you wanted this job. At the time you were grateful that I took you on with so little experience and said you would try hard to learn and improve. Well I gave you the opportunity but three months have passed and you're still barely adequate. You suffer from the trap that all attractive women can potentially fall into: you rely on your looks to excuse your deficiencies. Well you're twenty-four

and by now you should have mastered a not too complex job properly. Instead your face and figure are still the best things you bring to your work each day. Well that's no longer good enough. So, one way or another, now I expect more from you...'

Despite her indignation Amanda knew there was some truth in what he said. She looked good and she knew it. Had she been trading on her looks for too long? 'What do you mean: "more"?' she asked uncertainly.

'I need an assistant who is more than simply pleasing to the eye and so from now on you must satisfy stricter measures of competence and satisfaction. It's time you went on a professional and personal skills course to improve your efficiency and office manners. There will be no more talking back to me or slaps. In future I will demand a lot more respect and dedication from you.' From a drawer he took out a glossy brochure and laid it before her. 'There's a company called Perfectosec which has a facility in the country near Bath. They specialise in training up secretaries and PA's to higher standards. I've already booked you in for two weeks from Monday.'

The nerve of him to assume she'd accept! 'And what if I don't want to go?' Amanda asked.

'As you pointed out this is the 21st-century and things have changed. I can quite legitimately dismiss you for not having the necessary technical and social skills, which have nothing to do with your sex or appearance, and that would not look good on your CV, would it?'

She realized she had no choice. Anyway perhaps it would be a good idea to get away from Oliver for a while. 'All right, I'll give it a try.'

'You'll do more than try, Amanda,' he warned her. 'If you don't pass Perfectosec's final assessment and come back with a glowing report, then you'll be out of a job with a poor reference!'

Amanda gulped.

Oliver smiled. 'By the way, it's a very intensive course which doesn't allow much time for socializing. You'd better tell your family and friends

that you'll be going away and may be too busy to call them for a few weeks...'

The following Monday morning, Amanda stepped off the train at Bath Spa station. Beyond the ticket barrier a bearded man with stylish blue tinted specs dressed in a chauffeur's peaked cap and smart dark suit was waiting holding up her name on a card. Evidently Perfectosec believed in doing things in style. Maybe this would not be so bad after all...

'I'll take your bags, Ms Watson,' he said courteously.

He led her out of the station to a glossy black Audi limousine with tinted windows. He saw her comfortably settled into the plush rear seat and then took his place behind the wheel. She noticed that the front of the car was partitioned off by a tinted glass screen from the rear compartment.

As the car pulled away she found the intercom button and asked: 'Is it far to Perfectosec?'

'It will not seem very far to you, Ms Watson,' he replied. 'Because you'll be sleeping for most of the way...'

'But I don't feel tired...' she began, and then she realized that she did. Her eyelids were already drooping and a strange lethargy was creeping over her. She took in a deep breath and tried to open the side window to get some fresh air, but the window would not open.

'You're feeling sleepy because of the knockout gas filling the rear compartment, Ms Watson,' the driver said. 'Don't fight it,' he added as she clawed at the door handle which was also unresponsive. 'You see we keep the location of our headquarters on a need-to-know basis, and you don't need to know. Great tits, by the way...'

While Amanda slept she thought she had a dream. She was sprawled on her

back across the warm hood of the car looking up at the trees. Her skirt was rolled up over her waist, her legs were spread wide and her tights and panties were gone. The face of the bearded chauffeur was looming over her as he rammed his hard cock up into her aching vagina.

‘Perks of the job, Ms Watson,’ he said as if from a long way away. ‘We’ll be off again in a minute as soon as I’ve finished having fun with your juicy pussy...’

Feebly she tried to fight him off but there was some kind of cotton pad taped across her nose and mouth that smelt of chemicals. Then she drifted off into blackness again...

The next time she woke up Amanda found herself huddled in the corner of a small metal cage. It had a black rubber padded floor and was not quite high enough to sit upright in.

She felt sick, her head throbbed and there was a strange taste in her mouth. Still confused and woozy she took in her surroundings almost uncritically for a few moments.

The cage was raised up off the floor on a low plinth. Beyond the bars of the cage was a small white painted room with a single door. It was hardly bigger than a walk-in cupboard and was floored by more black rubber matting and lit by a single fluorescent tube set in the ceiling. A small CCTV camera was mounted in one corner with its lens pointed at the cage. Beside it was the grille of a small loudspeaker.

There were large notices pinned up about the walls of the tiny room which read:

A good secretary is in an obedient secretary.

A good secretary loves her boss and will do anything to please him.

A boss’s praise is all a secretary desires...

It was then that her head cleared enough so that she realized that she was totally naked, except for an array of sinister restraints.

There was a heavy rubber lined collar locked about her neck. Her arms were twisted behind her back and her wrists were cuffed together. They seem to be linked to a broad belt bound tightly about her waist. As she tried to flex her fingers she found to her horror that they seemed to be stuck together. Instinctively she tried to call out but her mouth was plugged by a spongy rubber ball. There were also heavy cuffs about her ankles which seemed to be linked by a short chain.

Now fear was replacing her dull confusion and Amanda began to struggle and whimper, thrashing about within her cage and kicking at its bars in panic.

Suddenly she screamed and bit on the ball plugging her mouth. The sidebars of the cage crackled with electricity, stabbing their hot electric needles into her.

Frantically she struggled onto her knees and rested trembling on the rubber matting, huddled up with her head down and trying not to touch any of the metal that surrounded her.

A calm measured voice issued from the speaker mounted by the CCTV.

‘That’s very good, Ms Watson. You have adopted a suitably servile posture. One of our operatives will be with you shortly to begin your training programme...’

Amanda sobbed, shaking with fear. What kind of nightmare was this?

Two minutes later the door of the tiny room opened and a man strode in. He was wearing a dark business suit with immaculately polished black shoes and black tie. His right hand was bare but for some reason his left hand was enclosed in a close fitting black rubber glove which seemed to have metal studs set in it. But it was his face that filled Amanda with horror, or rather what was covering his face. It was a life-size colour photograph of

Oliver Northwood's face, which had been cut out and turned into a mask with a flap over the nose and cut-outs for the eyes and mouth of the man beneath it.

The man wearing Oliver's face walked around her cage looking down at her naked trembling body, examining it in detail. And she could do nothing to escape his gaze.

Amanda had a thick mane of curling blonde hair, tied back in a fluffy ponytail, which framed a heart-shaped face with strong cheekbones and a firm straight nose. Her eyes were blue and her pale brows were arched and, when not plugged by a rubber ball, her mouth was neat and shapely. She had a voluptuous figure with a tight waist because she exercised regularly, knowing her tendency to fleshiness had to be kept in check. Nevertheless her breasts were heavy and rounded, emphasised by her bowed posture, their inner curves pressing against each other to form a deep cleavage. When she was standing they jutted out prominently, capped by large pale brown nipples with domelike tips. Her navel was deep and buttocks were pale. Her hips and thighs had womanly curves and her calves were strong. She had a trimmed pale golden thicket of curls on the upper swell of her mound of Venus, below which were deep cleft plump naked sex lips which pouted between her thighs as she crouched over.

'Yes, I can see why Mr Northwood took you on,' he declared at last. 'You are physically very appealing, Ms Watson, but apparently your attitude leaves much to be desired. Well you will not leave until you are the perfect obedient secretary.'

It was confusing to hear a strange man's voice apparently coming out of Oliver's lips and it added to Amanda's sense of dislocation and confusion. She raised her disbelieving eyes to him and shook her head and moaned and gurgled frantically

'Yes, this is Perfectosec and Mr Northwood knows exactly what's happening to you. That's why he sent you here. A plain but efficient secretary cannot be turned into a beauty, but a beauty can be trained to become at least a competent, willing and obedient secretary.'

Amanda gaped at him in disbelief. No, Oliver would never dare do such a thing. Would he...?

‘I am Mr Chipping, but you will at all times address me simply as: Sir,’ the man wearing Oliver’s face continued. ‘Of course Chipping is not really my name. For obvious reasons you will never know our real names, see our faces or learn where you have been kept. All that you do need to know is that I shall be your tutor while you are with us and I have absolute power over you. And the first thing I’m going to teach you is that, as in life, you have to work hard to earn your keep, which I understand you have not been doing recently. Well here unless you do so you will get neither food nor water. And when you are pretty but unskilled as you are, all you have to offer is the pleasure your body can give. You will of course be pleasuring me but all the time you will see your employer’s face, to remind you that you are really doing it for him so you can learn to become a better secretary...’

Amanda gulped, feeling sick. He was deadly serious. It must be true. Oliver had sent her here to be trained like...like a slave! This was a nightmare!

Chipping took a small remote control handset out of his pocket and pointed at her cage and pressed a button.

‘You can touch the bars safely now, Ms Watson,’ he told her.

He stepped forward and slid a small hatch back in the front top of the cage, opening up a round hole in the bars. It was not big enough for her to get her shoulders through, but it was just large enough for her head.

‘Put your head up through the hole,’ he told her. ‘Or else I’ll leave you there for twenty-four hours without food and drink...’

Miserably Amanda pushed her head up through the hole. Chipping clipped a small snap hook fitted to the front edge of the cage to the ring on the front of her collar, holding her head in place with her chin overhanging the cage edge. Now her head jutted out above the cage roof bars looking almost disembodied, while her breasts were pressed against the front bars of the cage, with her soft flesh squeezing out between them.

Chipping stroked her hair and cheeks, making her shudder. Then he ran his hand down the front bars of the cage to finger her plump nipples which stood out between the bars. She whimpered and jerked her head but of course she could not pull away.

‘Yes, you are very lovely, and as Mr Northwood said, your breasts are magnificent, but it’s a pity about your personality. However we’ll do what we can. And one day you may even thank us for it. Now, I’m about to remove your gag and permit you to use your mouth. When I do you will not take the opportunity to threaten me or use bad language. That will only get you further punishment. At all times, when you are permitted to speak, you will reply respectfully and humbly, do you understand?’

Amanda was slow to respond. He held the studded palm of his gloved left hand against her cheek and she shrieked as it flashed and stabbed her with electric pins. Then he moved it down and slapped his fingers against her protruding nipples, sending a jolt of pain to her breasts.

‘Would you like me to turn the cage current back on as well?’ he asked.

Amanda felt a thrill of terror. Her breasts were held pressed against the cage sides. She was utterly helpless. He could do anything he wanted with her. Blinking away her tears she shook her head desperately.

‘Will you be respectful?’

Oh yes, she would be so very respectful...

Chipping pulled the gag ball out of her mouth and let it hang beneath her chin on the elastic cord on which it was strung. Amanda licked her stretched dried lips but said nothing.

‘Would you like something to eat and drink, Ms Watson?’ he asked.

She realized how hungry and thirsty she was. How long had she been unconscious? ‘Yes I would, Sir,’ she said in a tiny voice.

‘Well the price of a meal is an act of fellatio...’ he told her. As he was speaking he had opened his flies and pulled out a swelling erection. As Amanda goggled at it in revulsion she realized that the height of the cage been carefully judged so that when he was standing his cock was level with her mouth. ‘Open wide...’

The horror of his suggestion panicked her and she shook her head. ‘No, please... I can’t...eeeeek!’

He had electrified the cage again. It felt like her breasts were on a griddle being hit by a hammer. She shrieked and thrashed about in pain.

After tens seconds he turned it off, leaving her trembling in shock and fear.

‘Beg to suck me off and then open wide, Ms Watson,’ he said sternly.

Stammering she said: ‘P... please may I s...suck you off, Sir...’ and opened her mouth wide.

‘Now you’re putting that mouth of yours to its proper use,’ he told her as he took hold of her hair and pushed his cock between her unresisting lips.

And so snivelling she sucked him off with passion fuelled by fear and panic, bobbing her head forward and back, letting the head of his cock slide down her throat, struggling not to choke.

As his shaft plunged between her desperate lips he said: ‘Look at my cock and then up at the face of your boss. Imagine I am him. Would he be smiling now? That’s all that matters to a devoted secretary: the happiness of her boss.’

And so Amanda sucked and lapped until Chipping grunted and squirted his hot sperm down the back of her throat.

‘Drink it all down,’ he warned her. ‘Oliver would not like to see you waste any of it...’

Finally, after she had lovingly licked his shaft clean, he pulled his

penis out of her mouth and tucked it away again.

‘That has earned you a drink and a meal,’ he told her.

He left the room for a few minutes, leaving Amanda with the taste of him in her mouth and her thoughts, which were confused and terrified. Was this what it was going to be like the next two weeks? But they could not do this kind of thing to people in this country. Surely she would be missed. No, that was why Oliver had got her to tell her family and friends she might be out of touch. If any of them did enquire after her he could confirm she was on a course. In a twisted way it was even the truth.

Sudden she began to cry and couldn’t wipe her tears away because she could not touch her face. He wanted to turn her into his sex slave secretary! That was so sick! And yet what choice did she have? She was collared and chained and locked in an electric cage. All right, they could do what they want to her for now... but afterwards, somehow, she would have her revenge on him.

Chipping returned with a metal hoop stand which clipped onto the top of her cage, and from which hung what looked a little like small medical plastic intravenous drip bags, except one contained water and the other a mash of soft food which was fed through a thicker tube. Chipping arranged the stand over Amanda’s head so that by twisting it left or right she could catch hold of the ends of the tubes in her mouth.

‘You have ten minutes to finish that, Ms Watson,’ he told her. ‘Then your retraining really begins...’

Outside her tiny cage room was a plain white partitioned corridor with several numbered doors opening off it, which was also floored with black rubber matting. She was grateful for this as she had to shuffle along it on her hands and knees.

As soon as she had finished her food Chipping had opened the front of her cage and helped her out onto the ground. He had un-cuffed her hands

from behind her back and refastened them in front of her on a short chain which linked them to a ring set on the front of her belt.

For the first time she could see her fingers which she still could not separate.

‘I super-glued them together while you were sleeping off the effects of our knockout gas,’ Chipping explained. ‘You don’t need much manual dexterity for what you’re going to be doing and it will force you to use other parts of your body to carry out the tasks we set you. Now you can use them like the front paws of a dog. Get down your hands and knees, Ms Watson...’

‘Please, Sir, I can walk...’

‘You will stand upright only when permitted but at other times you will remain on your hands and knees. This would teach you to look up your employer. That’s the proper position for you to be. It shows respect and servility. Now you will follow at my heel like a good dog, unless you want me to slap your breasts again...’ and he raised his electric gloved hand.

Amanda lowered her eyes submissively. ‘No, Sir. I’ll be a... good dog...’

He clipped a leash to her collar and led her out of the room with her moving along on her hands and knees after him like a dog. Her ankle chain allowed just enough play for her to shuffle her legs backwards and forward while the chain from her waist similarly permitted just enough movement of her hands in front of her. She was painfully aware of her big breasts bobbing and swaying beneath her and her bare buttock cheeks rolling sensuously as she worked her knees back and forth.

What would have happened if she had not slapped Oliver when he had made his crude remark about her tits? Would he have pushed her until she reacted as she had anyway? Apparently he had already booked her into Perfectosec. How long had he planned this? From the day he hired her? Well one day she would get her own back...

Over the tops of the partition walls she could see a lofty space which

might have been a converted barn. This space was illuminated by several high windows filled with pebbled security glass. What lay beyond she had no idea.

As they passed one of the doors she heard moaning from within.

‘We have several other secretaries in training at the moment,’ Chipping explained. ‘Each is under the care of a personal tutor teaching them to love and serve their bosses properly...’

Oh God, he made it sound like a thriving business! How many other bosses like Oliver were even now looking at their pretty secretaries and wondering if they should not be more submissive? It was unbelievable... and yet wasn’t that a common male fantasy? And now it was her turn to live it!

Chipping opened the door of room Number 8 and led her inside. ‘This is our introductory training room...’

Amanda gaped in surprise at what she saw.

It was a room within a room with only a narrow corridor separating them in which stood a lectern-mounted laptop which faced into the inner room which was a shell of glass wall panels and had a floor patterned like a chessboard made of metallic square tiles. It was fitted out like a section of an office and an adjoining reception area. There was a filing cabinet, a large potted Swiss cheese plant, a desk with a computer, a water cooler and a hot beverage dispenser, a freestanding divider screen, a shelf of box files, a couple of comfortable reception chairs and a low table with magazines on it. Seated in one of these chairs was a dressed shop window dummy apparently reading a magazine.

What made it sinister and bizarre were the number of large black rubber dildos projecting out of the office chairs, the desk, the fronts of the water cooler and beverage dispenser and even the cheese plant pot.

‘You will now learn that a good secretary will do anything in an office to please her boss without shame or hesitation,’ Chipping told her.

Amanda squealed as her bare feet were stung by another jolt from the metal floor panel she was standing on. With a jingle of hobble chains she skipped quickly sideways onto a non-electrified panel. She had stepped on the wrong floor square without permission and been punished for carelessness. In this office she stood only where she was permitted.

It had taken her an hour and a lot of tears to learn that lesson. Now she tried not to think of the spectacle was making of herself as she allowed Chipping's voice to move about the room like a puppet. Disobedience was simply no longer an option if she did not want to suffer.

Chipping's voice sounded over the speakers mounted in the corners of the room transmitted from where he stood at the control lectern outside. 'Impale yourself anally on the desk chair six times...' he commanded her.

Whimpering, Amanda shuffled quickly over to the office chair and sat down upon it so that the grease dildo slid up into her backside. She groaned as it stretched her anal sphincter. Grimly she lifted her hips up and down six times, pumping the big ribbed rubber shaft in and out of her aching rear. It, like most of the other dildos in the room, was already well lubricated by her juices.

'The client waiting in reception wants a white coffee with two sugars. Ride the machine while you are getting it...'

With a sob Amanda pulled herself off the chair and shuffled over to the coffee machine. She splayed her thighs and knelt down before it so that it's jutting dildo slid up into her vagina. Then she reached up, the chains from her belt to her cuffed wrists allowing just enough freedom of movement, and pressed the requested dispenser buttons. While it was delivering the order she worked her hips back and forward, making the rubber squelch inside her.

When the steaming cup was delivered she pulled herself off the dildo and took it carefully with her glued fingers over to the reception area and meekly offered it to the waiting dummy.

‘Here is your coffee just as you like it, Sir,’ she said.

Carefully she took the paper from the dummy’s plastic hands and fitted the cup into them. The fingers were adjustable and she closed them about the cup and then moved its arm to bring the cup up to its lips. Then she stood meekly before it with her hands crossed over her middle hiding nothing of her naked body. Under its sightless gaze she seemed to become even more acutely aware of her wet pubic curls and shiny thighs and sore labia lips.

‘The client thanks you and says you have lovely breasts,’ Chipping told her.

Struggling not to breakdown, Amanda said solemnly to the dummy: ‘Thank you sir. I’m g... glad they p... please you.’

‘The client would like to see you play with them...’ Chipping informed her.

Snivelling, Amanda raised her hands and cupped and squeezed her big breasts, pinching and stretching her nipples so that they throbbed and stood out brazenly. She was playing with her tits for the pleasure of a shop window dummy! How terribly she was being punished for her that slap!

Chipping waited until her nipples were standing out like hat-pegs and were pulsing with blood before he said: ‘Now water the pot plant...’

Amanda shuffled over to the plant and turned about and pushed her bottom out and squatted against it and, with her cheeks burning, peed into its pot. She shuddered as she felt the water spurting out of her, teasing her swollen sex lips. She imagined the dummy client looking at her disgracing herself. But a good secretary should have no shame about the office.

‘Now squat down over the desk dildo...’ Chipping commanded.

It was the one dildo she had not yet used. It was mounted on the main the desk and jutted vertically up from its middle in splendid isolation. Awkwardly Amanda clambered onto the desk and spread her knees and thighs wide and squatted down over it, resting her cuffed hands in front of

her.

As soon as it penetrated her it began to buzz and pump inside her. It was a vibrator!

Amanda moaned as it reciprocated within her. Drips fell from her pussy onto the desktop. Chipping's eyes staring out of Oliver's face looked through the transparent wall as she began to jerking her hips in helpless response to the big rubber shaft pumping away inside her. Her big breasts began to bob in time with the motion of hips. Her cheeks burned in shame and yet she could not stop. Her pussy had been tormented too many times during the last hour by dildo after dildo without relief and now she felt her loins filling with perverse lust that could not be denied...

Amanda gasped as the orgasm overwhelmed her, spraying her juices out about the pumping dildo. And then she slumped forward across the desk dizzy; and drained and for a moment not caring about anything.

'That is your reward for being a good secretary, Ms Watson...' Chipping said. 'That completes this session. Now it's time for a visit to the bathroom...'

Behind another of the numbered doors was a small dark room with a wide window set in one wall which looked out over the basins of a small windowless office toilet room with a couple of lavatory stalls, an open shower cubicle and a wall-mounted hot air hand dryer.

Beside this odd window was an ordinary sized door which was locked. However, set in the bottom of this was a smaller door, not much larger than a cat flap and just big enough for a girl to squeeze through on her hands and knees.

'An efficient secretary must look her best at all times,' Chipping informed Amanda as he unclipped her collar leash and pushed her towards the cat flap door with a stinging electric pat on her bottom. 'You have twenty minutes to freshen yourself up...'

Amanda crawled through the door into the washroom and then stood up. From this side the window over the basins appeared to be a mirror. She might be alone in here but Chipping could see everything she did. By the basin she now saw there was a rack with towels, toothbrush and paste, comb, hairbrush and perfumes. She checked the stalls. One had a toilet and the other a bidet. Amanda saw with despair that their rims and seats had electric contacts wired into them. There were also CCTV cameras in the stalls. Did she have no privacy? Apparently not. But she had to clean and relieve herself...

Awkwardly she squatted down on the toilet and felt the seat pricking at her bottom and thighs. However the pricking diminished the wider she spread her thighs. She looked up at the cold eye of the CCTV camera. Who else was watching her through it, seeing every intimate detail? They had stolen away her freedom and privacy. She could hide nothing from anybody anymore...

With her eyes screwed up she emptied her bowels and bladder. Then she moved round to the bidet and flushed herself cleanly out. Its seat worked slightly differently in that it pricked her less when she used a higher pressure on the cleaning jets. They bubbled and splattered within her, cruelly taunting her sex mouth. She felt her nipples standing up once more in response.

Quickly she moved to the shower and gave herself a quick wash down, an awkward process with her glued fingers and slave chains. But it did feel good to be clean again.

Amanda could hardly bear to look at her own face in the mirror over the basins as she combed her hair and reapplied her make-up. Chipping might be staring right into her face and she could not tell. There were no superficial marks on her face or body but there was deep terror in her eyes that she could not conceal. It was not just fear of what was still to come but a growing fear that this was all her fault. Could Chipping see that?

‘Your twenty minutes is up, Ms Watson,’ Chipping’s voice came from a concealed speaker.

Taking deep breath Amanda went down onto her hands and knees and

crawled back out again.

‘Now for your next lesson,’ Chipping said as he clipped her leash back on.

Amanda knelt on her hands and knees in the middle of a room with a padded floor and no furniture. Chipping was outside watching her progress through more CCTV cameras. Above her head an electric cable on a sprung swivel arm hung from the ceiling. Its end was plugged into her anus with a pear-shaped fitting buried within her rectum beyond her sphincter that Chipping had expanded with a hex key so that she could not pull it out. It was studded with silver contacts which stabbed her with electric needles if she made a mistake or did not keep working.

A heavy metal weight in the shape of an inverted T hung from the front ring of her collar. The inside of its horizontal bar bristle with long spikes which hung at the level of her breasts. As she shuffled about both it and they swung and bobbed and heaved. The spikes stabbed painfully into her breasts and hard nipples, acting as a constant reminder of how much more it would hurt if she dared to try to stand upright. In here you belong on your hands and knees, it told her.

A second weight hung from her pussy lips to make her task that little bit more humiliating and painful. It was a spiked ball clipped to her inner labia that bounced and bobbed to and fro as she shuffled about, stabbing her thighs and teasing her sex lips with its constant jerks and twists.

Piled up in the centre of the room about Amanda were a few hundred pocket files of all colours randomly arrange in stacks. About the walls of the room were fifty file trays each with the names of different accounts on them. Amanda’s job was simply to sort the folders out into the right trays. She had to do this as quickly as possible. The plug in her rectum gave her a shock every five seconds which grew slowly but steadily more intense as time went on.

Amanda sweated as she sorted the files and shuffled across the floor

to put them in their proper trays. Repeatedly her progress was interrupted as she winced from a shock up her backside or from where the hanging bar had stabbed her breasts particularly deeply, or where her pussy weight had tweaked her labia especially sharply. She began to yelp and snivel but that did not save her from pain. She had to wipe the sweat and tears from her eyes to see where next file belonged and keep on going.

Soon the rubber floor was crisscrossed with splash marks where she dribbled on it as she shuffled desperately to and fro. They were of sweat and tears and a few spots of blood from her bleeding breasts. That would have been alarming enough but there are also mingled with them splashes of her pussy juices. Her thighs were shiny with her discharge and it even dripped off her pussy weight. Although she hated it she could not help but become aroused. There was something about being exposed and used like this which was perversely exciting.

And yet she knew it was wrong and criminal and however bad a secretary she had been there was no possible justification for treating her like this. It was only because Oliver Northwood had money and power that he could arrange it. Was that thought exciting as well?

The shocks were getting more intense but the stacks of unsorted folders were diminishing. Now every time she was shocked she shrieked aloud but grimly she continued to carry the folders to their trays. She began putting them in her mouth to leave both her cuffed hands free for propelling herself across the floor as rapidly as possible. Of course that was also a humiliating thing to have to do as it made her look even more like a dog, but she did not care. She had to get this done before the shocks became unbearable and she fainted, or else her pussy exploded, which seemed impossibly to be a very real likelihood.

She could feel her lustful juices filling her loins eager to escape but penned in by the pain in her pussy lips.

Now she had the last file in her teeth as she shuffled across to the far corner of the room. The T-bar smacked against her breasts and her pussy weight ground against her thighs but they did not stop her. The plug in her bottom stabbed her with electric needles that she could swear stuck out

through her sweaty bottom cheeks and skewered her clitoris from within.

With a shriek she dropped the file into the tray even as she felt a stream of pee spurting out of her urethra. Then it mingled with an ejaculation of her orgasmic juices as she was overwhelmed by a terrible, shattering release of tension mingled with triumph.

‘Your second lesson is completed, Ms Watson,’ Chipping said.

He allowed Amanda another visit to the washroom to clean itself up. She was terrified her breasts had been slashed to ribbons by the spikes but after she had cleaned them up she found it was not as bad as she had feared. However there were scratches and cuts on them and also on her inner thighs where the spiked ball had done its worst. But more worrying than the physical marks was the terrible doubt assailing her. She had cum again despite, or maybe because of the pain and humiliation she had suffered. That was not normal, was it? What were they doing to her mind? And how much worse could it get?

Amanda sat in a vinyl covered office swivel chair. Her wrist cuffs were clipped to its armrests and more clips secured her belt firmly against it back. Her legs and feet were free: even her hobble chain been removed. This allowed her to use them exceedingly clumsily, pulled back to her chest, spread wide and doubled up, to operate the keyboard of the computer in front of her.

She had a dummy letter to a client to copy out as best she could, letter by letter, with many corrections. Her clumsiness was not only due to using her toes to operate the keyboard, but the device plugged into her vagina. It was a small vibrator held in place by a pair of spring clips on its base pinched painfully about her inner labia. It buzzed away with waves of varying intensity as it set her pussy lips tingling and swelling and dribbling shamefully.

This was observed by Chipping who sat in a chair beside her and could see every detail of her shamefully exposed and plugged groin as well as her struggle to type with two big toes. When she made too many errors in a row he swung a spanking paddle across her breasts. Like his electric glove it was covered with metal contacts which crackled as they struck and made her shriek with pain. Then her eyes filled with tears which made it impossible for her to see the screen and she had to blink and shake them away before she could resume her awful typing ordeal.

Amanda could feel her bottom getting wet as her juices soaked between her buttock cheeks and flowed across the chair seat under her. She could smell her own excitement. Chipping must be able to do so as well. This was getting unbearable... oh... no, no... ahhhh...

With a sob she strained and bucked against the chair, curling up her toes and clenching her thighs together about the vibrator, squeezing the clips even tighter about her labia as she felt another orgasm tear through her.

Swish, crack, crackle!

Chipping beat the electric paddle across her breasts again, flattening the plaint globes out only for them to spring back up once more.

‘I did not give you permission to orgasm, Ms Watson,’ he said severely. ‘Now finish the letter...’

Blinking the tears from her eyes, Amanda continued pounding away.

Eventually it was done and she sobbed with relief. He examined it and then said: ‘Good. Now you will type it out again in a different posture...’

He repositioned her in the chair, pulling her legs downwards and folding them underneath it and cuffing her ankles behind its swivel post. Then he freed her waist and re-cuffed her arms behind her. Now she was leaning forward. He altered the height of the chair and put a tray down in front of the keyboard. It was crossed by a dozen metal rods which formed the axles for rows of small spiked spur wheels. Then he pushed a pencil into her mouth with a rubber eraser on its end.

Amanda sobbed as she bent across the keyboard and began to stab at the keys with the rubber pencil end. With every key she pressed and shift of position she dragged her breasts left and right and up and down across the spur wheels, which turned and ground under them, stabbing into her soft heavy hot flesh and the swollen buds of her nipples. Soon her tears were dripping onto the keyboard. And all the while the vibrator buzzed in her pussy.

Soon she felt her breasts growing sticky not just from sweat but from drops of blood the wheels had drawn out of them. She tried to pull away from the keyboard for a moment to ease her back and spare her breasts a little pain but Chipping's electric paddle swiped down across her back and she flinched away and instead ground her breasts even harder across the torture tray.

'You do not lift your head again until the letter is finished, Ms Watson,' he warned her.

By now she had reached the point where she wanted to lose herself in an orgasm but the pain in her breasts was too great. The prospect of release just hung there tantalisingly out of reach. She would happily have exchanged the shame of it for a break from the terrible pain. But she had no choice.

At last the letter was done had she sat back and cried. A part of her raged at the cruelty of it all while another part felt a strange sense of accomplishment.

Chipping examined her effort and then said: 'One last position, Ms Watson...'

Five minutes later Amanda was kneeling on the desk squatting over the keyboard, which Chipping had covered with a transparent protective latex film moulded to fit the keys. A wooden rod with a large rubber plug on one end was clenched inside her vagina. The end that jutted out of her was capped by a red pencil eraser. Laboriously she stabbed down with it onto the keyboard, missing a key as often as she hit it. That would have been humiliation and embarrassment enough by itself but it was not sufficient for Perfectosec. The rod had a fan of rubber prongs bristling from its upper edge which gouged into the by now wet gash of her sex. Each thrust sank the rod

mounting into her vagina and drove the prongs into her clitoris, tickling and tormenting it almost unbearably.

As she typed her pussy dripped over the plastic sheathed keyboard. Her juices dribbled from her slot and trickled down the rod so that soon the plastic sheath was shiny with her discharge. Her penetrated, wet and swollen sex mouth gaped wide: illuminated by the glow of the computer screen. It was the most embarrassing, outrageous and shameful thing she had ever done.

But finally she reached the end of the letter. She stabbed down on the last key and then surrendered to the terrible pressure that had been building up within her and sprayed her juices over the keyboard and the computer screen.

‘There, Ms Watson,’ Chipping said, ‘that wasn’t so hard, was it...?’

As he led her back along the partition corridor she realized that the high windows were dark. It was night time. But her ordeal was not quite yet over.

Back in her cage room Chipping laid her face down across her cage so that her big breasts were squashed against the bars and her bottom was presented to him.

‘If you want an evening meal, Ms Watson,’ he said, ‘how do you propose to pay for it?’

Feeling sick but resigned to the inevitable, Amanda spread her legs and said: ‘Please will you screw me in exchange for my food, Sir...’

‘That’s not enough. What else can you offer?’

She gulped. There was only one other thing left she had to offer. ‘Would you like to smack my bottom first, Sir?’

In fact he used the spanking paddle on her, making her soft bottom flesh ripple, driving yelps from her throat and filling her eyes with hot tears.

When her bottom cheeks were rosy he freed his cock and rammed it up into her by now aching and very wet slot.

As he pumped into her, grinding her breasts across the cage bars, he said: 'your schedule tomorrow will be the same as it was today. You will complete the same set of tasks until you can do them quickly, efficiently and happily, like a proper loyal secretary should...'

And just as he said, every day was like the previous one.

It started with her having to pay for her breakfast by sucking Chipping off while looking up into the cardboard face of Oliver, and it ended with her bent over her cage asking him to spank and screw her for the same reward. Very soon sex and food became strangely intertwined in her mind.

In between Amanda was taken to the same rooms and put through the same set of tasks again and again. But familiarity did not make them any easier. As she got practised more was demanded of her. In the mock-up office and reception she had to impale herself on even more dildos and serve more beverages to the dummy client. On her fourth session she had to undo his trousers and she discovered that he was also fitted with a dildo which she had to pleasure. On the fifth day (beyond which she lost count) she was made to begin impaling her bottom on the dildos as well as her vagina on command. They were so fat that they made her squeal in pain, but if she hesitated the floor under her bare feet delivered a warning jolt of electricity.

In the filing room both the number of files and the intensity of her anal shocks were increased. The breast and pussy weights attached to her were also enlarged, until her neck ached carrying the T-bar while her inner labia were stretched like elastic by the spiked ball dangling between their thighs. Her breasts and thighs dripped with blood which fell to floor along the dark tracks her vaginal the juices were staining into it

In the typing test room she learned to be more accurate with her toes, pencil or pussy rod and focus on the letters on the screen and not be distracted by her humiliating exposure, the teasing buzz of the vibrator or the

stinging flicks of Chipping's electric spanking paddle. She rode the pleasure and the pain until they overwhelmed her in brief orgasmic spasms which meant that the computer had to be permanently covered with protective plastic as she sprayed her juices over it again and again. As a consequence the letters she was given to type became longer.

She was undeniably climaxing more easily each day as her resistance and shame faded. An orgasm was she realized infinitely preferable to pain and such a welcome relief from it. Of course she knew they were trying to condition her to associate carnal delight with performing office tasks but she resolved not to fight it. She did not want to invite additional punishment and, she told herself, what did it matter? What happened in this place had no bearing on the real world. Once she was free again she would not cum just because somebody told her to do a bit of filing. That was ridiculous! How stupid do they think she was? No, once she was free she would take her revenge on Oliver Northwood.

Her troubled sleep in her cramped cage was filled with dreams of Oliver's strong, sardonic and masterful face. Well that was not surprising, she told herself, as it was in front of her in cardboard form every day. Sometimes she dreamed she was kneeling before it pleasuring his cock and sometimes she imagined slapping it again very hard. Although strangely then she seemed to feel the smack on her own cheek or breasts or bottom...

There was just one break in the routine.

Halfway through a day, when she thought Chipping was taking her to the washroom between lessons, unexpectedly he said instead: 'Now you have an extra task to perform, Ms Watson.' He fitted her rubber ball gag back into her mouth and then took something from his pocket.

She saw the plain side of a cardboard mask as he put it over her face and secured it in place with elastic cords. It had a slot and flap for her nose but no eye or mouth slots. Totally blind he led her on all fours out into the corridor.

For the first time Amanda heard other movement not behind doors but close to her. People were shuffling along the corridor like she was. She could smell the scent of other women's bodies. These must be other secretaries in training. What was going on?

Blindly she was taken into a room along with, she guessed, half a dozen other women. They were allowed to stand up and she could feel their naked shoulders and thighs brushing hers. Their collars were linked together in a chain coffle. Somebody went along the line of them and she heard her sister offices slaves in training sigh and grunt. We came to her turn some large rubber device was plugged into her vagina. She could feel the weight of its exposed half bobbing in front of her. Was it a double-ended dildo of some kind? What was going on?

They were moved in a clumsy shuffling file through a doorway and lined up.

Then she heard a woman's voice sobbing and calling out: 'Yes... Please... More I want more... I'm sorry, Sir.... I was so bad... Screw me! Fuck me... Yes, all of you!'

A man's voice but not that of Chipping, said: 'You will screw her as she asks...'

They were moved forward and she heard chains jingling. There came the swish and smack of a spanking paddle and muffled yelps and then intense gasps and grunts, culminating in a shuddering sigh. Amanda smelt the heady aroma of female juices.

'Yes... thank you, thank you...' the woman who had spoken before said feebly but passionately.

The line shifted and the procedure was repeated.

The whole thing was bizarre, a little frightening and also desperately arousing. Amanda's nipples were standing up and she was clenching on the half of the dildo inside her where she was dripping about it.

When it came to her turn, Amber felt herself pushed against the hot, sticky, wet thighs and groin of a woman laying back over something. The head of Amanda's jutting dildo was guided into her sex mouth and then a spanking paddle was smacked briskly across Amanda's buttocks.

Amanda needed no further encouragement and she began to pump desperately into the unknown woman's pussy. She responded by lifting her hips up against Amanda and gasping and groaning lustfully, even though she must have been screwed two or three times already. The knowledge only seemed to stimulate Amanda's lust even further and she bit on her gag ball and whimpered as with a final thrust she climaxed herself and her juices mingled with those of the bending woman.

The woman screamed as she came and said again brokenly: 'Thank you... thank you...'

And then Amanda's dildo, dripping with both their juices, was pulled out of her and she was moved one side and another woman in the chain took her place.

When they had all shafted the woman they were led out of the room. Their dildos were removed and their coiffe was broken up. Chipping took sole charge of Amanda once more. He removed her temporary mask, again without her seeing what face it had displayed, and her gag, and she was allowed a visit to the washroom before she resumed her normal routine.

'Please Sir, what was all that for?' she asked him humbly as he led through the door of the file room with all its torment and challenges awaiting her.

'You will find out for yourself soon enough, Miss Watson,' he said.

And all through her next lesson the thought of what she and others had done blindly to another nameless woman haunted Amanda. That it seemed to be welcomed by the victim did not detract from her fear and revulsion that Perfectosec had just made her one of its oppressors.

And then one morning, Chipping announced: 'Today is your examination day, Ms Watson. Based upon your responses we will write a report on you for Mr Northwood to read. If you do well then this afternoon you will be on a train returning to Oxford. If you do poorly, then I'm afraid we may recommend that you stay with us for another week's training...'

Amanda was stunned. She had totally lost track of time. Was her two weeks up? It seemed as if she had been here for ever. Then she thought: I'm going to be free! And then sick fear overwhelmed her: the fear of exams which she had never been very good at. Finally and unexpectedly she was filled with a counter sense of determination. She would pass this one, not to please Perfectosec or Chipping or Oliver, but for herself. Not just to win her freedom but to prove that they had not broken her and ground her down. But to do that, of course, she would have to play the part of the perfect slave secretary...

With her ankles hobbled and hands cuffed behind her back, Chipping led her into a room filled with a row of six office chairs with cables trailing from their bases. Each of them had protruding up from its seat a double headed dildo, the twin shafts of which were fitted with electric contact rings. From left to right the dildos got progressively larger until the pair at the far end was monstrous.

Amanda gulped at the sight of the dildos, knowing where they were going to go, even as her nipples pricked up and her pussy began to tingle and grow slippery and hot in anticipation. She knew she had no choice and that perversely excited her. She was going to suffer but she would do it well.

'You will pump each set of dildos a dozen times and then move to the next chair,' Chipping told her. 'The last you will ride until you orgasm. You will count the thrusts aloud and I will check you and encourage you where necessary.' And he held up his electric spanking paddle and glove.

There were more CCTV cameras pointing at the row of chairs, presumably their output watched by assessors who would mark her efforts. It was utterly perverse and sick! How many strange men had watched other

over these last two weeks whose faces she would never know? Even as she thought this her nipples throbbed harder...

Amanda settled herself down over the first chair. Thanks to her recent "training" the pair of dildos slid easily up inside her. As soon as she was fully impaled they began to stab her with their sharp hot and cold electric needles like tiny spiked hammers. She gasped but began to pump up and down, counting aloud as she did so. Chipping held his paddle in front of her bobbing breasts ready to encourage her, but she reached twelve easily and pulled herself off the chair, leaving the dildos wet with her juices.

With a jingle of ankle chains she shuffled sideways and impaled herself on the next pair of dildos...

On chair number four Amanda began to struggle. The dildos were so big inside her and shocks had become more intense. She lost count of her thrusts and Chipping beat her breasts and made her a start again. Tears were running down her cheeks by the time she had finished.

Chair five was frightening. She was sure the dildos would burst her. They were so big they seem to press together inside even though they had entered her body through two different passageways. She had trouble pulling herself up off them and then down again. By now she was crying all the time and hot tears were running down her cheeks and splashing onto the upper slopes of her reddened breasts. And yet she was also teetering on the verge of an orgasm.

At last she reached her count and heaved herself off the chair, dripping juices across the floor as she staggered sideways.

But the last set of dildos seemed too much. That was impossible. She could not have them inside her. 'No... I can't, Sir!' she gasped.

Chipping swiped his spanking paddle up into her dripping pussy, sending a jolt through her swollen clitoris. At the same time he took hold of her trembling right breast in his gloved hand and she winced as his electric fingers stabbed into her.

‘Do not give up now, Ms Watson. You can do this...’

With a sob she collapsed onto the chair, squealing as the dildos slid up her gaping vagina and aching rectum. Their electrical rings began to crackle and stabbed into her.

Chipping’s paddle smacked across her trembling, sweaty, tear-streaked breasts again.

‘Count!’ he commanded.

With a huge effort Amanda began to heave herself up and down, feeling the monstrous dildos grating in and out of her while she began to gasp out: ‘One... Two...’

With each agonised rise off the chair, with the huge dildos sucking at her insides, Chipping smacked his paddle across her breasts as if to drive her down again.

She never reached twelve squats. With a shriek the lustful dam burst within her and her juices squirted out from the plugging sides of the huge vaginal dildo over the seat of the chair. An incredible surge of pleasure exploded in her loins and tore through her, bursting in her brain like fireworks.

And then she fainted for pure orgasmic shock.

Amanda recovered her senses to find she was slumped in the shower of the washroom. Chipping was standing over her playing the cold jet of the showerhead into her aching groin.

‘One exam completed and three to go,’ he told her.

She struggled to shape her feeble words: ‘Did... did I... pass, Sir?’

‘The results are only for the eyes of your boss, Ms Watson. After all he paid for all this...’

And she would make him pay in return, Amanda reminded herself grimly.

The second exam required her to demonstrate the masochistic side that presumably all Perfectosec bosses wished their secretaries to exhibit.

Amanda bent over an executive office desk so that her big breasts were flattened into fleshy pancakes on its inlaid red leather top, which looked and smelled very like the one Oliver had. She spread her legs and thrust her bare bottom outwards towards a line of six dark suited men who were all, like Chipping who stood amongst them, wearing masks displaying Oliver's face. They must be other tutors. What a job...

She had some words to say which did not pass her lips easily, but she nerved herself to utter them anyway.

'Please Oliver, here's my bottom and I want you to smack it hard. I deserve it for all the things I didn't do well. I know I've not been a good secretary in the past but if you give me the chance I'll do better in future... Don't be gentle with me. I deserve to suffer... I need to cry to show how sorry I am...'

And they took her at her word, because then each one stepped up and delivered six hard slaps with his electric-gloved hand across her trembling posterior. Her soft pale bottom flesh shivered and rippled as the gloved hands indented it deeply, even as her eyes bulged in disbelief and despair at what she had brought down upon herself. The physical smack of the blows mingled with the crackle of electric discharges and Amanda's screams of pain. She jerked against the desk, rolling her flattened breasts over its red leather, into which her hardening nipples seem to be digging. Before the first man had finished with her she was crying and she cried right through to the last, who was Chipping.

After he had delivered his six smacks he held his glove against her burning bottom and helped her make a final show of contrition as she wet herself; peeing down the side of the elegant desk onto the rubber mat under

her feet.

‘That concludes your second exam, Ms Watson,’ Chipping told her.

Chipping sat in a chair at the end of a room ringed on the three sides by filing cabinets. Amanda knelt submissively in front of him, waiting for his next command.

‘Bring me the Black Company folder in Cabinet D, Ms Watson,’ he said sharply.

‘Yes Sir,’ she said, scrambling to her feet and dashing off to the cabinets, whimpering as she went.

Weights had been hung from her collar rings front and back adding to its pressure on her shoulders. Naturally the front weight was long enough to dangle between her breasts and it had spiked sides which stabbed into her heavy swaying globes.

To add to her misery she had an upward-curving spring-steel tail plugged into her rectum which ended in a weighted silver ball. As her hips rolled this weight whipped from side to side, stabbing the spiked ends of two upward curving arms mounted on its base into her soft buttocks. A third sprung curved arm extended between her thighs from the base of her rectal plug and up into her pussy slot where its saw-tooth end rubbed against her straining clitoris. And so pain and pleasure mingled within her groin and she simmered and dripped as she raced back and forth fetching the folders Chipping requested, which formed an ever-growing pile by the side of his chair.

Soon Amanda was sweating and blood was running from between her breasts and down her buttocks. Although exhausted and burning with pain she was also having mini orgasms brought on by the sawing blade embedded in her sodden pussy mouth which made her stumble as she raced across the room. But Chipping did not allow her to rest.

She fetched folder after folder. She was panting as she staggered back and forth, blinking the stinging sweat from her eyes. Finally, with the last folder clasped in her hands, she fell to her knees before his chair. She crawled forward and handed him the folder and then collapsed onto her face, not even caring that her breast weight was stabbing hard into her soft pillows of flesh. She could go no further.

Dimly she was aware of Chipping prodding her with his polished toe cap. In a feeble desperate gesture she kissed it.

‘That concludes your third exam, Ms Watson,’ he said.

Amanda did not think she would have the strength to endure her last exam. But there was no turning back. As it turned out it did not require her to exert much physical effort.

Chipping took her back to the room with the executive desk she had been spanked across earlier. This time it had chains hanging from its sides and three piles of folders each diminishing in size, arranged carefully on its top. He laid her back across the desk so that she rested on the piles of folders which supported her back and kept her head up. He stretched arms out sideways and hooked the chains bolted to the desk sides to her wrist cuffs. Then he dragged her legs wide with her knees slightly bent and chained her ankle cuffs to the bottom front of the desk. He pulled more chains across her body over her middle and about her upper thighs and hooked them tight so they held her firmly in place with her naked exposed groin thrust out as if on offer. Now she was literally chained to an office desk. No, to the boss’s desk...

The other tutors, wearing their Oliver masks again, entered the room. They were leading a coffle of collared and cuffed naked girl who were also, and bizarrely, wearing Oliver masks, except with blanks for its eyes. And each of them had a big black dildo jutting out from between her thighs.

And now Amanda understood the event she had experienced a few days before from another point of view. She had been taking part in a

secretary's final exam. And now it was her turn...

'Tell us all what you are and how you feel...' Chipping told her.

The words came surprisingly easily to her lips. In fact they poured out of her.

'Please... I've been a very bad secretary. I deserve this. I want you to screw me good and hard. You can make me cry and cum and that's all right... It will please my boss. That's how it should be... I know that now... Please will you fuck me! Now!'

And the coffle of girls were brought forward and one by one positioned between her thighs and their tutors smacked their bottoms to make them drive their fat rubber dildos up inside her. And Amanda squeezed onto them with desperate delight, trying to suck pleasure out of them as she looked up at their sweaty bodies and jiggling breasts of all shapes and sizes capped by straining nipples. But it was the image on their masks that filled her mind and from which she could not escape. Oliver was looking down at her suffering which he had engineered. He was the face of the woman's body screwing her. Oliver was every person in the room. He was everywhere, he was all-powerful...

She screamed out: 'Yes, yes... thank you, thank you Oliver!' as she came.

Then the dildo was pulled out of her and the next one took its place...

When they had all screwed her and had been led away by their tutors, leaving female juices dribbled down the front of the desk and puddling at its foot, and Amanda was sprawled exhausted across it, Chipping took his place between her sweaty trembling thighs and rammed his cock up her aching pussy. Feebly she clenched onto this shaft of flesh and blood which felt so much better than rubber.

'Time for you to go, Ms Watson,' he said as he rammed into her.

As they coupled he took a large white handkerchief out of his breast

pocket and pressed it over her nose and mouth. It had a chemical scent. She felt dizzy even as she came one last time and felt the hot jet of his sperm inside her. And then she slipped away into blackness...

The next thing Amanda knew for certain was that she was sitting in the back of the plush Audi limousine driving sedately through the countryside with the bearded chauffeur at the wheel. She was dressed as she had been on that first day, she wore no cuffs or collar and her fingers were no longer glued together.

From one horrifying moment she thought she had had the strangest and most elaborate of hallucinations or day dreams. And then she became aware of the very real aches and soreness in and across the most intimate parts of her body where she had been beaten and screwed relentlessly for the past two weeks. It had not been a dream!

‘I hope you had a nice sleep, Ms Watson,’ the driver said to her through the intercom. ‘We’ll be arriving at Bristol Spa in fifteen minutes in good time for your train.’

For several minutes she could do nothing but sit there in a daze, trying to gather her thoughts and master her emotions. She was free! She had survived Perfectosec’s sadistic training programme! She had fooled them into believing they had broken her...

And she realized that amongst the other internal bruises and soreness of her buttock cheeks a certain hard ache in her rectum was not a memory but the product of something still lodged within it. In a sudden panic and not caring what it looked like, she rolled up her skirt and pulled down her knickers and felt up between her legs.

In his mirror the chauffeur saw her squirming about. ‘Don’t try to take it out, Ms Watson. Your report is in a capsule with an expanding collar keeping it in place inside your back passage and only your boss has the key. That way we’re sure it gets delivered to the person who has to read it...’

Of course, Amanda thought wearily. She still had that final ordeal to face.

Amanda stood before Oliver's red leather-topped desk in his office as she had the day she had slapped him, which felt a long, long time ago now. The face she had seen every day for two weeks as it directed her suffering and dominated her thoughts now looked back at her in the flesh.

He looked just the same but she felt like a different person. After what she had been through that was hardly surprising. But what he did not realize was that now she could do anything. She was beyond the limits of shame and humiliation. All that suffering had actually made her stronger. And she wanted to start by slapping Oliver again just to show him... but instead she said nothing. His presence seemed to paralyse her. But just give her a minute and then she would find her tongue and tell him what she really thought of him...

'I understand you have your report from Perfectosec with you, Amanda,' Oliver said.

'Yes Sir,' she said automatically.

'Then present it to me...'

She was going to slap him... but instead she turned her back to the desk and bent over and rolled up the skirt and dropped her knickers and pulled her still hot and spank- reddened bottom cheeks wide to expose the rim and keyhole of the capsule inside her anus. She had just split-cheek mooned at her boss!

He had a key in his hand. He got up and inserted it in the keyhole of the capsule. As he turned it she felt the expanding collar contract and he was able to pull the greased container out of her rectum with a sucking pop. She felt a shudder of relief as it came out of her followed by the fear of what it contained.

This was ridiculous. All she had to do was speak her mind. She was going to slap him... but instead she remained bent over holding her bare buttock cheeks wide and not daring to move. That was because she was in an office and had to follow the rules. She had not been given permission to move so she could not...

Oliver wiped the container clean with a tissue and then opened it up and took out a narrow but long roll of paper which he unreeled like a scroll and read through. She could see him out of the corner of her eye and her heart was thumping because she desperately wanted it to be a good report... No this was madness! She was going to slap him... soon... anytime now...

Oliver said: 'There are a lot of interesting details but the bottom line is that you're passionate, attractive and sexually highly responsive woman who should now make me an excellent secretary, Amanda.'

And she felt the thrill of relief and a strange pang of pride. She was better than she had imagined. She had even impressed Chipping and the other faceless men at Perfectosec. And now she would tell Oliver what she thought of him...

'Take your clothes off, Amanda,' Oliver commanded.

And Amanda stripped her clothes off and stood trembling nervously stark naked before him, willing him to find her body pleasing. No, this was not how it was meant to be...

He walked around her appreciatively nodding as he did so. 'Yes, you really are very lovely. I see they had to do a lot of work on you,' he said, brushing his strong fingers over the spanking and prick marks that covered her breasts and groin and buttocks. 'Well, they'll soon fade so I'll have to put some of my own in their place. Would you like that?'

He was going to spank her, she thought with a sick thrill. Now was the time to speak up for herself...

'Yes please, Sir...' she said.

From a desk drawer he took out a shallow tray and a bamboo cane and laid them on top of the red leather inlay. The tray contained rows of drawing pins taped down so that their points jutted upwards.

He snapped his fingers imperiously. 'Lie across my desk and put your breasts in that,' he commanded her.

And Amanda obeyed immediately, whimpering as her breasts pressed into the tray and the pinpoints jabbed into their soft heavy flesh and the hard domes of her nipples. But there had never been any doubt that she would do it, because he was her boss and she always did what her boss told her...

He picked up the cane and flexed it and swished it through the air and then stroked it across her buttocks. 'Tell you what you want right now Amanda,'

'I... I'd like you to cane my bottom please, Sir,' she said.

And Oliver did so, laying half a dozen vigorous strokes across her buttocks, making them shiver and jump and causing Amanda to yelp and whimper with helpless masochistic delight as the sharp finches and jerks she made punished her breasts cruelly.

And then Oliver reached over and pushed the cane between her lips so that she bit down on it and held it for him proudly. He undid his flies and took hold of her trembling hips and rammed his straining penis up into her sopping wet, eager and desperate vagina.

Ohhhh.... yes.... at last....

Unhurriedly he began to pump into her. There was no rush now. She was going nowhere.

And as he screwed her he said: 'There will be some changes in future, of course. You won't wear any knickers while you're in the office. I'll put a collar on you that you can cover with a scarf. I might also get you a chastity belt: something slim that won't show under your clothes but will lock this juicy pussy away for my exclusive use. What you think?'

‘I think that sounds wonderful, Sir,’ Amanda said happily about the cane clenched in her teeth.

His big hard cock was up inside her pussy where it was meant to be, and she was under him with a simmering bottom and stinging breasts and loving it, which was where she was meant to be. But then a perfect secretary should always know her proper place.

THE END