

Hello everyone!

This one is more of a set up chapter than sex sex sex from beginning to end, but it isn't one hundred percent dry.

I thought I would try a fun experiment for the audience participation this time. As you will notice, the voting this time will work a little differently! You can choose multiple options, and I will select 3-5 of the options with the most votes to combine into an upcoming scene.

As always, I love to hear your ideas and what you think in the comments!

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Leah nodded with a sympathetic expression on her face, trying her best to look and act like the co-conspirator that Dan expected.

"You've listed an awful lot of circumstantial evidence, I'll give you that," she said thoughtfully, pausing to take a sip of coffee. Dan was giving her a haggard puppy dog look that made a pang of guilt shoot through her, so she plowed ahead with her deception. "But do you have any actual proof?"

"Well," said Dan with a frown, turning his own small cup of black coffee around and around in his hands, "I guess nothing specific. But Zane was clearly implying with that photo of him and Claire that..."

Leah snorted, cutting him off with a sidelong glance. "Oh, come on now, Danny Boy," she murmured, reaching across the table to place a hand on his. She could see that the gesture both soothed him and made him uncomfortably aroused at the same time. Not for the first time, she reflected on how easy it was to influence boys who had a crush. Even a crush as old and played out as Dan's. "You know that Zane would say anything to get under your

skin. Him taunting you isn't proof of anything, no matter what pictures he sent you."

Leah could see the hesitant relief flood Dan's features, but he wasn't fully convinced. "But she told me she was going to the office," he fretted, squeezing her hand for comfort. "And instead, she was meeting with Zane. If it was all innocent, why would she lie to me?"

Leah shrugged nonchalantly. "I mean, Zane is her client right now, isn't he?" she asked with a cool raised eyebrow. "Maybe she had to meet with him for business purposes. She might not have told you because it's a perfectly normal aspect of her job. Or because she knew you would be insecure about it."

Leah saw the barb hit Dan, twisting his expression a little as he pulled his hand away. Men could get so caught up in their egos. But, and entertaining as it was to tease her old friend, Leah's current mission wasn't to make Dan feel bad. It was to convince him that his wife was still faithful... for now.

"Dan, I don't think Claire is sleeping with Zane," said Leah with flat confidence. Dan was an open book, wearing his heart on his sleeve, and she watched as his tension dissolved away at her words. In reality, Leah thought that Zane had probably already fucked Claire. Maybe multiple times. She wasn't positive, of course. Zane, for all his underhanded habits, had a weird personal line about privacy. He wasn't about to spill the beans over whether Claire had fucked him until she was willing to submit publicly. It was all part of his weird game. But the signs were all there. He was getting all precious and coy about his private time with Claire, which meant that there was something to hide. If he hadn't fucked her yet, he was close.

Zane's instructions had been clear. Leah had to reassure Dan and throw him off the scent. Whatever game Leah's master was playing, it involved Dan believing that his wife was still faithful. Leah had given up on directly defying the man who had taken over her sexuality long ago. She felt sorry for Dan, considering that it seemed like Zane was planning to crush him, but there was nothing that she could do but try to soften the blow the best way she knew how.

"So I think you're in the clear, at least so far," said Leah innocently. Then she leaned across the table, giving Dan a subtle motivational peek at her cleavage. "But did you think any more about what I told you the other day? And what you told me?"

Her voice dropped to a sultry whisper as she asked, "I know that it made you worried that your wife might have fucked Zane... but did it also turn you on?"

Dan jumped up out of his seat like the chair was burning hot, scowling down at Leah. "Stop that," he said, trying to seem determined and commanding, but only managing to look confused and embarrassed. "I didn't mean what I said the other day. I was just a little confused. There's no part of me that's... happy about my wife cheating on me."

He looked so cute trying to deny his feelings that Leah had to stifle a laugh by biting her lip. She couldn't have gotten a stronger confirmation of Dan's blossoming cuckolding fetish if he had enthusiastically agreed. Maintaining smoldering eye contact with her friend, Leah reached out with snake-like speed, raising a hand to his crotch and giving it a sharp little flick with her pointer finger.

Just like Leah thought it would, her finger made contact with a growing bulge. "Seems like at least one part of you is pretty happy," she said with a lopsided grin.

Dan darted his head around the quiet coffee shop to see if anyone had seen, mortified by the public sexual teasing. Apparently, Leah had gone a bit too far this time, because with a huff of annoyance and a tossed off "What the fuck, Leah?" Dan turned and slouched out of the shop, hunched forward in a way he probably thought hid his boner, but only made it more obvious.

"Wait, come back!" called Leah with a laugh, but Dan looked like he wasn't in the mood for her games today. With the tinkle of the bell over the door, he was gone.

Leah sighed and took a long drink of her coffee, trying to finish it up quickly. It looked like Dan wasn't quite ready to roll over and show his belly yet, even if that was the smartest move when confronted with an apex predator like Zane. Well, she would keep working on him. Even if her former friend was offended now, she doubted he would stay away forever.

More importantly, she thought she had succeeded at her primary goal. Her master would be pleased.

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"Z's here to see you, boss. Just like you asked," said the insolent voice over the office line. Claire pinched the bridge of her nose with a deep sigh. Maybe she really should fire Perlah if this was the sort of attitude she wanted to take. Claire had been bluffing when she threatened to let Perlah go at the porn set the other night, but she wasn't going to just let her bratty little assistant disrespect her like this.

But that was something she could deal with later. For now, she had bigger fish to fry.

"Send him in," she said crisply, then clicked the receiver down decisively. She smoothed her hair back nervously and shifted in her chair, trying to put on an appearance of confidence and calm in the few seconds she had before Zane's arrival. She had a feeling that this meeting would set the tone for how they interacted moving forward.

Claire had done her best to mentally steel herself, but the sight of Zane's ugly, grinning face still sent a pulse of adrenaline through her veins as he pushed open the door.

The memory of that leering face inches above hers as his massive cock entered her flashed through her mind. She blinked it away, and gave her guest a tight smile. "Mr. Kruger. So glad you could make it."

He's just a client. What happened before was a mistake. I need to be firm and tell him how it's going to be from now on.

If she knew Zane, he was going to make that as difficult as possible.

"Glad to be here," affirmed Zane as he took a seat, returning her neutral smile. "May I ask what this meeting is concerning? Perlah was a little vague on the phone."

Claire grit her teeth. What do you think the meeting is about, asshole? The fact that you fucked me harder than anyone ever has and made me cum all over your big cock? The fact that it's hard to look my husband in the eyes anymore because I've become the kind of woman I've always looked down on?

Claire pushed down those angry words on the tip of her tongue and instead said coolly, "I wanted to let you know that, now that the initial planning and design work is done, I am putting the actual assembly and installation in the hands of some hired contractors. They'll report back to me, of course, but my direct involvement is at an end."

She studied Zane's face for his reaction, but his expression was carefully bland as he responded, "I see..."

"They are quite capable, I assure you," said Claire, folding her hands in front of her on the desk. "I've worked with them many times in the past and can vouch for the quality of their work. I know you were paying a premium for my direct supervision, so if that's a concern, I could offer you a discount on the overall invoice."

"No, that's perfectly alright," said Zane pleasantly. "I hired you for your design skills, and I certainly received your best work in that sense. It's fine with me if you delegate the physical labor."

Claire stared at Zane for a moment over her folded hands. He was taking this very well, but then again, he had proven that he had iron control over his outward reactions. Was he really ok with letting Claire cut him out of her life completely?

"Will that be all?" asked Zane calmly, raising an eyebrow and shifting with apparent impatience in his seat.

Claire considered letting him go... but there was something of vital importance that they

needed to discuss, even if it was embarrassing.

"About my last visit to your home..." began Claire hesitantly.

"Yes? What about it?"

He was so infuriatingly calm that it set Claire's teeth on edge, but she knew better than to rise to the bait at this point. "I think we need to discuss what happened," she said, controlling her emotions almost as well as Zane himself.

Zane leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms. "Is this a professional conversation, or a personal one?" he asked, tilting his head curiously.

"A professional one."

"I was satisfied with the quality of all of the materials we inventoried. Nothing seemed out of place to me. Was there some sort of issue you noticed?"

"God damn it, Zane," said Claire heatedly, "You know that's not what we need to talk about! We had sex, and I need you to understand that it was a mistake I don't intend to repeat!"

"This sounds like a personal conversation to me..."

"Fine, you fucking asshole, I want to have a personal conversation!" snarled Claire.

As if a switch was flipped, a broad, gloating grin crossed Zane's face, and his eyes immediately made a long, lazy tour of Claire's body. She was dressed perfectly professionally at the moment, but his filthy gaze made her feel naked. By the time his eyes made their way back up to meet Claire's gaze, her body pulsed with that old familiar sexual frustration she had grown used to. She had hoped that fucking Zane would finally satisfy her curiosity and scratch that particular itch for good... but it looked like that had been foolishly optimistic.

"Well... if you don't want to fuck me again," said Zane flippantly, his eyes glinting with obnoxious certainty, "then that's completely up to you, Claire Bear. If you decide never to see me again, I can live with that."

Claire snorted, crossing her arms over her chest in a subconscious attempt to hide her suddenly-stiff nipples, even though they were completely covered. "I know you, Zane. You expect me to believe that you'll just give up? Don't make me laugh."

Zane raised an eyebrow, leaning forward with a teasing grin to say, "Oh yeah? And how much have I been pursuing you since I promised to keep our business meetings professional?"

Claire scoffed and opened her mouth to retort... then she actually considered the question and her mouth snapped shut again. Zane hadn't actually pounced yesterday until she had thrown away the pretext of the business meeting. Today, he had refused to discuss sex at all until she had told him it was a personal meeting. It didn't feel like it to her, but technically, Zane had been absolutely true to his promise. She had been the one pursuing him.

"You see?" said Zane in response to Claire's embarrassed silence. "The ball is completely in your court. I've got plenty of pussy to play around with; one more makes no difference to me."

Claire didn't think that was true, at least. It didn't make sense for Zane to take the extreme efforts he had been if she was just another woman to fuck. But the idea that the relationship was under her control now did give her a certain sense of relief.

She sighed heavily and considered just kicking the vile little man out of her office immediately. But, unfortunately, there was one other important matter to discuss. One that might not be as smooth and easy.

"Zane," said Claire seriously, her lips pulled into a tight line of grim determination. "You can't tell anyone about what happened yesterday. I need you to promise me."

This was going to be a lot harder. When Claire had given Zane a blowjob, she had extracted a promise from him that he wouldn't tell a soul. But he had made that promise before they started, as a condition for the blowjob to happen in the first place. She couldn't help but worry that Zane might extract some sort of price from her if she wanted to secure another promise of secrecy from him.

But once again, Zane surprised her. He just shrugged, looking unimpressed, and said, "Sure. If you don't want me to tell anyone, it's our secret. I promise."

Claire narrowed her eyes at him. This felt too easy for a man who had used every available angle to manipulate her into sex. "So that's it?" she asked suspiciously. "You won't tell anyone, and we're done?"

Zane chuckled obnoxiously. "I mean, I don't know about that second part, Claire Bear. I think you might find it harder to resist a second taste than you're assuming. But as for the first part, absolutely. Here, as a sign of good faith, I'll even give you this."

He fished around in his pocket and pulled out a sleek metal flash drive, setting it on the edge of Claire's desk.

Claire glared down at it. "And what's that supposed to be?"

"Ok, confession time," said Zane with a lopsided grin. "I'm a bit of an obsessive recorder. When you live life like me, you never know when something spontaneous might happen that will work great on the website. I have cameras all over my house, recording all the time."

Claire's eyes widened, then darted back down to the suddenly much more sinister-looking flash drive on her desk. "You little weasel," she said in a stunned voice. "You're saying that..."

"That I filmed our glorious little mistake from multiple angles yesterday?" asked Zane with a cocky grin. "You're damn right I did."

Claire sighed and rubbed her temple irritably. "You should have just deleted it."

Zane shrugged. "I thought this was better. More symbolic." He got up from his chair. "Is that all you wanted to talk about? I hear you loud and clear. Contractors will finish out the project, you don't want me to tell anyone we fucked, and right this minute, you don't anticipate fucking me again. That about right?"

Claire frowned at him, saying, "I mean... yeah. Except that the not fucking you thing is permanent. But Zane, I don't want the video." The flash drive on her desk seemed to radiate menace. She wished Zane would take it with him.

"Then throw the drive away," said Zane lightly, already heading toward the door. "See you soon, Claire Bear," he called over his shoulder. "Say 'hi' to your hubby for me."

And then, all of a sudden, Claire was alone, staring at the evidence of her slutty mistake sitting on her desk.

It still felt a little too good to be true. Claire had the sense there was some game being played here. She knew Zane too well at this point to truly believe he was giving up so easily. Could she actually trust Zane to keep his mouth shut?

Claire reached out with a grimace and picked up the flash drive between thumb and forefinger like it was something dirty. Which, in many ways, it was. Her hand hovered over the trash can, then she hesitated. If she threw the flash drive away, it would probably safely travel to a landfill and rust away there forever.

Probably.

But what if the janitor found it? What if a garbage man did? Surely it was worth the precaution of opening it up and formatting the drive. With an irritated sigh, Claire plugged the drive into her work computer, ready to get this over with.

All there was in the drive was one large video file. Claire right-clicked and prepared to reformat the drive when she paused, staring at the little thumbnail. It was a view from directly above, looking down at the bed, showing Claire's hourglass curves. Zane's hand was thrust forward, grabbing a handful of her dark hair and pulling hard.

The climax of their filthy tryst. When Zane had given her the powerful orgasm of her life while filling her with cum. She had been forced to hurry to the shower as soon as she got home, fearful that her husband would somehow smell Zane's thick, potent cum on her.

Trust a weird little creep like Zane to have a hidden overhead camera. Must have been in the light fixture. The thumbnail image was oddly compelling. Living in that filthy, humiliating moment had been intense... would it be just as intense to see it on the screen? The thought sent a flush of powerful lust through Claire's body, making her shift slightly in her seat from the tingle between her legs.

In the end, what would the harm be in giving it one watch? She had already done the deed. Watching it wasn't going to be any worse. Claire's eyes flicked up to her door. Closed.

Decisive as always, Claire made her choice. One quick viewing, just so that she knew where Zane kept his hidden cameras. Then she would delete everything for good. She popped in her earbuds and double-clicked the video, her heart beating a swift, thumping rhythm against her ribs.

The video faded up from black with a shot of her lying on her back, chest heaving, and legs splayed. Zane was above her, leering down, just on the edge of the shot to the right.

Claire was fascinated and appalled by the quality of the shot. Zane had high-definition cameras running all the time throughout his house? With multiple angles in the bedroom? It boggled the mind how much storage space he must take up with boring videos of empty rooms. It didn't make any sense...

Which left one of two choices. Either Zane was lying about constantly recording, and turned on the cameras manually when she came over yesterday, or the recordings were on a loop that constantly deleted. Either choice was troubling. The first meant that she had just been a puppet under Zane's control this whole time, and he knew they were going to fuck before Claire even made the decision. And the second meant that Zane had no reason to make a big show of copying and deleting the files: he could have just waited.

Almost like he thought it was to his advantage if she watched this video.

But despite that disquieting thought, Claire was already hooked on the video, watching with a dry mouth and wide eyes as her past self slowly removed her panties to offer them as tribute.

The static shot of the fixed hidden camera wasn't as cinematic as some of the porn she had seen on Zane's website. She could imagine it now... the camera zooming in on the glistening lips between her juicy thighs, then refocusing on the silky panties dangling from her fingers.

Fuck, that would be kind of hot.

Even without the benefit of dynamic angles and zooms, the action on the screen was still pretty fucking erotic. Claire watched herself submit... first physically and then verbally. Her body boiled with humiliated lust as she watched the scene unfold just as she remembered it.

God, I looked like a fucking slut. It was embarrassing, but unfortunately true. The woman in the video's full breasts heaved with passion as she begged a man who wasn't her husband to fuck her. Her face was flushed pink, and her legs were spread wide as she completely caved in, giving up her dignity for a chance to fuck the man she had grown obsessed with. Zane's room must have been wired well for sound as well, because Claire's husky, trembling voice was crystal clear as she begged for Zane's cock.

Claire's hand slipped down to lightly touch her crotch as she watched Zane's hairy form crouch over her. The angle changed again, this time to show them from behind, perfectly framing the view between Zane's chunky legs as his cock nuzzled up against Claire's spread, glistening pussy.

How many fucking cameras does this asshole have in his fucking bedroom?

Claire was utterly focused on what was happening in the video. Despite knowing what was coming, she still breathed in sharply as she watched Zane's cock sink into her cheating pussy inch by inch. Her fingers pressed tighter to the throbbing flesh between her thighs as the sight washed over her.

The memory flooded back to her, raw and hot and powerful. The feeling of Zane's heavy bulk above her, the smell of his minty breath... the exquisite blend of pleasure and pain as the biggest cock she had ever felt spread her pussy wide.

Fuck it. She couldn't take it anymore. Claire unbuttoned her pants and shoved her fingers greedily down the front of her panties, sliding a finger between her juicy lips and sending a powerful zip of sexual energy up her spine as it made contact with her clit.

In some ways, the image on the screen looked even more intense than it had felt in the moment. At the time, she had been caught up in her sensation, but now, watching later, the intensely humiliating contrast of beauty and beast was powerful. Zane looked like a fucking pig. Like a wild boar, rutting and grunting.

And Claire? She looked like a bitch in heat. A filthy slut completely drunk on cock. As upsetting as that thought was, it made the submissive lust she had become addicted to boil up inside her, stirred and empowered by the firm little circles her fingers were drawing around her clit.

Claire watched as her past self choked on Zane's thick cock, cleaning her pussy juice off as he gloated above her. It looked so obscene. More filthy than most porn. In fact...Claire nearly came as she realized that this was exactly the same as many of the videos she had seen on Zane's website. She was just another notch on Zane's bedpost. Another uptight bitch he had trained to think with her pussy. And, although that thought made her angry enough to punch a hole in the wall, it also made her whole body light up with submissive lust, her thighs clamping hard around her hand.

God, she could imagine his thick, juicy cock in her mouth. Stretching her lips out and making her feel small and weak. Even though Claire was taller than Zane normally, when she was beneath him, looking up at his cock, he seemed like a fucking giant. Watching herself submit to his cock and suck him off made her cringe with humiliation... but it made her new submissive side melt.

Even touching herself while watching Zane fuck her was ten times more intense than anything Dan had done for her in the past month! There was no greater sign of Zane's complete dominance in their relationship than the fact that he could casually agree to never see her again while she was burning up with filthy, frustrating lust for his cock.

Claire grunted and grit her teeth as the anger and shame and deep, clinging arousal twisted and merged inside her, her fingers rubbing deeper and harder between her legs as she gripped her onrushing orgasm by the throat and wrestled with it. On the screen, Zane was owning her, dominating her like the bitch he had molded her into. His cock was making her moan, making her beg for more.

Claire couldn't hide the truth from herself. Not in the depths of passion like this. She wanted to feel that cock inside her again. She wanted Zane's control. She couldn't act on that impulse, obviously. Not when it meant giving up all of her pride as a woman, but that didn't mean the temptation didn't exist. But fuck it... she didn't care about thinking pure, proper thoughts. Right now, she needed to get off as hard as possible.

She let herself slip into the fantasy... of giving in completely. Of being just another slut in Zane's stable. Dressing like a hooker just to please him. Being his stupid, slutty arm candy. Choking on his fat dick and having hot, sweaty, filthy sex all night every night.

Proudly starring in his porn...

The fantasy was terrifying, and disgusting, and utterly demeaning... and it was also so

fucking hot it felt like Claire was burning up on the inside. Her eyes locked to the brutal, dominant fucking Zane was giving her on the camera, the tension inside her rising, growing hotter and hotter until something had to give.

When Claire came this time, it wasn't beautiful or fulfilling or magical. It was ugly and harsh and primal, her hips grinding up hard as her fingers strummed and flexed in her soaking-wet panties. Her face flushed red as the climax wracked her, making every muscle in her body go taut as she watched the hairy slob on the screen pump her cheating cunt full of his cum.

Then she collapsed back on the chair, face beaded with sweat and legs trembling with the intensity of her orgasm.

Suddenly, a white-hot bolt of panic shot through her, and she looked up to the door. Perlah was still here, and if she had happened to come by, then...

There was no one at the door of the office, but it was cracked open. Was Claire certain that the door had been completely closed when she started the video? She thought it had been, but she had also been distracted.

So... there was a possibility that Perlah had seen her masturbating at work. That was deeply embarrassing, and certainly wouldn't help when it came time to fire Perlah for how bratty she had been acting lately... but at least her computer was set up so that the screen couldn't be seen from the door.

Claire took a deep breath and pulled a wet wipe from her purse to clean her fingers. Then, she once again prepared to format the drive.

And then she stopped again. Why should I delete it? It's not like deleting it will unfuck Zane. Sure, maybe there was a minor risk that Dan could find the video someday, but, as many wonderful qualities her husband had, Claire didn't really see him as an expert sleuth. Besides, if she was cutting herself off from Zane, she needed some way to get off, and she had proven today that the video could make her cum even if her husband couldn't.

So, feeling a little guilty, but unable to stop herself, Claire unplugged the flash drive and dropped it into her purse.

Then she rolled her shoulders, cracked her neck, and opened up her draft sketches of the next room she was designing, because it didn't matter how unsettled and frustrated she felt; the work of a small business owner never ended.

...

Perlah was practically bouncing in her seat, biting her lip hard to keep herself from

giggling.

This was the best day of her fucking life.

Perlah had had a lot of time to stew over her boss's rudeness the other night. She used to think they were friends. Claire had never treated her as anything but an equal. But then, suddenly, it had all come crashing down. Claire had made it crystal clear that she saw Perlah as beneath her for the way she had become involved with Zane.

Which was hilariously fucking hypocritical considering the evidence that Perlah had just collected.

Claire apparently wasn't aware of the little trick Perlah had... Sometimes it was nice to be able to quickly tell what Claire was working on. When a client called to ask about when they could expect sketches, Perlah sometimes needed a quick view of how far along Claire was in the process without interrupting her. So she had discovered a way to look at her boss's screen without entering her office.

When Claire won an interior design award last year, she hung it proudly behind her desk, without really thinking about the fact that the etched glass of the plaque shone with a mirror finish. From a certain angle standing at the door, a watcher could see exactly what was on the screen of Claire's computer.

Or, for example... film it.

The footage Perlah had captured on her phone wasn't perfect. After all, it was a cellphone video of a reflection. But it was more than enough to prove that Claire had already fucked Zane.

And if she had... then Claire was going to have to pay up on a certain bet she had made with Leah. When Leah had told Perlah about the obscene wager she had made with Claire, Perlah had actually been skeptical. Zane was a sexual force of nature, and could be intensely charming when he wanted, but Perlah had known her boss for a long time, and therefore knew that Claire was no pushover.

But it looked like Zane was the one that Perlah had been underestimating.

Perlah pulled up her text chain with Leah and began typing, her thoughts rushing at one hundred miles an hour. They needed to plan how they were going to confront Claire. How they were going to convince her to pay up on the bet...

And most importantly, how exactly Perlah was going to make Claire "apologize" on camera.

There were just too many good options, it was hard to choose.

For this update, voting will work a little differently. Choose any number of options for things Perlah can plan for Claire. The top three to five vote getters will be incorporated into the upcoming lezdom scene!

Foot Worship

Strapon Fucking

Spanking

Face Sitting

Nipple Clamps/Nipple Play

Bondage

Anal Beads (or other anal toy usage)

Vibrator play

Orgasm Denial

Pet Play/Leash and Collar

Body Writing

Tribadism/Scissoring

Dildo Gag

Rimming (Claire rimming Perlah)

Demearing Outfit

Threat of exposure (“we might press this button and make it a livestream”)

Blindfold

Tickling/Teasing with a feather

Making Claire call her husband during the session