

The Bet - Chapter 21 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

Published:

2025-09-26

Edited:

2025-10-10

Imported:

2025-10 <2> [current]2025-10 <1> [13371044]2025-10 <0> [13371036]

Poll

The Bet - Chapter 21

- Zane should prioritize reestablishing dominance over Leah.99
- Leah can wait, the video proves that Claire is ripe for the picking.344

2025-09-25 23:29:33

- 443 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Hot of the presses, I have the next chapter of the bet ready for you!

Next up, I will be working full-steam ahead on Cumbunny 12. It might be mildly delayed, but only because it will be a longer chapter than usual.

As you will see, the choice this time is a little different than usual. i am taking the temperature on whether you guys want a little tangent or not, and your choice here will be followed up by a more specific poll in a couple days.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy!

...

Leah stood with her arms crossed beneath her breasts, looking down at Claire with satisfaction singing in her heart. Beside her, Perlah was practically vibrating with giddy joy, biting her lip to keep herself from giggling more than she already had. The cute young assistant had been over the moon ever since yesterday when she had gathered the proof of Claire's defeat, and it had taken some work from Leah to convince her to wait until today to spring their victory on Claire.

Claire, obviously, didn't share her assistant's joy. She stared down at the phone in her hands as the incriminating video played, as if she could make the contents of the video disappear through sheer force of will alone. But the proof was undeniable. The minute-long video showed Claire masturbating enthusiastically at her desk, her fingers flexing and plunging beneath her straining panties. Then the view of the camera zoomed in, focusing on the reflection of Claire's screen in a polished reward behind her desk.

The reflection clearly showed a video of Claire being fucked by Zane. And that meant one all-important thing: Claire had lost the wager she had foolishly made with Leah last week. And pay-up was going to be a bitch.

Claire's grip grew tight on the phone held in front of her for a moment, then she sighed and slid it across the desk toward Perlah, the video still playing.

"Not going to try to smash the phone? Maybe claim that the video is AI?" asked Leah with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

Claire glared back at her, barely containing the rage simmering just beneath the surface. She shrugged and managed to maintain a look of wounded dignity as she replied, "What would be the point? You're both smart enough to back up the video before showing this to me. And even if it were AI, you could still ruin my life with something this detailed."

Leah shook her head, sinking to lounge back in one of the guest chairs in Claire's chic, well-decorated office. "Really dear? You think that little of me? Of course we wouldn't leak a video like that. We would never have to, because I know you're a woman of your word. I mean, you do intend to pay up, don't you?"

"Oh, she's going to pay up," said Perlah with a wide grin. "She's going to experience what it's like for *me* to be boss for a change."

Claire wouldn't even look at Perlah, but amusingly, a blush crossed her face. She was clearly envisioning exactly what 'paying up' would entail, and her reaction certainly didn't look like pure disgust. *Wow... Zane certainly has made a lot of progress with this high-strung bitch if she is already turned on by the idea of this kind of humiliation. That little prick has a fetish for breaking down strong women...*

"I don't see that I have any choice. What, do you want to do it right now?" asked Claire, her eyes darting between the two women confronting her.

Perlah and Leah gave each other a bewildered glance, then Perlah broke into a laugh, and Leah couldn't help but chuckle as well.

"What's so funny?" asked Claire stiffly. She was doing an admirable job of seeming calm and collected, but the tight grip of her folded hands on the desk showed the turmoil inside her. Leah knew Claire was a proud woman, and what she and Perlah planned to do was going to

be incredibly difficult for her. But thanks to Zane's training, Leah suspected that Claire would enjoy herself quite a bit as well.

"It's not going to be some simple little 'I'm sorry,' Boss," said Perlah, using the honorific mockingly. "I'm afraid that you're going to have to give us a little time to set up."

Leah touched Perlah's leg gently to stop her gloating speech. The slim little Asian was really getting into this! Perlah's eyes were glittering, and just from getting to know her over the past month, Leah could tell that she was powerfully aroused. It seemed that Claire had badly wounded her assistant with her dismissive rudeness the other night, and Perlah was hungry for sexual revenge... But right now she needed to stay calm. Pushing Claire too hard now might make her dig in her heels.

Leah hadn't exactly run this plan by her master. She was reasonably certain that Zane would be overjoyed with her little side bet and its results. A little lesbian submission was all in keeping with his overall goal of making Claire into the perfect depraved slut. But he might not be happy if they pushed Claire too hard and backed her into a corner. And no matter how much Claire might worry, Leah and Perlah certainly couldn't tell Dan about this. Not when Zane wanted to keep him in the dark.

So they had to tread carefully.

Leah took the reins from Perlah, calmly asking, "You remember the terms of our wager, don't you, Claire?"

Claire's blush deepened, and she swiped some of her lovely dark hair out of her face as she leaned back in the chair, attempting to seem nonchalant. "Of course I do."

"I want to hear you say it. What did I win?" said Leah, putting a little force behind her words. If she was correct about how far Zane had rewired the curvy brunette's sexuality, then a tone of confident command should... Claire's breath hitched, and she bit her lower lip lightly for just a fraction of a second. It was long enough for Leah to see that she had scored a direct hit. This little punishment that Claire was about to face turned her on... Even if she didn't want to admit it.

"I have to 'apologize' to Perlah. However she wants," said Claire grudgingly, her eyes flicking to her assistant with a faint sneer. She was obviously taking refuge in anger rather than dealing with her submissive arousal. Leah hadn't known Claire well for very long, but that strategy seemed like a go-to for her. "Although I'm still not sure what I did that is worth being sorry for. Anyway, I assume, because we're talking about you two sluts, that you intend for the 'apology' to be some sort of humiliating sex act."

"You always were a smart one, Boss," said Perlah with a wide, eager grin.

Leah gave Perlah a warning look, then turned back to Claire. "You're close. But you're missing a key detail. The apology will be filmed."

Claire gulped, her fingers fidgeting on the desk in front of her. For a second, Leah wasn't sure if Claire was more aroused or scared, but her raspy voice made it clear that her arousal was winning as she asked, "And... what would the purpose of the video be? I can't allow my reputation to be ruined... no matter what the consequences might be."

"Purely for our personal enjoyment," said Leah smoothly, nodding toward Perlah, who was still grinning ear to ear. "And Z will get to watch it, of course. We're willing to promise that the video won't be seen by anyone else... Unless you decide that you want to start working on the website. We would definitely put it on your page in that case."

Claire snorted. Rubbing a hand distractedly through her hair. "As if I would ever stoop that low," she muttered, then in a louder voice asked, "Why does Zane need to see it? Shouldn't this just be between us?"

"I don't hide anything from him," said Leah with a shrug, fudging the truth just the tiniest bit. "Besides, you have to admit he has a stake in this, considering exactly how you lost the bet."

Claire went silent, staring down at her hands with a frown. Perlah started to say something again, but Leah kicked her ankle and she shut up with a scowl. For a second, Leah had no idea if Claire would cave in, or if they were going to have to lean on her a little harder... Then Claire sighed heavily and leaned forward on her elbows, covering her eyes as she said, "Fine... fine. If you can guarantee that only you three will see the video and no word of this will leak to anyone, then I'll... live up to my end of the bet. When did you have in mind?"

"Friday. After work," said Leah confidently, standing up from her chair. "You already know where the set is. It will be free that day."

Claire uncovered her eyes, and Leah noticed with a sizzle of erotic interest that a little spark of submissive lust had lit up the lovely woman's eyes. This was going to be a lot of fun...

"Anything you want me to wear?" asked Claire in a sarcastic tone, trying to take the sting out of her submission with a little levity.

"It doesn't matter," said Leah as she turned toward the door. "You can wear whatever you like. Come on, Perlah. I'm afraid I'm going to have to borrow your assistant for the rest of the day, Claire dear. We have some planning to do."

Claire waved them away irritably. "That's fine with me. Take her for the whole week for all I care."

Perlah seemed annoyed on the way out of the office, and when they were out of all possible hearing range, she rounded on Leah. "Why did you make me hold back?" she asked sharply. "She called me a slut! She proved that she doesn't see me as an equal at all. She treated me like dirt. And now, when we have her right where we want her, I have to be a perfect, polite lady? Fuck that!"

Leah snaked an arm around the prickly petite Asian and pulled her close to her hip affectionately. “You really think that I’m going to let her off easy after she looked at you like something she scraped off her shoe?” she asked softly. “No, I totally agree that she needs an attitude adjustment. If Zane has his way, she’s going to be a fellow employee before long, and she needs to learn that she isn’t any better than the rest of us. We’re definitely going to need to drag little Miss Perfect down off her pedestal.”

“I don’t know if I want to be equal with that hypocritical skank,” grumbled Perlah. Leah gave her a sympathetic sidelong look. Claire’s harsh snub and subsequent cold dismissal had deeply affected Perlah. Leah knew that Claire used to be someone that Perlah really looked up to, so that must be where these extreme emotions were coming from.

“We’ll see,” said Leah, bumping Perlah a little with her hip as they walked side by side. “Don’t decide whether you forgive her now. Wait until you see how well she can apologize.”

Leah stopped Perlah and grabbed her by the shoulders, looking down into her lovely eyes with a wide, wicked grin. “Because I promise you, Perlah... That little show of politeness up there was just to lull her into a false sense of security. Once she comes to the set, and it’s too late to back out, we are going to show that horny bitch who the real slut is. Are you with me?”

Perlah’s face lit up once again, all of her annoyance forgotten.

“Yeah. Let’s teach that snobby bitch that she isn’t just a slut for Z... It’s who she really is.”

...

Claire sighed and ran her fingers through her husband’s hair, then kissed him gently on the temple. His hand was rubbing up and down her thigh as his head rested on her lap, both of them relaxing as they watched one of their shows together.

It was hard to hold back the guilt and act like nothing was wrong.

It was true that Dan hadn’t been taking care of her sexual needs lately. And that he was sometimes disappointingly wimpy. And it was also true that Zane was a crafty sexual force of nature who was difficult to resist.

But none of those were good excuses. Claire was supposed to be better than that. Dan was the man she had chosen, and in almost every respect, he was better than Zane. Handsomer, kinder, funnier, more athletic. There was almost no area where Zane was better than her husband. Except one. One big... hard... throbbing advantage Zane had over Dan that made him hard to ignore.

But that was the thing. Claire loved her husband. Maybe that was silly to say after a few months of obsessing over another man, but it was what she felt here in this quiet, intimate moment with him. What would a night at home with Zane even look like? He would probably just needle her five different ways until she snapped and they fucked each other’s brains out.

A long, passionate, sweaty night of hate fucking, his thick cock spreading her open as his hand reddened her ass...

Claire cut off that unhelpful train of thought sharply. She owed Dan more than thinking about Zane while they were together. She owed Dan a lot more than she had been giving him, in fact. And after one last humiliation, she would finally be able to give him her full, undivided attention.

"You want to get a pizza?" asked Dan vaguely, his eyes on the screen as his fingers idly traced over her thigh.

The wave of guilt was so strong that Claire was silent for a moment, just collecting herself and making sure her voice wasn't strained as she replied, "No, sorry babe. I have that client dinner, remember."

Dan's hand stopped moving, then fell away from her legs to rest on the couch. "Oh yeah, that's right."

His tone was dry and neutral. But did Claire detect some undercurrent of emotion? Was there a tinge of suspicion in his voice? The idea made Claire uncomfortable. She thought she had been careful to give her husband totally plausible excuses, and it wasn't unusual for her to be busy in the evenings... But Dan wasn't stupid, and maybe she had slipped up somehow.

She pushed away her panic and guilt and did what she always did: push through with sheer confidence.

"Tell you what," she said, tilting his face up towards hers, "Order that pizza anyway. Maybe I can make this meeting quick and hurry back... Maybe you'll even get something a little sweet for dessert, so be ready for me."

Claire was probably promising more than she could guarantee, but the smile that spread across her husband's face was worth it.

Besides, Claire had already decided that she didn't have much to worry about from those two sluts. It wasn't like they were Zane. She could handle anything they threw at her.

...

Despite her earlier confidence, Claire's heart was beating fast as she pulled up to the porn set in the quiet suburban neighborhood. She had been here during the day last time, and at night, the tall privacy fence and sturdy metal door seemed to loom forbodingly.

Or maybe that was just her imagination, played up by her anxiety for what the night might hold. She didn't trust that fat-assed skank Leah at all, and Perlah, well...

She knew that her cold dismissal and judgment of her assistant had been harsh, especially since, as Leah had pointed out, she herself hadn't exactly been immune to Zane's charms.

But her hypocrisy was beside the point. Claire reacted the way she had because she had discovered someone she knew and respected wasn't who she thought she was. Her friend, who she had trusted, had betrayed her by hooking up with the man Claire hated most. Claire giving in to Zane's seduction didn't change that.

So, in other words, Claire wasn't feeling particularly apologetic as she rang the buzzer to be let into the house. But she *was* worried about what Perlah might demand from her. She had seen hurt and lust burning in her assistant's eyes the other day in her office, and she knew that those could be a potent combination.

After a silent minute of waiting, the latch of the gate thunked, and Perlah herself swung it open, wearing one of the skimpy robes that Zane reserved for his female costars.

She looked a lot more controlled tonight than she had in the office the other day, but no less smug. "Welcome," she said with a wide grin. "So glad you could make it, Boss. We have a lot of fun stuff planned for tonight." She moved to the side to let Claire in, her eyes scanning hungrily up and down Claire's body as she went.

A strange sizzle of lust flared in Claire's lower belly at her assistant's obviously sexual appraisal, and it gave her pause. Maybe this was more dangerous than she thought. Perlah planned to sexually humiliate her on camera. That wasn't something that should turn her on, yet it did. Maybe letting this go further could awaken something in her that was best left sleeping. That slight prickle of fear made her turn to Perlah and say cautiously, "Perlah... do we really have to do this? I mean, maybe this whole fucked up Zane situation has strained things between us, but I'd like to think we're still friends. Let's not do something that could ruin that."

It was far more vulnerable and humble a request than Claire was usually willing to give, and Perlah knew her well enough to recognize that. For a second, she seemed taken aback and thoughtful, the vengeful gleam in her eyes disappearing.

"Ok... you know what?" said the lovely young Asian cautiously, crossing her arms tightly over her chest, "I can appreciate what you're saying. If you humbly and sincerely apologise to me right here and now, and admit that we are both the same, equally bad for how we gave in to Z, then I will accept your apology. Leah is going to be pissed, but your "filmed apology" will be just that, verbally saying you're sorry."

Claire grimaced. It would be so easy. Just open her mouth and say some bullshit about how she and Perlah were both sluts because they both gave in to Zane. Then she could bypass this entire humiliating ordeal.

But she couldn't. They weren't equal. Claire had given in after a month and a half of concentrated effort on Zane's part, using every trick and strategy he could muster. Perlah had apparently fucked him after two brief meetings. Claire's pride wouldn't allow her to put them both on the same level. And, even though she knew this way of thinking was kind of shitty, the fact remained that Claire was the boss and Perlah was her underling. Part of her refused

to humble herself in front of an employee when she had worked so hard for her position of respect.

“I’m sorry that you felt upset. And I think it’s true that we both made mistakes,” attempted Claire.

She could tell that her non-apology hadn’t landed. The spark of annoyance leapt back into Perlah’s eyes as she turned toward the house, forcing Claire to trail after her. “I guess we’ll have to do this the hard way then.”

Claire rolled her eyes and followed, fresh arousal welling between her legs as she realized that this was about to happen after all. As she entered the porn set house for the second time, Claire saw Leah sitting at the kitchen island, swirling a glass of wine while reading from a notepad.

She was also wearing some of the sluttiest lingerie that Claire had ever laid eyes on. The skyblue thong that she had on was pulled into a tight wedgie between her luscious cheeks, offering Claire a breathtaking view from behind of her thick, juicy butt, adorned with the initials of the man who had conquered her.

Those bold black letters were almost more arousing than Leah’s fantastic ass in itself. They showed an utter, humiliating submission to a man who wasn’t her husband, far beyond anything Claire and Perlah had done. Claire might quibble over who was sluttier between her and Perlah, but neither of them even approached the bottom-heavy blonde sipping wine at the counter.

Leah looked over her shoulder, obviously caught Claire staring at her ass, and waved her over with a laugh. “Enjoying the view, Claire Bear?” She asked with a mocking twinkle in her eye, wiggling her butt a little on the stool for emphasis.

“Don’t call me that,” muttered Claire irritably, trying to cover her flustered arousal by crossing her arms tightly and frowning.

“There’s no shame in enjoying yourself tonight, you know,” said Leah warmly, swiveling on the stool to face her and revealing the pale blue lace hugging her firm breasts tightly. “It’s just us girls. You can cut loose and really let your submissive slut flag fly with no judgment.”

Claire very much doubted that was the case. In fact, she suspected that making her feel bad about her slutty behavior was a major purpose of this meeting. Refusing to let her guard down, she asked stiffly, “So when are we going to do this? I want to get it over with. My husband is waiting for me.”

For some reason, that made a flash of annoyance cross Leah’s features. “Oh, so *now* you’re worried about Danny Boy?” She mused with a sharp look in her eyes. “Interesting. Well, if

you're that eager to start, head up to the bedroom. We've laid your clothes out on the bed. Call down when you're ready, and we can get started."

"Clothes?" asked Claire, then she shook her head ruefully. Of course. She should have known that it wouldn't be as easy as wearing whatever she wanted. The reason that Leah had said that her outfit didn't matter was that she always planned on dressing Claire herself.

"Don't worry," said Perlah with a smirk. "You won't be wearing them for long. Now scoot!" She aimed a demeaning little swat at Claire's plump ass that made her yelp in surprise. Claire turned to her assistant, ready to cut her down to size, but was taken aback by the look in Perlah's eyes. All she saw there was brazen, dominant command. Perlah was absolutely certain that Claire wasn't her boss tonight... tonight, at least from the sassy young Asian's point of view, Claire was just her plaything.

Claire's anger deflated as she realized that Perlah was absolutely correct. She had no power here tonight. She would just have to get used to that and try to get through this quickly with as much of her dignity intact as possible. With a halfhearted grumble of protest, Claire turned and made her way toward the stairs, feeling the eyes of the two other women following her as she went.

The hallway upstairs had been burned into her brain from the events of the last time she visited the house, and she found her way to the bedroom with no issue.

The issues came when she saw the outfit laid out on the bed. Her face immediately flushed red in a combination of arousal and anger. So this was how they wanted her to look while they humiliated her on camera. The idea made Claire feel like she had swallowed a red-hot coal, lighting up her insides with lust and frustration.

It was a good thing that no one else would see this... Oh God, except for Zane, of course. The idea of Zane seeing her in this ridiculous outfit just made the heat growing between Claire's legs roar higher.

She had no choice. Claire began unbuttoning her blouse and preparing to don the humiliating ensemble that the two sluts downstairs had left for her.

It was only when she moved the flimsy top on the bed that she found the surprise they had left underneath it. She stared down in horror as it finally dawned on her exactly how bad this evening could go.

"They have got to be joking," she said to herself in a quiet voice, trying to convince herself that Perlah and Leah couldn't possibly go THAT far.

...

Zane took another long, slow, cool sip of his cocktail as he went over the subscriber numbers from the following week. Business was... plateauing. Probably inevitable now that he was so

focused on his latest conquest. Things would pick up again once he was able to convince Claire to let him release her training log. That one would be one for the ages.

Speaking of which... it had been a few days since Claire had contacted him. She was likely to be stewing in her own repressed longing for his cock by now. Maybe it was time to throw out a little bait and draw her back in.

Just as he thought that, a message popped up on his phone. But not from Claire. Leah had just sent him a message.

[Hey, Master. Just had a fun night in with the girls. Thought you might want to see..."]

Zane frowned down at his phone. He had no idea what Leah might mean... but she was a woman with a dirty mind and a filthy mean streak, and Zane had to admit that he was intrigued. A second later, a link popped up, which led to some sort of streaming site.

Zane leaned back in his chair, finished off the rest of his drink, shrugged, and stabbed a fat finger at the play button in the center of the screen. If Leah thought he would find the video interesting, he probably would. Maybe it would even be something he could market on the site to drum up a little more interest before Claire was ready for her debut.

The view from a handheld camera traveled down the familiar hallway of the porn set toward the bedroom door. A hand that Zane recognized as Leah's rose to push the bedroom door gently open, revealing...

Zane leaned forward, his eyes widening as he saw Claire dressed in a slutty parody of business-wear. A figure-hugging little vest tightly encased her chest, but swooped down beneath her breasts, leaving them covered only by a thin, sheer white blouse that showed the color and shape of her nipples clearly. The dark skirt matched the color of the vest, but didn't even come down far enough to hide the tops of her lacy stockings, even showing a peek of her garter straps. The look was completed by tall platform heels and cosmetic glasses, which made the intended effect a little clearer: someone had dressed Claire up as a slutty secretary.

More importantly, Claire had agreed to it. Zane set his empty drink down and focused completely on the video as Leah began talking. His cock began stirring between his legs.

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Leah could practically smell the humiliated arousal coming off poor little Claire as she entered the bedroom. The curvy woman looked like a perfect slutty picture: a ditzy secretary willing to do anything for her boss. A pointed mockery of Claire's pride in running her own successful business. Claire's face was already pink, and her thick thighs rubbed together in subtle shifting motions beneath the inadequate skirt.

Well... if Claire thinks this is embarrassing, just wait until she sees what Leah has in store for her.

“Well, are you happy?” asked Claire defensively, crossing her arms over her chest to hide the obvious pink nipples of her stiff nipples between the sheer blouse. “You made me look like some kind of fucking porn star. Congratulations.”

Leah shook her head with a smirk. So the little wildcat still had some fire in her, despite her situation. Leah would need to prime her a little before she was ready for the main event downstairs. Break her spirit.

Luckily, that sounded like a fun task.

She silently circled the embarrassed woman fidgeting in the middle of the bedroom floor, slowly panning up and down her juicy body put on full display by the porny outfit they had chosen for her. The view from behind was almost as enticing as from the front. The tiny skirt wasn't quite big enough to cover Claire's bubble butt, letting the lower curve of her incredible ass peek out from beneath the bottom hem, above the tops of her lacy stockings.

Claire grew visibly less comfortable and hornier as Leah circled her, shifting on her feet and clearing her throat as the silent appraisal continued, her face flushing a deeper red. She was sort of adorable, really. Poor Claire was used to head-on confrontation, but silently leering at her assets got her all flustered.

Finally, Leah stopped again in front of Claire and made her move.

“Why... yes, honey, I am pretty happy,” said Leah in a low, confident voice. ‘Aren't you? You look divine.” Leah knew that right now was a delicate moment. Claire had just been introduced to the pleasures of submission by Zane recently, and she would resist submission to anyone else... especially a woman she looked down on. She needed to take that embarrassed arousal that Claire was feeling right now and really exploit it to the fullest.

“You missed your calling as a secretary. And as for a porn star... well, I don't know what else you would call a woman about to film the kinds of things you are, Claire Bear,” purred Leah, approaching slowly, rolling her hips as she went.

“Sh-shut up,” said Claire in a wobbly voice. ‘Don't call me that.” Her eyes darted down Leah's body, taking in the skimpy powerblue thong and lacy bra. Leah could do her job just as easily tonight in casual clothes, but she had chosen to give Claire a peerpshop for a reason. Leah had suspected that Claire had a thing for girls ever since the night at the porn set, when she couldn't tear her eyes away from Leah and Perlah's lesbian scene. Now all she had to do was take that lesbian attraction and weld it to the new submissive instincts that Zane had been nurturing.

“I'll call you whatever I want,” said Leah in a low, dangerous voice, reaching down to run a gentle finger along the edge of Claire's lacy stockings. “You need to face facts, sweetie. Right now you aren't Claire Harrison, powerful businesswoman. You're Claire Bear, the slutty little plaything. The sooner you get into that headspace, the easier it's going to be for all of us.

Leah was gratified by Claire's response. Her breath hitched a little, and goosebumps rose over her creamy skin. She pressed her thick thighs together tightly at the feel of Leah's touch... perhaps imagining how that touch might feel somewhere else. She was clearly falling deeper and deeper into a submissive haze... but her words were still defiant, at least for now.

"I don't have to do anything for you, Leah... The deal was that I apologize to Perlah. Leave me alone."

The words may have been firm, but her tone wasn't... and her body language had almost the opposite effect. Her arms were clutching her chest rather than shielding it now, and her hips and thighs were doing a little wiggle, which could only mean poorly suppressed arousal.

Leah let out a rich chuckle. "You say that, Claire Bear... But you want to submit even if you don't have to. Isn't that right?" Her finger slowly traced to Claire's inner thigh, then Leah ran just her fingernail up that soft flesh, toward the wet, hot junction between Claire's thighs. "Doesn't your body crave to give in? To submit?"

"No... I don't... I don't feel that way about..." gulped Claire, closing her eyes and shaking her head even as her thighs spread, anticipating Leah's touch.

Leah's heart pounded a quick, powerful rhythm in her chest, her body pulsing with dirty heat. God, it felt good to be in control for once. It was obviously incredible to let go and let her master take the reins, but she could tell why Zane enjoyed being dominant. She was getting the same feeling from bossing Claire around that she did when she teased her husband. The power was intoxicating.

"About women?" asked Leah with a smirk. "I just don't think that's true, sweetheart. I think your whole body is begging you to give in and experience something forbidden. I think that juicy little cunt is all hot and wet at the thought of serving your cute assistant in your new slutty outfit."

"I...I..." stuttered Claire, her brain overloaded by conflicting defiance and pleasure.

"Let's put my guess to the test, shall we?"

Despite her protests, Claire did nothing to stop Leah or move away as her finger moved all the way up, nestling against her hot, wet...

Panties?

"Someone has been a naughty girl," said Leah with a raised eyebrow, rubbing her finger up and down Claire's lips above the silky, soaking wet panties. "I don't remember us including any panties in the uniform we gave you tonight."

"I couldn't..." Claire paused to take a shuddering breath, her hips grinding downward subtly into Leah's fingers, "I couldn't wear a skirt this short with nothing underneath. I'm not..." Her

eyes focused for a second, meeting Leah's in a green blaze that still held a spark of defiance. "I'm not a slut like you."

Leah kept a short leash of the little surge of anger that rose inside her. Being the dominant one meant being cool and in control. Let Claire stomp her feet and have her little tantrums. She had to learn that a sharp tongue wouldn't let her get her way in bed. Whether it was with Zane, Leah, or anyone else, Claire's destiny was to be a pathetic, horny sub. Zane had already declared that he would make it happen. Claire stalked across the room to one of the tripods that was set up for their regular shoots and locked her phone into it, pointed at Claire. It was time to capture some truly worthwhile footage.

"Maybe not," said Leah lightly. "But tonight, you will be. Take off those panties. You won't be needing them when you apologize." Leah's voice was firm and demanding, not allowing any argument. Claire glared at her for just a second... then broke eye contact, biting her lip.

Leah could see she had won. She watched, crossing her arms and cocky her hips while Claire awkwardly reached up beneath the tight skirt, tugging down the silk panties she had come with. She had to momentarily unclip her garter belt to slide them down further. The whole time Leah watched her with a smug smirk of amusement.

By the time Claire stepped out of the silky panties, she was clearly mortified, and even more turned on than before.

It seemed like a good opportunity to push her a little further.

"Give them to me," demanded Leah, holding her hand out demanding. "Clearly you can't be trusted with them, naughty girl."

Claire scowled at the belittling language, but she was already slipping a little further under the spell that the slutty clothes and Leah's demanding tone were casting. "Fine, if you want them so bad," she muttered, looking away as she dropped the panties into Leah's outstretched hand.

Leah raised them to her nose, taking a deep, performative sniff of the musky, wild scent of Claire's arousal.

Claire's lip curled up in a sneer of embarrassed disgust. "Ugh... you're all perverts," she said with flaming red cheeks. "You, Zane, Perlah... all of you."

Leah surged forward. This time, she didn't take the time to subtly tease Claire. Her hand slid up confidently between the taller woman's thick thighs, slipping her middle finger between the dripping lips of Claire's pussy in one smooth motion.

"Perverts?" she asked forcefully, over Claire's shocked gasp. "Is that so? Well, what does that make you? You're standing here in a slutty little outfit, bitching and moaning about how unfair this all is." Leah's finger slid deep into Claire's pussy, feeling its hot, velvety depths press tight around the invading digit, drenching it in the slickness of her submissive arousal. "But your

tight married cunt tells a different story,” said Leah smugly, pressing her body up against Claire’s... flesh pressing against soft flesh as she began pulsing her finger in and out of the shocked, wide-eyed bombshell. “Based on how horny you are, I think you might be a little perverted too, miss wet and wild and eager.”

Claire’s hand fell to Leah’s wrist, almost as if she wanted to push Leah’s hand away... but instead of acting, they just rested there, holding on weakly as Leah’s finger pumped in and out of her. “MmmmmMMm Fuck!” panted Claire, staring at Leah with an expression of shock melting into lust, “What the fuck do you think you’re...?”

Leah rolled her eyes and lifted her free hand with the panties she had just been handed, stuffing them into Claire’s mouth midsentence. “Jesus Christ, woman, shut the fuck up,” she said with a laugh, her finger making sloppy sounds between Claire’s legs as it thrust in and out of her pussy. “I have no idea how Master can even stan that incessant motormouth. Now shut that trap and hump my fucking hand like a good little secretary.”

Claire’s eyes locked with Leah’s. Wild and green, with fury and submissive arousal warring in them. For a second, Leah could feel Claire’s tongue working against the panties pressed into her mouth, the cloth bulging against her palm. Claire’s hands tightened on her wrist.

“Hey!” barked Leah, pressing her finger as deep as it would go into Claire’s fluttering pussy, “I said... hump my fucking hand like the bitch you are.”

Her sudden, rough, forceful tone clearly shocked Claire. She looked stunned for a second, and Leah could tell that she was on the knife’s edge between rebellion and submission once again. Leah pressed her luck, increasing the speed of her finger as it fucked Claire’s juicy cunt. Claire’s eyes hazed over, and with a little whimper, she closed them. Her hands once again felt weak as they grasped at Leah’s wrist, almost holding her close now instead of pushing her away.

And, best of all, Claire’s hips began making needy little motions, grinding against the hand between her thighs, submissively accepting Leah’s dominant affections.

“That’s right,” gloated Leah, feeling a savage flare of lust rise as Claire’s defiance crumbled, her hot wet cunt beginning to grind eagerly into her finger. “Doesn’t it feel good to submit? To be who you really are?”

She rocked her hand slowly, rubbing the heel of her hand against Claire’s clit as her finger continued to fuck her with slow, pumping thrusts, meeting the liquid movements of her hips. “Zane saw it inside you, Claire. He didn’t make you a submissive slut. He just uncovered what was beneath the surface. That’s why this feels so good. That’s why you want to do what I say.”

Claire kept her eyes closed, little muffled moans sneaking their way past the cloth of her panties and the fingers still clamped over her mouth as she lost herself completely in the pleasure of the moment. Leah glanced over the camera, giving it a little wink. She knew that this had to be a red-hot image: Claire on her feet in the ridiculous porny outfit, her hips grinding and humping as Leah stuffed her hand up her tiny skirt.

Claire was clearly winding up for an orgasm. The outfit and Leah's dominant teasing had primed her perfectly, and Leah's relentless fingerfucking was rapidly driving her to the edge of climax.

But this was still just the appetiser. Claire still had to accomplish her main task of apologising to Perlah. Leah couldn't in good conscience let her cum just yet. What if she wasn't as submissive after she got her rocks off? So, just as she felt Claire's humping hip motions reaching a desperate speed and her pussy clenching hungrily around her middle finger... Leah withdrew, smoothly pulling her hand away just in time to deny Claire the release she so desperately craved.

"Ahhwf! Gwhg fuh whlf!" whimpered Claire incoherently, reaching out needily toward Leah, all dignity forgotten for the moment.

"Consider that a little lesson about how to follow orders. I'll forgive you this time for wearing panties when you were supposed to go without, but you had better not test Perlah's patience like you did mine."

Leah reached up and plucked the damp panties from Claire's mouth, which allowed her to whine, "Leah, please, you can't just leave me hanging like that! I'm so fucking close!"

Leah pushed forward, getting right in Claire's face as she whispered, "Good. I want you fucking close, Claire Bear. I want you right on the edge of orgasm when we go downstairs to meet your pretty little assistant. Because don't forget... I'm not the only one you'll be submitting to tonight."

Claire looked taken aback, and then it finally seemed to dawn on her what she had been doing, and how pathetic she must have looked on film. She gave the camera a quick glance, her blush deepening again, and muttered. "Right, so why are we up here messing around? Let's get this over with."

"Ooooh, so eager for the main event!" said Leah with a giggle. "Well, don't you worry, Claire Bear. I was just thinking the same thing. But before that... There's one other dress code problem we have to address."

Claire gulped, her eyes flashing back toward the bed behind her. So... she hadn't missed it. Claire had left her last accessory out on purpose. Well, Leah had to admit that she didn't really blame her. It was by far the most humiliating piece of the entire ensemble. But wearing was even more important than going without panties, and Leah couldn't just ignore it.

"I... I thought maybe it was some sort of joke," said Claire in a hushed tone. It was clear from the anxious look on her blushing face that she was reconsidering that thought. Based on Leah's attitude, it was obvious that she had been absolutely serious.

Leah didn't even bother responding, simply walking past Claire toward the bed and treating the curvy slut to another look at her plush rump, proudly carrying the initials of her master.

She bent over a little further than was strictly necessary, wiggling her fat cheeks as she bent low to the bed...

And picked up the studded leather collar and matching leash they had left there for the hapless, horny brunette.

Claire's hand went to her slim throat as Leah turned and walked toward her, twirling the collar on one finger.

"Come on, Claire Bear. Let's get you ready to meet your boss for the evening."

...

Zane let out a breath and adjusted the now raging bulge in his pants as he paused the video momentarily.

What the fuck was Leah thinking?

He knew that Leah had a cruel streak. Even a dominant streak, despite her enthusiastic submission to him. He had seen it come out plenty of times before with her husband. The few times they had scheduled a good old-fashioned in-person cuckolding session, Leah had really let her inner bitch out of her cage.

But she had never shown this sort of interest in participating directly in the domination of one of his conquests. Zane wasn't sure how he felt about it. He liked to keep his stable of sluts firmly under his control, and allowing this sort of powerful struggle between a current and future member felt... risky in some way he couldn't fully define.

But even if Zane felt a little conflicted about Leah's little side-project, his cock's reaction was unambiguous. It throbbed with pure, concentrated lust.

He pursed his lips, then shrugged and unzipped his pants. Whatever Leah had done with Claire, it was already over. He might have to teach her a lesson about the chain of sexual command, but for now, there was no harm in enjoying the slutty little show she had prepared for him. He took his cock in hand as he stabbed a fat finger at the play button again.

The video faded up to a view of the stairs, and a second later, two women walked down, both scantily clad and visibly horny.

...

Claire felt the leather collar pull tight around her throat as she wobbled down the stairs on the massive heels the two vindictive bitches forced her to wear. It wasn't tight enough to give her trouble breathing, but Leah wasn't acting like the humiliating combination of leash and collar was just for show. She was holding it taut, leading Claire forward to the humiliation waiting for her downstairs.

The leash and collar, the shameful costume, and Leah's entire swaggering, gloating attitude were demeaning and infuriating for a woman who prided herself on her intelligence and independence.

So why the fuck is it turning me on this much?

As much as Claire wanted to deny it, the truth was as plain as the shine on her upper thighs. Her whole body thrilled with twisted arousal, hot, liquid lust swirling in her belly and pounding against her skin with every heartbeat. Claire insisted furiously to herself that she shouldn't be feeling this way. Nobody should be able to mock her and push her around sexually, and if anyone could, it should only be the twisted, well-hung genius who seduced her in the first place.

But against all logic, all it had taken was a confident tone and a nominal amount of physical dominance, and Claire had been whining, humping, leaking putty in the blonde fatass's hands. It was a startling revelation about herself that Claire had no time to come to grips with. Not when Leah was pulling her forward to her next humiliation.

Finally, they reached the bottom of the stairs and reached the living room, giving Claire a view of exactly what was awaiting her. Her stomach dropped, then filled with burning butterflies as she saw Perlah.

Her normally cute assistant sat stiff and regal on the couch facing the stairs, dressed all in black leather. A tight corset gave her slim body more dramatic curves than usual, and she wore knee-length boots and elbow-length gloves, both in shiny, liquid-looking latex. Her lovely raven hair was swept straight back behind her, shining and pin-straight, and she had added some dramatic dark eye makeup while Leah had kept Claire busy upstairs.

But the hair and makeup and even the clothes weren't what drew Claire's eye the most. The most important part of Perlah's outfit was the long strap-on dildo jutting up from between her slim, toned thighs, standing proud and obscene, with one of Perlah's hands lightly stroking up and down its length as she watched her boss descend the stairs, collared, leashed, and ready to submit to her.

They paused at the bottom of the stairs, and Leah leaned in close to Claire's ear, whispering, "Time for the main event. I was just the warmup. She's your real mistress tonight. Go to her. Offer yourself to her." Leah suddenly held the leash up to Claire's face. For a second, Claire had no idea what Leah even wanted her to do... then, with a fresh flush of shame, Claire took the stiff leather of the leash between her teeth and turned her focus to the young leather-clad woman across the room.

Perlah was staring her dead in the eyes, stroking the rubber cock between her legs, her face a picture of horny concentration. Despite her recent experience with Leah, Claire was still skeptical that the petite Asian would be able to dominate her. It just wasn't how their relationship worked. Claire called the shots and acted as a mentor, and Perlah did as she was

told. It was why Claire wasn't able to take the insistence that she and Perlah were the same seriously. They weren't the same. One day, Perlah might reach her level, but right now, as arrogant as it might be to say, Claire was simply a superior woman to her assistant.

Either way, it was time to get this farce over with. She rolled her eyes and took a step towards Perlah.

"Stop." The word was cold and confident, stopping Claire in her tracks as it dropped from Perlah's pouty lips. Claire flushed as she realized she had instinctively obeyed a firm command, even though it was Perlah who was saying it. Leah's teasing penetration and dominant priming upstairs had clearly messed with her head. But she had little time to think about it. Perlah was already pointing downward with one shiny gloved finger while her other hand continued to flow up and down the dildo at her waist.

"Kneel. Crawl to me."

This command was even more unacceptable. Claire wanted to tell Perlah that she was being ridiculous, but the Leash between her teeth effectively gagged her and kept her silent. She stewed for a second in prickly indecision, considering refusing the demeaning command...

But in the end, she decided it wasn't worth it. If she balked at this, it would only drag out the process of the obscene apology, instead of finishing it as soon as possible.

And so, painfully conscious of the multiple cameras set up and filming around the room, Claire sank to her knees. Her breasts hung softly beneath her, pressing against the sheer fabric of the blouse. As she began to crawl, the tight constricting skirt made her hips wiggle dramatically, and based on the cool feeling of air on her hot, throbbing pussy, she was certain that some of the cameras would be capturing gratuitous up-skirt angles of her dripping cunt.

Claire approached Perlah on her hands and knees, her own leash held in her mouth. She tried to tell herself she wasn't really submitting. She was doing this because it was the quickest and easiest way to make sure Leah and Perlah weren't an ongoing problem.

I'm not doing this because it feels good to look up into Perlah's dark, wicked eyes while she strokes her strap-on.

I'm not doing this because being dominated makes my pussy tingle.

I'm not like that.

I'm not...

Perlah reached down and seized the leash, taking control. "So... are you ready to apologize?" She asked in a husky voice, loud enough for the cameras to pick it up.

Claire reminded herself once again that, no matter how humiliating and even, yes, arousing it was to be beneath a beautiful young woman, she was the one who was in charge in the long run. She cleared her throat, ready to say the words that Perlah wanted to hear. She was under

no illusion that she would be let off the hook at this point, even if she made the humblest apology of all time, so she didn't bother to debase herself too much.

"I'm sorry for being rude to you, Perlah," she said bluntly, staring up into Perlah's eyes with what she hoped appeared to be calm confidence.

Perlah giggled... then gathered the leash, wrapping it around her fist and pulling Leah closer... closer... until the smooth shiny surface of the black dildo pressed against her face: a physical sign of her power and control in this situation. "First of all, Claire Bear," purred Perlah, clearly relishing the use of the annoying nickname, "I want you to call me *Boss* tonight. That's why we got you those cute new clothes. Tonight, you work for me. A nice little role reversal to get you in the proper apologetic mindset."

Claire's breath caught in her throat, hot and wet, as Perlah slid her hips forward, rubbing the dildo across her cheek. "And secondly," continued the smirking Asian beauty, "That has to be one of the worst apologies that I have ever fucking heard. I want you to try again. Make me believe it."

Claire's belly twisted with humiliation and reluctant arousal. Her nipples throbbed, painfully stiff beneath the tight blouse containing them. Her pussy clenched around nothing beneath her embarrassingly short skirt as the dildo continued rubbing obnoxiously all over her face. Perlah was taking this too fucking far. I should really just tell her off and break the stupid charade that I'm actually submitting to her.

But, instead, Claire opened her mouth and said in a raspy voice, 'I'm sorry.... B-Boss. I'm sorry I said you were a slut. It wasn't... It wasn't f-fair of me.'" She wasn't sure why she was going along with this, but for some reason, it just felt right to give in.

As she talked, Perlah scooted her hips backwards and applied downward pressure on the dildo resting against Claire's face, dragging it across her cheek until its bulbous, realistic tip pressed against Claire's lips. "That's a good girl. Better," said Perlah in a gloating tone. "But I still think we can bring a real, humble apology from you. Why don't you suck your boss's cock while you think of how you phrase that better?"

She didn't wait for Claire to choose one way or the other. Without giving Claire any time to think, Perlah pressed forward, sliding the rubber cock between Claire's lips and invading her mouth with the symbolic instrument of dominance. She pulled the leash even tighter, sinking Claire's mouth further down the shiny black shaft, pressing it against her tongue.

Claire found herself instinctively swirling her tongue around the fake cock in her mouth, wetting it with her spit as her upturned eyes searched Perlah's face for approval. She looked inside herself for all the superiority and confidence she had felt a minute ago as she sucked the thick dildo like she could actually make it cum, but now all she found was weak, willing submission.

It was hard to be defiant when you were on your knees sucking cock. Zane had taught her that, and now Perlah was teaching her that it was true with any cock, even a rubber one. Despite how much the idea humiliated her, Claire did feel dominated by her younger assistant.

And a part of her wanted more.

Perlah pulled the leash cruelly tight, pulling Claire even closer as she pushed the dildo deeper, bumping it against the back of her submissive little secretary's throat.

"Not so high and mighty now, are you?" she hissed. "Not looking down on me anymore. Apologize again. Tell me how sorry you are, you pathetic submissive slut."

Claire stared up at Perlah in incomprehension. *How can I say anything at all when she...?* Then it hit her. Of course it would be impossible to say anything. That was exactly the point.

Her attempted apology was just a series of wet choking noises as Perlah stuffed the strap-on into her mouth again and again.

"You weren't friends with me." Claire could hear the raw emotion sneaking through Perlah's performative dominance. Apparently, her cold, dismissive attitude toward Perlah these past few days had really touched a nerve. "You just thought I was an obedient little assistant you could order around. Well... you aren't looking down at me anymore."

Perlah's eyes blazed with triumph and arousal as she pressed the dildo forward with a slow, steady thrust of her hips, pulling Claire's leash toward her from the other direction. "Now you're looking up at me. Serving on your knees. Come on now, Claire Bear. Be a good employee and take every inch."

Claire breathed heavily through her nose. Her body felt like it was on fire. Perlah's gloating words rubbed like sandpaper on her soul... but also made her throbbing pussy leak with the taboo pleasure of submission. Perlah's rubber cock pressed hard against her throat, thick and strong and insistent. And then, with a little whimper, Claire let her in. She opened herself and let Perlah take her slutty throat.

It was the first time she had ever been deep-throated. She had certainly never allowed Dan to do something that demeaning, and even Zane hadn't gone that far. Instead, her assistant was the one looking down with a smug smirk as her dildo made Claire's tight, married throat bulge.

"Now that's an apology that I might be able to accept," said Perlah, and began to move, pulsing her thick dildo in and out of Claire's throat. You would think by the eager humping of her hips and the expression of glee on her face that Perlah could feel the hot, wet throat around her dick, but just the exhilarating feeling of dominance must have been stimulating enough for her. Claire herself was heating up further. Her body pulsing and roared with dark, twisted

arousal. She was losing herself in a tidal wave of sensation as her bratty assistant relentlessly owned her mouth.

Perlah's pace increased, and Claire's hand snuck shamefully between her thighs and up beneath her skirt to play with her pussy, augmenting and intensifying the powerful sensation of Perlah's thrusts. Both women made little grunts and sighs, both getting wound up further and further by the twisted moment of revenge and bonding, until finally Perlah stopped, breathing hard, and allowed Claire to retreat, panting and drooling as the long dildo popped free of her mouth.

Fuck... Claire had been so close once again, but Perlah had stopped at the last second. Her body cried out for satisfaction. She would do almost anything at this point.

Perlah leaned back on the couch, smirking down at Claire and patting one toned thigh. Her black dildo, now shiny with Claire's saliva, wobbled obscenely.

"Come on up here, Claire Bear," she said eagerly, tugging on the leash. "You've apologized with your mouth, but you didn't think I was going to let you get away without apologizing with that sweet little pussy, did you?"

Perlah was really shocking Claire tonight. Perlah had always been a little... cheeky, but a month with Zane had apparently transformed her into a filthy, dirty-mouthed slut. In other circumstances, it may have turned Claire off, but right now, Perlah's arrogant command sounded like music to her ears.

"Yes, boss," said Claire meekly in a voice that had been roughened by Perlah's dominant thrusts. She rose on shaky legs and planted one knee on either side of her slimmer, smaller assistant on the couch, then reached beneath her to position the strap on, biting her lip as its head, slick and warm from her throat, teased at her entrance.

Perlah stared up at her with stars in her eyes, losing a bit of her dominant edge as she gave in to sheer arousal. Even though she was focused on getting revenge for Claire's snobby attitude, it was hard not to be aroused when a bombshell like Claire stuck her big, soft tits in your face as she prepared to ride your lap.

Claire pressed down until just the tip sank into her throbbing pussy, then locked eyes with Perlah beneath her. Some instinct told her that she needed to wait for Perlah's permission. She had accepted on some deeper level that, at least for the moment, her assistant was truly her boss. Perlah had gotten a hold of herself once again, and her eyes were brimming with steely, dominant lust as she stared up at Claire, the tip of her strap-on inserted, ready to claim her in a way neither of them had ever dreamed was possible.

"Ride me," hissed Perlah, her sinking into Claire's wide hips and pulling her downward, plunging the well-lubed dildo deep into her cheating cunt, 'Fuck yourself on my cock and show me how much of a slut you really are.'

Claire obeyed, her hips descending until her bubble butt pressed down into Perlah's thighs. Then she rose again, the lips of her pussy gripping and draggingly greedily up the length of the dildo. It was almost a shame that Perlah wouldn't be able to feel this, because as Claire settled into a steady pumping rhythm, she was pretty sure that even a stallion like Zane wouldn't be able to resist the intense cowgirl riding for long.

...

Leah watched with a big smirk on her face as Claire crumbled completely. Her shapely ass slapping down against Perlah's slim thighs again and again, her tiny skirt now bunched up around her waist, showing everything. She impaled herself on Perlah's thick black dildo, tits bouncing and swaying wildly with her dramatic circular hip motions. Low sultry moans began to pour from her throat as she completely surrendered to her submissive punishment.

Perlah was enjoying herself as well, her dainty hands reaching back to maul and grope Claire's bouncing ass. As Leah watched with glee, she disengaged one hand to reach up and tear open the thin material of the slutty blouse, sending buttons clattering to the floor. Then the bratty little assistant seized one of Claire's bouncing nipples between her teeth, sending fresh moans of submissive pleasure pouring through the room.

Both women were in their own world, completely forgetting the cameras existed. Completely forgetting that Leah existed.

Which was too bad for Claire, because it had given Leah enough time to run upstairs and grab Claire's phone. It was locked with a pin, of course, but Claire had shared that info with her trusted assistant. Perlah had told it to Leah during the planning process just in case an opportunity like this came up. It took only a second for Leah to unlock the phone and move to Claire's contacts.

This was probably taking things too far, but it had rubbed Leah the wrong way when Claire brought up Dan waiting at home for her earlier. When Leah had been seduced by Zane, her husband had been on her mind all the time. True, she had fallen to Zane's charms in the end, just like everyone did, but it had torn her up inside to know what she was doing to her husband. And later, Leah had insisted on bringing Bill into her new life and made a place for him, humiliating though it might be.

Dan, Leah's old friend, seemed almost like an afterthought to Claire. So now it was time to remind her of the ripple effects of becoming a submissive slut for people outside her marriage. There was a significant risk that Dan might find out what was happening... but maybe that wouldn't be the end of the world. It would save Dan a lot of pain, and Leah could innocently protest to Zane that it had been a mistake she made in the heat of a sex game. Zane had made her call her husband while they fucked lots of times, even before Bill knew she was cucking him, so she could plausibly claim she didn't know that kind of call was off-limits.

Claire stalked toward the moaning, bouncing slut on the couch and pressed the call button next to Dan's name, a grim smile on her face.

...

"What the fuck..." said Zane blankly as Leah stepped into frame, holding a phone up to Claire's sweating face.

Ok, this is way waaaay too far. Leah might derail my entire fucking game!

The scene rolled on, and Zane began stroking his cock again, because, after all, it was still fucking hot. But a little flare of annoyance burned inside him as well.

Leah might need to be punished.

...

Claire felt the cool glass of her phone pressed to the side of her head, and was momentarily shocked enough to cut off her moans. Considering what she heard next, she was lucky she wasn't moaning anymore.

"Hey, babe, what's up?" asked Dan's voice over the line.

Claire's eyes went wide, and her mouth dropped open, momentarily stunned. The sound of her husband's voice clashed with the rest of the situation, scrambling her thoughts and sending them whirling in every direction like dry leaves in a storm. She was half-naked, half-dressed in fetish gear, a thick dildo was buried deep in her pussy, and she was riding the lap of her personal assistant. Her husband simply didn't fit with that in her brain.

"Hello? Is everything ok?" asked Dan's voice with a growing edge of concern.

Claire panicked, feeling a sudden need to reassure her husband so he didn't get suspicious. "It's ummm... everything's fine, babe," she said in a wobbly voice, trying her best to control herself so that Dan wouldn't suspect something was going on.

She cursed herself a second later. She could have just hung up and pretended it was a butt dial. Too late for that now, she had messed it up in her panic.

"Ok," said Dan in a troubled voice. "So why are you calling? You're usually too busy to even respond to texts during client dinners."

"Oh! Ummm, I just wanted to check in with you, since you've seemed a little down lately. Sorry that I had to take another night for work."

She almost had her voice completely under control now, and her excuse sounded at least half-plausible. She almost thought she had gotten away with it.

Then Leah started moving.

It began with little teasing thrusts upward, wiggling just enough to stimulate Claire and remind her that the rubber cock was there. Claire had to bite her lip hard as the unexpected sensation almost surprised a sultry moan from her. She glared down at Perlah, but the little minx just grinned back unapologetically as Dan said, "Well... thank you, honey. Yeah, I have been a little down lately. But I understand. You're always working hard for us."

Perlah's thrusts grew more forceful. Deeper. "Y-yeah," said Claire, struggling to control her voice. "Soo harrd." She tried to think of something else that would feel natural to talk about on a call like this. Something that would have Dan doing most of the talking. "Enough about me. What are you up to tonight, baby?" she asked as Perlah's thrusts pushed relentlessly upward into her quivering pussy.

"Oh, you know," said Dan with a nervous laugh, "Just surfing the internet. Keeping busy."

What? Why does he sound guilty? It suddenly hit Claire like a ton of bricks. Her husband was watching porn. While his wife filmed a real-life pornographic scene across town. Maybe he was even watching a video of one of the two women who had dominated her tonight. Jerking off at home while someone else fucked her... the thought was as kinky as it was dark. The sudden erotic thought blended with a massive spike of physical pleasure as Perlah latched onto one of Claire's stiff pink nipples again, lashing it with her tongue as she stared up into Claire's eyes with an insolent twinkle in her eyes.

"Ohhhh, it's... It's good you're having fun, honey!" whimpered Claire, her hips beginning to move on their own against her will, her body chasing the orgasm it so desperately craved. Perlah reached back and gave Claire's plump ass a hard smack. Loud enough that Claire was certain that Dan must have heard it. She clapped her hand over her mouth, just barely stopping a low, animal moan from escaping. She was so close to being caught. So close to her husband finding out what a weak, submissive slut she had become. And somehow, that just made the whole fucked up situation hotter, filling her insides with pure, crackling lust.

"Claire, are you sure everything is ok?" asked Dan suspiciously. "It sounds a little..."

Claire summoned up every ounce of self-control she had to uncover her mouth and quickly say, "I've got to run, Dan. Need to get back to my table. I'll see you later tonight. Love you," in a tight, controlled voice. With shaking hands, she hung up the call and threw her phone to the couch. Then she let out a powerful, throaty moan, draped her arms around Perlah's neck, and increased the speed of her bouncing hips. She would probably have to cook up a good excuse for the weird phone call later, but right now, the only thing she gave a shit about was how fucking good the thick rubber cock felt as it stretched out her clenching pussy.

Perlah raised her face from the vicious nipple sucking and hissed in Claire's ear, powerful and hot, "Apologize. I know you mean it now. Tell me what I want to hear and I'll let you cum."

Claire let out a breathy whine, her hips pumping up and down, her naked tits bouncing in her assistant's face. She still wasn't sure if she meant the words, but she needed Perlah's approval.

She needed to fucking cum. And if what it took was humiliating herself, right now, that was a price that was well worth it.

"I'm soooooorry!" She wailed. "I'm so sorry for treating you like a slut, B-Boss! Especially when I'm a pathetic, married slut who couldn't resist Zane's cock! Punish me! Teach me how slutty I really am. Make me cum on your big fucking cock!"

"Now that's what I wanted to hear!" crowed Perlah. She reached back to spank Claire's big, bouncing butt again, but this time her hands stayed there, gripping tight and pulling Claire down faster and faster onto her thrusting dildo. "Cum for me. Cum for me, you little slut. Show me what a greedy little submissive you are."

Then her mouth captured one of Claire's nipples once again, nibbling and sucking as she squashed her face deep into Claire's soft, sweaty tits.

Claire's hips pumped up and down, slapping against Perlah's thighs again and again. The bratty Asian's wicked little mouth sent tingling sparks of erotic sensation through her tits, and her pussy milked the rubber cock inside her like it expected a creampie. She felt a powerful orgasm coiling inside her like a snake ready to strike, the tension building and building toward an incredible snap of sexual release. It was deeply humiliating to submit to her assistant this way, but at this point, that only fueled the fire.

Claire moaned out as she fell over the edge into climax, "Oh Godddd! Fuck me! Fuck me, Boss! Prove how much of a fucking slut I ammmmm!" And then she was lost. Seeing stars as the climax crashed into her, making her thick thighs tremble and her words dissolve into sloppy, incoherent moans. Her pussy gripped the dildo with primal hunger, pulsing around it with milking contractions to extract non-existent cum. One hand rose to the back of Perlah's head, pulling her face even harder into Claire's tits as the filthy fire of submissive orgasm flowed through her every nerve.

Her hips continued to swirl and grind as wave after wave hit her, for what seemed like an eternity, although it must have only been a few minutes. Finally, Claire fell still, spent and panting, her straining muscles loosening, feeling weak and hot all over.

Perlah released her nipple with a wide, pleased smile lighting up her face. There was no way that Perlah reached orgasm from penetrating Claire with a strap-on, but she looked blissful and satisfied nonetheless.

She reached up, took both of Claire's cheeks in her hands, and pulled the stunned, embarrassed woman into a tender kiss.

Her voice had lost the bratty, prickly edge it had held all night as she looked Claire in the eye and said, "I forgive you, boss. We're equals now."

...

The video cut off abruptly. Zane gave a grumbling sigh and reached for another tissue. Just one wasn't going to be enough to clean up the load he had just shot.

The video had been hot. Extremely so. Now that it had been produced, he was eager to add it to the collection of videos he was preparing for Claire's debut.

But whether or not it was hot wasn't the issue. The issue was that Leah had gone off like a loose cannon and risked fucking up Zane's entire plan for Claire. Maybe a little lesbian domination was helpful in furthering her corruption...Zane could accept that argument. But putting her on the phone with her husband was reckless. If Dan found out what was going on at this point, it would spoil half the fun.

There was no doubt about it. Leah had to be reined in. Sooner rather than later, maybe.

It left Zane at a crossroads. Bringing Leah back to heel might be important enough to prioritize up front. But on the other hand, it was obvious from the video that Claire was ripening fast into a submissive slut. Now might be the best time to strike and break the flimsy pretense that she was finished with Zane for good. Maybe the Leah issue could wait. If he took a greater controlling hand over Claire, Leah would have less opportunity to fuck things up for him.