

The Rookie

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen

Chapter One

Wren spent a good deal of time making sure everything was orderly in her small apartment. It wasn't much, but it was spotless. Every piece of furniture was exactly where it ought to be. There was no clutter whatsoever. The walls were white, as were the sofa and chair. The wall-to-wall carpeting was white, and so were the kitchen cupboards. In her bedroom, her white bedspread was perfectly laid out. Her furniture was painted white.

Everything was spotless. The only color to be found were from occasional plants or fake flowers – and Wren herself, who invariably dressed in black. Her skin was white – very white – and her hair a dark, rich chestnut cut in a medium bob, parted in the middle of her forehead, perfectly even, perfectly straight as it danced on her slender shoulders.

No one would question that this was a girl with more than a touch of obsessive-compulsive disorder.

When she spoke, her voice was invariably soft, her tenor even, accentless, crystal clear, her words unmistakable and precise. Her back was always straight, her stride smooth and her walk determined. Her eyes were deep, limpid pools of ocean blue. And that was invariably the only color found on her body. Even her lingerie was black – or white.

At that moment she was dressed in a tight black tank top which hugged her curves and displayed an ample amount of smooth, firm belly, and a pair of tight white sweatpants which hung low on her hips. She was on her hands and knees in the hall just up from her apartment, the door of which was left wide open.

On the floor before her was a small bottle of water in a holster she had been wearing attached to a narrow black strip around her hips. The clip which held the holster in place had broken and the bottle had dropped to the floor. The cap had fallen off and it had spilled water across the smooth tiles.

She was on her hands and knees, her attractive round bottom pointed invitingly down the hall towards her apartment and the elevator just beyond it. She had a mass of paper towels in hand ready to start mopping up the water. Ready and waiting. But not moving. She knelt on all fours and waited, listening.

The elevator doors opened and she began to carefully mop up the water, not looking behind her. She did not look back. There was a small camera above her door which would record movement. It should, if she had planned things properly, show Daniel Lopez looking in as he passed on his way to his apartment from the elevator.

Anyone would look into the open door of an apartment. And no one could fail to note the monochrome color and feel surprised by it. At least, that was her bet.

And then he would pass by and see her bottom in the air. Daniel Lopez was notoriously heterosexual. And Wren really did have an excellent ass. It was round, firm and taut, for she worked out quite regularly. That ought to be enough.

She waited the proper amount of time, ensuring she would be hearing his footsteps, then turned as if in surprise before abruptly sitting up and back on her heels, then rising smoothly to her feet.

“Hey, beautiful,” he said with a certain enthusiasm.

Wren *was* beautiful by almost any subjective estimate. Her face was oval, with high cheekbones,

full, seductive lips, perfect teeth, and eyes which could be quite – arresting.

“My name is Wren,” she said in a clipped tone.

Then she thrust her hand out with a slight frown on her face.

A little surprised, Lopez took her hand, still grinning, his eyes flicking down to her chest only once before settling on her face.

“You must be new,” he said.

“Yes. I just moved in. And you are?”

“Oh yeah! I’m Daniel. Daniel Lopez! That’s my place just there,” he said, pointing to the apartment at the end of the hall.

She gave a short, firm nod.

“You uh, spill something?”

She picked up her now mostly empty water bottle.

“The clip holding my water bottle broke and spilled water on the floor. I had to clean it up in case anyone slipped and fell.”

“Oh yeah? Well uh, good for you, being a good citizen and all,” he said.

It was clear from his tone he wouldn’t have bothered.

“You live there, right?” he asked, nodding back at her open door.

She gave another short, firm nod.

“Well, if you ever need anything, like help setting the place up, you know, just ask. I’m available!”

“Thank you very much, Mister Lopez,” she said.

She gave his hand another shake, which puzzled him, then turned and walked, straight-backed to her apartment, entered it and closed the door behind her.

That, she hoped, would bait the hook. But it would take time to reel him in, for she had to be careful – very careful. Everything had to seem as if it were his idea.

*

Wren had been working at an insurance company since she left high school. She had started as a receptionist, been promoted to billing clerk, since she had demonstrated a startling proficiency in numbers, and in the space of no more than another year, been made senior clerk.

Her parents had died in an automobile accident when she was fourteen. She had inherited the money from their insurance policy, and the equity on a bungalow outside the city which had been about half paid off. She had recently sold it to move closer to her job. This apartment was a short ten-minute bus ride away from the Atlantic Insurance Company and her job.

She was the youngest clerk there in her group. Most of the rest were twice her age or more. And she was not one to gossip. No one there really knew she’d been bored and unhappy. No one knew she’d been recruited by the DEA, the Drug Enforcement Agency. She’d done part of her training on weekends, then the rest on her vacation.

She still worked as an insurance clerk. It was not a cover. And she had made sure there was not a single thing in this apartment which connected her to any law enforcement agency. Nor were there any emails or computer records suggesting the least interest in such things.

And she really was OCD, if not to the extent her apartment suggested. She was precise, orderly, careful and had a great deal of self-control. She didn’t have to pretend to be a little odd. Everyone who knew her thought she was strange, to one degree or another.

There was absolutely nothing suspicious about her.

She spent the next several days working, as usual, at her regular job, in her normal cubicle. She had been given a list of Lopez’s usual schedule of activities. He worked the night shift, came home in the early morning hours, then got up in the early afternoon. And when he did, he ate breakfast and relaxed on his balcony, which, unlike her own, faced the beach.

The beach in front of the condo where they both lived was generally not very busy during the

week, especially not when most people were working.

Wren had arranged to take afternoons off from her clerk job every now and then to 'enjoy the summer'. She waited several days after their first meeting before taking an afternoon off. She went home at noon, put on her sunscreen, then a black bathing suit. It was a bikini, of course, but not a thong. It was restrained in at least that much. The cups did expose a generous amount of smooth, ivory skin, however.

She took the elevator downstairs, crossed to the rear of the building, went out onto the patio area, then down the stairs to the beach. She walked closer to the water, then set down her towel, her bottled water, her sunscreen, and a book. She peeled off the wrap she'd been wearing, slipped out of her sandals, and walked down to the water.

She wasn't sure how long it would take before Lopez noticed her. She knew that he had a telescope on his balcony in order to more closely examine attractive women. And there were few of those on the beach just now, aside from her.

Wren waded out into the water until it was up to her thighs then drew a deep breath and dove in. She swam smoothly underwater, holding her breath before angling back up and coming to the surface. She caught her breath there then did a lazy backstroke, traveling along the beach. She stopped when she would've gotten out of sight of the building then turned and swam back.

She hadn't been far out into the water. If he was not distracted by something else, he would hopefully have noticed her and perhaps be taking a closer look. She waded out of the water slowly, the water streaming down her body, then reached up into her hair, ringing it out, thrusting her breasts out as she pulled her head and hands back as the water cascaded down her back.

She carefully did not look towards the fifth floor of the building to see if he was there. She didn't expect to get lucky the first time, anyway. But it wasn't like this was all that unpleasant, and she could repeat it as often as was necessary. She was being paid twice for her time, after all, once by the DEA and once from the insurance company.

She walked over to her towel, picked it up, soaked some of the water out of her hair, then out of her body before tossing it back down and laying down atop it. She lay for some minutes on her back, her feet toward the waves.

Then she rolled over onto her stomach, propping herself up on her elbows, and reaching back to undo her bra strap. She pulled over the book, opened it, and began to read. No one was in front of her, and so there was no real reason for her to be particularly careful about who might see how much as she lay there.

She was fairly sure from what she had read of Lopez that if he saw her, his eye would be glued to his telescope fairly quickly. And, lech that he was, oozing with self-confidence, he might perhaps decide to hurry down to the beach to accidentally bump into her a second time.

If not, there were other ways she would set up to ensure he saw her again, such as meeting him in the lobby of the building as she waited for a ride. She would give him every opportunity to smooth talk her.

As it happened, it didn't take multiple journeys to the beach at all. Lopez showed up within twenty minutes of her walking out onto the beach. He was wearing a bathing suit to expose his well-muscled body.

"Hey there Five Oh Four," he said with a smile as he stopped next to her.

Wren made a show of putting her hand over her eyes to shade the sun as she glanced up at him.

"Wren," she said, as if he had mistaken her name. "Wren, McLeod, Mr. Lopez."

"I remember. You can call me Daniel," he said with a grin.

When carefully brought her arm across her breasts, cupping her right breast with her left hand before half rising, then thrusting out her right hand to him to shake again. As before, he seemed puzzled, but reached down and shook her hand anyway.

"You'll have to excuse me, but I was getting a little sun," she said.

“Hey, baby, believe me you have nothing that needs to be excused,” he said enthusiastically.

She lay down once again, pulled her left arm out from under herself, then did up her bra strap before pulling the strings up behind her neck and tying them. Then she sat up again as he threw down his towel and quickly sat down across from her, still grinning as he let one of his hands rest on his crotch, covering the partial erection she had already noticed.

“You don’t work in the daytime, Mr. Lopez?”

“Daniel,” he said, “Nah, I mostly work nights. I don’t like it, but the pay is fantastic. What do you do for a living, Wren? Let me guess, you’re a model?”

“I’m only five feet eight inches tall,” she said with a frown. “Models have to be at least five feet eleven. No, I work for an insurance company.”

“That sounds kind of boring,” he said.

“I like numbers,” she said. “And I’m very good with them.”

She lifted up the book and let him see the cover. He grinned for a second then frowned in confusion. The book was called naked statistics. No doubt the first word had excited his interest even as the second had dampened it.

“That don’t sound like a romance,” he said.

“No, it’s an advanced primer on understanding statistics.”

“Why would you want to do that?”

“I like numbers. The book explains a lot about how to understand the abuse and misuse of statistics.”

“Baby, someone like you should be reading a more exciting book. Like something with a lot of romance and sex and violence.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re only young once, you know. Someday these beautiful bodies we got are gonna be old and wrinkled and worn out. You can read about math then. Now is the time to have fun and party.”

“You don’t seem to be doing much partying,” she said dryly.

“Oh, baby, baby, baby! I am a party animal!”

“How do you do that if you work at night?”

“This is Miami Beach, baby. There’s always parties on. You just gotta know the right people.”

He winked and then pointed at his bare chest. “I am the right people.”

Wren tried to decide how hard to get she should play it. The problem was, Lopez really was an attractive man, with a great body. He did not have enormous difficulty finding women. She didn’t want to appear too distant, too unobtainable. But of course, she didn’t want to seem too enthusiastic, either.

Because the truth was, he definitely was not her type. And no intelligent man would think he was. Not that Lopez was dumb, exactly. He was just looking at a beautiful girl in a bikini. A white girl, someone definitely not in the game, not in the know, not from his world.

And male hope sprang eternal.

He ought to know that she was out of his league. But he was young and male and horny and far too prone to listening to his little head over his big one. What she needed him to do was to try to impress her somehow.

“I’m not really a big party animal type,” she said doubtfully.

“You’re only young once, baby!”

“That is, of course, indisputable. And we should learn as much as we can when young so that we can earn a good income as we increase our skill set.”

He blinked in confusion for a moment. “Baby, you would not believe how much money I make. And I don’t need to read no books to make it.”

“You didn’t say what you did for a living, Mr. Lopez.”

“Daniel. Call me Daniel! I work for... An import-export firm.”

Wren took the opportunity to look impressed and then speak wistfully about a desire for foreign travel, which allowed him to brag about all the places he'd been. She listened with apparent interest before making a show of suddenly noticing the time and grabbing her things because it wasn't healthy for her skin to stay out in the sun for very long at a time.

Since he hadn't even had a dip yet he couldn't very well find an excuse to follow her back to the apartment, so she was able to leave him behind as she went back inside. She was content with how things had gone. She wanted to move this slowly in case he or others smarter than him suspected she might be a plant. Which, of course, she was.

*

She arranged to run into him in the lobby a few days later, dressed in tights and a tank top and apparently just having gotten back, panting, from a long jog. Then he wandered out to chat with her during another beachside tanning session, during which she politely refused his date requests. He would, she knew, offer more. And did.

It wasn't until he told her about a nightclub downtown that she expressed real interest, saying she'd heard of it and that it was hard to get into.

"I can get you in no problem, baby!" he bragged.

No doubt he could since it was owned by organized crime, by the Mexican cartel he worked for, in fact.

She wore a thin, cotton dress – gray in color. It was short, and slit all the way up to her right hip. It had a scoop neck top which displayed an alluring but not slutty amount of cleavage, and a single spaghetti strap which went across the back of her neck to hold it up – leaving it backless.

Daniel practically fell all over himself when he saw it, as she'd known he would. She acted uncertain, anxious about whether the dress might be too revealing. He, of course, assured her it was not.

"You should see how some of those sluts there dress!" he exclaimed.

Wren had seen numerous pictures and videos of how everyone dressed there, of course. Which was why she dressed in as short and revealing a dress as she had. It was, by his standards, by the standards of Baro – the club – quite reasonable and modest.

Even so it made her a little uncomfortable. In fact, she'd been feeling a little uncomfortable on each of their meetings with the need to dress as revealingly as she had. Wren was not a girl who liked to flaunt her body. Doing so drew the kind of attention she had never welcomed. The bathing suits she normally wore were one-piece, and showed off nothing of her breasts. The jogging clothes she usually wore were loose, not tight-fitting. And she'd never worn a dress nearly as revealing as this before.

But it was all necessary. And that was all there was to it. Wren was nothing if not practical. She prided herself on being a realist, not someone given to flights of fancy.

But it wasn't possible to wear a bra with the dress, and she'd never gone without one anywhere public before. She'd had to go shopping in lingerie stores to find a pair of underwear with a high-cut waist which would allow her to wear the slit dress without showing the string. And there was no way she was going out in this dress without panties! Not even to a dark nightclub! The only thing she'd found was a G-string. Something she'd never even worn before!

Daniel led her out to the car he'd parked in front of the building. It was a black Lexus, sleek and rich looking. She acted surprised and impressed, and he was suitably gratified.

He'd bragged about his Mercedes once and she'd talked about how they were nice, but she really hoped to someday make enough to buy a Lexus. She had waxed prosaic about its rich leather and beauty. And one of the surveillance teams with a telescopic microphone aimed at his balcony had overheard him trying to borrow his partner's Lexus for a 'hot date' with a 'gorgeous, white-bread gringo girl' with a gorgeous body.

You needed a warrant to tap someone's phone, but not to listen to them when they were outside talking. And the balcony was technically 'outside'.

He was very pleased with her reaction, so much so she perhaps exaggerated it a little. It was a nice car but it didn't really require her to caress the leather or to sigh and lay her head back – thus pushing her breasts out a little more against the thin dress.

But she figured it would be okay to send messages at this point that just being in the car turned her on. Because no matter what happened in the car he wasn't going to get anything from her tonight – or any night.

“I wish I had one of these,” she sighed. “It makes me feel like I'm one of the elites, you know, rich and powerful.”

She folded her arms across her chest below her breasts, which plumped them up a bit more and made them push up more visibly.

A part of her was appalled at her behavior while another part of her wanted to giggle at her own daring, not to mention its impact on Daniel. He was practically drooling and could barely keep his eyes on the road.

The slit in the dress was on the right, which, given her seated position, let him see her right leg all the way up along her inner thigh almost to the very edge of her G-string.

She inhaled deeply of the new car aroma, pushing her breasts out even more.

Stop it, you fool, she thought. The little spaghetti strap will break and then what will you do?

It wasn't like it was an expensive dress. A girl who was a clerk couldn't wear expensive clothes like that. She could only live in the same condo as him because of her inheritance, and because the last owner had to sell quickly due to being relocated to California.

Which the agency had arranged for.

“You have gorgeous legs, baby,” he said with a leer.

His right hand came off the stick shift and lightly caressed her left thigh.

“Why thank you, sir,” she said with a coy smile.

And it was then that the Miami Police green and white flashed its lights at them from behind and pulled them over.

It wasn't a coincidence that the cop who came to the window was from Columbia. Daniel hated Colombians. It wasn't a coincidence the cop was disrespectful, either. He accused Daniel of careless driving, insisted on giving him an alcohol test, and leered at Wren.

Daniel Lopez was known to have a bad temper, and his trigger points were well-documented. When they found his criminal record for various drug offenses they insisted on searching the car. And when he shoved the Colombian cop back he was arrested and handcuffed.

She didn't have her driver's license on her, not having expected to need it, she claimed. So she couldn't drive 'his' car anywhere. He begged her to just stay with the car, apologized profusely, and said someone would come by to get the car and drive her home.

That, of course, was what she was counting on.

Chapter Two

Liam Carson was thirty-two, seven years older than Daniel. He was a very large and menacing-looking man of six feet five, with broad shoulders and a powerful chest. His pictures really hadn't done him justice, Wren thought as an uber dropped him off in front of the car.

She opened the car door and stepped out to greet him, wanting him to see her in the still fading light of the sun before getting into the car.

She was, as far as the agency knew, his exact type; young, slender, tall, with long legs, comfortably endowed with medium-length brown hair. And he liked 'nice' girls, not the kind he ran into smuggling drugs.

Wren hadn't known she had a 'type' until she saw him.

He was wearing a flowered, button-down shirt half open down the chest, and khakis, and she felt a hot little thrum of excitement sweep through her as he approached. He had short brown hair, a square-jawed face with a five O'clock shadow, deep, penetrating eyes, and enormous hands.

"Miss McLeod?" he said with a smile.

His voice was deep and throaty and she felt it resonate low in her stomach.

Yum! she thought. Then *Down girl!*

"I am Wren McLeod," she said in a hesitant voice.

"I'm Liam Carson. I work with Daniel."

"Oh. You're in uhm, import and exports?"

"That I am," he said with a smile. "Daniel feels bad about what happened and asked me to drive you home."

"Oh. All right," she said hesitantly. She glanced regretfully at the car.

"Would you like to drive?" he asked with a smile.

"Oh, I couldn't! I mean, I didn't bring my license."

"I won't tell if you don't."

"Do you think it would be all right?" she asked anxiously.

"You have a license, right?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then the most you'd get is a warning to carry it next time. And it would have to be a mean cop that gave a ticket to *you*."

She smiled shyly and then made a show of eagerly getting back in behind the wheel as he crossed to the other side and opened the door.

"This is a beautiful car!" she exclaimed.

"I agree," he said dryly.

"I wish I had the money for one of these," she sighed. "But the smart thing to do is pay down my mortgage and then save for a car."

"Daniel said you were a smart girl. And into numbers."

She started the car, then carefully checked her rear view mirror, then her side mirror, then slowly pulled away from the curb.

"And very careful," he said, smiling.

"I do like to be careful. Precision is important when dealing with numbers. You can't afford to be

careless.”

“Kind of the same thing in my line of work.”

His eyes skimmed downward to her bare thigh. The outside of it was naked right up to her hip and he gave it an appreciative gaze before raising his eyes. The dress was more revealing on top from the side than the front and she knew his eyes would be appreciating the view.

“I hope Daniel will be all right,” she said.

“Oh yes. Just a little misunderstanding. You know these hot-blooded Latin men.”

“It’s funny,” she said. “I was quite anxious about going to this nightclub place because I could see online that all the women wore quite revealing outfits. I bought this dress to sort of fit in. I mean, it’s not as revealing as the ones I saw on google but it’s more immodest than anything I’ve ever worn before. Anyway, now that I’m not going I’m disappointed.”

“There’ll be another time. And that is a gorgeous dress.”

“Oh well, thank you,” she said with a little half laugh. “It’s not very expensive.”

“It’s what’s inside the dress that makes it gorgeous,” he said with a wider smile.

“Oh, you flatter me. I’m just an ordinary girl!”

“You flatter that dress. Sorry my mouth ran away with me.”

The mission tonight was to plant the bait in Carson’s mind. He was her real target, after all. Daniel was very much the junior partner and not told a lot of things, like the origin of the drugs.

All that went out the window when he abruptly raised his left leg and thrust his foot down atop hers to jam the accelerator to the floor. The Lexus leapt forward as she cried out in startled alarm. Then he gripped the wheel and yanked it to the right so that they spun around a corner.

“What are you doing!?” she cried.

“There are some nasty people in a car that was pulling up alongside us,” he said, looking over his shoulder. “And they have guns.”

“Guns!? Guns!? Why would they be after us!? Do you think they’re carjackers!?”

“Maybe. I don’t want to find out.”

She stared into the rear-view mirror and saw a black ford accelerate around the corner after them.

“We should call the police! And if you don’t take your foot off mine we’re going to crash!”

“Go fast. Don’t pay any attention to the speed limits!”

She wrenched the car around the next corner and accelerated, then turned right, then left before accelerating again. The car’s wheels skidded wildly across the pavement and its rear bumper barely missed a parked car before she steadied it.

As they raced east and crossed a road she got a brief glimpse of the other car racing east one block up. She turned south then West again, accelerating back towards Bricknell Avenue. She turned south on it again and floored the accelerator.

“You’re a pretty good driver,” he said, looking over his shoulder.

“If you’re going to do something you had best be good at it or not do it,” she said tautly, her eyes flicking to the rear view mirror, then to his hand, which held a Sig Saur semi-automatic.

“You have a gun!?”

“I have a concealed carry permit. It’s legal. I think we’ve lost them.”

The Ford screeched around the corner behind them and he cursed a moment before Wren twisted the wheel again, making a sharp turn. The car spun through a one hundred and eighty-degree turn and she floored it again so that they whipped past the other car just as it turned the corner.

“That was pretty good!”

“It wasn’t on purpose!” she exclaimed.

She turned corners, left and right, then checked the rear view mirror before screeching to a near stop and going down an inclined ramp and into an underground parking garage. She went down several levels and drove in and around to the far wall where she could see the down ramp.

“You realize if they saw us we’re trapped here,” he growled.

“They didn’t see us! I checked!”

“Unless there’s a bug on the car.”

“What?! Why would there be a bug on your car!?”

“Angry competitors. Get out of the car.”

He got out quickly and she did the same. A moment later he grabbed her wrist and yanked her after him as he hurried across to the stairway door. It opened and they hurried inside as he turned, releasing her, and closing it to just a crack.

A few moments later he cursed and let the door close, then grabbed her and looked up.

“The exits will be locked,” he said.

He hurried past the stairs and yanked her in underneath.

“We’re even more trapped here!” she hissed.

“Shut up,” he growled.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket and tapped something into it and then shoved it back.

Wren squeaked in alarm as she saw a spider crawling along the floor in front of her. Carson pulled her in close against him, his left hand coming up across her mouth, his right around her body with the gun pointed out.

They waited tensely as the minutes ticked away. Wren’s heart was beating like a drum and were it not for his hand over her mouth she would have given them away when the door opened. There were whispered male voices talking in Spanish, then the men withdrew and the door closed.

“It should only be a few more minutes,” he whispered into her ear.

She felt completely encircled by him. In a way, it was comforting, but she couldn’t help wondering just how clean the hand over her mouth was, and the arm around her was squeezing her braless breasts upward and threatening to dislodge them from the scoop neck top. Their position, kneeling behind the stairs, had also raised up the already very short skirt, and the front had fallen aside at the slit so that she was sure her G-string was showing.

There wasn’t anything she could do about any of this, however. His arms were pinning hers to her sides. She tried to say something low but that caused his hand to press more firmly against her mouth. Irritated, she twisted her head up and rolled her eyes back to try and see him. It became immediately obvious his eyes were already cast downward, distracted by her more than ample cleavage.

She flushed, embarrassed, but then felt a strange dark thrill rising from somewhere in the back of her mind. She was supposed to interest him in her, after all. But that was not the cause of the thrill. Her body was rapidly becoming interested in *him* instead.

The door opened again suddenly and she squeaked in alarm, though his hand made the sound largely inaudible.

“They’re dead, boss,” a voice said in English.

She heard a sigh behind her.

“Give me your jacket,” he said.

She heard the rustle of clothing nearby and then saw a man from the waist down passing a jacket in under the stairs.

“Clean everything up,” he said.

The man backed away and she heard the door open and then close.

“Well, it looks like we’re going to be fine,” he said. “I’m going to take my hand off your mouth now, and we’re going to get out from under here.”

That was fine with her, but he still held onto her as he moved out from under the stair, dragging her with him and then lifting her to her feet with her back still pressed against him.

“It’s probably better for you if you don’t see what’s out there in the garage,” he said.

A moment later the jacket he had been given was dropped over her head.

“Hey!” she exclaimed.

“Trust me. You don’t really want to see things in that garage.”

“I’m not some delicate little child!” she said in irritation.

He ignored her words, and she felt his hands drawing her arms back behind her even as she spoke them.

“Let me go!” she exclaimed.

“Soon,” he said soothingly.

He pushed her towards the door. She heard it squeak as it opened, then he let her out into the garage. Annoyed, she wriggled in his grasp, trying to twist free.

“Stop that,” he said.

“You can’t give me orders!”

She pulled one arm free and shook her head to try and dislodge the jacket and he cursed and then released her arms but quickly turned her around and a moment later lifted her up across his shoulder so that her head and upper body fell down behind him.

“Hey! Put me down!”

“Just be quiet for a few minutes,” he said as he walked into the garage.

He pinned her legs against him and she slapped at his lower back. A moment later she yelped as his hand smacked her own bottom sharply.

“I said quiet. Nothing bad is going to happen to you. I promise.”

Oddly, Wren believed him, but that wasn’t why she had been struggling. The slap on her bottom confirmed her suspicion about just how high the little skirt had pulled in this position. Her bottom was basically bare save for the G-string running up between her buttocks! How many men were in the garage to look at it besides him?!

He walked across the floor with her across his shoulder like a bag of potatoes, and she squeaked as she felt one of her breasts come free from the scoop neck top of the dress, hurriedly reaching up and pushing it back.

“Put me down at once!” she demanded.

She slapped his back again and he slapped her bottom stingingly.

“Bastard!”

She slapped his bottom as well, but only got a laugh in return.

She heard the sound of a car trunk opening but could see nothing but his back, and then the jacket still hung across her. She reached out and pushed it aside and he slapped her bottom again sharply.

“Ow! Stop that!”

She felt herself pulled up and forward, then dropped back down onto her feet in front of him, but since he was holding her so firmly the dress slid up her body to her waist when he did it. He pulled the jacket off a moment later but somebody put a cloth bag over her head from behind, then she was spun around and pressed against the car as hands drew her arms back and some kind of soft rope was wound tightly around her wrists.

“Wha...! What are you doing!?”

“I told you no one is going to harm you,” he said. “I just need to make sure you don’t see anything for a short period of time.”

“I’ll scream!”

“I wish you wouldn’t. At least not now. Maybe later when we’re alone.”

Someone snickered.

The bag was lifted up to bare her mouth and nose, then some kind of tape went across the former. A moment later she was lifted up and put into the trunk of the car, which closed around her.

This was not a good time to be operating alone, she thought. But no one had thought there would be any kind of danger to her this night. She did have an iPod in her purse, which when the right buttons were pushed turned into a silent alarm with a GPS tracer, but didn’t even know where her purse was just then.

It seemed she was completely at his mercy, and had to rely on his statement that no harm would

befall her. The car started up and then began moving. It tilted, no doubt as he drove up the ramp, then another, then another. She felt a difference in the sound as they emerged on the street, and wriggled around in the trunk, trying to pull her wrists free from whatever was binding them.

Her dress had fallen back down around her but now in the trunk was up around her hips again. What a time for her to be wearing a G string for the first time ever!

The car drove for perhaps twenty minutes before turning into another garage. This one was not underground and she heard the door close behind them as the car turned off and he got out. A few moments later trunk was opened, and he reached in and lifted her out in his arms.

At least he didn't sling her over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes! But she was still anxious about just how much of her the dress was now covering.

A door opened and then closed behind them as he carried her somewhere. All was silent around them. Then they went down a flight of stairs before he set her gingerly on the edge of some kind of table. He pulled the bag off her head and she glared at him then looked quickly around to find she was in a basement.

It was a very nice-looking basement, with a sectional sofa in one corner facing a very large screen on the other side of the coffee table. Next to it was a bar with a popcorn machine sitting on the edge of the counter. She was sitting on the edge of a card table, and there were pinball machines and old-fashioned video games running along the wall to her left.

"Now," he said, "no doubt you have a lot of questions. I'm not going to answer most of them. All you need to know is that you are completely safe and that nobody knows you are in any way involved with anything that might or might not have gone on at that garage. Nobody saw your face. Nobody knows your name. Except me, and I'm not talking."

Some of her anger dissipated at that, as she now understood that he hadn't just been keeping her from seeing what had happened. He had also been keeping her safe. No one involved in whatever had gone on tonight knew what she looked like or knew her name.

At the same time, even if she reported it, she wasn't sure there was anything legally speaking that could be done. Someone had tried to kill them. Well, him, really, but she would've wound up dead at the same time. He had called or texted someone and they had apparently killed the people responsible who must've been waiting out in the garage. She was fairly sure that a strong case of self-defense could be given even if they were charged.

She still glowered at him and tried to wriggle her jaw around to dislodge the tape. That brought a trace of a smile and he reached in and gently peeled the tape off one corner of her mouth then slowly drew it across to the other side.

"It's a good thing you're not a man, beautiful, but this might be painful."

Of course he had that five o'clock shadow over his mouth and jaw while her skin was perfectly smooth and hairless.

"You have beautiful eyes, you know," he said as he pulled the strip completely free.

His eyes flicked downward. "Among your many other beautiful attributes."

Wren quickly glanced down to make sure everything was in place. Sitting on the edge of the card table, though, the low dress had risen to the point it was covering very little below her hips. Especially since he was standing between her thighs.

"Are you going to untie me now?!" she growled.

"I suppose that would be the gentlemanly thing to do," he mused. "Of course I'm not that much of a gentleman. And I can't deny a certain sense of satisfaction in having a beautiful woman like you completely at my mercy."

He laughed a moment later "If looks could kill," he said in amusement.

His eyes flicked downward again before rising. "You know, you are way out of Daniel's league. I can't help wondering just what you were doing with him."

That put her on her guard immediately.

“I was bored,” she said defiantly.

“That still doesn’t explain it. Daniel is not your type.”

“How would you know what my type was, Mr. Liam Carson!?”

“From everything he said about you, and from what I’ve seen, you are a bookish kind of nerd somehow trapped in the body of a Playboy playmate.”

“What’s a Playboy playmate?” she asked, though she had a vague idea.

“Uhm, how old are you again?”

“None of your business!”

She shook her hair out of her face and glowered at him again. “Did that man say he had killed people?” she demanded.

His eyes became wary. “I didn’t hear that.”

“He said someone was dead!”

“I think he said the battery in the car was dead.”

She opened her mouth to protest then thought better of it.

“Who were those men that were shooting at you?”

“How do you know they weren’t shooting at you?”

She stared at him in astonishment then her eyes narrowed. “No one would shoot at me! And it was your car!”

“But you were driving. Maybe they were white slavers wanting to take you away so they could sell you for a fortune to some Middle East sheik for his harem.”

“You have a very strange mind, Mr. Carson.”

“I’ve been told that before.”

He grinned again. “I think you’d make a very fine harem girl.”

She scowled at him.

His face took on a different look, his eyes seeming more intent to her, moving up and down her body more as he leaned back. She swallowed nervously, then reminded herself she was supposed to entice this man into a relationship of some kind. It would be a relationship where she, as the nerdy, bookish girl, could be forgiven for putting off any kind of sexual contact for quite some time.

On the other hand, he was already at least somewhat suspicious of her, instantly realizing that she was not the type of girl to go for Daniel. It would be safer for her if his mind was focused on sex rather than suspicion.

She suddenly felt a thrill of something dark roll through her at the realization that his suspicions would be almost certainly abandoned if she let him have sex with her. But of course she couldn’t do that! If the DEA found out she’d be fired! And any case they were building against him might be endangered.

Nevertheless her chest tightened at the thought, especially since she was barely clad in the thin, revealing dress, with her hands tied behind her back and this big, gorgeous man standing between her thighs!

“I’ll untie you as soon as I hear from... someone.”

“Someone?”

“Someone’s cleaning things up. I can’t have you running off and yelling to the police until things are cleaned up.”

“I’m not even sure what building we were in!” she protested.

“Good.”

“And anyway, what makes you think I would call the police?”

He raised an eyebrow and leaned into her. Wren leaned back warily.

“Because that’s what a nerdy clerk would do.”

“You can’t just categorize people by their job and what little you’ve seen of them in the space of a few minutes!” she exclaimed

He grinned slightly, leaning forward even more. Wren leaned backward as well, though this was putting considerable strain now on her abdominal muscles.

“Don’t worry, beautiful, it won’t take long.”

He leaned in even more and she leaned back so far that she wound up falling back onto her back. Grinning, he leaned over her and then down, his elbows on the table to either side of her.

“What would you like to do to pass the time?” he nearly whispered.

Chapter Three

Her heart beat faster and her chest tightened even more. Wren could feel her nipples tingling and hard against the thin fabric of the dress. His lips lightly brushed hers then drew away briefly before settling back once again, this time catching her lower lip between them and caressing it before spreading out and kissing her more firmly.

She held her breath, her mind swimming in confusion and uncertainty. She didn't quite know how she should react. She was not normally one for quick sex with men she had just met. In fact, she was usually extremely selective. But the recent wild excitement and fear had rattled her, and she had found him to be an extremely attractive and sexy man even before that.

Besides, letting him have his way with her would sweep away his suspicions. More to the point, she was startled at the intensity of his kiss. It was neither rough nor hesitant, but firm, confident, and demanding. And as he leaned in against her, she felt what was either his gun or a very hard erection pressing against her groin!

Her mind was sputtering with indecision about how much she should let him do. Her hands tugged instinctively against the ropes binding her wrists as her instincts were insisting they either push back against his chest or slide her hands up behind his neck and into his hair.

She wasn't at all sure which! It changed from second to second.

But he was certainly a very good kisser!

Wren didn't usually have sex for pleasure but because it was a necessary part of the dating ritual. And she wasn't even very good at *that*!

The dating ritual, that was. She was reasonably good at sex, having studied various descriptions online and practiced. Mostly by herself, granted. Still, she was very bright and a quick learner.

She was out of her depth, though, as far as kissing went. At least with this man! She had never encountered a guy whose lips were quite so smooth and active, as if they had a mind of their own. His tongue did, as well. And she found herself distracted from responding simply by paying such close attention and marveling at how good he was.

She gasped as his fingers gripped her hair and tugged her head slowly up and back. His lips came off hers, sliding down along the nape of her neck to where it joined with her shoulder, and there he nibbled, chewing lightly. And just then she felt his other hand sliding up the side of her body and then curving in to cup and squeeze her breast through the thin fabric of the dress.

A kind of psychic jolt rippled through her body at that, and her nipples seemed to flare with sensation. The hand in her hair dipped its fingers in along the back of her neck, found the clasp of the spaghetti straps holding up the dress and released it.

Wren felt another psychic jolt as her hands instinctively tried to jerk apart to cover herself, and of course, failed. The dress slid down to bare her breasts, though she couldn't see them as he continued to hold her hair firmly in his grip.

His bare hand covered her breast, as his lips chewed lightly, kissing and nibbling at her flesh while they moved up under her earlobe. A large, rough thumb swept from side to side across her already stiff nipple and she felt a sharp flare of pleasure.

She felt she ought to protest all this. After all, her hands were still tied up behind her! This was not, in her experience, how partners experimented with their first sex!

But the way his fingers were kneading her breast was making it throb. And when his lips left her earlobe and folded around the center of her breast that throbbing became even worse as it was joined by an intense crackle of something unfamiliar coming from her now burning pink button.

And she couldn't even see him! Her eyes remained focused up on the ceiling as he held her hair firmly back. And her bound wrists made it impossible for her to do anything about it. She shuddered as he sucked rhythmically on her flesh, his teeth digging in lightly, his tongue sweeping rapidly back and forth and then around and around her burning nipple.

What was he doing!? She had had guys squeeze her breasts many times without this kind of effect. And she'd had them lick and suck on her nipples too. Of course, they hadn't done it with such persistence as he was showing and they hadn't done it in quite the way he was doing either. Certainly, they hadn't gotten the same results! Because her nipple and breast were both thrumming with overloaded nerve endings.

He abruptly released her hair as he straightened up, his hands skimming down her sides to grip the dress where it had bunched up at her hips. With a firm, quick yank he pulled it down under her buttocks, his fingers skimming in under the string of her G string at the same time to slide both dress and G string down her thighs and legs and off, tearing her right shoe off to send it tumbling to the floor.

Grinning at her, he undid the other and tossed it away, as well.

"A girl with a beautiful body shouldn't need to wear a single thing," he said.

Wren's face flushed as she felt another even more powerful psychic jolt which rapidly gave way to a powerful sense of arousal. The man looked down at her and she gulped anxiously as those dark eyes raced over her body. Then his hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them together even as he sank down to his knees in front of the table.

He abandoned her breasts, gripping her thighs and roughly forcing them wide apart. She cried out, startled even as he dropped his lips down to the naked line of her sex. His tongue licked slowly and lightly up and down its length, pressing more firmly with every passing second.

Wren felt a sense of unreality, staring up at the ceiling in amazement as she found herself naked and bound on a strange man's card table. She was completely helpless, and being swept by unfamiliar waves of sensual heat and pleasure. His thumbs pressed in against the sides of her sex, spreading her apart as his tongue dipped in further and further, then swept up and across and around her clitoris.

Her hips bucked involuntarily at the rush of pleasure that shot into her nervous system. His lips closed around the top of her sex as he sucked rhythmically while his tongue swept from side to side and up and down against her burning, quivering little button.

Oh my God! she thought dazedly.

His tongue never stopped moving even as she felt herself penetrated by one of his fingers. He had large fingers! It was soon joined by another and she moaned helplessly, her back arching a little as the fingers slid several inches deep into her tight pink sheath.

They pumped slowly in and out, pushing upward against the front wall of her sex even as her tongue licked harder. The sensations seemed to redouble within her, spilling an intoxicating wave of pleasure through her mind. She felt herself tremble, her nipples like live wires tingling and quivering.

Her mouth opened wider as she gulped in air, her chest rising and falling rapidly as the intensity of the sensations grew. The muscles in her lower body were starting to spasm now even as fingers moved in and out faster, thrusting up harder. His tongue licked down with more pressure as he used his lower lip to add force to its rapid strokes.

Wren felt a sense of astonishment as the orgasm burst over her. She cried out in dazed disbelief, her back arching sharply as her hips bucked against him. Her head thrashed from side to side and her legs jerked and quivered in midair as they stretched out to either side. His tongue whipped across the hypersensitive nerve endings of her clitoris and she twisted and writhed as convulsions wracked her body.

The truth was that Wren had been so reluctant to give herself to men that she had had few lovers.

And none of them had ever managed to drive her to such heights of breathless hunger and heat as this man. None had ever made her climax, either.

And while she had masturbated with reasonable frequency, she'd never had an orgasm this intense, or one that lasted as long as this. It took her breath away, and left her with a sense of dazed languor, as if the energy of all her muscles was spent.

He stood up, rising like a mighty oak before her. He undid his jeans and jerked them and his shorts down as his cock sprang up and he stepped forward.

Chest still leaving, Wren raised her head off the table as she felt him laying against her skin and blinked through slit eyes which widened in surprise, then awe at the length and girth she saw. She felt a sense of hesitant anxiety as he took himself in hand and she saw and felt the head pushing against her slick, overheated opening.

She felt the pressure mounting, growing into a dull ache as he slowly forced her wider and wider. The ache became sharper as he stretched her still further. But then his thick cock pushed slowly down into her body and she shuddered, her eyes staring, her mouth open, a sense of dark excitement rippling through her mind and body.

It didn't matter how big a man was, she thought. But the mere sight of this one was exciting her, thrilling some side of her she hadn't known she had. He gripped her legs behind the knees, lifting them up and back, leaning forward as the pumped in slow strokes, the head jabbing deeper and deeper with every forward motion.

She groaned helplessly, startled by the rush of heat sweeping through her. She'd just climaxed, after all! Wasn't a climax supposed to be the end of things?

She ached deep inside, but that didn't seem to matter at all. She felt a sense of fullness, delicious fullness which continued to deepen the heat growing within her.

Suddenly his hands abandoned her legs which fell out to either side. He gripped her chest and lifted her upright on the edge of the table, then shifted, pushing in under her buttocks and lifting her entirely up as he backed up and sat in one of the chairs.

Wren came down straddling him, gasping and then crying out as she sank down deeper, her bare feet touching the floor and holding her a few inches above him as she stared down the length of her body. His hands released her, sliding up under her breasts, squeezing and kneading them as his thumbs stroked back and forth across her throbbing nipples.

Then they dropped to her hips, pulling down slowly. Wren gulped in air gasping and moaning as he forced her down the last few inches and the head of his thick cock jammed up high inside her. One of his hands shot up and folded around her neck, pulling her head down so that he could crush her lips with his own.

She felt his other hand drop down between her thighs, his thumb now rubbing strongly across her clitoris. Her hips jerked as her muscles convulsed and she let out a helpless cry of pleasure into his mouth. Then, as his thumb continued to stroke her, she ground her hips against him and began to ride slowly up and down.

Her movements were shallow and hesitant at first as her lips moved against his. Then his hand came off her neck, squeezing her breast again as she straightened, gasping and gulping in air as she forced herself higher, her mind and body delighting in every downward stroke.

The feel of his thick cock pushing up inside her was like nothing she'd ever felt before. She forced herself higher and higher just to feel the delight of sliding down the long length of him. His thumb continued to stroke her clitoris she arched her back, crying out in pleasure, riding harder and faster.

His hand mauled her breasts now and slid up along her upper chest to fold around her neck once more. Only this time they tightened so that she could hardly breathe.

"That's it, baby. Ride me. Ride that cock, you hot little bitch!" he growled.

Her breathing became louder as she struggled to draw breath, but that was almost an afterthought

as she rode him faster and harder, crying out every time her buttocks hit his thighs, every time his big cock filled her to overflowing.

A dark miasma of heat and hunger, of excitement and wicked, thrilling abandon filled her mind as sensations overwhelmed her nervous system. Her inhibitions melted away and her eyes became glazed as she gave herself to the fiery flood of liquid heat pouring through her.

“Come for me, you hot little bitch! Let me see you come again, beautiful!”

An explosive pleasure erupted within her and Wren cried out in strangled sobs of pleasure, her back arching and her head twisting from side to side as she frantically rode up and down atop him.

His hand slid off her neck and she gulped in ragged breaths of air as it dropped to her breast, squeezing hungrily. He leaned into her, taking her other nipple into his mouth, sucking and chewing on the surrounding flesh as she whimpered and moaned and gasped for breath.

He pushed her back and she swayed atop him before falling back across his knees. He held her hips where she was, though, leaning forward, thrusting into her as her head dangled an inch above the floor.

She continued to gulp in air, moaning dazedly even as she felt his strong hands jerking her against him, felt his cock thrusting into her. This was all very unlike any sort of sex she'd ever had, for it was grittier, edgier, and darker. It was also shockingly exciting.

It was very much like being in a boat going down the rapids without any control over where and how fast.

He suddenly slid his hands up along her sides to just beneath her shoulders and swung her up and forward. The blood which had rushed to her head seeped downward once more, leaving her dizzy as his hand closed around her throat again and pulled her down and towards him. His lips brushed hers and his eyes bored into her.

“You seem to me to be a girl who really loves a big cock,” he growled.

He crushed her lips with his as he thrust up into her, and Wren moaned, bouncing atop him as she struggled to breathe. His hands dropped down to her buttocks and he leaned forward before standing with her in his arms. He turned and carried her to the pool table and sat her on the edge, letting her body lay back along the green felt as he lifted her legs up against his chest, her ankles over his shoulders.

His hands slid firmly up and down her slender body, kneading her breasts, caressing her skin, sliding through her hair as he thrust slowly in and out.

“I know just what to do with girls like you.”

He leaned slowly forward, her legs pushing back and down under his weight. His hands slid onto her legs and caressed them, sliding up her thighs, over her knees, and then gripping her ankles firmly as he pushed them down and back. He folded her up on the pool table, leaning in further, her ankles pushing back over her shoulders as she gasped and moaned helplessly.

“I’m going to pound you, little girl,” he growled, his face inches above hers.

His hips move faster and faster, then began slapping against her upraised buttocks, the force rising until her entire body was shaking and shuddering from the impact.

Wren felt the long length of him inside her, spearing high into her belly with every thrust. Her eyes were still glazed, her mind swamped by heat and excitement, by hunger and need. She gasped and moaned now as he began to hammer his heavy hips against her. He leaned further in, forcing her feet back farther and farther as she gurgled and moaned in pleasure.

His powerful arms were straight as he lowered his chest above her, his big hands tight around her ankles as he forced them back over her shoulders. Wren felt crushed beneath him, groaning as he folded her up tighter still, his cock working in and out with short, sharp strokes.

Now as he picked up the pace her body began to shudder again, trembling under the force of his hips slapping down against her. Wren moaned, panting and gasping as she felt herself flooded once again with the rising sense of dark excitement, of need and want.

Passion began to fill her, a dark thrill of wicked excitement washing away all other thoughts and concerns as her mind focused on nothing but the pleasure sweeping through her. She felt herself buffeted by rolling waves of sensation, her eyes slit, glazed, as she lay still, helpless beneath him, absorbing the intensity of the sensation as the sexual pressure built up inside her.

The backs of her toes pressed against the felt above her head and his eyes stared down at her from less than a foot above as his lower body continued to pummel her, his cock continuing to piston in and out of her quivering body.

Wren wallowed in the heat, in the fire gripping her body and mind. But it remained a confusing heat, her mind still feeling an instinct that said she ought to be doing something to affect things. She had to be a participant, rather than just laying where she was. But of course, she could do nothing more. She could barely move more than to tremble and shake as she lay folded up atop her own bound arms.

He thrust harder and faster, and she felt as if her body was quivering so much that her brain was shaking within her skull. He really was pounding her! Just as he'd promised. It was very hard to think, very hard to make her mind function above the level of instinct.

And not much point to it anyway. There was nothing she could do and nothing she wanted to say, even if she could form the words. And it was so easy to just lay there and absorb the waves of sensation washing over her.

She was completely and utterly helpless, the way he had folded her up, the heaviness of his weight atop her, his large body blotting out everything else as she shook to his lustful thrusting drove that deep into her mind. She was completely at his mercy. Somehow, though, this roused no real fear or anxiety within her.

Her mind had no time for such emotions anyway. It was too busy reveling in heat and pleasure.

The third orgasm startled her but not like the first two. She only felt a momentary surprise, then came in a deep sense of acceptance. She closed her eyes as her body trembled through it, the air gurgling out of her half-open mouth as her mind was rolled again and again.

Chapter Four

Wren lay on her arms on the pool table, her buttocks on the edge, her legs dangling down, chest heaving as she recovered. Somewhere in that storm of sensation, he seemed to have finished, then simply let her legs down and moved away somewhere, allowing her to sink into the comforting languor of the afterglow of orgasm.

The first several attempts to sit up failed and she used her hands and arms to help push her upright as her vision cleared. He was over behind the bar pouring himself a drink. What had been, to her, a wondrous and singular experience was probably just his average date for him, she thought wearily.

“Want a drink?” he called to her.

“I... I don't... drink,” she said.

“That doesn't surprise me. You seem like a bit of an uptight girl.”

She supposed she should argue or feel insulted. But there didn't seem to be much point. Besides, she was too busy trying to understand just what had come over her to produce such an incredible rush of excitement and passion and pleasure.

Not to mention, she should have done all she could to discourage him. That was what the DEA would expect of her. Not that she had any intention of informing them about what had happened, of course. That would probably not be good for her reputation or career prospects.

She grunted as she slipped off the pool table, her hands still gripping the edge behind her for a long moment.

“Are you going to untie me?” she asked.

“Eventually,” he said with a grin.

She blinked uncertainly. Nothing about this was familiar. She was completely naked and her hands were tied behind her back while he was clothed and being supremely casual about everything.

He crossed to her, a glass in his hand, and his other hand pushed in behind her head and grasped a thick, fistful of her hair. Wren squeaked and gasped in pain as he calmly pushed her forward away from the pool table. She stumbled and gasped again as he tugged on her hair, forcing her over by a sofa.

He put the drink down and then his arm swept in under her thighs as he tugged back on her hair. She cried out again as she started to fall backward but he released her hair to grab her, then sat down with her across his lap.

“Wh-what are you... doing!?” she gasped.

“I thought we'd have a little chat.”

“A-about what!?”

His right hand slipped between her thighs, caressing her soft skin, then moving upward.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

Reluctantly, she eased her legs wider and gulped as his fingers slid up against her sex.

“Nice and soft,” he said admiringly. “You get laser hair removal?”

She flushed uncertainly. “I... I had my legs done and... the girl suggested it would look... cleaner and save me time,” she gulped.

His fingers were lightly tracing up and down the neat line of her sex. Then his other hand slid up to grip her hair once again, pulling back sharply so that she cried out in surprise at the sudden sharp

ache to her scalp.

“Nice,” he said, letting the word stretch out as his hand rose from between her legs to casually squeeze her breast.

“You have great tits. Really excellent tits. Nice and firm and round, with these cute little pink nipples.”

Wren couldn't see what he was doing as he had forced her head back, no doubt to make her back arch, but she felt his fingers rolling and lightly plucking her stiff nipple.

“You are wasted as a clerk, honey. You should be a stripper or something. Men would come from miles away to see this body. Maybe you should get one of those porn internet accounts and make some videos.”

She gasped as his mouth came down on her breast, his teeth chewing at her soft flesh as his tongue swept back and forth across her nipple.

Wasn't he finished yet!?

“Oh! Not so hard!” she moaned as his teeth dug into her soft flesh.

“I love the taste of you, honey. You're like a porcelain doll.”

He pulled his mouth away at the same time as he pushed up on her head to let her see him.

“You know what? Having a girl like you available would make the most miserable man's life worth living. Why the fuck don't you have a boyfriend?”

She stared at him in confusion but he seemed to actually want an answer as he continued to stare at her.

“I... I'm... men are... most of the men I've dated aren't... weren't very interesting,” she finally said lamely.

“Interesting?”

“I mean... they didn't turn out to be... suitable.”

“Just what are you looking for in a man? Because baby, with a reward like this, any guy I know would be willing to be what you're looking for.”

He squeezed her breast again, and Wren felt a strange moment of happiness at the undisguised pleasure and admiration on his face as he looked at her. Which again confused her. She'd always been unimpressed by men making remarks about her body or her looks. Of course, they hadn't done so after giving her the most incredible sexual experience of her life.

She flinched as one of his fingers pushed slowly into her sex, then was joined by a second. Her wrists were still bound behind her and she had no idea what she ought to be saying or doing.

“Nice and tight inside. You're practically a virgin.”

“I am not a virgin!” she exclaimed.

He grinned and slowly worked a third finger into her body.

“Wh-what are you doing?” she gulped.

“Enjoying your beautiful body.”

His thumb began to casually stroke from side to side, then up and down across her clitoris and she gasped aloud. Then his left hand, the one gripping her hair, turned her head in and down towards him and kissed her, long and hard, leaving her breathless.

“Spread your legs wider.”

Wren's pulse rate picked up as she shifted her left leg a few inches further away.

“How come a girl who loves cock so much isn't getting more of it?”

“I'm not a slut!” she exclaimed.

He snorted in amusement, then gasped again as he forced her head and chest back, his eyes racing over her body.

“You're like a living sex doll. How'd you like to come and work for me?”

“Wh-Wha... what?”

“I could use a good numbers girl here. I deal with a lot of ... numbers.”

“I-I have a job!”

“I’ll pay double whatever they pay. No, make that triple.”

“Triple!? That... that’s ridiculous!”

“You’ll have to sleep with the boss, though.”

She gasped as his fingers pushed suddenly deeper, then pressed up against the front wall of her sex and began to rub back and forth.

“Oh! Mr.... Mr. Carson!”

“Yeah, sweetie? What is it?”

His thumb was pressing down more firmly now, and moving faster. The sensations oozing up from her lower belly became a flood now and grew more intense even as he pulled her head so far back it was upside down!

She felt his tongue on her nipple, then his lips sucking rhythmically, then his teeth lightly digging into the flesh around the center of her breast.

“I-I’m not a... a sex doll!” she exclaimed.

“Could’ve fooled me. Spread your legs.”

“My legs are spread!”

She felt his hand pulling free of her and gripping her left leg just behind the knee. He lifted it up and bent her leg back, then pushed it wide before abandoning it to slide three fingers into her pussy once again and continue rubbing her clitoris.

Wren moaned helplessly, gulping in air, chest rising and falling faster and faster as she stared upside down across the room. It was like she was separated from her body and could only fix her mind on the sensations to know what he was doing to her!

His fingers were thrusting in and out now as his thumb swirled and swept across her clitoris and she could feel the sensation rolling up through her body, taking more and more control of her mind. She didn’t understand it. Sex had never been a major part of her life and it wasn’t like she was some kind of nymphomaniac! Why was she continually getting so aroused at his touch!? She certainly hadn’t with other men!

Of course, they hadn’t used their fingers so... so skillfully. Their touch had not been so gentle or so firm at the same time!

This guy has magic fingers! she thought breathlessly.

Not to mention magic lips! It felt as if his mouth was trying to devour the center of her breast!

“Please!” she moaned, gulping in air.

“Please? Please what? Please fuck me again? Please fuck me hard? Please make me come? What is it you’re asking?”

She cried out as he forced her head up and forward once more.

“You want my cock inside you again?”

She stared at him, baffled.

“Say it. Go ahead. Tell me you want my cock inside you.”

She couldn’t say that!

He twisted her nipple and she squealed in pain.

“Do what you’re told. Good girls always do what they’re told.”

“Th-They do not!” she squeaked.

He grinned and then twisted her other nipple.

“Ow! Don’t!”

“Say please.” His finger lightly caressed her lower lip. “Say please.”

“Please!” she moaned.

His hand returned to her nipple, pinching it lightly.

“Now tell me you want my cock inside you again.”

Wren felt a wild, spiraling sense of wicked wonder. Then she winced again as he pinched her

nipple harder.

“We both know the answer. Are you afraid, little girl?” he asked teasingly.

His thumbs stopped stroking her clitoris and she felt him pressing his nails in against her nipple.

“I do!” she blurted.

“You do what?”

Wren felt her face flushing. “Want your... your... cock inside me.”

“See? That wasn’t so hard. Now ask me to fuck you again.”

Wren didn’t understand why he was making her say dirty things. She shied away from it, but a part of her felt wild and edgy and hot.

“Please fuck me again,” she gulped.

“Who are you talking to?”

She frowned in confusion.

“Since you’re so much younger than me I think you should say sir.”

She blinked at him uncertainly.

“Go ahead. Ask me to fuck you again.”

Wren felt something clicking in her mind, something of a vague memory of something she’d read.

“Please fuck me again, Sir.”

Oh, yes, of course, she thought.

Now she understood. Especially with her wrists tied behind her back.

His thumb stroked back and forth across her clitoris once again, his fingers stroking in and out of her, rubbing along the front wall of her sex.

“Ask me to make you come.”

“Please make me come, sir,” she gulped breathlessly.

His fingers roughly jerked her head back and she cried out in pain. His fingers plunged in faster and harder.

“Ask me to make you come like a whore,” he growled.

Wren shied away from that, but then as if drawn back by a magnetic field, a sudden fascination, she felt another rush of energy and excitement.

“Please make me come like a whore, sir!” she moaned.

She was so wet she could actually hear the sound of his fingers plunging into her as her left knee dropped lower and lower, pulled by its own weight, straining the tendons in her inner thigh. She gasped and moaned and cried out again as he bit into her breast and sucked hungrily on her nipple.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, please!” she moaned.

“Beg me to make you come like a whore!” he demanded.

“Please! Please make me come like a whore, sir!”

Her head twisted from side to side and her hips ground feverishly up against his fingers. Her muscles began to spasm and her body to writhe in helpless passion and hunger.

“Oh, God! she half sobbed, her head upside down, her eyes getting glassy. “Oh! Oh! Ungh! Yes! Please!”

He jerked her head up and forward and crushed her lips with his and the orgasm exploded inside her.

Her entire body seemed to flare with a sudden howling storm of pleasure which grew more and more intense. It felt as if her mind were being buffeted by the winds of a hurricane. Convulsions wracked her body and she twisted and bucked and sobbed in dazed ecstasy as the pleasure rode her like a satyr.

It seemed to go on and on, and her chest burned as she realized she had forgotten to breathe. But she didn’t want to breathe just yet. She seemed to hover on the pinnacle of pleasure and feared any movement, any change might send her tumbling over the edge.

She wanted to stretch this moment out as long as humanly possible.

It finally began to fade and she sucked in a deep, ragged breath of air, followed by another.

“Now I’ll be glad to satisfy your other request and bury my cock in your tight, warm little pussy again, honey. But I’ll need a little help first.”

He shifted her forward then slid her off his lap and onto the floor, she sat panting and twitching as he undid his jeans, then shoved them down his legs, pulling them off so he could spread his legs wide.

He reached for her hair, then seemed to think better of it. He reached down to his jeans and pulled the leather belt out from the loops, pushed the tongue back into the buckle and dropped it over her head, pulling it tight around her neck and using it to draw her in between his thighs.

He sat back comfortably, then reached for her hair with his other hand.

“You can start with my balls. Suck them into your mouth and let’s see what you can do with them, sex doll.”

Again, Wren knew she should be indignant at the phrase. But instead, she felt a sudden anxiety. This was the first time he had actually asked her to do anything, and given his level of skill and expertise she immediately felt wary of looking like the virgin he had half accused her of being.

But one of the few things she could actually practice without the aid of a man was oral sex. And, never wanting to be seen as incapable, she had learned to do it well. She stared at his half-erect cock with fascination and then licked at one of his testicles. She kissed it, letting her pursed lips suck lightly then harder, letting it slide slowly through into her mouth as she widened her lips.

She sucked the other in as well, her tongue licking and stroking and caressing as she sucked. She pushed them up against the roof of her mouth, her tongue never still as she sucked lightly, then a little harder.

“That’s it, little clerk girl. Suck those balls nice and gently.”

She flicked her eyes up at him in mild irritation. He was deliberately trying to make her feel degraded. Well, she wouldn’t be! She took pride in her ability. She eased her lips back, letting his balls slowly slide out from within her mouth. Then she pushed forward, her tongue dipping and stroking as she licked her way up the length of his shaft until she reached the head.

She suddenly realized this would be the first time she had ever performed oral sex without using her hands. That made her falter uncertainly. Then she braced herself and slid her lips around his cock, taking the head in and sucking rhythmically. Her tongue began to lick, and she pushed her lower lip up against the bottom to increase the force.

She felt the belt tightening against her neck and pulling her forward, his hand in her hair doing the same, and her lips slid slowly down along the thick shaft. He allowed her to ease back, bobbing her lips slowly up and down, then she felt the pressure again. He wanted her to take more inside her mouth.

Wouldn’t he be surprised when she took it all!

Then she faltered again. She had succeeded in learning how to deep throat. She had started out using carrots, then small bananas. And she had succeeded in doing it to the last two men she had dated. But their cocks had not been nearly as thick as this.

Still, she was determined. She bobbed up and down, forcing herself lower and lower, then braced herself, closed her eyes, and pushed herself all the way down. The head of his cock slid into her throat and then down inch by inch as she kept going.

The excitement mounted with every inch she took. And she opened her eyes, amazed to see how much was still left to go. She slid down the final inch and then kept still for long seconds as her heart pounded.

She slid back up, carefully inhaling now as she kept her throat relaxed. She didn’t have to come all the way back up, but stopped and slid down once again, feeling a little giddy sense of excitement at having done it.

She could hear him cursing softly and felt a smug sense of victory. She had shown him

something! She slid back up slowly then down again, her lips tight around the base of his cock. She slid slowly back up and let the head pop free as she gulped in air.

“Why you gorgeous little cock sucker!” he said, “Who knew the little clerk girl could do that!”

He held her in place by the hair and gripped his cock with his other hand, rubbing it back and forth along her lips and cheeks before pushing it back into her mouth. She slid up and down, sucking and licking then forced herself all the way down once again.

He groaned in pleasure, holding her in place against him, his hand behind her head as her heart pounded and her chest began to burn. He eased off and she slid slowly back and off.

“Beg me to fuck you, little girl.”

“P-Please fuck me, sir!” she gasped.

He stood up, still holding her by hair and belt, then drew her in against his cock. She rose higher on her knees, opened her mouth, and took it in, sucking and licking as he pulled her forward, the belt and his grip on her hair forcing her remorselessly down the long length of his shaft until she was jammed up against his groin once again.

Then he started to jerk her in and out in short, sharp motions, fucking her throat as she gurgled wetly and helplessly before him. He drew out again, his cock slick and wet and red and she coughed and gulped in air. Then he flung her back and she let out a startled cry as she sprawled back onto the rug.

He dropped to his knees, gripped her thighs and casually flipped her onto her belly, then slapped her bottom sharply, gripped her hips, and yanked them up high.

“On your knees, sex doll,” he growled.

“I’m not a -- .”

Crack! He slapped her bottom again.

“No backtalk, sex doll.”

He gripped her waist and she felt him pressing his lower body in against her thighs and buttocks to hold it steady as he forced her belly almost back as far as her thighs.

“Keep that beautiful ass high,” he said, running his hands over it.

He gripped her thighs and jerked them to the sides, then eased back.

“Just like that,” he said. “Perfect position for a gorgeous little sex doll. All ready and available and on display.”

His fingers rode up and down along the line of her sex, then he lifted his cock and pushed it against her.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he growled.

Wren was still trying to absorb all of this. The floor forced her head up so her jaw was on the soft rug and her back was tightly bowed as her breasts pillowed out beneath her chest. She swallowed and then gasped as he wound her hair around his fist and yanked it back.

“Ow! Ow! Don’t!”

Crack! He slapped her bottom again sharply.

“Don’t tell the boss what to do, employee.”

“I don’t work for you!”

Crack!

“I say you do. You’re my sex doll.”

Crack!

“Ow! Quit it!”

He rubbed his cock up and down against her sex, focusing on her clitoris and she shuddered.

“Tell me you want it.”

“I-I... I do!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ask me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me!” she groaned.

Crack!

“You forgot to call me sir. Try again.”

This was kinky and nasty! But she understood what game he was playing now.

“Please fuck me, sir!” she moaned.

His cock pushed forward, spreading her open, wider and wider as she closed her eyes in pleasure. It pushed forward slowly, then sank deeper and deeper into her belly as he began to stroke in and out.

“Hot, tight little fuck doll,” he growled.

His hands held her hips as he thrust into her now, but one slid forward into her hair again, wrapping it around his fist to pull back slowly this time.

Wren gasped, her chin lifted off the floor now as her scalp burned. But the sensation was mild compared to the way her mind was being roiled by the dark, wicked thrill of this... this *dirty* sex! It was the opposite of every sexual experience she'd had and she discovered that it was drawing her in more and more deeply.

The thrill of it, the wild, carnal excitement, and heat were like nothing she'd experienced before today. Even the pain in her scalp faded as he drove his cock all the way into her belly and then started to move in earnest.

Crack!

She gasped at the slap.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

Crack!

“Ohhh!”

“Say it, baby.”

“I-I'm your bitch, sir!” she gasped.

“Love the sound of that in your sexy voice.”

I have a sexy voice!?

Crack!

“Say it again.”

“I'm your bitch, sir!”

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me, siiiir!” she moaned.

His hips were starting to slap against her buttocks now, rocking her forward as his big cock plunged deep into her abdomen with every stroke. She felt so... conquered! Like a helpless prisoner being used by her lewd, but handsome captor! She gasped and moaned at every thrust, her breasts grinding against the rug as he pounded against her.

Crack!

“Tell me you're my slut.”

She hesitated.

Crack!

“Do what you're told, fuck doll.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” she gasped.

“And don't you forget it.”

Wren didn't think she'd ever forget this! And as the heat enveloped her mind and melted away her inhibitions her body flared with more and more intense pleasure, then exploded into another orgasm to shatter her mind.

Chapter Five

“Hey, Liam, you down there?” a voice called from the top of the stairs.

Wren gasped in alarm. She’d been laying on her side on the rug recovering, and now scrambled to her feet.

“Give me a couple of minutes,” Carson said as he pulled on his pants.

“Carson, you motherfucker!” another male voice exclaimed.

Carson quickly grabbed her as she got to her feet, swung her around towards the wall, opened the closet, and shoved her inside before closing it again. Wren cursed as she heard the voices getting closer and twisted her wrists against the rope he’d used to tie them together.

“We lost a whole shipment!” she heard someone say in a loud, angry voice.

“There’s no sure thing in this business, Mateo,” Carson replied.

“That shipment was worth twenty million dollars!”

“Only on the street. Your loss was a lot less. You’re never going to get a hundred percent of your shipments through. Everyone understands that.”

“I want my money back!”

“That’s not the deal. I make no guarantees and you know it.”

Wren sank down low, then lay back against some boots and shoes and drew her knees up and back, trying to draw her tied wrists down under her buttocks. She was a slender girl, and after a minute she succeeded, bringing her hands up in front of her now.

She stood up slowly and quietly, for she could hear the argument in the other room getting angrier. Her hands moved up along the clothes hanging from the hangers, looking for something she could wear, or at least use to cover herself.

The heavy weight of the holster hanging off a hanger beneath a jacket caught her attention. She ran her fingers up along it and felt the cool, familiar hand grip of an automatic. She pulled it free, then crouched low with it in her hands. It felt loaded, but then she used a lightweight Glock, where you could always tell by the weight of the bullets.

She ran her fingers along the edge of the gun where the magazine release would normally be found and felt it drop free. Her hand quickly grabbed it and her thumb felt along the top for the familiar rounded shape of a bullet.

“You’re acting like an amateur, Mateo,” Carson exclaimed.

“Yeah!? Easy for you to say, gringo! You don’t have Morales on your ass! Search this place,” he ordered someone.

Wren squeaked and fumbled with the magazine, pushing it back in place and then gently pulling the slide back. She was trying to release it slowly when she heard a gun going off in the room and let it go with a gasp so it snapped forward. No one in the other room heard her, though, as Carson snarled something angrily and the other voice yelled in Spanish.

“It’s his own fault!” he said in English then. “I told him not to move! You move and you’ll get the same! Now sit the fuck down!”

Wren’s heart pounded as she pressed herself to the left side of the door frame, hoping no one opened it. When it was yanked open she let out an involuntary cry of alarm and brought the gun down to aim at the center of a surprised bearded Hispanic man gaping at her.

When he saw the gun in her hands he yelled and brought his own gun up and she fired almost instinctively, sending him hurtling backward.

There were three strange men in the room, aside from him. One was a balding little man holding a gun pointed at Carson. The second was a black man laying on the floor clutching his side, while the third was a very large Hispanic man with an Uzi in his hand. The man she'd shot stumbled back against the man with the Uzi, knocking him to the floor and Carson leapt forward off the sofa, hurtling into the bald man before he could pull his eyes away from Wren and turn his gun back against him.

The bearded man cursed and forced the other one off him, grabbing at his Uzi and raising it towards Carson, then remembered at the last second that he should be pointing it at Wren. Her reaction to *that* was the same instinct she'd had with the first man and she yelled and fired several times, her ears ringing as at least one of the shots hit him and flung him back, the Uzi spinning away.

Holy God! she thought wildly.

Carson quickly wrenched the gun out of the bald man's hands and then stood up, waving it at the other two, then back at the bald man.

"That was fucking dumb of you, Mateo, and it's going to cost you."

"If you kill me, Morales will eat you for lunch!" the man gulped fearfully.

"Who said I was going to kill you?"

He glanced at Wren with a bemused look, then at the other two men. "Wren, cover him," he said. Then he bent over the third man and examined his side.

The bald man stared at Wren in astonishment and she felt her face reddening. She was still completely naked, after all. She tried to ease further to the side behind the door frame while keeping her arms and hands up towards him.

How am I supposed to report this? she thought wildly.

She glanced at the two men she'd shot. Neither was moving.

Did I just kill two men!?

Of course, it could be justified. She hadn't actually broken the law, she reminded herself. On the other hand, explaining why she was in the closet, even if she could keep it secret that she was naked, would be difficult. And if she lied about that, then the DEA would know about it when they interviewed the bald man.

Carson hurried to the bar and came back with a roll of paper towels, then tore off a bunch, folded them up, and pressed them against the black guy's side. Then he got his cell phone and called someone.

"Ethan. Bring a crew to my place now. Right now. And get in touch with Santiago and tell him I need his services here."

He hung up and tossed the phone down, then went to a chest of drawers and took out a pair of handcuffs.

"Roll over on your stomach," he told the bald man.

"Let's talk about this," the man said anxiously.

Carson kicked him in the side and the man cried out, rolling onto his belly. Carson knelt and pulled his hands back behind him, then handcuffed them. He quickly searched him, then stood up, looking at Wren with a broad smile.

"You look gorgeous when you're holding a gun, honey."

"Maybe I could hold it better if you untied me," she growled.

He smirked and walked over to her, then reached for her wrists. But instead of untying her, he forced them up high, taking the gun from her, then pushed her back against the inside of the closet door. There was a strange kind of hook there, one with a spring clasp, and he forced the rope in under it.

"Wh.... What are you -- ?!"

"It's better if you keep out of this and stay hidden for a while," he said, pushing on the door.

"Hey!"

“Don’t talk or I’ll have to gag you.”

He closed the door, leaving her in the closet with her back now to the door and her wrists locked against the hook above her head! She cursed angrily, then went silent as she tried to hear what he was saying to the bald man.

She heard the latter yelp as if in pain, then heard footsteps on the stairs, sounding like more than one person. A few minutes later she heard footsteps coming down, then a grunt, and then the slow, heavy tread of them going back up again. It sounded like he was carrying something.

Or someone.

She tried to work her wrists up and out of the hook, but the spring clasp kept her from succeeding. She couldn't quite get her fingers around to push it back either, no matter how much she tried. It was so... frustrating!

She cursed silently but there seemed little she could do as the minutes went by. She twisted around to face the door, though she could see little, and tried again to tug the rope off the hook, but once again failed. More minutes ticked past, and then still more.

Finally, she heard footsteps on the stairs. Then men speaking in low voices in Spanish. She felt her pulse rate shoot up, waiting anxiously for them to open the closet door and discover her. But that didn't happen. Heavy footsteps went slowly up the stairs, then came rapidly back down, only to go back up again.

They came down for a third time, then went back up again, slowly. Then there was silence. She muttered to herself, turning her back to the door again to decrease her discomfort.

More time passed. And then finally the door pulled back and she gasped in alarm, forced to backpedal as the door pulled her out of the closet to confront – Carson, grinning at her.

“Bastard!” she exclaimed.

“That’s not nice.”

Glaring, she gave in to impulse and kicked him in the groin.

He cursed and stumbled back, clutching himself, then fell to his knees, gasping for breath.

“That’s for keeping me locked in the closet naked for so long!”

He staggered to his feet, but not to her, moving to the sofa and falling back into it with a soft curse.

“You deserved it!” she exclaimed.

She felt a sense of nervousness, though. It was quite possible he might not agree.

“I really don’t like it when women kick me in the nuts,” he growled.

“Really? How unusual! I wasn’t trying to make you happy, you... you big ape!”

He stood up and then drew the belt out of the loops of his jeans again.

Wren looked at him warily, suddenly remembering she was completely helpless as he doubled the belt in his hand and moved closer.

“Don’t you dare!”

As if obeying her he turned away and walked across the room. He opened a drawer in the chest again, then came back as Wren tried to see what he was carrying at his side.

“What is that?” she asked anxiously.

“The ultimate solution for loud and irritating females.”

She frowned indignantly, then gasped as his hand shot up and gripped her hair, jerking it back and down. She let out a cry of startled pain, and as she did he pushed something... round... a ball of some kind against her mouth. Her jaw widened instinctively to ease the pressure and the thing pushed past her teeth and into her mouth.

She tried to talk but couldn't of course, and even as he released it he was picking up what felt like a pair of thin straps and drawing them across her cheeks and behind her head. Wren squirmed against him, but his body was pressed in too tightly against her to do much, though she tried to stomp on his foot, at least.

He stepped back and spun her around so that she faced the door. And though she couldn't see what was in her mouth she guessed what it had to be. It was one of those ball-gag things she'd occasionally seen in pictures! It pressed down on her tongue and up against the roof of her mouth, and left her incapable of saying anything. All she could do was issue unintelligible noises!

"Now then, I'm a traditionalist, so I'll stick to the traditional methods of... remonstrating with impertinent, uppity women."

Wren scowled at that description even as he gripped her hips and jerked them out away from the door.

"I want you to push your butt back just like this and hold it in place."

Well! And there was no denying just what an attractive vision he would then have, for he had pulled her back so far she had to rise onto the balls of her feet just to keep the rope around her wrists from being pulled too tightly. But she was in no way inclined to cooperate!

As soon as he released her hips she jerked her hips forward again.

Crack!

She squealed in pain as the belt cut across her buttocks. Then she felt his hands jerking her hips back once again.

"I should warn you that I'm not going to count any of the blows until you hold yourself in position."

He released her and her hips jerked forward again.

Crack!

She squealed again, trying to twist her head around to glare furiously at him, but he simply gripped her hips and pulled them back once more.

"That would be counted as two but since you aren't holding yourself in position they don't count. Now hold yourself in the proper position."

Instead, she tried to kick back at him.

Crack!

The belt cut across the soft skin of her buttocks a third time and again she cried out, trying to curse him around the ball-gag, but failing.

Crack! Crack!

That hurt! And she couldn't even tell him to stop!

Crack! Crack!

"None of these count toward your punishment yet, you know. And I can keep this up for some time."

Her bottom was starting to heat up and Wren's mind was flooded with uncertainty, anxiety and outrage.

Crack! Crack!

She yelped and cried out again, gasping for breath as he gripped her hips and pulled them back once again.

"Hold yourself in position and we'll get this over with," he said tolerantly.

Wren twisted her head angrily, but could not dislodge the ball.

Crack!

"That's one," he said.

Wren jerked her hips forward against the door at the blow, her bottom heating up even more!

"Push your butt back or the next one won't count either."

She cursed furiously, but hesitantly pushed her bottom out.

"Further, fuck doll."

Another jolt of indignation hit her, but she pushed her bottom back until she was raised on the balls of her feet.

Crack!

She gasped and moaned around the ball gag at the next blow.

“Two.”

That wasn't fair, she thought. She'd gotten lots more than two!

Crack!

She squealed and jerked her hips forward again as the belt cut into her bottom.

“Push yourself back and hold there,” he growled.

He jerked her hips up and back and she moaned helplessly.

Crack!

“Three.”

Crack!

“Four.”

Crack! Crack!

“Six.”

Her buttocks were on fire by then and Wren moaned at the heat that seemed to be radiating from her previously pale flesh.

Crack! Crack!

“That's eight. You need to mind your manners, girl. And if you can't respect your betters, then respect your biggers.”

Crack!

“I expect my employees to be properly disciplined. And I reward the presence just as well as I punish its lack.”

Crack!

“There now,” he said as his big hands gently caressed her buttocks.

“That's done no lasting damage and taught you a thing or two.”

She felt his hands sliding off to the sides, then around to the front of her thighs as he jerked her legs apart. She gasped as that forced her onto her toes, then gasped again as she felt his tongue pressing in against her sex and sliding up and down it.

“Such a tasty little pussy,” she heard him say.

His tongue pushed into her to a startling depth, twisting and wriggling and pumping in and out before moving up and focusing on her clitoris. She felt his lips against her there, sucking and massaging her, then his tongue once more.

He released her left leg but his hand slid around to the front of it, the heel of his hand still pushing back as his fingers found her clitoris and began to stroke it. His other hand released her right leg, then she felt fingers spreading the lips of her sex and pushing up inside her.

Wren moaned dazedly, gasping for breath, her heart pounding and pulse racing. Was he excited *again!*? Didn't he ever stop!?

Yet even more startling, she felt her body beginning to respond, and not just her body. That strange dark sense of thrilled awakening she'd felt oozing up from somewhere in the back of her mind returned as she stood precariously on the balls of her feet, her cheek pressed against the door and her breasts trembling and throbbing.

He stopped abruptly, and as his fingers withdrew as he stood up behind her, still holding her hips back as what had to be his cock pushed against her once more. It slid deep in a single smooth stroke and she groaned aloud as he gripped her hips and jerked her back against him.

“I'll never get tired of how hot and tight you are inside,” he sighed as he kissed his way up the side of her neck.

He ground his hips against her buttocks, then drew back and began to thrust with short, shallow strokes, letting the head of his cock push and slide along the front wall of her sex. One of his big hands slid further down and found her clitoris, rubbing against it and she shuddered, her hips involuntarily jerking back against him.

Then he thrust deeper, burying himself with every stroke. That did something to her mind after the shallow strokes and she felt a deep sense of contentment. Her eyes narrowed and she grunted in time to his strokes, wallowing in the rising sense of passion, wonder, and pleasure roiling her mind.

His hands slid up to roughly squeeze her breasts, his fingers pinching and rolling her nipples and she kept her hips back, grinding and rolling them up to meet his strokes even as one of his hands gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back. He leaned in, then, his lips tracing up along the nape of her neck as he rained kisses on her, then sucked and chewed lightly on her earlobe.

“Gorgeous little fuck doll!” he groaned.

His other hand dropped down her body and his fingers found her clitoris again, and another hurricane of pleasure exploded within her as Wren climaxed *again!*

Chapter Six

Back at her comfortable apartment, back where she could feel perfectly at peace amid the order, Wren sat cross-legged on her sofa, clad in nothing but a thin nightshirt, her hair still a little dampish from the shower, and stared at the table before her.

There was a packet of bills sitting on it, neatly wrapped. They were hundred-dollar bills.

She had unwrapped them and counted them twice, the second time laying them out across the table, fascinated. She'd never seen so much money in one place, let alone tentatively thought of it as hers.

After driving her home he had stuffed it into the scoop neck top of her dress before winking and turning back to his car.

"A bonus for your good work today," he called over his shoulder as he got back into his car.

She'd felt a sense of indignation, her first thought that he was paying her for the sex, but then immediately wondered if it wasn't more likely he was paying her for shooting those two men. He was not a man who had to pay for sex, after all. And while she wasn't familiar with the going rate, she doubted even a high-class call girl would get ten thousand dollars for a couple of hours... work.

So now what was she to do? She'd had all kinds of kinky sex with this guy which she absolutely could not afford to have the DEA find out about. And she'd shot two men, and didn't even know if they were dead! Well, the one who'd been right in front of her almost certain he was. She'd fired dead center into his chest just like she'd been taught, and from only a foot or so away.

That was certainly something she had to report to the agency, not to mention the police, but how could she do that without them hearing about the rest?!

And there was a nagging little reminder that if she mentioned the ten thousand dollars, the agency would take it away from her. If not now, then eventually. Not to mention she would have to pay a lot of tax on it even if they let her keep it, which they wouldn't.

But she had to mention it, or else she'd be breaking the law! Wouldn't she? She could call shooting those men self-defense, which it was. But if she didn't tell the agency about the money... She wasn't exactly sure what she could be charged with, but was certain they'd find something.

And sitting in the back of her mind was bafflement at how she had come to let him... how she had felt such incredible pleasure in... how she'd taken part in such kinky, arguably degrading, thrilling, exciting, wicked and incredible sex.

The time she spent in his basement was the most amazing and sexually fulfilling. of her life. She'd never felt such intense pleasure and gratification before, never experienced that level of passion and excitement. Why?! There was absolutely no one she could ask about that, no one she could tell.

There was no way she could stop reliving those moments in her mind, no way to stop replaying them in slow motion, from different angles, and no way to stop a sense of want filling her mind when she did. Because she wanted that again! She wanted more of that! She had never felt so alive, so wild, never felt such a rush.

She might conceivably be able to get away with a one-time only sexual experience which she would not have to describe too closely. She might be able to put that down to perhaps being drunk, though she didn't drink anything or needing to reassure him that she wasn't a plant or an informant.

But even if she did they would be suspicious of her thereafter, and would be questioning her

closely on everything else that happened. No, she was not going to tell them. And she wasn't going to tell them about the men she'd shot either, or the money, because she couldn't afford to have Carson questioned about it.

She counted the money a third time. Yes. There were one hundred one-hundred-dollar bills. Just like the last two times. Ten thousand dollars. She could do a lot of things with ten thousand dollars. She could invest it in the stock market, or buy a cheap car, or get nicer furniture.

More than anything else it would be nice to have all that money so that she didn't have to worry about any bills that came in, didn't have to wonder when she went to the store if she could buy whatever she wanted. And if she pretended to work for him and he paid her three times her salary at the office like he claimed, that would be an awful lot of money, especially if it was paid in cash.

As an accounts payable clerk she made \$30,000 a year. Would Carson really pay her over a hundred thousand dollars a year?!

Tax-free, a little voice said.

Of course she'd get no healthcare, that was a drag, but she could certainly buy it with that kind of income. Of course, if she didn't tell the DEA, she'd still be getting their salary and covered by their benefits package. The DEA had her as a GS8 and was paying her \$50,000 a year. And after four more years she could progress up to a GS13 if she was smart, and that paid over \$90k. But she doubted she could inform Carson of that to get him to raise her pay.

She was definitely going to have to quit her job at the insurance company, though if Carson really intended for her to do some kind of financial work for him. He hadn't been that specific about what it was but she got the impression it involved money somehow.

He said he could use someone good with numbers. Maybe it was counting money! Although, really, that wasn't very difficult. Especially since there were machines that did it automatically.

She sighed as she unhappily combed her fingers through her hair. The thing about her job with the insurance company was it was very peaceful and predictable and brought no stress with it. That was one of the reasons she liked it. So far, being a DEA agent was the exact opposite of that.

And what about Carson? He did not seem to be a very predictable person either. Then again, part of what had thrilled her about the sex had been how completely unpredictable, how wild and uncontrolled it was. Maybe she had made her life too calm and predictable. Maybe she needed a little more excitement in it.

Although shooting people was a bit much. She pondered that a long second, wondering if she ought to be feeling some remorse for that. But they'd been thugs with guns and both of them were about to shoot her. No, they definitely deserved it. Nothing to be sorry about on her part.

She spent some time considering exactly what she was going to tell her supervisor at the DEA. She would tell him that the drive home by Carson had been friendly, that he had seemed interested, and that he had asked for her phone number. No, she couldn't do that! They would tap her phone! And God knows what he might say to her!

In fact, he was bound to call her eventually. And she wasn't entirely certain the DEA wouldn't want to tap her phone anyway, whether it thought she was pretending to date him or pretending to work for him! She was going to have to do something about that. She couldn't have him making some sly, offhand remark about how he loved having sex with her or talk about her shooting those two men when the DEA might be listening.

She was going to have to get an untraceable phone, a burner phone. Of course, the DEA could still tap it and trace it if they knew she had it. But if they didn't, then they couldn't very well listen in on her phone calls.

She decided she had better get on that as fast as possible. Carson had her phone number and she had no idea when the DEA might get suspicious of something.

*

The knock on her door surprised and alarmed her. She stared at it warily, then, pulled up her

phone to check the feed from the discrete little camera in the hall. It showed Daniel Lopez standing there. That made her purse her lips. Did he know she'd slept with Carson? If he did was he angry, disappointed, upset with her? Did he not know and was still intent on seducing her? She didn't need him anymore since he'd just been a path to Carson, but he did live in the building, and Carson might have sent him.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Hey, baby. It's me," he said.

She frowned. It wasn't like they had a relationship where she'd ever invited him to come and see her, after all. Still, she had accepted a date with him, so it would be odd not to open the door. She did so, reluctantly.

He leered at her, though all she was wearing was her usual sitting around the house sweatpants and tank top.

"Sorry about the date," he said. "Fuckin' cops are all assholes."

"They let you go?"

"Of course! I mean, I'm on bail but hey, it's a nothing charge."

She frowned at him suspiciously. The kind of girl she was, and the kind she was pretending to be, wanted nothing to do with men who got arrested and charged by the police.

She was debating how to put that politely when he shrugged and said "Anyways, I'm here to pick you up since Liam said he's hiring you. That's pretty cool. Nice to have some eye candy around the place, y'know."

"Uhm, you're here to drive me to... to where?"

"To Liam so he can show you what he wants you to do."

She had a pretty good idea about the sorts of things Carson wanted her to do!

"Nobody said anything to me." She frowned. "I'm hardly dressed for going out."

"Hey, don't get dressed up, but you might want to put on something else since it's pretty fuckin' hot out."

"I don't generally approve of obscene language," she said. "And I'm not at all sure I want to work for Mister Liam Carson. He's a rude man."

"Rude?!" he laughed. "You want I should tell him that?"

"I can tell him that myself. Wait a moment and I'll put something else on."

She closed the door before he could object. She had no intention of letting him wait for her inside and poke around in her things. Or worse, try to interrupt her changing.

She hurried to the bedroom, her mind swirling as she tried to decide what to wear. She still wanted to look sexy – for a number of reasons. Cute, sexy girls weren't considered dangerous, for one. For another, she wanted Carson to remain interested. And for a third... for a third and despite the fact she knew very well she shouldn't, she wanted more of that scalding hot sex with him!

Preferably without him strapping her bare bottom this time! Of all the gall!

She didn't want to appear to be trying, though. So, she pulled a pair of low-riding gray cargo pants from a drawer, then hesitated again. She stripped off her underwear and pulled on a thong. But the straps were too high. She tried another and another, cursing softly.

She preferred the kind with the thin straps angling up high across her abdomen to her hips and that just wouldn't work with the low-slung pants unless she wanted everyone to see them. And that would be so gauche!

She sighed and pulled on the G-string, then slipped on the trousers. The strap stayed hidden, if barely. She got a thin brown belt and slipped it through the loops, and the memory of him sliding his own belt out of the loops of his pants to use it on her came to mind.

That gave her a sense of indignation but the memory of herself naked and bound, her breasts pressed against the door as he came at her made her nipples tingle.

A moment later she looked out the window at how bright and sunny it was, then took out a small

crop top and pulled it on. It was relatively tight and ended just below her breasts. In combination with the cargo pants she'd be showing a lot of midriff, but that was okay. She had a great, firm belly.

She slipped her burner phone into one of the thigh pockets, her wallet into another, and things like house keys into others before brushing her hair, then pulling on a pair of sneakers.

Lopez looked irritated when she opened the door but his face rapidly shifted to another leer as his eyes raked her over.

"Nice," he said in approval. "You look nice and... fit."

"Thank you," she said primly, turning and locking the door behind her. "I'm still not at all sure I want to accept Mister Carson's offer of employment. I will see what sort of employment he's offering first."

"He's offering a shitload of money, babe. Everyone who works for Liam makes out like bandits. Just don't cross him, you dig?"

"Cross him?"

"That usually means talking about stuff to other people you shouldn't be or trying to steal from him."

"I'm neither a gossip nor a thief," she said disapprovingly.

"Course not! Just saying is all!"

They went down in the elevator to the garage, with Lopez taking several opportunities to 'guide her' along by putting his hand against her bare back.

They reached a Silver Mercedes and she waited for him to unlock the passenger door but instead, his hands caressed her shoulders as he moved up close behind.

"Y'know, you and me still haven't had that date," he said.

"Hmm, we'll have to see about that," she said, easing aside as she felt him pressing himself in against her buttocks.

He smiled widely.

"Nice car, huh?" he said with a grin.

"Yes. It must be expensive." And very easily noticed, she thought.

"It's worth it. And like I said when you work with Liam you're gonna make a fortune."

He pressed a button on a key fob and the car beeped. She smiled tentatively and opened the passenger door as he moved around and got in the other side.

If she had a hundred thousand dollars she would have invested it in stock from Apple and Google and Microsoft, not an expensive car that depreciates in value, Wren thought. Though perhaps a fast car was useful if you were a criminal.

He started the engine and revved it.

"Feel the power, babe?"

She made a noncommittal noise and he put the car in gear and drove up out of the garage, his tires screeching a little as he accelerated rapidly.

Wasting fuel, she thought to herself.

"You don't worry, babe. Me and you'll be working close together," he said, his right hand dropping onto her thigh and caressing her leg through her pants.

She pushed her hands down and frowned at him and he grinned and drew his hand back.

She asked a number of questions about the car to try to keep the conversation on that and not on them making up their lost date. He was proud of owning a Mercedes and she was able to distract him that way for most of the ride.

They went south and then west, away from the ocean before turning off before a long, low-slung bungalow which sat well back of a six-foot-high fence. The lower half of the fence was brick with black steel bars making up the top. Two black steel gates blocked access to the half-circle drive leading up to the front door.

Across the street was another bungalow, but high hedges around it blocked any sight of them

from there as the gate slid aside and they drove through.

“Lots of privacy here,” he said. “Nice house, too.”

She got out of the car and looked around. He was right. The next house over on this side of the street was also blocked by tall hedges and trees, and on the other side was an empty lot being used to store bricks, stones, and wood.

That didn’t mean cameras in the hedges couldn’t watch them, however. She would have put a couple of more leafy trees over on one side. They certainly had the room.

He unlocked the front door by pressing in a code on a keypad, and winked at her smugly, as if showing her how trusted he was.

She memorized the code as a matter of course. And thought that if the DEA did have a camera in the hedges or trees across the street they’d have had it too since he made no attempt to shield himself when he punched it in. There were some low plants in a garden alongside the driveway. She’d have put in tall, leafy bushes.

Honestly, were these people amateurs? There didn’t even look to be a camera around so they could see who was coming.

Lopez led her into the bungalow. She wasn’t surprised to find it was a mess. The floors needed cleaning, the carpets needed vacuuming, and there were too many things left strewn idly around. She scowled around her as he led her up the hall toward the bedrooms. The first one on the right looked out into the backyard, and it had tables and steel storage cabinets in it. The table was stacked with money held together with rubber bands. Lots of money. And lots of rubber bands. She blinked at it, her jaw dropping, trying to estimate how much was there.

“Holy...”

“Lotta money, huh?”

She walked to the table and picked up a double fistful of bills, examining them.

“How much is here?”

“Yo, baby, that’s someone else’s job.”

His hand ran down her back and squeezed her bottom and she moved away so it would fall off.

“Maybe yours if you play your cards right.”

Carson came up the hall from another room, grinning at her.

“So what do you think of your office, honey?”

“My office?”

She scowled at the room, its dirty floor, the cheap-looking storage cabinets, and the empty pop bottles, beer cans, and a garbage bag overflowing with empty food packages. A part of her was appalled but another part of her was itching to put everything to rights, clean and tidy everything, and bring order to it.

“I’m hoping you can look after the money coming in, and payments going out.”

“In cash?!” she asked in disbelief.

“Cash is the least traceable form of money,” he replied dryly.

“Yes but... it brings all kinds of other problems, like how do you get it into a bank so you can use it.”

“Yeah, that has been an issue. Usually, we find someone who needs to sell something and offer them a bonus if they’ll take it in cash. Then we launder money through them.”

She tsked in irritation.

“Also, we deposit a few hundred a night into various accounts. As long as it’s not too high a deposit the banks don’t have to report it.”

She glared at him. “You think the government is stupid? The banks have to report it if you deposit a large amount of cash over a period of time. You’ll have the IRS down on you at a minimum.”

He frowned in surprise.

“And the IRS probably tells the FBI and others when they’re suspicious about the source of

undeclared income. You should be putting this into a foreign bank that doesn't cooperate with the US, like one in the Cayman Islands or Bermuda."

"How the fuck you do that?" Lopez asked.

"You fly there and go up to the door and deposit it that way."

"Doesn't the government wonder why you got tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash when you get on a plane?"

"Only if they find it. It won't turn up on an X-ray machine. Or you could get a boat or private plane and go that way I suppose. I haven't really given this sort of thing much thought since I don't have a lot of illegally gained money."

"What makes you think it's illegal?" Carson asked with a half grin.

She let her eye roll up. "Do you really think I'm that dumb after that little adventure the other day? You've got something to do with drugs."

"And that doesn't bother you?"

She shrugged. "I suppose I disapprove in theory. Whether I disapprove in practice depends on a variety of factors I'm not yet aware of."

She opened one of the cabinets – it wasn't locked and her eyes widened. Every shelf was filled with thick packets of money!

"How much cash do you even have here?!" she exclaimed.

"Uhm, not sure entirely," Carson said, a little embarrassed. "See, the guy we had taking care of money ran off."

"With how much money?" she asked dryly.

"Uhm, we're not sure."

She shook her head. "And does he know about this place?"

"Hey, we ain't idiots!" Lopez said.

"We just moved in here a short time ago. It uhm, could still use some work."

She opened another storage cabinet and found more money, then a third.

"Jumping Jesus," she said. "What are you going to do with all this cash?!"

"I've got some ideas, but I'm not sure yet."

She scowled at him and he shrugged.

"Was this where we were yesterday?"

"No. That was another place."

"How many people, how many... business acquaintances of yours know about it?"

"So far nobody."

"Keep it that way."

He nodded and then frowned. "You know, when I said you'd come and work for me I meant you do what I tell you, not the other way around."

"Wish she'd do what I tell her," Lopez said with a leer.

She snorted and shook her head, examining the computer, an old slow one she thought with disapproval.

"Where does all this cash come from?" she finally demanded. "Exactly?"

"Drugs!" Lopez said.

She scowled at him then looked at Carson.

"We move product north and hand it off to people here. Sometime later they hand us money, which is to be moved south. We get paid a certain amount for our services."

"So this money isn't all yours?"

"No. Most of it is due for payment for the product we've moved."

"Good, that simplifies things. Uh, how do you move all this money south?"

"We fly it across the border. Nobody is looking for smuggling *into* Mexico."

"Why fly it to Mexico? Why not fly it to the Caribbean?"

They looked at her in confusion.

“Why would we do that?”

She shook her head. “That you two aren’t in prison is an indictment of American policing.”

Lopez frowned at her. “Whas that mean?”

She ignored him and turned to Carson.

“Right. To start with I need this place cleaned. I suppose it’s too much to ask you have a mop and pail? Maybe even soap?”

“Place looks okay to me,” Carson said.

“That’s because you are a pig.”

Lopez snickered.

“So are you.”

She jerked his hand off her bottom again.

Also, I want an air conditioner in here. You can buy a simple window air conditioner for a few hundred dollars. Get the kind which leaves the window free. I like natural light.”

“Huh? Wha -- ?”

“It’s called a saddle air conditioner. They’ll have them at Home Depot.”

She pushed past a frowning Carson and went up the hall to look for a mop and pail. There was a small closet in the kitchen, and she found a pail there, but no mop. Muttering, she went to the kitchen sink, then crouched down and looked underneath. She found a half-empty plastic jug of floor cleaner but nothing else but a nearly empty plastic packet of sponges, with one left.

She sighed and stood up as she heard the front door open. She turned and saw Lopez leave as Carson came into the kitchen.

“I hope he’s going for a mop and an air conditioner.”

“Yeah, I told him what to buy.”

“Good, now I want -- .”

He put his finger against her lips.

“First, I think we need to set a few things straight about who’s the boss here. And in case you were wondering, it’s not you.”

He gripped her arm and marched her out of the kitchen.

“Hey!” she squawked.

He marched her down the hall and into the other room, then his hand gripped the back of her neck and bent her over the table.

“See all that? That says I know what I’m doing.”

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom stingingly and she yelped in pain.

“Now, let’s discuss employer-employee relations.”

Chapter Seven

“Ow! Hey!”

“This is one beautiful little ass. I mention that the last time we talked?” he asked, his hand kneading her buttocks.

His hands slid up her sides, catching the bottom of her crop top along the way and peeling it up into her armpits, then the force of his pull caused her arms to raise as he slid the top up over her head and off.

“Wha – what are you... doing?!” she gasped, a sudden rush of heat sweeping through her.

“Setting some rules,” he replied as his fingers nimbly undid her bra and then jerked it off.

Wren grabbed at it but he pulled it free and tossed it behind them before pulling her upright and spinning her around to face him. Then his big hand virtually encircled her neck and squeezed softly. She gasped and grabbed at his wrist with both hands, but unless she was prepared to do something serious she was far too weak to dislodge him.

“Drop your hands to your sides,” he said in a low, steady tone, his eyes on hers.

She hesitated, then dropped her hands to her sides, her pulse getting faster and faster.

“I am the guy in charge,” he said, tightening his fingers a little.

She felt his other hand undoing her belt, then popping the clasp of her pants before pushing down inside. That produced another hot jolt of something dark and thrilling as she felt his big fingers sliding down inside the thin string of her G-string then down across the neat, tight line of her sex.

“You are the girl who does what she’s told to do.”

His fingers moved up and down against her, unerringly finding the already swelling button at the top of her sex as she began to feel her chest tightening.

“Let me hear you say ‘sir’.”

She looked at him in confusion for a long moment, then felt another hot little jolt.

“S-Sir,” she gulped.

His hand was far too big for her G-string, and its movements were dislodging her open pants, causing them to slide down her thighs. A moment later he turned his hand inside her G-string and then tore it entirely off her body!

Wren gasped, her hips jerking forward at the sharp, fast yank, but the string was thin and snapped even as it began to dig into her crotch. He spun her around and his grip shifted to the back of her neck, bending her over the table so far her breasts pillowed out against the pile of bills.

Crack!

“Ow! Stop that!”

Crack!

“Don’t give me orders, employee.”

He yanked her cargo pants the rest of the way down, then pulled her feet out from under her, yanking on her pants so that her sneakers popped off as well.

“Hey!”

“I like you naked. Spread your legs.”

“I don’t have – .”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Employees do what the boss tells them. Spread your legs, employee.”

Wren swallowed and obeyed, feeling that dark rush of sexual energy and pressure growing within her. His hand caressed her buttocks as he continued to grip the back of her neck with his other hand. She felt his fingers tracing the line of her sex, then one dipped inside, rubbing and turning, then sinking deeper.

“Now I expect my employees to show me a certain amount of respect as their boss. Understand, employee?”

“Y-Yes!”

Crack!

“That's yes sir.”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“I don't insist you stay naked *all* the time,” he said, his voice sounding amused now, “But if you're going to work and it's hot and sweaty that makes sense, don't you think? Glad you agree.”

His finger dipped in and out of the mouth of her sex while another gently brushed across her clitoris.

“You ever consider dying your hair blonde?”

“No!”

“You should. It would go well with your coloring. Now don't move. Hear? Stay exactly like this.”

He pulled his hands off her and then left the room, leaving Wren bent over the table, her legs spread apart, naked to anyone who might come in! She felt sudden anxiety that someone else might be in the house. But surely he'd have mentioned that!

And why was she staying in this position anyway? She didn't have to do what he told her! Although clearly it was part of his masculine posturing with that tying-people-up bondage game stuff he'd done the previous time.

She started to straighten but heard his footsteps on the wooden hall floor and quickly dropped back down again. She didn't want that hand slapping her bottom if she could prevent it!

He returned and hummed to himself at the sight of her from behind.

“Gorgeous,” he said. “You really are a beautiful little sex doll.”

“I am not a doll!”

Crack!

“Don't contradict the boss.”

She felt something pressing against her sex as one of his hands pushed down on her back.

“What is that!?”

“A present I thought you'd like.”

It was thick, though not quite as thick as him and... was it her imagination? It didn't feel quite... round. It felt more oval, pressing against the front and back walls of her sex more than the sides as he pumped it slowly in and out. It felt slick, as if lubricated, and her heart beat faster as it slid deeper.

Then it felt as if some sort of base was pressing against her sex from outside, a curved base which followed the contours of her body in front, angling up and back across the top of her sex.

He gripped what turned out to be a pair of straps and drew them up across her abdomen, then angled out across the top of her hips. Another strap went up between her buttocks and joined the other two. Then another went tight around her waist just above her hips.

“What the hell – ?” she gasped.

He grinned and pulled her upright and she stared down between her legs. The thin base covered her sex, though just barely, and the straps... the straps seemed to be made of some kind of flexible silver material. There was no give in it, though, as she discovered when she tried to push it down over her hips.

“How does this come off?” she demanded.

“You don't need to know that.”

He picked up a small plastic box and a moment later Wren squealed and grabbed at her crotch as the thing inside her began to vibrate! And not just the part inside her either. It felt as if the base pressed against her was also vibrating! It was extremely uncomfortable!

“Liam!” she cried, half bent over as she squeezed her thighs together.

“Don't worry, you'll get used to it.”

“Turn it off!” she gasped.

He turned her and slapped her bottom sharply.

“Employees don't give orders to bosses,” he said.

“I mean it!” she squealed.

His hand encircled her throat again and then began to squeeze down.

Wren gasped and instinctively grabbed at his wrist.

“Hands at your sides,” he said sternly.

She moaned and gasped, but dropped her hands, her body trembling, her thighs grinding together.

He leaned in and also pulled her forward by the neck, kissing her passionately.

She realized as he eased back that the discomfort was fading. The thing was still vibrating, but somehow or other her body was getting used to the sensations. It still felt very awkward, though!

He squeezed her throat a little more and she gasped as she struggled to breathe, then he pushed down, and she sank onto her knees before him.

“Sit on your heels,” he ordered.

Gasping, panting, her head starting to throb, she obeyed.

“Hands behind your neck. Arch your back.”

She obeyed again, feeling a little dark thrill of heat as his fingers eased and then slid off her. He straightened and looked down at her as she knelt in place, sitting on her heels with her hands behind her neck.

“Fucking gorgeous!” he said.

He combed his fingers through her hair. “Wait here a minute.”

He left the room and Wren dropped her eyes, staring at the flat, silver base of the thing inside her. It felt very weird! But the discomfort level continued to ease. She took her hands from behind her neck and reached down, seeing if she could pull the base back a little, but it was solid and immovable. She'd need something to cut the stupid straps!

She gasped at a sound and jerked her hands up and back behind her head again, arching her back.

What if someone else came in and saw her like this!?

Anxiety tempered the dark heat somewhat as she heard the kitchen tap running and wondered what else he had planned. Then he returned and set a pail of water down.

“Here's your pail of soapy water,” he said. “And a sponge. Aren't I nice?”

“I can't clean the floor with a sponge!”

“Of course, you can. It'll just take a little longer.”

“But... but – .”

“The boss makes the decisions. The employee obeys.”

He snapped his fingers at her and pointed at the pail.

“Get over there and start scrubbing. And you better do a good job. I've a mind to make you lick the floor to prove you weren't slacking.”

“I... I will do no such thing!” she said in startled indignation.

“Come here,” he ordered sternly, pointing at the floor.

Wren opened her mouth to protest but a dark heat and hunger roiled her mind and she uncertainly dropped onto her hands, then crawled forward several feet to where the pail was.

“Good girl,” he said, patting her head.

What the fuck? she thought wonderingly.

“Now start cleaning.”

This is ridiculous, she thought, looking at the sponge floating in the water.

“But this will take too long. I should be doing other things!”

He snorted and bent over, his hand gripping the back of her neck and pushing. Such was his weight and strength she was immediately forced down onto her elbows, and then, gasping, down further, until her breasts pillowed out against the floor.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“No arguing with the boss, employee.”

Crack!

“That hurts!”

“Of course it hurts,” he said in amusement.

He released her and opened a drawer in a cabinet, then turned back to her again.

“I can see you'll need to be taught discipline,” he said as she sat back up on her heels.

He gripped her hair and pulled it back, forcing her head back further and further.

“Hands at your sides,” he barked when she raised them.

She moaned and obeyed and he pushed a black ball against her mouth. She recognized it at once, of course, thought for a moment about resisting, then opened her mouth wide as he pushed the ball-gag past her lips. He drew the straps across her cheeks, then pulled her hair aside to buckle the thing behind her.

“There. Now you can't bitch and complain anymore. The perfect thing for sexy employees to wear when I'm not having them suck my cock.”

She flushed at his words, then gasped as he jerked her forward onto her hands and knees again.

“Now start cleaning or you'll be licking some awfully dirty floors.”

He laughed and slapped her bottom again before leaving the room.

This is ridiculous! she thought again.

She reached up and back, her fingers feeling along the straps until she discovered where they were locked together. Her fingers pulled and twisted, trying to figure out how to undo them, but failed. Then she reached behind her back for the straps there, trying to find where they were joined together, but while she found a square metal-feeling clasp she couldn't seem to get it to open!

And the vibrations seemed to be getting worse!

She made an unhappy sound, then looked at the mop again before hesitantly reaching in and grasping the sponge. The water was hot, but not too hot for her to get her hand wet as she plunged it in and picked out the sponge, then squeezed it firmly before bringing it forward against the floor at the corner of the room.

I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought as she began to scrub the floor.

There was little question in her mind why he had set her to such a task. It was because he was amusing himself by sexually dominating her. That didn't confuse her. She had read up on it and sort of knew what this sort of kinky sex game entailed. It did surprise her he hadn't had sex with her first. She had noted he had an erection pressing against his tight jeans. Why had he put it off?

She scrubbed carefully, then dunked and squeezed the sponge again to shift a little to her right.

Surely he wouldn't really make her lick the floor! There was no way she would do that! That would be far too degrading!

She dunked and squeezed and scrubbed, moving from left to right, her breasts wobbling beneath her as she scrubbed. The vibrations seemed to be deepening, and were not really very uncomfortable anymore. In fact, the vibrations felt kind of... good.

It was certainly darkly sexual to be on all fours naked as she was, scrubbing! And with a ball-gag in her mouth! This was the most astonishingly sexual cleaning task she had ever undertaken!

She shifted further away from the wall, backing up a couple of feet, and moving the pale, as well.

Then she resumed her scrubbing. She let her mind float a little on various images, various thoughts, most of them darkly sexual. One of them was him making her lick the floor like... like.. well, she didn't even know what that was like. The very idea was outrageous!

What a pervert he was!

She thought about Lopez coming back while she was scrubbing the floor like this and cringed mentally. She picked up the pace.

Her mind was preoccupied with lewd, sexual fantasies and thoughts as she scrubbed, and her body began to feel a rising tide of liquid sexual heat seeping through her pores. The area in and around her sex throbbed alarmingly and she found herself breathing harder, moaning around the ball gag filling her mouth.

This is so sick! she thought. I'm way smarter than them! I should be doing things with that money! Like figuring out how to launder it.

Instead, she was naked on all fours scrubbing a floor!

She made her way to the far side of the room, then tugged the pail back a couple of feet and started moving back. As she did she found herself unconsciously squeezing her thighs together around the vibrator again. It felt strange down there, but no longer like something horribly itchy she wanted to scratch. Now it felt like something... else altogether.

As she scrubbed she felt the sexual pressure growing within her, felt the heaviness of her breasts as they throbbed below her, her nipples hard and tingling excitedly. She paused several times to squeeze them with her left hand and finger her nipples. She tried to push her fingers down inside the metal base covering her pussy but couldn't because it was too tight.

This is soooo slutty, she thought, becoming more and more breathless as she worked, as her chest tightened and her body pulsed with excitement and need.

She was halfway through the room and sweltering in the heat. She paused and gasped for breath, moaning around the gag. She was hot outside and in, but they were different kinds of heat.

I want a cock inside me, she thought hungrily.

She thought about him coming in and taking her just like this, pulling the vibrator thing free and ramming himself home, fucking her hard and fast so that her very bones shook to the violence of his strokes. That just made her more aroused, though, without being able to do anything about it.

She scrubbed harder and faster, wanting an excuse to go and see him, to tell him she was done, to get him to mount her and fuck her. Why wasn't he already doing that? She knew he wanted to! Everyone wanted to fuck her, after all. Everyone told her how hot and sexy she was, how beautiful her face and body were.

Why doesn't he come and fuck me? she thought hungrily, scrubbing hard.

She dunked and squeezed the sponge again, continuing to scrub.

God! I'd even take that idiot Lopez if he wanted to do me now!

To her shock, she realized that was almost true! The idea of him coming in and seeing her like this, then dropping behind her and fucking her was ... hot! Not that she'd really allow it, of course. She wasn't that far gone! Not... quite.

But as a fantasy it was hot! Thinking about herself as some kind of helpless, mindless, naked sex toy who was available for the use of any man who came across her was wickedly thrilling, somehow. He'd taken her in much the same position the other day, after all. And the memories were crystal clear!

And she had sort of understood the submissiveness of the position yesterday while he was pounding away at her. But it was much more obvious to her now! And her mind was becoming rapidly inflamed with wicked thoughts and imagery as she panted for breath around the ball-gag.

She kept scrubbing, reaching up to squeeze her breasts more often now, furtively glancing behind her towards the door, not wanting to be caught. She sat up and back on her heels, rubbing the back of her wrist across her forehead.

God, I'm sweating like a pig, she thought. I wonder when Lopez is getting back with that air

conditioner.

That sent another dark shudder through her, imagining herself like this when he came into the room.

She dropped back onto all fours and continued scrubbing, wanting to get the room finished quickly.

Soon she was backing towards the door, and then out of it, quickly scrubbing the last few feet with the sponge before dropping it back into the pail and sitting up and back on her heels once more. She glanced down the hall, then up the hall, wondering where he was.

He can't object if I go and find him and show him I finished, she thought anxiously.

She pushed herself to her feet, squeezed her breasts, then slid her hand down to squeeze against the firm, unyielding base of the vibrator that was still purring away inside her and driving her crazy. She combed her fingers through her hair and then walked down the hall to the living room. It was still empty and messy.

He better not try and get me to clean the floor out here with the sponge, she thought, looking down.

She walked back up the hall and found another small room with a table at one end and cabinets along the walls. She frowned and went to the cabinets, opening one. There was no money inside, though, just lots of guns and ammunition. That included automatic rifles.

The next cabinet was full of all kinds of hardware, from tools to nails and screws and bolts, to ropes and electrical cords. She muttered to herself and moved further down the hall, where she found a closed door. She pushed it open and frowned. The room was full of boxes of liquor. It was tequila, to be exact. What on earth were they doing with all this? She turned around and yelped in surprise for he was right behind her.

He grabbed her by the neck again, pushing her back against the metal cabinet. And once again she reached up to grab his wrists. This time he merely frowned and she dropped her wrist to her sides.

"Why aren't you scrubbing the floor like a good little sex doll?"

She scowled at him and he tightened his fingers around her throat.

"Curious little girls that wander around other people's houses could get into trouble," he said.

He tightened his grip still further so that it was difficult to breathe and then pushed her down onto her knees between him and the cabinet.

"Put your hands up above your head," he ordered.

Wren hesitantly obeyed and he grabbed a rope from the open cabinet, quickly wrapping it around her wrists. He tied them to the handle of the cabinet, then reached behind her head and undid the straps holding the gag in place. He pulled it out of her mouth and then gathered her hair into his fist.

"Open your mouth wide, sex doll."

Wren moaned but obeyed as he unzipped and pulled his cock out. He rubbed it back and forth against her face then jerked back on her hair until her head banged into the cabinet before pushing himself into her mouth. She started to lick at him but had little chance before he thrust himself deep into her throat.

He pinned her there against the cabinet, his hips moving in and out as he fucked her face and throat.

It was... difficult, but Wren managed to keep from gagging too much as he slid his big cock in and out. It was unexpected, and she instinctively pulled against the ropes and his harsh grip on her hair. But his thighs were almost pressing in against her shoulders so she was utterly helpless to do anything but kneel in place as he used her mouth and throat.

There was nothing in what he was doing that should have pleased her or excited her at all. Yet somehow it did. It was the dark, wicked reality of being so powerfully dominated, at being so helpless and at his mercy. She let herself wallow in the image of her own victimhood, feeling a strange, almost masochistic rush of heat as she let herself fantasize about being his prisoner, being his captive.

She tried to draw her thighs together again, but he was standing too close to her. She moaned weakly as his cock slid in and out of her throat, barely able to draw in sufficient air and wincing against the pain in her scalp as he tugged on her hair.

He pulled out, and she gasped for breath as he rubbed himself over her face.

"Tell me you're my sex doll," he growled. "Say it!"

She coughed and gulped in air. "I'm your sex doll," she gasped.

He thrust himself back into her mouth and down her throat, pulling her hair back sharply so that her back was forced to arch up and out, her body trembling as he drove the thick, slick cock up and down in her tight throat. He pulled out again and she coughed and gasped for breath.

He dropped to a squat in front of her then reached behind her and undid one of the clasps holding the vibrator thing against her. He tugged it free and then pushed in two thick fingers. Wren felt a sense of cringing embarrassment as she realized she was sopping wet inside.

"Tell me you're my slut," he ordered, his fingers pumping in and out.

He added a third finger and she shuddered, her back arching as he thrust them deep, twisting and turning them inside her.

"Oh! Uh! Ahh!" she gasped.

He pushed them all the way in to the curve of his thumb then pressed his thumb against her swollen clitoris and held it there unmoving.

"Tell me you're my slut, baby. Say it."

His other hand slid around her throat again and squeezed firmly.

"Say it!"

"I'm your slut," she gasped.

He tightened his grip and she gasped as he jerked her head back against the cabinet.

"You forgot to say sir. Try again."

"I-I'm y-your slut, sir," she gurgled weakly.

"Spread your legs, slut."

Wren gasped dazedly and jerked her legs as wide apart as she could as his fingers thrust wetly in and out of her body. His thumb began to stroke rapidly across her burning clitoris and her hips began to buck and grind back against him with a desperate hunger.

Her back arched and she twisted and writhed as his fingers thrust into her and his thumb stroked faster. Her hips thrust out and back against his fingers as her eyes became glassy. Then the orgasm hit and she would've screamed had she any air to do it with. Her movements became more violent as she twisted and jerked, her buttocks slamming back against the cabinet again and again as he rammed his fingers into her hard and fast.

She thought her head would explode with the pressure as her body flamed hotly, her mind tumbling and turning in the churning liquid heat, drowning her in pleasure. He released her throat and she drew in great, shuddering breathes, crying out in dazed pleasure as her body convulsed and his fingers continued to send waves of pleasure through her mind.

Then he scooped her legs up and pushed them back against the cabinet. He held them back with his chest as he reached down and fit his stiff cock to her sex, then thrust himself home.

Wren groaned, glassy-eyed as he gripped her ankles and forced them back hard against the metal cabinet behind her, leaning in and thrusting hard and fast into her overheated sex. His hips began to pound against her upraised buttocks and Wren felt battered as the cabinet shook behind her and his heavy weight crushed her between them.

"Gorgeous, sexy little slut!" he gasped as he drove himself home with hunger and need.

Chapter Eight

It took Wren very little time to set up and register several corporations with the island of Nevis in the Caribbean. She gave them phony names and faxed them signatures. Then, also over the internet, she set up bank accounts in the Cayman Islands under the names of those corporations.

Lopez disappeared during this time but Carson wandered in from time to time to see what she was doing and they discussed ways of laundering the cash and getting it into the bank, ways to improve the security around the bungalow, and her 'salary'. During that time she virtually forgot she was supposed to be a DEA agent getting information on him.

In fact, she found the intellectual challenge of laundering the cash and getting around the law to be much more interesting than what the DEA wanted. Not to mention the longer she put off telling them about the shooting and her sex with Carson the more impossible it seemed to her.

It would inevitably come out if he was arrested. Therefore, she had to make sure he wasn't arrested. That was causing her a certain amount of stress which she was ignoring by focusing on money laundering as an intellectual exercise. The DEA had taught her a lot about how it was done, after all, and where the best tax havens and most corrupt banks were.

She just had to physically get the money there.

"We need a private jet or at least a private plane," she said. "With a pilot that won't ask questions."

"There are lots of those around."

It didn't take long to figure out why there were boxes of tequila in the other room. There were even more, along with cases of Mexican beer in the basement. Most of it was just plain old alcohol, destined for a group of Latin-themed bars, clubs, and taverns Carson had bought to launder money through. It arrived for free, a part of his payment for smuggling cocaine. This let him sell the liquor at his bars at a 100% profit.

It also let him smuggle in liquid cocaine in certain of the bottles. Then he put them in a machine which treated the liquid with heat and turned it back into its powder form. It was rather ingenious, really, she thought, revising her opinion of his intelligence.

Of course, free alcohol wasn't nearly enough to pay for his smuggling services. He got cash, too, and lots of it. He also had to smuggle the cash from sales back to Mexico, but that was relatively simple since the authorities were not really looking at smuggling into Mexico from the US.

He seemed to be working for two main customers, both Mexican cartels who were more or less but not always at peace with each other: the Romeros and the Blancos. The Romeros' cocaine was smuggled in with beer, the Blancos' with tequila.

She persuaded him to put discrete cameras in place outside, and to have Lopez buy and install a group of tall bushes in front of the main door. Over the course of the next week, they also had the door and frame replaced with a steel-core door and steel frame which would be very hard to break down, and bars were put on the windows.

She didn't suggest any of it to make it harder for the police to break in, of course, but with an eye to the people – he still wouldn't say who – that had accosted him at the other bungalow. That was a part of the business he remained tight-mouthed about.

Lopez was an all-purpose handyman who drove trucks and made cash deliveries back across the

border. He was also armed muscle when Carson needed it. A third member of the group, one she didn't meet for several days, was Randal Moore. He was a large man with a shaved head and broad chest, also used as muscle she was sure. But he appeared to be a lot more shrewd than Lopez, and he and Carson discussed plans and intentions fairly openly around her as she set up her counting and accounting system in the now-air-conditioned room.

She used counting machines to both count and bundle the cash as it came in, then carefully stacked it in large bundles in the new secure cabinet she had bought at an office supply store. Once the cabinet was full she carried the cash to the basement, where she saw his operation

The bungalow had a two-car garage on the basement level reached down an incline. That was where the beer and tequila were unloaded, the cocaine removed, then reloaded on vans for distribution to his clubs and bars.

The cocaine was also brought to the cartels' American distribution nets by the same vans, though their license plates were always changed for that. Carson didn't want any of his businesses connected with the cartels if the latter were clumsy enough to have police watching them.

The only part which was awkward was the cash they got alongside the free booze. The free alcohol made his already profitable clubs and bars far more so, of course, since they paid nothing for it. But there was only so much money he could launder through those clubs without someone at the banks getting suspicious.

And it was getting harder as debit and credit cards replaced cash, making large cash deposits seemed out of step with the other bars and clubs. Booze just wasn't that expensive in Florida. Of course, everyone marked it up, and the higher-end clubs marked it up the most. But those were also the clubs where there'd be less use of cash.

Only one of his clubs was higher-end, and that turned out to be a strip club. She found that out as they were discussing their large cash surplus, with both Lopez and Moore present in the now much more tidy living room.

"They have a lot of cash passing through them," he said with amusement.

"I bet you'd make a lot of money as a dancer, baby," Lopez added with a leer.

"She doesn't look like someone with much rhythm," Moore said.

"I dance quite well. Thank you," she said sternly.

"Especially if you're excited," Carson said.

She scowled at him.

"Uh oh. She's giving you a look, man," Moore said.

"She can give me whatever looks she wants just so long as she obeys the boss when he wants something."

"I wish I was the boss, Lopez said, his eyes raking her over. "I know what I want from her."

They were all looking at her like hungry wolves eyeing a sheep, but that was beginning to be familiar to Wren. Though she seldom was in the room with all three at once. Lopez had made no secret of wanting her from their first meeting. And while Moore was considerably more restrained the cool, appreciative looks he gave her hinted he had his own thoughts in that direction.

She'd often been in rooms where guys all wanted her, but rarely where they felt no particular reason to disguise their wanting. It had irritated and embarrassed her, at first, but she had not only gotten used to it she'd been having dark fantasies provoked by it.

After all, Carson had introduced her to his kinky games of bondage and domination. And those had been scalding. She had an imagination, and it had taken flight from there, giving her all kinds of new sexual fantasies to go along with her newfound expanded interest in sex.

All of it was driven by the hot, wicked, thrilling sex with Carson, sex like nothing she'd ever imagined before, giving her orgasms far more intense than she'd ever experienced. It had shifted her attitudes about sex and sexuality, and given her a newfound sense of pride, of a kind of smug arrogance in her sexual attractiveness to men, and in how much they all seemed to want her.

And that, and the heat which gripped much of the bungalow every day, had also inspired her to... dress down, so to speak. She wore skirts which were quite short, and halters or crop tops which were both short and tight. It wasn't exactly like she was taunting them as much as she liked their reaction.

This afternoon she wasn't even wearing a bra. Instead, she had on a vest which zipped up the front. It was zipped up high enough to have only a little cleavage, but even that was a lot for Wren since she'd rarely ever shown much outside of clubs before.

And truth to tell she hadn't displayed any here for the first several days. She was gradually becoming more... flexible in how much of her body she showed as her comfort level grew and her inhibitions dwindled.

"I'd pay to see a girl like Wren at a strip club," Moore said. "Even buy a lap-dance or two off her."

He grinned at her as he spoke.

"Don't hold your breath waiting," she replied.

"Might be good exercise," Carson said. "You've been complaining you aren't getting enough exercise lately."

"I just suggested putting in a treadmill!" she exclaimed in annoyance.

"We run around a lot as it is," Moore said.

"You can go swimming again," Carson said with a grin.

She scowled at him again. She'd done that the other day with him there, and had worn a very revealing bikini with a thong bottom. She hadn't known and he hadn't told her that Lopez and Moore would be coming over and then she'd had the choice of either squealing like a silly girl and running off while covering her body with her hands, or acting mature and dignified.

Naturally, she had chosen the latter, even as their eyes had drank her in and Lopez had gotten an erection. It had been... embarrassing, at least at first, but then after a short while she'd felt almost a sense of exhilaration, at showing herself off so 'brazenly' in front of both Carson and the other two.

It had even kind of turned her on, having them look at her in the skimpy bikini. So truth to tell, the thought of stripping in a club, though outrageous, and not something she'd EVER do, had her mind playing out fantasies where she exposed her new, exhibitionist side by flaunting her body in front of scores of appreciative men.

Which was why now, in the living room with the three of them she again felt a sense of egotistical pleasure at them all doing nothing to hide their appreciation of her. Even if it was behavior she'd have gone to HR over if they were all working at the insurance company.

"Maybe I will," she said coolly. "I didn't bring my bikini today, though."

"Hey, it's a private yard. You can skinny dip," Moore said.

She snorted. "I'm sure you'd like that."

"You bet."

"I would!"

"Okay by me."

She rolled her eyes at them.

"I am not going to take off my clothes just so you three can ogle me," she said.

"Ogle?"

"I just want to stare and maybe take some pictures," Moore said.

It was a very weird situation, she realized. She wasn't anybody's girlfriend. But she was having sex with Carson, and the others knew it. But since she wasn't really his girlfriend he saw no particular reason why he should object to whatever other men said about her.

So they all tended to make... appreciative remarks to her without much regard to whether human resources might reprimand them. Which was disconcerting on the one hand but strangely satisfying on the other.

"You're all pigs," she said.

“Oink, oink, baby,” Lopez said with a leer.

She threw up her hands and returned to her 'office', scooping bundles of money out of the counting machine, then adding the amount to her figures before taking it over to the cabinet. The cabinet was full again and she frowned, then sighed and picked up a plastic carry box she'd bought. She filled it with bundles of money from the cabinet, then carried it down the hall to the kitchen, and then downstairs to the basement.

It was idiotic to keep too much money in one place. Granted, it was a higher security cabinet than what she'd found, but it still wasn't much. She walked through the 'finished' part of the basement where boxes of beer and tequila were piled against the walls, the center of the room filled with his machines to draw the powder out of the liquid.

The 'unfinished' part held the furnace and water heater, and more boxes of tequila and beer. It also held a very large safe under the stairs hidden behind a false wall. She opened it and emptied the carton. With what was already inside the safe was now almost full. The safe was big enough to hold about a hundred million dollars if they were all hundreds. Few of them were. So she calculated there was about fifteen million dollars inside.

They really needed to find a way to get rid of all this cash.

She swung the heavy door closed and spun the dial then stood up and turned around, letting out a squeak of alarm as she discovered Carson had followed her down and was close behind her. Very close.

“Don't sneak up on me like that!” she exclaimed, slapping his chest and pushing past him.

“We need to fly some of this money out. It's dangerous keeping so much around.”

He caught her by the back of the neck and she gasped and tried instinctively to twist free.

“Didn't I tell you before not to struggle?” he growled.

She hesitated. “That... that's during your... kinky sex stuff!” she gulped.

He drew her back against him.

“And who says I don't want you being obedient all the time? Am I not the boss man?”

“You're not smart enough to be the boss,” she said, feeling her chest tighten with a strange, dark sense of excitement. “I should be the boss. I'm way smarter and better looking!”

He snorted and marched her forward, his hand still on the back of her neck.

Wren didn't struggle, feeling her pulse rate pick up as he pushed down on her shoulder and forced her to her knees. Then he pushed forward, and she gasped, her hands going out before her as he made her lay on her belly on the floor.

“What are you doing? This floor is cold and dirty!”

“Then I'll have to get you off of it quickly,” he said, releasing her.

He squatted on the floor and as she turned around and started to sit up she saw he had a rope which had a loop in it. He slipped it over her foot and tightened it around her ankle before she could jerk her foot back.

“Hey! What are you doing!?”

“Whatever I want. I'm the boss, remember.”

He stood up, rope in hand and she stared up at him in confusion until he drew the rope up above to one of the ceiling beams. There was a thick hook driven into it and he slipped the rope over it and then pulled.

Wren squealed as her foot was yanked up into the air, lifting her leg behind it.

“Hey!”

He pulled harder and her hips slid forward then rose off the floor, as well. Then as he kept pulling on the rope she found herself rising, inch by inch, up into the air, until only her head and shoulders were on the floor. And then not even them!

“Let me down, you pervert!” she gasped.

Her short skirt had fallen down around her hips now, baring her little thong and nearly bare buttocks. But he kept pulling until she couldn't even touch the floor with her fingertips.

“Are you crazy?!” she gasped. “What if Lopez or Moore come down!?”

“What if they do?” he asked in a mild voice.

“I don't want to flash them like this!”

“But I'm the boss so what I say goes.”

“Maybe I'll quit!”

“Quit? A quarter million a year pay?”

“A... a quarter million?!”

“I decided to give you a raise.”

He tied off the rope, then squatted in front of her, grinning. His big fingers went to the zipper and quickly unzipped her vest completely, then yanked it down and off before she could even try to resist.

“Liam!” she hissed.

“That's sir to you.”

He stood up and undid her skirt, which fastened at the side, and removed it. He looked at her for a moment, grinning, then tore her thong off, too, leaving her completely naked! Wren wanted to curse but couldn't do it very loudly in case the other men heard and came to investigate.

“This isn't exactly comfortable!” she gasped.

“It's comfortable for me.”

She was only being held aloft by one ankle, and that meant she other kept her other leg up straight alongside it or let it flop down on its own. Naturally, she kept her leg up high even as he grinned at her.

“Now I thought you needed a rest. You've been working hard. So you can have a little nap here.”

“I can't nap when I'm hanging upside down, you pervert! Freak!”

“Don't make me punish you,” he said, wagging his finger at her.

Then he turned and walked back into the finished part of the basement before going back upstairs!

Wren cursed softly, her head throbbing as the blood ran down. This wasn't exactly an erotic position as far as she was concerned. It was just... uncomfortable and awkward! She tried to pull herself up, and was in good enough shape to raise her upper body and grasp her bound leg with her hands, then slowly bend herself further, trying to reach her ankle.

After getting closer, though, she realized there was no knot there. He'd doubled up the rope and tightened the loop around her ankle, but the actual knot was up higher than her foot. She tried bending further up but the muscles in her abdomen gave out and she fell back with a gasp.

The muscle in her other leg was starting to burn from the effort of keeping it upright. It wasn't a great effort, but after some minutes passed it was still beginning to ache.

It took a while, but gradually her free leg began to sink down. She groaned and let her knee bend so her foot came down against her buttock. But the weight of her leg was a constant drag as the minutes passed. She listened fruitlessly for sounds of him returning, wondering how long he would let her hang like this.

Eventually, her leg began to pull itself downward. She groaned weakly, sweating badly by then with the effort and heat. But gravity had its way and her leg wound up pulled downward so it was hanging down against her chest, almost touching her left breast.

It was, she knew, an obscene position, but since no one was looking she supposed it didn't really matter. The obscenity of the position, though, began to heat her imagination up as she thought about him coming down and using her roughly – or worse, all three of them coming down!

She had to remind herself they were all criminals! And for all she knew murderers!

Finally, she heard feet on the steps and labored to pull her leg up so she wouldn't be so lewdly displayed, but she was working against the weight of her own leg and had little leverage. Her muscle was also worn out by then. And she had very little time.

Thankfully, it was only him and she felt a shudder of dark heat sweep through her as she slowly

let her leg lower once again.

“Nice view,” he said with a grin.

“Pervert!” she gasped.

“That's not showing your boss the respect he's owed, employee,” he said.

“Come closer and I'll show you respect!”

He grinned and she swung her fist at him but missed as he stepped back.

“What a rude little girl,” he said.

He leaned in and gripped her leg, then spun her around wildly.

Wren gasped but couldn't stop her spin.

“You're making me dizzy!”

“Then show more respect.”

He stopped her, standing behind her, then reached down and gripped her right hand. She couldn't see what he was doing but felt a rope going around it. He was on his knees and reached up for her left hand, but instead of tying it, he drew it and her arm back across her dangling left leg, then bent her arm at the elbow and pulled her wrist back behind her.

“Ah! Don't!” she squealed.

He ignored her, drawing her arm back slowly so that it squeezed her leg in tighter against her side, pulling until her foot was pointed straight down at the floor. Then he pulled the rope attached to her other wrist across and tied it firmly to her left wrist.

Now not only was her left leg pointed straight down – with her right leg pointed straight up – but it was locked in place, as were her arms, pulled behind her back!

“Much better,” he said.

He turned her around to face him, then knelt and fondled her breasts as he undid his pants. He pulled his erection out and gripped her by the hair. Wren moaned dazedly as he pushed his cock into her open mouth, but instinctively began to suck and lick as his free hand roamed up and down her body.

His fingers were able to easily reach her pussy as he pumped slowly in and out of her mouth, his fingers stroking across her clitoris as she felt dark waves of heat sweeping through her.

He tilted her head back and leaned in, sliding his cock down – or in this position up – into her throat, burying his cock and grinding her face against him as he sighed in pleasure.

“Once you've learned your place, beautiful, you'll make a great little sex slave,” he said.

Sex slave!? Wren shuddered as another rush of heat and glittering sexual energy rippled through her mind and body.

He pulled out and she coughed and gulped in air as he stood up. His hands gripped her hip and thigh to steady her, then he drove himself deep into her sex, deep into her belly, and began to thrust hard and fast in and out.

After a minute he pulled out, then turned her body around and slid himself in again. The difference was this time the fat, swollen head of his cock was pushing in against the front wall of her sex at an angle that made her gasp at every thrust.

When his fingers began to stroke across her clitoris she simply lost it. Her mind was overcome by a punishing rush of heat, hunger and need swirling and churning through her mind and body as she gaped upside down at the door across from her.

Her body jerked and shuddered as he drove his cock into her harder and faster, and then the orgasm hit and she wasn't able to restrain herself, issuing a long, undulating animal wail of pleasure as her muscles spasmed and her body twisted and jerked on the end of its single line.

Chapter Nine

After coming inside her, Carson pulled out, but then slid the thick vibrator down inside her. This time he didn't even have to strap it in place. Instead, he pushed a thick something into her bottom, and then seemed to clip the two together before returning upstairs.

Then the vibrator started to thrum with energy.

Wren felt a sense of unreality grip her. It was hard to believe she'd let herself be tied up like this upside down and naked with three men upstairs! And only one was her... lover!

That seemed a strange description for the impersonal, if darkly heated sex they had. Certainly, it wasn't about love, even a little bit. It was about lust. And as the vibrator buzzed she moaned and whimpered as lust began to rise within her once again.

She was completely and utterly helpless! Naked and splayed open and ready for any man who happened by! She couldn't escape that dark, edgy thought, wondering if Carson would keep the other two men from coming downstairs, or... not!

The vibrator had the same effect it had had before, only worse. Her body was already suffused with heat, this time, and she was sopping wet before he'd turned it on. There was little discomfort this time, just a buzzing, throbbing sense of her nerve endings being made to crackle like live wires.

But while the vibrator pulled her into a feverish sense of lust and heat it wasn't – quite – enough to bring her to climax. Not sitting unmoving the way it was. Not with the base resting lightly against the outside of her sex.

She moaned and gasped and whined in heat but could do nothing at all to bring herself off. Nor could she call to Liam in case the other men heard. She twisted idly on the end of the rope, panting for breath, her entire body thrumming with sexual tension, desperately hoping he would come back soon.

When she heard footsteps on the stairs she stared eagerly at the doorway for him to come in, but to her shock it was Moore instead! And he only glanced in at her with interest, gave a small laugh, then went into the finished part of the basement to do something with the machines.

Her heart pounded wildly, her pulse racing. She was flushed already but felt her face heat more at his being able to see her like she was. She heard machine noises from the other room, then after a couple of minutes he walked out of the finished part and went down the hall, pushing a dolly with several cartons of tequila on it.

She heard the basement door to the garage open and then close behind him. A minute later he returned, pushing the empty dolly, looked at her and grinned, then continued past and into the finished part of the basement. He appeared again, pushing the dolly full of boxes, grinning at her as he passed by.

Wren's mind squirmed with embarrassment every time he passed the doorway and looked in at her, but said nothing. She was gripped by a dark sexual tension, part of her fearing he would come in and... and use her body, and the other part fearing he wouldn't!

How could he not!? Wasn't she gorgeous and hot!? How could any red-blooded heterosexual man ignore what he was looking at!? She was completely naked and her legs splayed wide, so... vulnerable... and helpless!

He seemed to be loading up the whole panel truck! He rolled the little dolly back and forth before the doorway a dozen times, and each time he did he looked in at her and she felt a dark heat and a

squirring embarrassment churning through her.

The vibrator was driving her out of her mind, and her entire body trembled in tune with it as she moaned low in her throat.

And then suddenly he veered into the room when she thought he was going to pass by and came to stand before her. Wren's heart seemed to practically stop as she hung frozen before him, her mind filled with a wild sense of confusion and uncertainty.

He moved slowly around her, examining her from all directions, and she couldn't bring herself to say anything! She had never been so obscenely exposed to a stranger before!

She tried to still her breathing but it was still coming in ragged gasps.

Then she felt him reach out and touch her, right where the base of the thing Carson had pushed into her bottom rested against her! She squeaked in alarm and surprise as she felt his fingers pry at the base of the thing, as she felt pressure against the inside of her sphincter! He slowly drew the thing out of her, leaving her feeling empty, vacant.

He was standing behind her so she could see nothing, could only feel something warm and soft, yet hard pressed against her small, puckered opening. Then it sank down inside her.

He's doing it! He's doing it! she thought wildly. But he's fucking me in the ass! OMG!

And that was what he did. His cock was pushing fairly freely into her bottom, sinking deeper and deeper as he reached down and put a hand on the base of the vibrator. That pressure pushed it harder against her sex, against her clitoris, and Wren shuddered and moaned involuntarily.

She was not very used to anal sex. In fact, she'd only had it once and vowed never again. It had hurt and felt dirty and nasty. Now, the dirty, nasty feeling just served to further rouse that strange masochistic sense of delicious heat within her. And there was no real pain even as his cock pushed deeper and –.

“Ungh! Oh!” she gasped as his cock sank even deeper.

Now there was a deep ache high – or was it low – in her belly!

His hand was pressing against the base of the vibrator and sort of grinding it against her. And it continued to tremble and buzz all along its length stuffed deep into her abdomen. Now she had a second long, thick something pushing forward into her body and felt deliciously, achingly full!

She felt a torrent, a churning whitewater rush of liquid heat, of raw sensations to overwhelm her nervous system and overpower her mind. This was so dirty, so wild, so outrageous, so... so hot! And she felt as if her very blood was boiling as her mind was swamped with heat. Her eyes glazed over and her mind sank into a bubbling, boiling fever.

She felt his cock thrusting into her, harder, faster, deeper, felt her body trembling and jerking, felt the wild, flaring sensations pouring out of her sex as the vibrator ground against her, and then her body and mind exploded and she cried out, again and again, unthinking animal heat drawing a helpless wail of pure pleasure as the orgasm went on and on.

*

Wren had considered her wardrobe carefully before the meeting she was to have with her 'handler' from the DEA. Her reports of late had been somewhat threadbare, not to mention fictitious, and he wanted to see her to talk about what was going on.

She had a thin, ribbed crop top that was reasonably stretchy and tight. It looked good on her when she had a bra on. But without a bra, she'd once discovered, it curved softly over, around, and under her breasts in a way which was all too visible, molding to her almost like a second skin.

She had never worn it in public without a bra, of course, and hesitated to do so now. She would not even have worn it to the bungalow for it would have drawn far too many obscene comments. Wren was not a small girl on top, and her full, firm breasts pushed out quite obviously.

Of course, she would not be meeting the DEA guy in public, for the same reason she wasn't meeting him either here or at their offices: someone might notice her doing so and wonder who the guy was.

Instead, she would meet him in an underground parking garage of a public building which had been temporarily closed down for renovations. The company that owned the building had opened the parking lot for public parking, but not many people knew about it or used it yet. And there was a small mall attached to the building, with outside exits, so there was an excuse to drive in there.

But anyone following her would be instantly noticed.

She'd only met him once before but he'd struck her then as a fussy bureaucrat. He'd wanted to tell her to act hot and sexy in order to get the attention of the suspected drug gang smugglers, but hadn't been able to outright say it. Wren had little doubt various Human Resource rules were pretty firm against asking female agents to use their sexuality and wear revealing clothes to draw the attention from the people they were investigating.

So Agent Smythe had hemmed and hawed and taken quite a bit of time to insinuate and infer and suggest without suggesting that her odds of being able to infiltrate them would be 'enhanced' if they were attracted to her.

"Of course, we would never ask you to make use of such tactics," he had said piously.

Hypocrite.

He had been doing exactly that but with carefully parsed words making it difficult for her to complain about him.

Well, it would be impossible for him not to notice her full breasts thrusting perkily out with the thin fabric wrapped lightly around them. But she doubted he'd dare mention it.

Unless she played her cards right. She wanted to distract him, wanted him to be just as hesitant about having anyone else poke their nose into what she was doing as she was.

Along with the top, she had a thin, cotton wraparound skirt which was very low-riding and also very high-cut, especially on the side. It was another item she'd never wear in public. It had been something she'd ordered from the internet on a whim, and been dismayed when realizing how tiny it was.

She had rented a car to drive to and from 'work' so as to avoid being driven around by Lopez. It was a black Tesla. It was quiet, had power to spare, was environmentally friendly and it had very nice air-conditioning.

She had waited up the street, wanting to be late. Then she drove down the ramp and then down a second ramp to the lower level. There were only half a dozen cars on the lower level and one of them, a dark-colored sedan, was parked alone far away from the door that led to the elevators. She drove slowly around, opening the window of the Tesla so he could see her.

The car flashed its lights and she drove over and parked next to it.

"Sorry I'm late," she said. "I had to go and see Carson today."

She didn't offer any further explanation as she got out of the car. He moved to the rear of his car and opened the trunk so they couldn't be seen by any car that drove down the ramp. He was wearing a dark suit that for all she knew was the same one he'd worn when he'd originally given her her instructions.

She honestly didn't understand why he'd gone into the DEA. He looked so much like a cop that there was no way anyone could mistake him for anything else. He was a big man with a square face and close-cropped brown hair. He scowled at her as she approached then his face shifted as his eyes widened. He quickly looked away, looked back, then away, then back again, trying manfully to keep his eyes on her face.

"I was... we were wondering about your progress in getting close to Carson," he gulped.

"Well, it hasn't been easy. He's a very suspicious man, and so are those around him," she said. "That Lopez guy keeps doing his best to get into my pants so I have to be wary around him. And Carson seems to think of me as this young, nerdy girl. He doesn't seem to be much interested in my body no matter what I wear."

His eyes widened in disbelief, then flicked down again before he yanked them up.

"I uh, that's... hard to believe," he gulped nervously.

"You're sure he's not gay, right?"

"There's no indication Mister Carson is a homosexual," he said.

"Anyway, Lopez brags all the time, but in generalities. He likes to show off his fancy cars and says his family is wealthy."

"Is there a way you can parlay his interest in you into getting closer to Carson?"

"Perhaps. But he's really getting more and more impatient about not having sex. He's quite crude, too. Like, he keeps bringing up bondage."

"Bondage!?"

"Yes, like he wants to tie me spreadeagled to a bed and do things to me. He claims to be very talented at oral sex."

She let him draw his own word picture of that as his eyes flicked down towards her breasts again, then back up.

"He says that's perfectly normal and everyone plays with it. Have you ever tied any girls up, Mister Smythe?"

"Ah, what? Uh, no, of course not! I mean, that isn't the sort of discussion we should be holding, Ms. McLeod!"

"Oh, okay. Should I put it in a report?"

"Ahm, probably not. What about Carson?"

She shrugged helplessly. "He's kind of asexual. I mean, he doesn't seem to notice me at all. It's kind of bad for my ego."

"You uhm, have nothing to be worried about. You're a... a very attractive uhm, young woman," he said.

"I was thinking maybe he's a leg man, see, which is why I wore this short skirt."

That drew his eyes down to her bare legs and the very tiny skirt.

"Not that I would wear this in public, of course. I feel practically naked!"

"Ahm, yes, well, uhm, and uhm, did he seem interested?"

"He noticed my legs all right and in fact, seeing me like this he asked me if I wanted to work at one of his clubs."

"Excellent! Now we're getting somewhere. Which one?"

"The Malibu. It's a high-end strip club. I'm not sure I'm ready to pretend to be a stripper, Mister Smythe. I mean, it's not like I'm ashamed of my body or anything. I mean, I didn't mind going naked on a few beaches when I was in Brazil, but working as a stripper might not look well on my agency record."

He stared at her open-mouthed for a moment and then snapped his lips closed.

"Ahm, well, uh, no, of course not. The agency would never ask you to do that! Perish the thought! We ahm, we... that is we expect our agents to have certain standards," he said.

"But I bet I could learn a lot working there. Maybe I wouldn't have to strip. Maybe I could just be a waitress or something."

"Uhm, well, yes, you could certainly learn a lot. And... if you were to report that you were working as a *server* I'm sure no one at the agency would criticize you," he said, his eyes boring into hers. There's nothing wrong with working as a *server*, of course."

"I'm not sure that's what he has in mind, though."

"It might be interesting of you to further explore that idea. Having access to the kinds of people he meets in that club might enlighten a lot of other investigations. And I could write that you'll be taken on there *as a server*."

"Do servers strip?"

"Ahm, I uh, not usually I think."

"Well, I can ask him if that's what he means, I suppose. I mean, if you think I could learn a lot."

“Oh, unquestionably.”

“But we don't even know he meets people there.”

“It seems likely. It's the kind of place that sort of person would frequent.”

“Well, if you're okay with it.”

“Certainly. We have no issue with you working there. And you might learn a lot talking to the rest of the uh, staff.”

“Maybe if I did a really bad job of stripping they'd just keep me as a server,” she said thoughtfully.

“Ahm – .” His eyes flicked down again then back up. “Yes, uhm, working as a server should be fine!”

“I've never been in one of those clubs, though. Don't the strippers have to give lap dances to men?”

“Ahm, generally,” he gulped.

She pursed her lips uncertainly.

“I don't know. The idea of rubbing my naked body all over strange men doesn't really appeal to me.”

“Of course, it doesn't! You're a... a moral person! We would never ask you to do such a thing! But of course, if you were just a *server* you wouldn't have to. Just remember how important it is for you to get in there with Carson so we can learn who he works for and when and how he moves their product.”

“Okay,” she sighed. “I mean, I should be able to get hired. I've got a nice body.”

“Y-yes, very uhm, nice.”

“Of course, I doubt the servers wear much.”

“That's... likely true.”

“And they probably get groped and propositioned a lot by drunken men.”

“I'm sure you can handle yourself,” he said.

“Might be safer to be a stripper except for that lap-dance stuff.”

“I'm sure that men, uhm, under the influence, say a lot of things during lap dances,” he said cautiously.

“Do you think so? Yes, I suppose you're right. They're more likely to talk to them than the girl who brings them drinks at their table.”

“Certainly true.”

“Well, I'll talk to Carson and see how that goes,” she said, appearing uncertain and hesitant.

“Excellent. Remember how important it is for us to get information on this man and his organization. And I'll just put you down as trying to infiltrate them as a server at a club. That should keep things nicely... neutral.”

She nodded and got back into her car, then pulled away, rolling up the window.

“Dummy,” she said in amusement.

Chapter Ten

She didn't wear the same outfit to the bungalow, of course. She wore a pair of shorts and a tank top. She thought about what Carson had said about raising her pay to a quarter million a year. That was basically twenty thousand a month! And no taxes on it! Unless, of course, she reported it. And she had no intention of doing so. She'd already created a new corporation and opened a new bank account in the Cayman islands. This time for her own money.

She could invest it from there, and the IRS could try contacting the company to their heart's content. They couldn't find out anything about it.

Even if she only invested half of it, she mused, there was a lot she could do with ten thousand dollars a month. She could buy her own place for one thing. Though she had to go on living in 'her condo' that the DEA was funding for a while yet.

She was going to have to figure out a way to produce some kind of information for Smythe. Unless she slept with him, if she could get the little prig to do that. Then he'd have even more reason to keep quiet and cover for her. He wasn't bad looking, after all. And her sexuality had undergone a drastic expansion in outlook over the past few weeks.

She was just warming up the computer when Carson came into the room. She glanced over her shoulder at him, then waved casually. "Hey," she said.

He leaned over and gathered her hair in, then pulled slowly but firmly. Wren gasped, stumbling up out of the chair.

"That hurts!" she squealed.

"But I'm the boss. So what I say goes."

He released her hair, spun her around, then bent and jammed his left shoulder into her belly as his arms swept around her to draw her in tight. Then he straightened up, lifting her off her feet and dropping her belly-down across his shoulder just like he had done the day she'd met him.

"Hey! Liam!"

She slapped his back and he slapped her bottom as he carried her from the room. They walked up the hall and he gripped her shorts, then yanked them over her hips and down as she squealed in alarm, wondering who else was present.

"You have a nice ass," he said, his fingers kneading her soft flesh as he carried her into the kitchen.

"Let me down, you big goon!"

He slapped her bare bottom and then walked through the kitchen to the basement door before taking her downstairs.

When they reached the bottom he bent forward and swung her up and back so she was on her feet again, then straightened and drove his big hand in around her neck, shoving her back against the wall.

"Are you gonna be a good, obedient little sex slave?" he growled.

She stared up at him, gasping, her hands dropping back down before they even reached his wrist.

He grinned, released her neck, then tore open the front of her blouse, sending buttons popping.

"Hey! Liam!"

He grabbed her by the neck again and she gasped as he squeezed more firmly.

"Take off your bra, slut."

Her eyes widened and he smirked.

“You said you were my slut, remember? Now strip.”

She gasped weakly, feeling a dark rush of sexual energy as she obeyed. She pulled off the torn remnants of her blouse, then undid her bra and shrugged it off.

“Put your hands on your head, slut.”

Gulping, heart pounding, Wren obeyed as he tightened his grip, choking off her breath completely.

“Are you going to be a nice, submissive little sex slave?” he demanded.

She couldn't speak, but could only croak weakly. He snorted and released her neck.

“Keep your hands on your head and walk to the center of the room.”

Wren obeyed, feeling a wild mix of emotions as her eyes took in what looked to be a chain dangling from above attached to a pair of thickly padded leather restraints. She licked her lips nervously as he halted her beneath it with a hand on the back of her neck. She felt him taking her wrists and raising them up above her, then felt the leather being wrapped around them and drawn tight.

He moved over to the wall and she turned her head to see that the chain, after passing through a ring overhead, and then another further along, came down along the wall. He pulled on it and she gasped as the leather bands pulled tight on her wrists, then raised her up onto the balls of her feet.

He returned to her and stood in front of her, giving her a cool gaze as his eyes flicked up and down her body.

“How should I torture you, slave girl?” he asked softly.

Wren's pulse rate, already high, picked up even more.

His left hand slipped around her neck again, squeezing gently but firmly until her eyes felt like they were bulging. His right slid down her body, caressing her soft skin, his fingers twisting and plucking at her nipple before sliding lower. She felt them rubbing up and down along the line of her sex, then spreading her open as another finger probed within.

“How long does it take to get a slut wet?” he growled.

The finger pushing into the mouth of her sex was angled upward and as he slid it slowly in and out it also caressed her clitoris. And the answer to his question was... not very long at all!

The hand around her neck tilted her head back as his finger slid deep into her pussy.

“Tell me you're my bitch,” he said softly.

“I-I'm your bitch... sir!” she gasped weakly.

“Tell me you're my slut.”

“I'm your slut, sir!”

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he said, his lips curving up.

“I'm your sex slave, sir!” she panted, her breathing sounding loud as she struggled to draw air past his tight fingers.

“Do you know what a master can do with a sex slave? Anything he wants to. And he can give her away or sell or loan her to anyone he wants to.”

His fingers were still pumping slowly in and out of her pussy, riding back and forth across her clitoris.

“Isn't that right, slut?”

“Y-Y... Yes, sir!” she gasped.

Her head was throbbing and her chest was starting to burn as she became more light-headed.

He drew back and she gulped in air. Then he slapped her face, startling her as it threw her head to one side. A moment later he slapped it again, in the other direction.

“A man can do anything he wants to his own slave,” he growled.

He moved around behind her as she drew in deep, shaky breaths of air. After a few seconds, his hand curled across her hip and down between her legs, his fingers on her clitoris once again. But this time she felt something pushing up between her trembling thighs, something smooth and metallic. It

felt like the vibrator again and Wren moaned as it probed at the mouth of her sex.

The vibrator pushed forward slowly, twisting and turning, drawing back, then pushing in. His other fingers continued to stroke across her clitoris as the vibrator slid slowly up into her body. When it was deep inside she felt something else pressing against her back opening and moaned as she was penetrated there, as well.

“Dirty girl,” he whispered into her ear. “Nasty girl! Whore! You love big cocks inside you, don't you!? Say it, slut!”

“I... do!” she moaned.

“Say you love having big cocks inside you.”

Wren's mind twisted at the impact of his words – and hers!

“I love having a big cock inside me, Sir!”

The vibrator began to buzz and she moaned as she gulped in air again.

She felt him gathering in her hair, then forced her head to tilt back.

“Open your mouth wide, slut,” he growled.

She obeyed and the ball-gag was pushed in again, then the straps were drawn back behind her.

“Now you're entirely at my mercy,” he whispered. “You can't even beg me to stop or scream for help. I can do ... anything to you.”

Again his words jolted her, and Wren felt her pussy squeezing down hard on the vibrator as her muscles began to twitch.

He drew back, and then a moment later she heard a hissing sound a moment before something, some kind of strap snapped down hard across her buttocks. She squealed in pain, her body automatically jerking forward so that she was briefly hanging by her wrists!

“Bad girls have to be punished,” he said.

Crack!

The belt cut across her bottom a second time. She cried out in pain, the sharp, biting sting of it cutting through the thick miasma of heat enveloping her mind.

She tried to turn her body to face him, using her feet to turn her around so he couldn't hit her bottom again. She saw him frown at her.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

She blinked at him anxiously.

“Turn around, slave. Your master is giving you an order.”

She still stared at him and the thin belt in his hand. He raised it and swung it casually forward and sideways so the belt cut across her breasts just below her nipples.

The blow shocked her even as the sharp pain rippled through her breasts and chest. It was like... being spanked or even strapped on the bottom was just... child's play. But this was more like the real thing! It wasn't that the pain was necessarily worse, for he hadn't struck her as hard, but it was not an area she was used to feeling pain!

He drew his arm back and she quickly turned around, then gasped in pain as the belt cut into her bottom again – and again – and again. She gasped and moaned, the sensations from the vibrator not enough to shield her from such sharp, burning pain.

Then he shocked her again, and the belt cut across her back! She squealed in shock, moaning, tottering unbalanced on the balls of her feet.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap cut across her back again and again, first high, then lower, then lower still, until it began to strike her bottom once more. She moaned helplessly, the pain and heat mounting up and down her back and bottom as he struck higher once again.

“Helpless,” he said. “Not very bright of you to put yourself so fully under the control of another.”

Now he swung the belt lightly but let the tip curve around her chest to slap at the side of her right breast, then the left, then the right as Wren squealed and twisted wildly.

The belt curved more, the tip slapping down on the front of her breasts now, making them throb and burn.

He stopped, leaving her gasping and moaning and whimpering as he bent and wrapped a rope around her left ankle. He drew it off to the side, leaving her balanced on only her right, then tied it against a pipe. He moved behind her and tied another rope around her right, then tugged sharply.

Wren cried out again as her foot was pulled out from under her and she hung fully suspended by her wrists! He pulled her ankle quite wide, obscenely wide before tying it off to a metal shelf.

The vibrator began to slip out of her and he stood before her, reaching down and thrusting it back inside.

“Slave,” he growled. “Sex slave!”

He pumped the vibrator slowly in and out, his thumb pushing up near the base so that it rubbed back and forth across her clitoris.

He slapped her face again with his other hand, then slapped it in the other direction.

A moment later his hand closed around her neck, tightening so she couldn't breathe.

“Even whether you breathe or not is my decision,” he said calmly.

Her head began to throb even more than it had before, and her chest burned. As her air ran out Wren squirmed and gurgled frantically while he simply stood there looking at her calmly. She became light-headed, and black dots danced before her eyes.

He drew his hand back and she gulped in shaky breaths of air. Then he slapped her cheek, then the other as he reached down and thrust the vibrator into her once more, his thumb stroking across her clitoris.

“To be a slave is to be helpless,” he said.

He reached behind her neck and undid the strap of the gag, then pulled it out of her mouth. A moment later he gripped her hair and his lips crushed hers as his mouth seemed intent on climbing inside her.

Wren moaned dazedly, still gulping in air as his thumb stroked across her and the vibrator pumped slowly in and out.

He drew his mouth back, though his eyes remained locked on hers.

“Beg. Beg to be fucked in the ass.”

Wren moaned weakly and he twisted his fingers in her hair.

“Beg to be fucked in the ass, you hot little slut.”

“Please!” she gasped.

“Beg.”

“Please... Please fuck me in the ass,” she moaned.

“Maybe you don't deserve my cock up your tight little ass,” he said.

She felt his hand gripping the ... butt-plug or whatever it was he'd pushed up inside her. It pulled free, and a moment later she felt the unmistakable sensation of a thick cock pushing into her.

Except he was still standing in front of her.

She shuddered as another pair of hands slid around her ribs and began to knead her breasts.

“A slave girl's body is available to any man her master chooses to let use it.”

He released her hair, but then whoever was behind her gripped it and jerked it back tightly against her bound arms as they drove their cock deeper and higher into her belly.

Carson's hand slid around her neck again, as he continued stroking her clitoris with his big thumb, and continued to drive the vibrator slowly in and out.

“Did you know that those Tesla cars have cameras and microphones around them and that they're accessible to anyone with the right codes? Like the guy you rented it from?”

She stared at him dazedly, not understanding.

“Your meeting with your boss or handler or whoever that guy was in that garage, that was recorded,” he said. “I watched it before you got here.”

Wren's eyes widened.

"I'm not sure what kind of agent you are. Probably DEA. I suppose it doesn't really matter. The confusing thing to me is that from what I can gather you still haven't told that guy anything. The things he wanted to know, like how we move the product, like who we work for, you already know that. You also know enough to get a warrant to bust in here and arrest us all. You've known it since Day One."

His hand tightened around her neck so she could barely breathe.

"But this guy doesn't even know you're working for me. He doesn't know about the money. And he sure doesn't know what a hot little slut you've been. Doesn't sound like he knows you shot two guys either."

Wren gasped as the cock in her ass drove in to the hilt and cramps rippled through her abdomen.

"So maybe you should tell me what the fuck is going on before I decide to take you out back and drown you in the pool."

Whoever was behind her continued to thrust slowly in and out, grinding his hips against her buttocks every time he buried himself inside her.

He eased his grip on her neck.

"I... I-I like working for you better!" she gasped breathlessly.

"Do you now?"

She heard a soft laugh from behind her.

"I was bored... being a clerk so... someone said I should... apply to the DEA... This was my first job. It's more... it's more... interesting working for you."

"Interesting!?" he exclaimed in disbelief.

"And profitable," she gasped.

"Well, I can't argue with that."

"And how long do you think you can go on playing both sides against the middle?"

"He's a... an idiot," she gulped. "And I figure... eventually he'll give me some kind of bad review and I can quit without being ... suspected."

"Is that so? On the other hand, you could be useful to me if you fed him the right kind of information. You could take some of my competition out of the picture."

"He... he'd wonder how I had... information on other people... and not you," she said, panting.

"Not if you were actually working at the Malibu. All kinds of people go in there."

He casually unzipped his pants, then tugged on the vibrator so it fell free. His cock was hard and thick as he pushed it into her and Wren shuddered as the two men sandwiched her between them, their bodies hard and muscled as their cocks drove deep into her abdomen.

"I'm sure you'll be very popular there," he growled into her ear. "Every man there will be lined up for a lap-dance from a sexy little slut like you."

Wren gasped and moaned, her frazzled mind understanding what he meant, understanding what he intended. Her as a stripper!? She couldn't do that!

But the idea was scalding! She trembled and moaned as the two big cocks churned her belly up, as hands fondled her breasts and lips kissed and sucked and chewed on opposite sides of her neck.

I don't even know who's behind me! she thought wildly.

And it didn't matter as the sexual electricity crackled through her body and mind, as their hands roughly moved over her body and their cocks continued to thrust deep into her belly. She felt her mind swimming in dark heat and then let go, crying out in dark pleasure as convulsions wracked her body.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over

your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!