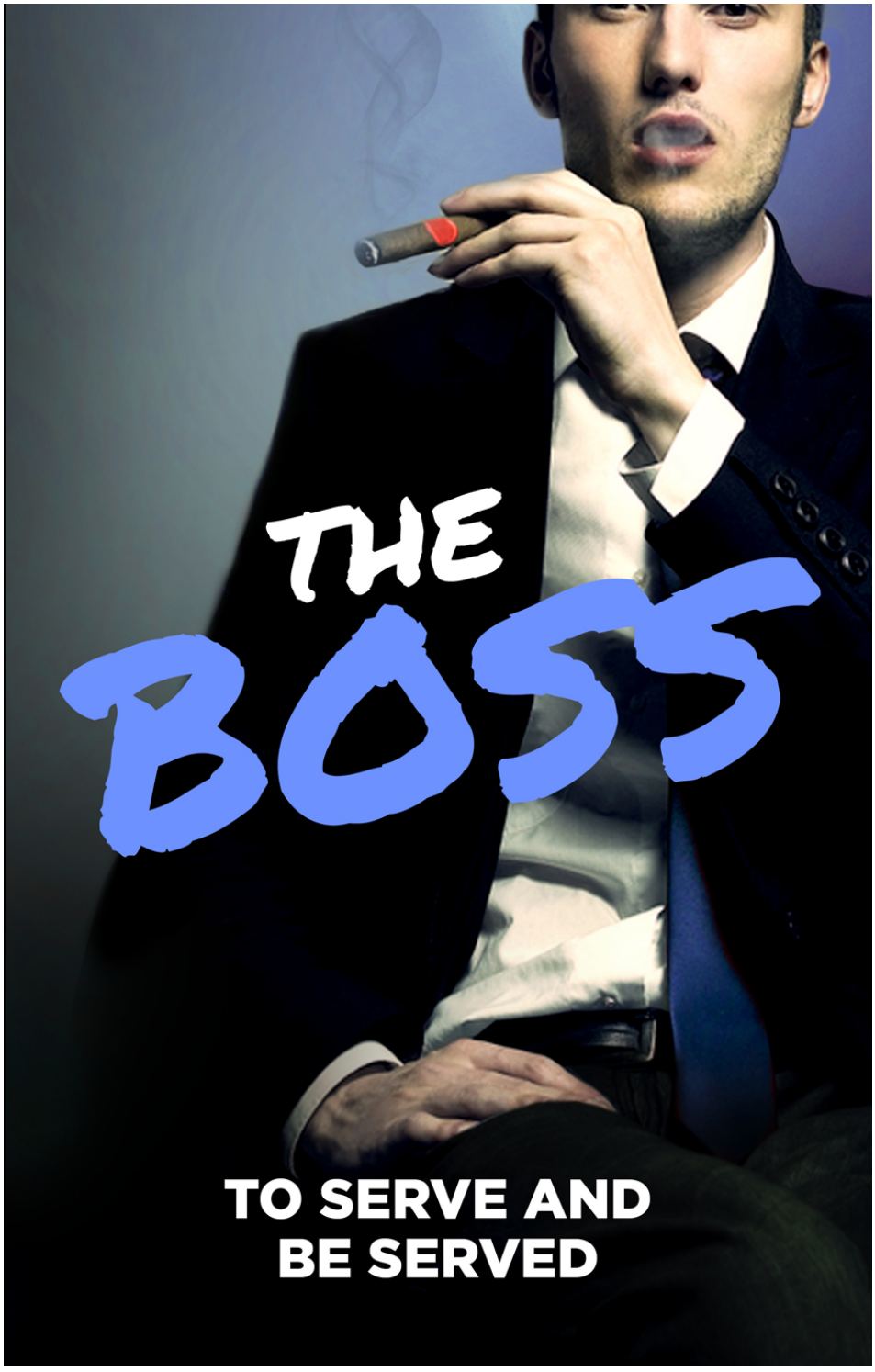
THE
BOSS
TO SERVE AND
BE SERVED

Various Various

The Boss

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Packed with professional misconduct of the most salacious kind, these ten erotic stories feature mischievous behaviour with the person behind the biggest desk in the office.‘The Boss’ includes sexy power plays from Kate Pearce, Justine Elyot, Sommer Marsden, Giselle Renarde and many more.Power and success are major aphrodisiacs. But who is responsible for initiating what happens under the desk, or even over it?A Boss’s beach house as the scene of an unusual proposition.A chamber maid discovers something most people won’t encounter in a lifetime.One girl’s involvement with her boss fails to anticipate the role his kinky wife plays.

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The Boss
To Serve and Be Served

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Never Enough
Kate Pearce

'So, this is where the big boss hangs out when he comes over here?' Josh hissed in Meredith's ear. 'It's pretty awesome, if you ask me.'

Privately Meredith agreed with Josh, but she wasn't going to gush. She'd leave that to her more exuberant friend.

Will, her other companion, studied the airy, open outdoor deck more carefully. 'I love a house on the beach and this one is sick. Do you think he owns it, or rents it?'

'Mr Clevedon of Clevedon Technology is *fabulously* rich. I say he owns it,' Josh declared loudly.

'I wish.' A soft laugh drew Meredith's attention away from the beach to where their host had come up behind them. A pleasurable shiver of anticipation crept over her. The man was fine and smart as hell. 'I *am* looking for a house, but the owners won't sell this one.'

Luckily, nothing ever fazed Josh who stuck out his hand. 'Thanks for inviting us to the company barbecue, sir. We lowly minions sure appreciate it.'

Robert Clevedon smiled to reveal white teeth and a dimple. Meredith guessed he was about fifteen years older than her, but he was still very, *very* fine. 'My secretary took care of all that, but I'm glad you came.' His interested gaze swept the three of them. 'I hear you were friends before you came to work for my company.'

'That's right,' Meredith said and made herself look him in the eye. 'We've been buddies since high school, and roomies too.'

'You share with two guys?'

'Sure. There are some drawbacks, but also some great advantages.'

He reached for her hand. 'Let me get you a drink and you can tell me all about it.'

Meredith let Robert lead her back into the house, aware of both Josh's delight and Will's mild concern. She accepted the margarita Robert made for her and waited while he topped up his own glass.

'Would you mind if I asked you a personal question, Meredith?'

She shrugged. 'It depends.'

'Well, I've been here at the West Coast office for a couple of weeks now, and I have to say I noticed you right away.'

'Because of my stunning beauty?'

He laughed. 'That, and the fact that you are very good at your job.'

Meredith felt her cheeks heat. 'Thanks. Are you going to promote me?'

'Yes, but that's a separate issue.'

She opened her eyes wide at him. 'You mean you're not offering me the opportunity to sleep my way to the top?'

His smile deepened. 'You have the brains to do it all by yourself.' He hesitated. 'And I assumed you had a boyfriend – if not two.'

'So?'

He moved a fraction closer, and she was aware of how tall he was and how he blocked her view of the party. 'I saw you in the parking lot kissing Josh.'

'I like kissing Josh.'

'And then I saw you with Will.'

'I like kissing Will too.' She met his gaze. 'I told you there were benefits in sharing a flat with two guys.' She waited for him to make some excuse and run away.

'Interesting.' He brushed his thumb over her lower lip and then glanced over his shoulder. 'Your guys are coming to rescue you. Don't forget to have a look around the house. The view from the master suite is phenomenal.'

Meredith nodded, and he left her with another charming smile to join his other guests. Josh and Will immediately claimed her and drew her towards the stairs away from the thump of the music.

'What happened?' Josh hissed. 'Did he hit on you? Will thought he was going to. I wasn't so sure.'

'I'm not sure either,' Meredith muttered.

'It's hard to tell with those Brits, isn't it? They are so … subtle sometimes.'

'He's Scottish.' Meredith finished the rest of her margarita in one cold frosty gulp. 'He said we could look around the house if we wanted to.'

Will took her hand. 'I'd like to. It's getting a bit crowded and loud in here.'

He started up the stairs, and Meredith and Josh followed him. To her surprise, the house had two more floors, opening up into a master suite that took up the whole of the top floor. Windows ran along the length of the back wall, giving a perfect view of the sun setting over the Pacific Ocean.

'Oh, it's beautiful,' sighed Meredith. She placed her hands on the glass and stared out over the pebbled beach.

Josh came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. She shivered when he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

'You're trembling. Did that guy turn you on?' He slowly inhaled. 'She smells like sex, Will.' His hand slid down from her waist and under her skirt. 'Are your panties wet for Mr Clevedon?' His finger slid under her lace thong. 'Yeah, they are. Soaking wet.'

Will sank down to his knees and flipped up the front of her skirt. If anyone chose to take a stroll on the beach, they'd get an eyeful. Not that Meredith minded. Will licked the soft cotton of her panties, his tongue nudging and shaping her clit until she moaned.

'You want some of this, Meredith?' Josh bit down on her neck. 'Some finger-fucking and licking right here in Mr Clevedon's bedroom?'

'Yes,' Meredith breathed. They both knew what she liked, how turned on she got when they did this to her in public, how turned on they got.

Josh slid one hand under the halter neck of her dress. 'Leave her panties on for now, Will, let's make her beg.'

Will muttered something against her sex, his teeth teasing the lace edge of her panties while his tongue made the fabric even wetter, pushing it up inside her, making her want. Simultaneously, Josh pinched her nipple and Will thrust two fingers deep, making her gasp and arch against him.

'Yeah, that's it, honey. Take it.'

Behind them, the door opened. Meredith went still until she saw Robert Clevedon reflected in the glass. He locked the door behind him and came towards them, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a glass of wine. The sun glinted off the dark-auburn highlights in his hair. He took a seat and looked at Meredith. 'You don't mind if I watch, do you?'

'Meredith?' Josh asked. Will waited on her response too.

A wave of excitement flooded through her. 'I don't mind at all.'

It took her less than a minute to come, and less than three minutes more for her to come again. She found herself writhing on the floor, Will's cock in her mouth and Josh's filling her cunt. They must have changed positions because when she finally opened her eyes it was to find Will slumped over her and Josh on his back on the carpet still gasping.

Her gaze flicked to Robert who wasstill watching them and sipping his wine. The only difference she could see was the thick evidence of his cock pushing against his jeans. He stood up and came across to them, his sharp blue gaze taking everything in.

'Meredith, will you stay with me, while the guys go and shower in the guest suite?'

Again, Will and Josh checked with her to see if she was OK, but she nodded and waved for them to leave. They wouldn't go far. And, if she were away for too long, they'd do anything to find her.

She put her hands flat on the floor and attempted to push herself up.

'No, don't get up.'

To her surprise, Robert put down his wineglass and joined her on the rug. He bent his head and kissed her already swollen mouth.

'I should probably shower.' She tried to move away, but he gently held her down.

'Why? I like you tasting like this.'

'Of other men?'

'Yes.' He kissed her again, his tongue in her mouth already experiencing both Josh and Will. 'I like you being well fucked but ready for more.' He paused. 'You are ready for more, aren't you?'

She sighed as he slowly lowered the zipper of his jeans and released his nice thick cock. 'Yeah. I always want more.'

'Even after two of them?'

'Yeah.'

'Me too. I could fuck all day.' He grasped his shaft around the base and rubbed the crown against her already swollen clit before sliding on a condom. She moaned as he thrust deep and held still.

'I want to fuck you without a condom like they did. I want you all wet from me.' He circled his hips and Meredith clutched at his shoulders. 'I'm totally clean and tested. You?'

'Me too.'Meredith whispered, echoing his earlier comment. 'I want you like that.' She swallowed hard. 'I've always liked being wet from a man, the smell of him on me, the way his come stays inside me.'

'Damn,' Robert groaned and moved hard and fast, each stroke shoving his full length into her until they came together. Without a word, he picked her up, placed her on the bed and stripped off what remained of her clothes and his own. Hiscock was already recovering, and she reached out to touch it.

He let her stroke him for a while, and then flipped her over onto her stomach and entered her from behind, his fingers seeking out her hard nipples and her equally hard clit, making her moan with each thrust. The smell of the condom mingled with the scent of sex. Meredith inhaled it all and loved it.

After he finally pumped himself deep inside her, he pulled out and rolled onto his back, settling her over him like a blanket.

'Do you want more of me, of this?'

'What do you mean?'

He kissed her throat. 'I'd like to fuck you a lot. I need to fuck you a lot.'

'But what about Josh and Will? Would you want me to stop having sex with them?'

'Not at all.' He came up on one elbow to look down at her. His auburn hair was rumpled, and the smile lines around his eyes much in evidence. 'Why would you think that?'

'Because most men don't like to share.'

'I like to share, and I like to watch. And, as I'm not going to be here all the time, I couldn't bear to think you were not getting fucked enough.' He cupped her chin. 'But, when I am here, I'd probably want you all to myself for at least a couple of days. Would you like that?'

Her breath caught as he nipped at her lip. 'I'd like.' She studied his aroused face. 'Girls aren't supposed to want sex all the time. If they do, they get the slut label.'

He moved her foot until it was balanced on his hip and slid back inside her, again without a condom. 'I want you to want it as much as I do.' He rocked his hips and she bit her lip. 'Are you sore?'

'A little.'She wondered if he'd pull out, but he didn't.

'I want to see you walk out of that door, and know that you're dripping wet because of me.'

She climaxed around his barely moving cock and his blue eyes narrowed. His fingers slid around to her clit. 'I want you to get wet every time you see me.'

'Just when you want it?'

He grinned. 'No, you can fuck me anytime you like.'

His fingernail grazed her clit and she came apart for him, the ache mingling with the pleasure into something new, something so different and dark she suspected she would learn to crave it. He reared over her and slowly started to come, each long pulse separate, filling her with his liquid heat. When he pulled out, he touched her between her legs, and then fed her his come from his fingers, adding his particular taste to Will's and Josh's.

'You'll stay the night.'

'Is that an order?'

'What do you think?' His blue gaze was as beguiling as his soft voice. 'I'm not going to keep you here against your will, but if you stay I'll expect you to do what I tell you.'

Her heart bumped crazily against her ribs. 'I'm not used to being told what to do.'

'I noticed that.' He cupped her breast and used his finger and thumb to pinch her nipple. 'You've got those two guys wrapped around your little finger. I'm not like that. I'll take everything I can from you, and then I'll take more.'

She couldn't look away from the calm certainty of his gaze. Could he really do that? Take her to a place she'd always craved but never found?

She took a quick unsteady breath. 'I'll stay.'

He bent to kiss her mouth. 'Good. Now get dressed and come back down to the party.'

She shifted on the already damp sheets and let her hand drift down between her legs. 'I still haven't showered.'

He got off the bed and stepped into his jeans. He picked up her cotton panties and put them in his pocket. 'You can shower later while I fuck you. I want you wet.'

'You want a lot, don't you?'

He smiled as he buttoned his blue shirt. 'I told you, I want everything.'

She slowly got dressed, washed as well as she could, and followed him down, where she found Will and Josh on the dancefloor doing their own version of the Macarena. Robert was standing by the bar smiling down at some beautiful woman who clutched his arm. Meredith faced the other way and waved at her roomies. They waved back, but seemed determined to finish their dance.

She strolled across to the open window and studied the hazy coastline. She almost jumped when Robert came up behind her and handed her a fresh margarita.

'It's beautiful here. Quite different from Scotland.'

'I would think so. It's cold there, isn't it?'

He shrugged, the motion bringing his large body into contact with hers. 'Cold enough. Put your drink down and tell me what's along the coast from here.'

Meredith balanced her glass on the windowsill and pointed to the right. 'Keep walking this way and you'll end up in San Francisco.'

'Funny.' She shivered as his hand skimmed under her short skirt and cupped her mound. 'Tell me more. God, you're nice and wet.'

Unsteadily she pointed to the left. 'It gets better.' His fingers, cold from carrying the icy drinks, searched out her already swollen pussy lips and tugged on them. 'If you keep going that way, you'll end up in Los Angeles.'

'Really,' he murmured into her ear before biting down on it. 'You're better than my navigation system.' One long finger slid inside her and another circled her clit. 'Have you ever been clamped down here?'

'Clamped as in parking?' His answering chuckle tickled her skin. 'Oh, you mean that kind of clamp, sure.'

'Did you like it?'

'Yes.'

'Good to know.'

His fingernail grazed her clit and she bucked against his hand. He immediately moved closer, pinning her against the window frame. She wondered how many of the guests, the people she worked with, for God's sake, were looking their way, what they thought, what they could see … Her cunt clenched around his finger and he stopped moving.

'Not yet, you haven't finished giving me my geography lesson.'

Meredith drew a very shaky breath and pointed straight out to sea. 'If you keep going for a few thousand miles that way, you'll get to Hawaii.'

'That's right.' He pinched her clit and she came hard, her hands clenched on the window frame. 'That's nice.' She sighed as he removed his fingers and brushed them across his mouth. 'Now, please finish your drink.'

He wandered away again but she didn't turn around. She wanted to follow him and see whether he'd openly caress her in front of the other guests. She'd probably let him; let everyone in her office see that what they'd always gossiped about was true. She was a slut and proud of it. The sun was disappearing fast now, an orange and red ball streaking the skyline into a crazy patchwork of tropical colours and long shadows.

Will and Josh came and stood on either side of her.

'Was he finger-fucking you just then?' Will asked quietly.

Meredith shuddered. 'Was it that obvious?'

'Only to us because we know how you look.'

'He asked me to stay the night.'

Will took her hand. 'And what did you say?'

'I said yes.' Meredith swallowed hard. 'He doesn't mind about you two.'

'That's big of him,' Josh grumbled. 'Mind you, I bet he is big.'

Will squeezed her fingers. 'You do what you want, roomie. And, if you need to come home in a hurry, just call us, OK?'

'Thanks, guys.'

Josh kissed her cheek. 'You're welcome, just as long as you share all the juicy details with us later.'

Robert joined them and smiled at Meredith over Will's head. 'Everything all right?'

'Sure. I was just telling Josh and Will that I plan on staying over.'

'Good.' Robert nodded. 'Do any of you need another drink?'

Meredith shook her head. Was it really as easy as that? No one was going to fight over her? Not that she wanted that, of course. Being civilised was so much better.

'I'm just going to the bathroom.'

Meredith retraced her steps across the dancefloor and passed the kitchen at the front of the house. The powder room was quiet and cool and gave her a moment to gather herself. When she unlocked the door, Robert stepped in, locked the door behind him and crowded her back against the sink. He kissed her hard and lifted her up until she sat on the marble countertop, then pushed up her skirt to expose her naked sex.

'Mmm …' He bent his head and held her open with his thumbs, licking and nipping at her pussy lips before thrusting his tongue deep inside her. She squirmed to get closer, blatantly rubbing herself over his working mouth and unshaven chin until she climaxed. He groaned his approval against her clit and one of his fingers slid back to rim her asshole before venturing inside. She braced her hands on the cold marble as he pulled away, his face wet with her juices, his eyes narrowed and so blue that she felt as if she was looking at the ocean again.

'Take out my cock and suck it.'

He slid a hand around the back of her neck, bending her forwards until she could unzip his jeans and release his hard hot length. She licked him like an ice cream, and he pushed against her lips until she took him deep, swallowed him down and sucked him in a regular driving pattern. He groaned her name, brought a hand round to her ass and flipped up her skirt. She smelled the rose soap by the sink and then his slick finger sank into her ass and then another one. His thumb delved into her cunt.

'Have you ever had three guys, Meredith?' he murmured. 'Fucking you, filling you?'

She couldn't answer him with his shaft stretching her throat, but she came for him, let him know how much his words excited her.

'Fuck, I'd like to be part of that. Three of us on you until we ran out of come.'

He grunted and shoved his hips forwards and came down her throat, holding her head so that she had to take everything. Not that she wanted to move, not that she wanted to be anywhere but where she was right now with him all around her. She waited until he relaxed his grip on her hair before sitting upright again. He kissed her mouth, one hand still buried between her legs, the other pinching her nipples. She'd never felt so alive, so well used, so drunk on the smell and power of sex.

'We're not finished yet,' he whispered. 'I'm going to take everything from you tonight, strip you down to basics, make you think of nothing else but me and my cock and what I'm going to do to you next.' He nipped her breast through her dress, making her shudder. 'Maybe I'll fuck you in front of everyone. Get Josh and Will to help. Make you kneel at our feet and suck cock all night. I wonder if you'd be able to stop me?'

She finally found her voice. 'What if I didn't want to stop you?'

He moved back, slowly buttoned his jeans and washed his hands. 'Then we might have a problem.'

He unlocked the door and left. Meredith reached forwards and relocked it with fingers that shook. She was going crazy. Was she really contemplating publicly fucking the owner of the company and her two best friends at the company party? What about her colleagues? What about her hard-earned respect? She retied her halter neck and smoothed down her rumpled skirt. But the thought of making Robert Clevedon lose control was almost worth the risk.

The sun had disappeared below the horizon and a lot of the party guests had disappeared as well. The remainder were sitting watching something sporty on a big flat-screen TV. Meredith squeezed in on the end of the couch next to Josh and Will who scooted up to make room for her. No one bothered to put the main lights on, and the shadows lengthened throughout the room.

Meredith felt rather than saw Robert sit beside her. He leaned in close and murmured, 'I'm not much into American sports. I don't have a clue what's going on here.'

'I can help you with that,' Meredith whispered in return, allowing her hand to drop to his thigh and the bulge of his cock. Will glanced down at her and angled his shoulder to shield her and Robert from the rest of the party. When everyone started shouting at the umpire, she eased Robert's zip down and released his cock, wrapped her hand around him and worked him through her fingers.

He leaned against the couch, his arms spread along the back, and let her play with him. The soft wet sounds were easily covered by the noise of the TV. Unlike Will and Josh, he wasn't circumcised, and she enjoyed dragging down his foreskin to expose the tender flesh of his wet slit.

A roar went up from the TV viewers and Robert's arm came around Meredith's waist. In one rough motion, he lifted her onto his lap and down on his cock. She bit her lip as he filled her, then saw Will realise what Robert had done and nudge Josh. God, he was big and she was so over-sensitive now. One flick of his finger on her clit made her come and she had nowhere to hide, had to ride out the pleasure among the cheers for the local team.

Eventually Robert lifted her off him, his smile still firmly in place. He held out his hand and murmured just loudly enough for Josh and Will to hear him as well. 'I want all three of us to fuck you. I don't think we'll be missed for a while. Come upstairs.'

Meredith smiled at him and nudged Josh and Will until they also got up. She was finally going to get her perfect sexual fantasy. And even better, if she were lucky, every time Robert Clevedon was in town, that fantasy would become *her* permanent reality.

What the Maid Saw
Justine Elyot

They looked like an interesting couple. I watched them sidelong while I dusted a bust of some ancient lord or other, as they checked in at reception.

They had booked separate rooms, but were allotted the ones with the connecting door, whether by chance or prior arrangement I didn't know. Their dress suggested a working partnership, with him in the superior role. She was perhaps a PA or less senior member of the organisation. She let him do all the talking at the desk and hung back, fidgeting with her phone.

I admired her shapely bottom in its tight-fitting skirt and the curve of her calves, displayed to advantage by her strappy black heels. I imagined my hands on that arse, squeezing little dimples into the cheeks with my thumbs. I imagined those sky-high heels over my shoulders while I licked her sweet little pussy. Was he going to do all that? Or were they genuine colleagues? Somehow, I didn't think so.

I was still in the lobby with my polish and dusters when they came down from their rooms for tea on the terrace. I applied a final wipe to a vase and hotfooted upstairs, keen to indulge my favourite hobby.

I am making a collection of photographs – call it an art project – of the guests' belongings. I think it will make an intriguing exhibition when it is finished. All the detritus of life is in it: the pill bottles, the discarded novels, the ripped stockings, the binned pregnancy tests, the dying anniversary flowers. Once, a gun. Another time, a crack pipe and a wad of money. But most of what I photograph is sexual. Vibrators, used underwear, handcuffs. He looks like a handcuffs man.

I opted for the room on the right, which appeared to be hers. It had all the typical feminine fixings. An evening dress hung on the outside of the wardrobe. Perfumes and lotions on the dresser. I opened the drawer, hoping for something shocking, but found only some electric chargers and a Gideon bible. Her underwear yielded no latex or leather, not even anything cheekily crotchless.

Perhaps I was wrong and they were simply a boss and a secretary spending a post-conference night here.

Footsteps on the landing threw me into panic. Had they changed their minds about the tea? I considered hiding in the wardrobe, but seconds later realised that they were both going into the room nextdoor.

His was the voice I heard first. 'I've told you about this before,' he said. 'You do not give orders. You leave the ordering to me.'

'But you were in the lobby, seeing about your newspaper. And they came to take the order. And I knew what you wanted.'

'None of that alters anything, Mara. You have broken a rule. And you know what happens when you break a rule, don't you?'

'Yes, Sir,' she said with a resigned sigh.

Mara might have known what happened when she broke a rule, but I didn't, and I very much wanted to. I tiptoed to the connecting door, knelt down and put my eye to the keyhole.

He stood by the bed with his arms folded while she – Mara – was rummaging in a dresser drawer. She had her back to me and, as she bent to retrieve whatever it was, her bottom was thrust out, tautening her skirt to maximum stretch. He was looking at it too, the dirty bastard, getting a good long eyeful.

She straightened up again, turned and handed him something. It was a leather strap, about half an inch thick, with a grip for the hand at one end.

I took a deep breath. I was in for a treat.

When he took the strap, he slapped it into his palm, as if testing its painfulness, then he nodded.

'You know what comes next,' he prompted, and the lovely Mara dropped on her knees in front of him, head bowed.

'Please, Sir, I'm sorry I broke a rule and I beg to be punished for it.'

'I'm considering it.'

'Please, Sir. I really need it. Please punish me.'

'How hard?'

'As hard as you think I deserve.'

'Good.'

He was good. Very good. Making her beg for it – nice touch. I'd have to add it to my repertoire.

She bent to kiss his shiny shoes, her silky hair falling over her cheek. I pictured her bending like that to lick my clit, all so sweetly submissive and obedient. I raised my skirt to my waist and put my fingers down my knickers. Damn this stupid country-house hotel and its inconvenient uniform.

'We'll start with my hand,' he said, seating himself in the armless straight-backed chair by the bureau. 'Remove your skirt and place yourself over my knee.'

I watched her unzip, my mouth watering as I wondered which view of her I would have. Perhaps her face, suffering and contorting in pain. Or perhaps her bottom. I rather hoped for the latter.

Her tight skirt had been tugged down over the swell of her hips before I glimpsed her milky thighs, with their suspender straps interrupting the smooth expanse of skin. She stepped out of it and laid herself gracefully over his lap. Joy of joys, I had the most perfect view of her upthrust bum, the flesh spilling from her silky shorts.

Not that the silky shorts lasted long, for he peeled them down until her bottom was bare and they rested just above her lace stocking tops. Now her arse was cunningly framed by the suspender belt and straps, with the froth of silk and lace three-quarters of the way down her thighs.

She was ready to begin. And so was I. My finger was on the button. Three, two, one …

But he wanted to lecture her first, it seemed, while his hand moved idly round and round her vulnerable cheeks. He spoke about mindfulness of rules, respect, discipline and duty. She chimed in only to say 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Sir' but he seemed satisfied with this.

His palm flattened against her buttocks, which tensed immediately. I imagined her teeth and fists clenched in concert.

'Now this is just to start us off,' he warned her, starting in with quick, sharp smacks across the centre of her quivering bum. He did not seem to be putting a great deal of effort into it, lifting his arm only to chest height before swooping his hand down to meet her flesh, but the sound was music to my ears, as were Mara's wails and complaints.

'Oh! Ouch! Ouch! It hurts!'

'Don't be silly, Mara, this is a gentle warm-up. I haven't even started.'

A long, despairing moan met this statement, but I could see that the boss was warming to his work now, laying on harder and harder strokes, at times leaving handprints. It was strangely aesthetically pleasing to watch Mara's bum jiggling around and changing to a deep-pink colour under her employer's chastising hand and I watched transfixed, hoping that he would carry on for a very long time. Much as Mara disliked the slow, hard strokes, she seemed to hate the sudden volleys of speedy ones even more, for these made her wriggle and twist like fury, calling out for him to please, stop, please, it was too much, she would be good, oh, she would. But he was utterly resolute and no amount of gasping, pleading or tearful contrition would deflect him from his purpose. Only when Mara's poor bottom was fully and blazingly reddened and her kicking legs limp and spent did he begin to stay his hand.

For my part, my hand was hard at work, stuffed eagerly inside my cotton boyshorts, and I knelt with my fingers stroking the wiry curls of my muff and my longing clit, excited beyond expectation at Mara's humiliation.

Oh, why did it have to end? I silently protested. Mara's bottom had taken ten long minutes of this summary treatment, but I wanted to see more.

I uttered mute thanks to an unnamed deity when the boss, helping his subdued secretary to her feet, instructed her to go and bend over the side of the bed with her bottom high and her feet apart. This was not the end!

My joy was not matched by Mara, whose lower lip stuck out a mile.

I wondered about this dynamic. Surely it must be consensual. They would have a safeword, presumably. He seemed highly experienced, at least, and they had clearly developed their own rituals.

'Mara, a spanking by my hand is the least you can expect for petty rulebreaking. Breaking one of the golden rules of obedience merits the application of something a little more forceful. If you are to learn, I must be strict and consistent with you. Do you understand?'

'I am too sore,' she snuffled.

'Do you understand, or shall I be harder on you than I originally intended? There will be extra strokes for defiance.'

Mara let out a great howl of anguish, but she went to the bed and obediently bent herself over the side, grasping the frame. Her sore bottom glowed like a beacon amid the pale-pink frilliness that framed it. I sucked in a breath on her behalf, then another when Mara parted her feet, as instructed. All at once, that gorgeous little slut's most secret and intimate parts were visible, tender pink lips spread and vulnerable. To me they looked edible and I imagined my teeth nipping and tongue licking at the tempting array.

But it seemed that Mara could not expect anything so pleasurable, as the boss had picked up that wicked-looking brown leather strap and stood testing it for bend and snappiness.

'Do you ever go anywhere without those nasty things?' blurted Mara, fearfully watching him stroke the supple hide then bend and flex it against his palm before slapping it gently down.

He looked over at her, strap in hand, without answering.

'You will count,' he said briskly, crossing to stand at her rear. 'I plan to apply twenty strokes, but I will give extra for broken position or disobedience of any kind. Now then.'

He swung the strap through the air a few times before allowing it to whistle down and snap across Mara's backside, causing her to sing out in pain and rock on her heels until she could count out a shaky 'One, Sir'.

I noted the wide red stripe left to burn across Mara's bottom and watched agog as the rest were delivered, slowly and with decorum, sometimes leaving a little pause for Mara to recollect herself, falling across the full width of her bum and down to the upper thighs, which appeared especially painful. I fidgeted furiously with my needful bud while I watched Mara lift her feet, clutch the bed frame and yelp into the mattress, as her bottom received stripe after stripe. The air around me smoked and snapped with the sounds and scents of punishment and arousal; the shocking crack of the strap urged my fingers on to the completion of the quest.

Mara earned herself two extra strokes by jumping up straight and rubbing her bottom furiously, and, by the time the twenty-second was applied and counted, I had found my moment of sweet release, biting my lip as she doubled over on the floor, intent on allowing no sound to betray me.

I shuffled back to my knees for a final glimpse of Mara's crimson bum with its pattern of long rectangles. The girl was panting and mewling, still bent over, while bossman was issuing some words of wisdom or other which went over my head, so transfixed was I by the obvious changes that had been wrought to Mara's cunt. Now it was deeper in colour, swollen and glistening slightly with what must surely be her female juices. It certainly seemed that Mara had taken some pleasure from the pain. It wasn't my bag – I used to think it was some myth made up to suit the purpose of cruelly inclined men. But I had seen enough juicy little pain sluts over the years, and here was Mara, almost dripping …

I watched the errant secretary slowly uncurl her spine and stand, head bowed and bum burning, before her master.

He bent and whispered something into her ear. She grimaced and turned towards me and – oh, shit! – she was coming straight towards the door.

I didn't have time to stand straight, still less back away, before the handle turned. It was unlocked. I hadn't thought it would be unlocked. In my haste to scramble out of view, somewhere, anywhere, I fell backwards.

When the door opened, my fingers were still struggling to escape my knickers and my skirt was hiked around my waist.

Mara's hands flew to her mouth and she aimed a desperate look at her boss. So did I.

What the hell was going to happen now?

I retrieved my juice-stained fingers and tried to stand, blabbing out incoherent apologies. At least, they might have been apologies, or I might have just repeated 'Oh, God'over and over.

The boss, surprisingly unruffled, simply folded his arms and watched me. 'What have we here?' he said. Then he crooked a finger.

'Please don't report me,' I whispered, finally managing to arrange my legs and my skirt so as to allow me to get up.

He shook his head and shushed me.

I walked past the curious Mara and presented myself to the boss. I couldn't look at him, focusing instead on my fingers, which gripped each other so tightly they whitened around the knuckles.

'Who are you?'

'A chambermaid. Sir.'

'No, I mean what's your name?'

'Kim, Sir.'

'And what were you doing, crouched down there by the door?'

'I was … polishing the handle, Sir.'

Even as I said the words, I knew lying was a bad idea, but I felt I had to make the token gesture, or he'd think I was some kind of pushover.

'Polishing the handle? Look at me.'

I twisted my neck to the side, but he repeated the instruction and I lifted my eyes with much reluctance to his.

'Do you often polish things with your hands down your knickers, Kim?'

I could do nothing but shrug.

'You were watching us, weren't you?'

'I couldn't help but notice …'

'No, I'm sure,' he said dryly. 'And what did you notice?'

'You spanked her. Your secretary. And you used a belt. Strap. Thing.'

'That's right. So you saw everything, from start to finish?'

I nodded.

At this point, he looked away from me, towards Mara. 'I thought I sent you to fetch something, didn't I?'

Her mouth fell open and I thought she was going to protest, but she decided against it and headed into the other bedroom, her red bottom swaying from side to side.

'And what did you think of what you saw?' He spoke to me again, his voice lower this time.

'It was very interesting, Sir. I'm so sorry!' I burst out again.

'Don't apologise. Clearly, you found it quite stimulating. Didn't you?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Did you come?'

I sucked in a quick breath. What a question.

'Yes,' I whispered.

'I see. So you like spanking?'

'Not really. It wasn't that, so much as … watching her getting spanked. She's very pretty, Sir.'

'You like her?'

I nodded again.

'You're gay?'

'Yes.'

'Well, this is interesting.'

He was silent for a moment, his hand at his chin.

'Are you going to report me?'

'No. No, I don't think so.'

'Oh, thank you,' I blurted. 'Thank you so much. And I really am sorry …'

'I haven't finished yet. Listen. You like Mara. How would you like to help me complete her punishment?'

I looked wildly back into the other bedroom. Mara was on the threshold, holding something in her hands. I couldn't quite make out what it was.

'Oh … is that … I mean, would that be OK?'

Her blushing face was bowed. She still wore a silky blouse on her top half, while her bottom half consisted only of stockings, suspenders and lowered knickers. Her little pink triangle was shaved bare, her pussy lips peeking out at me.

'Mara,' said the boss. 'Kim here would like to join us. I trust you will be a good girl for her. Won't you?'

'Yes, Sir,' she said.

'If she wants to,' I said, turning to the boss, suddenly firm. 'Only if she wants to.'

'She wants to,' he said.

'I need to hear it from her.'

'Fair enough.Mara?'

She raised her head and nodded shyly at me. Her blush was gorgeous. I wanted to kiss her lips and stroke her hair, especially when she gave me the tiniest little smile, a secret between us.

'Thank you, ma'am,' she said.

'Now,' said the boss, 'bring me the plug and then undress yourself, for Kim to watch.'

Mara handed over the item, which I saw was a butt plug, quite a wide model, not for beginners. Then she came to stand opposite me, so close I could touch her, but I wasn't sure it was allowed, so I held off.

She unbuttoned her shirt and slipped it off, then took off her bra to reveal beautiful full, plump breasts with round red nipples.

'Touch them, Kim,' invited the boss. 'Feel how heavy they are.'

They were rather heavy, not the weightiest I'd ever held, but certainly filling my palms satisfyingly. I let them jiggle in my hands, then I squeezed them, then I stroked the nipples with my thumbs and was rewarded with a pretty little shimmy of her hips.

'She has very sensitive nipples,' he remarked. 'The lightest of clamps is all she needs. But I'm not going to clamp them today. She's had her quota of pain. Feel how hot her bottom is.'

I slid my hand around her hip, on to the luscious curve of her arse. Oh, he was right. The heat was lovely, like warming my hands on a radiator. I loved the effect the strap had made, ridging her skin so I felt little ripples of sensation when I stroked it.

'Best of all,' said the boss, more softly now, 'is the effect a good thrashing has on her pussy. Touch it. You'll see.'

I looked up at her face, as if seeking permission, but her eyes were closed in a kind of rapture. She was somewhere deep inside herself but, wherever she was, it was exactly where she wanted to be.

I parted her thighs a little wider and dipped two fingers between her pussy lips. So hot and juicy, and her clit was swollen right up. I massaged it slowly, enjoying the way her thighs trembled against my hand.

'You're right,' I said to the boss. 'She's soaking wet.'

I pushed my fingers into her cunt, digging inside, feeling her tightness, while I kept my thumb on her clit.

'Hmm, careful there, Kim, you'll make her come. She's not to come yet.' He changed the subject brightly. 'Have you any experience with butt plugs?'

'A little,' I said. 'Not much.'

'But some? Oh, I'm sure you'll do a good job.'

He sat down on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned his trousers. 'Over here, Mara, on your knees.'

She knelt between his legs, waiting obediently while he removed his erect cock from his underpants.

'She's going to suck my cock while you put the plug in,' said the boss. 'Lubricant is in the right-hand drawer. Let me know when it's fully inserted.'

I blinked, a little nonplussed at the turn of events, but I retrieved the bottle of lube and went to sit on my heels behind Mara, who by now had a good mouthful of the boss's rather large cock.

I parted her buttocks, seeking the tiny round hole I had the task of filling. Her cheeks were hot and obviously still sore, and her little rosebud quivered when I pressed my thumb against it. She was obviously well trained, though, because she kept her bum thrust out and didn't try to clench or wriggle away from me.

I uncapped the lube and spread plenty on my fingertips, then I pushed them against the rosette, circling it delicately, getting closer and closer to the target. I felt a tiny pressure of resistance, then my forefinger eased inside. How tight she was. I thought she might suck my finger inside and hold it there, but I was able to pull it back with little trouble.

I applied a good squirt of lube to the plug and went to work on that next. I pushed it slowly and gently, rotating it until it began to slip in. As I pressed, then stopped, then pressed some more, she made scoffing noises, her mouth too stuffed to express her real reaction.

The boss was holding her by her hair, keeping her head low down. I wondered if she was deep-throating him. He looked pretty happy, at any event.

'How … is it going?' he rasped.

'Nearly halfway in,' I reported. 'Just getting to that nice wide part.'

'Keep that held there for as long as you can before you push in the rest,' commanded the boss. 'Make her feel it. Make sure she really feels how full and stretched she is.'

'You're the boss,' I said. 'Now, keep still, Mara, and be a good girl. You're going to have a sore bum, but you won't mind, will you? Because it's what you deserve.'

I loved her little gasps of shock and amazement as I held the plug at the cruellest part. The boss shoved down hard on her head, fucking her mouth. She writhed at the hips and I took pity on her and pushed it all the way in, so that the flange sat between her cheeks, showing anyone who looked that her rear hole was occupied. How decadent it looked, with her striped scarlet bum cheeks on either side.

I wanted to touch myself again, but I knew better things were coming, so I held off.

'Good,' said the boss. 'Off, Mara.'

He let go of her hair and released her mouth from his thrusting cock.

'Now then, Kim, it's up to you what you want to do with your clothes, but you need to lie down on the bed with your legs spread and your cunt available for Mara to lick. I'll give you a moment …'

It barely took a moment. I threw myself eagerly on to the bed, pulled up my skirt, yanked off my knickers, layingmyself bare for Mara's tongue.

Soon enough it was there, planted between my lips, while she breathed and stroked and licked like an expert, kissing my clit and pushing her fingers inside my cunt with such absorption that you would never realise she was getting fucked from behind all the while. Her face lay buried in the junction of my legs, building my arousal higher and higher, while the boss, still almost fully clothed, rose behind her like a giant, his tie flapping this way and that, his cheeks growing redder, his veins beginning to stand out on his forehead.

I was the first to come, melting blissfully into that hot, eager mouth. She didn't withdraw her tongue, but kept on kissing my spread lips until she moaned into them, her own orgasm forced from her by the boss's purposeful thrusts.

He held on a while longer, seeming to enjoy his view enough to want to prolong it, but eventually he too joined us in our post-coital haze, collapsing on top of Mara's back with a roar.

'Well, Kim,' he said, once he had Mara over his lap to remove the plug. 'Thank you so much for your input, but I hope we haven't kept you from your duties.'

Oh. My duties. I should have finished polishing the silver in the drawing room ages ago.

'Oh, right,' I said, looking from him to her.

Mara smiled at me with lazy satiety. 'That was awesome,' she drawled. 'We'll come here again.'

'I hope you do,' I said, smoothing down my skirt. 'I really hope so.'

Without him, next time.

'Here's my card,' said the boss, handing it over.

It read: 'J Barraclough. Professional disciplinarian and dom. All submissive tastes catered for.'

'Oh! So you aren't …?'

'We have a purely business relationship,' said Mara. 'You can have my card too, if you want. Or just my mobile number.'

'I'd like that.'

Leaving the room with Mara's contact details, I praised whoever might be the patron saint of voyeurs. And, as I passed the bust of the old lord, I almost thought he winked at me.

Property Of
Sommer Marsden

'Winona,' he said. Just him saying my name sent a shiver up my spine. I turned a bit too fast and almost propelled myself out of my office chair. Which led to a nervous little titter.

Nice. Very sexy.

'Mr Bennett,' I said, nodding.

I wanted to look cool, but I felt like I was vibrating. How long would this last? I wondered.

He smiled as he put some papers neatly on top of his stack of folders. His suit was charcoal grey, his tie a navy blue, his shirt white. All very boring components that did nothing at all until you tied them all together by hanging them on a lean but muscular handsome man. A breath-stealing kind of handsome.

Trevor Bennett. My boss of all things.

'Can you come into my office, please?'

The word 'can' was a joke. He meant: 'Come into my office. Now.'

I nodded and cleared my throat. I had nothing to say, but he just made me feel that way. Like I had something stuck in my throat – maybe his cock. I bit my tongue to stop myself from laughing and then said softly, 'Coffee?'

'Already have some. We need to discuss tonight.'

Tonight? I had no idea, but I faked like I did and locked my computer. 'Coming,' I said.

That made him smile.

***

Trevor Bennett is a powerful man. He plays with money the way I used to play with dolls as a young girl. I followed him into his office, feeling like my legs were only a mirage. That they couldn't actually support me. My spiffy black slingback heels tip-tapped on the hardwood floor. They are his favourite shoes. I wear them often. And often when I wear them, they are all that I am wearing.

Trevor indicated a seat and I took it, smoothing my skirt primly because I knew it made him think dirty things. It often made him do dirty things shortly after thinking them.

'Tonight is the big wooing party. We bring in all the millionaires and billionaires and all those we want to bring into the fold. We woo them and wine them and dine them and try to convince them to let us play with their money.'

I nodded. Waiting.

'I'd like you to attend with me.'

I blinked and stared. Brilliant.

'I … um, I … of course.It's my duty as your assistant to –'

'As my date.'

Trevor leaned back against his desk and opened the button ofhis suit coat. I loved to watch him move that way – short, economical movements with no fluffery or wasted energy. He was a work of art. And he could make me come like I was dying. Brutal, wild, sweet – all the things orgasms were made to deliver.

'Your date?' I echoed. Flabbergasted. I had never in a million years dreamed it would ever go beyond fucking.

His smile said he knew that. Big grey eyes, as stormy as the weather in March, regarded me and my stomach tingled like I had swallowed a live electrical wire. My face was hot, my hands cold, my stomach and chest full of anxiety and, yes … excitement.

'Yes, as my date. I think we've gotten to that point, don't you?'

I could only nod dumbly. If I opened my mouth, something entirely mortifying would pop out, I was sure.

'You do know what they think of us? Don't you? You and your pointy shoes or your big black boots? You and your fucking phenomenal ass and ice-blue eyes? And me in my big hot-shot office giving you dick-tation.'

I blushed and studied my lap. I bit my lip and tried to breathe. The toe of that pointy shoe was swinging like a metronome.

'Do you, Winona?'

I shook my head. 'No, Sir.'

'No, what?'

'No, Trevor,' I said.

The man was a paradox. Expecting – no, demanding – the exact opposite of what most dominant men demanded. He confused me and scared me and, oh, fuck, God, yes, he made me want him so badly all I could focus on was the thumping demand of my cunt.

'They think you have me pussy-whipped. But not just figuratively, literally. They think you are the one wielding the whip, as it were. And I am the one asking for one more, Mistress.' He winked and I shifted in my seat, trying to find a comfortable position for my poor, swollen, wanting nether bits.

'I had no idea.'

He straightened his trouser leg. 'Doesn't matter. I don't really give a shit what they think.'

'The mark of a true dominant.'

'But I find it amusing. I'd like to put a little trinket on you. So you remember when they all start flirting, and touching and joking … that you are mine. Do you approve?'

Again, I nodded mutely. Maybe I had a future career as a ventriloquist's dummy.

'But, you know, some studded dog collar or bondage nonsense would look really stupid with a lovely cocktail dress and delicate sensual shoes. It would also be abysmal on that neck of yours.'

Thank God. The thought of something that tight to my throat made me jangle with fear and anxiety. I had a thing about my throat and he knew it. It was one thing to let him grip me there – his hand imprisoning my jumping pulse – while he fucked me. It was another to ask me to wear something constricting for hours and hours and not freak out.

'Thank you, Trevor.'

'So this was the thing I thought would help us celebrate our first date. Also celebrating the fact that you're mine now. You are mine now, aren't you, Winona?'

'Yes, Trevor,' I breathed. All of me felt like I was trembling. Inside and out. I pictured him eating me out, I pictured him fucking me with his fingers, I pictured him trussing me up and making me say his name until I wept it.

'Good girl. Property of Trevor Bennett. Come here.'

I went. I walked to him slowly until we were eye to eye and he kissed my hand once like a prince in a fairytale. 'There she is,' he murmured.

I stood like I was in the military. Back straight, legs locked, shaking like a motherfucker, but trying valiantly to hide it. He popped the big black velvet box and I waited, throat bared, as if for execution.

It was deceptive. Pretty and silver. Three jointed lengths of sterling silver with a Claddagh attached. The Irish symbol for friendship or love or marriage. It was gorgeous and bold and would go with anything at all.

But, when he held it up, my heart started to race. For, as pretty as it was, it was just as bad as the dog collar he'd dismissed. I could tell by its size that it would grip my throat with a cold clinical pressure that made me antsy. All I wanted to do was turn and run.

'Now I know how you feel about things on your neck,' he said. He ran his finger along my bottom lip and my body went haywire, distress and arousal mingling and making me feel floaty and

spacey in my own body. ‘But it’s just until the party’s over. To remind you. If you are a good girl, we’ll take it off as soon as we can.’

I nodded and then bit my lip hard enough to taste a coppery kiss of blood. I would not cry. I would obey.

I bowed my head to allow Trevor to put the necklace on. Each section of sterling silver reminded me of a very subtle smiley face. The three were linked and the charm dangled from the centre section. I could tell just by eyeing it that it would be too snug to my flesh. Constricting and cruel.

That alone made my cunt wet. My heart beat fast. My cheeks flushed.

Trevor smiled and shook his head. He tsk-ed at me and I knew I’d made a mistake. ‘Come on now, Winona … is that how you accept a gift?’

He pointed one blunt finger at the generic grey carpet at his feet. ‘Kneel.’

I felt stupid. What had I been thinking? But again that wet curl of arousal in my pussy made it all OK. I moved forwards, dropped to my knees, bared my throat.

He hooked the necklace quickly. With my issues, it felt like a death sentence – the most severe of punishments. But I forced myself to take a shuddery but calming breath and relax some.

His zipper hissed at me and I watched, excited and somewhat ashamed, to see him pull his cock free. He painted my lips slowly with the warm silken skin of his glans. I hummed softly, swaying a little on my knees as if intoxicated.

I parted my lips, let him smear his skin along my pink painted mouth. When he made that sound in the back of his throat that always made me tremble, I moved my head forwards to suck him.

‘This is how you accept a gift, Winona.’ His voice was soft as he pushed deeper into my throat. I swayed along with the lulling sound of his words. He took my head in his hands, cupping me so that the world was muffled and I felt like I could hear the ocean if I tried.

When he touched the back of my throat with his cock, driving deep, I gagged a little. My eyes watered. I sucked in a desperate elated breath through my nose.

He growled, a sound I cherished. ‘Hike up that skirt, Winona. And there’d better be no panties under there.’

My fingers clutched my snug skirt and lifted. Beneath it I wore only thigh-high stockings and a small, well-groomed patch of pubic hair.

He nodded, forcing his cock deeper into my throat. ‘Good’ was all he said. And then, ‘You may touch yourself.’

I was slick and slippery. Warm and eager. My fingers slid along my nether lips, parting, stroking, plucking, pinching. I eased fingers into my cunt as I sucked him a little faster. A little deeper. A little better.

His fingers dug into my loose chignon, pulling just enough to give me that welcome element of pain. All the while the necklace that he gave me kept its greedy metal fingers on my pulse, the swell of my throat, the charm banging the hollow at my clavicle. Mocking me.

He yanked my hair hard when he came and that bright burst of pain pushed me over the edge. I climaxed a second later, shivering fingers buried in my soaking wet pussy, my clit throbbing in time with my heart.

He took my hand and helped me stand after tucking himself back in. Always he treated me as if I were royalty. Some great beauty, some wonderful lady, to be admired and cherished. Until she was used and abused. Spanked and bound and whipped and fucked. Although I knew that was only him cherishing me all the more.

I wiped my lips with a tissue he handed over and then he kissed me. Almost a perfunctory kiss, but not quite. His tongue snaked out at the very last second, sneakily taking a taste of his semen on my lips. It always turned me on when he allowed himself to go there. He’d once whispered, ‘One of these days, I’m going to clean up after myself when I come. And then I’ll fuck you again. What do you think?’

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