# Daniella Bound

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*Why HAS Eric tied Daniella to that chair?*

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For Daniella all was darkness. The sleep mask he had slipped over her eyes encased her in velvet black. Every other sense was heightened. She heard the soft whirr of the fan and the rustle of his clothing, as perhaps he crossed his legs or shifted in his seat. She smelled the honeysuckle through the open window and the sharp tang of cologne whenever he drew close. She felt the prickling of cooling sweat on her exposed skin every time the fanned air brushed her. And she felt the tautness of the knotted bonds around her wrists and ankles. Hell, she almost felt his eyes on her. They were patrolling her body for sure, calm and alert, enjoying her, consuming her.

But chiefly she felt the soft, insistent buzz between her legs, the sensation over which he had complete control. He had plucked her panty crotch aside to insert the slim vibrator lovingly inside her, and those panties, the only garment he had left her wearing, held it firmly in place as it burred and fizzed. Currents of delicious, maddening sensation emanated from her gently moving loins to all quarters of her body, pricking her nipples, electrifying her spine so she writhed, her sweat-soaked back and bottom slipping against the smooth varnish of the chair. The buzzing increased, sensation building, her pussy clutching the vibrating pencil within, drenching her panties and thighs with a steady flow of responsive juice. Her head tilted against the back of the chair, her breathing ragged, as the tension in her body curved upwards into an exponential spike.

And then it stopped. The buzzing within her ceased utterly. Her body stiffened for a moment, before she crumpled into torpor, her satisfaction cruelly denied her. How many times was that, four, five, he had brought her to the precipitous brink of screaming, flailing orgasm, only to flick the switch on his remote and cut off the throbbing supply? Her head drooped and she hung there panting, hands working fruitlessly against the tough, nylon bindings - not to effect an escape, just to liberate her fingers so she could finish off manually what the vibrator had failed to achieve. Her pussy spasmed gently, aching and unrelieved. How could he know? How could he read her that minutely, bring her that close and no more?

*Please, please …* The word was at her lips, but she dared not speak it. After frustration times two she had pleaded openly and he had calmly threatened to gag her and leave the room indefinitely, vibrator

resolutely non-active. ‘ I’ll leave you there till you pee yourself, darling,’ he had told her gently, stroking her hair, ‘and I really don’t want to have to mop up after you.’ Bastard. *Bastard.*

The only hope was to be silent and patient. To sit there sweating on the hottest damn day of the summer, cunt-juice and perspiration pooling about her thighs in the concave seat. Serving as his visual entertainment, as he sat across from her in his own chair. The fan next to him, while she stewed in the heat. ‘ I’ve got a few calls to make and some stuff to check on the laptop,’ he had told her, having deftly secured her hands to the back of the chair. ‘It’s tedious stuff, you’ll be something nice to look at.’

And calls he had made, sitting across the living-room from her, doing bloody business. Dressed to impress in the heat of an August day for God’s sake, like it mattered - since he’d obviously wanted her blindfolded from the off. Occasionally he’d rise to strut about her chair, so close that the silk of his shirt brushed against her, then he’d return to his seat. Chatting to business contacts all the while and sipping audibly from a glass - his sophisticated choice of drink seemed now a galling affectation - while his other hand played her body with the pressure of one finger. Toying, sexy bastard. Right now he was making her hate how much she wanted him.

Eric set his glass of pinot grigio next to his laptop and observed his captive. She was an exquisite sight with her petite form hanging forward limply in the chair, more so when her body was a taut bow-string of sexual tension. Which it was, of course, each time he chose to move the vibrator up to its higher settings. The bangs of her dark hair hung in dampened fronds about her forehead. Her jaw was a touch slack; he liked it better when her even, white teeth gnawed at her lower lip as her arousal grew, but he could wait for that. The fresh, natural glow of her pale skin was enhanced by the moisture that had beaded at her every pore. There she sat, his pretty little puppet, whose strings he could pull by a single switch-flick, hoisting her up into a straining full-body rictus of erotic longing. How choice to play with her, to draw her closer, ever closer to her fulfilment and then each time to thwart her. Sweet baby. Sweet, hot little rich girl. Making her body yearn, forcing her to bite down her desire every time she went to plead for release. Making her need him, making her crave his touch. Pretty, helpless Daniella.

A surge of anger fuelled his quiet lust and he picked up the remote, flicked it idly, watched as she jolted back into life. A stifled moan escaped her throat, before her teeth bit into that plump lower lip. Her smooth drumlin breasts thrust outwards, large, dark-pink nipples poking provocatively into space. And her hips began to shunt in little rotations on her seat, striving to supplement the work of her teasing, battery-powered tormentor, to push her to that yearned-for conclusion. Eric’s enlarging cock slid pleasingly against the silk of his boxers, as he enjoyed the show.

His Bluetooth buzzed in his ear - the expected return call, he thought - and he answered without

breaking his gaze. But it wasn't who he'd been hoping for. 'Quentin - glad you called. Been wondering if you'd finished proofing the Gaunt novel. Deadline's tomorrow, you hadn't forgotten… Yes, well if you can email confirmation to me by the end of the day that would be good.'

Daniella emitted a yelp, loud enough to be heard down a phone-line, as Eric upped the setting. 'Ah, you've caught me enjoying some adult entertainment,' he explained to his business associate. 'Classy, but highly pornographic. I'm sure you'd like it. ' He smiled, as Daniella's sweat-slick young ass continued to slither about the polished surface of the chair. 'Very stimulating. What? No, I'm not. I'm using my laptop and it needs both hands. Merely a background distraction. How're things going with you?' He small-talked a while, spinning the remote idly in his fingers as he chatted.

'Okay, I'll look out for that proofed copy,' he said eventually. 'What's that? Oh trust me, I'm enjoying. Later.'

The call terminated and Eric focused all his attention on bringing his toy to the verge of an ass-juddering crescendo, before cruelly pulling her back. 'Ah, Daniella,' he said softly, as she lolled defeated in her chair, 'my afternoon delight.' *How I'm going to make you pay*, he added internally, and as he set down the control and picked up the glass, as he rose from his seat and strolled towards her, it almost felt to him that the crime were hers. Spoilt, pampered daddy's girl, however smart, what a pleasure to render her his plaything. Trussed there, so forlorn, so helplessly aroused. He almost took pity on her.

*Bastard, stop doing this to me. And don't make your - your calls like I'm not bloody here!* Daniella felt exhausted, wrung out by the successive, huge waves of sensation Eric had caused to build then ebb within her. None allowed to break, as though he were a King Canute, more worthy of the flattery. She heard his casual tread on the carpet approaching her, then her head swam with his male aroma - perspiration and aftershave together with the wine on his breath. 'Patience, sweetheart,' he said in a near-whisper. 'Think how much sweeter it'll be when it actually happens.' She felt his perfectly manicured nails drawn backwards across her cheek, before he cupped his palm and cradled her jaw.

Daniella bridled under his touch. The whole hyper-sensitive landscape of her body goose-bumped and tremored. She leant her face into his hand, rubbed against him like an attention-craving cat, her nipples hardening just that little bit more. He was acting like he owned her and she could not help but respond, now, as though it were true. Such a far cry from the man she had met two years prior in the family home that day, respectful, polite, gently humorous - inquiring about her imminent departure for university. The same man she had bumped into on the high street on her summer recess some two weeks before, who had so casually suggested they go for coffee, then drawn her out over the lattes on her chosen field of study.

Now he was up close, stroking her hair, gently but with a disconcertingly propriatorial air. He moved his finger to her lips, strummed them tenderly apart and inserted not one or two but three fingers into her mouth. She sucked on the tips, eager to please him, hoping he would reciprocate by somehow getting her off. Fingers withdrew and she heard it, the slow, deliberate rasp of a descending zipper in front of her face, followed by the rustle of linen, and then it was not his fingertips at her lips.

‘Go on, open up.’ One strong hand rested on the back of her head, drawing her forward. Her lips parted once more and she took the bulged, velvet cock-head into her mouth. He kept pressing, guiding, compelling her down on to its thick stalk, sliding their two forms together, filling her startled throat till she was orally impaled on him, face nestling into the rich, Italian fabric of his clothes. She choked on his thickness as he held her there, the immaculately clipped nails of his other hand delicately tracing her cheekbone. ‘Good girl, good girl, that’s it,’ he breathed, ‘stay there, just a little more…’ Then he drew her smoothly all the way off him, exiting her mouth with a small, succulent pop, allowing her to gulp in air. ‘Very good, baby,’ he commended softly. ‘Take a moment, then we’ll try again.’

As she sat panting, she marvelled in some part of her confused mind at the contrast between those recent dates and - this. How he had taken her out for drinks, then dinner and theatre, allowed her to collude in her own seduction, plied her with his physical attentions gradually and respectfully. She had revelled in the sly sexual interplay, the way he drew out her confidence, opened her up to him physically and psychologically. So that on the evening of their third official date, back here in his apartment, her clothes had seemed to drop from her at his touch.

He had cupped and caressed her, lavished his tongue and his lips and his sensual fingers on her body, bringing her to climax three times before he even introduced his cock into the scenario. Then he had gathered her to him and entered her, riding the ecstatic movement of her body strongly and slowly, building to a hard, urgent but still strangely tender crescendo, where they both exploded together. They had lain together spent and entwined in the sweet aftermath. Over two more dates he had taken gentle charge of her body - undressed, guided and positioned her, gripped her with iron-clad restraint and made strong, intense, slow-fucking love to her - drawing out her hot, fresh juice and her trust.

So now to this afternoon’s developments - just where the fuck had they come from? Although maybe - maybe - yes, hadn’t she just occasionally sensed something else lurking there in their earlier encounters? Something indefinably dark lying beneath his restraint, when his grip tightened just a little, when his glittering eyes seemed to betray more than arousal and affection. And hadn’t her stomach buzzed at the thought of discovering what that something was?

He drew himself close now and fitted her fully down on to him once more, pulling her tight, his thick

engorgement squelching into the recesses of her throat. ‘Ye-s-s-s, that’s it, that’s what we want, good girl.’ When he dragged her spluttering and gulping off him this time, he flipped the sleep-mask deftly from her eyes, providing an accompanying visual. From the civilised trappings of his Borrelli garments sprouted that great, thick trunk, essential and primeval and still glistening with her relish. ‘See what that talented little throat just swallowed?’ he said approvingly. ‘Now let’s do it again.’ And while some feisty part of her wanted to apply her teeth just enough to make him wary, she submitted and let him slot her all the way back down on to him.

Eric tilted Daniella’s head slightly, so he had a good view of his shaft, as it probed past her lips all the way to the back of her throat. She was tight around him, her convulsing vocal tract squeezing his bulging head, firing chemical messages of sheer fucking joy all round his body. ‘Look at me,’ he told her. ‘Look at me, baby.’ She turned her dark-hazel eyes on him, her stuffed face full of panic, rage and excitement. He brushed fronds of hair back behind her ear and gazed on her in a type of wonder. ‘Keep it there, darling, keep it there, that’s my good girl…’

It was that serendipitous meeting three weeks back, which had led to the current agreeable positioning of his cock. There she’d been, window shopping on the high street in a pale-blue halter top and tomato-red shorter-than-shorts, the latter of which looked meticulously tailored to showcase her exquisite bubble-ass. She’d clutched an ostentatious Sara Berman bag and had been almost unrecognisable under massive, insect-eye sunglasses. But he’d been sufficiently smitten by this sexy little vision to keep looking and make the connection with two summers ago. Disappointment had still burned within him, the fatal email having arrived only the previous day, and on spotting her, his decision had been instantaneous.

‘Daniella?’ A swing-about to face him, ponytail bouncing, swift removal of sunglasses followed by a radiant smile of recognition. ‘From a couple of summers back … We met at your dad’s, right?’

‘I remember! You’re…’

‘Eric. It’s okay…’ - on seeing her apologetic frown - ‘… I’m sure you can be a good Psychology student and not remember names.’

‘I’m damn good with names,’ she’d protested, laughing. ‘And a damn good Psychologist. I was going to say Errol…’

‘Errol? Because I remind you of Errol Flynn?’

More laughter. ‘Don’t flatter yourself, mister! You just look like a generic Errol, is all. Not a specific one. You shouldn’t go fishing for compliments from girls you hardly know. That’s a bit reckless.’

‘I feel crushed. And a little bit psychoanalysed. The course is going well, then?’

Segue into afternoon coffee, drinks a few nights later, followed by a night out on the town. Carry her away with chat and laughter and romance and goodnight kisses full of restrained passion and a mere hint of roguish intent. Be polite, respectful, keep just the right side of cocky. Take on Miss Psychologist at her own game. Lingering eye-contact across the restaurant table, even in the silences. Fingers weaving together while awaiting the cheque. Invite her back almost as a throwaway and once she’s on your sofa, draw out her confidences while gently flirting. Play idly with her hair and share laughter up close. Kiss her, soft, slow and searching. Charm her free of clothing, then tongue her free of inhibition. Penetrate her deep till her body quakes and her eyes roll back in her head. Warm her up so the debauching-proper can begin.

None of which had been a chore. She had a sweet face and a hot body and a sophistication that belied her youth; her wit, sass and wide-ranging knowledge meant she sparred easily with him, despite his fifteen years’ seniority over her. She had challenged him, made him laugh, called him on the odd stray moment of careless male bullshit, the precocious little madam. And yet despite her chosen field of study, she had never seen through to his true motives, never realised that he was reeling her in, landing her … right here.

He pulled her face off his cock again, held her for one moment of recuperation, then briskly planted her all the gorge-stretching way back, her nose crushed into his silk shirt. Nice. She had acquiesced so easily that afternoon, as he unbuttoned her clothes and eased them from her body, bathing her face, neck and breasts in soft kisses. ‘God, sweetheart, the things I want you to feel,’ he had breathed into her ear. ‘Things you’ve never felt before. Do you have any idea how sexy you are?’ She had melted into him like ice-cream on that hot summer’s day. ‘Let me try something with you, darling.’ His next gambit. Spoken as if on a sudden erotic impulse. ‘Something I think you’ll enjoy. I want you to trust me, okay?’

She had nodded with mute excitement, the naïve little darling, and offered herself up to his control. Whatever she had expected when he guided her into the chair, however, it had not been this - his every hard, pulsing inch jammed to the very balls past her lips. *A bit different from the silver spoon you were born with, right my girl?* ‘That’s right, sweetheart, swallow me, swallow it all.’ And this time he cupped his sac and set about squeezing his inflated bollocks into her mouth as well, just for kicks.

Daniella felt herself wrenched off him once more and angrily spat herself free of viscous saliva, most of which ended up clinging to or dangling from the end of the abusing cock. Her panting mouth formed an insult, but he stopped it with a finger to her lips. ‘Not a word, or you don’t get yours,’ he warned softly. ‘Now do it again, without my help.’ She stared at him askance. ‘Go on. You want to get

off, then deep-throat me. All by yourself.'

God, on arriving at his apartment that afternoon, she had found herself ready to go on whatever sexual adventure he suggested. Guided panty-clad into the chair he had fetched from the dining-table, she had awaited developments with a sudden, expectant shortness of breath. On seeing him return from the utility room with all that thick cord she had flinched inwardly, but he had dropped to one knee, brushed the back of his hand across her cheek and spoken so earnestly, with just a dash of that irresistibly sly humour: 'I want to tease you before I satisfy you, sweetness. But we don't have to use these, not if you don't want to. It's just I don't think patience is one of your virtues…' And he had pressed his lips like a whisper to hers.

Not a word of protest had she spoken, as he bound her nearly-nude body to the chair, applied the sleep mask, slotted the vibrator into her wet and ready channel. And he had done it all with such seeming affection - so he could start pressing his selfish attentions on her like this. *Bastard. Bloody fucking bastard!* But she met his deep-throat challenge nonetheless. Summoning her courage, she lunged on to his cock, gobbling up as many inches as she could, before she gagged and could push no further. She withdrew, dribbling spit, hoping she had done enough.

'That's good, now try again.'

Damn him! She attacked him this time like she was starved, leaning in hard, his head raking the hard roof of her mouth en route to the back of her throat, and she glared at him defiantly all the while. *This what you're looking for? This make you fucking happy?* She could hear the wet suction as she took him in and was sure he was loving sound along with sensation. 'One more time, baby,' he said as she came off him, in a voice hoarse but calm. Cursing him inwardly she went way, way down, straining against her bonds, sucking him in till she choked hard, holding it there till tears ran down her cheeks and she could bear no more. As she pulled away, her mouth spilled profusely over her neck, her breasts and him.

'Good girl,' he smiled, and along with the mockery in his eyes she saw an infuriating, patronising benevolence that made her want to scream. But not so much she would blow her chances of the orgasm he had so long denied her. He bent down, erection still thrusting lewdly out of his flies, and kissed her lips softly. 'Poor sweet Daniella, so longsuffering, so compliant.' She stared at him - those beautifully carved, slightly angular features, the sun-streaked fair hair, the subtly powerful Italian-wrapped frame - and didn't know whether she wanted to slap or fuck the shit out of him. Then he knelt, prised himself between her parted thighs, and she knew.

Knew all the more as he slid his palms upwards under the thin band of her panties and curled his fingers to peel the sodden, black-lace garment away from her sweat-moistened ass and the pussy

she had so painstakingly waxed bare the previous night for his appreciation. Knew and ached and bit down on her lip, as he reached into the wet little nook between her shivering thighs with thumb and middle finger, pincering out the slim device he had so tenderly placed there. *Now, please please now.* She dared not articulate her inward begging, lest he desist another time.

Eric clicked the vibrator into motion and skimmed it teasingly over the surface of Daniella's plumpish upper thighs, keeping it ever just shy of her parted labia. He monitored each response of her taut body and near-agonised face, loving the sweet pain of denial that racked her. He withdrew the thrumming silver pencil and raised it to the pale mounds of her breasts, circled each dark nipple till it thrust out bullet-like on her straining, heaving chest. He traced a line down her sternum, over her prettily fleshy stomach, down between her legs, so its whirring tip barely touched her hot, pumped little clitoris. She gave a desperate high-pitched moan and tried to push herself on to it, but he held it back so it skimmed her and no more. Then he drew it down and up her slick, puffed lips, circled her clit, pushing a little harder then easing off, playing her cruelly, as her body yearned for release.

Daniella loved and despised what he was doing to her body. She was beyond reading him, trying to work out what was driving the man she thought she'd been getting to know. All she could feel was the tease of that orgasm, ever-impending and just beyond her reach. He was taunting her as he toyed: 'So close, Daniella, and you want it so, so bad, don't you, sweetheart?' He unbuttoned his shirt and tore it off on a sudden impulse, the vibrator left humming busily on the chair between her thighs. Then he pressed himself close to her, his hard, lean pectoral muscles packed against her breasts, his hot breath on her face. He kissed her hard. She could taste pinot-flavoured lust on her tongue as he crushed his mouth to hers, while one hand picked up the vibrator and played its tip against her pussy once more. He broke the kiss slightly, his lips still brushing hers as he spoke. 'Tell me what you want, baby, it's okay, you can say it.'

'Make me come. Please.' She could hear her voice, fevered and way beyond pride. 'Eric please, I can't stand it…'

'How, like this?' He dropped back down to the V between her legs and gave her clit a few deft licks, sending further shockwaves across the surface of her body. 'Or this?' And he sank the vibrator an inch into her wet hole, making her seize with pent-up tension.

'Any way,' she said despairingly, 'just do me, Eric, please, please get me off!'

'Do you beg me?'

'Yes, yes I fucking beg you, is that what you want? Please!'

He held the vibrator inside her still inside her, fixing her with a gaze she couldn't begin to fathom. Then he whisked it out of her and for a moment held it in front of her tauntingly. He stood up, dropped it on to the wood-panelled floor and stamped on it repeatedly and hard. Her disbelieving ears could hear it being ground into splintering fragments. Eric just stood there as if awaiting a reaction, an infuriating grin plastered all over his handsome face, his great cock still thrusting arrogantly, ridiculously out of his trousers.

Her head lolled back against the chair, her body sizzling with frustration, her mind whirling and tilting with defeated lust, confusion and just a hint of fear. 'You - You … What are you fucking doing?' Then his smile vanished as he seemed to change his mind, or else make a swift move in whatever weird game he was playing. He swooped down to his knees, gripped her hard by the small of her back and with the other hand thrust what must have been three fingers into her soaking, pulsing cunt.

She squealed at the unexpected, rude invasion, at being suddenly stretched so wide, but she welcomed it too - Christ, did her whole body and soul embrace it, the unambiguous display of male lust, the sense of being shamefully, nastily fucked by his vigorously attacking fingers. His smooth palm mashed against her clit as he squelched inside her hot tunnel, grunting intently as he did her.

His phone buzzed in his ear. 'Hush, or I stop,' he told her gravely. 'I need to take this call.' And with one hand still briskly working her, he fucking did!

'Damien, yes, I was just talking about your book.' His tone managed to be casual, even with three fingers stuck right up her. Not content, he lifted his wine glass from where he had set it on the nearby cadenza and sipped, before continuing the conversation. She gasped in both outrage and sublimated excitement, as the bastard multi-tasked. 'It should be proofed by the end of the day,' he was amiably chatting, 'but I'll let you know. Yes, it's all going swimmingly. I'm expecting we'll have quite a hit on our hands.' *Piece of shit!* How dare he? Daniella was disgusted she did not dry up at being used so shabbily. But she was oozing freely and losing her senses nonetheless, and hardly heard the rest of the call. 'Good to talk, Damien. Better go, I'm in the middle of something.'

After that he was back, granting her full attention at last. 'Okay lady, you want to come, then let's hear you.' She wanted it badly, and resented the fuck out of him for it. He was right there, cupping her firmly, fingers plunging three-knuckles-deep inside her wet delta, face now set in a lustful grimace inches from hers, showing her a whole lot of horny disrespect. 'You going to come? You going to come for me, sweetheart? You going to squirt all over my fucking hand?'

Oh God, was she. That long, tortuous build-up, held writhing all those times on the brink, it took mere seconds of his hard, digital abuse and she popped like an over-pumped party balloon. The sensation exploded outwards from her loins, ravishing her whole body like a flash-fire, burning her up in a fierce

ecstasy of release. She was shuddering and squealing on his deep-thrust fingers like a stuck animal, spilling her juice all over him. Soon she would realise to what degree she had exposed herself before this man, this game-playing stranger who she apparently hadn't known at all. She would know that he had drawn something out of her witnessed by no other. That would be in several seconds' time, when she had stopped coming like she were insane.

Daniella was a terrific sight, Eric thought, as she thrashed on him, as he braced her back once more and frigged that violently spasming cunt. Her smooth, exercise-toned body, with its last hints of puppy-fat, was sweat-drenched and tightly defined by muscle-clenching orgasm. Mascara had traced its way down from her eyes, besmirching that pretty, pert face. Her dark hair was sticking to her cheeks and neck, as her petite form danced out of control. And her sweet nectar had gushed extravagantly all over his hand and wrist. He let her quaking subside, before he eased his fingers from the sucking resistance of her love-hole, regardless of her yelps and moans, and smeared her face gently but liberally with the juice-soaked palm of his hand. Then he worked his recently-busy fingers into her mouth - 'Go on, lick these clean' - and made her taste her own essence. Her face, when he stroked it after, was a pleasing picture - a turmoil of bemusement, relief and resentment.

'Happy now?' She stared back at him, mouth slightly agape and panting, as though trying to fathom who this man actually was and why he was treating her so capriciously. 'Good,' he said, aware that she had not actually answered his question. 'Because now you're going to make me *very* happy.' As he stripped off the remainder of his clothes, got naked before her, he knew it was more than his quietly contained lust he was about to assuage. Climbing on to the chair so he could rub his stiff dick and heavy balls freely about her wet face, he felt chills running through him at what he was about to offload along with the contents of his loaded sac. She was a great lay, those early dates had already proven that, but today was about much more than sex. This was going to be one deeply satisfying, cathartic fuck. He set about untying her.

Daniella felt shattered by orgasm. Her pussy was a zone of heightened, near-unbearable sensitivity that pulsed every time he touched her in releasing the bonds around her feet, her hands. He worked nimbly, with such confidence - how practised was he? - as he unfastened each carefully-tied limb. His excited extension brushed various part of her, as he went intently, masterfully, about his task. Her knees nearly buckled as he drew her up from the chair, turned her about and guided her back on to it in a kneeling position. She was no one's pushover, but here she was, being put and placed by this driven, controlling man. And pissed off though she was, she couldn't find it in herself to protest. Undeniably it was too damned exciting.

She knew, as he made her grip the chair-back and lashed her wrists tightly to the slats once more, that he wasn't about to make love to her. That had been last time. Today there was a whole new agenda in place, and as he began to run his hands firmly over the damp slopes of her body, she

couldn’t for the life of her work out what it was. Something had changed or surfaced from where it had been lurking within this man.

Was he acting spontaneously that day from some emotion that had suddenly combusted within him? No, no, no - this was planned, she was sure. He had lured her to this point with compliments and tenderness; emotional and physical tenderness, the latter of which he was applying now, palming her suspended breasts in slow circles, then following the concave of her waist with one hand to the swell of her hip, his cock hovering almost intangibly above her rear. A shudderingly tender prelude to something very *far* from tender.

Was this his regular game? Were all the girls taken the seductive route to this scary, unpredictable place? She imagined not, as he lowered himself behind her, mapping the curves of her thighs and lower legs as he descended. This was personal to her, though she could not fathom why. She could fathom nothing right now, she could not even think coherently with what his tongue did to her next.

Eric parted the smooth, milky globes of Daniella’s ass cheeks almost reverently, exposing the gorgeous fruit of her sex. Her swollen lips and the thickened swathes that lay beneath still glistened with her juice and he sampled her delicately with his tongue, feeling her bottom twitch beneath his firmly grasping hands. Then his mouth enjoyed her fully; he pulled her ass tight into his face, thrust his tongue deep and ate her out voraciously, her scent sharp in his nostrils. She struggled and yelped, still over-sensitive from her orgasm, so he licked her all the more vigorously, working over her fleshy folds and soft, interior tunnel while she moaned. He trailed his tongue upwards out of her pussy, till it found the tight star of her anus, and there he burrowed a little, just enough to make her cry out in surprise.

He rose, his cock lined up behind her, thick and strong, ready to punch into either, it occurred to him, of her two holes. But not before he had played a little more. Not before he had smoothed his hands over those perfect porcelain bum cheeks like a sculptor admiring his own work, not before he had whacked them in a double hand-clap, making her scream and jolt the chair.

‘Poor baby, not expecting that?’ And he whacked her smartly in identical fashion. ‘Well you’ll be on guard for it from now on.’ Whack! She gave an impassioned yell, and well might she, he thought, with those scarlet-on-milky-white palm-prints. ‘Sorry darling, but Jesus - an ass like that was just created to be spanked. You’re a walking tease and you can’t help it! One more for luck…’

‘Owwwwww!’ This one erased the scowl from her face and before it could return, he had bent down and kissed both cheeks like a benediction. ‘No more,’ he promised, rising. ‘It’s time.’

He paused a moment to caress her hips, to smooth his palm down the small of her back to the divide

of her reddened bottom. She turned her head to look at him, her face full of anxious expectation, her slim waist creasing delectably on one side as her body shifted. And in his quietly angry lust it occurred to him that maybe she was not actually deserving of this. That there was much more to this girl than the pampered brat he had assumed her to be. After all, she was only guilty by association, wasn't she? Maybe she deserved the tenderness and respect of the first few dates …

The Bluetooth buzzed in his ear with freak timing that amazed him. He answered, still poised in fuck-mode, and indeed it was the call he had been waiting for all afternoon. 'Well now, I was wondering when you'd get back to me.' He kept a level tone as the voice sounded in his ear, of a man he had until recently considered a friend. 'Yes, you fully appraised me of your decision, I read the email several times. I just wanted to know your reasons. We had a clear verbal agreement, so I guess I'm asking what exactly changed your mind?'

He listened to the explanation, the head of his cock nestling against Daniella's pussy lips throughout, his rod still fully primed. 'No, no that's perfectly clear. What? Yes, I figured the decision was final. And that being the case, I've got a final decision of my own. Which will be with you by Monday morning. Now if you don't mind, I've got something that needs doing rather urgently. Goodbye.'

Eric was quietly seething as he ended the call. Jonathan Blanchford had employed him because he was an independent thinker, capable of making creative decisions based on his own intuition. And those, it seemed, were the very reasons the man was reneging on his promise to give him a fifty-fifty share in the business. Eric had helped build up the Blanchford name from nothing, it was largely due to his sweat that it had become one of the most successful independent publishers in the UK. Only now because he didn't keep his boss appraised quite as closely as the control freak obviously desired, because he was apparently no longer trusted to make the decisions for which he had been employed, he had been shut out.

*Fair enough, Blanchford, if that's how you want it. You fuck me, then you'll never guess who I fuck. Properly this time. Consider this my resignation.* His grip tightened on Daniella Blanchford's rump and he made a few exploratory ventures into the shallows of her pussy; she was positively gurgling with moisture around his probing shaft. He drew himself out to just below the head, then with a single angry thrust he hilted her, Jonathan Blanchford's precious daughter.

Daniella's head had been spinning with how much she actually knew about Eric and why he might possibly be taking business calls prior to sticking his cock inside her. Light had only begun to dawn when he slammed into her, his hard loins whacking against her buttocks as he stretched her cunt wide, the head of his dick driving all the way to her cervix. *Shit!* Her bound hands clamped themselves to the chair top and she yelled aloud, as he slid in reverse and rammed her full of cock once more.

Fierce, long, individual fuck-strokes ensued, Eric holding himself there at the end of each searching thrust, grinding into her as if to emphasise a point, fingers impressing themselves on her tenderised ass flesh. Out again and hard in, filling her whole, sending reverberations throughout her flesh, each impact making her feel that possession had been taken of her body. More of the same, only building, retaining the harshness of the screw while speeding up. Repeated slap slap slap of him on her, as he drove deep. Romantic fuck? That was a whole other date. This afternoon was a full-on, borderline-brutal cunt-hammering. Daniella had *never* been done like this.

She gazed behind her in panic and awe, to see her loving beau of recent nights transformed into a rutting savage. He glared back, gripped her by a shoulder and hauled on her as he speared her depths. ‘You like it like this, baby? This do it for you? Yeah? I fucking hope so, ‘cos I’ve got a whole fun weekend all planned out. ’ His hand transferred from shoulder to the locks of dark hair which draped her back and he took hold, yanking her head around and back, pulling hard on her hair and shafting her pussy all the time. God, this bastard owned her cunt and she hated that she liked it.

He was whacking her flank now - his promise be damned - like she were a fucking racehorse. Jesus, he was taking *that* simile even further, letting go her tresses and clamping his hands to either side of her wailing mouth, slotting in his fingers like a bit. He pulled hard and she could feel her mouth stretched tight, as he continued to ride her like a possessed jockey. God, please, let herhang onto the finish line. She wondered very hazily just how much a pussy could be expected to take. Daniella felt abused, disrespected and infuriatingly turned on. She had no way of accessing her clit and bastard Eric wasn’t caring to stimulate it on her behalf, but she thought she might come anyway, by sheer virtue of this asshole’s brutalising cock.

Eric’s revenge was fevered and beautiful. Tight, slippery wetness all over his pumping shaft, repeated fierce impact, her soft flesh slapping loudly on the gym-worked hardness of his, as he hauled on her pretty face. Fucking and controlling lithe, gorgeous Daniella, Jonathan’s only daughter and heir to the Blanchford family fortune. A fortune Eric had helped amass. *Well you back-tracking bastard, now I own your darling girl’s sweet, round ass. I’m giving her twat the hardest pounding of her young life and when I’m done … yes, her ass* will *be next. I’ll make her come enough times that she’ll plead for me to bust my way past her tight little anal entrance. God, there’s no end of kinky shit she’s going to do before she leaves this house, there’s no hole that’s not going to be utterly abused and I’ll make sure her hot cunt gushes through it all. Talking of which …*

He released his grip on her face, so he could clap one hand to her hip and reach around with the other to frig her clit. Her body was already tight with a further build-up of tension and it took little from his rotating fingers to send her careering towards a second climactic explosion, one he hoped would coincide with his own. He listened to the escalating cacophony which emitted from her, herald of her

ecstasy, and pounded his way intently, furiously, teeth gritted and body sweating, to his personal sexual heaven. She was already bleating her helpless joy, as he peaked and shot his wad deep inside her. His orgasm was protracted and glorious, the physical sensation of expelling his hot seed within the tightly enclosed cuntal recesses of this pretty young woman combining with the sense of having avenged himself on a bitter enemy.

Daniella's loins were ablaze again, her vagina clutching Eric's deep-thrust pole, bathing it in her secretions even as she felt its involuntary pump-action firing semen into her innermost secret place. The violent quaking of her body gradually eased and moments later Eric's frantic rear-action wound down also, though his cock remained swollen inside her, her muscles clamped around it. She rested her head on her secured hands and breathed deeply. His hands' firm grip on her hip and pubic mound eased and became tender like before. She felt his touch, soft on her back. When he began to ease his still thick length free of her, she started with the sheer sensitivity, so he paused, let her relax. Then he completed the gradual sliding retraction, detaching their sweat-glued bodies.

Eric gazed at the smooth, slick form of the girl he had just fucked. Fucked recklessly. His mind felt unfogged of lust and anger by the expelation womb-deep inside her. What he had done became uncomfortably clear. He had visited her father's crimes upon her. Pampered little Daniella? Not so much, he thought. She raised her head and stared around at him, her expression discomfitingly knowing. He recalled looking at her across a restaurant table mere days before, enjoying her wit and her irreverence and the wisdom that went beyond her years. Eric found himself acknowledging the thought he had dismissed during his two-week seduction: he actually liked this girl. Which made him feel … ambiguous about the way he had just treated her.

Daniella was surprised at the rather subdued Eric who untied her, raised her gently from the chair and massaged her wrists. They stood facing each other, sweating in the naked aftermath of hard sex. 'You okay?' he asked softly, something almost hesitant in his voice. What, was he feeling guilty?

'Sore,' she replied breathlessly, but she fully met his stare with a disgruntled one of her own. 'You took me a little by surprise. But I suppose that was the point, right?'

'Can I get you something to drink?' Wow, her ravisher had turned solicitous. How bloody endearing.

'A glass of water would be nice.' She looked on sourly as he took his naked self to the kitchen, returning moments later with the requested glassful. 'Ice cubes,' she noted, before drinking. 'Well aren't you Mr Thoughtful?'

'Look, go get showered,' he said, once she'd set the glass aside and he kissed her lightly on the cheek. 'Then maybe you'd better be on your way. I've … got some more work to attend to. Don't want

to bore you.'

She bristled at his words, despite the conciliatory tone with which he had attempted to deliver them. *Patronizing shit.* 'What, and you don't want me tied up to provide some visual entertainment while you're doing it? You're scrapping that 'fun weekend' you'd got lined up? ' She hoped after she'd said it that no hint of disappointment had leaked into her irony.

There was a glimmer in his face which said the 'fun weekend' might still appeal, but some other emotion appeared to have taken over. 'Maybe another time. Go shower.'

Daniella's blood was quietly simmering. She wanted to slap Eric's calm expression off his stupid, handsome face. Infuriating, game-playing, vacillating, two-faced, sexy bastard. 'So - what, you fuck me so I can hardly stand and then you just pack me off, is that it? And then you'll 'call me', right?'

'Yes…' She was sure he looked shame-faced, as he reached out and touched her arm. 'Yes, I *will* call. We can go out and do something nice next week, if you'd like.'

'Sure,' she said, far from convinced. She smiled at him wryly. 'Daddy must have really pissed you off.' The surprised look on his face confirmed what she'd suspected. 'Well I know you work for him, so who else could that have been? Fucked you over, did he? But I'm sure you feel all better about it now. So you can take that bloody ridiculous thing out of your ear.' She went and picked up her various discarded garments, including the damp panties. Each time she made sure he got a good shot of the puffed lips he had recently split with his cock. Then she padded off to the bathroom, adding an extra sway to her rump, leaving her debaucher with his thoughts.

Eric stared after Daniella and her sweet, heart-shaped ass and nearly laughed. Yes, there was way more to this young woman than he had allowed himself to believe. It wasn't so easy, it turned out, to use her and dismiss her, to fuck her and dump her. He had a vaguely uncomfortable sense that it was *she* who was walking out on *him*. It suddenly mattered a little that she thought him a total shit. Which he unarguably was. He removed the Bluetooth, poured himself another glass of white and slowly sipped it down, listening to the sound of high-powered spray coming from the bathroom. He decided to shower after Daniella was gone and went to his bedroom so he could wrap himself up in his robe.

Daniella was there in the living-room when he returned, back in the simple yellow top, low-slung designer jeans and stiletto sandals in which she had arrived. She picked up her shoulder bag, flashed him a brief, inscrutable glance and headed for the door. He met her there and went to open it, struggling for the right thing, any remotely right thing to say. He suspected there wasn't one. 'Look, Daniella…'

She turned to him. ‘It’s okay, Eric, I get it. It doesn’t take two years’ of studying Psychology to work it out. Daddy screwed you and you couldn’t get back at him, so you thought you’d seduce and defile his little rich bitch daughter, right? Bit of a cliché, but you did it with style, I’ll give you that.’ He moved to protest and she raised an sceptical eyebrow. ‘Am I wrong?’

‘Well, it’s …I…’ He gave up with a shrug. ‘No.’

Daniella weighed up the rather sheepish-looking, self-styled shitheel in front of her. Pissed off as she still was, his penitence had mollified her enough for the memory of the sex to come rolling back. She considered for a moment, then confided. ‘There’s something I didn’t tell *you* on our dates. You see I was *totally* the spoilt girl all through school and I won’t deny I played up to it sometimes. And then halfway through the first year of my Degree Course, Daddy decided it was time to ‘teach me the value of money’ . No warning. I came home Christmas and he announced he was cutting me off - not ease off on the allowance, not help me out if things got really desperate. Nothing. Zip. Everything you’ve seen me wear is nearly two years old. I got on with it and worked every shitty job I could find to get by, but I still nearly had to drop out. It’s a wonder I made it through my exams both years.’ She paused, aware of her accelerated heart rate, shocked by her own daring. ‘So I suppose what I’m trying to say is, I’ve been pretty pissed off with Daddy myself.’

Eric was looking at her inquiringly, obviously wondering where she was going with this. Daniella reached up, took his hand and prised his fingers off the door latch. Her heart gave a sudden booming thump and she had to control a tremor in her voice, such were the implications of what she was about to do. She had experienced the power of Eric’s lust, but felt that the breadth of his imagination had not yet been brought to bear. ‘So are you busy the rest of the weekend or aren’t you?’

Eric looked down at his petite, shapely house guest in an advanced state of curiosity. ‘I guess I’m all freed up.’

Daniella drew up close to him and took both his hands, meeting his gaze squarely. There was a tremble in her lower lip that wasn’t entirely affected. ‘Then finish what you started,’ she said. ‘Fucking *defile* me.’

The weekend stretched out before them, a broad vista of wild possibility. Eric Lehane and Daniella Blanchford looked deep into each other’s eyes and smiled.