Jennifer Submitted III

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What I do is not up to me, I don’t have to decide if I have to be strong or soft, tender or hard

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Monday morning and it was eight in the morning. I was already sitting at my desk and the office would not be opened for another hour. Was I working, no. I was staring at Jennifer’s desk, my thoughts on what had happened this past weekend and on her beautiful body. I thought to myself “I wonder who is controlling who here?” as it seemed she had control of my every thought.

It’s now eight fifteen and you walk through the door. You are startled to see my light on and me in the office, since you are usually the first one in every morning. You only pause a couple of moments and then go to your desk and puts your things away. You moves with a grace and elegance of a lady. Your skirt is a black pleated number that flairs at the bottom and comes about two inches above your knees. The blouse is white with sheer material for the arms, and then a gauze type fabric for the rest of it. It is buttoned up with just one button being left open on top.

After putting your stuff away you go to the break room and comes back with the coffee pot in your hand. You come into my office saying good morning with a pleasant smile and comes around my desk standing next to my chair. As you starts to pour the coffee, I run my hand up your stocking covered leg, your only hesitate long enough to make sure you doesn’t spill any coffee on my desk. My hand continues up past the top of the stockings and then I feel the soft patch of hair between your legs. I have found heaven on earth. As I run my fingers around your clit, your nipples immediately get stiff, I love the sight.

“This evening when everyone leaves, I want you to leave with them. Then I want you back here 15 minutes later.”

“Yes Master.” You reply.

I remove my hand from your wet pussy and you groan.

“You may leave now, and for the rest of the day, you will act as if this weekend didn’t happen. Remember though, 15 minutes after you leave you will be back right here.”

“Yes Master.” You reply again, and walk out of the office.

Throughout the day we both go about things as normal. I am impressed with the way you handle things, as well as the way I do. Working is NOT what I want to be doing when you are around. Finally it is five and the crew leaves the office. Before she leaves, Jennifer comes by and says goodbye for the day. I look at the clock on my desk when she does. I say goodbye to her and she turns and leaves. At five fifteen you walk back into the office, locks the door and comes into my office and stands by my chair.

I stand and lean down and kiss you deeply, allowing our tongues to wrestle with each other. As we kiss I reach behind you and squeeze on your ass cheeks while you are rubbing my throbbing cock through my pants. As I am working your ass, I am slowly inching your skirt up until your bare ass is in my hands. While massaging your ass with my right hand, I slowly work my finger on my left up and down the crack, slowing and paying special attention to you little brown puckered hole.

I break our kiss, looking into your eyes I tell you “The first thing we are going to do is we are going to have a little fun and take some pictures of you around the office.” and I can see the sparkle in your eyes. I pull out the digital camera I have in my desk and we walk over to your desk. The first couple of poses is of you as you would be in a normal business day. The next couple of poses is you with your blouse unbuttoned and your bra showing. Then I have you sit up on your desk like that, with your skirt pulled up so that when taking your picture, I can barely see your pussy.

Next we pull off your shirt and have you pose like you are working in your bra. I love the way it fits, just covering your nipples and pushing your cleavage up and together. Next we remove your bra and put your blouse back on, but we don’t button it. I take pictures of you like this at while you are at your desk, and again we move you to where you’re on your desk again with your skirt pulled up high and your legs spread.

Next we go to the copier and run you through some poses with your shirt on and off along with your skirt up and down. Making copies of your tits, and you sitting on the glass to make copies of your ass and pussy as well. Then it is back to your desk, you sitting in your chair for tonight’s finale. You sit at your desk, lean back in your chair, and your heels on the edge of your desk and your legs spread so they are touching the arms of your chair. Your skirt is rolled up around your waist and you masturbate for me. You start by tweaking both your tits, eventually sliding your right hand down between your legs where you start by circling your clit with your two middle fingers. Then you start an up and down motion letting the fingers slide into your wet pussy and back out, all the time keeping contact with your clit. Soon your juices are running freely out of your pussy and down the crack of your ass. I know your chair is going to have a puddle of pussy juice in it when you are done. If I wasn’t taking pictures

right now, I would be jacking off watching you that is how excited I am.

Soon your hips start to buck and you are repeating, first softly then louder each time “Oh fuck, I am going to cum; Oh fuck I am going to cum.” It is like a mantra, you keep saying it again and again and again. There it is, your hips start bucking and you start rubbing even faster on your clit then your fingers are still and your cum is pouring out of you. I am lucky enough to catch a couple of pictures of your juice as it pulses out of your open lips. These are great shots I have taken.

Once you calm down and we laugh a bit about the show you just put on for me, I tell you “I need relief now.” and you get out of your chair, and yes there is a puddle of pussy juice there we both laugh about, then you drop to your knees and pull my cock out of my pants. You immediately take it into your mouth and suck it for a few minutes, taking all of it deep into your throat, your nose in my pubic hair. As you bob up and down on me, I make you stop and take a picture of you looking up at me, just the head of my cock in your warm inviting lips, and then you continue. I don’t last long this time but before I fill your wanting mouth I pull out and shoot rope after rope of cum on your face and in your hair. It is across one eye, on your nose and lips, on a cheek and several places in your hair. I then take a couple of close up photos like that.

“Go clean up and let’s get out of here.” I tell you.

“Yes Master.” You obediently reply.

“Tomorrow at lunch, we are going to the Comfort Inn for some fun and more pictures.”

You smile and again reply “Yes Master.” as you make your way to the restroom to clean up and get dressed.

Tuesday starts pretty well the same as Monday did. I have scheduled a meeting with a potential client and it comes up on both our computers. I have a case full of papers and tell you I need you to come along and help keep notes of the meeting. You then go and tell one of the other people in the office to handle things until we get back. We leave the office and head straight for the hotel. I have already checked in, so we head straight for the room.

Once inside the room I tell you “There are some rules I want you to follow being my slave.”

You look up into my eyes, your face showing your willingness to do as I ask.

“First” I start; “If we are alone, unless I tell you otherwise, you will always be naked. So get that way now.”

“Okay” you answer.

I grab your tit and twist the nipple while pulling it, causing you to wince with pain. “Did you forget how to answer me.”

“Yes Master. I am sorry Master.”

You undress and stand before me in all of your sweet glory.

“Next I want you to kneel down, sitting on your ankles with your legs spread open.”

You move into the position you think I am asking for.

“Wider.”

You open your legs wider for me.

“Perfect. Now cross your arms behind your back and grab each one with the other hand.”

You do as told, grabbing each forearm just below the elbow with your hands.

“This is your slave position. You move into it when I tell you and remain in it until I tell you. You will be in it, naked, a few feet in front of me, slightly to the side as you are right now, with your eyes down.”

“Yes Master.” you say lowering your eyes.

“You are beautiful Baby Girl.”

“Thank you Master.”

“Tell me, do you like your knew role and if yes why, and if no why?”

“Yes Master, I do. I like the fact that I have turned over all control to you. What I do is not up to me, I don’t have to decide if I have to be strong or soft, tender or hard. I just have to be what you want me to be.”

“And what is that?”

“Your property, your cumslut, yours to do with as you wish.” you say smiling.

“Good, now get over here and get me hard and ready to fuck you like you want.”

“Yes Master.” you say as you crawl the couple of feet between us pull my cock out and start sucking until it is hard.

“Now get on that bed.” You run and jump on the bed.

“Get into position.” I tell you, and you do. I get my camera out and take a couple more shots of you like this.

I then put the camera on the bedside table and crawl onto the bed with you. I lay you down and move between your legs, my mouth only inches from your pussy. I rise up and we lock eyes.

“I want you to get your husband to shave you. From now on, I want you to be smooth as silk for me.”

“Yes Master.”

I then lower my mouth and run my tongue out and just tease your clit. Your body jerks, and I wait a bit and do it again. I get the same response each time I lick. Soon I put my whole mouth on your pussy and suck in your clit. You raise your hips off the bed trying to feed me more. I push two fingers inside of you and start working them in and out while I keep my mouth locked on your clit. Soon you are on the brink of orgasm and I stop. I rise up and kiss you, again our tongues wage war as you taste yourself on my lips. I sense your pending climax has subsided and I start to slowly enter you with my manhood. Slowly an inch at a time goes in, and after ever small thrust I move out. Finally I am buried in you, my balls resting against your ass and our pubic bones pressed together. I rest in that position for a minute, it feels so damned good, but really, I am prolonging your orgasm as long as I can.

I suck on your tits and begin making small circles with my hips. You are thrusting up to get me in further as I move slowly. Soon I can’t take it anymore and start thrusting into you, pulling almost all the way out and then slamming it back in. You wrap your legs around my waist, your heels resting on my back. “I am about to cum.” you start whispering.

“Oh yeah, me too, come on lets come together. Me and you Baby Girl.”

We pick up speed and then I thrust one final time and start shooting deep into you. You use your heels on my ass, to help thrust your hips up, squeezing your pussy muscles around my cock to milk it all.

“Wow that was fantastic.” I say as I roll off to the side trying to catch my breath. I keep one arm on you, one hand on your tit, running my thumb over the nipple for a minute, and then I rise up on my knees and get the camera. I take a couple of close ups of my cum dripping from you red and swollen pussy. Then I go get a towel and tell you to raise up on your knees above it and squeeze our juices out. As they start to drip from you, I take more pictures. These are great shots I have taken over the last couple of days. I love them.

“Okay, let’s get cleaned up and get back to work.”

We head back to the office and act as if nothing has happened. And for the next couple of weeks we are content with just some heavy petting around the office when we can sneak a feel or two. Then you come in with a smile on your face again and tell me your husband is going out of town again this coming weekend, and is actually leaving Friday morning, making it a long weekend away.

“Great, I have a surprise for you anyway. Be ready to go to my house when we get off work on Friday.”

Continued in part IV. Comments welcome.