Bound To The Company

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Lara and John use the company rules on personal relationships to their advantage

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Lara jumped at the sound of his voice. “Curiosity killed the cat!” He called out from the doorway.

“I...I.....” She stammered.

“Just being nosey.” John told her as he smiled.

Lara closed the lid of the parcel on the kitchen table. “Sorry.” She responded.

John walked over and pulled back the lid. “Bed restraints.” He commented as he pulled out a bundle of canvas straps.

B.....Bed restraints?” Lara asked. “W...what are they for?”

John smiled as he pushed them back down inside the box again. He reached for the bundle of folders lying beside the box. “You better get going,” he said. “You don’t want Lesley thinking that we are up to something in here do you? You know the company policy on relationships between employees.”

Lara smiled and took the bundles from his hands. John had been working on a project late into the night and had taken the morning off in lieu. His line manager needed the project files for a board meeting at lunchtime and had sent Lara round to collect them. Her car was in the garage for a service so Lesley had volunteered to drive her. “Yes she can be a right gossip.” Lara told him.

He watched her walk away. She was attractive; had a nice sexy wiggle when she moved and he would love to have her tied to his bed and at his mercy. He wondered whether she would be up for something like that even if she was a married woman.

Later that afternoon he bumped into her in the filing room. “Get your restraints all sorted?” She asked quietly with a giggle.

John smiled. “Yep,” he replied. “All fixed to the bed now. Just waiting for someone to come along and try them out.”

Lara looked away. “Anyone in mind?”

“We have the ideal candidate?”

“WE!” Lara exclaimed.

“Me and the boys.”

“I....I....I can’t see any women wanted to be restrained on a bed by strangers,” she told him. “A boyfriend or husband, yes. But not by a group of men.”

John smiled. “You would be surprised,” he responded. “Lots of women fantasise about it. Three or four guys tying them down to the bed and having their wicked way with her. A woman can get up after having a good time and walk away without any feelings of guilt or embarrassment. She had been restrained and couldn’t escape; she had no option but to comply and do what had been demanded.”

John could see that glazed look on her face that told him she was lost in the imagination of it all.

“I....I still think she would just prefer one man, a man she knows well.” She responded.

John stepped closer to her. He could feel the heat of her body and he began to stiffen. “Believe me,” he told her. “I have done this before and women prefer strangers. Tied down, stripped, fondled, tasted and enjoyed by men she has never been intimate with before. I have been there when they orgasmed time after time after time. Orgasms with an intensity that they never forget.”

The glazed look returned to her face.

“Anyway the woman we have in mind will be well up for it.”

Lara opened her mouth to speak “Anyone I know?” She asked with hesitancy.

John stepped even closer. “I am not at liberty to say,” he replied. “After all if you were that woman in question would you want me telling someone else?”

She shook her head.

“Is it someone who works here?” She asked.

John smiled. “Once again, I am not at liberty to say.”

Lara still had that far away look in her eyes. “Anyway, if it were me I would just want the one man and someone I know.”

John smiled. “That’s as maybe,” he replied. “But if he had you tied down to his bed.....well.....how could you stop him if he brought a few friends round to join him in his pleasures?”

“I.....I.....would expect him to be honourable.”

John pushed his head forward and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. “I’m afraid there is no honour when it comes to bondage,” he told her. “It’s guaranteed to bring out the beast in people. All bets are off in those situations and it is every man for himself.”

It was three days later when John bumped into Lara again in the offices of the company they worked for. They found themselves alone. “That woman I mentioned to you the other day,” he said quietly. “She can’t make it. I had arranged something for Saturday afternoon for us. You would be most welcome to take her place.”

Lara trembled. “What you mean.....?”

“Yes, you can take her place.” John told her.

“I.....will it just be you?” Lara asked him nervously.

“You will find that out on the day.” He told her.

“But I only want just you.” She told him.

John stepped closer and gently squeezed her upper arm. “You don’t make the rules. I do.” He told her.

John felt her tremble. “Three o’clock my place.” He told her before walking away.

At 2.45pm on the day John looked out of his front room window and saw her walking up his drive. He smiled to himself as he felt himself stiffen. She looked good. She was dressed in slacks and a jacket. He would have preferred to see her in a skirt but it was no big thing. Slacks can be removed just as easy as a skirt can be lifted.

He offered her a glass of white wine and they sat in almost silence as she finished it. When the last sip had been taken he asked her if she was ready. “What is going to happen?” She asked him.

John ignored her question as he took her by the arm and led her up stairs to the bedroom. She glanced down at the bed and saw the straps coming from the four corners of the bed. John asked her to remove her shoes and as she did so he took a black silk scarf and covered her eyes with it. Lara offered no resistance as he tied it before guiding her on to the bed. One by one he took the ends of

each of the straps and fastened them to her. They were just simple Velcro fastenings around her wrists and ankles but they were effective. Lara was bound securely to his bed and was helplessly at his mercy.

“How does it feel Lara?” He asked her as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Okay.” She told him.

He leant over and kissed her on the lips. “I have always wanted you like this.” He told her.

“What are you going to do to me?” She asked him.

He rested his hand on her tummy. “What do you think we are going to do to you?”

“WE.” Lara exclaimed.

John said nothing as he got up off the bed and opened the bedroom door. Lara turned her head towards the door even though she could not see anything; she could not see the three other men quietly shuffle into the room. But she heard them. She knew John was not alone.

Lara began to tremble.

One by one they walked over to the bed, leant over and kissed her on the lips. They neither spoke nor touched her. All they did was kiss her gently on the lips and move away. But what they did do was make their presence known to her. Each kiss was different; each body smell was different; each presence was different. They had made it known to her that she was in the presence of three strangers; three males who held her at their mercy. She was bound to a bed in the presence of three men she did not know. Or did she? Did they work for the same company as her and John?

“Who are you?” she called out.

John sat down on the edge of the bed again. “They are three friends of mine.”He told her as he kissed her as well.

“They....they....they don’t work for the company do they?”

John kissed her again. “Yes.” He whispered in her ear.

Lara gasped loudly.

“It’s okay,” he told her. “Whatever happens between these four walls stays between these four walls.”

“W....What do they want?”

John’s hand rested on her tummy again. “What do you think?”

Lara gasped again. What did she think? She didn’t need to think, she knew. They were men. They would want one thing from her; they would want to strip her; they would want to see her nakedness; they would want to touch her; they would want to feel her body. They would want to touch her intimately. Lara knew what they wanted. Lara also knew that they would want her. She imagined that their cocks were already hard at the thought of having her. Long, thick hard cocks excited at the thought of having her.

“We have always fancied you Lara,” John spoke. “Not to put to finer point on it Lara, you always give us quite a hard on when you are in our presence. There are not many women at the works that always give us a stiffy like you do Lara and we all agree that you are the hottest. I think I can say without any doubt that we have all masturbated at the thought of having you Lara.”

Lara gasped. “W....What if I don’t want to do anything with you?” She stammered.

“Well that is up to you Lara,” John told her. “You just say the word and we will untie you now and let you go.”

Lara opened her mouth to speak but no words would come forth.

“But you don’t want to go do you Lara,” John said. “You don’t want to leave our presence do you? You want to see what we have to offer you? You want to know what we are going to do to you don’t you? You want to know what we are going to do with you don’t you?”

Lara breathed out heavily.

John’s hand suddenly tugged at her top pulling it out from under the waistband of her slacks. “You don’t mind if we have at peek at your breasts do you Lara?” John asked as the cool air rushed around her navel. “They have always been a talking point for us Lara. They seem just right Lara. Not too big and not too small.”

Lara knew that they were going to look at them whatever she said.

Her top had been pulled up to the bottom of her bra now. John called out and asked for some help. She heard footsteps approach and someone kneel on the other side of the bed. It took just moments for John and another man to free her hands, remove her top and bra and then re-tie her hands. The murmurs of approval were clearly audible. Lara now knew that there were four men looking down at her naked breasts; three of whom she had no idea as to their identity.

“You don’t mind if we touch them do you Lara?” John asked breaking her thoughts.

Lara had no time to respond. Hands were already fondling her. Strange hands cupping her breasts; strange hands gently squeezing and strange fingers gently tweaking her nipples. Her body was being

invaded; touched; caressed and fondled intimately. Hands moved over her tummy as well.

“You know what is coming next don’t you Lara?” John asked as his hand rested on the belt of her slacks.

Lara gasped. She knew that her slacks and panties were coming off next.

“One thing that we have all wondered Lara is whether or not your pussy is shaved?” John said as his fingers began to pull at her belt. “Are you shaved Lara or do you have a covering of light brown curls down there?”

Lara gasped once again at the thought of her pussy being exposed.

“Let’s have show of hands lads,” John said. “Shaved.....two. So it’s two for shaved and two for not shaved.”

John unbuckled her belt and as he tugged at her slacks two of the men stepped forward and began to release her ankles from the binds. Seconds later her slacks were being pulled away from her leaving her dressed only in a pair of red silk panties. She felt hands gripping their waistband. “It is okay for me to take them off isn’t it Lara?” John asked.

“Do I have a choice?” Lara found herself asking.

“Do you want a choice Lara?” John asked.

Lara remained silent.

“Thought not.” John said as he began to pull them down over her hips.

There were gasps around the room. They had all been wrong. Lara’s pussy lips may have been shaved but she had a small strip of hair at the top of her pubic bone. Her ‘landing strip’ as her husband called it. Lara wanted to cover her mound with her hands but she couldn’t. Her hands were tied.

Silence then filled the room; an eerie silence. Silence that is apart from the sound of heavy breathing. She knew that they were all looking at her; standing there around the bed looking down at her; staring at her pussy; staring at her naked pussy lips; staring at her pouting, moist pussy lips.

John’s voice broke the silence. “May we touch you Lara?”

Lara knew that no matter what she said she was going to be touched anyway. The men were going to touch her.

Just as before she was not given the chance to answer. Hands alighted on her; fingers prodded and

probed; touched and pulled; entered and invaded her. Her legs were lifted and stretched wide apart in the process, fingers even invaded her anus. These men now knew her as intimately as she did; men she did not know were seeing and touching her in a way that only a lover should. Their grunts and groans told her that they were satisfied with what they were seeing; pleased with what they were touching.

Suddenly the touching stopped. Her legs were released and she was left lying there naked and bound by her hands to the bed. She knew what was happening though even before she heard the sound of zippers. She knew that they were stripping now; she knew that they were getting naked; getting naked like her and getting naked for her. Lara knew that gathered around the bed were rampant males with their large erections at the ready.

“Let’s get you more comfortable Lara.” John said as he climbed onto the bed beside her. He was naked. She felt his erection touching her arm as he leaned over her to reach the pillows. “Lift up please.” He told her as began to push a pillow under her bottom.

He was making her comfortable all right as he put two pillows under her. He was making her comfortable for sex. Lara knew that very soon four men would take it in turns to fuck her; four men would take her in turn, pounding her bottom into the pillows.

“May we taste you Lara?” John asked.

She could feel him climbing between her legs, which although were free from the bonds, were being held by the ankles by two of the men. They were going to taste her, as John put it, no matter what she said. She was no position to stop then as held her legs wide open. Just before John’s tongue touched her he spoke again. “Just say when you are ready for cock Lara.”

Lara gasped not just from the tongue that flickered over her pussy lips but also from the audacity of his remark. She would never ask for cock. What sort of woman did they think she was? A whore? A slut? Lara had no intention of telling these men that she was ready for their cocks!

Lara groaned. John’s tongue felt good. It flickered all around her pussy lips tasting, exploring and enjoying each fold of flesh before entering her. At the same time the two men who were knelt on the bed either side of her holding her legs up and wide apart were fondling her breasts.

Lara was beginning to lose it. What little dignity now she had left was beginning to evaporate. Her moans were growing louder and louder and she knew that the inevitability of orgasm was very close. There was not just a tongue paying attention to her pussy but there was also someone else’s fingers toying with her clitty.

As her orgasm began she heard John asking her again; asking her was she ready for cock. Lara heard herself screaming out for cock. Lara heard her own words echo around the room “FUCK ME.” She screamed.

They were going to fuck her anyway. Just as they had stripped her and fondled her, they were going to fuck her no matter what she said. Lara was not only resigned to it but she was also welcoming it. She wanted their cocks. As John lifted himself up her legs were released. They came to rest on John's shoulders. She felt the tip of his cock against her opening and then with a thrust of his hips he was deep inside her. Lara cried out.

"Oooooh this pussy's so good!" John exclaimed.

Lara grunted as he thrust hard and deep.

"Is it good Lara? Is it good getting fucked like this?" John spoke as he thrust harder and deeper.

"Yesssss." Lara gasped.

John's hard and heavy pounding continued. Lara could feel another climax drawing near and she could feel cocks pressing against her cheeks. She knew they wanted sucking; she knew they wanted entrance into another of her holes. She turned to one and then other folding her lips around them in between her gasps of ecstasy. She could taste their precum; she could taste their excitement; she could taste their eagerness to enter her. Their eagerness and excitement only served to increase her own excitement and eagerness.

And Lara was eager. She wanted them inside her; she wanted them to enjoy her. She wanted to feel their cocks inside her; throbbing and thrusting as they pleasured themselves with her. She wanted to feel their cum filling her insides as they groaned their appreciation of their pleasure. For Lara there was nothing more satisfying than hearing a man's audible cries of pleasure as he spent himself inside her.

John's cries came first of course. He had been the first to enter her; he had been the first to take advantage of her vulnerability as she was held down with legs spread wide. Even if there had been no bonds around her wrists and men holding her legs wide apart she would have gladly lain back and held her own legs apart. Lara loved satisfying cock; she knew that now. Lara knew that she was a slut for a nice hard cock.

She didn't know who went next. She didn't know which of them men took her after John; she didn't know which one of them slid between her spread legs and pushed his hard thick cock into her opening. She knew that she gave a groan of appreciative pleasure though. She knew that she welcomed his cock whoever her was.

His pleasure came quickly. He had obviously been caught up in the excitement of it all. Most men were like that the first time; unable to control themselves; unable to hold back. She didn't mind though. Feeling his cock throbbing and pulsating inside her as he came was satisfaction in itself for her.

Likewise the third man to take her was also quick to cum. He gave a groan of disappointment though

obviously he wanted to last longer but Lara consoled him. “It’s okay. Fill me.” She said.

It seemed to urge him on to thrust a little longer and harder; enough to bring another climax for her. As he pulled away she heard the fourth man say he wanted to doggie her. She had heard the voice before, she was certain of that, but she was beyond caring now. “Yes, yes doggie me.” She called out.

They were eager to oblige. Hands rushed to her bonds and untied her before turning her over so that she was lying face down. More pillows were put under her so that her bottom was raised even higher. Moments later rough hands were raising her hips and an eager cock was pushing at her entrance. As the man got into rhythm John knelt on the bed by her side and tugged at her hair pulling her face close to his. “Come on whore move yourself!” He shouted.

Lara felt another orgasm rising within her. “Yes. Yes.” She cried out.

“You love this don’t you whore?” He shouted as he tugged her hair.

“Yes.....yes....yes.” She cried.

“We are all gonna fuck you doggie style once you have sucked all our cocks hard again, slut.” John told her.

Lara screamed out as her orgasm hit. At the same time she felt the man’s seed cumming inside her.

It was an hour later when the last of the strangers left the room. Just as he had done when he had first entered; just had they all had done when they had first entered the room, they all gave her a goodbye kiss. This one though had whispered a thank you in her ear. He had been the last one to fuck her again. Lara was exhausted now. Three of the men had fucked her twice but the last one had fucked her three times. She had lost count of the orgasms she had; lost count of the number of times she had cum at the hands of the four men who had spent the best part of two hours using her for their pleasure.

Though her bounds had been removed she still felt bound to the bed; bound by exhaustion. She felt good though; she felt satisfied. Lara felt fulfilled and as John sat down on the bed and untied her blindfold she was pleased that not only had he anticipated her sexual needs but also had unselfishly allowed her to fulfil them.

“Your bath is ready.” He told her.

She smiled and thanked him. She knew that the scent of sex covered her. “What are we going to do if ever the company relaxes its policy on staff relationships? How will we ever explain our deceit? How will we ever face those men? How will we ever tell them all that we are married?

John laughed. “We will cross that bridge when we come to it. Anyway who gives a fuck!”

Lara sat up and kissed him. “Talking of fuck,” she said. “Will you do this again?”

John smiled. “From what the guys were saying as I let them out I think they are going to want to fuck you on a regular basis.”

“Mmmmmm.” Lara responded. “And will I ever get to find out who they are?”

He smiled again. “I think not.”

She kissed him again as he patted her thigh.

“Come on you had better get your bath and then get round to your Mum and Dad’s,” he told her. “The company sent out some employee pension forms this week and they have to be signed and handed in on Monday.”

Lara slid off the bed. It could be quite a bind being bound to the company rules but there again those binds had their advantages!