Subjugation of a Siren (Pt 1) - The Business Lunch

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Luscious Louise thinks she's got the control as his Mistress - but has she?

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It was supposed to be one of ‘our’ days. Plans had been made, a rendezvous arranged, the countdown of hours dragging by until the appointed time.

As I was dressing to be undressed he had called. Something had come up, an important last minute thing with colleagues. A business lunch. Cases hung in the balance and it couldn’t be put off. We’d have to reschedule.

I honestly thought I’d be physically ill from anticipation if I had to wait another day to finally crawl under his skin and my first instinct had been to protest. Loudly. Perhaps with a fit of pique thrown in for emphasis.

However I reminded myself that in order to hold the interest of a man such as he, I had to exercise imagination and an appearance of restraint, at least outwardly. So I’d eschewed the hissy fit and agreed, making appropriately disappointed noises, politely asking where they’d be meeting and wishing him luck in the venture they’d be discussing.

He’d hung up after promising to speak to me soon regarding our assignation and I’d been out the door less than thirty seconds later, the adage regarding Mohammed and the Mountain foremost in my mind. I have a stubborn streak a mile wide and he was about to find out that I was nothing if not resourceful.

Insulated from the oblivious patrons, cocooned in diffused light, obscured by the graceful length of the sweeping tablecloth, my small frame hummed with salacious promise as I listened carefully to the voices above my head. How I’d managed to get there without detection was a testament to the

human animal’s ability to overcome seemingly impossible odds in order to act upon fevered fantasies. And my ability to read the table bookings upside down while the concierge was surreptitiously eyeballing my cleavage had helped a lot too.

Suffice to say, once the diners for whom the table had been reserved for had settled in and ordered, instinct lead me to my target and with slow careful movements I inched closer to the immaculately creased suit pants covering the object of my fascination. He was in deep conversation with his colleagues and, with intense concentration I stretched forth my hand and lightly dragged my nails along the length of his thigh. I heard his voice falter slightly in surprise and smiled with wicked delight as he quickly recovered and continued with his conversation.

Buoyed by my small victory against his concentration I moved closer, now able to catch a hint of his scent. I leant forward and dragged my teeth over his knee, following the hard contours of the bone beneath before I tentatively edged one shoulder between his knees. I was rewarded when he shifted with studied disregard, giving his companions the impression of casual movement, allowing his thighs to relax, in reality widening the space between them until I could wedge myself into the intimate space he had created.

Enveloped by the cradle of his legs, I rested my head on his thigh, idly tracing curlicues on the inside of the opposite inner thigh and watched with anticipation as his lower torso stiffened and the fabric bunched in his lap began to shift, his most obvious indicator of arousal swelling to fill out the dark material, creating a long line of tense muscle. I was content to stay as such, indolently stroking various parts of his leg, never venturing near his heavy arousal, allowing anticipation to gather as I let his imagination fire over the possible implications of this particular business luncheon.

My sustained lack of activity lulled him into a sense of calm and although his erection was in obvious existence, his body relaxed itself and his contribution to the topic discussed flowed more easily. I could hear light thumps on the table above me and by the movement of bodies I could tell that his entree had arrived. I lifted my head momentarily as he shifted and eyed that tell tale swell in front of me with lecherous calculation. As the first metallic notes of utensils on china sounded, I leant forward and positioned my mouth over the ridge of his imprisoned cock. With delicate definitude I scraped my teeth over it’s tumescent length.

The jolt that shot through his body filled me with prurient satisfaction and with a feral smile I repeated the action, dragging my teeth over his stiffness again and again. Sometimes in long slow movements, sometimes pinching my lips together to create pressure, at other times interspersing with a quick, lightly biting motion that caused his hips to jerk rigidly as he struggled to hide his body’s reaction from those surrounding him.

I was going to teach him right from the start that I wouldn’t be thwarted from what I wanted and with wanton delight I continued to torture him as he struggled to remain composed through his salad course. As the waitress removed their plates, I resumed tracing nonsense patterns on his thighs, slowly drifting higher until I brushed over his persecuted member, retreating when he tried to push himself more fully into my hand, duplicating the action again until his main arrived.

The leather of his belt was supple as I undid it and he sucked in his stomach slightly as I manipulated the fastening above his zipper. Slowly I pinched the slider of his zip and smoothly dragged it over his arousal until I could spread the fabric wide and thus reveal the thin barrier of his undergarment to my view. Instead of freeing him I covered the cotton with my open mouth, just below the outline of the head and breathed warm air through the fabric, making a moist circle on that intimate material to match the one created by his own desire.

His calves were starting to tense and relax against my sides as his contribution to the discussion becomes less and less and I weighed the logistics of releasing him without revealing us. As if he could sense my mental calculations he slumped fractionally in his seat, tilting his hips just enough so as I eased down the waistband of his underwear he was exposed with infinite grace to my avid gaze.

The beauty of his impressive length caused an inundation of wetness in the juncture of my thighs. I enfolded him firmly, squeezing to make his blood pump harder, committing to memory the result of each swollen vein, ridge and contour before capturing the pearly offering that gathered at the tip with a fragile sweep of my tongue. I could feel him brace himself for a protracted barrage of teasing licks but instead I allowed my mouth to fill with saliva, dribbling some over my lips to lubricate them before swiftly encompassing his shaft deep within my welcoming mouth.

I held him buried within my warmth as he covered his gasping moan with a cough, his hips tensing beneath my hands as he strove to hide his reaction. When he relaxed fractionally I began to work my sucking mouth up and down, causing an erotically undeniable dragging friction, nudging a bit lower each time. Advancing, retreating, up & down, taking ever more of him until the broad head of his cock was teasingly presented with the dark promise of my throat.

Dimly, through the musky scent of our combined excitement, I smelt the alluring aroma of fresh coffee and felt his hand slip under the draping tablecloth to weave into my hair. He urged me deeper with a subtle rocking of his hips and I could detect his taste becoming stronger as his counterparts began to offer their farewells. My fingers flexed on his hips and I dug my nails sharply into the fine fabric covering his buttocks, demanding his full attention, gratified by the low hiss I dragged from him.

On the next faint surge he jabbed gently into my throat and I struggled to contain him as he swelled further. I tried to slide back up to the tip of him but he wrapped his hand around the back of my neck

and as his hold tightened I was suddenly made to realise that he now had all the control over the continuation of my game.
I pictured him in my mind as he pushed himself more strongly into my captive mouth, drinking coffee, relishing the small but critical victory he had just won through the strength of his own hand, debating how to capitalise on it. Now I was the one struggling to conceal her moans as he worked my head fluidly over himself, his composure fully returned now he had domination over the situation, my subjugation in the face of this reversal complete.

I stretched my lips further as he plunged his full length in, triggering my gag reflex and causing my throat to squeeze around his invading girth, my pelvic muscles contracting in time with my pharynx. With tears sliding over my lashes I willingly allowed him to use my orifice to vent his frustrated lust. I no longer had any semblance of control over our interaction as his movements became more forceful, the pressure of his hand absolute as he drove himself towards his completion.

I heard his breathing hitch and realised he’s about to come. I jerked back with a vague idea of catching his flow on something but he squeezed the back of my neck and buried himself in me to the hilt, holding my head still as his muscles strained, pumping his milky fluid down my throat, giving me no choice but to swallow his offering or simply choke.
Unbelievably, I could hear him thanking the waitress as he continued to twitch in my mouth, calmly requesting the tab as he firmly held my head down on him, containing my bids for release until our potential audience was gone. Still keeping me in hand he extracted himself from me whilst his other hand returned himself to modesty.

Then he peeked casually under the tablecloth, his eyes glittering with renewed lust and mischief. “Hello, my devilish tease.”

I grinned back at him with absolute imprudence, completely unrepentant about my attempt to distract him from his business lunch.

He continued to regard me and I could tell the wheels were spinning in that well oiled masterpiece that is his mind. I waited for him to speak as the lunch hour rush of diners thins but instead he coaxed me out from under the table to stand beside his chair. If anyone, from the polished clientele to the well trained staff noticed, they were discrete enough to keep it to themselves and he took my small hand in his & led me from the restaurant.

I scurried to keep up with his long confident strides as we walked towards his car, people in our path naturally weaving away from us in response to his aura of command. He led me to the passenger side of his vehicle, shielding my body with his, crowding me against the side of the car as he unlocked the doors. My head only comes to mid chest on him and feeling fragile and petite, I rested it

on that wall of strength.

He leaned down briefly to breathe in the scent from my hair and when I heard his low growl I desperately wanted to be held by him. Instead he jerked the door open and folded me into the car before getting in himself and powering us away. We did not speak but we were comfortable with our combined silence and I used the quiet to look out the window and idly watch the scenery pass.

I am his dirty little secret, a position I revel in. I squirmed with lust at the hold I had over him and wondered where he was taking me. Even if it weren't the middle of his working day, he would never take me to his house. After all, I don't think his wife would relish the thought of him stretching me out on the family's couch and fucking me into next week. I smiled privately at the thought and considered what it says about me that I have no guilt regarding my liaison with her husband nor any desire to even see where he lives let alone invade her residential territory.

We cannot go to my house and he could take me to a motel but we both know that would give our relationship the stigma of being something cheap and fleeting and he refuses to take me to some anonymous half-way house to use a room there for fifteen minutes of mindless sex as countless others have.

There is nothing transient, casual or mindless about our connection. He understands me better than I do myself, both of us frequently expressing the same opinions at the same time without prompting. A meeting of intellects complimented by a spark of passion, we constantly challenge each other's mind in a never-ending game of psychological foreplay.

He parked in front of a respectable building housing countless offices and I realised with a jolt that he had brought me to his workplace. I looked over to him in surprise but he was already out of the car and circling the bonnet, reaching to open my door before my hand could register my brain's command to do the same.

His face was curiously devoid of expression and I wondered at his sudden mood change from the teasing gent he'd been at the restaurant to this icily controlled man who's large hand was curled around my upper arm. "Out," he commanded.

I scrambled to do his bidding and trembled at the suppressed power I could detect in him as he steered me silently through the outer doors of his offices. We marched through a blessedly empty reception area, swinging past an unattended desk that must have been the stronghold of a no doubt highly efficient secretary and down a hall where I was propelled through a solid timber door that snapped shut behind us with grim finality. The sound of the lock firmly shooting into place was a crack in the air and other than his elevated breathing was the only sound in the silence.

He released my arm but remained behind me and I stood rooted to the spot, senses humming as I tried to define the dangerous turn the atmosphere between us had taken. As the tense stalemate increased my eyes bounced curiously around the room taking in the solid timber desk with computer and lamp coupled with a high backed black leather chair. Shelf upon shelf of reference books in tall bookcases and reams of client files crammed on a credenza gave assertion to his career as a lawyer.

Blinds were drawn over glass, a soft diffused light cloaking the room, the fluorescent overhead asleep, an artificial twilight cocooning us from the bright early afternoon sun outside. In the dimness my senses were intensely heightened and I could hear him shifting behind me. I shivered as his hand slid into the hair on the back of my head, the muscles in my neck relaxing as he gently massaged the scalp beneath his hand. His heat warmed the slice of air between our bodies and I could feel my insides melting like liquefied chocolate as I eased further into his hold. He continued to caress me as his other hand cupped my shoulder before it slid down my arm to loosely encircle my elbow.

A languid sensuality began to overtake me as I fell under the spell created by his touch and I passed of the earlier tension emanating from him as frustration. My small groans and contented sighs were the only sounds in the room and I allowed my back to ease into his chest, a drowsy desire oozing through my veins.

“Are you comfortable?” he rumbled from above me.

He’s so thoughtful. Always concerned for my welfare and I smiled lazily, my eyes blissfully closed. “Mmmmmm,” I purred by way of reply, arching into his lower body seductively, rubbing my ass against his groin.

“Good,” he drawled. “That’s very good.”

Suddenly eyes popped wide open and I gasped with shocked surprise as I felt his hand squeeze into a fist in my hair. His grip on my elbow tightened also and he pulled it back to tuck it into his side as he yanked my head close to his mouth so he could growl directly into my ear.

“Do you have any idea what your little stunt could have cost me today?”

My faculties made a bid to return and I tried to pull away from him. He easily restrained me, using my smaller stature against me, pulling up on my hair so I had to rise up on my toes. “What are you doing?” I panted with confused panic.

“Teaching you a lesson,” he snarled, manhandling me further into the room and inexplicably I felt an

electric buzz rocket through my blood as I realised that he may have enjoyed my lunchtime performance but I had grossly overestimated the bounds of his tolerance.

What to me had been a wickedly delicious idea had obviously tested every reserve of his control and it was becoming crushingly obvious to me that he fully intended some form of retribution for my impertinence. Fear skittered along my nerves at his sudden barbaric treatment and was chased closely by a dark flooding eroticism that caused my heart to pound heavily in my chest and feminine dew to gather between my thighs.

“You need to learn your place in life,” he said, dragging me towards the desk, “and that place is under *me* not a fucking table in a crowded restaurant while I’m trying to negotiate with other people.”

He pushed me down onto the surface of the desk and ground his pelvis into the twin globes of my arse. I moved to push up off the desk but he gripped the back of my neck, forcing me back down, my cheek flush to the cool wood. “But you liked it,” I protested in bewilderment. “And you were okay when we left. I don’t understand why you’re so pissed now.”

I tried to wriggle off the side of the desk but he snagged my arms, stretching them over the other side of the desk above my head, his fingers folding mine over the edge and holding them there. His upper body was cushioned by mine and he allowed his weight to settle into me, the simple action more than sufficient to cut off the struggles of my body. I stared numbly at his sleeve lying beside my face and endeavour to think of a way to extricate myself from the position I’d found myself in.

I literally could not move under the weight of him so trying to throw him off was a pointless exercise in frustration. I ran my tongue over suddenly dry lips, feeling the points of my incisors and without thinking, lunged towards his arm, sinking sharp teeth into his sleeved-covered bicep.

“You vicious little bitch,” he hissed with pain and satisfaction rushed through me at the thought that I’d hurt him.

He shifted his weight back slightly and retaliated by biting down hard on the exposed skin of my shoulder. Twin spears of pain and pleasure followed the cutting keenness of his teeth and my lungs emptied completely on the ragged moan that escaped from me. As my torso compressed under his weight his breath tickled the hair near my ear. “You ever bite me again you better be taking your fucking clothes off while you do it. Now, are you going to play nice?”

I dragged in what limited breath I could. “Fuck. You,” I gasped.

His evil chuckle spiked my heart rate. “You don’t know how much I was hoping you’d say that.” He

held my fingers in place with one hand and eased his pelvis back fractionally before he rested his hand behind my knee. The movement eased the pressure in my chest and I hauled in a lungful of air.

“Get your hands off me,” I ground out, kicking my foot up, making some sort of attempt to dislodge his hand but it slipped under the hem of my dress anyway and started a slow dragging ascent.

“Stop it,” I hissed, wiggling my hips sideways. “I’m not letting you do this to me.”

His hand circled on the sensitive skin at the top of my thigh, raising gooseflesh. “I’ll do anything I like to you,” he stated with calm assurance and I could feel myself becoming wet regardless of my protests.

“Please,” I whispered hoarsely, changing tactic, willing to play the pleading maiden if it secured my release. “I don’t want this.”

“Like you have a choice. Let’s call it tit for tat, shall we?” He roughly shoved my skirt up, revealing me from the waist down and I heard him suck in air when he saw what I was wearing beneath it. Or not, as it were. “Jesus, you’re not wearing anything,” he breathed. “That whole time under the table, you were practically naked.” He shoved his hand between my legs and I renewed my attempts to get away from him, desperate for him not to discover how wet I was.

“You lying little slut, you want it alright,” he said, coating his fingers with my essence. “You can deny it all you want but your body tells me otherwise.” He forced his knee between mine, creating a space for himself and plunged two fingers deep inside my entrance, working them in and out.

I pulled against his grip on my fingers but his large hand was unrelenting in its purchase, gently but firmly keeping mine curled over the lip of the desk while he sinuously slid a third finger into my slick cunt.

A high keening wail emitted from my throat. “Don’t. Grant, please, don’t. I can’t, it’s too much,” I rushed as I felt myself stretching to accommodate this added intrusion.

“Yes you can,” he answered, pushing harder, forcing me to accept him with small thrusts that coaxed more moisture from me to aid his entry.

He leaned down to grazed his teeth over the back of my neck, working his fingers with gentle persistence within my hot depths until the thrust and withdraw was flowing easily and I was panting beneath him, my thighs straining to widen in order to increase his access.

“That’s it,” he praised. “That’s how you should be. Spread open for me to fuck any way I want.” He pushed forward again, sliding into me fluidly, withdrawing again. Advance, retreat. Advance, retreat, drawing small hitching sobs from me each time.

“Yeah, you like it, don’t you?” he goaded. “Go on. Tell me how much you really *don’t* want me to fuck you.”

I bit my lower lip, refusing to give in to his mocking demand and heard him growl; a combination of chagrin and pride at my stubbornness. Moving quickly he stood up and I whimpered as he withdrew, unconsciously pushing back against his hand to stop him leaving. When I heard the dull thud of his belt hitting the carpet I looked back over my shoulder at him and my urgency to flee renewed itself when I saw the look on his face.

He stood to his full height, towering above me and it took a moment for me to realise that my hands were now free. I gripped the polished edge of the desk and slid myself across the legal blotter beneath me as I heard his zip release but he flipped me over onto my back and hooked his hands under my knees, dragging me back towards him.

“Uh-uh, I’m not done with you yet,” he assured as he held his erect cock in one hand while the other splayed across my lower stomach to keep me still. He wedged his hips between my thighs to stop me clamping them together and rubbed the blunt head up and down my slit. I tried to pry his fingers off my belly, digging my nails deep into his wrist but he was implacable, his eyes trained where our bodies met as he concentrated his movements over the hidden nub at the top of my slit.

Every time the solid head bumped over my clit a spasm went through my body causing me to jolt. He did it again and again until one shock ran into another and I simply quivered beneath his onslaught. My knees had drawn up until they clasped his flanks and his hand no longer held me down, instead going to the scooped neck of my dress, yanking the shoulders down my arms to expose my full breasts to his avaricious gaze.

“Tease your nipples,” he commanded. I reached to do so, rubbing my palms over them in circles, watching him through hooded eyes as I did. “Do it properly. Twist and pinch them.” I took them between my fingers and rolled them under his watchful gaze, pulling them as I did, arching my back as I groaned with the erotic pain that flooded through me.

He nudged at my entrance and I felt myself softening to receive him, eager now to experience the solid fullness of him pushing into me. I tilted my hips in welcome but he remained on the threshold, watching me become more frantic, writhing on his desk in abandon, my fingers working my aching nipples until I felt I could come from that sensation alone.

I wanted him inside me. Now. Filling me, driving me, owning me. His cock a physical embodiment of the force of his will eclipsing my own, overshadowing my demands, possessing my emotions and then feeding them back to me. I wrapped my legs around his hips drawing him closer, entreating him without words to come into me, urging him to slide himself in to the hilt but he stood firm.

My head rocked from side to side and I abandoned my breasts, reaching for him, trying to grip him to pull him closer. “Now. Do it now.”

He lunged forward sharply and my shoulders lifted off the desk in a wave of pleasure, only to crash back down when he withdrew from my heat completely. “No,” I almost screamed, “come back.”

“Beg.”

That one word filtered with disbelief through the haze of lust raging through me. “What?”

“You heard,” he said, teasing my yearning cunt with his stiffness. “Beg.”

So this was my ‘lesson’ for my surprise attack on him earlier. Instil just enough fear in me to get my pride going and then dismantle me bit by bit until I pleaded with him to finish it. He knew if I felt threatened I’d attack and wouldn’t back down without a fight and he’d played me perfectly.

I raised myself up, propping my weight on my elbows. “Go. To. Hell,” I smiled sweetly.

He grinned and surged within me again and my head fell back on my shoulders before rolling to rest my chin on my chest as he disengaged again. “Beg. You know you want it.”

Caught between my wilfulness and my need to have him fill me I could find no way to have both. I had to sacrifice one and my mind screamed in defiance, knowing that my body would win this battle. “You manipulative bastard,” I hissed.

He lifted an astonished eyebrow at me. “Uh, lawyer,” he countered in a ‘duh’ voice.

He rolled his hips against my weeping core, extracting a moan from me as he brushed against my hypersensitive clit. “Choose.”

“Yes. Okay, you win. Please, Grant. Do it.”

“Do what?” he pressed, inching into me. “This?”

“Oh…God…yes,” I groaned.

“Why should I?”

“Because it feels… sooooo goooood.” I wailed as he bumped against my cervix before starting up a slow glide that ratcheted my pulse higher as my muscles tightened. I could feel the impending orgasm gathering pace, preparing to bear down on me like a runaway freight train.

“This what you want? Hmmm?”

“Uh-huh,” I panted. “But harder. Please, do it harder, make me come.”

“You want it hard?” he asked, increasing the pace. “You want to be fucked?” He gripped my chin, forcing me to look at him. “Then say it.”

“Fuck me,” I capitulated. “I’ll do anything if you’ll just fuck me hard.” He obliged, not increasing his pace, just breaching me with more force. The shimmering promise of climax was just on the horizon for me, there but out of reach and I moved in sync with him, trying to coax him deeper so I could finally shatter.

He urged me back onto the desk and hooked his arms under my knees, planting his hands squarely on the desk beside my shoulders. My lower body was curled up upon itself and the change in angle setting off a whole new level of intensity.

His face was inches above mine and his eyes bored into me as he asked fiercely, “Just how hard do you reckon you would have got it if someone had of found out what you were doing under that table, huh?”

I felt excitement race through me at his words but it was nothing compared to what took hold of me when he continued. “I had half a mind to drag you out and hand you over to them myself. Then you’d have been really fucked.”

My cunt tightened on him as the image his words painted exploded in living colour in the forefront of my mind. Me, held down amid the glass and silverware as three complete strangers forced their way into my body, using me to slake their lusts while the man who held my affections watched.

With a piercing cry I began to unravel, my muscles clenching as the orgasm swept down upon me. His eyes widened as he realised that the catalyst was his admission and he pounded into me

furiously. “How many?” he barked. “How many are you fucking in your mind? All of them?”

My breathing stopped in shock as my orgasm heightened, stuttering to life again when he growled, “You decadent slut. Is that what you want, for me to farm you out to anyone I please?”

I could feel his cock swelling as his balls tightened and I knew he was as inflamed as I was by the thought. “I should just set up an auction block here and sell you to the highest bidder.”

“Oh, Jesus, yes,” I sobbed, shame & exhilaration thundering through me as his movements became frenzied with his own approaching climax. “Anything, I’ll do anything,” I promised rashly.

His release came with crippling strength, stretching out with excruciating pleasure, his face contorting with fulfilled lust as he collapsed upon me. I accepted his heaving weight, drawing him closer, wrapping myself around him as much as possible.

Once he was sufficiently recovered he gathered me close, carrying me around to the chair before collapsing into it, my body nestled in his lap, idly stroking me as I drifted away on a gilded cloud of contentment.

I loved being a Mistress.