The Business Deal

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My meeting with a business woman doesn´t end how I thought it would!!

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It had been a fruitful evening. I really liked this woman, I was sure about that already, even though we had just met that day. She was the boss of a big transport company, and we had just verbally agreed on a very lucrative contract, that benefitted us both. She seemed kind and intelligent, slightly dominant, but Ididn´t mind that in a woman. She was very good looking, a little older than me, but very good looking. A good quality woman, everything about her said expensive and classy.

It was a fine restaurant, she had chosen it, and had obviously been there before and spent lots of money, as the waiters seemed to know her and couldn´t do enough to please her, swarming around her like bees round a honeypot. The meal was great, we were drinking brandys with our coffee, and she was talking. I was half-listening, half just watching her, and as the drink kept flowing I found myself getting more and more attracted to her, although that wasn´t difficult. Although I wouldn´t normally class myself in the same league as this woman.

We finished our drinks and she called over the waiter and paid the bill.

"I'm so pleased we have met. You seem a good man, I can see. I'm surprised that no woman has captured you already! Why do you not have a girlfriend? You are good looking, and seem to have looked after yourself. You seem kind and gentle. You should belong to someone! Why do you not?"

I smiled and shrugged "I'm too busy working and don't seem to have time to meet new people easily, except customers".

Then before I knew it, and without realising the repercussions it may have had, went on to tell her that I had had flings with a few lady customers in the past, but nothing serious.

"I get the feeling that women nowadays like men who are assertive" I added.

"Some women like obedient men," she said, smiling at me.

She looked me directly in my eyes. "Would you like to belong to me?"

She asked this suddenly, and directly. I could tell it was a serious question.

"Yes, yes I would" I answered immediately, without even thinking.

I felt myself blush. I had not meant to blurt it out like that. But she smiled.

"Good, I like a direct answer. I always say that when someone answers directly, without hesitation, it comes straight from the heart!”

She again looked directly into my eyes.

“I am not looking for an assertive man! A wild-stallion quality is quite attractive in a man, but personally, I find it even more exciting to have a man who under my control.
"Now...let's leave...the contract is in my hotel room...and we need to talk privately" she quickly added.

Back at her hotel, we entered her room and she poured us another drink. She went over to the dresser, opened a draw and took out some paperwork.

"I´ve been thinking about this contract, and realise that it means more to you than it does to me, after all, I can get another delivery driver tomorrow who would be willing to sign it. So I think that you should really have to show me how much you really want it, don´t you?"

I must have looked shocked, as I had thought the deal was as good as done, but it seemed she had other ideas.

She followed up with,

"You remember in the restaurant when I told you that I preferred obediant men, completely under my control?"

"Yes", I replied, wondering where this was heading, but secretly fearing the answer. She was right, I needed this contract more than I had let on, and after thinking it was in the bag, was now worried that she was changing her mind.

"I think we can satisfy both our needs, as you want the contract, and I like to have fun with shy obediant men. Now if you do as you are told, we can both leave this room happy."

Before I could say anything, she said,

"With your silence, I will take it that you have accepted this deal, and that I am in complete control. So for my first order, I want you to get out of your clothes, put them in the trash bag over there and tie it up. Then, go take a shower and clean yourself properly from head to toe, including your teeth. Every inch of your body better be SQUEAKY clean. And don't take more than half an hour. I'll get ready while you are showering."

Now I knew she was serious.

I found myself obeying her wishes, and she totally ignored me as I slowly disrobed. I was feeling a little awkward and wondered why I was doing as she said, but then thought of the contract. I was snapped out of my thoughts suddenly by her sharp voice.

"Hurry up! we haven´t got all night. Get those rags off and in that bag!"

Now I really knew who was in charge of this deal.

I quickly shed the rest of my clothes, placed them in the garbage bag, tied up the sides in a granny knot, and raced into the bathroom. I turned on the shower to a nice warm, strong stream, and began washing myself. I washed my body twice, so as not to disappoint her and stepped out. I vigorously dried myself, and brushed my teeth...twice as well.

As soon as I opened the door, I was grabbed strongly and faced toward the hotel room door.

"You barely made it. Don't turn your head. Keep your nose to the door. You are my piece of meat for the rest of the night.

While I had been in the shower, she had completely changed. I first noticed the boots , a soft-leather, rising over her toned calves to her knees. Her black leather skirt was slit up the centre to her waist, topped off with a black bustier. Her long black hair hung over her shoulders. A diamond cross hung on a thin silver chain at her neck. Blood-red lipstick matched her fingernail polish, finishing off her domineering look.

"Get on the bed." She said, I quickly jumped on, causing the metal springs to creak up and down. She dropped down to where her bag was, unzipped it and starting pulling out some rope.

"Is that for you or me," I said, trying to lighten the mood.

She didn´t reply, just smiled, took my hand, and started tying the rope around it.

She pushed me back down onto the bed and started tying it to the bed post. Very tight too. She then walked around and worked on the other hand. When she finished, I pulled at my restraints and found that I was bound really tight.

"That should keep your hands from getting into trouble." she said.

Then she pulled my leg to the corner and wrapped some rope around my ankle, she pulled hard and tied it to the bed post stretching my leg completely out, which kind of hurt. I felt my heart start to race. This was quickly followed by the other leg.

I now couldn't move at all. I was totally at her mercy.

She then reached in her bag and took out a gag, and crawled onto the bed over the top of me.

"Do we really need that?" I asked, my heartbeat getting even faster.

"I'll have you moaning so loud, you'll need it," she replied sternly.

Then I felt her pussy press up against my stomach. She obviously wasn't wearing any underwear under that skirt, and I could feel the stubble of a recently shaved pussy! My mouth dropped open and she shoved the gag right in, and tied it tightly around my head. It hurt also, and I tried to speak up, but I was completely muffled at this point. She got off of me, I watched her light up a cigarette, walk around me, staring at me, admiring her handiwork. I stared back at her, feeling a little nervous.

"You ready for some fun?"

I tried to speak but everything was coming out muffled.

She took a few more puffs from her cigarette, stubbed it out and placed it in an ashtray on the bedside cabinet.

She then picked up some more rope, wrapped it around my balls and tied them up tight. I screamed and pulled at my bonds.

"I told you I'd make you moan."

I started pleading into the gag, which just caused saliva to drip from my mouth, adding further to my embarrassment, and I felt my cheeks reddening.

She just smiled again and picked up her bag, from which she produced some various sized butt plugs. She picked up a medium sized one, and glanced over to see my reaction. I must have looked relieved, so she placed it back down.

“I’ll bet your filthy ass is so huge that nothing I have here will fill it,” to which I tried to protest. However the gag was still doing its job, and all that came out was another mumbled protest. She picked up the largest plug with ribs and began lubing it up. She approached the bed and rubbed it back and forth around my anus.

“I think you’re a slut who secretly wants this, and I’m going to give it to you.”

With a slow probe, she began to work it in, making sure she kept lubing it as she went. I squirmed on the bed, trying to fight it, but it was no good. I was too tightly bound, and slowly and surely felt the butt plug going further and further into my ass, and I gave up fighting it, until it was fully inserted. Even though it was lubed, it still hurt as it was worked fully in.

She looked down and inspected my cock. It had been obediently soft a few moments ago, but now it was growing firmer. She could see its pulse as I fought the erection.

“Does this excite you?” She asked.

I hadn´t thought about it. Though my balls were tightly bound, my cock was now standing fully erect as it gave my true feelings away. She reached out and took hold of it, running her hand along its shaft and noticing that it was now throbbing.

“What is this?” She asks, not waiting for an answer. “This looks like you’ve been excited.” She rubbed along it again.

“Are you excited?”

I found myself nodding.

“Stare at the ceiling,” she said angrily. I found myself obediently looking up, as she inspected my cock. She reached around and gave the butt plug a quick twist, which made me wince, checking it was still deep in my ass. There was a drop of fluid dripping from the end of my cock.

“Are you having fun without permission?” She asked.

“What is this filth dripping from your useless cock?”

She gripped it tightly and squeezed.

“I think that in your pathetic mind, you’re thinking about coming,” she added .

She pulled it again, removed her hand and slapped my cock.

“And I haven’t given you permission".

She took hold of it again and stroked it hard.

She saw me clench my stomach muscles trying to fight the urges. She stood up straight and took hold of my nipple with her bright red thumbnail and index finger, and pinched down hard, forcing me to let out a whimpering sound. She kept the pressure on until I began to shake.

“Does this feel good, whore?”

“I think you’re enjoying this.” she said, as she released my nipple.

“Keep staring up.” she added as she grabbed my cock again and softly stroked it.

Eventually she stopped, lent down and wrapped her mouth around my cock and sucked. The pleasure shot out into my limbs as I started moaning into the gag with bliss. Her mouth felt warm, as my cock disappeared deep into it. Her hand caressed my balls, easing the pain for a while, as she expertly sucked and sucked. I was close to coming when suddenly, she stopped.

"Better?" She asked. I quickly nodded, hoping she would continue.

Her hand then slipped down, lifted her skirt up and slowly inserted a finger inside her pussy. She played with herself for a while, gradually building up speed, as she added more fingers into her cunt. She crouched over me, now fingering herself like mad, and it wasn´t long before she shot her cum all over my chest.

"Now let's ride that hard cock." she said.

She climbed onto me, letting me penetrate her beautiful body. I felt the stubble again on her pussy

brushing gently on my balls, as my cock slipped easily into her soaking wet hole. She was soon riding me, slowly at first, then gradually harder and harder, grabbing my pecs and digging those nails deep into my chest. I moaned with the mixture of pleasure and pain, underneath the gag. She rode me, until I felt her body start to shake and she cried out in pleasure, and I felt her cum shoot down my cock, soaking my balls. I too was again close to orgasm, but the bitch suddenly slid my cock out of her, leaving me feeling very frustrated. She took a moment to catch her breath, and then climbed down off of me. I tried to tell her that I was near to coming, but all that came out was yet another muffled sound. I was so frustrated, and bursting to shoot my load into this hot womans body.

I watched as she got up and lit another cigarette, her body looked amazing. She slowly undressed, and changed back into her original dress, and stuffed her erotic outfit back into her bag. It was a shame to to see that beautiful body get covered up. I looked at my hands, still bound and wondered when she was going to untie me. She finished dressing, packing, and even checked herself in the mirror, like I wasn't even there. I realised that she had used me for her own sexual needs, and wasn´t the slightly bit interested in mine.

I started grunting, and when she looked at me, I indicated that I was still tied.

"Thanks for the entertainment," she said, "It was hot."

She picked up the contract, folded it and placed it in her bag. Then she pulled some lipstick out and slowly and seductively applied it to her lips. She approached the bed, planted a kiss on my cheek, and using her lipstick started to write something on my chest.

"When the maid comes in tomorrow morning and unties you, you will find that I wriiten my personal telephone number on your body. Give me a call sometime, and I will arrange to see you at my house. Then we will see what else you will do to get this contract signed," she patting her bag, where the contract sat and gave out a small laugh.

"What!?!" I was confused. Wasn't she going to untie me!?! It was bad enough being left on the verge of orgasm. I screamed into the gag with all my might, and jerked at my ropes. The bitch picked up my clothes with her bag and headed for the door. Again I tried to speak out with no luck, and bounced my naked bound body on the creaky bed. She just opened the door, shut out the lights, then gave me one last look, smiled, winked and closed the door.

I couldn´t believe that she had just gone and left me, lying there frustrated and covered in her juices, and was convinced for a while that it was some sort of joke, and that any minute now she would return. However, hours passed and I realised that she wasn´t coming back. For a while I panicked and pulled at my restraints, but the more I pulled, the tighter they seemed to get. I eventually gave up,

and sometime later fell asleep.

I don´t know what time it was, but I was awoke by the sound of a key in the door, and opened my eyes just in time to see the door handle being turned. I don´t know who looked more shocked, me or the maid, as she entered the room. I still couldn´t speak, because of the gag, but was completely taken aback, when she started to smile and slowly unbutton her uniform, which she then let casually drop to the floor...