

Office Stalking - ch.2

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Alexis continues to please Erica

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It had only been an hour since Erica made me her slave, but it seemed like an eternity. The smell of her sex still filled my office. The taste of her pussy lingered on my tongue. Trying to work was useless. I could only think of Erica and our new 'relationship' - my undeniable desire to serve her and please her. I could only dream of how she would use me for those purposes. My daydreams were cut short by an incoming IM from Erica. I opened it and read as my pulse quickened. Go to the ladies room, remove your clothes, put on your collar and kneel in the last stall. You have 5 minutes. Admittedly, I was excited and terrified. It was one thing to be Erica's slave in the confines of my office, but the ladies room was public. But she promised not to expose me in public. I fretted over her orders, but I worried more about upsetting her, so I hurried to the ladies room. I was relieved to find the bathroom empty, and I made my way to the last stall. I removed my skirt and my blouse, my bra and panties, folded them and laid them on the back of the toilet. I put on my slave collar and knelt in front of the toilet, praying that no one would come in. Within moments, I heard the door open, and I closed my eyes in nervous excitement. "Alexis, my pet? Are you here?" I hear Erica's lilting voice ask as she enters. "Yes Erica," I replied softly. I looked up to see Erica leaning against the sink directly across of the stall, smiling at me. "I'm so glad you chose to obey my command, my pet," Erica said, a mischevious grin on her face, "The punishment for disobedience would be... significant." I decided then and there not to find out what that would mean. Erica continued, "Now, my lovely pet, I want you to sit on the floor in front of that toilet, spread your legs and masturbate. You are not leaving this bathroom until you have an orgasm and there's no telling who may come in before you're done." Erica lifted herself up onto the sink counter and crossed her legs, watching me. "You better get started, my pet." A rush of fear and excitement overwhelmed me as I slid two fingers of my right hand into my damp pussy. Usually, I start slowly, until I'm moist enough to allow my fingers to glide in and out of my pussy with ease. But there was something carnal about this situation that made me pump my fingers in and out of my pussy hard and fast. But what alarmed me most with this situation was that, even though I was finger fucking myself wildly, I could not feel that growing rush inside of me that I usually do when I masturbate. I don't know if it was the fact that I was being watched by Erica or the fear of someone walking in on me but, no matter how hard I played with myself, I could not get myself off. Erica must have noticed my difficulty as well. "Aw, are you having problems, my pet?" she asked,

almost mockingly. "Perhaps you need to do more than you usually do to finish the job today. Maybe you should use your free hand to play with your nipples. And perhaps you should close your eyes and pretend that you're feeling my hands playing with you. Give that a try, my pet." I looked at her with doubt but decided to give it a shot. I closed my eyes and began to twist and pull my nipples with my left hand as my right hand continued to pump my fingers in and out of my now sopping pussy. I allowed myself to think it was Erica's hands playing with me which, surprisingly, was easier than I thought. The more I made myself believe it was Erica playing with me, the more fervent I became. My fingers pumped my pussy harder and faster, and my other hand twisted and tweaked my nipples more roughly. I felt my breathing becoming more ragged, and my body more tense. I no longer thought about where I was or what I was doing. All I could focus on was my belief that Erica's hands were quickly bringing me to my breaking point. It only took a few minutes before my body began to shudder. Sensing my orgasm was near, I slid a third finger into my pussy and began to roughly play with my breasts. My breathing became ragged and my every thought now was consumed with my oncoming orgasm. My hands took control, pinching and pulling my nipples, pumping my pussy wildly. I began to moan and squeal, louder and louder until my body rocked with the exhilaration of my massive orgasm. As my orgasm overtook me, I groaned loudly which echoed in the confines of the bathroom. It was the reverberations of my groans that snapped me out of my orgasmic trance. I opened my eyes to see Erica smiling at me, her phone aimed right at me. "That was excellent, my little slut. And since I recorded your little show, I get to enjoy watching you masturbating anytime I want." It took a moment to sink in, my body still recovering from my orgasm, before I understood what she said. She had recorded me masturbating. Without saying it, we both knew that if I ever disobeyed her or disappointed her, Erica could use that video as blackmail fodder. I sat on the floor of the stall, naked, sweating, exhausted, my fingers still lingering inside my pussy. I was surprised by the fact that I truly no longer cared that I had let myself become Erica's slave. All that mattered to me was pleasing her. I looked up at Erica and smiled weakly. "Did you enjoy the show, Goddess?" I asked, calling her Goddess for the first time, hoping she liked it. "Mmmmm, very much my little slut," Erica responded, "But don't you think it's time to get back to work? We can't spend all day naked in the bathroom pleasuring ourselves, can we?" Giggling, I made my way back to my feet and cleaned myself up then slowly got dressed. Once I was dressed, Erica came over and kissed me passionately. "I love my little slut. Do you love your Goddess?" she asked I nodded my response as I whispered, "Yes, Goddess, I love you." I was surprised at how effortlessly the words rolled off my tongue. "Wonderful, my pet. I think to show your love for me, we need to expand our relationship, don't you?" Erica said, very matter-of-factly. "I will still allow you to maintain your facade of being in charge here in the office but after hours, you are mine. Do you understand?" As she spoke, she casually allowed the video of my masturbating to play on her phone. I nodded my agreement, surprisingly excited at the prospect of letting Erica have her way with me outside of the office. "Wonderful," Erica said as she turned off her phone and escorted me out of the bathroom. As we left the bathroom, I happened to notice the "Out-Of-Order" placard on the door handle. It was then that I truly realized that Erica would keep her word as long as I continued to please her.