



## Office Blackmail, Chapter 3

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*Maybe this arrangement won't be so bad after all!*

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Lisa spent the rest of that night in a sexual high; very turned on but because of Mr. Roberts warning, unable to do anything about it. She finally was able to go to bed and sleep with the aid of some sleeping pills. She spent Sunday trying to put the whole matter out of her mind. She did some neglected household chores, then went for a long drive and basically tried to stay busy. But thoughts of him and what he was doing to her still intruded from time to time and she felt the tingle of desire in her pussy more than a few times that day. But she struggled through it. Monday morning finally arrived and Lisa got up early that morning. She wanted to make sure she was dressed and made up especially attractively today. She had been a "good girl" all weekend and she wanted to please Mr. Roberts with her appearance as well. She wanted that reward he had spoken of! She took great care in picking out what she hoped would be a pleasing outfit, she put her makeup on flawlessly, and made sure her hair was perfect. She didn't want there to be a single thing wrong or out of place. She drove to work and before she entered the office itself, stopped by for one final check in the ladies room. As she stepped into the office, she walked slowly to her desk. She noticed that Amy's desk was cleared of everything and all of Amy's personal effects were in a box on the floor by her desk. Lisa sat down at her desk, from which she could see Amy's old desk. She tried hard to concentrate on her work that day, still wanting very much to do a good job. But seeing Amy's vacant desk brought thoughts of what Mr. Roberts had told her the previous Saturday. She wondered what was happening with her fellow co-worker and accomplice. Just before lunch, Mr. Roberts called her into his office. Lisa jumped at the chance to see him and hurried in to see what he needed from her. Her heart raced as she stood in front of his closed door, straightening her dress and fluffing her hair a bit. She softly knocked and heard his "Come in." from behind the heavy door. "You wanted to see me, Mr.

Roberts?" "Yes, Miss Reynolds. Please come in and close the door." Lisa came in and approached his desk. "Please have a seat." Lisa sat down in the chair he indicated, making sure he could see her well. She had worn a rather tight mid-thigh length pencil skirt with a seductive slit partway up one side. She had a white semi-sheer blouse with a large opening in the front that revealed her ample bust and an empire waist that further enhanced her large breasts. Knowing that everyone in the office was at lunch, Mr. Roberts dropped the formalities. "So have you been a good girl, slut?" "Yes, sir," she said, lowering her eyes. "I am pleased. I am also very impressed with your looks today, my slut. You are looking particularly fetching today. Is this for me?" "Yes, sir. I am glad you like it." "Well, the reason I called you in here is to tell you about Amy. I am sure you noticed her desk has been cleaned out." "Yes, sir." "Well the police came to see her Sunday and she has been arrested and is sitting in jail at this moment. Her first hearing will be tomorrow where she will be formally charged with stealing from me. Then it will go to court and the trial will begin. After speaking to my attorney, he has assured me that with the documented evidence we have, she will most likely get a lengthy sentence - he said it's a pretty airtight case." A tear started down Lisa's cheek and she began visibly trembling at the news. "Do not cry for her, she had the same choices as you. She simply did not take advantage of the opportunity. Now she must suffer the consequences." "Yes sir," Lisa sniffed. "Your participation in this scheme is between you and me. The police know nothing of your involvement nor will they as long as you stick to your side of the agreement. You still have a job here and you have no fear of legal proceedings as long as you continue to cooperate as you have been." "Thank you, sir. May I ask a question?" "What is it?" "What about Amy's mother? She said that she was the only one who could take care of her. What will happen to her?" "My dear, sweet slut... I am not a beast. I have taken steps to provide for her care in a senior center. I have discussed with the center getting her some financial aid and she will live in the senior center until Amy gets out of prison. There is no sense in her needlessly suffering simply because her daughter was foolish." "Oh thank you, sir! That was so kind of you!" Lisa said happy for that bit of news. "Anyway, once Amy is formally charged with the crime and her trial date has been set, I will begin looking for a replacement for her. You will be tasked in bringing her replacement, whoever it may be, up to speed with Amy's job and responsibilities." "Yes, sir." "Okay. now go on to lunch and forget all this depressing news. Stop by my office after work so we can talk on more pleasant things then." "Yes, sir. Thank you," Lisa said, then left for lunch. Coming back from her lunch hour, Lisa resumed her work at her desk. She looked over at Amy's vacant desk and her thoughts drifted to her. She wondered what she was going through and if she had regretted her decision. She felt a little better knowing Amy's mother would be taken care of, but poor Amy must be going through hell. Still Mr. Roberts was right - Amy had had the chance to avoid all the "unpleasantness" as he put it if she had just been willing to go along with what Mr. Roberts had planned. And it's not like Lisa had turned her in or had testified against her - Lisa had not said one single thing that would have implicated Amy or made it seem it was all her fault. So Lisa willed herself to forget about Amy and her plight. It was of her own choosing and so she alone was at fault. Besides, Mr. Roberts would be wanting a happy horny slut come this afternoon! So she pressed on with her work and looked forward to her afternoon meeting with Mr. Roberts. Finally 5:00 came and

the end of the work day! Lisa had been getting more and more excited as the last few minutes of the day ticked off and now that she could officially clock out, she rushed to the bathroom to quickly touch up her makeup. Her meeting with Mr. Roberts promised to be a thrilling one and she wanted him to be pleased with her. Once she was satisfied that she was properly adorned, she went back to the office and to Mr. Roberts door. Like she had done at lunchtime, she softly knocked and upon being told to, entered the office. Mr. Roberts stood up and walked around his desk as Lisa had knocked and was sitting on the edge of his desk as she entered. She walked up to him smiling and stood before him. "I am here, Mr. Roberts, just as you asked," she said. "Indeed. And looking every bit as delicious too." "Thank you, sir." "As much as I like the outfit you are in, slut, it is not conducive to what I have in mind for you. Please remove it so we can get started," he said. Without a word, she began removing her clothes. First her blouse, then her skirt. She folded the items and sat them on the edge of his desk. Then she removed her bra, allowing her full breasts freedom. Then she looked at him and noting no change in his expression and not being told to stop, she finally removed her panties as well. "I will take those from you," he said. She handed them blushing a bit, to him. He felt the soft satiny fabric and inhaled her scent deeply before putting the garment in his pocket. Lisa stood before him now clad only in her thigh-top stockings and her heels. "Very nice. Now then, there are a few things I wish to discuss with you before the fun begins." "Yes, sir." "That is the first item on the agenda. When we are at work or in public, I am to be referred to as Sir or Mr. Roberts as normal. However, alone like this, either after hours or in my home, I am Master. Do you understand?" "Yes...Master." Lisa felt a jolt of electricity race through her pussy and up her spine at the mere mention of the name. She looked up at him as she said it, and his smile of approval made her knees weak. "Very good. We will be working on proper language and terminology as we progress along our path. For now though, you are slut and I am Master. I have already learned of your weakness for dirty language, however I also want you using it as well. So we will be working to develop your own 'dirty mouth'." "Yes, Master," she said. Another jolt of electricity and she could feel her wetness beginning. "Good girl. Now then, are you ready for this evening's entertainment?" "Yes, Master." "Good. Have a seat in this chair." She sat down in the sturdy wooden chair that he had indicated. It was new to the room, she had taken notice of it when she had first come in and now she would find out its purpose. "Yesterday I stopped by the hardware store and picked up a few things for today," he said. He opened a large drawer behind his desk and pulled out a few sections of nylon rope. "First, we will make sure you are securely bound." He tied her arms up over her head and then back down to the top of the chair back making sure each was secure but not cutting off her circulation. Next he took her legs behind the knees and pulled her down so she was more slouched in the chair and then brought her knees closer to her chest, spreading her legs and bringing her stocking-covered ankles to the end of the chair's arms. He tied her ankles in place there using the same care in her bindings as he did with her wrists. Another loop of rope around her legs just above the knees would assure that her long lean stems remained widespread and out of the way. With each binding, she found herself more and more restricted and strangely to her, more and more turned on. Her pussy was glistening and her clit throbbing and he hadn't even begun! She had never experienced anything like this and her heart was racing as he

continued. "Comfortable, slut?" he asked. "Yes, Master," Lisa panted. "Good," he said. He pulled his desk chair around to right in front of her so he was sitting directly in front of her widespread legs and only inches away from her exposed and damp pussy. "You know, my slut, you really are quite beautiful." he said, his hand running up her leg from the ankle to her knee. "T-thank you...Master," she gasped. He placed both hands on the inside of her thighs and slid them down almost to the crease where her thigh met her hip. Then he drew them back. Down her legs agonizingly close to her sex and back up. Each time he got close to her center, she drew in a breath as if holding her breath would make him touch her. Oh god she wanted him to touch her! But each time he pulled back away again, causing Lisa to groan her disappointment. "You know, I have been thinking about this pussy all weekend. Such a pretty, young, flower." His index finger traced her pussy lips so lightly it was as if it were a feather. It was maddening! "Please, Master! Please...I've been good!" she whimpered. She tried humping up against the teasing finger, but to no avail. If he didn't stop teasing her she would surely go insane! "Yes you have, my slut. And I did promise you a reward, didn't I?" "Yes! Please, Master! please!" Lisa cried. He smiled broadly at her distress. He began by using his thumb to strum her engorged, throbbing clit and running his fingers up and down her wet slit, just inside her outer lips. "Ohhhh yesss" she cooed as she felt him playing with her. This was what she had waited for! His fingers strummed and played with her as she began getting damper and her pussy began burning for him. Her pussy was preparing itself as her juices began flowing. His finger went from toying with her outer lips to exploring just inside her pussy lips and the entrance to her vagina. Lisa spread her legs further, hoping he would press fully into her. She had been thinking all weekend of this moment and she wanted him desperately. It had been so long since anyone touched her like this! "Please, Master! Please don't tease me! Please, I want you." she whimpered, child-like in her need. "Then tell me what you want, slut! Tell me what you want me to do to this pussy!" he goaded her. "Anything! Anything you want, Master! Oh please!" she begged. "Should I fuck it? Should I finger it? Maybe you want Me to lick it?" he asked. "Yes! Oh fuck, Master Please!! Please, I'm begging you! Use my pussy! Anything! Oh god, Master!" she cried loudly and shook in her bonds. He smiled smugly. He had already won the contest. She was his in every way she could be. He shoved his two middle fingers deep into her aching pussy, curling the tips up to rub her g-spot while the outer two fingers propped open her pussy. Using short, rapid strokes, he began fingering her. His other hand on her mound, massaging it and holding her down, his manipulations very quickly brought her to the edge. "Ohhh Fuck! Oh I'm going to cum!" she wailed. He pulled his hand out of her pussy and she looked at him incredulously. "Why did you stop, Master? I was almost there!" she cried. "Because slut, I told you that any orgasms you get are gifts from me. Besides, I didn't hear you ask me for permission to cum. You must always ask for permission to cum." "Yes Master," she panted out of breath. "Please can we continue? please?" "You really want to cum don't you, slut. What will you give me in return for letting you cum?" he said, teasing her pussy again and watching her hump up trying to relieve her agonizing distress. "Anything, Master. I'll do anything you ask! I swear! Just please, please, please let me cum!" she said. "I believe you, slut. Very well, if it's a cum you want, then a cum you shall have!" he said. Thrusting his fingers in again he used the same technique as before the short rapid strokes and

massaging her g-spot bringing her back to the brink of another orgasm. This time, however she was not going to do anything to spoil it! "Oh fuck, Master I'm going to cum! Please, please may I cum, Master!" she cried out. "You wish to cum, slut? You wish to cum for me?" "Yes, Master! Yes, please let me cum for you! Please let your slut cum for you!" she said as she felt herself cresting her orgasm. Jus a few more strokes...a few more... "Then cum for me you fucking slut! Cum for me now!" he said in a deep growl as his fingers pushed her over the edge. "Ohhhhhfuuuuccckkk! Ohhhh!" she howled as her orgasm ripped through her, tearing the air from her lungs and sending her spiraling into a star-filled explosion of lights, sounds and sensations. Her body convulsed and spasmed violently as her head rocked back and forth and she muttered something unintelligible. Her hands clenched and opened as she tried making sense of what was happening and her eyes rolled back in her head. Her face was a mask of absolute bliss, her mouth forming the "O" she was experiencing. Wave after wave crashed over her until finally at last the storm was over and Lisa lay there in the chair, covered in a sheen of sweat and panting, trying to fill her oxygen-starved lungs with precious life-giving air. But he was far from finished with her. As she lay there still panting for breath, he shoved his fingers into her again. He again brought her to the edge of an orgasm and she cried out as she had been told. "Ohhh God! Master I'm going to cum! Please may I cum!" "No." he said. "Ohhh!" she groaned in despair. He continued bringing her right to the edge of her orgasm and then backing off slightly, just enough to keep her from going over, but close enough she felt she would at any second. "Edging" her like this was maddening for her - she had never experienced anything like it. She arched and twisted in her bonds, trying everything to either relieve the stress or fall over the edge and cum, but nothing helped. He was in complete control and he knew what he was doing! "Ohhh God, Master, please, pleaseee!" she begged, sobbing now as the experience had taken its toll on her mind. With the hand that had been on her mound, he slapped her inner thigh sharply, once on each thigh, as he fingered her. That was it, she could hold back no more! "Ohmasterfuck! I'm cuummminggg!" she screamed as the floodgates of her pussy opened up. pussy juices flowed as she bucked and gyrated and rocked the chair with the intensity of her orgasm. She howled and squirmed as his hand continued to torment her even through her orgasm. She thrashed in her bonds, head reeling and her mouth trying to form words. But she was out of her mind. Lisa Reynolds was not here, replaced by a lust-driven animal, concerned only with her own pleasure. After several agonizing moments the tidal waves of her orgasm subsided and she returned slowly to her own mind. Lisa's howls and screams were replaced by sobbing - uncontrollable, child-like sobbing. Mr. Roberts untied Lisa and stood up, pulling her to him. She stood and clutched him, tightly burying her face in his shoulder and clinging to him like a woman drowning. She sobbed into his shoulder. "Oh, Master," she said between sobs, "It's been sooo long. So long since I felt this way." He held her, comforting her as she released all of her pent-up emotions. He let her cry on his shoulder until she had finished, then he took her over and sat her down on the couch that her and Amy had sat in. He sat there holding her in his arms with her sitting in his lap. She buried herself in his chest and sat there enjoying the feeling of his warmth and the strength of his arm's around her. After about 20 minutes, Lisa felt better and she sat up, looking at him. Her face was a mess, with her makeup running down her cheeks and her hair a sweaty, matted

tangle. "I'm sorry, Master. I don't know what happened. I guess it was just too much for me." "That's all right, slut. It is obvious that you needed to get that out. Sometimes the intensity of an experience like this has unseen side effects." "Thank you, Master for allowing me to cry on your shoulder. And thank you for giving me the orgasm," she said looking into his eyes. She searched his face for a long moment, then leaned in and kissed him. Cautious at first - she didn't know if she was breaking some rule - but when she felt him kissing her back she dove in completely, wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling herself to him and kissing him deeply and passionately. She was his. The next morning at work Lisa could hardly wait for lunch. She had something very important to talk to Mr. Roberts about and she was anxious to do it. She rehearsed what she wanted to say all morning as she kept an eye on the clock. Like the day before, she had taken great pains in getting herself ready that morning - picking out her clothing, and putting on her makeup. Finally the longest morning in Lisa's life was over and lunchtime had arrived. "Mr. Roberts, may I see you for a moment before I go to lunch?" she said after knocking on his office door. "Yes, come in Miss Reynolds," he said. Lisa came in and waited for him to offer her a seat before sitting. "What can I do for you?" Lisa looked back at the closed door. "Master, I need to talk to you," she said in a hushed tone. "Go ahead, slut. I'm listening." Lisa drew a breath. What she was about to say was crazy, she knew, but she had to say it - no matter what happened after that. "Master, I have thought about this all night last night - I didn't get any sleep at all worrying about this so I am just going to say it and whatever happens, happens. Master I know that this arrangement is all because I stole money from you and I can't tell you enough how sorry I am for that. But for me, Master, this has gone beyond that. After what happened last night and what you have done before that, it is more than just a matter of justice or righting a wrong." "What are you saying, Lisa?" "Master, I want to be your slut completely. I have never had anyone who could do to me what you have done. I have never known anyone who treated me like you treat me yet makes me feel more alive and more vital than you have. And when you showed Amy's mother the kindness you did by offering to take care of her - Master that touched me like nothing else has ever touched me." "I see." "Master you are kind, and yet demanding. You are my boss, my teacher, and I would like you to be my Master as well. I am here, Sir to offer myself to you permanently. I desire to be your slut, your slave, your whore, if you will have me." With that Lisa knelt on the ground putting her chest to the floor and extending her arms forward in an act of complete submission. Mr. Roberts sat there at his desk for a few seconds, digesting all that she had said. Then he got up and slowly walked around to stand in front of her. "Stand up, slut." Lisa rose to stand in front of him, head lowered, eyes closed, holding her breath while she waited for his answer. She felt her heart pounding in her chest. "What if he says no? Did I just ruin everything by shooting off my mouth? Oh God please say yes!" she thought to herself, near panic now. "I am glad you came in to see me right now. I had something I wanted to tell you as well. I was going to wait till this afternoon but this announcement from you has brought it to light a bit earlier," he said. "Master?" "Well, let me address your proposition first off. I am honored that you wish to become my slut permanently, but are you sure you know what you are asking? Being my slut permanently would require a great many changes in your life. Have you thought about your son? Have you weighed this all out carefully?" "Master, I have thought about

this a great deal. It is what I want more than anything. Whatever changes you require, I will do. I will do whatever is necessary, Master, to be yours," Lisa said, looking into his face for some reaction. "I see. Well then, I guess I have myself a slave-slut then. I accept your submission and will take you as my slut," he said. "Oh Master! Oh I am so happy! Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" she said, kissing him over and over. Her heart leapt for joy in her chest and her wobbly knees could barely support her. She hugged him tightly and nuzzled into his neck. She was ecstatic. "But Master, what about your news?" she suddenly remembered him having something to tell her. "Well I, too have been thinking about our arrangement. And about you as an employee." he said. Lisa held her breath again "An employee?" she thought to herself. "Anyway, as I have told you, I am not a beast. I know that things have been tough on you and that you have been struggling. And now I have added a whole new level to your life. So I would like to help. I am giving you a raise and a new position here in the company." "Really Master? Are you serious?" she said, incredulously. "Yes, I am serious. I would like you to become my personal secretary and a raise along with it. How much do I pay you now?" "I am getting \$12.75 an hour now, Master." "Well my personal secretary earns...say we set it at \$20.00 for now? Would that be a fair wage?" "\$20.00 an hour, Master?? Oh my God!!" she screamed. "Master you are generous beyond belief! I would love to be your personal secretary - or anything else you want! Oh thank you, Master - you have no idea how much this means to me!" He sat back in his chair, pleased with himself as he watched his new "secretary's" excitement. "So you are interested in the position, I take it?" Lisa came around to his chair, climbed up in his lap straddling his legs and facing him. "Master, I am interested in any position you want me in!" And so Lisa Reynolds had turned her life around. Once in jeopardy of going to prison for being a thief, she had now secured a position as his personal secretary and as his beloved slut. She was happier in her new "position" than she had ever been. \*\*\*\*\* Six weeks later, Amy was sitting on the edge of her bed in her cell. Suddenly the guard came to the door. "Demarco, you have a visitor," she said gruffly. The guard - a large, muscular woman with a very unpleasant disposition - unlocked the cell door. Amy stood and quietly came out of her cell. The guard took hold of Amy's arm and escorted her down the hallway. Amy was tiny compared to the woman and the guard wasn't gentle. Amy was escorted (half-dragged, actually) to the interview room. When she entered the room, she was shocked to see her former boss sitting there waiting for her. "Mr. Roberts! W-what are you doing here?" she said, wide eyed. "Have a seat Amy," he said. Amy sat down, confused and more than a little scared. "So how have you been, Amy?" he started. "I'm fine." "That's good. Your mother said to say hello." "You have spoken to my mother?" "Yes, she is doing well in the home." "Yes, Lisa said that you have taken care of her. Thank you for that, sir. I know you didn't have to," Amy said lowering her head. "Well, no sense in her suffering because of your mistake," he said. "Lisa has been coming to see you, I hear." "Yes, she comes by once in a while." "That's what she has told me," he said. "I'm glad she has changed and is doing well. She was smarter than I was, I guess," Amy said sadly. "That brings me to the point of my visit," he began, "I have a piece of paper here that may be of interest to you. It is a Conditional Release Contract, and if you agree to the terms and sign it, you will be out of here in about, oh... 20 minutes, I would guess." "W-what?" Amy said incredulously. "That's right. I have spoken to my



attorney as well as to Mr. Atwell, the attorney in your case. I have also conferred with the judge in this case and the prison warden. We have made this contract in order to give you one more opportunity to make a bad situation better. If you agree to the terms of this Contract and sign it, you will be a free woman once again," he said, pushing the paper in front of Amy, "free at least from here." Amy looked down at the Contract. "Mr. Roberts, this is the same conditions you made us in the office the day you tried to make us your slaves!" "Yes, that's right. I thought you might like one more opportunity to reconsider, seeing as how it worked out with Lisa and not with you." "No! I won't sign it! I would rather stay in prison!" she said, shoving the paper back at him. "Very well, then. If that is your decision," he said getting up. He headed for the door and just as he reached for the button to signal the guard, Amy spoke up. "Wait!" "Yes?" "I...I'll sign the paper," she said, humbled. Mr. Roberts came back to the table and handed her the paper. With a shaky hand, she signed the Contract and pushed it back to him. "I'm glad you reconsidered, Amy. Lisa will be glad to see you back at work, as will I." "At work?" "Yes, didn't you read the Contract? It states you will be re-instated to your old job as well as the slave clause. You will join Lisa and work alongside her just as she is doing now. She has told you what she has been doing for me, correct?" "Yes, she has told me. She also told me how well you treat her," she said. "Well, she has done a good job and I am pleased with how she has taken to her new duties. I am hoping you will do likewise." "Yes sir," she said, "thank you." "Well let me go speak to the warden and we'll get you out of here as quickly as we can," he said. And so while Mr. Roberts went to speak with the warden, Amy was taken back to her cell to wait. A few minutes later, the same guard came back to get Amy. "Gather your things, Demarco, you are getting out. The warden wants to see you first, though." Amy gathered up her few belongings and followed the guard to the warden's office. Waiting for her was the prison warden and Mr. Roberts. "Miss Demarco," the warden started as she came into the office, "You have been given a rare and unusual opportunity today to turn your life around. Mr. Roberts here has a plan to give you gainful employment and rehabilitate you. I understand you have seen the Contract and signed it?" he said. "Yes, warden," she said meekly. "And you agree to the terms and conditions?" he asked. "Yes." "Then with that in mind, I am granting your release from our facility. I trust I won't be seeing you back here anytime soon." "Thank you, warden," she said. Mr. Roberts and Amy left the office, processed out at the front desk and were taken out of the prison yard by another guard. As the prison gate shut behind Amy, she realized the whole experience was now behind her. The effect was dramatic. "Oh Mr. Roberts!" she turned to him sobbing like a child, "I am so sorry! Thank you for getting me out of there! I promise I will make it up to you!". She cried on his shoulder for several minutes as her tough-girl facade crumbled like a sand castle in the rain. He put his arms around her and comforted her. "I am sure you will, Amy. I am glad to see you finally letting go of that attitude. You will find it a lot easier now that we have seen the real Amy." "Yes, sir. I am sorry I have been such a bitch!" "Well, you will have plenty of opportunity to make good on that promise and show me how sorry you are. And the name is Master now." "Yes...Master," she said, smiling finally. The above story is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and events in it are products of the author's imagination and are used as fantasy. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Originally, this story had a different ending, with the character Amy going off to spend her full term in prison. However, due to the feedback from you, My readers about wanting to see Amy return to the story, I rewrote the ending to include her return. My thanks to all who commented and asked for her to come back - I heard you!