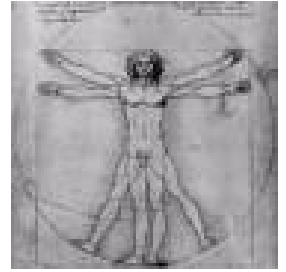


# The Naughty Receptionist

By 19Savant

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*A spoiled brat gets what she so richly deserves.*

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“Miss Johnson, would you please come into my office?” Tracie rolled her eyes, thinking What does he want now? It was fifteen minutes before five--her purse was out, her computer off, and her mind had already left the building. Her friends had a fun night planned--some good food, a few drinks, and of course a great deal of dancing. Mandy even had a 'cool' guy she wanted to introduce to her, in Mandy's never ending quest to help her get over her ex, Jason. I'm not going to stay a moment past five , she thought, her lips pressed tight together. Taking her time, she answered another text from Mandy, then slowly sauntered into Mr. Duhamel's office. “Have a seat,” he said, pointing to one of the chairs in front of his desk. He had an odd look on his face, one she hadn't seen before, and those green eyes always seemed to see right through her. Her stomach suddenly felt queasy. As she sat, she made sure her short skirt rode even higher up on her thighs; he seemed to enjoy looking at her long and lovely legs. She was quite proud of them. “Miss Johnson, your performance has been rather disappointing of late. Well, in truth, since your first day here,” he said. Staring at her, he waited, expecting a response. She didn't know what to say. After a moment, he said, “You show up late every morning, then spend most of your day texting or talking on your phone. You're way behind on every task I've assigned to you, even the filing. Those things you actually get around to are inevitably incorrect. Furthermore, your attitude is condescending and rude.” He paused again, and she realized he was very angry with her. “I'm afraid I can't tolerate this behavior any longer.” It took a moment for his last words to sink. She blinked, confused. “But you can't fire me. If you do, my father won't sell you the Duffey property.” She smiled, thinking she'd won. His smile was worse. “Had you actually been paying any attention, you'd know that we closed on that deal this morning. Where do you think I was?” “My Dad won't be happy if you...” She couldn't even say the words. Her stomach felt as if she'd swallowed a large, rough rock with sharp edges, and it was pushing down through the bottom of her belly. She leaned forward, her chest against her knees. “Miss Johnson, to be frank with you, I couldn't care less what your father thinks anymore. He seems a decent enough chap, but you're a horrible receptionist. And a spoiled brat. In fact, you remind me of Mrs. Johnson.” Tracy felt like she was being slapped with each sentence. Finally, when he was done, she managed to get angry. “ Mrs. Johnson is not my mother. ” He laughed at her. “So he married a brat and is raising one, too.” Tracy looked down at the carpet, wishing she could crawl under it. She could not lose this job. Her father

had clearly said it was her last chance--that he was done fixing her life and her problems. He didn't have the money anymore, with the recession going on and on. Not to mention how much her step-mother spent. "Please..." she mumbled. "Please what, Miss Johnson?" "Please don't fire me." She was crying now. She hated herself for it. Imagined her father kicking her out, and the smile on her step-mother's face as she packed. And then where would she go? "I'm afraid you've left me no choice. I need a dedicated, hard-working assistant. An asset, not a liability." "Please," she said again. "I can be. I will be." When his silence dragged out, she finally lifted her chest off of her knees and dared looking at him. The intensity of those green eyes sent a chill through her. Finally, he said, "And what of these two and a half months that I've paid you for? What should be done about that?" She couldn't meet his eyes. She looked down at her shoes. "I'm so sorry," she mumbled. "I'm afraid that's not good enough. You'll be paid through tomorrow. Good luck." The tears returned in force. "Please, please, you can't fire me. I'll do anything." "Really, Miss Johnson, anything?" She looked up, briefly, into his eyes again. Fuck, does he want me to suck him off? Or fuck me? Strangely, she felt a tingle in her clit, and knew her pussy was wet. She licked her lips. Yes, she could survive one blowjob. He was rather attractive, despite his age. What was he, forty-five or forty-six? Fifty? She nodded. "Yes, anything." "Somehow I doubt that." He templed his hands in front of his lips, and looked like he was thinking hard. Come on, she thought. Just say it. Tell me to get on my knees. It will be over in five minutes, and in a week he'll be wrapped around my finger. Life will be good again. "Frankly, Miss Johnson, you are quite immature. A child, really, in an adult body. I doubt you can be the diligent receptionist that I need. However, perhaps if we deal with you like a child, and instill some discipline in your behavior, you may yet develop into something worthwhile." Tracy sat there, open mouthed. She wiped away the tears on her cheek, and sniffled. She had no idea what he was talking about. What happened to that blowjob? What did he mean by discipline? "Discipline?" she asked. "Yes, you are in dire need of discipline. Perhaps a great deal of it." "You don't mean spanking me..." She was stunned. No one had ever spanked her. And why was her pussy dripping? Suddenly he stood up. "Yes, that is exactly what I mean. And what you deserve. However, it is up to you, Miss Johnson. The choice is entirely yours." He walked past her to the door and opened it. "Wh--what do you mean?" "It's your choice. You can show up for work tomorrow, knowing that at exactly five p.m. tomorrow, you will bend over this very desk, lift up your skirt and pull down your panties, and ask--no, beg--for a very hard spanking. Or, you can call up your father and let him know you've been fired. I'm sure he will be happy to help you find another job." She crossed her legs, hoping he couldn't smell how excited she was. And why was she excited? Because he was taking control? Giving her what she craved, finally? No, she didn't want that. "Good night, Miss Johnson." He took her by the elbow, gently helped her stand, and walked her to the door. "And Miss Johnson, it's important that you understand, this will be a very hard spanking. I'm afraid we've two and a half months of your very poor performance to account for. It's doubtful you will be sitting comfortably for days." The door shut in her face. She was about to say something, she didn't know what, though. She stood staring at the wood door, stunned. Finally, as if in a trance, she walked to her desk, picked up her purse, and walked to the elevator. \*\*\* Two hours later, Tracy sat on her couch, watching TV, yet she had no idea what was on. She had told

Mandy that her stomach suddenly hurt, and hurt bad. She hadn't even been lying. She couldn't let him spank her. And with her panties pulled down? The humiliation made her face red, just thinking about it. But it also made her unbelievably wet. She couldn't even tell how much of it was fear and how much of it was excitement. Her fingers, as if they had a mind of their own, slipped inside her sweats. Jesus I'm wet. This created nothing but confusion. Her phone rang. Her father, still at work, no doubt. The sharp rock returned to her stomach. "Hi Daddy." "Hi babe. How are you?" "I'm fine." "How's work?" She swallowed. Then closed her eyes and lied. "It's good." "No problems today?" "No. It was just an ordinary day." "Well that's good. We closed our deal today, and I was worried that bastard might fire you once he had what he wanted." "No, Daddy. He's quite fair. He wouldn't do that." She had no idea why she said any of that. "Ok, baby. Maybe Friday I'll swing by and take you to lunch. Would you like that?" "If I can sit down, maybe...." "That would be great." \*\*\* She watched the light move from one number to the next as the elevator took her up and up. It was moving much too fast. She had slept little, playing with herself four times during the night--coming like she'd never come before. And in between, when her blood was cool, she tried to think of every possible way out. Talk him into that blowjob instead? Find another job in the next day or two, and tell her father she'd found a better job? That seemed doubtful, with the economy still in the toilet. The elevator binged. Her heart jumped halfway up her throat with the noise. The other passenger on the elevator, a sweet, old lady, looked at her expectantly. "Isn't this your floor, dear?" "Oh, I guess it is. Sorry." She walked down the hall and put her hand on the door handle. This didn't seem real. Or it seemed way, way too real. She closed her eyes and pulled the door open. Like it was any other day, she walked to her desk and sat down. Five minutes later the office door opened. "Miss Johnson, I'm surprised to see you." She couldn't meet his eyes. She felt her face going red. "Good morning," she managed. "You have quite a bit of catching up to do today. Are you up to it?" "Yes, sir." "Very good." Then he was gone, back into his office. She pulled open the wide drawer in front of her, for a pen, and her heart leaped up and into her mouth. Holy Christ. There was a paddle in the drawer. A very serious paddle. Black, and maybe seven or eight inches across. It was covered in leather, and had a number of holes in it. She ran her fingertips over it. She was scared. Very scared. And she wanted to go to the bathroom and play with herself. Then she noticed the riding crop in the far corner, leaning up against the wall. A little voice inside her head started screaming run, run, run. Instead, she closed the drawer, and got to work on the filing. She had so much of it to do. \*\*\* At four, she was so nervous, her hands were shaking. Her panties had been soaked all day. She watched the second hand of the clock for a full minute, her mouth dry, her pussy wet. Her super-hard nipples pressed against the confines of her bra, wanting to escape. She was sweating. She never sweated. She could still leave. Still find another job. Confess to her father. 4:15. Christ. Time was going much too fast and much too slow. She crossed her legs, wanting to touch her clit so badly. 4:30. She could feel the sweat under her arms and along her sides. She opened the drawer and ran her fingers across the paddle. She couldn't even look at the riding crop in the corner. She imagined what her ass would look like in an hour. 4:45. Damn, damn, damn it was getting close now. She watched the second hand go around and around, part of her mind trying to stop it, part of it wanting to speed it along. Her mind was a mad scramble of

confusion. 4:50. 4:53. 4:55. ONLY FIVE MINUTES! 4:56. 4:57. 4:58. 4:59. The long hand clicked over. 5:00 on the dot. Was she supposed to knock on the door? Wait for him? She couldn't stand it any longer. She stood, straightened her skirt, and walked to his door. She knocked, very lightly. "Yes?" She opened the door. "Sir, it's..." her voice caught in her throat. She coughed, knowing her face was bright red. "It's five." "Ah, yes. And what is on the schedule for five today, my dear?" He wasn't going to make it easy for her. "Sir, you're going to punish me." He smiled. The smile scared her. He motioned for her to come in and sit in one of the chairs. She sat, feeling her knees shaking. "And what are you being punished for?" "My poor performance." "And this is your choice? You're asking for this?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, then. You noticed the gifts I got for you?" Her face got redder. She nodded. "Go and get them." Her feet unsteady, she walked out of the office, opened the drawer, and took out the paddle, then went to the corner and picked up riding crop. \*\*\* Evan Duhamel watched Tracy walk out of his office. His cock stood rock hard in his slacks. He'd been waiting for this day, hoping to get this chance, since he first set eyes on Tracie. She was absolutely a spoiled spoiled brat, but she was also beautiful and his type--long and lean, with long, dark hair. He watched her walk, working his way up from her four inch heels, her wonderful, sculpted calves and thighs, to the short, black and green skirt that hugged the curves of her ass. She had a tremendous butt, forever begging him to cup it in his hands. She came back, avoiding his eyes, and put the paddle and the crop on his desk. "It's time, Miss Johnson. Please bend over my desk." She hesitated. His heart clutched, wondering if she would back out at the last second. He would have to find another receptionist, then. Instead, she briefly met his eyes, then bent across his desk. He walked around behind her. "Reach across the desk and grab the other side." She complied, stretching out so beautifully. He reached under her skirt and lifted it up. She was wearing a black thong. Her ass, in all it's glory, right there in front of him. And he owned it. He rubbed his hands over her ass, enjoying the fullness of it. "You have a very attractive bottom, Miss Johnson." "Uh...thank you...sir." He slipped his fingers inside the string of the thong on each side, just above her hips. "Please, can I leave my panties on?" "Miss Johnson, I believe we agreed that your panties would be pulled down for your punishment, did we not?" "Yes, but please..." "I'm afraid a bare bottom spanking is the only thing that will teach you a lesson, young lady." He pulled the thong down, out of her lovely crack, and then to her knees. He picked up the paddle and rubbed it across her ass. "Why are you being punished?" "My performance, sir." "And do you deserve to be punished?" She hesitated. "Yes sir." "Arch your back." She did, and he could see her pussy and a hint of her asshole. God he wanted to pull out his cock and fuck her. But he also had more than a little anger rumbling around inside him. Watching that damn smirk for two months did nothing but anger him. "It is very important you maintain your position throughout. I will not tolerate squirming and clutching, and if you stand up or let go of the desk, we will have to start over. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." "Ask for it, Miss Johnson. Ask for 25 on each cheek." "Please, sir, please spank me." \*\*\* Tracy arched her back up, knowing he could see all of her. Could see how wet she was. She had never felt so naked, so vulnerable. She arched even further, wanting to please him, as she said, "Please, sir, please spank me." She waited, her entire body tense. The air moved across her ass. The paddle connected with her left cheek. Then the pain

blossomed across her ass, like a wave. She couldn't believe how much it hurt. Before she could think straight, the wave of pain cracked into her right cheek. Christ, she could feel the holes in the paddle. The air moved again, now across her hyper-sensitive left cheek. The paddle cracked into her flesh again. By five, she was a mess, her eyes tearing up. By ten, she thought she'd never sit down again. The paddle was roasting her ass, heating it up more and more, the pain from one spank building and swirling with the ones before it. At fifteen, he stopped for a moment, his hand caressing her burning cheeks. Damn, they were tender. And damn did she love the feel of his hands on her ass. Especially on her burning ass. Loved being at his mercy. She realized, in a moment of pure, painful bliss, she wanted to be disciplined. Wanted someone to be stern and demanding with her. Then his wonderful hands were gone. She arched up again, wanting so badly to please him. Knowing the pain was coming, and wanting it, even as she dreaded it. She heard a sad, sobbing cry. Realized it was hers. She was crying now, completely. Not fake crying, but full body, full soul crying with her whole being. By twenty, she didn't think she'd make twenty-five. Twenty-two and twenty-three were wicked and low, where her ass blended into her thighs. So tender. He showed no mercy. Twenty-four and twenty-five were just as mean, just as hard as all the others. His hands returned to her tortured cheeks. They felt cold against her roasted skin. Her ass was on fire. He squeezed her cheeks, which took her breath away. Then a fingertip ran across the lips of her pussy ever so lightly. "You're quite wet, Miss Johnson. It was not intended for your enjoyment." She couldn't answer. Couldn't speak at all. The fingertip found her clit. She moaned, spreading her legs wider, offering herself to him. Wanting him. "Please," was all she could manage. He started rubbing her clit between his finger and thumb. His other hand was resting on her poor butt. His thumb slid down her crack, ever so slowly. It found her asshole. She tensed, wanting to please him so bad, wanting him so bad, but never thinking anything would be going there. His thumb pushed into her asshole. She knew then, in that moment, that she was in trouble. That she wanted nothing more than to please him. Be his. She would do anything for him. As his thumb played with her asshole and his fingertips teased her clit, he asked, "Did you pleasure yourself last night, Miss Johnson? Did you rub your clit thinking of me spanking you?" "Yes," she moaned. "How many times?" "Four. Maybe five." He chuckled. "In the future, when you have a spanking coming, that will not be allowed. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." For some reason, that put her over the edge. The thought that he would tell her when she could come. And when she couldn't. She came, hard. So hard, her body shuddering, every inch of red skin on her ass screaming out that it was alive, and that alive feeling spreading to her clit and pussy. Even her nipples were painfully hard. He kept rubbing, like he owned her. She tried to move away, the sensations too much, but she was pinned against the desk. The thumb in her ass owned her. She wasn't getting away, not even an inch. She came again, shuddering hard, her body thrashing against the desk. He shoved two fingers inside her pussy. Deep inside, until she could feel his hand against her. She exploded, her pussy clamping against his hand, squeezing him deeper. Her mind went blank, the moment pure and white and endless. Her body shuddered again, as if it was one raw, spanked, screaming nerve. She lost herself--it was all too much--and she passed out. She came to, bent over his desk, feeling like a puddle of wet, raw nerves. He slipped his fingers out, then his hand cracked into each cheek, once,

twice, then a third time. She was so sore. He squeezed each cheek, causing her to suck in a deep breath. He walked around the desk and sat in the chair. She looked at him through the mess that was her hair. He put his fingers against her lips. She sucked them in, tasting herself, knowing she had never been wetter. He took those fingers away. The thumb of his other hand was an inch from her lips. She opened her mouth for him. "Good girl," he said as she sucked on his thumb. His words sent a warm thrill through her heart. She realized she loved pleasing him. Wanted it like nothing else. His other hand picked something up. Her heart clutched. He slipped his thumb out of his mouth. Held the riding crop up to her lips. "Please," she begged. She couldn't handle any more. "You'll find I'm very demanding. That it's not easy to be my pet. And that's what you want, isn't it?" He lifted her chin, forcing her to stare into his eyes. "You can still say no, my sweet. You can still walk out that door anytime. What do you choose?" She closed her eyes, swallowed, and summoned all of her courage. She kissed the riding crop. "Please," she begged. "Ask for a dozen." The chill in his voice sent a mean shiver down her spine. She gathered her legs and arched her back. "Please, sir, please give me a dozen with the crop." "Good girl. Stand up and take off your blouse and bra. For your future punishments, I think we'll start with you naked." The thought of more punishments thrilled her as much as it scared her. This was always inside me, wanting to get out, and I never knew it. Her legs had trouble standing. He helped her up, then watched as she unbuttoned her shirt. After unhooking her bra, she slid it down her arms, feeling the cool air float across her nipples. Her breasts were not large. They were actually small, but pert and cute. She thought of her ex, Jason, and him asking about her getting a boob job. About her father paying for it. Her heart was so raw, a tear ran down her face. She wiped it with the back of her hand. He lifted her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. The intensity chilled her. The hunger. She realized she stood before him naked, wearing only her heels, and that she liked being naked in front of him. She reached out, her hand fondling his cock through his pants. He was hard. And big. She wanted him inside her. She leaned forward, her naked body against his shirt and pants, her ass hurting, and stretched up to kiss him. She felt his body stiffen, surprised, but then his lips softened and he kissed her back. His hands reached around to squeeze her sore cheeks, taking her breath away and reminding her of who was in charge. As being naked in front of him wasn't enough. One hand pulled her head back by her hair, and he stared into her eyes. She felt stripped bare, all of her walls and her bullshit gone, her soul raw and there for his taking. He kissed her again, roughly. The kiss reawakened her pussy. Spun her heart madly. Then it was time. His eyes pointed to the desk. She nodded. The desk was cool against her nipples. It hurt, each time she moved, as the skin on her ass moved. And it was about to hurt a whole lot more. She stretched for him, gripping the other side of the desk. Then she arched up. "Please." "I think it's time we discussed the new rules regarding your behavior." "Yes, sir." She heard the crop cut through the air. Heard the crack as it connected with her tender, tender ass. She cried out. Wiggled her ass. Nearly let go of the desk. It took all her willpower not to let go. The crop left a long, perfect line of white heat across both cheeks. It was so much worse than the paddle. "The first rule is that you will be on time. Tardiness will not be tolerated. In fact, you should always plan to be here at least ten minutes early. What is the first rule?" "I will be on--" She heard the zip through the air again. Then the crack. It was

lower on her ass. The fire blossomed across her cheeks, reigniting the inflamed skin. "What is the first rule?" "I will be on time, sir." He gave another, low and hard. It made her miss the paddle. "The second rule is..." This time she missed the zip. The crack surprised her, the line of white hot heat spreading across her ass. "The second rule is, you will be thoroughly spanked once a week, to ensure your proper behavior. Since tonight is Wednesday night, I think we'll make it Wednesday night of each week." Zip. Crack. "Do you understand?" "Yes, sir. I will be punished every Wednesday night." "Good girl." The tip of the riding crop tapped on her lower back. She squeezed her eyes closed tight and arched up. He made her wait a moment. "Higher." She did, stretching high, wanting so bad to please him. God, she could feel the lightest movement of air against her ass. Crack. She was crying again, slobbering, hurting. Yet still she lifted up, wanting to please him. Wanting it more than anything she'd ever wanted. "The third rule is regarding your habit of pleasuring yourself. That will not be allowed the day before or the day after your spanking." Zip. Crack. Christ, she thought, was he hitting harder or was her ass that much more tender? He said, "And the 24 hours beforehand? You'll not be getting permission then, no matter how well nor how much you beg." "Yes, sir." Zip. Crack. She repeated the third rule. Earned another "Good girl" and another painful crack across her ass, this one again low and wicked. What the hell number is he on?? "The fourth rule is you will only outfits that please me. Skirts, and they will be short." "Yes, sir." Zip--Crack. "In fact, I might buy you several school girl outfits, as that seems appropriate for your behavior and punishment." "Yes, sir." Zip--Crack. "The most important rule, my dear, is this last one." Crack. She cried out. It's the last rule, she told herself. You're almost there. She steeled herself and lifted up. "You will strive to be an outstanding receptionist." Crack. Her ass was agony. She wondered what it looked like. When she would ever sit again. "Anything you are asked to do, and I do mean anything, you will do quickly and do very well. Do you understand?" "Yes--" Crack. She swallowed, trying to speak, when another wicked crack made her cry out yet again. "Yes, sir. Anything, sir." "Good girl." How did those words have such an effect on her? Why was she so happy to please him? He said, "Three more, then. To make sure you understand." The wicked, mean crop tapped her lower back again. Closing her eyes tight, she lifted up. CRACK. The hardest one yet. She couldn't breathe. "Will you be an excellent assistant, Miss Johnson? Will you please me?" "Yes, sir." She knew it was coming. Part of her wanted it. The crack was wicked and low, just where her ass met her legs. "And when you don't please me?" "You'll punish me, sir. I'll deserve it." Zip--crack. She shuddered, thinking he was done. Another cracked into her ass, surprising her. "Can you take another? Will you please me?" She wasn't sure, but she nodded anyway. Then lifted up. "Please." Crack. Right across the middle of her ass. She could feel the welts, criss-crossing each other. Then she felt his cool hands on her cheeks. He squeezed, gently, yet still she cried out. \*\*\* He watched her lift up, enjoying the site of her long legs, her beautiful, red and welted ass, and even the wonderful curves of her back. He loved all of it, especially her straining to please him. Watching the muscles in her ass, the muscles of her back and shoulders, strain to lift her ass higher made his cock so damn hard. "Please," she begged. He reached back for the last one, then swung the crop forward, watching the skin of her tortured ass bend around the crop. Her cry made his cock even harder. He leaned the crop against the desk, then stepped closer

and cupped her cheeks, one in each hand. She let out a small gasp as he marveled at the heat in her skin and the welts. He spread her cheeks, watching her asshole as he massaged her cheeks. He would own that, too, in the near future. He walked around the desk and sat in the chair. Clearing the mess of her hair from her face, he rubbed his thumb across her lips. Her face was a mess of tears and make-up, her eyes red from the crying. Her tongue found his thumb, and she sucked it into her mouth. He turned her head, so that she was looking at him. "You did very well," he said. "Have you learned your lesson? Are you going to please me?" She nodded and mumbled around his thumb, "Yes, sir." "If you don't, I'm afraid it will be worse next time." She nodded, then looked at his crotch and the cock straining against his slacks. Then she looked up into his eyes. "Do you want that?" he asked. She nodded. "In your mouth?" "Yes, please." "I don't know," he said. "You've been very naughty." "Please," she said again. "It will cost you a hand spanking, in the morning. On top of your very sore ass." She met his eyes, again, and nodded. He smiled. "You're such a naughty girl." He stood, moving close to her, letting his cock brush against her lips. She reached over and pulled down his zipper. He helped her free his cock from his boxers. She went to put the head into her mouth, but he tsked her. "Suck on my balls first." She did. As she did, he rubbed his cock over her face, enjoying the feel of it and the wetness of her tears. He wrapped some of her hair around it, and the softness of it felt amazing against the sensitive head of his cock. "Do you want it in your mouth?" "Yes sir, please sir. I want to suck on it." "Say it all. Tell me you want my cock in your mouth." "Please, sir, please put your cock in my mouth. Let me suck on it." Who could resist that? He slowly ran the head down one cheek and across her lips. She opened wide and hungrily sucked him into her warm, wet and soft mouth. He closed his eyes, wanting the moment to last forever. He pushed in deeper, getting half or more into her mouth, then pulled it out slowly. Opening his eyes, he did it again, even slower, watching the whole time. His cock looked huge in her mouth, stretching her lips into a wide O. He had thought of this moment so often, putting his cock between her lips, especially when she had that smirk on her face. He didn't think he'd be seeing that smirk much anymore. Then he realized his anger was nearly gone, no doubt now in the skin of her ass. When the tip was against her lips, she kissed it, then licked the head. He pushed it back in, slow as he could, as she sucked hard on it. It was nearly too much. Not wanting to come, he pulled it back out and rubbed it against her face. Even that felt too good, and he took several deep breaths to calm himself. "I think it's time we see how tight your pussy is." She moaned. He walked back around the desk, his hand trailing down her body. With his other hand, he smacked her left cheek. She cried out, and before she could finish, he smacked the right one. Damn her ass was on fire. He spread her cheeks with both hands, once again enjoying the sight of her asshole. Then he put the head of his cock between the lips of her pussy. Her very wet lips. "I'm about to own you. Your mouth. Your pussy." His thumb teased her asshole. "All of you. Is that what you want?" "Yes," she moaned. He pushed only the head in, then pulled it out. "Are you sure? I'm going to be very stern. Very demanding." "Yes, sir. Please, sir. Please put your cock back inside me." He pushed it back in, a bit further, then pulled it back out. She moaned in frustration. Her pussy felt so tight and hot against his cock. He couldn't decide if it felt better than her mouth. He planned to research this thoroughly and often. "Who owns you?" "You do, sir. You own me." He



pushed his cock in all the way. Fuck, it felt good. He held it there, deep inside her, as she tried to push back against him, rocking her hips so he would fuck her. He could feel the heat from her cheeks against his skin. Looking down, he loved the sight of his cock buried inside her, her red, red ass cheeks criss-crossed with the marks from the crop, and the crinkle of her asshole. It was all too much. He was suddenly close. He pulled nearly out of her, waited for her please, then pushed back into her. He gripped her hips, pinning her tight against the desk, and began to fuck her hard. Long, powerful strokes. He wasn't going to last long. He thrust his hips forward, harder and harder, his skin slapping against her hot, tortured cheeks. "I can feel your cock getting bigger," she said, her breaths coming in short, hard rasps. "Oh, God, please come inside me. Please give me your come. Own me." He felt the tingle in his balls, then. He went harder. Faster. Tried to get deeper and deeper inside her, pushing her legs wider apart. Then he felt his cock open, and his first spurt of come shot deep into her pussy. She cried out. He kept pumping, kept coming inside her. He couldn't remember the last time he'd come this hard. It must have been years. He kept pumping, wanting it to never end, his body shaking. He realized he was moaning. She moaned--a beautiful, pained, deep moan. "I'm coming," she managed. He smacked her ass, hard, with his bare hand. Was rewarded with another wicked moan, low and long. Her body was shaking against his. He smacked her again, his cock moving just slightly in and out of her. "Please," she said, her hand reaching back. "It's too much." He pinned her hand against her back, then leaned forward and kissed the spot between her shoulder blades. "My dear, it's never too much, not until I say it is. That's part of being owned." He pulled nearly out of her and slammed it back into her, slapping loudly against her wounded ass. Her crying returned, her body shaking, her moans filling the room. He leaned forward, his chest against her back, and kissed her neck, then her ear. She turned, lifting up, to kiss him. He smiled and kissed her again. He slipped out of her, exhausted, and sat back on one of the chairs. Slowly, very slowly, she lifted up off the desk. She ran her hands lightly over her ass cheeks. The welts. The heat. She turned, looking at him, her hand moving her hair roughly back into place. "Miss Johnson, you've made a mess of my cock. I'm afraid you have some cleaning to do." Her eyes pleaded with him. He looked at the paddle sitting on the desk, then back at her. That was all that it took. She sighed, then slowly lowered herself to her knees in front of him. "Ms. Johnson, I believe we discussed doing things quickly when told. Did you forget that rule already? You've disappointed me. Hand me the paddle." She looked up at him, pleading. Quickly, she leaned forward and took his half-hard cock into her mouth. She worked it with her tongue, sucking him clean, tasting herself and his come. "Remind me to punish you for that next week. That will be on top of your weekly spanking, of course." She was already looking forward to next week. She looked up, the head of his cock still in her mouth, to see him smiling down at her. He eased his cock out of her mouth, then went to the closet. He came back with a thick comforter and something in a jar. He saw the worried look and said, "It's for your butt. To help with the soreness." He spread out the comforter, then helped her onto it. She laid on her side, but even that was too much, so she rolled onto her stomach. She heard him unscrew the jar, then gasped as the cool cream touched her ass. He took his time, lightly rubbing the cream in, occasionally playing with her asshole. She loved the feel of her hands on her ass, even as sore as it

was. "You'll need to be very careful these next few days. A very sore ass will not prevent you being punished if you disappoint me." Loving the sensation on her bottom, she only moaned in response. He laid down next to her, and she looked down to see his cock once again hard, pointing up towards his chin. She smiled and kissed him as she slowly slid on top of him. One hand slipped down, and she guided him inside her. She closed her eyes as she sank down, loving the feeling of his cock spreading her wide and deep. She sat up, pushing him in even deeper, then slowly ground against him. He pulled her down, to kiss and suck her nipples. "Are they big enough?" she asked, immediately wishing she hadn't. "Your nipples?" he asked back, a confused look on his face. "No, my breasts." He laughed. "My God, they're beautiful and perfect." He looked her in the eyes, to make sure she believed him, then kissed each nipple again. "So perfect." He kissed her lips, hard, as he reached down and cupped her cheeks. She gasped, the pain sending a surge through her pussy. "Careful," she said. That didn't help. He smacked each cheek. "Remember who owns who, my dear." She looked into his eyes, overwhelmed with it all. "You own me," she said. "You own all of me." My heart, too, she wanted to say. He smiled, then started to roll her over onto her back. She knew the pain was coming, and tried to settle her ass gently against the floor. Even that took her breath away. Then it didn't matter as he was on top of her, spreading her legs wide, forcing her raw ass down against the comforter. She loved the sweet mixture of pain and pleasure, her sore ass rubbing against the comforter, his cock filling her so completely. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer. He stared into her eyes, his hand in her hair. She kissed him, wondering what wicked things he would do to her next, knowing she would deny him nothing.