

Management Training

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This is a work of fiction. People and locations, even those with real names, have been fictionalized for the purposes of this story.

Chapter One

Ms. Beverly Johnson, President and CEO sat behind her desk, a stern expression flitting about her beautiful features. Her right hand stabbed at the keyboard, calling up spreadsheets, her steely gaze poring over inventory from behind her spectacles, her face disapproving. She pushed the call button on her desk, summoning her secretary's attention. "Jane! Get that punk Mark in here!" she commanded in an imperious tone.

"Yes, Ms. Johnson." Jane's reply was quiet, cowed by the awesome force of her employer's strength of will.

Ms. Johnson brushed a speck of lint from the front of her business suit, it's expensive material hugging a voluptuous form. Even in her early 40s, she was still a splendid specimen, conditioning her body with daily doses of yoga, and eating a healthy diet, rich in sweet fruits and vegetables. Toned, shapely legs peeked out from underneath her skirt, sheathed in silky white stockings. She casually ran a hand over her hair, reassuring herself that not a strand was out of place from its tight bun.

Mark opened the door and stepped through, coming to rest a few feet from her desk. His muscular frame was covered with a T-shirt, jeans, and heavy work boots. The clothing of a common grunt, Ms. Johnson noted disdainfully. "There are two packages with the same label, Mark," she noted coolly.

Mark said nothing, his handsome features motionless.

"I expect you to find both packages, and have them PROPERLY labeled, by the end of the day, is that understood?"

"Yes, Ms. Johnson." Mark's voice betrayed no hint of either uncertainty or despondence.

"When you finish, you will go over all the other packages, as well. You may have made OTHER mistakes." Her voice was like ice. Mark made no reply.

"Tell me, Mark... how long do you think that will take you?" Ms. Johnson's voice was now sweeter, silkier, deceptively enticing.

"I'll have to work late, Ms. Johnson." Mark swallowed. "Again."

"Then you'll do just that." Her voice sounded positively malignant, in her vindictive glee. "Again, and with no overtime pay, either..." She smiled mockingly. "You pathetic young man."

Mark blinked. Then he replied, tonelessly, "Yes, Ms. Johnson."

"That will be all, Mark." He turned to leave. "No, wait." Ms. Johnson smiled. "Bring me my lunch, before you get to work."

Mark inhaled deeply. Then he let it out, slowly. "Yes, Ms. Johnson."

"Good boy." As Mark left, Ms. Johnson smiled, anticipating her luncheon of low-fat yogurt, lean chicken, and lots of sweet fruit, with plenty of chilled cranberry-apple juice to wash it down. She would need every morsel, to be as sweet and tasty as possible, with plenty of energy for after her shift...

She pulled the pin out of her tight bun, grateful for the freedom it allotted her. Irritated she began tapping her pencil; her patience had run thin. She was famished and Mark still hadn't returned with her lunch, the miscreant he was. Ms. Johnson ran her fingers through her hair just as Mark presented himself at the door with her food in hand.

"What took you so long?" she spoke in a cold tone, her left eyebrow arched a fraction.

He strolled forward, then leaned his heavy weight on her desk. He moved in closer so she had no room at all.

"I believe...there was an issue with some packages?" he repeated in the same cool tone.

An electrifying shudder reverberated through her, and Mark didn't blink. He unceremoniously dropped her lunch on her desk, turned his back to her and left her office with long, purposeful strides. She watched his stiff, retreating form as he slammed the door behind him.

Ms. Johnson felt her hands caressing her body, and stilled them, lest Mark see. She had to keep herself under control...until after hours, that is...

Five o'clock came and went, as Ms. Johnson tapped away at her computer. The pounding of her heart echoed the keyboard's sound. She felt herself shaking in anticipation, and trepidation. Had she overdone it, this time?

Mark opened the office door, shutting it behind him. Her eyes widening behind her glasses, as he locked it. The clicking of the bolt resounded in her ears, forever ending any hopes of escape. The muscular young man stepped around her desk, coming at last before her. His eyes raked her beautiful form with disdainful lust, his pitiless gaze stripping her of her expensive raiment, leaving only the woman beneath.

Beverly moaned in submission, her true nature revealed.

"You were very bad, today." Mark's voice was quiet, emotionless.

"Yes." Beverly could barely manage a squeak.

"You've never been such a nasty bitch before."

She shook her head, unable to speak. Tears glimmered in her eyes.

"You must want it VERY badly," Mark continued. "You little slut."

Beverly nodded her acquiescence. "Yes, Mark." She managed a whisper.

"Stand up, bitch." Beverly fairly leapt to her feet, holding herself out for inspection. Mark touched her smooth cheek with one powerful hand, then slid it down, cupping her breast beneath her expensive suit.

"You don't deserve to wear something this good. Take it off."

Beverly gasped out, "Yes, Mark." Her hands began working the buttons furiously. The jacket was quickly discarded, the skirt quickly following. She wore neither bra nor panties underneath.

Mark smiled at the sight. "You're nothing but a common tramp."

Beverly began to sniffle. Her nipples hardened, as she began to soak her silky white hose.

"You're lower than the cheapest trailer trash." His hand touched a nipple, and Beverly whimpered, thrusting her breasts out for further molestation. "You can't even admit what you are, during the day."

"I'm sorry, Mark..." Beverly openly wept.

"No you're not." Mark's voice was pure iron. "But you will be."

Mark grabbed the back of her hair, then pulled her close. She pleaded with her eyes for him to dominate her.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Do you want me to tie you up? I will! Now, get on this desk, slut, and present your ass to me...NOW!"

He let go of her hair and pushed her away from him, then with one sweep of his large arm he shoved everything off the desktop and sent it crashing to the floor. Mark clutched Beverly again, not paying any mind to her trembling, and pushed her down on the desk on her belly.

"Don't you dare move," he replied with contempt that forbade any further argument. Taking a deep, unsteady breath, he stepped back, and his lips turned into a cynical smile.

The blood began to pound in Beverly's temples as Mark reached into her desk drawer and pulled out the rope. He grabbed her wrists and held them tightly while securing them behind her back.

"You love this don't you slut? Tell me how bad you want me to fuck your brains out. Maybe next time you won't be such a bitch to me all day."

Beverly surrendered completely to his masterful seduction and her body began to vibrate with liquid fire.

If sin had a face, it was Mark's.

He secured her ankles to the desk legs, and began to undress standing in between her creamy thighs, forcing her to feel his hard body against her soft one. The smell of lust began to permeate the room and the scent was intoxicating. Slowly his hands moved downward, skimming either side of her body to her thighs. He ran his hand over her soaking wet passageway, and his fingers burned into her tingling folds.

Beverly moaned...

SMACK!

Beverly writhed as Mark began to administer the spanking. As his hand came down, again and again, she recoiled from each hard slap, then pushed her ass back out for more. "Oooooooooowww..." she moaned...

"Your moans are like music," Mark grinned. "Slut."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm..." Beverly moaned even louder, in response.

Her ass was beginning to glow a bright pink, from his erotic punishment. Without further ado, he tore open her hose, gripped her hips, and pushed himself in. "Ah!" Beverly gasped, as he rammed it home in one hard motion. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" she gasped out with each hard stroke.

"You feel so good," Mark groaned as he fucked her. "So tight... such a delicious little slut..."

"Ah..." Beverly moaned, moving with him as best she could. "Your slut..."

Beverly felt herself climbing... climbing towards release...

"NO!" She screamed, as Mark pulled out, just short of her release.

"You don't deserve this, you little whore." Mark smacked her again. "You don't deserve my cock."

"Please..." Beverly groaned.

"I'm going out for a bit. You just lie there... I'll be back when I think you've learned your lesson."

"Nooooooo... Mark..." Beverly began to cry. Mark began to leave, and then paused. Bending down, he gave her a deep kiss, raping her mouth with his tongue. He smiled at the sight of her tearful expression. Then he left.

Beverly sobbed bitterly, her hips undulating. She felt so low. So abandoned, so... hot...

She waited there for what seemed like hours, before Mark finally returned. He stripped down completely in front of her, as she watched with wide eyes. "Are you ready for me, slut?"

Beverly nodded her head frantically, and moaned. Mark moved back behind her, and felt her dripping cunt. "Such a good slut..."

"I love you Mark!" Beverly gasped out, impulsively. He responded by smacking her on her ass and growling. "I love you!" she cried out again, and he spanked her yet again. "I LOVE YOU!" she shrieked, unable to help herself.

Mark pushed himself in, his cock hard as a rock. She cooed, then gasped as he began roughly groping her tits. She gave a little yelp as he pinched the nipples, then moaned her appreciation. "Who do you belong to?" he growled.

"Mark!"

"Who owns you?"

"MARK!"

"Whose cock is this in your cunt?"

"MARK!!"

"Who do you love?" An odd catch in his voice, but Beverly was too far-gone to notice.

“MARK!!!”

She came, hard, bright lights dancing before her eyes. Mark continued to pump her like a madman. She wiggled, moaned, and came again. He bent down, kissed her neck, and then bit her flesh like a dog claiming his bitch. She shrieked and tightened around his cock.

He began to come inside her, in hard, pulsating jets. Beverly purred contentedly, relishing the feeling of her dominant man claiming her so completely. Mark growled again, holding her tight, and began to kiss her neck and shoulders almost tenderly. “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you...” Beverly jabbered her expression one of utter contented happiness.

Now Mark pulled out, and inspected her dripping, well-fucked cunt with his hand. She squirmed for him, then gasped delightedly as he plunged first one, then another of his fingers, working his way in and out slowly. “I love you Mark!” Beverly screamed again, unable to think of anything save this one truth.

The words would not come easy for him. He could not trust love even though he knew how he felt. Loving her might mean losing her. As long as he held her under control he could keep her where he wanted. No, he would not tell her...not yet.

“You’re very wet, slut, I can see that you want more punishment. I plan on fucking you until you are sore and can no longer walk.”

“Mark....please! I will be a good girl.”

He smirked then twisted his fingers inside of her bringing out another cry. “That’s it,” he growled. He began pumping his fingers in and out... in... and out...

“Ah!” Beverly cried, writhing about his hand. Mark pulled his hand free, then raised it up to her face.

“Clean it off, bitch.” Beverly moaned and lapped at his strong hand, cleaning it off her cherry flavored juices. When she’d finished, Mark moved down her body, and began to kiss her soft ass cheeks. She cooed contentedly, pushing herself at him for more. Then she groaned as he plunged his tongue into her hot asshole, probing away. She giggled and sighed contentedly.

“You think this is fun?” Mark pulled away and glared at her.

Beverley gasped and shook her head anxiously.

“Let’s see if you think THIS is fun!” Mark growled as he positioned his once again hard cock at her lubricated asshole.

“Not there!” Beverly shrieked, desperately fighting to escape her bonds. Mark chuckled darkly, as he pushed himself in past her clenching sphincter, despite her best efforts. She screamed and wailed pitifully, her eyes streaming with tears. “Take it out! Please, Mark, take it OUT!” Mark simply gripped her hips and bottomed out inside her rectum. “AAAAAAH!” Beverly shrieked and sobbed bitterly, before lowering her head and keening pitifully.

Mark began to thrust inside her, his hands reaching around to cup her breasts. Beverly continued to cry, even as her hips moved in sync with his. “You’re so cruel...” Beverly whined.

“You’ve asked for this all day,” Mark groaned, as he continued to pump away.

Beverly’s actions were a testament of contradictions to her words. As she cried and whined, her body moved in sensuous counterpoint to his fierce thrusts. Mark reached down to begin rubbing her throbbing clit, his hand once again coated in her juices. “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee...” Beverly keened in a monotonous wail.

“Slut... bitch... whore... cunt...” Mark grunted out another epithet with each thrust. He felt himself reaching the brink once again. “Here it comes, bitch!” he roared.

“Nooooooooo!” Beverly cried, even as she bore down with her sphincter, squeezing him tight. His cum began to surge into her, and she wailed like a lost soul, even as her own furious orgasm ignited. “Aaaaaaaaah!” she screamed as she trembled in the throes of climax. Mark gripped her hair and pulled her head back, and she jerked, her intensity increased by the further degradation.

Mark finally slipped out, his cock coated with cum, and a little blood. Beverly sobbed quietly, her pussy contracting with the aftershocks, her eyes streaming tears. She felt so empty... so violated... so... wonderful...

Mark slapped her ass once again, before caressing it idly. “What shall I do to you next?” he mused. Beverly couldn’t have answered him if she’d tried. She was too far lost in physical sensations to respond intelligibly. Mark glanced down at her fondly, then left momentarily.

Mark returned with a bottle of chilled wine from the fridge, its cool moisture promising respite from the onslaught of sheer sexual torment. Leaning over Beverly, he loosened her bonds, then sat down in her chair. He smiled at her, before taking a sip straight from the bottle. Beverly fell to her hands and knees before him, imploring him with her eyes.

“Are you thirsty, slut?” he asked casually. She nodded, rubbing her cheek against his bare leg, lovingly. He smiled, and tipped the bottle into her open mouth. Beverly lapped the fine vintage like a cat lapping at cream, yet still it splashed onto

her face, her throat, and her breasts. Mark smiled, bent down, began licking at her like a dog cleaning a plate. She cooed, as his tongue savored the taste of fine wine flavored by her sweat. Her face was cleaned as thoroughly as a puppy might, before he moved on. Had she still been capable of thought, Beverly would have been glad that she customarily wore a minimum of makeup--only a hint of blush and a very little mascara to mar the flavor of her wine/sweat brew, now cleaned from her. Her lipstick remained, waiting to be wiped off on his insatiable mouth and hard cock, but other than that, she looked freshly scrubbed, purified by her ordeal.

Mark moved down, licking her neck like a vampire preparing to feed. Beverly moaned mindlessly, her face frozen in a glazed expression of happiness. Down he moved, lapping at her breasts, moving in slow spirals, before finally sucking on each nipple, first one, then the other. Beverly sighed and held his head tenderly. Her world was reduced to simple sensation, mindless pleasure, and boundless love...

Mark declined to resist Beverly's gentle pull, as she raised his head to her lips. She kissed him tenderly, yet passionately, and he moaned as she demonstrated unconscious skill with lips and tongue. He held her close, his manner gentle, now. She was thoroughly broken, no need for harshness. Instead, he reveled in her complete and utter submission, her mindless need for him, and permitted himself to enjoy her own talents.

When she finally parted from him, her mouth was cleansed of lipstick. She looked like a young girl, now--an utter innocent, who had never been taught that sex could ever be sinful. She smiled happily as she bent down to kiss his hard cock. Mark groaned and petted her hair, like a man petting a dog, a female dog, a bitch. She lapped his head, before sucking just the mushroom cap into her mouth.

"Ah!" Mark gasped, as she did things to his tip with her tongue and lips and even her teeth that only a woman who is completely dedicated to her man's pleasure can do. When his cries told her that her master was pleased, she happily swallowed his entire length, in one swift movement which is a technique that required, not so much physical ability, as the mental capacity to suppress the gag reflex beneath the desire to please your lover. Mark groaned, as she sucked his cock with an insistent motion, enveloping his entire shaft in absolute pleasure. Swiftly, he was brought to the edge, and began to pull out.

"Mmmph," Beverly responded, holding him tight, thirsty for his hot cum.

"Enough," Mark gasped out. Beverly barely shook her head, needing to finish. This gave pleasure to her master and therefore she must do it. Mark tried to grab her hair to pull her away but failed. His strength was sapped by her insistent sucking, and he realized as he began to tremble with the beginnings of a monstrous climax, that she did this because she loved him--she NEEDED to show him how much she loved him. "Ah... Beverly..." Mark gasped.

Beverly increased her suckling motion, overjoyed at his obvious pleasure.

“Aaaaaaaah!” Mark screamed out as he came. His hot cum shot into her throat, and she sucked insistently, even as she pulled away, that she might taste his delicious seed. He spurted more cum than he thought he had remaining within him and Beverly swallowed every last delicious drop.

Mark slumped back in the chair exhausted by his ordeal. Beverly climbed into his lap with a movement reminiscent of a young child, or a cat. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she snuggled against his hard chest, sighing happily. He looked down at this beautiful woman, this Slut-Goddess whom he had broken into mindless contentment, and smiled happily. Her eyes closed in exhaustion, Beverly did not see, the love that was shining in his eyes.

Chapter Two

“Show me your new outfit.” Maureen prodded in her deep, sensual voice. Beverly giggled, then eagerly opened up the bag from Tiffany’s. “Wait until Mark sees this.”

She deftly removed a black leather collar and added to that was a short gold chain connected at the front of it. Maureen couldn’t remove her gaze. Beverly blushed as she removed the garment from the small white bag, even though she knew her friend well, it still felt strange sharing her sexual preferences with her.

“Are you ready for this?” she giggled with pure unadulterated excitement.

Maureen nodded slowly, wide-eyed.

She swallowed a bit harder than she’d wished to without becoming too inconspicuous, but Beverly didn’t take notice as she pulled out a leather chastity belt that connected to a pair of wrist and ankle cuffs.

“Mmm...delectable.” Maureen breathed fingering the chains.

But in their pleasure, they had failed to notice that they had consumed a very captive audience within the boundaries of the quaint coffee shop.

The men began to drop their lively conversations, one by one, and suddenly silence filled the room. Maureen glanced about and simply grinned, cocking one perfectly defined dark eyebrow, and shook her head in approval. She thought about scouting for fresh blood as she raked them over. Oh, the possibilities! What would Beverly think then? Nice surprise to her little scheme, she thought to herself, as Beverly quickly placed the garments back into the bag.

“Come, darling, shall we go home now and try on your pretty new clothes? I am just dying to see what your luscious body looks like adorned in them.”

“I am wondering what Mark will do when he sees me in them.” Beverly glanced at her friend for a long moment before picking up the bag and leaving.

“Oh, I think he will love it. What man wouldn’t love to see his beautiful woman in one of those? Don’t be silly. He will swarm all over your body like bees to honey.”

Beverly smiled happily, grabbed her wares and left.

They had arrived at the apartment and Maureen eagerly followed Beverly into the bedroom. She walked around the room, filling her nose with the scent that was Beverly. She paused at the dresser where she picked up a photo of Mark and smiled, then placing it back again. She managed to check herself in the mirror, then saw Beverly naked and donning the chastity belt. It formed on her like a

glove, as if it was made just for her. Maureen sucked in a deep breath and slowly released it, allowing her eyes to focus on the delectable little slut within her grasp. If only...

Her eyes burned into the flesh as Beverly gingerly clipped the collar on around her silken throat. Then she bent over and closed the locks on the ankle cuffs. Checking to make sure that she couldn't escape she shook her legs and the chains jingled. She gave Maureen a cheeky grin and held her wrists out.

"Would you mind? I don't think I can do this myself, the chain on the collar is already tightening my movements."

Maureen swallowed hard, praying she could hold her balance without collapsing to her knees in the heels long enough to lock her unsuspecting little keep in the chains. What a delectable, naughty sight she made! And what plans Mark would have in store for her.

She seized onto Beverly's wrist more firmly than she would have liked to and it made her flinch. Maureen loosened her grip and smiled at her apologetically. She clasped the cuff and placed Beverly's small, delicate wrist inside, and she had the urge to just lick it. If she could just taste it then run her tongue over the hardened nipples on her soft, round, breasts....

No. She had to shake the thought. This could wait. It would have to wait.

"How does this feel Beverly?" Maureen's deep, sultry voice broke the tension in the room. "I love the way this feels. So soft." She intentionally ran her hand over the smooth leather along the folds of Beverly's pussy, watching for a reaction. Her eyes beckoned, possessed, pleaded, to no avail, but Beverly didn't take notice. She failed to notice the lust in her friend's eyes, and couldn't see the way she looked over her seductively. But every time their eyes met, her heart seemed to turn over in response, the same way it did when she gazed at Mark.

Maureen inhaled a deep breath, as the smell of new leather mixed with Beverly's musky soft scent was excruciatingly intoxicating. She held her by the waist then slowly turned her body around. Smothering a groan, she stepped back nearly collapsing into the chair behind her as her knees buckled.

"What's wrong?" Beverly laughed, watching her friend. Her lips parted in a dazzling display of straight white teeth, and for a moment Beverly felt the blood drain from her face. She could have been looking right at Mark, but shook the thought.

"Maureen, please help me out of this, I am sure that Mark will not hesitate tomorrow when he sees this."

“No, indeed he won’t, darling.”

Removing the belt was torturous for Maureen. She made sure to touch all the soft flesh, savoring it, and the sweet aroma that was this beautiful, bitchy little temptress. She deserved every bit of what Mark would give her, Maureen thought as her fingers stroked Beverly’s arm sensuously. Beverly smiled and inclined her head. The touch seemed familiar, yet this was not Mark. Naked, Beverly stretched languidly on her bed like a satiated kitten and purred.

Maureen sat down on the edge of the bed, visibly trembling with intensity as this lithe little body moved closer to her. Maureen roughly thrust her away from her, then reluctantly, she walked out of the room and out of the house. Beverly watched quizzically as her movements seemed stiff and awkward. She froze, her mind and body benumbed just as the possible realization hit her.

Chapter Three

The alarm blared, right on schedule. Beverly groaned, repressing the instinctive urge to stay in bed, ignore the inexorable droning. But... duty called. With effort, she forced herself to climb out of bed, then to cross the bedroom to the dresser on which she customarily placed the alarm clock, thereby forcing herself to get out of bed, and preventing herself from a moment of indulgence. And with the alarm off, and being already on her feet, it was a short walk to the shower, and a wet dose of wakefulness.

Beverly sighed as the water caressed her form and figure, the hottest temperature she could stand. She stood in this blazing temperature for approximately one minute. Then, gritting her teeth to nerve herself, she set the shower to its coldest setting, and refrained from shrieking as the icy water jolted her nervous system. After another minute, she switched back to the hot water. And then the cold again. And again...

When Beverly finally left the shower, her mind and body jolted into wakefulness by the alternating temperatures, her morning drink had already been prepared by the programmable coffee machine. A few spoonfuls of non-sugar sweetener, a dash of milk, and she had some hot caffeine to tide her over as she prepared her morning meal. One banana, freshly peeled, sixteen ounces of low fat milk, and a couple scoops of protein powder, (vanilla flavor), all thrown into a blender, for a fairly tasty meal to be poured into a thermos and sipped in the car, en route to work.

With breakfast made, she prepared the coffee machine for the next day, inserting the prepackaged filter and coffee packet into the machine, enough for a single drink. Enough, for a single woman... let's not dwell on that, she told herself. Time for makeup. Sitting down at her table, she applied lipstick, mascara, a very little bit of blush. Enough to accentuate, without seeming glaringly unnatural. Hair goes into a quick, tidy bun, and now we're ready for our clothing. Something professional... but something sexy, for Mark.

Beverly bit her lip, uncertainly. Two nights ago, she'd confessed true love to Mark, the confession torn from her by the intensity of her experience. And yet, in the cold light of the morning, she'd felt no urge to retract those hasty words. Far from it, she longed to repeat them--to say them before the world. "I am in love with a man young enough to be my son," she said aloud, staring into the mirror. She shivered at the thought. "But does he love me?"

There was the old question again. Beverly Johnson, the founder of B. Johnson Shipping, a name to convey the impression of being a centuries old import and export business, founded by a curmudgeonly man who'd worn a powdered wig and fathered no sons save the ones born by his negro slave. A business actually no more than a few decades old, created by a young woman with the signing of a few legal documents, and turned into a multimillion dollar business through her

own hard efforts. Beverly had never thought to complain about the glass ceiling, being too busy climbing to the top to even notice if it had ever been there. Now, after two short decades, she'd succeeded.

But at what cost? No husband... no children... no family. No hobbies, either. An abortive attempt at golf (in the hope of business deals made in the country clubs) was quickly abandoned, when she found that her strokes were more likely to send a chunk of turf flying than the ball. Besides, wearing something that showed off her legs while eating in the club was more likely to win her a contract from prospective customers. Television? Too intellectually insipid. The same for movies. Books? A few romances, and quite a number of business magazines. No... for her, there had been nothing but her work. Until Mark.

She finished dressing, and struck a pose. Did Mark truly lust for her body, or was his interest solely in the boost to his macho image from sexually dominating his employer? Did he care anything for her in return, or was she merely an outlet for his own release? She shivered, repressed the thought. She would have to find out, of course. And if he did not...

Then what?

Jane was already hard at work at her desk, tapping away at her computer. "Good morning, Ms. Johnson," she said, smiling professionally. She reached for a stack of papers neatly placed on her desk. "I have the files on the Taiwan accounts you requested, right here, along with the information you'll need for the bid with Jei Wa corporation."

"Thank you, Jane," Beverly smiled coolly, taking the papers and glancing at them idly. "And I'll need that information for my meeting with Mr. Jei by this afternoon." She idly glanced at Jane's computer monitor, then noticed Jane nodding and smiling with obvious satisfaction.

"It's in there, too," she informed Beverly with smug pleasure at a job done well. "He likes leather, short skirts, and boots. I've taken the liberty of ordering an ensemble in your sizes. Just make sure not to actually do anything with him; from what I can tell from digging up dirt on him, he bids more if he's frustrated but thinks he still has a chance, but loses respect for businesswomen if they actually sleep with him." Beverly grimaced, nodded, and turned to leave.

"Oh," she thought, turning back to Jane, "where is Mark?"

Jane swallowed. "He's...he's out on those errands you had me make up for him." She seemed to sink into her seat, clearly uncomfortable with the sudden turn of discussion. Beverly nodded, and left for her office, to review for the upcoming meeting with the president of her next big account.

That afternoon, Beverly waited in her office, impatiently waiting for the end of the day--and for Mark, for that matter. He'd spent the whole day out on errands--driving about from place to place, doing superficially demeaning tasks, but ones that were in fact vitally important to the business--the hand delivering of documents, the obtaining of packages from difficult sources, and so on. She knew Mark's worth, of course, knew it as well as she knew the worth of any of her employees--one of the reasons her company had become a success. Although that did not stop her from pretending to humiliate him, for the sake of their little game...

The door opened, and Ms. Johnson's eyes flashed with fury at the sight. "You little twerp!" she cried. "You were out on errands, representing MY Company dressed like THAT?" She glared at his stained tank top, his ragged jeans with their holes and patches, his filthy boots... "My office floor!" She rose from her seat in fury, slamming her palms into the desk. "You miserable, lazy, good- for- nothing..."

She tapered off as Mark approached the desk, holding a small object in his hand. He tossed the object onto her desk, which turned out to be a number of photographs, spilling onto her desk upon impact. She looked down. Her eyes widened.

Her.

And him.

The bell rang. End of the day.

Beverly fell back into her chair. A soft squishing sound came from her soaked panties. Her eyes stared at the images of her abuse at his hands, humiliated, submissive, and loving every minute of it.

Mark turned and walked back to her office door, closing it, even as the other employees hurried out of the office, eager to get home or off for a night of fun. When he turned around, the bag of toys was already on the desk. "What's in the bag, slut?" he asked, almost conversationally.

Beverly sniffled a little. "An... an outfit."

"Oh?" Mark's expression was unreadable. "Pull it out. Let me see." Beverly's shaking hands removed the chastity belt and collar. Mark's face contorted into a superior smirk.

"Ah..." he nodded his head, understandingly. "Take off your clothes." Beverly nodded, and quickly removed her silk shirt, her tight skirt. Her heels followed, then her jewelry. She stood before him, nude, vulnerable, and helpless.

Mark walked toward her, his hand reaching for the collar. His head bent towards her, and his mouth parted as he kissed her. Beverly moaned into his mouth, delighting in his incongruous tenderness. Then his mouth moved down, kissing her throat. She arched her neck to offer it to him, and he fastened the collar about her throat. Then he tugged the chain gently, giving it a slight jerk to accentuate each syllable. "You..." Yank.

"...are..." yank.

"....mine." yank.

Beverly moaned. "Yes, Master." She gazed upon his hands, as they picked up the chastity belt. He slipped it onto her, sealing it.

"This won't come off until you've EARNED your climax." Another moan, the ankle and wrist cuffs followed. And now she was once again lying on her desk, helpless, unable to move. Mark bent down, cupped her chin, and kissed her tenderly. Beverly sighed happily, relishing his tenderness. So unusual for him... yet so wonderful...

Then he turned and left.

Beverly stared in horror as he opened the door and walked out of her office. "Noooo!" she screamed out, despairing. "Come back!" He did... eventually. Holding a bag of his own, he reached inside, and removed a ball gag.

"Open your mouth, slut!" Beverly nodded her head, despite her reservations, and received her gag willingly. Her eyes were wide with terror, humiliation, and desire. Again he reached inside the bag, and pulled out a pair of nipple clamps. Beverly started to whimper. Mark grinned nastily as he clamped first one nipple, then the other, while Beverly clenched her eyes shut from the pain.

Mark moved around to sit down in her chair, slapped her ass once, and then said, "We're going to play a little game, slut." Beverly waited expectantly. "I'm going to ask you questions, and you'll answer them by nodding or shaking your head." He smiled at her. "Do you understand?"

Beverly nodded her head, making affirmative grunts through the ball.

"First question. Am I your Master?" Beverly nodded her head enthusiastically, attempting to smile around the ball gag.

"Is this my body, to do with as I please?" His hand ran along her delicious flesh, and she nodded her head, moaning happily. She grunted definitively. Mmmm-Hhhmm!

“But you’re ashamed that I own you.” Beverly’s eyes widened and she shook her head frantically, negating the implication with every fiber of her being.

“And yet... you don’t want the others to know what we do here.” Mark’s brows arched inquisitively. “Why is that?”

Beverly began to cry, unable to speak through the gag.

“Perhaps I should show them those pics. Would you like that?”

Beverly hesitated... uncertain of how to respond.

“Would you like the others to know what we do here?” Mark’s words bored into her. “Do you want them to know how I dominate you?” So cruel... “Do you want them to know that the stock boy owns you, body and soul?”

Beverly’s tears streamed freely. Her reputation... her very business... to admit her relationship with Mark would be to jeopardize the latter... to utterly destroy the former... and yet...

Beverly nodded, her head hanging brokenly.

“Good girl...” Mark smiled triumphantly. “Tell me...” he paused. “You said you loved me the other night. Is that true?” a definitive nod. “And yet I’ve never told you that I feel the same.” Beverly’s eyes widened. “Do you think that I love you?”

Hesitation... then a cautious nod.

“But if I love you, then would I treat you like this?” Nod. “But I thought women were supposed to be any man’s equal?” Mark assumed a quizzical look. “If I love you, then how can I treat you like this?” Mark tilted his head, “Are you saying that I’m SUPPOSED to treat you like this?” Frantic nodding of her head. “You WANT me to enslave you?” Beverly frantically nodded her head, moaning and grunting with desperation.

“Hmmm...”

Beverly waited, desperate for his response.

“Shall I tell you how I truly feel?” Beverly nodded desperately needing to know, one way or the other...

“...perhaps another time.”

Beverly sobbed, broken.

Now Mark opened the belt, leaving her dripping pussy open, yet still restrained, and still aching from the clamps. "Mmmmmm..." Mark sighed as he inhaled her fragrance. "All mine?"

"NO!" Mark plunged his face into her dripping cunt, and began to feed.

At the very first touch of his tongue, she exploded in violent orgasm, writhing with the pleasure. Mark continued to devour her, savoring the sweet taste of her juices. Again, she exploded into orgasm... then again... then Mark pulled away. Quickly removing his clothes, he mounted her, shoving his cock inside.

Beverly moaned and sobbed behind the gag, as he fucked her hard. His hands reached for the chain connecting the clamps, and tugged on them, sending fresh bursts of pain through her nipples. Beverly exploded in orgasm from the pain and pleasure. Mark shoved his cock deep inside her, and came hard. Beverly's moan, muffled from beneath the gag, sounded like a cow mooing in contentment. A cow serviced by her bull...

Mark pulled out, and said, "I'm going to go grab something to eat... but don't worry. I've got something to keep you occupied. He came around to her face, and grabbed his bag. Beverly stared at him, treating him to the sight of her. Her face was a mess, foamy spittle pouring down her chin from the gag, her eyes streaming tears and mascara running down her face. Mark smiled at the sight, and pulled out an enormous vibrator. Coming back to her rear, he slowly pushed it inside her accepting cunt. Flicking the switch, he turned it on at low speed. Beverly hummed with joy.

Then Mark came back around to the bag, and picked up another toy... a vibrating butt plug, and jelly. Beverly grunted negatively as he returned to her ass, and began to lubricate her rectum thoroughly, her ass frantically wiggling in protest, before forcing the plug in past her sphincter, despite her best efforts to prevent it. When it was fully inserted, he turned it on, and Beverly began to writhe from the shared vibrations. Then Mark returned to her pussy, and set the vibrator to high. Beverly screamed from beneath the gag, as she immediately orgasmed. Mark quickly refastened the belt, holding the vibrators in place, then came back to her face. He smiled down at her anguished, ecstatic face, and told her, "I'll be back." He left her there, writhing in orgasm after uncontrollable orgasm.

Beverly cried with mixed emotions, unable to even remember who she was anymore. Hurting from Mark's refusal to tell her whether or not he loved her, pleased beyond her thresholds by the vibrators, aching from the nipple clamps... even an itch that she couldn't scratch. When Mark finally returned, holding a pizza box, she was beyond tears, sobbing hysterically behind the gag.

"What's the matter, slut? Mark asked with mock concern in his voice. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?" He set the box down, pulling out a towel from the bag. He

removed the ball gag, and Beverly immediately screamed, venting her emotions. Mark smiled as he moved around to her ass, opening up the belt and shutting off both vibrators. Beverly sagged, as though he'd shut HER off.

He came back to her face, and wiped it clean, tenderly. Then he opened the box, revealing a large, tasty calzone. He tore off a piece, and popped it into Beverly's mouth. She chewed contentedly, savoring the cheese and meat pastry. Another bite. And another, as Mark pampered his slave outrageously. He held up a glass of wine, and she sipped it, and then smiled at him. He held up another piece, and she shook her head, having had enough. Mark bent his head down, until their lips were touching the morsel between them. He moved his mouth over the bite, and pressed his lips against hers in the process. She smiled happily at his deed.

Now Mark untied her, then sat back in the chair, nodding to her. Beverly climbed into his lap, holding the box, and popped bite after bite into her Master's mouth, as he sat there, a satisfied look on his face. When the calzone was finished, she wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately. Then their lips parted, and she said, "I love you, Master."

Mark frowned. "Are you trying to force a response?"

Beverly shook her head, a glazed smile on her face and a haunted look in her eyes. "It doesn't matter. I love YOU, Master."

Mark stiffened. "You don't care if I love you or not?"

Beverly hesitated. "That's... not what I meant. Master, I..."

Mark forced her onto his lap, head hanging down, her long hair spilling onto the floor. She shrieked at the first slap on her ass. His hand pounded away, as she sobbed bitter tears, despairing of her efforts to please him. Her ass began to turn a bright pink, and she began to scream with every slap. Mark continued to spank her, as she writhed about, yet made no attempt to escape. When he'd finished, her ass was a glowing red, and Beverly could no longer even speak. Her mind destroyed from conflicted emotions, her brilliant brain reduced to the function of an animal. "Slut?" Mark asked. An anguished moan his only response.

"Who is your master, slut?" He heard an incoherent bellow. "Very well, then..." He forced her onto the floor, on hands and knees, pushing her head down, into the most submissive posture possible. Then he slammed his cock into her cunt once more. Beverly groaned again, her hips moving automatically, her cunt squeezing him without conscious thought.

Mark began to spank her again, and she shrieked shrilly, even as she continued to move with him. The pain was now pleasure... the pleasure pain... indistinguishable... registering only as sensation now. He grabbed her hair, pulled

it, and she arched her back as she lifted her head, half snarling as she groaned, like a mountain lion in heat. He spanked her ass again, and she welcomed it with the animalistic sounds that were all she was capable of, unable to acknowledge the sensation as aught save the source of further orgasms. When Mark finally reached his peak, he pulled out, seized his cock in his clenched fists, and stroked it to orgasm. His seed spurted onto her sore, abused ass. Beverly fell to the floor again, her eyes rolled back in her head. Mark gently rubbed the semen into her ass, soothing the burn, and she moaned, purred, mewed...

Mark reached for the bag, and pulled out a soothing Aloe lotion, rubbing it into her soft ass. Beverly moaned again, no sign of any conscious mind remaining in her. "Beverly?" Mark asked. Beverly moaned, turned to face him, and purred...

Mark pulled her to him, and she kissed him eagerly, wrapping her arms and legs around him. He fell to his back, off balance, and Beverly nestled on top of him, only raw instincts remaining to her. She snuggled with him, incoherent purrs and mewling declaring her love more profoundly than mere words ever could. Mark pondered how long to stay there with her. He needed to get them on their way to their homes, and he'd probably have to drive her. But he felt so tired... his eyes began to close...

The two lay there, in the middle of her office, sleeping contentedly in a pool of their own juices, the beautiful woman, superior in mind and body, and the man who'd literally fucked her brains out.

Chapter Four

The sun began to peak through the blinds on the window, shining into Mark's eyes, slowly bringing him back to reality. His eyes fluttered open and he raised his hand to the left of his face to shield it through the cracked opening. Beverly remained, as she was, a sated, submissive, kitten, snuggled against his chest feeling safe and secure.

Mark smiled and gently shook her.

"Beverly?" he whispered against her ear. "Wake up, it's almost time for work and everyone will be here soon." He gazed at her. Her lashes swept down across her cheekbones, and her long hair hung down her back like strands of lustrous glass. Mark sucked in a long breath. Her soft ivory shoulders beckoned to him as he grazed her arm lightly with his fingers, down to her delicate, small hand. He removed her wrist from his neck and brought it to his mouth, planting one chaste kiss on the underside.

"Hmm? What?" she sighed and snuggled deeper into his warm body.

"Beverly..." he sang lazily. "Do you want everyone to find you in this compromising position?" He said once more, this time planting a kiss on her throat just near the pulse.

Still she just stirred. He ran his hand over her creamy thigh, nudging her legs open. He gingerly slid in one finger and rotated it. She was still wet from the night before.

She was gentle, serenely wise and beautiful. And she was all his. But right now even as she slept, she looked more delicate and ethereal than ever to his eyes. He ran his hand over her clit and slid his finger back in again.

"Beverly, wake up." This time it was a command that forbade any further argument. This time he received the response he wanted and she opened wide for him and her eyes flew open.

"What are we still doing here!" She rose from his lap as if propelled by an explosive force. There was no time to stand and stare. She rushed about scouring for her articles of clothing. She managed to locate one heel at this point as she frantically pulled her hair back into its severe bun.

"Well! What are you waiting for? Get on your way before someone sees you here!"

Mark stood there boldly, intimidating and gave an impatient shrug. "So? What do you care if they see, slut? Remember our deal." He slowly walked towards her, looming over her.

He crooked one long finger under her chin forcing her to meet his gaze. "I will leave when I am ready, and not before. Understand bitch?" His left eyebrow raised a fraction; his eyes searched her face, reaching into her thoughts.

She stiffened at the question then shook her compliant head. "Now, that's much better, isn't it?" Mark smirked, then roughly thrusting her away from him, he turned on his heel and strode to the door with an irresistibly, devastating grin.

Beyond the door, Mark found Jane already at her desk, checking her e-mail before starting her day. "Oh! Mark..." Jane started in surprise at the sight of him leaving Ms. Strobe's office... BEFORE the start of the work day? She bit her lip, nervous as always in his presence.

"Hi, Jane," he gave her his most disarmingly charming smile, and she could not help but return it, blushing as she did so. "I've got inventory to go over," he told her, "but are you free for lunch again?"

She lowered her eyes, still blushing. "I, I think so," she said. "It depends on what Ms. Johnson has us doing." Mark nodded, grunting in acknowledgement of this, then left.

Chapter Five

Much later a properly clad--if a little whiffed--Ms. Johnson paged her secretary. "Jane!" she snapped back to her old self. "I have errands for Mark to run. Listen carefully." And Jane nodded quickly, as she opened a notepad file on her computer and rapidly typed away the instructions. "Have him leave immediately."

"Yes, Ms. Johnson." Pressing the button for the pager, Jane spoke into the receiver. "Mark... could you come to my desk, please? It's Jane." She maximized the spreadsheet she'd been working on, until Mark finally entered, looking sexy as sin and with a friendly grin for her. "Hi, Mark. Sorry, but Ms. Johnson has errands for you to run."

Mark blinked, obviously surprised. "She does?" Jane nodded, and handed him a printout. Mark gave it a cursory glance. "I'll be at this all day..." He looked up at Jane, who shrugged helplessly. "And I have to come back before closing hours, huh?" Mark sighed, looking frustrated. "I'd better get started, then."

"Ok, Mark." Jane smiled apologetically. "Try to have a good day, huh?"

Mark smiled in turn. "You too, Jane."

Hours passed, as Jane finished her spreadsheet and began work on several more tasks. Then she jumped as Ms. Johnson's door opened. "I'm going home early, Jane. When Mark gets back tell him to read the note on my desk."

Jane's eyes widened. "Yes...Ms. Johnson." She hesitated, then burst out, "Ms. Johnson? You're not...having Mark...fired, are you?"

Ms. Johnson's eyes blazed. "And what do you care if I do?"

Jane seemed to shrivel. "It's...it's just...he's a friend. He really is a nice guy, Ms. Johnson. I wish you'd give him a break." She looked up at Ms. Johnson imploringly. "Please don't fire him, Ms..." she trailed off, her voice gradually shrinking.

Ms. Johnson stared down at Jane, her eyes unreadable. Finally, she spoke. "I'm not firing him, Jane." She raised her hand to cut off further inquiry. "It's none of your business what the note is about. Just tell him to read it, than go home." She turned, and paused. Her lips moved soundlessly for a few moments, before she decided to speak. "I'm glad Mark has you for a friend, Jane." Then she left without another word.

Jane stared at the space that Ms. Johnson had vacated, her face screwed up in puzzlement. Why would Ms. Johnson care if Mark had a friend?

She was still wondering about it when Mark returned. "Well, made it just in time," he said, grinning wearily. "So, where's the boss lady?"

Jane flushed. "She...she said she was leaving early. And she left you a note in her office."

Mark's face became carefully neutral. "What sort of note?"

"She wouldn't say. But she did tell me you're not being fired, at least..."

Mark grunted. "Well, I'm out of here. Lock up behind you, okay?" Jane stood up, hesitated a moment, then kissed Mark on the cheek. "Try to have a good evening..." she snatched up her purse and hurried out.

Mark touched his cheek wonderingly, before his face set into grim lines. He fairly threw open the door and charged into the room, his eyes coming to rest on the piece of paper on Ms. Johnson's desk. He snatched it up and glared at it. Then his eyes softened, as he read it...

"Dearest Mark,

Darling, beloved, MASTER... please meet me at my apartment right after work. We need to talk. I can't keep living like this...but I can't live without you.

Your Slut,

Beverly

Taped to the note was a key.

Mark felt tears beginning to form, then brushed them away. He stuffed the note into his pocket, and pulled out the keys to her office and the front door. He began the quick task of closing the office, before he could go to her...

Beverly's apartment was a comfortable little affair, extremely well furnished and in one of the more luxurious high rises of the city. Mark opened the door with his key, not bothering to knock or demand entrance to his SLUT's apartment. His eyes widened at the sight...

Beverly was before him. Clad only in a silk robe, the sort one might wear for bed...or just before. Her hair hung loosely, making her appear young and feminine. The smell of perfume hovered about her, while fine jewelry hung about her throat, ears, and fingers. She looked very beautiful...sexy...majestic, yet submissive. Mark felt himself harden at the sight. Then he detected another odor, wafting in from the kitchen.

Beverly smiled in obvious relief at his presence. "Please close the door, Mark." He did so automatically, in his astonishment not realizing that she had neither begged nor ordered, but asked as an equal. "We...I want to make a change in our relationship." Her eyes began to sparkle, and she took a deep breath. "Less abuse at work...less abuse after work."

Mark glared at her, then charged. Grabbing her roughly, he pulled her to him, kissing her hard. Beverly moaned in surprise and immediate submission, as his tongue invaded her mouth. When he finished, she fell to her knees, her legs giving way under her. "I don't think so, slut."

Beverly stared up at him, as he stripped himself of his work clothes, her eyes wide. She began to tremble. "Please, Mark...everything I've worked for..."

Mark dropped to his knees before her, grabbing the collar of her robe. "THIS...is what you've worked for," he sneered. He pulled her robe open, baring her succulent breasts. She moaned, thrusting her breasts out for his touch. She began to cry, even as she screamed her assent.

"Yes!"

Mark massaged her breasts like kneading dough. "I'm going to fuck you when I please."

"Yes...Mark," she sobbed, her hands reaching out to stroke his head lovingly.

"Do you REALLY want this to change, slut?" She moaned, as Mark laid her down on the soft carpet, spread her thighs, and pushed a finger into her dripping pussy. "Do you REALLY want me to stop doing this to you?" Beverly wept bitter tears, even as she opened to his touch. He pushed a second finger in. "Do you chafe so under my dominance. She wailed as she grabbed his wrist. Three fingers... "Do you REALLY want me to stop dominating you?" Four fingers.

She came.

He pushed his hand in completely, and began to stroke her g-spot with his thumb, as his mouth moved in to suck on her clit. She began to babble uncontrollably, 'I love you Mark I love you I love you I love you...'

Finally, Mark withdrew his clenched fist, then held his hand up for her to lick clean. "Do you so hate being owned by me?" he asked as she licked his hand lovingly, sucking on the fingers.

Beverly pulled away and managed to gasp out a response. "I want...you...to love...me..."

Mark's eyebrow arched. "Oh, so it DOES matter, now?"

He pushed his hard cock inside of her. She moaned and wrapped her legs around him, holding him tight. "Yes! Yes it does!" She raked his back with her nails, as he kissed her mouth lovingly. When he drew back, she screamed out, "I love you, Mark! I need you to love me!" Then she came again, pulsating around his shaft.

She coaxed his orgasm from him, milking his cock as it spurted his seed inside of her. She shivered, feeling his seed inside of her, as a sudden realization came over her. Her mind wandered, towards her bedroom...towards the nightstand...towards the pill case on her bed...today's compartment still tightly closed, the contraceptive inside forlorn in its plastic prison.

She felt terrified by the thought... and yet, strangely completed. A sudden vision danced before her eyes...a swollen belly...a squalling infant...school plays.

Mark never noticed, caught up in his orgasm...his incredible, intense orgasm. A white haze spread behind his clenched eyelids, as he tensed so tautly from his climax that only his excellent physical condition saved him from pulled muscles. He groaned with a surrender of his own, slumping on top of her. Beverly's heels hit the carpet with a dull thud, while her arms continued to hold him fast.

"Please, Mark..." Beverly's voice came to him from a far off place. Her words brought him back from the realization of nirvana itself, back to her arms...true paradise. "...No more games." Her words dimly registered as something important. As if anything could possibly be more important than this moment. "No more submission. No more dominance." Mark began to pay attention. "Equals."

Beverly sniffled. "I'll... I'll tell everyone I love you." She cast about desperately, trying to find the offer to cinch the deal. "I'll make you a VP." She sniffled again. "Please..." Mark pulled free from her embrace, staring down at her, his eyes filled with trepidation. She rose up before him, grabbing his cock...and began to service him. His eyes rolled up in their sockets as her lips brought him back to full erection, before she released him, only to begin licking his shaft lovingly.

Her lips trailed down to kiss and suck on his balls...the source of his delicious seed. Then back up, before she looked up into his eyes. "I need you to love me," she said simply. Mark's face twisted with uncertainty, as she took him in her mouth again, sucking insistently, then increasing the force, until her mouth pulled on him harder than any vacuum cleaner ever built by man. Even as her fingers probed at his anus, fully stimulating his prostate. His orgasm was immediate, uncontrollable, and more powerful than anything he'd ever felt, more powerful than even her last gift to him. He almost collapsed, his legs buckling...but Beverly held him fast, sucking his cock lovingly, before pulling free.

Beverly gave his cock one last kiss on its shiny, sensitive cap, before rising up to

look him in the eyes. "I love you, Mark." Her voice was quiet, free from artifice of any kind, neither sexual enticement nor concealed reservations. It was simple, spoken truth. "Please love me back."

Mark shivered. Then he turned and fled, the door banging off the door-jam.

Beverly stared at the open door, her eyes taking in the awful, terrible, painful sight. Then she collapsed, sobbing. The powerful CEO, the successful businesswoman, the beautiful and wealthy independent woman, was now reduced to a pitiful, broken figure.

Chapter Six

Mark sat motionless on the bar stool staring into the amber liquid in the glass before him. Thoughts invaded his memory of the first time he had moved into the city and had seen her for the very first time. He knew not a soul, yet when he met her, he knew something was different and began to feel a sense of home, security. He found his apartment on a whim. Someone was moving out of a brownstone apartment the same day he was on his own search. It was quaint, nothing out of the ordinary or even fancy. Nice clean neighborhood and close to the office where he wouldn't require public transportation.

He remembered the expression on her face the moment she walked into the office and saw him sitting, waiting for his interview. She walked in with an air and a strength that did not lessen her femininity. Her beauty was exquisite, fragile. She had a genial mouth and sparkling eyes.

He handed her his perfect resume with his excellent references as he sat across from her. She hired him on the spot and paid him a generous salary for a stock-boy with only a high school education. As time went by she would call him into her office on a daily basis giving him certain menial job duties. He never missed the twinkle in her eyes or the lazy way she swayed her shapely figure in front of him, as if taunting him. He knew he could have any woman he wanted; he was the high school football jock, well muscled, with good looks. He always used that to his advantage with his arrogant attitude, until one day he challenged Beverly.

A smile returned to his full lips as he remembered how crimson her cheeks were while she stood barely reaching his chest and pointing her finger at him yelling. He stood there with his arms crossed over the expanse of his broad chest, knowing she would never fire him. His profile spoke only of power and strength, and the set of his chin suggested a stubborn streak.

She watched and studied his features as the reflected light glimmered over his handsome face like beams of icy radiance. His open shirt revealed a muscular chest covered with crisp brown hair, and she suddenly had the strong urge to touch it. He had seen it in her eyes. Witnessed the rise and fall of her breasts heaving with every angered breath she took. Beverly was clearly aroused by his presence towering over her small beautiful, sexy frame. One word came into his mind...Temptress.

She suddenly became aware of herself as the corners of his mouth curved into a sensual grin. And it was his arresting good looks that captured her attention. Beverly began to stumble over her own words.

"Get back to work! And don't you think for one moment that I will not terminate you.

You may think you might have been hot stuff in High school, but surprise! Welcome to the real world!" She glared at him with burning, reproachful eyes.

"Sheesh! You'd think a woman as sexy as you wouldn't need to be such a bitch all the time." His curt voice lashed at her.

"How dare you!" She took an abrupt step towards him, raised her hand ready to slap him, but he grabbed her wrist and held it away from him.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." His burning eyes held her still.

She yanked away from him as an electrifying shudder reverberated through her. She remained absolutely motionless as his lips twisted into a cynical smile. The smoldering flame she saw in his eyes startled her, catching her off guard, as he pulled her with one strong arm, crushing her to his chest for one hard kiss.

The blood began to pound in her temple as his hands swept down to cup her small round ass. She began to breathe in shallow quick gasps as his tongue invaded her mouth. She somehow relaxed against him and ran her hand up his arm, feeling the muscles harden beneath the sleeve, and the tension between them slowly began to melt as she gave in to his passion.

He bent her down over her desk, tongues dueling, hands fondling, and suddenly as quick as the kiss began, it ended. Mark stood up with a raging hard on, Beverly's stomach knotted and she stiffened under his glare. And with a moan of distress she turned away. Mark had made his point. He turned on his heel, and strode out the door. The effect on her was shattering. He had sliced open a newly healed wound, and her heart squeezed in anguish knowing that if she felt this way that it could destroy her.

She was trembling, he remembered, as he kissed her. His heart pounded so hard that it was close to bursting, and he knew he had to leave her office before he finished what his body demanded. He had broken through her fragile control. He laughed as he remembered how she demanded he call her Ms. Johnson! Indeed! He had her flat on her back, and knew he would easily have her like that again. She tasted like the sweet nectar of a fully ripened peach, and all he wanted to do was drink every last drop of her.

He ran splayed fingers through his hair as he walked through the hallway trying to forget what he had just done. But the memory of her sweet mouth lingered far into the night and the next day when he knew she would become the demanding little bitch again.

Mark lingered in front of her closed door the following morning, listening as she slammed her hands on the keyboard as she typed, then slammed the phone down on Jane, when she couldn't come up with a viable answer as to Mark's

whereabouts. He was late. Five minutes! How dare he. Her anger flared at his insolence. She needed him to run errands immediately, and he had the audacity to think he could run amuck all over her since he kissed her? Well, he had a thing or two coming the minute he opened her office door.

Jane saw him first as he leisurely strolled through the front office, light on his feet and whistling.

"Hello Mark." Jane said grinning. "Ms. Johnson is in a bad mood today, and angry that you're late."

"Oh?" he cocked one dark eyebrow that made him look devastatingly handsome.

"Well, we will see just how pissed she is, this should be interesting," he grinned and winked at Jane before opening the door to Beverly's office.

An icy chill permeated the air the moment he opened the door. Shock and anger lit up her eyes as she turned to face him. Mark did not falter behind her façade, and she felt impaled by his steady gaze.

"Where the hell have you been?" she said, tossing her head and meeting him with cold triumph, finding a perverse pleasure in her challenge.

"I overslept." He added with a slight smile of defiance. He waited, challenging her to go through with it. She lifted her chin and placed her hands on her hips and stood behind her desk not being able to trust herself with his nearness. She forced her lips to part in a curved, stiff smile.

"Well, in this office, we ARE on time."

Mark walked towards her desk and sighed in exasperation. This woman would never understand the effect she held over him, or what it took for him to prove her wrong. He knew how she felt. He watched it in her lithe little body as she blatantly stood there studying him. The challenge in her haughty voice was disguised so well behind her fear. This wall she would manage to place between them after that kiss would never matter much to him. Mark was a man that was used to having his way with women, and Beverly Johnson was no exception, the little temptress.

"I have errands for you to do today. But first I want my coffee," she said matter of factly.

"You...want...what?" he said, grinding the words out between his teeth, spacing them evenly.

She tipped her glasses down to the edge of her nose and glared at him over the top of them. She slid slowly onto the desk and crossed one silken leg over the

other, then leaned her weight on her small hand.

“Oh, you heard me right, stock boy, now go get my coffee. Light and sweet just like me.”

Mark threw back his head with laughter. But when his eyes met hers once more, they glowed with a savage inner fire. He moved closer to her like a large cat stalking his prey. She had no room to move except to fall back down into her chair. He came close, leaning down intensely. The thrill of frightened anticipation touched her spine and her breath seemed to have solidified in her throat.

Mark's eyes boldly raked over her body, lazily appraising her. He paused at her breasts that were now heaving with each fragile breath. He moved closer, stretching his tall body until he was looming over her, his mouth nearly touching hers.

There was a pit in her stomach and her pulse was pounding in her ears. He crooked his finger under her chin and placed the pad of his thumb along her delicate jaw, then kissed her again. This time she was powerless to resist and gave in to the sensation that dizzied her. Mark moved his hand down, cupping her breast over her suit jacket. Beverly raised her hands to his face and held it there as his tongue invaded her mouth.

He wrapped his arm around her small waist, lifted her onto the desk and laid her beneath him. Mark ran a slow trail of kisses down her throat and up again while a free hand explored the inner flesh of her creamy little thigh and into her very core. The kiss deepened as Mark began to slide his hand into her panties, and one long finger into her wet folds. He felt her shake as she began to moan and move against him. He removed his hand and lifted his mouth from hers. Beverly's face was flush and her lips were swollen from his assault. Her breathing was shallow and she was ready.

He lightly blew onto her face and her eyes fluttered open. He looked at his handiwork and grinned down at her.

“Yes, just as I thought. You could no more resist me than the other women could. You'll definitely be my slut when this day is over.” His words were playful, but the meaning was not.

Beverly had no intention of permitting herself to fall under his spell.

“Get off of me.” Her words were like poison.

“Do you really want me to?” Mark rubbed his hand between her legs again.

“Do you really want me to stop this?” He slid his hand into her panties again and

slid his finger back into her.

She moaned and opened her thighs for his assault again.

“Feel how hard I am?” He ground his hips against her in a thrusting motion, then slid a second finger in.

“Mark!” she cried as he paused to slip her panties down to her ankles and lift her skirt.

“Mmm...pretty pussy,” he breathed, bending down to take a closer look. He held her thighs open with his strong hands and began to lick the beautiful butterfly. Beverly reached down and held onto his head, his fingers biting into her soft flesh as she began to grind against his face.

His tongue sent shivers of desire racing through her as he gently rocked her back and forth. Beverly gasped in delight as she allowed this assault. She began to feel blood coursing through her veins like an awakened river, with each tortured touch. She had an animal attraction to this young stud that was insatiable and she would allow him to do as he pleased.

* * *

Mark sat at the bar with his nearly full beer; his mind kept turning to last night.

He hungered from the memory of his mouth on hers, her soft, submissive, flesh, writhing beneath his strong body. He clung to that memory as he would to a life preserver in a stormy sea.

Mark wanted to ignore the mocking voice inside that wondered why, when was the last time he truly enjoyed himself with her as an equal? The question hammered at him as he took a long swig of the warm beer and pounded it onto the bar spilling some of it. He was unable to completely give himself to any woman. But Beverly wasn't just any woman. Being with her was an awakening experience that left him reeling every time he was with her. He knew there was something about her from the very beginning. And an even more terrifying realization washed over him.

Chapter Seven

Mark raised the beer to his lips, then set it back on the table with an expression of distaste. How could he enjoy the taste of beer, when he'd tasted of Beverly's delicious juices? How could alcohol compare to the addictive quality of her nectar, her soft lips, and her passionate cries?

His mind went back again, back to the day after that heady experience. When he came in that morning, and found her office door closed to him. Jane was sitting at her desk, looking up at his approach. "Oh, Mark," she smiled, blushing. "Um, Ms. Johnson has orders for you."

"Oh?" Mark arched an eyebrow and came up to her desk. "Yes," Jane looked down at her desk. "She, um...she wanted you to recheck the inventory in the stockroom." Mark blinked. "She wants what?" Jane nodded, embarrassed to be delivering such news. "She said you probably made a miscount, because...because of your sloppy attention to details." Mark's eyes widened. "She expects it all done by the end of the day," Jane finished lamely, and then turned back to her computer, trying not to look at him. Mark looked at her for a moment, then patted her on the shoulder and smiled. She turned to meet his smiling gaze, then matched it, before he turned away to get to work.

At the end of the day, Mark came back upstairs to confront Beverly, only to confront a despondent Jane, who was desperately trying not to cry. "What's wrong?" Mark asked, as he came around her desk. Jane sniffled, trying to draw breath to speak. "She...she was..." Mark gently folded her into his arms, as Jane tried to explain. "She was so mean..." In fits and gasps and jumbled spurts, she managed to convey the message. Ms. Johnson had always been a strict but fair employer, expecting high performance from her employees, and giving them the respect due for such performance. Today, however, she had been a nasty and evil bitch to everybody. Even the sweet and inoffensive Jane, who'd never made an enemy in her life.

Mark placed a finger under her jaw, lifting her face to his. "It's okay," he told her, as he cupped her cheek and wiped her tears. "I'll talk to Ms. Johnson. You go home." Jane nodded, smiling gratefully. Gathering up her things, she gave him a last fond look as she left. Mark smiled at her retreating form, then turned, set his jaw firmly, and made his way into the lioness's den.

Ms. Johnson was sitting in her chair, a cold, stern expression on her beautiful face. Her clothes were designed to establish her dominance as the CEO of the company; a silk blouse, buttoned to the collar, yet hugging her exquisite figure as Mark longed to. A large emerald brooch hung about her throat, while her hair was elegantly coiffed, her makeup perfect. She seemed a goddess--sexy, yet unapproachable. "It's about time you showed up," she began, her tones deceptively mild, silky sweet. Yet another ploy to show that he was not worth

harsh words.

"From now on, you WILL respect my authority," Ms. Johnson continued, her eyes seeming to strip him of his clothes, not in a merely sexual manner, but as if she were stripping away each layer of him and finding the underneath to be worthy of disdain. "You WILL keep your hands to yourself. Or you will be out on your ass." She leaned back, looking down at him through lidded eyes. "Sexual harassment laws are not a joke, Mark."

Mark smiled.

He began to move towards her with slow, confident steps. And with each step, her façade crumpled. She scrambled to her feet, staring at his inexorable approach like a frightened deer caught in the headlights. By the time he was finally toe to toe with her, she was trembling with submission. Mark pulled her in, kissed her, savoring her lips and tongue. Beverly enthusiastically kissed him back. She could resist him no longer.

Mark released her. "Strip," was all he said. In a flash, Beverly removed her now scandalously inappropriate raiment, shedding the clothes of a respectable executive for the proper nudity of a born Slut. "On the desk," he commanded, and she climbed onto the desk, lying on her belly. She awaited his next command.

Smack!

Beverly jumped at the hot kiss of his hand on her soft ass. Then he did it again, yelling out, "count!" "Two!" she screamed out. "Start from the beginning!" he roared, "And thank me for each swat!" And he resumed his flogging of her wonderful globes of flesh.

Smack! "One! Thank you Master!" Smack! "Two! Thank you Master!" Smack! "Ah! Three! Th-thank you Master!" By the time he'd made it to ten, her ass was bright red, burning with a searing sensation that coursed its way along the length of her spine to overwhelm her brain. Mark paused to strip, while she wailed and kicked her feet, pounding the desk with her fists.

Now Mark's cock was at her sopping wet cunt. She felt it there...he was positioning... Beverly squeezed her eyes shut, streaming tears, knowing the inevitability of her violation. And then... Oh! One hard thrust! Her eyes opened wide with shock, her mouth gaping wide in an expression of violation and lust. And then...

Movements took place inside her heart, things she'd never known could happen. Something inside her soul, to match the something in her aching body. She felt as though...as though something she never knew was missing was finally where it should be. Her face settled into a contented expression, the serene and blissful

mask of a nun in direct communion with her deity. She moaned quietly, as Mark began to fuck her, giving it to her as she'd always needed it, as she'd instinctively known he would.

"From now on," her Master commanded, "you'll be as nasty as you like. But only to me!" Beverly's voice was dreamy, serenely happy, as she agreed, "Yes, Master." Mark grinned evilly, as he pounded away. "And the bitchier you are during the day, the worse your punishment will be after work!" Beverly moaned happily, savoring the wonderful concept. "Yes, Master." He reached around to roughly grope her breasts, and her hands folded over his, holding them there to encourage them to continue. Her hips moved with his, aiding his thrusts, feeling a deep need to feel his ejaculation within her.

Mark's hips pistoned with uncontrollable lust, and Beverly sighed with the knowledge that he found her as irresistible as she did him. His head bent down, biting her neck...claiming her as his Slut. She moaned, begging for more, her voice desperately reaching for every word in her vocabulary, as she formed sentences with which to pledge herself to him. Mark's hand pulled away from a breast, moved down to her aching clit, and pinched it, HARD. Beverly shrieked as she was forced into her orgasm, before Mark joined her, shooting his seed deep inside her. He pulled her deeply onto his cock, holding her in place to shoot it deep inside her nether regions. Then he slumped over her, sated at last.

When the fog of lust receded enough to permit Beverly the use of her brilliant mind once again, she squirmed under him, rolling over to face him. Seizing his head in her hands, she began to smother his face with tender kisses. "Yes, Mark," she smiled happily, abandoning herself to her destiny. "I'm your slave." She kissed him again. "I'm all yours."

Chapter Eight

He still couldn't touch his beer.

Mark's hands clasped the bottle and he rolled it between in contemplation. He soon discarded it and decided it would be best if he could just go home to clear his head. He rose in one fluid motion, then turned and walked silently to the exit of the bar.

The night air had a slight chill as Fall was beginning to arrive. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets as he hungered from the memory of his mouth on Beverly's. He began to wonder just what she wanted of him. He remembered his slow evolution, his descent down a path that would have horrified the "manly men" of his home town. The birth of Maureen.

He had locked the door behind him as he entered the bathroom so his roommate wouldn't find out what he was up to and think strange thoughts, or possibly ask too many questions for which he didn't want to answer right now. He didn't...didn't want to be a girl. He just...he didn't know what he wanted.

He stood in front of the bathroom mirror attempting to apply make up only to present himself like a clown. Mark became frustrated and threw the make-up back into the bag and shook his head at himself, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he spoke to his image. He remembered his high school coach, calling the team "faggots" and "girls," continually equating performance on the field with sexual ability, and felt his early indoctrinations pulling at him.

Grabbing the bar of soap in the dish on the sink and a nearby wash cloth hanging on the rack, he washed the gunk off, gave himself a clean shave, and then he left the bathroom for his bedroom, putting the thoughts out of his head once again. Once again he determined never to let such "sissy" thoughts enter his mind again. And the moment he'd installed his new cable modem, hooking up his new computer that he'd purchased with the money made from his job, he began to look for answers. To see if he was truly as perverted as he'd been led to believe.

Mark found several sites, but not what he really required. Sure, they all showed how to apply make-up properly, and so he learned in a matter of hours, but how would he carry himself? He needed to become the feminine side of himself, the darker side of his masculine personality. He needed to know that his need to dress in such an outfit did not make him into a freak, did not rob him of his innate masculinity.

Mark found the information he needed. Tapping away...

<http://venusenvy.keenspace.com/>," he clicked on the link. A web-comic? Heh. Shades of Calvin and Hobbes, serialized plot threads and extremely well written. A story about a girl named Zoe, born in the body of a boy, wishing to be a girl. She

felt it in every inch of her being, knowing in her heart that she was born into the wrong body. "Ah," Mark thought as he continued to scroll down the page. He was amazed at Zoe's transformation, she actually made a beautiful girl, and even acquired not one, but several amorous friends. A lesbian who quickly overcame her repugnance for Zoe's genitalia. Another tranny...a boy born in a woman's body, whose love/hate relationship with Zoe became truly complex. A bad boy who found himself forced to learn to know Zoe as a person...and forced by his own self loathing to repent and reform. She wore female clothing and looked good, played girl's soccer, she made friends with people of every social clique, and...he twitched his lips at this...she had a fanatically loving dog whose thought bubbles centered around what new and interesting smells "Mommy" was giving off--("Now Mommy smells like morning breath!").

Mark stood up and glanced in the mirror behind his bedroom door. Corded muscles, nothing feminine about him. He frowned, turning to examine his hard flawless body.

"I don't want to be a woman," he declared with finality, then reconsidered. "But...I like..."

He sat back down, leaning back in the chair, running splayed fingers through his dark hair in exasperation. "Now what?" he said to himself. Then he had a thought. He began to read about transvestitism--a subset of the trans-gendered community, which wore the clothes of the opposite gender, without wishing to be one. The majority of them were in fact heterosexual. His brow arched at that. Finally seizing on an idea, he rapidly located another site on "Modeling." So he could learn how to properly strut in a pair of high heels.

"Yes," he breathed, it was time to go out to the cat walk and watch the pretty little kittens strut. Mark sat casually on the brick step of the apartment building and watched every female that meandered past him. Taking notice of the way they sashayed their tempting little hips, and the way their pert ass wiggled. Skirts were definitely out of the question for him, and shaving his legs? Beverly would surely notice that. No he would have to dress in jeans and a t-shirt. "Breasts?" That was the easy part. He would just go to any lingerie site and order a bra and stuff it with falsies.

The thought of that brought a wry, twisted smile to his lips and on that note he stood up, then marched back upstairs to his room to re-apply the make-up and learn the walk. Now for a wig, a skirt and heels, dark stockings, and his ensemble would be complete. He glanced at the color of his hair--dark brown. It would have to match, just in case his own hair became apparent. At least it would blend in.

Later that day, Mark went shopping. He paused for a moment, reminiscing about what his high school football coach said regarding faggots and girly men and REAL manly men, then shrugged it off, as he rummaged through the women's

clothes. He wasn't in high school anymore, and this was just a simplified whim. No harm to it... He finally purchased all the necessary items and a few more changes, a beautiful wig with long locks, gave no thought to it, paid the cashier and left the store.

Mark relaxed in the chair at his desk and completed a search on "Transsexuals and Transvestites." Reading with full curiosity, he began to learn the difference between the two. "A transsexual is a person born in the wrong body--male mind in female body, or vice versa," he read. "Sexuality is not merely a dualism, but a diverse range--masculine homosexuals, effeminate heterosexuals, bisexuals, intersexed individuals, (hermaphrodites), and the breadth of the BDSM culture, with the surface appearance of being about the inflicting and receiving of pain, but in actually being about the emphasis on trust." Huh. "A transvestite is a person who wears the clothing of the opposite gender, (gender being different from sexuality), but does not wish to change genders. They only wish to explore their personalities to a greater extent, to learn more about themselves by dressing as someone else." Bingo.

* * *

Beverly was seated in the posh New York City restaurant. Mark watched her delicate movements from the windows outside for a brief moment. He was dressed in a black mini skirt with a long slit up the side, exposing a heavily muscled thigh. On his legs, black stockings to hide his unshaven legs, a tightly fitted red long sleeved top as not to convey his hairy arms, and a pair of high heels. Mark entered the restaurant as Maureen with the confidence of a large panther stalking his...no, HER prey. As she entered, she glanced about, noticing several men staring in her direction. She smiled at them and they returned the greeting. Beverly, who hadn't lifted her gaze from the newspaper, and remained in her own oblivion, hadn't noticed Maureen standing at her table until she spoke.

"Excuse me? Would you mind if I sit here with you? It seems that all the available seats are taken?" Maureen stood there, twisting a piece of hair around her finger in a suggestive manner, and the other hand resting on her hip.

Beverly waved her hand in dismissal as she looked up at the beautiful looming figure before her. "Ah...be my guest."

Beverly's eyes widened as she was caught off guard by the sudden vibrancy of the deep baritone voice, then looked around to see that there were plenty of available tables. She turned back to Maureen, decided to say something, then shut her mouth and allowed her to sit anyway. After all, she was feeling depressed about Mark and she could use a friend. Beverly studied her as she pulled out the chair and tucked her skirt beneath her before she sat down. She was stunningly, beautiful, elegant. She had long, flowing brunette hair that hung low, cradling her waist. But she was very muscular for a woman- a female athlete, a power lifter.

Her make-up was applied to perfection; colors of light brown and light green shaded her eye lids. On her full mouth she wore red lipstick.

Maureen sat quietly for a moment just analyzing Beverly's stare and waiting for her to recognize Mark. But when she didn't respond just as he hoped, a powerful relief filled him.

"Oh, I apologize." Beverly giggled. "I was so engrossed in this financial article. Where are my manners?" The joy bubbled in her laugh and shone in her eyes. A new friend. Beverly was a fairly good judge of character and she could see Maureen was one who could be trusted, a woman, born with class.

"It's ok." Maureen spoke as she claimed her prey. "I get ignored quite often as a matter of fact. My boss ignores me and treats me like a slave." She giggled. "She's a real bitch." The emphasis put on the latter, as Maureen smiled, in yet one more attempt at recognition. If she couldn't recognize her lover's grin, Mark knew he was in.

Maureen crossed one knee over the other and began to swing her leg back and forth with her shoe dangling just off the tip of her toe, a movement Mark always had found erotic. Heads again turned in her direction at the sensual movement that hiked her skirt up even higher on her thigh. She caught the stare of a handsome gentleman two tables away and blew him a kiss. He winked, then turned away.

Beverly's order arrived just in time to break the spell of her glare. "Would the lady wish to order something while she sits with her friend?" the waitress asked. Mark--no, Maureen thought about it. "Yes. Um, I'll have Prime rib.....rare with fries and a pitcher of beer."

The waitress wrote the order and said it would arrive shortly. Maureen turned her attention once more to the little vixen sitting unsuspectingly across the table. She smiled to herself as she thought of new ways to torture her at the end of the work day.

Beverly began a lively conversation before Maureen interrupted her in mid sentence and asked her if she had a boyfriend. Beneath the façade Mark was truly enjoying himself. This was so easy he thought looking across at the frightened little luscious seductress. Maureen sat quietly as Beverly told her about Mark, the way he dominated her and how she enjoyed it. She treated him badly during the workday only to have him punish her with his cock again and again. She told her how she enjoyed being fucked in bondage and wished Mark would do that all the time.

About how she wanted him to use toys to plug her up and drive her mad with passion. How she repeatedly looked forward to the spankings and even whispered

to Maureen that as she spoke she could feel the trickle of cum sliding down her leg just thinking about it.

Mark's cock was ready to explode and he wriggled in his chair a bit and then had to look away, averting his gaze over to an unpleasant looking overweight woman in tights and a t-shirt who was sitting in the corner shoveling down a beefy burger. He swallowed the chunk of beef in his mouth and held the napkin over his face for a moment. He could feel the remnants of sweat forming that would truly force his make-up to run, and his cover would be blown.

Beverly asked Maureen if she was feeling all right and she replied that she would be fine for the moment and blamed it on something she ate. How Mark couldn't wait for the next day to shower unsuspecting Beverly with the pleasure, the pain, the pleasurable pain that she so desired.

Chapter Nine

Mark slid the key into the lock and opened the door to his apartment. John, his roommate, was lounging on the sofa with a beer and watching the TV. The place was a pigsty, but Mark didn't care one way or the other. Depressed and confused he made his way to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door. A six pack of beer and a moldy hunk of cheese that had probably turned into penicillin by now. He shut the door and went back into the living-room and dropped down into the recliner chair, then ran his fingers through his disheveled hair and kept them there.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Someone die?" John said with a slight slur to his words. "You look like shit, man." Not that he cared. The quintessential modern male--detached from society, forbidden by social custom from ever knowing true closeness or intimacy in a relationship. Still, he was someone to talk to.

Besides, John would understand. He knew lust and selfishness and nothing more.

Mark inhaled a deep breath before he began. "I found this incredible, sexy bitch...she's my boss." An inner torment began to gnaw at his gut again before he allowed himself to continue. But after all, John would give him...what? Approval? Condone his actions? Tell him to run away?

John placed his beer down now, intent on hearing the rest of this story as the endless night finally grayed into dawn. Mark proceeded, "Every night, after work, I take her anyway I want, and she loves it. I fuck her on her desk, make her feel like a slut, pay her back after she treats me like shit all day. We do it every night." He sighed. "Now she wants a commitment, and I can't give her that, I'm not ready."

John belched, drank more beer, and let Mark continue.

"That isn't all of it. She thinks of me as my best friend...or, she thinks Maureen is. I've been dressing like a woman."

"YOU WHAT?!"

Mark laughed. "I knew you'd understand."

"Is THAT what that shit is in your room?" At this point John suddenly became wide awake, remembering the wig and the women's clothing hanging in Mark's closet. "So you've been dressing like that...to fuck her even better?"

Mark leaned forward in the chair and covered his tired eyes, nodding.

"So what's the problem?" John wondered, his face screwing up.

"...She wants a commitment."

“Give it to her!”

Mark looked up at the wholly unexpected statement. “A rich, sexy, fucktoy, wants you to marry her and be paid to fuck her for the rest of your life? Do it!” John’s face was wrinkled with disgust, and not for his confessions of transvestitism.

“Well...” Mark reached for something. “She still wants me to work. More than that. She wants me to be VP of the company.”

John snorted explosively, and stumbled away for a moment, trying to collect himself in the face of apparent inanity. When he turned back, his eyes glowed not with drunkenness...but with...envy?

“Shit, Mark! You’re a goddamned high school grad with no college education. Who the fuck is going to offer you a job where you wear a suit and don’t have to haul boxes around? You don’t want her, let me have her!” Mark glared in sudden jealousy. John snickered at his reaction. “You want her?” he bored in, inexorably. “Go get her! Marry her and let her pay you to fuck her. How simple is that?”

Mark looked at him, then slumped his head, nodding. He knew John was right--despite his prejudices and his essential mediocrity, he was correct. Every thing he said was the truth. He would try and get some rest, then see her in the morning.

Chapter Ten

"Good morning Mark." Jane couldn't hide her emotions as she felt a warm glow flow through her. She stood up, surprised, and more uncertain than ever when she saw him exit the elevator. He was pure fire. As he strolled toward her looking into her eyes, a vaguely, sensuous light passed between them.

"How are you?" Mark asked, determined only to reach his destination. Jane noticed right away that his dress was different. He wore a nice pair of black slacks, a white button-down tailored shirt, with gold cufflinks, a spiffy black tie with a clip, a black suit jacket and his shoes polished clean, and...he had a haircut.

Jane's eyes raked him as if she was literally undressing him. And she tried to swallow the lump that lingered in her throat.

Mark walked passed her before she could stop him and he opened Beverly's office door half in anticipation, half in dread. The office was empty, no lights. He hesitated, torn by conflicting emotions. "*Where was she?*" His voice echoed inside his head.

He turned abruptly, his face clouded with uneasiness. He turned his gaze on Jane and barked, "Where is she!" His eyes seared hers with his burning, desperate gaze.

When she tried to speak her voice wavered, and she swallowed hard trying to manage a feeble answer. She cleared her throat, "She didn't come in today Mark. She said that she wasn't feeling well. That's all I know."

Without saying another word, Mark took long quick strides to the elevator and pushed the button repeatedly, impatiently until the doors opened. As he stepped in, he gave her a curt nod of farewell.

* * *

Beverly wiped the tears from her cheeks, then blew her nose. Why had she treated Mark this way? Depression settled in, and didn't help with the nauseated feeling in her belly. Maybe the flu she thought. She slowly picked herself up from the couch and decided to run a hot bath and just close her eyes willing everything away. Maybe the thought of giving him the position of Vice President was a bit much for him to handle. The tears crept into her eyes again as she sat on the edge of the tub, watching the water fill.

She removed her robe, then slid down into the warm water until she was submerged to her neck, then decided she was too depressed to remain alone. She reached up and turned her phone on to speaker and automatically dialed Maureen.

* * *

Mark stood with his head leaning against the outer door of Beverly's place, twisting the key in his hand. He wondered for a moment what would happen if he opened the door and she rejected him because of what he did?

He felt his phone vibrate, but it wasn't his...it was Maureen's. He cleared his throat, moved his voice to the upper register and answered. "Hello, Darling! How are you?" he greeted, in his best imitation of a woman's voice.

"Maureen?" Beverly's voice was fragile and shaking.

"Where are you?" his voice broke with huskiness before he could prevent it.

Beverly began to cry again. "I really want Mark. I did something so terrible to him yesterday, and I am so afraid I lost him." Her voice broke. "Can you come over here and keep me company?" she sniffled.

Mark's breath seemed to have solidified in his throat. Her misery right now was so acute that it was a physical pain for him. "Um...I am in the middle of something right now Beverly darling, but I will tell you what, why don't you call him and talk to him? I am sure that if you explain how you feel about him, he will understand. He loves you."

Beverly gave a choked desperate laugh. "And what will happen if he simply hangs up on me?" She felt her throat closing up.

"He won't. I just know he won't." Mark's heart squeezed in anguish as he realized how badly he had hurt Beverly through his reluctance to admit his own feelings. Coward, he told himself. Coward, and more fool you...

"I will call him then." Beverly's strangled voice brought him back into Maureen's character. "Ok, honey. I am here if you need to talk, all right?"

"Ok."

Beverly reached up and turned the phone onto redial. A noise broke out in the front foyer and she heard the door shut. It could only mean one thing...Mark was there. He was the only person with a spare key. She heard his heavy footfalls coming down the hall and she stood up to grab the towel off the rack. The door swung open and Mark reached her in two long strides, grabbed her and kissed her hard. She was actually trembling now as he lifted her wet body from the water. He looked down at her swollen tear-filled face and he began to gently kiss her eyes, her cheeks, and back to her mouth again, crushing her lips against his.

When he saw her his only emotion was relief. He lifted his mouth from hers and looked her naked body over seductively. She was shivering. He grabbed the thick, soft towel and wrapped her into it and held her close for warmth as he kissed the cradle of her head, gently rocking her in the embrace of his strong arms.

Mark lifted her up into his arms and carried her to the bedroom, then gently laid her down on the soft mattress. He opened the towel, and she looked so beautiful. The first time he had truly seen her without her make-up and hair done to perfection. He liked what he was gazing down at, then bent down and opened her thighs, sliding her to the edge of the bed.

He pushed her legs back and began to lick the gentle folds, slowly, back and forth. Beverly gasped. An instinct brought her hands down to hold his head. Her fingers entwined through his dark hair, and he pressed harder. This time the pleasure would be all hers. No spankings, no vibrators or gags, no rough sex. Just the gentle love making that this little kitten deserved to have.

The sweetly intoxicating musk of her body overwhelmed him and he became ravenous. Licking faster, back down over her ass and back to her pussy again. Beverly screamed with a wanting like no other and pulled at his hair as she neared climax. He slid his finger into her and began to move it in and out as she ground her hips against his face. She gave one strangled cry, and arched her back into him. Her legs stiffened and shook as Mark slid a second finger in. She climaxed uncontrollably. Mark held her thighs down on the bed as he drank in her juices. "I love you Mark! I love you, I love you!" she cried as his tongue sent shivers of desire through her.

He paused enough to remove his own clothes and when he was finished, he raised himself over her supported by his elbows, his hazel eyes boring into her gray ones, and he cradled her head in his hands. Her eyes closed softly and she began running her nails lightly up and down his back. Mark gently blew on her lashes and she opened her eyes again. Beverly's lips remained swollen from his punishing kiss and he frowned. He bent down and his mouth touched her nipple with tantalizing possessiveness. She rose to meet him and closed the gap as if she couldn't get enough of him. All she wanted to do was find a way to climb inside of him and become one.

Her heart was so close to bursting with love for this man, and she thought she would die if she couldn't ever have him. His tongue continued to caress her sensitive swollen nipple while the other fondled the other small globe making its pink nipple marble hard, pinching it between his thumb and finger. She moaned softly, as his hand seared a path down her abdomen, and onto her thigh. Beverly arched her back and cried out as his hand opened her folds and began to gently rub her clit.

Mark began a low growl as he paused to kiss her, whispering his love for each part

of her body as he ran a slow trail. Beverly whimpered sounds of encouragement as his hands moved magically over her body. Mark took her hands and placed them on his shoulders; this day she would have pleasure, and his would wait. She writhed beneath him, eager to touch his skin. Today they would take the time to explore, to arouse, and to give each other pleasure.

The naked beauty of her body taunted him, but he held steady. His cock was throbbing and near to bursting. She tasted so damn sweet--sweeter than she ever did. Taking her this way was what he had dreamed of. He knew this is what she needed to see, to feel, to learn how to trust, and to be loved again. Mark would make sure that Beverly would never get hurt again. His hands began to explore the soft lines of her waist, her hips, memorizing every luscious inch of her. Soaking her into him like a sponge, melding her to him, possessing her, until he could finally make her his. Her moans buried themselves deep within his exploding heart and he couldn't stand it any longer. He opened her creamy thighs and pressed down on them as he slowly entered her. Mark closed his eyes, feeling the heat that kissed his cock as he drove deeper.

He cradled her small, soft ass in his hands and pulled her to him as he began to slowly thrust. Listening to her purr like a kitten was pure ecstasy in his heart. The tears now gone, he bent to kiss her face. Contentment and peace now flowed between them. Beverly rose to meet Mark in a moment of uncontrolled passion. Her peak heightening, as he thrust, deeper, faster, as her eager response matched his. He lifted her legs over his shoulders, then pressed down allowing himself deeper penetration. The hot tide of passion raged through the both of them.

"You are mine, Beverly," Mark whispered in her ear beyond the roaring tide that was building within him. She clutched his arms pulling herself into him, as she cried out over and over. Until this moment, Beverly truly hadn't realized what a powerful opponent she had chosen. Waves of ecstasy rumbled inside them as Beverly exploded and shattered into a million stars. Mark soon followed, digging his hands into her fleshy bottom, tightening and pulsating, driving deep within her womb, until he climaxed, filling her completely, totally, and suddenly not giving a damn about the consequences of pregnancy.

If this was the day he filled her belly full of baby, then so be it. This would be his greatest gift if she were to reject him now. But feeling her, now in his arms, it left him no room for remorse, he would have her, and make her want him.

"I need you, I want you, I have to have you," Mark whispered into Beverly's ear while she slept, neatly tucked away in his arms.

But she wasn't asleep like he thought. She listened to his words, yet they still weren't the ones she wanted so desperately to hear.

Mark kissed the back of her head and left the bed to dress, then quietly left, leaving behind a short note on the pillow for her. He had special plans for the day, and hoped it would all work out in the end.

Chapter Eleven

Beverly lifted her sated body from the bed and picked up the note.

Beverly,

Sorry I had to run... I will return tonight.

Mark

She crumbled it in her hand and allowed it to fall onto the floor. Exhausted from a wonderfully full night of lovemaking, she managed to drag herself to the bathroom and into a hot shower. She needed to call Maureen and talk. Her thoughts still ran deep and Mark did not convince her, even as loving as he seemed. The warmth of his flesh was intoxicating and she could still smell him on her skin. At first she didn't want to wash him off. She wanted to savor him forever since this might be the last time she would ever have him.

Beverly let the warm water kiss her skin. She stood with her eyes closed and felt the last of him washing away down her thighs. Her stomach was nauseated again and she felt like vomiting. Stress, despair, combined into one. What would she do without him? She felt so empty now standing there alone, wishing so very badly that he was with her. His touch left her skin burning, and her throat began to tighten up as the tears threatened to spill once more. She allowed them to fall. Nothing to do about it now except to wait for his return. She would have to go into the office eventually. Jane was doing a great job in her stead, and she would have to be rewarded of course.

Beverly half smiled to herself. She adored Jane, though she hid her affection behind a professional demeanor, and would be lost without her. She decided to stop feeling sorry for herself, shut the water off, stepped out and dried off. She looked like hell, and she could only half imagine what Mark thought about her without her being so well groomed. How could she allow him to envision her this way? Dark circles framed her swollen eyes, and her lips were bruised from his punishing kisses.

Beverly grabbed her make-up bag from the shelf and then rummaged through it, looking for her concealer. She applied a generous amount to the circles and a bit on her lips. Then she finished with the liquid and powder. She decided to wear pink lipstick today instead of her trademark red.

Her body ached and her inner thighs were sore from Mark forcing her open, the palm prints still evident. She took a deep breath and went to the closet, searching for her black suit. Today she felt like mourning. She desperately wanted to know what Mark's thoughts were last night because he was never more gentle with her. She felt like a princess in his strong arms. She was slow in dressing and all she

wanted to do was stay in bed. Jane couldn't be alone to do everything, although Beverly felt she could if she focused and raised her own level of confidence. Maybe the office would be a good place for now even if Mark didn't show up, but she prayed he would.

The phone rang. Scrambling frantically, she reached down, found it, answered. "Beverly." For a moment, she thought it was Mark. "It's Maureen. I thought you could use some company. I'm coming over, okay?"

Beverly thought about it, then assented. "Yes, okay, I'll see you in half an hour. Thank you, Maureen." She hung up, and took a deep, shuddering breath, then began to dress. Black suit, black lipstick, black nail polish, mascara...hell, she'd have died her hair black if she had time. She felt despairing, hopeful yet despondent, a positively Gothic state of mind.

Maureen was wearing a t-shirt and jeans today. Though Beverly had never seen her wearing such, they seemed...familiar. "Girl, you look like a vampire groupie," Maureen joked. "Let me in." Beverly closed the door behind her, and led her to the couch. "Now, tell Mama Maureen what's wrong," she told Beverly. Beverly stopped her sudden tears with an effort: she had her mascara to think about. "...I don't know what to think, Maureen," she managed.

"Mark was so good to me last night. It was the first time we've ever had loving sex, without the bondage and the spankings and the dominance games. But..." Beverly took a deep, shuddering breath. "But he never actually said he loved me."

Maureen stared at her, astonished. "How can you say that?" she demanded. "How can you think he doesn't love you?"

Beverly shook her head, shaking. "He's never said the words. He's fucked me and spanked me and made me do things I never thought I'd do. He's held me tightly and kissed me and told me how much he needed me. But he never said the words." She sniffled. "It's not the same, if I can't hear those three little words. I have to hear them, Maureen."

Maureen stared at her oddly. Then she began to speak, choosing her words carefully. "I know a bit about Mark's...type," she told Beverly.

Beverly looked at Maureen, waiting for her to continue.

"Mark is from the Bible belt, raised in an athletic environment. He grew up learning the "wisdom" of the high school coaches, the idiots in the locker rooms, the constant repression and xenophobia. That scars a man, Beverly."

Beverly shook her head, insisting, "He doesn't seem scarred to me."

Maureen sighed. "He was taught not to show his emotions, love. Not to say those words, ever. Not to even feel them--to be a stud, to fill the macho stereotypes." Then Maureen smiled. "But there is hope. Such a man can learn to overcome his early indoctrinations. To overcome the ignorance and prejudices. To learn about himself, and to be what you need him to be..."

Beverly looked at Maureen. And finally got it.

"Here," Beverly said. "Wipe the lipstick off, before I kiss you." Mark shook his head, and pulled her in for a powerful, punishing kiss. She wrapped her arms around him instinctively, giving herself to him, feeling the sensation of kissing lips covered with lipstick for the first time, before pulling away. Then Mark looked at her, and took a deep breath.

"I love you."

And with that, he finally surrendered to her, as she had to him. Mutual surrender...

Chapter Twelve

Jane sat at her desk for the first time since Ms. Johnson had returned to work. As had Mark for that matter. She couldn't help but worry for him. In fact, she was worried for both of them. Jane was the sort to care about everybody. She sat at her desk and tried to keep her mind on her work. "Jane!" Ms. Johnson's voice rang over the intercom. "Come in here." She jumped out of her chair, and minced to the door like a little mouse. She opened the door, and gasped at the sight.

Ms. Johnson was sitting in her chair, smiling with superior self assurance, as Mark fondled her. Rather, she was sitting in his lap, as HE was sitting in the chair of command. He kissed her neck, occasionally looking up at Jane between his lavishing of affection. "Come forward, Jane," Ms. Johnson ordered in a serene voice, and Jane stepped in, fearing the worst, her heart wrenching at the sight of Mark...with HER...

"I'll need you to draw up a memo for me, Jane," Ms. Johnson told her. "Inform the staff that Mark will be promoted to a management position." Her smile broadened. "Senior Vice President."

Jane gasped.

"Further, you are to find a way to announce our upcoming nuptials, without embarrassing either of us."

Jane started to cry, controlling herself with effort. Ms. Johnson stood up, looking down upon her, sexy and imperious. "There is one other thing you can do for us, as well," she said, as Jane trembled and sniffled. "Our affair has been going on almost from the beginning, you see."

Mark stood up, and casually walked around the desk, as Ms. Johnson continued. "We've agreed to treat each other as equals, now."

"Perhaps you'd like to apply for a new position, that just opened up?"

Jane took a long breath, then formed a smile between the tears that threatened to flow.

We will need someone to run this company when we are not here, so we thought the position of Assistant Vice President would suffice."

Mark replied, "There is no turning back now, Jane. What do you say?"

Jane felt like she wanted to jump up and down like a school girl. She accepted and it was followed by a hug from Beverly who also handed her an envelope with an advance in her salary and a trip to the Islands.

"I can't believe this! You really mean it Ms. Johnson?"

"Beverly, now," Mark added with a pleasant smile. "And while you are at it would you turn on the answering machine for the remainder of the night? We will be here for a while."

Jane had a bounce to her step as she left the office and locked it behind her.

"Now where were we, hmm?"

Mark hugged Beverly close and nuzzled her ear. "Pity, she would have made a good slave. I have often wondered about that," she breathed.

She felt her skirt lift slowly from behind, and her flimsy lace panties being ripped off in one smooth motion. She welcomed his familiar advances and opened her thighs without protest. He turned her around and bent her over the desk so he would have more leverage, then removed her skirt, baring her beautiful little ass before him. He slid his fingers inside her and began to move them in a circular motion. He opened her wide with his knees and held her back with his free hand so she wouldn't move from him. Beverly squeezed his fingers inside her and he moved harder, feeling her wetness saturate him. He pulled them out and began to tease her swollen pussy lips.

Mark knelt down and used his hands to spread her. She squirmed against him when his hot tongue torched her skin and began to lick and suckle her. She arched her back as wave after wave of explosive energy rocked her body, but that didn't deter him. He positioned himself behind her again and shoved himself deep within her. She screamed and Mark began to pump now, slowly, but hard.

His hips drew back to almost his full length, then slammed forward powerfully, as if attempting to wield his cock as a weapon, stabbing her until she died of pleasure. She cried out, but worked her hips to meet his thrusts. Mark began to build up speed.

Then the fucking became so hard and fast that she could no longer think about anything else. Mark was slamming into her, his hands on her hips, as she responded like a rag doll, submitting completely.

Mark issued the command, as he would have given to a well trained dog. "Cum, Slut!" Beverly screamed, as she felt it beginning, the moment she heard her Masters command. Mark growled above her. She felt his muscles, his iron grip, his hard cock, his bestial noises. She felt as though a Beast was raping her. She envisioned herself a virgin raped by a demon lord...and she LOVED it!

"Oh, G-d," she moaned, "cum inside me...please, Master...cum inside me..." Mark

pulled her in, shoving himself in all the way. Beverly's eyes squeezed shut in anticipation, then opened wide as she felt the first spurts inside her.

Finally, Mark released her, and she slumped down, exhausted. "We're not done yet, Slut!"

Mark roughly ripped open her blouse, buttons flying, then he cupped her breasts. She reached back, pulling Mark's head down, letting him kiss her neck. She only existed to serve, now. Her only thoughts were of how much she loved her Master, and how happy they were now.

Mark pushed Beverly down again, sliding his cock along her slit before burying it inside of her again, giving her the reward for a job well done. Mark was on the verge of climax and held back. This time he would savor every morsel of this luscious little bitch. Beverly moaned loudly as she came, then tried to pull away to encourage Mark, as he too prepared for the inevitable. "Cum inside me," she begged, "just like you came inside me before!" He pulled her in tightly, and slammed his seed into her womb.

Then he grabbed her and picked her up, carried her over to the desk, laid her on top. He moved around to the front of the desk, then began to feast on her mouth, her neck, her breasts, lingering there until she begged him to stop.

As his hands and mouth roamed freely, she responded with undulations and moans, but no requests. She knew better than to do aught but submit to the ministrations he would provide, to allow him to do as he pleased with her... After all, it belonged to him. Mark kissed her mouth again, pushing his tongue inside, and she loved it. Touching the G-spot, an index finger probing into her ass. Beverly moaned into Mark's mouth, loving it.

He pulled away, then slid her over, until her head was hanging over the edge of the desk, her mouth and throat an open target for his cock. She parted her lips, gratefully accepting her Master's cock into her mouth as he cuffed her wrists to the legs of the desk. He fucked her mouth, pumping his hips. She gagged at the size of him, but doggedly persisted, desperate to please him. His pace increased in intensity, and Beverly's desire allowed her to override her reflexes, his cock moving in and out of her throat freely now. She made gagging, gulping, moaning noises, her hands reaching for his hips, encouraging him to continue.

Beverly began to use her teeth, gently biting down. Mark groaned with his own incipient release. Mark came at the sight, his seed blasting into her mouth, and he watched triumphantly as Beverly gagged on the heavy load, trying desperately to swallow his gift.

He pulled out, and Beverly spat up a copious amount of his cream, retching, before taking ragged breaths. "You must never spit out your Master's cum!" Mark

bellowed as he held her head fast. Mark kissed Beverly soundly, and she knew that she was forgiven, for the moment, at least.

She was trembling, her thighs shaking from aftershock. Mark took off the cuffs and pulled Beverly into her chair, and they began to make out tenderly, kissing each other, caressing each other's bodies, loving each other.

"You'll be moving in with me," Beverly told him. "You'll spend the rest of the night in my office," Beverly said contentedly snuggling deeper into his lap.

"Fucking?" Mark asked.

"Yes..." Beverly breathed, "But we DO need to get some work done, as well."

"Speaking of work..." Mark said, as he stood up, pushing Beverly off his lap. He dressed, then kissed her soundly before leaving. Beverly smiled at him, her eyes gleaming with intent.

Epilogue

Mark stared at the folder in his hands, as he sat on the soft, comfortable couch, looking at the papers from work. Beverly sat next to him, holding him possessively, stroking him, even as she looked over the papers with him. They each made quite a sight. Beverly wore a satin robe that showed off her voluptuous pregnant figure to wonderful effect, her belly bulging with baby. Mark wore a good suit, tie loosened in the relaxed atmosphere of their apartment. A collar was around her neck, and a nipple ring on her right breast shone, Mark's name flashing. Her labial ring was diamond studded, establishing her status as a well loved slave.

A home is a place filled with love, with people who care for one another. And the two of them...were finally home.

~The End~

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