

**J.W. McKenna**



*Her Personal*  
**Assistant**

Her Personal Assistant  
*by J. W. McKenna*

**Renaissance E Books**

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J.W. McKenna

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## Chapter One

"A Mr. Preston is here to see you, ma'am," said Thomas, the aging butler. Tall, thin, with carefully styled gray hair, he looked more like an undertaker than a butler. He wore a dark suit and an inscrutable expression. He was standing in the doorway of the well-appointed den, looking down at Mrs. Evelyn Rothschild, who was seated at the large desk, sorting through papers. James Preston stood quietly in the hallway, waiting for permission to enter.

"Oh, right! That's right. I had almost forgotten. Show him in," she said. Evelyn was a stunning blonde woman in her mid-forties, but she appeared to be ten years younger, James noted. Her good looks were no doubt kept up by hours in the gym and the most expensive beauty products ever made. And perhaps the expertise of a skilled plastic surgeon. Today she was wearing a somber black blazer from which the edges of a lacy black bra peeked. He could not see her skirt from there, but James imagined it to be black, mid-thigh accented by dark, fuck-me stockings. Although still in mourning, she could not hide her sexuality.

James walked past the butler and gave him a cursory nod. Thomas ignored him and turned to Evelyn. "Would you like me to stay, ma'am?"

"Oh, no, that won't be necessary. Mr. Preston is a friend of my husband's."

"Very well, ma'am." He started to leave.

"Wait, Thomas," she added. "The car dealer called—they have the Mercedes ready. Would you take Paul down to the garage so he can pick it up, please?"

Thomas glanced over at James and he knew what he was thinking: Can this man be trusted with the vulnerable widow? To the old butler, he probably looked well-muscled and dangerous, with close-cropped dark hair and the edge of a tattoo peeking from the collar of his white shirt. Evelyn apparently caught the look.

"Relax, Thomas. My husband always spoke highly of Mr. Preston."

Thomas hesitated just a moment. "Very well, ma'am." He left.

James came in and stood in front of the desk. She looked up at him and said, "Yes, what did you want to see me about?"

He took the light blue envelope from the inside pocket of his dark blue sport coat and handed it over. "Your husband gave me this a few months ago, when he knew..." He trailed off. Her husband, Charles, had known for months he didn't have long to live. His wealth couldn't save him from cancer. She took the letter and studied the handwriting. Her eyes widened when she recognized it as Charles'. Her eyes flicked up to James' face.

"What's all this, then?"

"Your husband was worried about you. He wanted you to be taken care of, after he was gone."

She frowned. "And ... what? You're going to do that?"

He tipped his head. "If you'd like. I was asked by him personally to deliver this letter exactly two weeks after he passed away. He ordered me not to open it, and I haven't. But he did tell me that I was the best person he knew to help keep an eye out for you."

Evelyn raised her eyebrows. "Did he now?" She picked up a letter opener, slit the envelope and pulled out the single-page letter within. She began to read.

While she did, James studied her. He liked the way her tongue peeked out from her ruby red lips as she read and how her breasts swelled with emotion as they pressed against the blazer. Her hand came up to brush away some stray hairs from her forehead, and that small act made his cock twitch. He knew quite a bit about her—a lot more than he had let on. Charles was a smart man and he realized that once he was gone, she'd be vulnerable to any con man or charlatan who came along. He wanted her to be protected, yes, but he also wanted her to get what she needed. That was where James came in. Charles had recognized in James a kindred spirit. They had become friends over the last two years, even before he knew he was dying. After his diagnosis, Charles had tried to set up the company to continue smoothly after he had passed on.

But how to prepare his wife for losing her man?

Charles had been nearly twenty years older than his "trophy wife" and had known this day would come, but he had not been prepared for it to happen so quickly. His plans had to be adjusted on the fly and he had sought out James for a rather delicate matter. Hence, the letter.

He watched as she read it, her eyebrows frowning. She looked up, "I'm not sure I understand."

"It is as he said. He's worried about you. He's afraid men might take advantage of you."

"So he's going to protect me from the grave by sending you? And what if I don't want your help?"

"That's your prerogative," he said. "The letter, as I've been told, is merely a suggestion. He loved you very much and he only had your best interests in mind."

"Yes, and I loved him."

He saw a glint in her eyes and she turned away to blink back tears. When she turned back, she was back under control. "This is most impertinent of him. And you."

"I was asked to do your husband a favor, a dying wish, if you will." He stepped around the desk and approached her. She seemed to shrink back in the chair. As he had guessed, she had on a mid-thigh-length black skirt and black stockings. "If you ask me to leave, of course I will. But your husband chose me for a reason, don't you think?"

She stared up at him, her lower lip trembling. Her hands shook as she dropped the letter on the desk. "What are you doing?"

James knew the real question she wanted to ask was: How much did he tell you? He decided to answer that one, instead.

"He told me quite a bit about you."

She froze. "Yes?" Her eyes flicked back to the letter.

"Yes. I realize this is sudden. I'm not here to make you uncomfortable. In fact, quite the opposite. I'm here to make



sure you get what you need and that no one takes advantage of you."

"But..." She licked her lovely lips. "But who will protect me from you?"

"Do you feel you are in danger?"

He gave her an open, honest look while she studied him. They had met once before—Charles had seen to that. He had invited James home for dinner one night and they had passed a pleasant evening. Charles had introduced him as his "travel planner" and James had done his best to charm Evelyn and make her feel comfortable around him. It apparently had worked.

"No, I guess I don't. I mean, if Charles thinks you're trustworthy..."

"I had a lovely time at dinner that night. You were a gracious and beautiful hostess."

She seemed flattered by that and she relaxed a bit. "Still, for Charles to send you like this..."

"He had his reasons. May I show you?" He reached down and grabbed her upper right arm without waiting for permission. She gasped.

He pulled her up out of the chair as if she weighed nothing and turned her around to face the desk. He pressed her thighs up against it. She struggled.

"Let me go! What are you doing?"

His hand stole under her skirt and he noted at once she was wearing stockings with a garter belt. His hand rose up until he touched her bare pussy. No panties, just as Charles had said.

"She hasn't worn panties in ten years," he had told James one day while they were sitting in his office, sipping brandy. "That's because I don't let her."

"Stop it!" Evelyn hissed, struggling against him. "I'll call Thomas."

"I think you just sent Thomas away, didn't you?" James wondered if she had done it on purpose. For all he knew, Charles had told her to expect him.

He held her easily against the desk, his fingers exploring her. She was already getting wet. He slipped two fingers into her hot core. She gasped again and tried to slap his arm away. He held her tightly with his other arm and said, with steel in his voice, "Spread your legs."

"God," she said, but she obeyed him, as Charles said she would.

"She needs a firm hand," Charles had told him on more than one occasion. "But only from the right man. Once I'm gone, she'll be vulnerable to every abuser or smooth-talker who comes along. I don't want her to be hurt, not emotionally, I mean." He had smiled. "Of course, she likes a little bit of hurt—but I'm sure you know the type."

James had known the type. And he understood completely Charles' concerns. He had agreed to help out. He had been looking forward to this moment ever since he'd been invited to dinner.

He used his body to bend her over the desktop on her elbows until her face was hovering just over Charles' letter. His fingers continued to torment her, making her wetter despite her embarrassment. Charles had filled him in on what

turned her on and the firm application of sexual force was one of them.

"It's not rape, you understand," Charles' voice came back to him now as Evelyn wiggled underneath him. "She wants that delicious feeling of letting go—she just doesn't want to admit it. Catholic upbringing, you see."

James' fingers were very wet now and she was gasping, trying not to show her arousal. Fat chance. He stroked his fingers in and out until she was ready to come. Any resistance she had crumbled and she sank against the desk, her breathing quickening now as she prepared for her sweet release. Then he stopped and pulled his fingers away.

"I hope you shaved," he said and she froze.

"How... how did you...?"

In answer, James moved his wet fingers up to her mound. He immediately felt the hairy stubble there. "Ohhh, that's not right," he said. "Your husband's barely gone and you've already disobeyed his orders?"

"But... but..." She paused and her voice returned in a whisper. "How much did he tell you?"

"Enough." He pulled his hand from underneath her and sat down in her chair, bringing her over his lap in one smooth motion.

"Hey!"

He lifted her skirt and began to spank her bare bottom framed by the black garter belt and stockings. It quickly turned pink, then red. She screamed and squirmed under him for a few seconds, then went still and accepted her punishment, as if she knew she deserved it. The only sounds

in the room were the slap of his hand and guttural noises forced from Evelyn's throat.

When he stopped, his fingers went down to her pussy and came away very wet. He pushed her off his lap, showed her his fingers and said, "You know what to do."

She rose on her knees, opened her mouth like a baby bird's and took his fingers inside, sucking off her own juices. She eyed him warily and hungrily, both at the same time. It made his cock harder.

"Now," he said, putting her carefully back on her feet, suit in disarray, her eyes wild, "I want you to go upstairs to your bathroom, fetch your razor, shaving cream and a warm wet hand towel. I will help you shave your pussy clean."

Her mouth dropped open and she started to protest. But all James had to do was raise his right hand a little and she scurried off to obey.

"Oh and Evelyn," he said as she reached the door. She turned. "Your late husband told me to tell you your mourning period ends today. I want you to put on his favorite dress."

Her mouth made a little O and she stared at him as if to ask him how he knew what Charles liked. One glance at the letter still on the desk told her everything she needed to know and she nodded once and hurried out.

James picked up the letter and began to read:

My dear Evelyn:

I know you are very sad right now and probably wondering how you're going to get through the next few days, let alone weeks and months. I'm so sorry I couldn't stay longer in your life. I deeply loved you and all that we shared together.

I've asked James Preston to look out for you and to protect you. He's a good man—I trust him. Please extend some courtesy to him and give him a chance. If you like him, I would think he'd make an excellent personal assistant for you.

Love always,  
Charles

He smiled. Personal assistant. He liked that. He put the letter back and leaned back in the chair and put his feet up on the desk, thinking how lucky he was to have Charles recognize a fellow Dominant in him.

Perhaps it was the vibe we give off, he mused. Submissive women certainly can sense it. Look at Evelyn—I hadn't been in her presence more than two minutes before I had my fingers in her privates!

And now she was rushing upstairs to bring him equipment so he could shave her pussy! James wondered what Charles' favorite dress looked like—he hadn't told him. He had only suggested he order her to wear it for him and had smiled enigmatically. Now James was about to find out.

He waited ten minutes before he heard her footsteps approaching. He put his feet down and watched the door. When it opened, he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing. Evelyn had on a French maid's outfit, complete with cap and frilly apron! The bodice pushed up her breasts, making them spill out over the top and he could see the edges of her nipples. The skirt was very short, coming down to maybe an inch below her pussy. She still had on the black stockings and garter belt.

She paused inside the door and said, "Is this all right?"

"Yes," he managed to say with a straight face. "I can see why Charles loved it."

She came forward, carrying the equipment in her hands. She had been unable to close the door behind her, so he got up and told her to climb onto the desk while he closed it. When he returned, Evelyn was already leaning back, propped up on her elbows, facing the chair and waiting nervously.

James nodded his approval. Without a word, he sat down and drew the chair up close until his face was just a few inches away from her tiny skirt. Roughly, he pushed her legs apart and noted she obeyed at once. He eased up the hem of the skirt, exposing more of her. She made a small noise in her throat and turned away.

"Don't do that! Look at me," he barked.

Her eyes returned, a little wider now. He noted with satisfaction she kept her eyes on him while he rubbed her pussy down with the damp towel. "Lots of stubble here. I'm surprised you'd let it go like this," he said.

"Uh..." She didn't seem to know what to say.

"What was that?"

"Uh, well, my husband was dead—my... my, uh, hair was the last thing I thought about."

"He told me you might say that." Actually, he had told James no such thing, but from her expression, she believed he had. One thing he had told him was what to find in the bottom drawer of Charles' desk. He opened it now and heard her catch her breath.

He pulled out the twelve-inch riding crop with the small leather flap and held it up. Her mouth dropped open again. She was easily shocked.

"Now," he said. "What do you think Charles would do if he found you hadn't shaved?"

"Oh god," she said in a small voice.

"What was that?"

"Uh, Charles, uh, Charles would ... spank me."

"Where would he have spanked you?"

"On...on my... oh god! On my uh, vagina."

He laughed. "Is that what he would've called it?"

"Uh, no."

"Say it."

Her eyes locked onto his. "P-p-pussy."

"That's right." He gave her pussy a light slap and she jerked and bit her lip. "And how many times would he have spanked you?"

"Uh..." James could see the wheels turning in her head—just how much had Charles told him? She apparently decided to lie. "Not many—maybe five?" She said it like a question.

He put the crop down and picked up the shaving cream. Evelyn looked relieved until he said, "I was going to give you ten quick slaps right now. For lying, I'm going to double it—after I shave you and make your pussy extra sensitive."

"Oh god!" She tried to move her legs together and he slapped her pussy with the bare fingers of his left hand. She gasped again.

"Don't lie to me again."

"Yes, sir," she said and James knew he had her. She was beginning to drop back into her submissive state.

He spread the shaving cream over her mound and made sure to smear some along both sides of her labia. He knew it was embarrassing her no end. He picked up the razor and began to shave, starting at the top and working down, using the damp towel to wipe off the blade. Evelyn lay still, not daring to move while he denuded her most private part. He had to tug at her labia to shave on the sides and he glanced up at one point to see her face bright pink, her lower red lip pinched in her teeth.

When he was finished, he put down the razor and wiped her clean. He picked up the crop. She whimpered, "I'm sorry, sir."

"Consider this a learning experience. Now, brace yourself. I'm sure you know what will happen if you try to close your legs."

She nodded and James spotted a tear flowing from her left eye. He swished the crop in the air a few times. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," she said in that small, little-girl voice.

"You know what to do." He slapped her medium-hard, right on her clit.

Evelyn yelped and said, "One sir, I deserve another!"

He smiled. He began to slap her pussy, moving up to the top of her mound and down to the labia, turning his elbow up when he needed to strike her straight on. The blows increased in intensity. Her pussy quickly grew pink, then red. After each blow, she squealed and counted out her cadence, her hips



jerking and tears flowing. He knew she was cursing herself for lying to him about the number of strokes and she'd never do it again. Charles had warned him about that too.

"You have to establish control quickly," he had told him. "Or she might not accept you as my substitute. You must treat her as I would treat her—later you can add your own twists."

"Nineteen, sir! Please, I deserve another!" Evelyn was begging him with her eyes to go easy.

And he did. The last blow was medium-hard, which she gratefully accepted.

He put the crop down. "Now, what do you say?"

"Oh, thank you, sir, for showing me the error of my ways!" Her words rushed together and her tears continued to flow down her cheeks.

He blew on her sore pussy and she settled down, enjoying the attention. James could see her pussy weeping with need and pain. She was extremely turned on right now.

"What would Charles do right now?"

"Uh, he would make love to me, sir, or sometimes he'd make me masturbate." She confessed quickly, not trying to hide anything from him. Good.

"I don't think you deserve a fucking yet, do you?"

"Uh, no sir." She seemed torn about that and James knew why. Her body craved it, but her mind was still reeling from James' sudden intrusion into her life.

James reached back into the bottom drawer and pulled out a dildo. "Then why don't you put on a nice show for me?"

As much as he wanted to fuck her, he had to humiliate her first to complete his takeover as the new Charles. Forcing her to masturbate while he watched would only heighten his power. And she would have to finish before Thomas returned. Thomas, James knew, had been with Charles ever since he had been a young man and now that Charles was gone, the old butler probably felt he was the new man of the house. He had to be convinced as much as Evelyn how things were going to be now.

She took the dildo and leaned all the way back until she rested flat on the desk and began to rub the tip against her wet pussy, wincing whenever she strayed from her clit. Of course, her clit was probably pretty sore too, so it would probably take her a long time to climax. James eased back in his chair and watched, a slight smile on his lips. The sight before him was magnificent—Evelyn splayed out in her silly outfit, her knees nearly touching the desk, her pussy spasming as she worked the dildo in and out in a desperate effort to come.

He couldn't stand it anymore and unzipped his pants and let his hard cock spring out. He gently rubbed it while he watched, wondering if he should go ahead and come or save himself for later. He looked up to see her staring at his firm member.

"Oh!" Her orgasm seemed to be building within her, which James took as another good sign. He watched her hips jerk and he felt himself growing harder in his fist. "Oh!"

She climbed up toward her climax and he tugged at his cock but did not come. It was hard not to. As her cries

increased in intensity, her hips began to jerk in rhythm with his thrusts and soon she seemed to forget James was there. The dildo disappeared within her as she thrust it more violently inside her. Another clue about how she liked her sex, James thought.

"OH MY GOD!" she cried suddenly and clamped her legs together over her hand that held the toy.

He gave her a few minutes to calm down before he said, "Clean it off."

She put it into her mouth at once and licked it clean. Her pussy seemed red and swollen and was still very wet. He took the dildo from her and put it and the riding crop back into the drawer. She pushed herself upright and watched him, waiting for instructions. Her eyes kept flicking to his unzipped pants.

James let her see his cock, like a rude visitor, for a few more seconds before he zipped up. It wasn't easy. He wanted nothing more than to make her suck him off or fuck her, but that would take a little more time. His cock softened slightly in disappointment.

"Very good. Stand up, let me see this outfit up close now."

She stood, moving slightly from one hip to the other, offering her simpering French maid persona to him. James noticed how her juices shone on her upper thighs and her pussy was barely out of view. If she bent over, say, to dust, he would see everything.

"Do you have a duster?"

She nodded. "In the bottom left-hand drawer."

He opened it and pulled it out. It was an old-fashioned feather duster. He handed it to her and she went around the

room, dusting, making sure to bend over and show him her bottom often, as no doubt Charles had made her do. It was enough to make him hard again.

"Come here."

She returned and he took the duster from her and put it away.

"How many times did Charles fuck you before he got sick?"

"Th-that's pretty personal!"

James pulled up her dress and gave her sore pussy a quick slap.

She gasped. "Uh, maybe once a week."

Typical, James thought. The guy was getting old, after all. He'd been sixty-four when he died. So he had played little sex games to get himself in the mood for his one shot of the week. Once it got sick, his lovemaking would've dropped off even more.

He pulled his hand away. "Was that enough sex for you?"

She hesitated and James bent down and opened up the right-hand drawer again.

"No," she said quickly. "It wasn't. But I loved him, so it was okay."

He closed the drawer. "Did you take any lovers, either with or without his approval?"

Evelyn looked shocked. "NO! I would never to that! Charles didn't like that."

He nodded. Okay, so Charles wasn't into sharing. Fine with him. But sometimes, a woman can only truly experience her submission if she is forced to have sex with someone her

Dom tells her to. It was a technique he had used before. He decided to keep it in his back pocket for now.

As silly as he thought the French maid outfit was, he knew he had to tread carefully around it. If he mocked it, that would change her attitude toward him. But he had no desire to see her dusting the furniture in it. He wondered if she did that when Thomas was around.

"Did Charles make you dust in front of Thomas?"

She shook her head. "No. Only when he was off, which was Tuesdays, or when he was out running an errand."

"How old is he, anyway?"

"Seventy-five, I think."

"Do you plan to keep him on the payroll?"

"Of course! I could never fire Thomas."

James nodded. He didn't really want the creepy old guy around, but he wasn't going to rock the boat. Maybe he could bring him over to his side.

"What about a maid—do you have one? I mean, besides you." He gave her a wry smile.

"Well, we have a service, comes in once a week, on Fridays. Charles didn't like a lot of people around."

"Good."

He thought about where to go from there. He felt good about events so far, but he wasn't Charles and Evelyn was keenly aware of it. He would have to move slowly and show her he really was there to protect her and not exploit her.

"Sir?"

He shook himself out of his thoughts. "Yes?"

"What are your intentions? Are you going to ... uh, move in here?"

"Maybe. Only if you want me to be your personal assistant. Charles made it very clear that he wanted you to make that decision." And once she did, it would be her last one. "Until you do, I have a place in town and I can come by every day to check on you."

"Check on me?" She wondered if that meant, spank her, fuck her, dress her up?

"Yes. I think we need to get to know each other better, don't you?"

She nodded and bit her lip, no doubt thinking he already knew her intimately. "What if I ...uh, decide I don't want you to be my personal assistant?"

"Then I'll leave you forever. But Charles was worried about who might step in. You have controlling interest in the company now and some sharp businessman might try to seduce you in order to gain an advantage, you see."

"Why didn't he tell me he was doing this?"

It was an excellent question. "He believed you would reject me out of hand if I was presented to you in that way. He wanted you to get to know me after he had gone, when you might be more receptive."

She nodded. "I'll think about it."

"That's all I can ask." He heard the noise of approaching cars coming up the driveway. He stepped to the window and watched as Thomas drove up in the black Lincoln, a blue Mercedes right behind. They drove into the four-car garage. James turned to Evelyn.

"You'd better go change. I'll leave you to explain to the butler and the chauffeur what my role will be. If you like, you can tell them Charles hired me temporarily to look after your affairs."

Evelyn seemed to accept that explanation. "Okay."

He came forward and held her upper arms and looked deep into her eyes. "I know all this is sudden. But you should know that Charles only wanted what was best for you."

"Uh huh."

He let her go and she ran upstairs to change. When James looked around, he noticed the shaving cream, razor and towel were still on the desktop. He quickly put them away before he left. On his way out, he passed Thomas coming in. The man frowned.

"Is everything all right, sir?" he asked, and James knew he meant, Is everything all right with the misses?

"Yes, everything is fine, Thomas." He left without another word.

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## Chapter Two

He showed up the next day at ten and Thomas let him in. He pursed his lips in distaste and he said, "Yes, Mrs. Rothschild said you would be returning. May I ask what your intentions are, sir?"

James ignored the question. "Can you tell me where I might find Evelyn?"

The old butler sputtered. "Really, sir, I must express my concern over Mrs.— "

He raised a hand, cutting him off. "Didn't she explain? Charles asked me personally to check on Evelyn, all right?"

Thomas nodded doubtfully. "Yes, that's what she said, but..." He seemed to realize he had overstepped his bounds. "Very well, sir. If you will follow me." He led James to a sunroom at the back of the house where Evelyn was sitting on a chaise lounge, wearing a silk robe, a cup of coffee by her side.

"Ma'am, James Preston to see you again."

"Oh, yes!" She looked up, startled, a flush creeping up from her neck. "Uh, that will be all, Thomas."

"Very well, ma'am." He retreated.

James watched him go and knew he was very protective of Evelyn. Surely he must've known what had gone on between Charles and his trophy wife. No doubt he suspected that James was another Dom and felt helpless to stop the takeover of his mistress.



"Hello, Evelyn," he said, bending down to take her hand and kiss it.

"Uh, hello. Would you like some coffee?" She indicated the silver carafe.

James nodded and she poured him a second cup. He noted that she had a clean one ready, in case he showed up. Nice.

She handed him the cup and he sat at a small wicker chair across from her. "Now, about yesterday..." she began.

James cut her off—it wouldn't do to let her gain the upper hand. "Let's skip the denials, shall we? Charles and I had long talks about you. He told me just about everything."

Her face went pale except for two red splotches on her cheekbones. "But why..."

"He did it because he loved you. And he knew how hard it would be when he was gone, even though you had more than a year to get ready for it. He recognized in me a similar type of man. I'm not here to replace Charles, you understand—no one can do that. I'm here to help you get through the next few months. If you find another good man like Charles, I'll fade away," he added, thinking: fat chance.

"My husband said you would be my 'personal assistant.' Did he mean...?"

"Yes. Someone who fulfills that yawning need in you. He said it would help you cope. Was he wrong?"

Evelyn bit her lip. "Uh... I don't know. I'm just not sure..."

"About me?"

"Yes. It's all rather sudden, you understand."

He nodded. "Did you shave this morning?"

She gasped and straightened up in her chair. "That's none of your business!"

He reached forward and flipped the lower edges of the robe away. She was naked underneath. She tried to grab the edges of the robe and pull them together but his hand had already slipped in and touched her smooth mound.

He smiled. "So you did shave."

She tried to push his hand away but he didn't move it and soon she gave up. He kept rubbing his fingers over her smooth mound until she said, "Yes," softly.

He pulled his hand away and picked up his cup and took a sip. "Good. Charles would be pleased." What he was really saying, of course, was: I am pleased.

Her hand shook when she raised her cup to her lips. She eyed him warily. "Are you, uh, going to do everything Charles did?" Unspoken was the question: Are you going to make love to me?

James nodded. "But only if you want me to be your personal assistant. Charles wanted you to be asked. He said you'd understand why."

Evelyn nodded. "Yes, I think I do." She paused and took another sip. "What does a personal assistant do, anyway—I mean, in your opinion?"

"He helps you prepare for your day. He handles those annoying chores that you might find distasteful or boring and he insulates you from the greedy bastards who want your money or Charles' business. He was very insistent about those last points."

She nodded thoughtfully. Charles had told James she liked being protected from the outside world. In the two weeks since he had died, she must've had to deal with a million details and probably felt, right about now, that having someone to handle those chores sounded pretty darn good.

"When you say, 'prepare me for my day'— what do you mean, exactly?"

Charles had always done this for Evelyn before, helping her with the intimate details of her morning routine and selecting her outfits. James knew she was asking him if he expected to take over those duties and how that might work. She wasn't quite ready to give herself over to this near-stranger, even if her husband had apparently recommended him.

"I would be respectful of your personal space," he told her. "I merely want to help you with those annoying little details that Charles took care of. I am not your lover—Charles was. I would not presume to fill that role." Yet, he thought. "I am here to smooth your way during this difficult period."

"But you were ... rather disrespectful of my personal space yesterday, don't you think?"

"I felt it was important so you could see just who I was and why your husband chose me. It wasn't disrespectful to your husband's memory, was it, knowing his wishes?"

"No, I suppose it wasn't."

"That is why I'm here. Consider me your husband's surrogate, if you will. A pale imitation, to be sure, but it was his last wish that the woman he loved so much be protected, that's all."

"And how would you protect me in business matters?"

James knew this was a key point. Charles had realized she might have difficulty making certain decisions because she had not been privy to all the details.

"Charles made sure to bring me in when he was making critical decisions so that I would know his thinking in such matters. He did not want to bother you with it during his last difficult months. So you could think of me as his voice, giving you advice on what Charles may have wanted. It might help you keep the bastards from gutting his company."

She took in a long breath. "Very well. Since my husband seemed to think you would be helpful, I'll allow you to be my personal assistant on a trial basis. Say, one week?"

He nodded. "I'm sure you'll be pleased."

This was a dangerous time. He had to make sure she didn't start thinking of him as just another house servant, to do her bidding. He had to establish control, just as he did yesterday.

"Very well, then. Let's go upstairs and get you dressed, shall we?" He stood up and helped her to her feet.

"But I haven't finished my coffee!"

"Bring it with you. It's already after ten—don't you have a board meeting today?"

"Uh, I'm supposed to attend a board meeting at two, but only if I'm up for it, they said. I may not go."

"Nonsense. They might be plotting something behind your back. Charles would want you to go."

She took her cup with her and led him into the main house.

Thomas was hovering in the living room and he seemed alarmed. "Everything all right, ma'am?"

"Yes, Thomas, I'm fine. I'm, uh, hiring James here to be my personal assistant for a little while. He will be helping me deal with some business matters."

Thomas gave a little bow, but his body language said he did not approve. "Very well, ma'am."

She handed Thomas her empty cup. As they went up the stairs, Evelyn turned to him. "We did not discuss salary..."

James waved a hand. "Charles took care of that... before..."

"Oh!"

He knew that would only reinforce his position as her husband's substitute. She led him down the hallway to the master bedroom and through the double doors. The room was huge, with windows overlooking the garden. A large, four-poster bed dominated the room, and there were three dressers along the walls. James could see doors leading to the master bath and closets. He resisted the urge to whistle.

"So you've showered already?"

"Uh, yes, when I got up. But I just couldn't face getting dressed yet, you know."

"Of course. I realize how hard this must be for you." He went to a door and opened it.

"Oh! That's Charles' closet. Mine's over there."

James closed the door and opened the other one. It was larger than some New York apartments. He stepped inside and began looking through her outfits. She came forward and

paused in the doorway, unsure about him pawing through her clothes.

He turned toward her. "Take off your clothes and I'll find you something good to wear."

"My..."

He frowned. "I'm your personal assistant. I've already seen your body, well, most of it. You have no secrets from me. Didn't Charles do all this for you?"

"But he was my husband!"

"Yes, but this still needs to be done, doesn't it? Would you rather ask Thomas to pick out your clothes?"

She gave a small bark of a laugh. "Thomas? No way. I'll just do it myself."

James smiled. "Well, I'm sure it must be strange to have to make that annoying decision after so many years. That's why I'm here. Now take off your clothes, please." His voice took on a dominant tone. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched as she untied the belt and hesitated, holding the edges of the robe together. He pulled a nice dark blue business suit from the rack and turned.

"This will do nicely." He frowned. "You're not undressed."

"Uh..." Her hands fluttered around her robe. He knew she was unsure about being completely exposed to him.

"Very well." Carrying her suit in one hand, James walked by her and grabbed her wrist, pulling him along with him. She gave a little cry but followed without resistance. Her robe flapped open. He carefully draped the outfit over the end of the bed and sat down in the middle, tugging her over his lap. Now she began to struggle.

He gave her a slap on her bottom through the thin robe.  
"Now, what would Charles do, if you disobeyed him like that?"

"But ... you're not Charles!"

"No, of course not, but he wouldn't want you to backslide, would he?" He used the term "backslide" on purpose, as it was a term Charles had often used with her to keep her training moving forward. Backsliding became the worst thing that she could do and would be punished severely for it.

Evelyn gasped and turned her head to look up at him, her eyes showing her confusion. He slapped her bottom again and she jerked. At that moment, he saw the submission in her eyes and she turned away and seemed to raise her bottom up for him. James gave her twenty spanks, medium-hard, right through her silk robe.

When he was done, she was panting. He pulled the hem of her robe up over her bottom and ran his middle finger between her legs. He noted how she widened her thighs slightly to help him. She was very wet and he tsked.

"Look at how wet you are. What would Charles do now?"

"He... uh... he'd make me come," she gasped.

"Do you want me to make you come?"

"Yes, please."

"Are you going to be a good girl from now on?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir."

He smiled. His hand returned to her pussy and rubbed her clit. It didn't take long. Within thirty seconds, she stiffened

and climaxed. He pressed his hand flat against her pussy and waited for her to calm down.

"Would you like another?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

"What will you do for me?" His cock was aching in his pants.

"What?"

"I said, what will you do for me?"

"Uh, what do you want?"

"I want my cock sucked." He pushed her off his lap and unzipped. His hard cock sprung out.

Evelyn's eyes were wide as she stared at it. She looked from it to him and back again. "But, sir..."

"And I want you naked first."

That seemed to push her over the edge into obedience. She stood and stripped off her robe before dropping to her knees between his legs. Grasping his hard tool, she bent down and took it into her sweet mouth.

It was heavenly. She was a very well-trained cock-sucker. He silently thanked Charles for that. She was able to put aside her doubts and just perform. Within minutes, he was ready to squirt.

"I'm coming," he warned. "Don't spill any."

She dove down on his shaft just as he erupted, squirting his seed deep into her throat. "Ohhh," he groaned, feeling absolutely wonderful.

When she pulled back, she had swallowed every drop and smiled up at him. He admired her naked breasts, reaching out



to fondle her nipples. She didn't move and simply allowed the intimacy.

"Now, I think I owe you another orgasm," he said and she nodded and started to climb back over his lap.

"This time, I want you face up," he told her. "Get on the bed."

Her eyes questioned him but she obeyed. The lure of a second climax was too much to resist. She lay on her back and he climbed up next to her. He moved the suit to give him more room and looked into her eyes while his hand stole down between her legs. She closed her eyes and once and he barked, "No! Keep your eyes open. I want you to look at me when you come."

"God," she whispered in a barely audible voice, but she kept her eyes open while he stroked her.

She was primed to come again although having her watch his face made it take longer. But soon, she started getting into the rhythm of his strokes and her hips thrust with him. By looking into her eyes, he was cementing his dominance over her. Watching a woman come was just one step away from fucking her and she knew it. She tried to resist, but the barriers were almost all down and soon she was climbing up to the heavens, little noises escaping from her throat.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"That's it, baby, come for me," he said and she peaked and shivered as her orgasm overtook her.

"OH GOD!" Evelyn pressed his hand tightly against her wet pussy and shuddered. He bent down and gently sucked an

erect nipple into his mouth and gave it a little nip, which he knew was something Charles did.

"OH GOD!" she cried again.

He pulled away and let her come down from her high. He got up and checked the time. Just after eleven. Evelyn didn't have to be at the meeting until two, so he had plenty of time. Still, he wanted her dressed and ready to go—with his modifications to her outfit, of course. First, he needed his own clothes.

He helped her to her feet—she was still a bit out of it—and said, "I need you to ask Thomas to fetch my bag. It's in my car."

"Oh!" She steadied herself and reached for her robe. James slapped her hand away.

"I didn't say to get dressed."

"But I can't talk to Thomas naked!"

"Has he ever seen you naked before?"

"No! I mean, not on purpose! Charles wouldn't allow it."

"Really?" That would have to change. The humiliation would help her training. "You can hide behind the door while you talk to him." James knew it would show Thomas that the mistress of the house was naked with this new man, which would tell him a lot.

"Please! Don't make me!"

Without a word, he took her back down over his knee and began to spank her.

"Okay! Okay! I'll do it!"

He let her go. She rubbed her ass and pouted, but she went to the phone and called Thomas on the intercom.

"Thomas? Would you bring Mr. Preston's bag upstairs for me? Yes, it's in his car. Thank you." She hung up. "God! I'm going to be so embarrassed! What will he think of me, spoiling my husband's memory like this!"

"Your husband asked me to be here," James reminded her.

They waited for a few minutes before a knock came at the door. "I have the bag, ma'am," Thomas said.

James got up and made sure he was in line of sight to the door. He was still fully dressed. Evelyn, her naked back to him, hid behind the door as she opened it a crack and peered out. James saw Thomas' eyes flick up to spot him there and he frowned ever so slightly. The bag was too wide to fit through the door so Evelyn had to widen it and grab it, but not before it was obvious to him she was naked. His eyes registered his surprise.

"Thank you, Thomas," she said quickly and closed the door in his face. She turned to James. "God! He saw me!"

"You can tell him later about our arrangement with Charles, if you like. But really, it's none of his business." He stepped forward and took the bag. "Now I have something in here for you.

A gift."

She watched as he placed the bag on the bed and opened it. He rummaged through his clothes, taking out shirts and pants and putting them to the side, until he found what he was looking for. It was a dildo with a strap attached. She frowned.

"That's your gift?"

"Yes. Come, let's try it on." He waved at her and she came forward warily. He bent down and slid the dildo up inside her wet and reddened pussy. She gasped from the size of it.

"It's too big!"

"Nonsense. Charles helped me pick it out." Actually, that wasn't true, but it sounded good. Once the dildo was in place, he pulled the straps tight and fastened them around her waist. The leather strap ran from front to rear, scraping against her clit and asshole. She wiggled her hips.

"This isn't very comfortable. I don't like it."

"It's to remind you of some of the games you used to play with Charles," he said.

Her mouth came open. "He... he told you?"

"Of course."

"Now, shall we get you dressed?"

"I can't go to my meeting like this!"

"Sure you can. And you will." He went to her underwear drawer and pulled out a sexy pink bra. He returned to his bag and found a new pair of French cut panties, also in pink. He brought the panties on purpose, to create a distinction between him and Charles. He tossed them to her. "Put those on."

Evelyn did, her eyes questioning him, but she said nothing. He handed her the dark blue blazer and she slipped it on. "I usually wear this with a camisole top or a blouse," she said.

"It's a warm day, it will be fine." He gave her the matching skirt and she put it on. It was knee-length and once she had it in place, she looked respectable, although her upper chest was bare between the lapels of the blazer.

"I need stockings!"

"Very well." He stepped forward and unzipped her skirt and helped her step out of it. He noticed her panties were already wet in the crotch. She sat on the edge of the bed while he found a black garter belt and a pair of thigh-high stockings. He bent down and helped her put them on. Her mouth came open while he was easing one leg of the stockings up and he saw the wet spot in her panties had grown.

He stood her up and fastened the stockings in place. "Now, is that better?"

Evelyn nodded. James found the skirt and helped her step into it. When she was done, she looked great. "Now, your makeup," he said and gave her a pat on the bottom and sent her into the bathroom.

When she was inside, he called out, "Where should I put my stuff?"

"W-what?"

"My stuff? What room do you want to give me?" He came to the door of the bathroom. "I'm assuming you don't want me to sleep with you!"

"No, no I don't. Uh, there's a guest room down the hall. Two doors down on the left."

"Good." He stacked his clothes into the bag and carried it down the hall. He found the room and laid his suitcase on the bed. He returned and peeked into the room between hers and his and found it was a bathroom. Good. He went back to the room and unpacked his bag, putting his clothes away and his toiletries in the bathroom.

Thomas came up the stairs while he was finishing up and seemed startled. "Sir?"

He turned. "Yes, Thomas?"

"Are ... are you moving in?"

"For a little while," he said. He expected it would be for a lot longer but he didn't want Thomas to worry too much.

"Mrs. Rothschild needs my help during this difficult period."

"I'll bet she does," he muttered and turned on his heel and retreated downstairs.

James went back to his room and stripped off his clothes. He pulled out a clean white shirt and slipped it on. Taking his black suit from the closet, he put it on. Black shoes finished off his outfit. He checked himself in the mirror before leaving. He entered Evelyn's room without knocking. She was sitting on the bed, bent over, trying to adjust the straps across her pussy and ass. She looked up, startled. "You can't just come in here like that!"

"Of course I can. I'm your personal assistant." He helped her up and squatted down to make sure the straps were tight, but not too tight. She groaned.

"Please, make them looser."

"No, it's good where it is. Walk around a little; you'll find they loosen up some."

She did, her hips seemingly out of kilter and she almost stumbled. "I can't go out like this!"

"Charles asked me to do this—he said it would be a test."

Evelyn straightened up. "He said that?"

"Yes."

"A test of what?"

"He said you would know."

She frowned. "He never said anything to me about you."  
Her doubts were creeping back in.

"You saw his letter."

"Maybe you forged that."

James didn't bother to reply because he knew she recognized the handwriting. This was the last wish of her dying husband and although it seemed strange to have this demanding "personal assistant" around, she seemed willing to go along with it, for now. He knew he was pushing her submissive buttons. Her mind may not want him around, but her body did.

He knew she wasn't convinced yet. That would take more time. He was happy to go slow.

"Let's have some lunch before we go, all right?"

She nodded. She led the way down the stairs to the kitchen.

"I'm surprised you don't have a cook."

"Thomas cooks sometimes. And I like to cook. I don't mind—it's usually just me and Charles. Thomas always eats by himself."

"Good. Then you can make me something too." Once again, he wanted to make the distinction in her mind between Thomas, the hired help, and him, Charles' replacement. She seemed to accept it.

"Okay." She found some bread and sliced turkey in the fridge and made them both sandwiches. She poured two glasses of iced tea and sat down on the stool next to James,

grimacing at once. "Ow!" She stood up again and tugged at her crotch strap. "I can't sit down in this!"

"It takes some getting used to," he said, offering no other help.

After a while, she sat down again, wiggling her bottom around until it seemed more comfortable. They ate in silence. When they were done, he checked the time. A little before one.

"How long does it take to get to the office?"

"About forty-five minutes."

"Then we should go. We don't want you to be late for your first board meeting."

"Do I have to? I'm still in mourning."

James slapped her face, but not too hard, and she gasped and stared up at him. It was simply for shock value and to put her into her subspace. "Your mourning period ended yesterday, remember? It was your husband's wish that you get back into the flow of things by now."

"But I miss him so much!"

He softened his tone. "I know you do, Evelyn. I miss him too. But he specifically asked me not to let you wallow in your grief too long or it might become self-perpetuating."

She held her hand against her face. Slowly, she nodded.

"Good. Tell Paul to bring the car around."

"Are you going too?"

"Of course."

"But why? You can't be in the meeting with me."

"No, I can't. But you might need me before and after."



"Oh." She seemed to accept that and she went to the phone and called the garage. Paul had the Lincoln waiting when they stepped outside. Paul, a squat wide man with short dark hair, opened the rear door for Evelyn. James got in the front next to Paul. When he looked back, he saw Thomas, standing in the doorway of the mansion, staring after him. He waved.

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## **Chapter Three**

James waited in Charles' office for Evelyn. The office had not been touched, although Charles had not used it during the last three months of his life. No doubt there were many who coveted the space, but no one dared to make a move until they heard from Evelyn. James could tell that people were shocked to see her. Just by reading expressions, he guessed that some had been plotting one maneuver or another to ease her out, hoping she'd be too distracted by her grief to mount a resistance. Although she owned fifty-one percent of the company now, she was quite vulnerable. Perhaps some recognized the submissiveness in her and could plot ways to make her sign over a controlling interest and maybe fuck her besides.

No one was quite sure what to make of James. They knew he had worked with Charles during the last year, but he had quit shortly before the CEO's death. He had arrived and disappeared mysteriously and, suddenly, he was back in the company of Evelyn. It was off-putting to say the least.

That's just how James wanted it. Without him, she would be lost, a lamb among the lions. He meant to ensure that Charles' legacy and power lived on through her, even if he had to whisper directions in her ear.

"James Preston, right?" asked one of the board members, an oily man named Andrew Nelson, who spotted the two of them in the corridor. "What brings you here?" He had a fat face with thinning pale hair. He looked like the third

generation of wealth, the ones who always manage to screw up their grandfathers' legacies.

"I'm Mrs. Rothschild's personal assistant."

His piggy eyes widened but James offered no other explanation. Word spread quickly and he received a lot of strange looks, which he ignored.

She had been distracted by her dildo and did not appear to notice the rumblings. When they went into Charles' office shortly before the meeting and shoo'd everyone else out, he had told her what to expect.

"Look, they're all circling, trying to gain the upper hand. And if that's at your expense, that's fine with them. Whatever you do, don't make any decisions today. Just tell them you'd like to think about it, or ask them to put their proposal in writing and you'll have your lawyers go over it. Above all, you must act like you're in charge, even if you feel scared and lost in there."

"I do feel scared—and lonely." It was the first time she admitted she felt lost and James understood it was a significant moment.

"I know. That's what the dildo is for—to keep you focused. Think about the dildo in your pussy and how tight the strap is and whatever they are suggesting will seem less important in comparison. It will help you get mean when you need to."

She gave him a thin smile. "Really?"

"Yes. Trust me."

She nodded and he let her go to the meeting while he waited behind. He would have loved to listen in. Perhaps

something could be arranged later in that regard. Things would have to move slowly. It had only been one day.

She returned ninety minutes later, looking exhausted and irritable. She closed the door in someone's face, telling him, "Give me some time, dammit!"

She turned and leaned against the door. "You were right. They were like jackals in there."

He came forward and bent down, lifting up her skirt.

"What are you doing?"

He noted she made no attempt to stop him. "It's time to remove this—I thought you'd like that."

"Oh god yes." She didn't object as he eased her damp panties down her legs and let her step out of them. He paused for a moment to inhale the heady aroma of her arousal before tucking them into his suit pocket. He unclasped the leather strap and the dildo fairly exploded out of her pussy.

"Oh god, that feels—"

A knock came at the door.

"Just a minute," she cried out.

He took the dildo, cleaned it off with tissues, and slipped it into her purse as Evelyn smoothed her skirt around her. She checked with James and he took two steps back and nodded and she opened the door.

"I thought I asked not to be disturbed for a while," she said.

It was Nelson, James noticed. He looked from her to James and back again, trying to figure out if he had just caught

them doing something naughty or if his mind was simply being overactive. "Uh..." he began.

"Well? What's so bloody important that you have to bother me in my grief?"

James smiled. She was pitch-perfect.

"Uh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Rothschild, but I have that proposal you asked for." He handed her a folder.

She took it and said, "Thank you," and closed the door in his face. She turned to James. "Can you believe those people? Charles is barely dead and they are ready to strip the company and sell off the parts!"

"He warned me this would happen. And he said without my help, it would be hard for you to stand up to them."

"Well, he was right about that!" She came forward. "Thank you for being here. I didn't realize just how much I needed a personal assistant."

He dipped his head. "I'm at your service, ma'am."

She laughed at that.

"Now, I'd better have my panties back."

James shook his head. "They're too wet. I'll keep them for you."

"I can't walk out of here naked and wet under my skirt!"

"Sure you can. Charles didn't let you wear panties, did he?"

"God, I keep forgetting he told you everything. Fuck!"

He took one of her hands in his. "I don't think you fully appreciate what you have here. I'm your protector, your holder of secrets, your ally in your board room fights. Nothing you tell me and nothing Charles has already told me will ever

be shared with anyone else. Ever. I'm here to bounce ideas off of, to commiserate when you're feeling low, to help you organize when you need to preserve Charles' business."

"What if Nelson or someone like him offers you more money?"

"I'm not doing this for money. I'm doing this for Charles—and for you." And for me, too, he thought.

"So that's what a personal assistant is, huh?"

He smiled. "In this case, yes."

She fanned her skirt to help her dry off her hot, moist pussy. "What about other things that Charles did—will you be doing that as well?"

"That depends on you."

It seemed to be just the right answer. She smiled. "All right."

Evelyn called for the car and they left the city and returned to the mansion. Thomas could barely contain himself when he saw James was still with her. He waited until James went into the kitchen to grab a beer and he whispered. "Ma'am, are you sure about Mr. Preston? He seems, er, untrustworthy."

Evelyn looked him right in the eye. "James just saved me from perhaps making a big mistake in the board meeting today. He only has my best interests at heart. I've told you he was personally picked by Charles to be my personal assistant. If Charles trusted him, then so do I. So I expect you to give him the respect he deserves."

Thomas bowed. "Very well, ma'am." He retreated.

James came out, drinking the beer and acting innocent. He had heard her part of the conversation and was pleased.

"Would you like a beer? Some wine?"

"Not yet. I have to change out of these clothes."

He nodded and she headed up the stairs.

"Evelyn?"

She paused at the landing. "Yes?"

"I think you need a hand from your personal assistant."

She smiled. "Very well." Her hips swayed as she began to climb.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He put down his beer and followed her. Upstairs, as soon as the door was closed behind them, he didn't wait for an invitation. He grabbed her and pressed her up against the door and kissed her hard, his hand running underneath her skirt to touch her hot pussy. She was still wet, he noticed. She gasped with the suddenness of it, but did not try to push him away. He unzipped himself and thrust into her in one quick movement, drawing a throaty sound from her as she sank down on his cock.

He took her, hard and fast. It was an ownership of her and she knew it. If she had been expecting some gentle lovemaking, he wanted her to know he wasn't the type. He was in control, all the time. It excited her to be taken and she came almost at once. She hung on, gasping and crying out as he continued to pound her and she came again. The dildo in her pussy had inflamed her and now her personal assistant's cock was putting out the fires.

When at last he grunted and she felt his seed erupt into her, she came a third time and hugged him tightly. "Oh my god, that was good! Oh shit!"

"Now you know what a personal assistant can do," he told her.

"I don't think..." She trailed off.

"What?"

"I don't think my husband would approve. I mean, it's so soon!"

"This isn't about romance. I'm not your boyfriend. I'm your personal assistant. There's a big difference."

"Oh!" She pondered that information. "But it's so confusing!"

"I know. It will take a while to get used to it."

"So what happens if I start dating? You know, after several months or so."

"I will help you find a man who isn't after you because of your money or power." He held up a hand when he saw the doubt in her face. "That doesn't mean I'm going to be your dating service. I just mean I'm going to be there to give you my opinion as to his motives and do some research so you'll have more information. If you're determined to have a relationship with a man who isn't good for you, I won't stop you."

She nodded slowly and James continued, "It can be good to have another opinion, right?"

"Yes, I suppose it would be." She shook her head. "But this," she said, waving at their bodies, "can be confusing. Just how often are you going to ... take advantage of me?"



"Only when you need it. Think of it this way: When you were a teenager, there may have been times when you gave in to a boy because you became too excited. Later, you probably regretted it and wished you'd just masturbated instead. I'm that release you need to keep from making a bad decision."

"I never masturbated much when I was a girl. Maybe I should've."

"Why? Did you get into some trouble?"

She blushed. "That's none of your business."

He nodded. "Sure. But remember, I will never reveal any personal information. I believe that was the main reason Charles hired me."

"How can I be sure of that?"

"It will take time to earn your trust."

Evelyn straightened up. "Well, I'd better change into something more comfortable."

He nodded and went to the closet. She just stood there, in the middle of the room, waiting for him to decide what outfit she should wear. It was another important milestone. He selected a white, tennis outfit that would nice around the pool. She nodded her approval.

James helped undress her, being careful with her business suit, smoothing out the wrinkles as he hung it on the hanger, leaving her naked except for her pink bra. He noted she made no move to put on the outfit he had laid across the bed.

He returned and said, "A more casual bra, I think."

She nodded and unclasped it and handed it over. Now she was completely naked and did not seem to be embarrassed.

Fucking her had broken through that last barrier. He rummaged through her drawer, finding a soft white bra and handed it to her. She put it on without question.

"Now, I have another pair of panties for you."

"Really?" She seemed pleased.

He went down to his room and fetched a white pair of French cut panties from his drawer. He noted he only had one other pair left. Time to go shopping. He returned to her room and she nodded and smiled. She slipped them on.

She put on the tennis dress and checked herself in the mirror.

"How do I look?" Evelyn pirouetted.

"Very nice."

"But I have too much makeup on. I think I'll tone it down a bit."

"I'll go change and meet you downstairs."

He left and went to his room. He slipped on tan slacks and a dark blue polo shirt, and went downstairs to finish his beer. He grabbed his sunglasses from the counter and went outside to sit by the pool. It was a beautiful day. He sipped at the cool beverage and thought things were going well. He raised his bottle to the heavens and said a quiet thanks to Charles.

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## Chapter Four

It was time to use information provided by Charles to give Evelyn what she needed but dared not ask for. With Charles, she had been a complete submissive and James was sure she missed it. But how could she achieve that level of intimacy with another man? That had been the topic of many conversations with Charles. By revealing their secret games, Charles had given James the keys to unlocking the sexual slave within her.

It began innocently enough. James would simply enter her room whenever he wanted, never knocking. At first, she objected, but soon grew used to it when James ignored her protests. "I am your personal assistant," he would simply say as if that explained everything.

"Don't I have any privacy?"

"Not from me."

He'd come in when she was sleeping, or just stepping from the shower or, once, masturbating. That had drawn a squeal from her! But instead of allowing her to act shy around him, he simply took over for her fingers. Despite her protests, he soon brought her to a powerful climax.

"Oh my god! That was... that was... so embarrassing!"

"Which probably made it more exciting, right?"

Evelyn didn't respond but she didn't have to. Her expression gave her away. "James," she said after she calmed down. "This is all a bit much. You're treating me like... I don't know, a slut or something. I just buried my husband and I'm

not sure I'm ready to ... uh, do this stuff with another man. Not just yet."

"I'm only here to give you what you need, without guilt. It was your husband's wish."

"You keep saying that, but I don't think either one of you thought this through. Women are different. Men can just fuck around and no big deal, but we get... emotionally involved. We can't help it. And right now, I am feeling tremendous guilt."

James nodded. "Very well. We'll take it slower, okay?"

She seemed pleased to hear that. "Good. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take a shower and get dressed."

"Don't forget to shave."

She blushed. "That's what I'm talking about! Just give me a little space!"

He retreated, a bit worried. This wasn't going to be as easy as either of them had thought. She was right—for him to just step in and take over for Charles was a lot to ask of a woman. Perhaps he had been moving too fast.

He left her alone to shower and dress and went downstairs. He fixed himself a sandwich and ate it in the sunroom with a bottle of beer. Evelyn came down forty-five minutes later, looking refreshed.

"Hi," she said. "I feel better now."

"Good."

She rang a small bell and Thomas appeared. "Thomas, would you fix me a sandwich please? And a glass of iced tea." He nodded and she sat down next to James.

"How come you liked to be called James and never Jim or Jimmy?"

"I don't know, I just don't feel like a 'Jimmy.' Do I look like one?"

"No, you look... I don't know, like a tough guy. Not too many tough guys are named Jimmy, I guess."

He laughed. "Tough guy, huh? Maybe it's just the way I carry myself. I don't think of myself as particularly tough." This wasn't exactly true, but he didn't want to come off as a lout. He was tough, but also sensitive and smart in equal measure. It was the perfect combination to seduce women and train willing submissives.

"There's another board meeting on Friday," she said, changing the subject. "Apparently, there are some decisions that have to be made."

"Do you have all the proposals?"

She nodded. "I probably sound like a silly woman, but I don't understand the ramifications of all the decisions."

"Not at all—I'm sure they were designed to confuse you. Perhaps I can help."

"Really? You don't seem like the type who would ... be interested in that sort of thing." James guessed she almost said, "to understand that sort of thing."

He smiled. "I have an MBA from Wharton."

"You're kidding!"

"No. That's how I got the job with Charles."

"Wait—he said you were his 'travel planner'. Was that a lie?"

"A little white one. Actually, I was hired originally as an analyst, but Charles saw something in me that he liked, so he brought me into his inner circle as his, uh, personal assistant." He grinned.

"No!"

"Yes. That's how we got to talking about you, once he found out he was sick."

"I hope you didn't perform the same duties for him as you do for me!" She meant it as a joke, but James could sense her deep curiosity.

"Of course not. I simply handled those day-to-day chores that he didn't want to have to bother with. I did a lot of travel planning, of course, but I also did ... other things."

"Sounds like you were his secretary."

"Would a secretary arrange to have someone blackmailed?"

Her eyes went wide. "What?"

"When he had trouble with a business associate, he'd ask me to dig up some dirt, if I could. It helped smooth the way to close a deal."

"I never thought my husband did such things."

"Did you think he wasn't capable?"

"Oh, no, I knew he could be a very tough businessman, but I never knew to what lengths he would go."

"Now you know. And I only tell you things like this because your husband gave me permission. If he hadn't, I would never have said anything."

"So after he got sick, that's ... uh, when you two came up with this scheme to have you step in as a substitute Charles?"

James thought about that for a moment. "I know we..." He trailed off as Thomas approached with a tray.

"Your lunch, ma'am."

"Thank you, Thomas."

He hovered. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, thank you." He retreated.

She turned back to James. "You were saying?"

"I'm not a substitute for your husband. I know I fucked you the other day—but that was what you needed at that moment, you understand. I wasn't doing it in order to step in and try to be him."

"That's where it gets tricky. Women get very wrapped up in sex. It's a lot more to us than just fucking."

"Yes, and I apologize if it confused you."

"Yes, well..." She trailed off and began eating her sandwich.

They ate in silence for a few minutes. When she was finished, she said, "So you'll help me with those proposals? I would like to get a second opinion."

"Of course. It would be my pleasure."

The rest of the afternoon, they sat at the dining room table, booklets spread out across the surface. There were a dizzying array of issues that every board member seemed to think was vitally important. With James' help, he quickly separated out the "blue sky" ideas that could wait until later and narrowed the list down to two issues that did need immediate attention.

"First," he said, "there's the matter of the Mexican factory. Labor is cheaper there, yes, but the recent influx of drug

cartels are making the overall cost of doing business higher than in other, more secure locations. The board is asking you to either put up with the violence and increase security or shut the plant down and move it to Indonesia or China."

She nodded. "What would Charles do?"

"I think he'd take a third option, believe it or not. He was always about taking responsibility. He'd go to the Mexican government and tell them, flat out, that he's going to close the plant in three months unless they agree to fight the cartels and increase security for the plant to protect the workers. If they can't or won't, then follow through. If it works, it will save the company the costs of providing extra security or the costs of moving the factory."

"I like that! Let's do it."

James nodded. "Now this second one is more tricky. The board wants you to move company headquarters to the Bahamas. It would save a fortune in U.S. taxes—but it would open the company up to ridicule from politicians and the American public. Now, the board thinks that will soon die down and they're probably right. But my question to you is, if this is such a great idea, why didn't Charles do it years ago?"

"Because he loves his country, that's why," she retorted. "He talked about more than once. He said we have to pay a price to live in the greatest country in the world."

"I think you've answered the question about what to do about that proposal."

She stood up and bent down to give him a quick hug. "Thanks! You made that so easy!"



"I'm happy to help. Now, these other proposals," he said, pointing at the stack, "just tell them they are not timely and don't try to snow you ever again. Be tough. They'll respect that. Their image of you right now is one of a confused trophy wife who doesn't understand big business. You have to dispel that notion immediately."

She cocked her head at him. "I can see why Charles hired you."

Friday, James helped Evelyn pick out a nice business suit but did not let her wear panties, telling her it would help her focus. She didn't raise much objection, as she had gotten used to that when Charles had been alive. He didn't make her wear the dildo and strap, telling her she already was armed with enough information to show those men who was really the boss. She had been delighted and James noticed how she deferred to him already and would probably have worn the distraction if he had asked her to.

He accompanied Evelyn into the city and waited for her in Charles' office, like before. But this time, Evelyn agreed to slip a digital tape recorder into her purse. It wasn't exactly legal, but she said it would be for their ears only and she would erase it immediately after they were finished with it. James had been curious to hear who had what agenda and how they treated Evelyn.

After a little over an hour, she returned, looking serene.

"How did it go?"

"It was wonderful!" she said, a big smile on her face. "I did just like you said and told them I was only going to consider two proposals today because the rest could wait. You

should've seen their faces! I think they thought I was channeling Charles. When I told them what to do with the Mexican plant, they just about shit themselves. It was a good solution and if it works out, it will save us millions. And when the Bahamas thing came up, I gave them Charles' 'I love America' speech and they all shut up and looked embarrassed." Evelyn was fairly beaming with pride.

"Good girl! I think you've earned a reward." James stood up and pressed her up against the door of the office, his right hand slipping underneath her dress. As expected, her pussy was damp with excitement.

"What-what are you doing?"

"I'm sure being the boss in there was a real turn-on," he told her, his fingers rubbing her clit, drawing more moisture from her. "But you need to balance that with your inherent desire to be a submissive, like you were with Charles."

"Oh!" Her hips began to jerk in time with his fingers.

"But—"

"Shhh, just enjoy. You've earned it."

He stroked his fingers over her pussy, drawing up the moisture and making her mouth sag open in pleasure. She began making throaty noises and her knees weakened. He held her up with his other arm and kept up his movements until her eyes rolled back in her head and she groaned, her thighs coming together over his hand.

He held her gently and whispered into her ear, "Now that's my good, slutty little girl." It was what Charles used to say to her.

Evelyn sucked in a breath and gave a slight nod and a smile. Then she hugged him and whispered, "Thanks."

James helped her straighten up and they left. He asked for the tape recorder of the meeting, telling her he wanted to listen to it later. She agreed, happily. Already she was starting to trust him. He hoped the recording might tell him who were the most dangerous board members and who could be trusted.

At home, he allowed her to go up and change while he changed into his shorts and a Hawaiian shirt and went out to lounge by the pool. He made Thomas bring him a beer, just to piss him off, but the old man obeyed. He spent several minutes thinking about what Evelyn needed next. So far, his instincts had proven to be on the mark.

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## **Chapter Five**

James wanted to keep some distance between him and Evelyn for two reasons: He did not want to confuse her by trying to replace her husband, especially so soon after his death, and he felt it actually worked to his advantage to act as the mysterious "advisor," as becoming her steady lover could complicate things.

Therefore, he resisted his innate desire to ravish her at every opportunity. Now that she was falling under his control, he could easily take her whenever he wanted, even sleep with her every night, if he so chose. Instead, he decided to masturbate her to a climax whenever she was "good" and make his requests for blowjobs sound routine. That way, she wouldn't fall for him as a substitute lover and he still was able to get his rocks off on a regular basis.

He saved fucking her for rare occasions, like when she behaved particularly well or just seemed to really need it. James tried to keep them out of the bed, preferring to fuck her up against a wall or bend her over a handy piece of furniture. There was no "lovemaking" in these acts, just a hard and fast fucking that left her breathless—and further under his control.

Thomas grew used to him and seemed to accept his presence over the next few weeks. It was clear the missus enjoyed having him around and perhaps Thomas recognized just what kind of person James really was. No doubt he had

seen plenty of Dom/sub behavior when Charles had been alive.

By the end of the fourth week of James' stay—Evelyn had not said a peep after their one week "trial run" had ended—he had her in a routine that seemed to work for both of them. Because she had begun taking such an active role in the business, she was required to be there four days a week, taking only Fridays off. Monday through Thursday, James would come in to wake her by eight. She slept naked, as per his request, as she had with Charles every night of their marriage. He would throw back the covers, exposing her to his gaze, but she had quickly learned not to be shy. After all, he dressed her every day and made her come regularly—they no longer had any secrets between them.

He usually wore a robe during this time and once Evelyn was awake, he might casually ask her for a blowjob. She dared not refuse or she would be spanked, so she learned to take care of him quickly and happily. Besides, she had come to value his counsel, so in this small way she was repaying him since he refused her money.

Once he had come in her sweet mouth, she would be allowed to go into the bathroom and shower and prepare for her day. James would busy himself picking out some clothes for her to wear. They were a little bit sexy, but never scandalous. He knew better than to make her subordinates think of her as a slut. But he wanted her to think of herself as one, as Charles had done. It helped reinforce her position—and James' as well. He wanted her to rely on him for advice in all matters, including her personal grooming.

When she came out of the bathroom, clean, dried and naked, he would show her what outfit she should wear. James liked to let her wear panties and she seemed delighted at this bit of modesty. Before he would allow her to get dressed, however, she had to endure a "pussy inspection" to make sure she was closely shaved. If he found stubble, he would immediately take her over his knee and spank her, which only inflamed her. If she passed inspection, James would tease her pussy until she was ready to come, then stop, leaving her frustrated. He always promised to let her come later, if she did well at work.

He'd watch her get dressed, feeling a little sorrow whenever that magnificent body disappeared into her clothes. After she had her makeup on, they'd head down the stairs for some coffee and a light breakfast that Thomas had ready for them at promptly nine o'clock. They usually left the house at nine twenty.

At the office, James would go over some of the proposals they had discussed earlier and give her his advice, always trying to help her come to whatever decision Charles might have, had he been alive. Only then would company executives be allowed to enter, one by one, to pitch their ideas or to express concern over some aspect of the business. James always stood or sat in the background, letting Evelyn make the decisions. Only after the executive left, did she check with him to make sure she had done well.

Usually about three o'clock, when Evelyn was growing tired and irritable, James would put up the card "Conference Call: Do Not Disturb" on the outside of the door and give Evelyn

one or two quick orgasms with his fingers. She always looked forward to that. Afterward, she'd suck off his fingers and, if he requested it, give him another blowjob on her knees behind Charles' massive desk.

It was apparent that he had quickly become an indispensable part of her life, helping her to get over the loss of her husband, but also enabling her to act as a damn fine leader of the company Charles had founded.

But it wasn't all roses. James learned from listening to the tapes she recorded that Nelson and two other executives, Craig Robertson and Brian "Bud" Larsen, were actively trying to push her out and take over. They were the ones who wanted to move the company HQ to the Bahamas and other tricks that might please the shareholders, but would not have pleased Charles. With James' help, she was able to keep them at bay, frustrating their plans. But James knew it was still early and men like those do not give up easily. They still saw Evelyn as a trophy wife not worthy of occupying Charles' seat.

The executives didn't know what to make of James, at first. Then they decided he was her new lover, despite her claim that he was simply her "personal assistant." They tried to buy him off and he pretended to be interested and secretly recorded their conversations. When he played them back for Evelyn, she became very angry.

"Those bastards! I knew they were sneaky, but I had no idea!"

"Men often have trouble accepting a woman as boss," he told her. "Especially one as good-looking as you."

"Why should that have anything to do with it?"

"Men look at you and want to fuck you, not listen to your ideas about how the company should be run. I'm sorry, but that's just the way they think."

"That sounds ... so dated. I mean, really? Haven't men progressed since the fucking fifties?" She was still fuming.

"I'm afraid not. We're all cavemen at heart."

"You too?"

"Yes, but I've made no secret about my views. A man can be Dominant and still have respect for the woman in his life."

She smiled. "Am I the woman in your life now?"

He tipped his head. "Yes, but it's complicated. I want you to feel safe and secure first and the rest can work itself out. Charles would want it that way."

At the mention of Charles' name, she grew pensive. "I still miss him."

"I know you do. That's why I'm trying very hard to be a good personal assistant and not overwhelm you."

She looked up. "Do you want to overwhelm me?" It sounded like an invitation.

James smiled. "Of course I do. But you're not ready."

She pouted. "How do you know that?"

"I just know. Leave it to me, okay?"

"Okay." She frowned and turned away. "But back to the board—what am I going to do now that I know they are openly trying to stage a coup?"

"Not all of them, just the three. Keep your eyes open, don't trust a thing they say, and try to catch them in something that could lead to their ouster. You'll know it when you see it."



Evelyn came to him and cupped his jaw with her hand.  
"Thanks."

He kissed her palm. "You're welcome."

"And you're wrong, you know."

"What? About you not being ready to be overwhelmed? I don't think so," he said, yet it was clear she really wanted to feel the full force of his domination. "You'll have to trust me. I know what I'm doing."

She liked that, he could tell. She liked having a strong man around to protect her, to guide her—and later, to fuck her brains out. The few times he had taken her in the last month they had been sudden and overwhelming, just as she liked it. But James refused to sleep with her or to become her regular lover, keeping her off balance.

That was just what James wanted. It kept her horny and pliable. She was coming to rely on him completely. It was time for Phase Two.

The punishments he had given her had been mild compared to what she had been used to and James knew it. He had only wanted to condition her mind so that she understood that he would spank her when she misbehaved. But he had largely confined his spankings to her personal grooming issues, such as shaving regularly. Sometimes, he knew she would not shave just so she could feel his hard hand on her bare bottom. He had always left her breathless and frustrated. Now it was time to increase the pressure and expand his control over her.

One morning, she came out of the shower, naked as usual, and found the outfit he had laid out. She frowned when she spotted the lacy black bra he had recently purchased for her.

"I don't like that bra. It's too, uh, sexy for the workplace. It rubs my nipples too much."

"That's why I want you to wear it," James replied. "It will make you realize just what a sexy woman you are and it will help you to use that to your advantage."

She shook her head. "I don't think so."

He grabbed her and pulled her over his knees. She didn't resist and seemed to look forward to this bit of sex play. But James had a surprise for her. He pulled a leather-covered paddle from under the mattress and began to beat her ass red.

"Hey! Stop! Ow!" Evelyn wiggled her ass all over, trying to escape the blows. "Help! Stop it!"

He ignored her. He gave her fifteen whacks before they both heard the knocking at the door. It was Thomas.

"Are you all right, Ma'am?"

Evelyn was immediately embarrassed. "Uh, fine."

James paused and said, "You can come in, Thomas."

She twisted her head around. "No!"

The door opened and Thomas stood there, taking in the scene: His employer, Evelyn, draped naked over the knee of her personal assistant. His mouth dropped open.

"It's all right, Thomas, I'm simply giving Evelyn some needed discipline. Would you care to help? She is wiggling too much. You could hold her down for me."

"No! He's hurting me! Make him stop!" She struggled to free herself but James held her down easily.

"Really, Mr. Preston ... This is too much."

"If you feel I'm being too hard on her, let me hold her down and you give her the swats. She needs five more."

Thomas hesitated.

"Please, Thomas! I'm too embarrassed! You shouldn't see me like this!"

The old butler hesitated.

"Five more swats," James said. "She really needs it. And from your experience, I think you agree with me."

Their eyes locked. For the first time, the two men exchanged an understanding between them. Thomas nodded and came forward to take the paddle from James' hand. When Evelyn saw, she was mortified.

"Please! Stop! You can't see me like this!"

He gave her a tentative swat.

"Ow!" She said at once and James laughed.

"That was much too easy. She's faking it. Want to see how I do it?"

"No," the butler said at once. He raised his hand and gave her a harder swat.

"OW! Please stop! I'll be good!"

Thomas gave her another blow and her ass was bright red now. She would have trouble sitting still in the boardroom. She cried and pleaded and promised to do better. When the final blow fell, James released her and she jumped up at once and ran into the bathroom and shut the door.

"Thank you, Thomas, that was a great help."

The old man smiled. "Anytime. She does need a firm hand. Ever since Charles died, I wondered how she might behave on her own. I admit I didn't trust you, at first, but I'm beginning to understand you now."

"Thanks, Thomas, that means a lot to me. I know Charles would want us to get along."

"I can see why he chose you." He straightened up. "May I ask why she was being punished?"

"She rejected part of the outfit I laid out for her. Specifically the bra." He held it up and showed it to him, flipping the cups inside out so the butler could see the slightly rougher material where her nipples would press, keeping them slightly irritated. Thomas smiled.

"I'll be leaving you to work things out with the missus."

"Thanks."

The door closed behind him and James went to the bathroom. As he expected, the door was locked.

"Evelyn, unlock this door at once or I'll give you twenty more spanks once I get it open."

He heard the lock click and she peeked out. "Is he gone?"

"Yes."

"God! How could you! Both of you! I have a mind to fire him!"

James noted she didn't suggest firing him. "I think you deserved that, don't you? Come on, we're wasting time. We have to get to the office."

He noted she didn't object to the bra now and simply slipped it on, grimacing slightly when she felt her nipples being stimulated.

"You are so mean to me," she said, but her voice was not challenging. She seemed to have learned her lesson.

He helped her finish getting dressed and led her out and down the stairs. Thomas was at the bottom, holding up a tray with two cups of coffee. "Will you have time for breakfast today, sir?"

Evelyn caught on at once to the sudden change in authority. "Hey!"

"No, just coffee, we don't want to be late," James said, taking a cup and handing her the other one.

She took it and sipped it, her eyes flashing. But she didn't say anything else.

When they got into the car, she jumped with her bottom hit the cushions. "Ow! Dammit!"

"It will go away soon," he said, ignoring her discomfort.

At the office, he went over strategy for the meeting, telling her to stand firm and show the men who was boss. He knew it was hard for her, a submissive, but he told her it was a game she must play if she wanted to please Charles' memory.

"Now," he said, handing her the digital tape recorder to slip into her purse. "If I hear you acting like a girl instead of a business woman, I will take you home and spank your ass all over again."

Her eyes went wide and she nodded.

He waited in the office, his feet up on the desk. God that woman made him hard! He wanted to fuck her every day and it was hard for him to resist. But he had to hang on a little while longer. Soon, she would be completely his. He knew better than to short-circuit the schedule.

She returned more than an hour later, looking flustered and angry. "Those assholes!"

James knew at once she was referring to the unholy trinity of Nelson, Larsen and Robertson. "What did they try now?"

"They got the votes they needed to move the company headquarters out of the country! They're putting it up for a vote at the next stockholder meeting."

James nodded. "Don't worry about it. Just give your speech about loving America and no stockholder would dare vote for it."

"I'm not so sure! You should've seen the charts and graphs Nelson displayed that showed it would cut overhead by thirteen percent! That's going to be hard for them to ignore."

"Hmm. Do you have any allies on the board?"

"Well, yes, there's Dave Willey... and Rene Anatole, the Frenchman. Oh, and maybe Andrew Carbody."

"Don't you have any women on the board?"

"Uh, no."

"Well, when it comes time to replace Nelson, maybe you'll add one."

"You think I have all this power, but I don't. The board knows I'm just Charles' trophy wife, even if some agree with me. They don't take me seriously." She paused. "And it didn't help that I could hardly sit still, what with my sore bottom and itchy nipples!"

"What would you like to do about it? I mean, if you could do anything?"

"I'd wish Charles was still alive. There's something to be said about letting your man handle things. I don't know how he did it."

"Well, we can't bring him back, as much as I know you'd like to. What else?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just wish I didn't have to be the tough girl, making all these decisions that affect so many employees. I'm just not cut out for it."

"That's what Charles loved about you," James told her. "He didn't want a hard-charging career woman at home. He liked you the way you were."

"Then why am I trying to be something I'm not? I should just resign!"

"And what would happen to Charles' company then?"

Her face slowly collapsed. "I know. It would be ruined. I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't."

"Look, there are ways to reach both goals—that of keeping Charles' company operating as he would have wished and letting go of responsibility. You just have to hang on a little while until you find the right solution."

"Like a sale, you mean?"

He tipped his head. "Perhaps. If you could find the right company to buy it."

Her eyes grew bright. "Could you help me find such a company? One that is run by a man similar to my husband?"

"I can try." It wouldn't be so easy, James knew. Although she owned fifty-one percent, some of that was held in trust. If the board members could sway the trust executors, they could conceivably outvote her. He decided not to bring that

point up right now, as Evelyn finally had hope. He agreed with her that she wasn't really cut out for this life. She wanted to be kept safe and be loved and let her man make all the hard decisions.

James wanted to be that man.

"Come, let's go home."

She nodded gratefully. "Good. I can't wait to get out of these clothes."

That gave James an idea. "Yes, I know you don't really like to wear clothes when it's warm, do you?"

She looked startled. "Was that another secret Charles shared with you?"

"Yes. I hope that was all right. Charles said you enjoyed showing off your body."

"But only to him! He was my husband!"

"So you didn't do it when Thomas was around?"

"No. I would only walk around on Thomas' day off, which was Tuesday."

"Very well. I won't embarrass you too much."

Evelyn felt relieved. They drove home, sitting across from each other in the back of the limo. James raised the soundproof barrier to cut Paul out of their conversation.

"I'd like to see your panties," he said, out of the blue.

"W-what?"

"I want to see if you're wet." He made it sound routine.

"That's-that's none of your business! I'm not your wife, you're my personal assistant."

"Very well," he said. "We'll deal with it when we get home."



"What does that mean?"

"It means, I made a simple request and you refused. What would Charles do?"

"You're not Charles!"

"I know. But he asked me to give you what you needed. Don't you miss your, uh, interactions with him?"

She flushed. "I miss him, period. And you are a... well, forgive me, but you're not a perfect substitute."

"I realize that. I told Charles as much. But it's all we've got, isn't it?"

Evelyn shrugged and looked out the window. James didn't say anything else until Paul pulled up outside the mansion. He opened the door for them and they stepped out. James followed Evelyn inside the house and upstairs to her room.

"Can't I have some privacy?" she asked him at the door.

"No," he said and followed her inside and shut the door behind him.

He began removing her clothes and she struggled at first, but then gave in and let him strip her. Instead of picking out another outfit and helping her get dressed, James pulled her to the bed and began kissing her neck. It surprised her. She recoiled because he had never really acted like her lover before, but she was already aroused. It seemed she was often aroused around this demanding man.

"What-what are you doing?" she asked when he moved his lips down to suck on a nipple. "Oh god!"

He kissed her breasts and her neck and her lips and Evelyn soon became lost in arms. When he moved down to her damp pussy, she tried to stop him—and she wasn't sure why.

"James, this seems wrong."

"Why? It's what you need, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you're my... assistant, not my husband."

"I know, but you're not getting what you need from your husband, so I'm trying to help you. You need this."

That was certainly true. She lay back and let him tongue her most private part. She lolled there, the sensations shooting up into her stomach and breasts, and felt the first twinges of an orgasm approach.

"Oh god," she whispered.

Her hips began to shake and she rose up to meet his thrusting tongue. Her thoughts became jumbled between James and Charles and for a moment, she thought she might lose her approaching climax. But then James eased his finger into her asshole and her climax returned, full force.

"Oh god! Oh my god!" Her body exploded with the power of it and she shook. James immediately came up and hugged her, kissing her neck and telling her how beautiful she was. When she could finally speak, she said simply, "You're still dressed."

He remedied that at once, stripping off his clothes while she watched as his hard body came into view. It was the first time she had seen his body completely naked. The only other time they had made love was up against the door, his pants unzipped. She marveled at how young and strong he was compared to Charles and her body trembled.

He came to her and climbed over her. Evelyn spread her legs for him, eager to experience passion again after so many months with her dying husband. She also felt she had his

permission, as he had chosen James, not her. So she welcomed James into her arms and into her pussy. His hard cock slipped in easily and she gasped. It felt so much larger now, even compared to the last time.

"Oh god," she whispered.

They didn't fuck, they made love, tenderly. He was the complete opposite of the man who had fucked her hard and fast up against the wall—and yet she had needed that then, just as she needed this now. James seemed to know her body better than she did.

She climaxed once, quickly, and then again when his thrusts became more insistent. Her most powerful climax came when she felt him stiffen and push himself all the way inside her before exploding. She rode his climax into her own, hugging him tightly against her.

When at last he rolled off of her, they both lay gasping for air.

"That was, that was great," he said.

"God, I can't remember the last time I came so much," she said and instantly felt bad for her late husband. "I mean, well, Charles was older and all..."

He put his hand on her upper arm. "It's okay, I understand."

"He was a good man. He treated me very well."

"And now you're feeling guilty."

"Well, yeah, a little. I mean, he's only been dead for two months."

"I know what you need." He grinned at her.

She gasped as James rolled her over, grabbed her wrists and held them together with one hand. With the other, he began spanking her. It didn't hurt that much but it triggered in her an immediate descent into her subspace that she had felt so many times with Charles. He had been her true master and now James was filling that role admirably. She lay there, not struggling, as James spanked her bare bottom. She felt it grow red and she felt deliciously naughty. She spread her legs and wanted him to spank her pussy as well. She really wanted to be punished for enjoying her love-making with this new man.

Her hands were freed and for a moment, she thought he was done. She looked up to see him climbing out of bed and frowned. She had just gotten started! But when he grabbed two sections of rope from the nightstand, she understood. She almost cried out , "Yes! Yes!" but said nothing, remaining in her subservient role as he rolled her over onto her back and tied her wrists to the headboard. He yanked the covers clear of her naked body and pulled the small cat o'nine tails from the nightstand.

He held it up for her to see.

"You deserve to be punished for enjoying yourself so much—and for not showing me your panties earlier."

She could only nod. How could he know her so well?

He began to whip her breasts, not too hard at first, but increasing the blows until she was squirming and it really started to hurt. As if he knew, he moved his attention down to her pussy, ordering her to keep her legs apart—or else.

She struggled to obey, the soft leather slapping on her bare mound and tender, well-fucked pussy.

"Oh, god," she moaned. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry. You need this."

He was right. She did need this. Charles used to whip her regularly as part of their love-making, which she supposed made her something of a pain slut. But the pain was never so severe as to damage her. It only inflamed her and made their coupling more intense. When he had gotten sick, he had been unable to play their little games and she had missed it. Now all those emotions came rushing back and she felt another, impossible orgasm rising within her.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she babbled, her legs spread wide apart as James whipped her pussy, sending her hot juices splattering. Her hips began to shake and she was so close! Suddenly, he stopped and plunged his fingers into her sopping wetness and she came, hard, bringing her knees up, her entire body shaking.

She lost consciousness for a few seconds or minutes, she wasn't sure. When she came to, her wrists were untied and James was holding her, telling her what a good girl she was. She snuggled into his arms, a sense of relief flowing through her that she hadn't felt in months.

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## Chapter Six

Later, after she had showered and dressed and come down for dinner, she felt unsettled and yet completely satisfied. She felt the urge to talk it over with James, who sat across from her at the table. They were being served by Thomas, as usual, and she didn't want to speak in front of him. James seemed to read her mind, as usual.

"Is there something on your mind, Evelyn?"

She glanced over at Thomas. "Uh... no."

"Don't mind Thomas. He lived with you and Charles for years and probably knew a lot of secrets. Besides, he's already spanked you."

Evelyn flushed red when the image of her shame invaded her mind.

"I think you have something you want to say."

"I'm just embarrassed, you know, to say it."

"Perhaps Thomas would like to see the marks I left on your breasts or pussy?"

Her mouth dropped open and she felt another wave of heat in her face. "God!" She glanced over at Thomas but his expression remained inscrutable, as usual, although there did seem to be a bit of mirth in his eyes.

James turned to the butler. "Thomas, did you know what was going on between Charles and Evelyn?"

"Of course, sir. But for the madam's sake, I pretended not to notice."

"Why was that?"

"She lived two lives and having me share in her, uh, private life would've embarrassed her. So I learned to look the other way."

Evelyn found herself nodding. She suspected that Thomas had been aware of the little games she and Charles had played. She had pretended he did not know as well as it gave her small comfort that her dark secrets were still hidden.

"Isn't it better that it come out in the open, rather than play these games?"

Evelyn looked over at Thomas and gave him a thin smile. "Uh, I don't know."

"It's entirely up to the missus, sir."

James smiled at being called "Sir." They had come a long way in a few weeks.

"No, it's not," he responded. "It's up to me now."

She looked up at him, her eyes wide. "But ... but you're my employee! You have to do what I say!"

"No, I don't. Remember, I'm being paid by Charles, not you."

"But I can fire you! I should fire you right now!"

He nodded. "Yes, of course you can. That's your safe word, you see. Charles was insistent on that. And once you do, I'll leave and never come back."

That gave her pause.

"You had a safe word with him as well, didn't you?"

She nodded, remembering.

"And how often did you use it?"

"Never," she whispered.

"And why was that?"

She glanced over at Thomas again, but felt compelled to answer. "Because he knew me so well, I never had to use it. He only took me as far as I needed to go."

"Exactly."

And she understood. Firing James was her safe word. But she certainly didn't need to use it now. She could wait and see just how far he would take her. And how attuned he was to her body, her needs. It was both exhilarating and frightening.

And she never felt more alive.

But James wasn't Charles—he never could be. She looked up at him. "But ... aren't I dishonoring my husband's memory?"

"Your husband hired me. What do you think?"

"It just seems so strange, you trying to be him."

"I'm not, actually. I do things differently, you just haven't seen it all yet."

"You do?"

"Charles didn't let you wear panties, did he? But I like them. I think they make you sexier. Plus, when I take them off of you, you feel sexier."

Evelyn blushed, knowing Thomas was getting an earful. "God, James!"

"That's another thing I'll be doing. I think this little charade you have with Thomas should end. If he hears you cry out, he should know it's because you're being spanked or fucked. He should know what kind of woman you are, don't you think?"



She cut her eyes toward the butler and he tipped his head in acknowledgment. "So you've known ... everything?"

He nodded. "Charles told me so I wouldn't worry when I heard you cry out. You were, on occasion, quite loud, ma'am."

"Oh god. Now I feel really embarrassed."

"You needn't be. Both Charles and Thomas protected you."

"Why aren't you protecting me like them?"

"I'm just bringing things out into the open. No more hiding."

"What about Paul?" She turned to Thomas. "Did Paul know everything too?"

Thomas shook his head. "Not as much because he doesn't live in the main house. That's why Charles preferred having a maid service come in once a week, instead of hiring a full-time maid. He didn't want too many people around, knowing his secrets."

She turned to James. "Are you going to want me to hire a maid? Or shall we keep things the same?"

James knew her deferring to him represented a subtle change in their relationship. "I think we should keep things the same. We won't play our little games when the maids are here. Okay?"

She nodded. "Good. Okay."

"Unless of course you really deserve it."

She blanched and smiled when she saw his grin. "Don't scare me like that."

"Your shyness is one area we'll have to work on," James told her. "You are among friends here. You don't have to be ashamed of who you are."

"Okay. I guess that will take a bit of getting used to."

"Of course. Why don't we start now? Unbutton your blouse."

She swallowed hard and looked from Thomas to James. She knew she had the safe word—"You're fired"—anytime she needed it. And yet, she felt exhilarated and quite naughty. She had been pretending—she and Thomas both. Perhaps James was right.

Her hand went to her blouse and she unbuttoned a button. She looked to James for approval and he simply tipped his head. She unbuttoned another one. James sighed. Now a third button slipped loose and Evelyn knew the swell of her breasts could be seen above her lacy bra, the marks from her recent whipping visible now.

"Perhaps she needs further correction, Thomas," James said to the butler. "Would you like to assist me?"

"No!" she said at once, unbuttoning the remaining buttons and allowing her blouse to fall open. "I'm doing it!"

"Thomas, can you see the marks?"

The butler stepped forward and peered at her. "Very nice, sir."

Evelyn felt like falling through the floor. She sat there, her dinner untouched, her blouse open, her chest heaving with embarrassment.

"Good. Now, let's eat."

How could she eat like this? But she did manage, especially after Thomas retreated to his post by the kitchen door, ignoring her unless he was needed. Her embarrassment faded and she ate, her blouse open, her marked breasts on display above her bra. After a while, it all seemed rather silly that she should be hiding her true masochistic self. So what if she liked being whipped and told what to do by a strong man? It didn't make her any less of a woman. She was just a woman with some unique needs.

Thomas cleared away the dishes, barely glancing at her breasts and Evelyn finally felt better, almost normal. She smiled at James as if to say, You were right. He smiled back.

"Tomorrow, you lose the bra."

She froze. "What?"

"You heard me." He got up and left the room. She just sat there, speechless.

That night, alone in her bed, Evelyn wished James would come in and sleep with her. She didn't need sex, but she missed having a man in her bed. Why would he not come in after their amazing love-making session earlier? Was he just using her? She fretted about it for an hour before she finally dropped off to sleep.

In the morning, James still did not come in and she showered and shaved and slipped on her robe and waited a few minutes for him to tell her what to wear. Today she did not have to go into the office and looked forward to a relaxing day around the house. By all rights, she should pick out some shorts and a casual blouse and be done with it. Yet somehow

she felt she was being tested. Evelyn stood up and went downstairs to breakfast dressed only in her robe.

James was already at the breakfast table, sipping a cup of coffee. "Ah, there you are. How did you sleep?"

"Uh, fine." She sat down at the table and Thomas brought her a cup of coffee.

"Please remove your robe from your shoulders," James said.

She stared at him. "What?" She remembered that he had said she wouldn't be allowed a bra at the table, but this was different!

"Your robe. Just slide it down to your waist."

She glanced over at Thomas, who was standing to the side, face expressionless. He turned to James. "It appears you were right, sir."

"Right? Right about what?"

"That you need some additional correction," James said.

She felt hot all of a sudden and looked from one man to the other. James had not been kidding when he said their little games would no longer be kept a secret from Thomas. She loosened the belt and shrugged the robe from her shoulders, allowing it to puddle around her waist. She clasped it tightly around her, giving some modesty. She stared straight ahead, feeling the men's eyes on her and she shivered. But it also aroused her, she could tell from the heat in her loins. Evelyn managed to look down at her empty plate and took a deep breath.

"Some eggs, I think, Thomas, scrambled—and some toast."

"Very good, ma'am. How about you, sir?"

"The same." He nodded and left.

She looked over at James who was smiling. "Better?"

"Much."

She glanced down at her breasts and noted how the red marks had already faded overnight. For some reason, she felt a bit of a loss, as if the marks represented something. Ownership, maybe. James was claiming her as his woman, apparently with Charles' approval. She still couldn't quite get used to it.

Thomas brought the eggs and they ate. She soon forgot she was sitting there with her breasts hanging out and started up a conversation about the board and what might be done to establish herself as more of a leader.

"That's the problem," James told her. "You're not a leader." He held up a hand when she started to sputter. "Don't get me wrong, you're an intelligent, accomplished, amazing woman. But you're not a leader like Charles was—you're a submissive. You are only taking on that role because you had to. I'm sure you'd much rather let someone like Charles take it over, as long as he took good care of the company."

She nodded. Pretending to be in charge only made her stomach hurt and her head ache. She could not have done it without James.

"So you were acting as Charles' surrogate. I was just the puppet."

He shrugged. "You were hardly a puppet. You had excellent insights and I think we worked well as a team. But I

also knew this was hard for you, getting dressed up in suits and being the hard-ass. That's not what you like doing."

"No, it's not. But what else can I do?"

"You mentioned selling the company. There's another solution: Find someone like Charles to take over. Surely there are a few board members you trust."

"Well, Rene Anatole is a strong ally and I consider him a friend."

"Yes, and Charles mentioned Steve Porter as well, one of his vice presidents."

"Yes! He's a good man."

"So why don't you groom one of them to be CEO? Then you could step back and enjoy your life."

"And do what?"

"Whatever it was you did while Charles was alive."

She snorted. "Shopping? Charity work? That grows boring after a while."

"What would you like to do?"

Thomas came in at that moment and she was suddenly acutely aware that she was sitting there, half naked. And she knew what she wanted to do—she wanted to be owned. She wanted to be spanked and fucked and told what to do. It was perverse, of course, and went against everything she had been brought up to think, but it was still part of her. How could she tell that to James? Especially with Thomas standing nearby?

"Uh, I don't know."

"We can keep on doing what we're doing until we figure it out."

Evelyn wanted to shout, YES! but she kept her mouth shut.

"Come, let's go upstairs and get you dressed for the day."

She slipped the robe up over her shoulders and followed him, tying the belt as she walked. When they got to the stairs, James paused and untied the belt and pulled the robe from her body. She gasped and hunched over, trying to hide herself, and he merely tsked and gave her a slap to her bare rump. She scurried up the stairs, James following, carrying her robe.

In her bedroom, she sat on the bed, still hunched over. James opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out the riding crop.

"What's that for?" she cried, feeling that familiar sensation of desire and fear, the push-pull of the submissive.

"Don't hunch," he said. "Present your breasts."

With some trepidation, she threw her shoulders back and received four perfunctory slaps with the crop. It aroused her more than it hurt. She felt her pussy grow damp.

"Now, if you hunch again, the punishment will be worse."

That didn't worry her—she could take it. She was more concerned about walking around naked, her body on display. Charles would never have done that. James, she was beginning to realize, was his own man. A Dom, to be sure, but a Dom like she had never known.

"Sir?" she asked.

He smiled. "Yes, my pet?"

"Um, are you going to make me walk around naked?"

"Only when it suits me."

She nodded in relief before she paused, wondering if that meant all the time. Before she could clarify it, James asked her another question.

"Have you showered yet?"

"Yes."

"Good." He went to her drawer and picked out a bra and panty set. "You don't have much here. We should go shopping."

She smiled. A man who likes shopping? He was a rare breed. "I got used to not having panties. I only wore them for special occasions."

"Well, you need more. It makes you feel sexy."

That puzzled her. He acted like a lover, yet he didn't sleep with her and had only made love to her once. The other times he had simply fucked her—and she had sorely needed it. His actions, she realized, seemed only to keep her off balance.

She put on the undergarments while he selected a knee-length black skirt to put on. She frowned, hoping she would be allowed to wear slacks, which she felt were more comfortable. But she said nothing and simply stepped into the skirt and zipped it up. James found a tan blouse and handed that over.

"Are the colors all right together?" he asked.

"Yes, they're fine." She slipped on the blouse and buttoned it up. She turned to look at herself in the mirror and decided she seemed perfectly proper. So different from this morning!

"Here." He handed her a pair of black shoes with four-inch heels. She sighed inaudibly. Men and their love of heels! She knew her calves would ache before the day was over.



She sat on the bed and put them on. Looking up, she found herself waiting for James to tell her what to do next. She realized she was falling back into her submissive mode that she and Charles had down to perfection.

"Call Paul and tell him we're going shopping."

Evelyn noted how he still deferred to her when it came to ordering Paul about. While Thomas had seemed to come around to James' side, Paul was still her employee. She liked that. She picked up the phone and dialed the garage and asked Paul to have the Town Car ready in a few minutes.

When they stepped out into the bright sunshine, Evelyn pulled her sunglasses from her purse and slipped them on. Paul opened the rear door and she slid into the back seat of the Lincoln. James sat right beside her.

"Where to, ma'am?"

"Uh..." She glanced over at James who gave her a slight nod. "We're going shopping. How about the Sundowner Mall?"

"Very good, ma'am," he said.

They were silent on the way. At the mall, Evelyn looked questioningly to James, who responded. "Have Paul wait. I don't think we'll be more than an hour or so."

She felt disappointment, mixed with relief. At least her legs won't ache. After Paul dropped them off, they entered the mall and James headed at once to a lingerie shop. Evelyn followed, with a funny feeling in her stomach. It was as if James was her new lover and yet he wasn't.

Inside the store, he went at once to the displays of panties and began selecting several pairs he liked. She noted they all

were very sexy—not a one was practical. Bikinis, French lace, thongs—James picked out several in different colors.

"How about this?" He'd ask and she'd nod. They did look very nice, she had to admit. It still felt strange, having James—her personal assistant!—selecting her underwear for her.

Once they had several pairs selected, he went to the bras and picked out just a few pairs. "You have a lot of bras already," he told her. "I just want to get a few, uh, sexy ones."

Of course you do, she thought.

James found some he liked in her size and asked her to try them on. It embarrassed her, because she knew he'd insist upon seeing them. Standing in the dressing room while James peered at her made that funny feeling in her stomach grow. She still didn't quite know what to make of him.

The saleswoman, a tall thin woman in her fifties, appeared to have seen it all and was unfazed when James asked to see each bra on Evelyn. No doubt she assumed they were lovers. In a way, they were. Evelyn felt extremely self conscious, standing there in a skirt and bra, while James and the saleswoman tugged at the edges, tsking over the fit. She realized she was getting wet and that embarrassed her all the more.

"This is the style I like," James said to the saleswoman, making Evelyn turn around and show off a particularly lacy number that barely contained her breasts. Furthermore, her nipples were clearly outlined by the sheer panels.

"Oh, we have some others like this too, in different colors and offering a wide range of support," the woman cooed.

"Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, we would," James answered for Evelyn.

She stood there, the richest woman in two counties, and allowed James to dress her intimately and she wasn't sure why. Had she become so used to Charles that James seemed to be an extension of him? Or was she just so submissive by now that any Dom could push her buttons?

Both were true, she realized. And it wasn't that she was unable to make decisions—she really preferred not to. The information gave her some comfort when James and the woman brought back two more bras for her to try on. This time, she didn't bother trying to hide her breasts from them. She simply shrugged off the old model and put on the new, feeling like a mannequin.

But she had to admit, the bras made her feel sexy.

When they were done, she put the items on her credit card and left the store, James carrying the packages like a personal assistant should. In all, they had bought a dozen pairs of panties and five bras. He had made her wear a lacy number that gave her good support, but felt whisper light, her old bra stuffed in a bag. Evelyn felt younger already.

She called Paul and he glided up and helped James put the purchases in the trunk. "Home, ma'am?"

She looked over at James. He tipped his head. "I think we would like to stop and have some lunch."

She nodded. "Okay. Where to?"

"Did you and Charles have a favorite restaurant around here?"

She raised an eyebrow. He wanted them to go to there? Then she realized she was being silly. James was her assistant. So what if they went to her favorite restaurant—it was just a restaurant, after all.

"Paul, take us to Le Claire."

Paul's bullet head nodded and the car headed out.

"You'll like this place, I think," she told James. "They have a very good chef."

"Good."

Nothing more was said as they headed deeper into the city. Ten minutes later, Paul pulled up at the restaurant and paused at the door. "While you're inside, may I go get something to eat, ma'am?"

"Of course, Paul. I'll call you when we need you."

"Yes, ma'am."

They got out and Paul drove away. The restaurant, James noted, was pricey and elegant. It befitted the social status of Charles and Evelyn Rothschild. The olive-skinned maitre'd was obsequious without being annoying.

"Welcome back, Mrs. Rothschild, it's been a long time."

"Yes, it has, Ahman. This is my, er, personal assistant. He will be eating with me."

The maitre'd gave a small bow and his eyes twinkled when he took in James' tall, muscular body. "Of course, ma'am." He didn't seem to be fooled by their relationship and Evelyn guessed he was thinking James was her new boy toy.

Although he was hardly a boy! He was her age or perhaps a few years older. She had never asked.

They were taken to the leather booth where she and Charles had eaten so many meals. She balked. "Uh..."

James picked up on it right away. "I think we'd like a new table, please."

Evelyn was immediately grateful. "Yes, please."

"Of course. Sorry." Ahman led them to toward the back of the room where it was quiet. "Will this do?" he asked, pointing out another leather booth.

"Yes, this will be fine," James said.

They slid in and the maitre'd gave them menus. "Oh, I already know what I want." She stopped. "I'm sorry. This is your first time here, James. I'm sure you'll want to study the menu."

"Can I tell your waiter to bring you some cocktails?"

"It's a little early," James said. "How about some iced tea? Would that be all right, Evelyn?"

"Yes, quite. Thank you."

The maitre'd bowed and left. A few minutes later, the waiter came by with two tall glasses of iced tea and placed them on the table. He went over the specials and left, giving them time to decide.

"What do you recommend?"

"Oh, I just love the salmon here. I have it all the time."

"Perhaps, just to be different, you should try something else."

It was a simple suggestion, but Evelyn read a lot into it. Don't have what you always had with Charles, he's gone. It actually made her feel cared for.

"Yes, I think you're right." She picked up the menu and began to read.

She decided to have a Caesar salad with grilled salmon on top—a nice compromise, she thought. James chose a steak sandwich with a side salad. The waiter bowed and took away the menus.

"You may be wondering why I like you to wear panties," James said out of the blue as soon as they were alone.

"Uh..." She was flummoxed. Why bring this up now?

"Here's one reason why. I'd like you to go into the ladies room and remove your panties and bring them back to me."

She stared at him. It was a daring request from her employee. Except he wasn't her employee—he was hired by Charles. It was impertinent and yet, she couldn't deny the wave of pleasure that swept from her pussy to her stomach and breasts. All the times she and Charles had eaten here, she was naked under her skirts or dresses. It had become routine. But to suddenly remove her panties, right here in this restaurant, well, that gave her a very naughty feeling.

She smiled and nodded. She rose fluidly and went to the restroom. Finding a stall, she went in and slipped her panties down and balled them up in her fist. They were an older pair, a lacy bikini that James had picked out. She had been surprised he did not give her one of the new ones, but now she understood. She thought about stuffing them in her purse, but knew James would want her to bring them back in

her hand. She left quickly, feeling the air on her pussy and it made her feel alive and sexy.

Evelyn returned to the booth and slid in. She handed James her panties and he smiled. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

She watched with a certain horror when he simply laid the panties next to his plate, in full view of the restaurant! She could clearly see the wet spot in the crotch.

"My god," she whispered.

James said nothing.

The waiter brought their meals and she kept her eyes down, too embarrassed to look at his face when he spotted her panties on the table.

"Would you like some pepper, ma'am?"

She glanced up and thought she caught a smirk there.

"Uh, no thanks."

"Very well, enjoy." He retreated.

"How could you?" She hissed. "I'm so embarrassed!"

"But it was fun, too, wasn't it? Don't you feel pretty damned sexy right about now?"

She had to admit it was true. "But still! It's just not right."

"I'll bet you're even wetter now."

"God!" She squeezed her thighs together. This man really knew how to push her buttons. She could see why Charles hired him.

"Reach underneath and show me."

"What?!"

He sighed, as if he was explaining things to a child. "Rub your fingertip across your pussy and hold it up so I can see."

"I will not!"

"I wonder what Charles would do about that?"

"He would never ask me to do such a thing!"

"Oh, really? How about when you two were at that restaurant in Paris and he reached between your legs and felt for himself? Perhaps I should do that."

Evelyn's mouth dropped open. Fuck! Had Charles shared everything with this man?

"I can't believe he told you that."

"It was just in passing. He told me what he thought I should know, so I could take good care of you. Now, please, do me this small favor."

And she found herself obeying, despite her embarrassment. She slipped her left hand under her skirt and touched the hot core of her and felt the wetness there. It gave her a little shiver. She pulled her fingers out and held them up, showing James the sheen of wetness on the middle two.

He smiled. "I knew it."

She quickly wiped her fingers on the napkin. It wasn't fair. It was as if this man had a cheat sheet that allowed him to push the right buttons—and her late husband had provided it!

"Just what was Charles' goal in all this?"

He looked up. "Pardon?"

"What's the end game? Are you supposed to take over for him ... uh, in all ways?" She blushed, realizing she probably sounded like that was what she wanted and yet, she wasn't sure.



"There is no end game. Not in the way you're thinking. Charles didn't expect us to ride off into the sunset, nor did he think you'd want to fire me right away. He just wanted to ease the transition for you and to protect you. That's all. Remember, you can fire me at any time."

"I know. I don't want to do that. I just think it's impertinent for him to assume so much without discussing it with me."

"We talked about this. He knows you would've rejected the idea because you loved him. You couldn't imagine anyone else taking his place. And I'm not really taking his place, am I? I'm not sleeping in your bed. I'm not taking over your life. I'm just... being helpful."

"But you did, uh, you know."

"What, fuck you a few times? You really needed it. Charles said you were a very sexy woman. He couldn't imagine you doing without for very long. And that would've made you vulnerable."

"For a gal who can't do without, you're sure not doing much!" The words just came out and she blushed, bright red.

He smiled. "Sounds like you could use some attention."

"God!" Men were so stupid sometimes, she thought. He practically fondled her daily when he helped her dress, he took her out to buy sexy underwear, he made her take off her panties in a public place—and he thought she needed "some attention"?

"I can't believe you're that dense."

He tipped his head. "It had to come from you, Evelyn. That was one thing that Charles made clear. Consider it part of the

introductory phase of my, uh, service to you. He wanted you to feel comfortable with me, not someone who was foisted upon you by a voice from the grave."

She nodded. "Well, yes, I can see that."

"So, let's finish our meals and go home, shall we?" He winked.

She blushed again, but this time it was the heat of sexual anticipation. She squeezed her legs together and ate her salad.

When they left, she noted with acute embarrassment that James left the panties on the table.

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## Chapter Seven

James took her upstairs and stripped her slowly, taking care to remove each item of clothing and kiss the emerging skin.

"I love your skin," he murmured. "Every inch of it."

When she was naked, he was still fully clothed and she tried to unbutton his shirt. He pushed her hand away. "Uh uh," he said.

"Not fair." She wondered what he was doing.

"Not until you model your new outfits."

She drew in her breath. "All of them?"

"Until I say so." He released her and went to sit in a chair by the bed. He nodded.

She stood and reached for the bag. She pulled out a light blue, very lacy bra and slipped it on. Her body seemed on fire.

"Put on the blue binikis, let me see how they go together."

She did, enjoying the feel of the wispy silk against her bottom. She knew there would be a spot in the front at once and it excited her. James nodded his approval.

Evelyn quickly unclasped the bra and bent over to take it off. He held up a hand. "Wait, go slower."

Oh god, she thought, her body trembling. If he didn't make love to her soon, she might explode. But she obeyed him, finding another bra and another set of panties and put them on—slowly. He made her turn this way and that and his eyes seemed to eat her up. More underwear was brought

from the bag. Because there were more panties than bras, he wanted to see different panties with the same bra, driving her to distraction. All she could think about was how hot her body was. She kept glancing at his hard cock pressing against his slacks and licked her ruby lips.

But he would not take the hint. She had to admire his will power. When at last the bag was empty and her new purchases lay scattered about her on the rug, he told her to discard the last items and stand before him naked. Her chest fairly heaved with unmet desire. He stood. She could not stop the trembling now.

"Are you cold?"

"No, you bastard, I'm horny!"

"Does madam need some personal assistance?"

"Yes, damn it and it had better be soon or you're fired."

"Very well. But first, a little correction is in order."

"What?" Her heat diminished a fraction.

"How would Charles have reacted if you challenged him like that?"

"Charles? But I ... he ... I mean, it was different, between us."

"But he wanted you to enjoy your submissive side, did he not?"

"Well, yes, but we were married." You and I are not, was her unspoken addition.

"Of course. But if I'm going to help you through this difficult period, we need to keep those things that gave you that sense of belonging. Charles spanked you often, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"Why was that, do you think?"

"I don't think, I know—it was to keep my mind on my submission." Plus, it made the sex incredibly hot, she added.

James would not let it go. "And what else?"

"God," she murmured. "I hate it that he told you so much."

He smiled. "It was for you, Evelyn. It was his gift to you. Now, tell me."

"It, uh, made the sex better. Especially when it didn't occur that often."

"Right. Please come over and lay across my lap."

Evelyn felt the heat return. This is just what Charles had done so often. Just a nice hard spanking with his hand—and occasionally with a belt or riding crop. But he had told her many times he liked the feeling of his hand on her bare bottom. She came to James and laid herself across his knees, feeling his erection at her hip. He began to rub her bottom. Her body trembled and she wanted to say, Get on with it!

The first spank was light, but she felt her body twitch. She was already so hot, she thought she might come, just from this. He struck her again, with more effort, and she gasped. Her bottom wiggled on his lap. The next few blows were harder, making her nearly lose her mind.

"God," she whispered. Internally, she felt something shift within her. James was firmly in control and it was easy for her to drop deep into her subspace. She lay there, accepting the blows, feeling her pussy growing so wet she knew she was leaking onto his slacks.

He paused, rubbing her bottom. His other hand left her back and moved away. She didn't move. Suddenly, she heard the snap of his cell phone and she craned her neck to see him calling someone!

"What? What are you doing?"

"Shhh," he said, giving her another slap.

"Thomas," he said into the phone. "Get Paul and come up to Evelyn's room."

She gasped and tried to get up. He put the phone down and held her in place and began to spank her harder now. She struggled, caught between her embarrassment and her desire and finally gave up, her bottom red and hot.

There came a knock at the door and she cried, "How can you do this?"

"Come in," he said.

She heard the door open and the sharp intake of breath from both men. She struggled harder now, but James was far too strong. She lay there, tears coming to her eyes, and stared at the floor.

"I wanted you gentlemen to see this," James said. "I want there to be no secrets anymore. Not that there were any when Charles was alive, right Thomas?"

"Yes, sir."

"But Paul, you may have only suspected, right?"

He shrugged. "I could tell, they way they acted, you know, around each other."

"Good. Evelyn is a submissive, but only to the right man. I am that man, for now. But you can help me. Thomas, would you get the riding crop out of the nightstand?"

"Of course, sir."

Evelyn began to struggle again. He struck her a few more times until she settled down.

"Here you go, sir."

"No, you keep it. I want you to give Evelyn ten hard blows with the crop."

"James! No!" She couldn't stand it. She struggled again, but by now she was weak with embarrassment.

"Very good, sir."

She felt the crop rain down on her bottom and screamed and cried. She felt like a little girl, over her daddy's knee. When he was done, James told him to pass the crop over to Paul. She didn't fight this time, she simply laid there and let the chauffeur whip her sore bottom.

"Good," James said when they were finished. "Now here are the new rules. You may not touch her without my permission, which will be rare, all right?"

She heard two rather disappointed "Yes, sirs" from the servants.

"Occasionally, I will allow you to help me punish her. But only when she really needs it."

"Of course, sir," Thomas said.

"However, you may ask her to show you her body, when it's appropriate."

"What?!" She tried to struggle but gave up quickly when she felt his firm hands holding her in place. His fingers slipped between her cheeks and touched her clit and she froze, humiliated and nearly ready to come, something she did not want to do in front of her servants.

"Look but don't touch, all right?"

"Yes, sir," both men said in unison.

"You may go."

Evelyn heard the door close softly behind them. She craned her neck again and was relieved to note that James removed his hands and let her up. She scrambled to her feet, her chest heaving.

"You bastard!"

He stood and came to her and took her into his arms. She fought him for a moment and gave in, tears of embarrassment and shame flowing from her eyes.

"Shhh," he said, "let me explain." He eased her down on the bed on her side so her bottom wouldn't touch the sheets. She watched as he began to strip off his clothes. Her body still craved sex so she didn't move.

He climbed in facing her and hugged her. She waited, stiffly.

"It's like this," he said, rubbing his hands over her back and sending shivers up and down her spine. "I'm a Dom, just like Charles. But unlike Charles, I find the careful application of humiliation is ideal for sending a sub into her subspace. Plus, I think it was silly, trying to pretend to your servants that you were a normal, wealthy woman. You are a sexy, slutty submissive and it's time you admitted it."

Her sobs interrupted her words. "But you said! You told them they could see me naked! Anytime! I can't do that!"

His hands gently rubbed over her sore backside and she shivered and lost her train of thought.



"Of course you can. That's what you need, you see. Charles didn't see it. He could only take you so far. When he asked me to help out, I agreed, but told him I would not be a simple replacement, mimicking his actions. He agreed."

James kissed her neck and her body responded despite her questions. Maybe the questions could keep. He was gentle, loving. And it was just what Evelyn needed. Her body was highly aroused by the spanking and, she had to admit, by James' firm control over her body. Even letting her servants whip her had excited her more than it had humiliated her. Now she welcomed James' touch, his kisses and fairly melted into his arms. When he rolled her onto her back, she didn't mind her sore bottom against the sheets—in fact, it reminded her of what she was: A submissive. She knowingly gave up control, but only to the right man. Charles had been that man and now James seemed to fill his role effortlessly. Charles had seemed to know her better than she did herself.

She felt James' cock slip between her labia and tease her with the head. She opened her legs wider as if to say, "Take me." He was patient. He kissed her neck and moved down to her breasts, all the while letting his cock tease her. She tried to scoot down to accept more of him inside her, but he resisted. It was as if he was saying, "Give up control."

That, she found, was easy to do.

Her mind shifted into her subspace and she lay there, accepting whatever James wanted to do with her body. It heightened the feelings and allowed her to silence her critical mind. She was a sexual being, nothing more.

When he entered her, she gasped with the suddenness of it. He had the power and he used it. She loved it when Charles used to take her, hard and fast. James grabbed her hair and tugged at it while he fucked her, something Charles had often done.

Yes! She thought. Yes! Fuck me! Hurt me! Shock me!

"God, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!" The words spilled out without censor. She was no longer Mrs. Evelyn Rothschild, she was a slutty sex slave being pounded by this powerful Dom. "Fuck!"

She came and still he kept thrusting hard into her. She came again, the second one rolling over the first. Then a third orgasm erupted within her and she had never felt that before. Not even Charles could keep her climaxes rolling one into the other like this. Her body seemed to short-circuit she began to shake, a helpless thing being controlled by her pussy.

She felt him stiffen and just before he came inside her, he grabbed both nipples with his fingers and squeezed, something that never failed to send her over the edge. When she felt his cock spewing inside her, she climaxed for the last time and it seemed to send her into another world.

Evelyn came back to her senses and found herself clinging tightly to James, her arms and legs wrapped around him. Her pussy was still twitching, trying to suck his cock back inside. But he had gone soft now and it soon slipped from her hot core. She finally let him go.

"God," was all she could muster.

"You seemed to have enjoyed that."

"God, yes!" It was beyond description. Charles had never made her come like that. She felt the guilt wash over her, diminishing her pleasures.

"There was something else Charles wanted me to tell you, after we had made love like this," James said.

Her eyebrows went up. What now?

"He told me he knew you would feel guilty after making love to me—as if you were somehow soiling his memory."

Evelyn bit her lip and nodded slightly.

"He asked me to tell you that he knows he wasn't able to take care of you in the way you needed, the last two years of his life. He was very sorry about that even though it couldn't be helped. He asked that you appreciate having a young lover again and enjoy it without guilt. He said, 'Consider this my gift to you.' That's all."

She began to cry. Evelyn felt naked and vulnerable and lost and her personal assistant just hugged her without comment, letting her cry it out. Finally, she felt her strength returning and she was grateful to her husband for providing her with such a good man.

"It's all very strange, you know," she whispered into his ear. "I never expected him to pull something like this."

"I know."

She smiled. She liked that he wasn't trying to diminish her doubts and fears, like most men. She had to come around to accepting James on her own terms, not those thrust upon her by her dead husband. But so far, James was being a very good personal assistant.

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## **Chapter Eight**

Their relationship changed at that point. James invited himself into her bed that evening and every evening since. They made love often. James still exerted his dominance on her, but only in ways she needed and wanted. He would spank her regularly because it put her into her headspace so quickly and heightened her arousal.

She came to appreciate the differences between him and Charles. Well, most of them, anyway. Evelyn still had trouble showing off her body to the servants. Thomas, bless him, rarely asked to see her naked. But Paul often asked to see her breasts when he was driving her places. At first, she had refused and threatened to fire the chauffeur, but James put a stop to that.

"Looks like you're not getting it," he said, reaching out to unbutton her blouse and pull the sides apart. Her bra clasped in front and he easily parted the cups, exposing her to Paul's gaze in the rear-view mirror.

"God, James!" She dared not pull the sides together, so she just sat there and let Paul glance up at her at every stoplight.

When they reached the office, Evelyn was allowed to cover up and she and James went up into the elevator to the top floor. She was always nervous at the office. It started with an ache in the pit of her stomach and grew to make her feel flushed. James called it "The Imposter Syndrome" and she supposed he was right. Who was she to try to run Charles'

company? If it wasn't for James, she never would have lasted this long.

Evelyn was maneuvering the board into accepting Rene Anatole as CEO and she would remain chairwoman—and could then leave the day-to-day operation of the company to the Frenchman. Nelson was all for it, as were his cronies, because they thought Rene would be more agreeable to making changes they desired. But Evelyn had an ace up her sleeve.

She and Rene had long conversations about what Charles would have wanted and how she wanted the company to move forward. "You were always his ally, Rene," she told him. "I want you to honor his wishes."

"But of course, ma'am," he said.

"Don't be so quick to agree until you hear me out," she said, looking up at James and giving him a small smile. It had been James' idea. "I am holding stock for you in a restricted account. If you follow my wishes, each year, one fifth of the shares will be granted to you. At the end of five years, we will meet to discuss your performance."

He nodded. "Yes, ma'am—I can agree to those terms."

"It won't be easy. Nelson and his pals will try to persuade you. I expect you to resist."

"Of course."

The vote was unanimous and Evelyn gratefully ceded control over to Rene. She would still show up quarterly to check on her husband's company, but she was freed from day-to-day decisions that vexed her.

On the way home, she turned to James.

"I want to thank you, for everything."

"Thank Charles. It was all his idea."

"I know, but you really knew exactly what to do. If you had been more forceful in the beginning, I probably would've fired you. But if you had acted too cautiously, it would not have served me well."

He nodded. "Thanks, I appreciate that."

"But now what? I can't see myself just hanging around, being your little sub girl. I need more, don't I?"

He laughed. "You send mixed messages. I think you like the idea but feel it's not worthy of you. I mean, you're Evelyn Rothschild, married to a distant cousin to the original Rothschilds. You want to live up to that name, right?"

She nodded.

"But inside, you're still Evelyn Hockman of Dover Plains, Georgia."

Her eyes went wide and she stared at him. But she already knew how he had gotten that information. Damn Charles!

"You met Charles when you waited on him in a bar in Atlanta."

She nodded and felt embarrassed. He picked up on it at once.

"Hey," he said, lifting her chin. "Don't be ashamed. Charles didn't care where you came from—he only cared about who you were. And he loved you. That much I know."

"He told you that?"

"Of course. And I could see it in his eyes. My point is, you are a Rothschild now and always will be. That's your public face. But inside, you need to serve little submissive Evelyn

Hockman and that's where I come in. You can be both people, Evelyn."

"God," was all she could manage.

"Just take your time finding your place in this new life. I'm here to help you, remember?"

"But for how long? How long did Charles pay you for?"

"For as long as you need me."

"I don't understand. He can't issue you a paycheck—how did he reward you?"

"There was some money involved." He took her hand and kissed it. "But the real reward was you, Evelyn. I knew if I performed my duties well, I'd get you."

Tears came to her eyes. "Really?"

"Yes."

"My god. I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything. Just live your life the way you want to, the way you need to. And thank Charles for knowing you so well."

"I still miss him."

"I know you do. I miss him too. He was a very good friend to me."

"This is so weird, both of us together because of a dead man."

James smiled. "Do you want to fire me?"

She grinned back. "Not today. Let's see how I feel tomorrow."

"Oh, about that," he said. "Tonight, now that you're no longer the CEO, I plan to play some new games."

Her eyebrows went up. "Really? Like what?"

"You'll see."

She didn't say much after that. James enjoyed watching her, reading the questions in her eyes. But she knew better than to ask—he wouldn't tell. He would only show. He wanted to separate himself further from Charles' memory. He had served his purpose. While he would never be forgotten, he felt it was important that she thought of him as the new Dom in her life, not just her personal assistant.

At home, he left her to go sit by the pool. She had hesitated before she went up the stairs, expecting him to follow and tell what to wear. But he would rather she was alone to think about what new games they would be playing. He knew Charles didn't tie her up much, preferring to make her lie still when he punished her. He liked making her control her own body. But James knew tying up a sub really put her into a new place—a helpless state from which she could feel both excitement and fear. Well, a little bit of fear. By now, he knew she trusted him.

At dinner, served by Thomas, Evelyn sat across from James and watched him, like a rabbit might watch a coyote. She had put on a simple skirt and blouse. They talked about innocuous things, but Evelyn bit her lip several times during their dinner, biting back her unasked questions. They made small talk until they were done.

Afterward, he sat with her in the sunroom and sipped some after-dinner wine. She finally couldn't take the pressure and asked, "Uh, James."

"Yes?"

"Just what are you planning... you know?"



"Relax. You trust me, don't you?"

"Well, of course."

"Then just enjoy."

"Can't you tell me what I'm going to enjoy?"

"No."

They fell into a silence. James thought she might be disappointed once she found out what was going to happen. But it was just the start. He wanted to take her further than Charles ever had. He suspected she needed it. Evelyn was an ideal sub in so many ways. Often they don't even know what they want until they experience it. Once they do, look out.

When at last he turned to her and suggested they go to bed, Evelyn jumped up. "Uh, okay," she whispered, suddenly embarrassed by her reaction.

He took her hand and led her up the stairs to their room.

"Go to the bathroom and brush your teeth," he told her.

She did, her eyes questioning his. He just smiled and cupped her cheek. "Relax."

She nodded and went into the bathroom. When she came out a few minutes later, she stood by the bed, waiting. James was still fully dressed. He took her hand and led her to the bed. Slowly, he stripped her, removing each piece of clothing and draping it carefully over a nearby chair. She watched as if it were happening to someone else.

When she was naked, he pulled the covers back and helped her onto the bed. He placed her on her stomach. She automatically raised her hips for him, expecting he might take her ass, but it wasn't time. Maybe later.

He went to the nightstand and pulled out four leather cuffs. Evelyn gave a small gasp. "Is that what you meant?"

"In part," he said. He placed the cuffs on her ankles and wrists. She offered no resistance. He pulled her arms and legs out straight and found the ropes he had tied earlier to the legs of the bed and began to tie her up. She struggled briefly and he gave her a swat to settle her down. When she was securely fastened, he asked, "Can you move?"

She struggled anew and said, "No."

"Good."

He pulled the riding crop from the nightstand and gave her a tentative swat on the bottom. She gave a small gasp.

"It's different now, when you can't move, isn't it?"

"Yes," she breathed.

He swatted her again, harder. "You need this. You may not think so, but you do. You need to feel helpless, out of control. You like giving up control."

"God," she said.

He gave her ten swats, medium-hard, just to warm her up. "I know Charles liked you to lie still while he spanked you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"I like you to feel the bonds holding you, knowing you can't escape. It's frightening and yet, it forces you to trust me completely."

"Yes," she agreed, her breath coming harder now.

He spanked her again, spreading out the blows until her entire ass was red. She was panting now and struggled

against her ropes. The cuffs prevented her from hurting herself. Her only pain came from what he gave her.

He switched the riding crop with a cat o'nine tails and spread the soft leather whips across her back and down to her thighs. Evelyn's body began to twitch under the lash and sweat popped out on her body. She grunted out each blow.

Then, suddenly, she grew still. James recognized at once she had begun to fly. He eased up on severity of the whipping, just keeping her in her subspace for as long as he could. His arm grew tired. He observed how her entire back was reddened and yet, she simply lay there, unable or unwilling to fight back. Not that she could. She was completely helpless.

Finally, he tossed the whip aside and lay next to her on the bed, rubbing his hands over her heated body. She came out of her trance and opened her eyes to see his face close by.

"Wow," was all she said.

He smiled. "You flew, perhaps for the first time."

"Yeah." She still could not form coherent thoughts.

He held her, letting her come down gently from her high. When she seemed back in the present, she asked, "Are you going to untie me?"

"Of course—so I can turn you over."

Her mouth dropped open.

"You didn't think I was just going to whip your bottom, did you?"

"Oh my god."

She did not resist when he untied her and eased her over onto her back. She grimaced when her sore flesh touched the

sheets but she did not complain. She was completely his to do with what he wanted.

He retired her, pulling her limp arms and legs into position. She watched every move. When she was secure, he picked up the riding crop in one hand, the cat o'nine tails in the other. "Which one?"

She smiled. "Up to you, sir."

He nodded. "Good answer."

He tossed the riding crop aside and began to slap her breasts with the soft leather cat o'nine tails. She went more quickly into her trance this time. Before he even reached her pussy, her eyes were half-closed and she was flying. He whipped her body until it glowed. When he was done, his body was soaked in sweat—as was hers. She was red from her collarbone to her knees. He stripped off his clothes and climbed up next to her and hugged her, feeling her heat.

It took her longer to come around. When she did, he crawled up over her and entered her in one smooth movement. Her mouth came open and she gasped. With just one stroke, she came hard.

"OH MY GOD!"

He continued to fuck her helpless body. She jerked against her bonds and James knew she wanted to hug him. But he wanted her to feel helpless a little bit longer. Her orgasms rolled one over the other through her, causing her body to shake with the power of them. He could feel his own climax building and he increased his speed. She was like a rag doll under him.

He grunted and came and she had a final orgasm, her body tensing under his.

"Oh shit! Oh fuck!"

He quickly untied her arms and she wrapped them around him. He held her for several minutes while they came down from their exquisite high. When he rolled off of her, he untied her legs and stretched out next to her.

"You all right?"

"Oh god, yes. I've never felt like that before."

"You've never flown before?"

"Is that what it's called? No, I haven't done that."

"It's something every true submissive should feel."

"It was ... it was something else. I can't even describe it. I felt so helpless! And yet, I trusted you. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah. Trust makes it better."

"I keep wanting to thank Charles for sending you to me, but now I think I just ought to thank you for that. I never knew what it could be like."

"It can be intense."

She hugged him. "You're an excellent personal assistant."

"Thank you, ma'am."

THE END