



GOING
DOWN
AT THE
DOCK

ABBY
WOOD

Going Down at the Dock

by Abby Wood

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Going Down at the Dock
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To R.R.

For all the giggles and listening to me practice my pirate talk.

CHAPTER ONE

Jasmine Kendall hung up the telephone, the corner of her mouth lifted, and she rubbed the chills of excitement off her upper arms. Darren Finnagen brought out the naughty side of her, and this time, he pushed her even farther on discovering what she would do for the pleasure of being his slave. Indebted to him, she found herself unwilling to tell him no.

Glancing at the clock, she shut off her computer, grabbed her leather purse out of the bottom drawer of her desk, and closed her office door. She smiled politely at her employees on the way to the elevator, her panties already damp from the telephone call with Darren. He'd explained what he wanted, and she'd made a mental note of his demands. Whatever he requested in their relationship, she intended to follow through one hundred percent.

The elevator doors swooshed closed. Alone on the ride down, she ran her hand across her breasts to try to relieve the wave of intoxicated yearnings for what Darren planned. The motion heightened her desire

and her skin burned. Even separated with distance, Darren seemed to control the way her body reacted to his orders.

With five more floors to go down to the lobby, she didn't have much time. She slipped her hand in the waistband of her pleated navy blue slacks, and her middle finger slid down and homed in on her clit. Her shoulders dropped, her head fell back, and a tiny purr came from deep inside.

The thought of Darren always created a spark in her body that ached to ignite into a roaring fire. Seldom did she achieve satisfaction from her own fingers, but required the master skills of someone more powerful, more controlling, less self conscious. He'd spoiled her for anyone besides him.

The way he ordered her about, pushed her past her boundaries, and showed her what her body was capable of doing became habit forming. She wanted more. More orgasms, more conquests, more daring behavior to feed the hunger for the extreme.

Unable to satisfy her body's desire and not allowed to disobey Darren's orders, she waited for the ding to signal the doors to open. She removed her hand in time to not be caught diddling her clit by the incoming crowd. Several men in business suits stepped into the elevator box and gave her a knowing smile. She lifted her chin and exited without a backward glance. Her musty, aroused state must have given away her secret.

That's how Darren found her those many months ago. He sniffed her out of a crowd one night at a local hot spot where women prowled for one-night stands. Unable to participate, because of the chance at rumors getting back to the office, she held back. It wouldn't do for her employees to know that the boss lady let her emotions control her sex drive. Aloof and above the others, she couldn't help the way she'd stared at the man at the bar. Instantly, she'd known he was a man who'd dominate her.

CHAPTER TWO

Inside her car, she checked the clock on the dashboard, and started the engine. She'd have to hurry to make it on time. Darren only gave her ten short minutes to touch ground on the dock.

She squeezed her legs together. Her pants' seam teased her engorged clit. Her hands tightened on the steering wheel. She only needed to drive two blocks to find a parking spot and Darren would please her every desire. That promise to satisfy her drove her forward.

In the late afternoon, fleets of ships lined the docks, and the long-shoremen bustled to unload and repack for the next voyage. She shut off the car, put the keys in her purse, and slid the bag under the car seat. Leaving the car unlocked, she strolled toward the long, metal, grated dock. Intent on searching for any sign of Darren, she almost missed the interested glances she got from the men she passed.

Putting the plan into motion, she caught the eye of one sailor and stopped. He swaggered up beside her, and she puckered her mouth in a flirty pout. *I hope you're watching, Darren.*

"Ma'am, can I help you? This isn't really the place for such a pretty woman." He whipped off his black beanie stocking cap. "You could get hurt down here."

Carrying extra weight around his middle, whiskered, and smelling of sweat, he gave off a seedy demeanor. Jasmine stepped closer. She trailed the same finger she'd used to pleasure herself along his coarse cheek, smiling at the way he inhaled and his chest expanded at her touch. *That's it, big guy. Let's get you to full mast, shall we?*

"You look like you could help me." She moved in and skimmed her breasts against his chest.

He chuckled nervously and dropped his hat. "Y...yes, ma'am!"

Her hips swung forward and her pussy pulsed at the contact she made with his cock. "Can you please undo the top four buttons of my blouse? I always manage to break a nail on these tiny, pearl buttons."

She brought her hands up and swept her long hair down her back to give him access to the area under her chin. The action lifted her breasts. His thick, dirty hands shook and fumbled against her chest in his struggle to do her bidding. She gasped and held her breath. His nervous fingers did a sloppy job of undoing the buttons.

The back of his hand brushed her skin under the smooth material. She willed him to hurry. She needed Darren in the worst way.

The last pearl undone, his fingers slipped in between the opening of her shirt and grazed against the top of her breasts. The walls of her cunt spasmed under his touch. Taken by surprise at the way the man aroused her, she reached down, and cupped his cock through the cargo pants. Her tongue came out to lick her lips. The man's eye's fluttered and matched the pulsating throb of his manhood.

She stroked the hard length of him and delighted in the way his hips pressed the rather large piece of hardened candy against her hand. "Yes, show me what you got. I like a man who isn't afraid to give everything to me. I can feel that you want to come. You probably wanted to shoot your wad all over my breasts when you touched them, didn't you?"

"Oh, fuck me!" The man's hips jolted. "I'd like..." He thrust. "To bang you right here. I'd rip those clothes off you..." He ground himself against her hand and groaned. "And show you a real man."

She gave him one last squeeze, his hips thrust, and her hand came away damp from the cum he shot inside his pants. She leaned forward, her lips against his ear.

"Thank you, sir. You don't know how much you helped me." She nipped the delicate lobe, winked, and stepped away.

Jasmine continued down the dock, her blouse half undone, and searched for the next man on her list. Darren still hid somewhere among the boats, and she wondered if he'd show himself or punish her and make her wait for her release. The way her body had reacted to the sailor, she wasn't sure if she'd be able to hold back for Darren. The right touches to her pussy and she'd cry out with satisfaction. Yet the instructions given to her from her master were not even close to being over. He was very specific in his instructions.

A shove from behind pitched her forward. She caught herself against the railing. Her heart pounded at the thought of sailing over into the water below. A fear of drowning and the near catastrophe shook her to the core.

She whipped her head around in search of the asshole who dared run into her. The berating lecture died in her throat. The man who dared to push her stood with a scowl upon his face, his dark bushy eyebrows drawn together over charcoal colored eyes. Along with the foot long beard he sported, he resembled the ruthless pirate, Blackbeard.

Her pussy lips tingled at the surly draw of his voice and the way he commanded she obey him. He put the challenged her, and taunted her to disobey.

He growled, "No woman belongs on the docks. Me mateys become lustful over a woman such as you. I demand you leave, before I take matters into me own hands."

She squared her shoulders. "And, if I don't leave?"

"Aye, you'll need to be taught a lesson, and you'll get what you deserve." A bushy brow above his eye lifted. "You'll regret disobeying me."

She stepped closer in defiance. "Can I pay for passage to walk along the dock, sir?" She purred her request.

He stared her down. His features could've been carved from stone. A fleeting thought of what Darren would do if she didn't complete her task forced her hand. She'd have to do whatever Blackbeard requested. Darren would punish her if she didn't finish the task that he carefully laid out for her.

Jasmine kept her gaze on his frozen face. The unmistakable swish of a zipper coming undone reached her ears. Blackbeard placed his hand on the top of her head. He pressured her down until her knees dug into the grating on the dock. His cock stood out at mouth level. She gazed up at his face, and the corner of his beard where it met at

the end of his mouth moved. No one needed to give her an interpretation of the meaning—he sneered at her for lowering herself to him.

She opened her mouth and leaned forward to catch the bulbous head of his thick cock between her lips. Her lids lowered and she tested his size with her lips. Running her tongue around the ridge and gently sucking, she accepted the salty taste. His large cock jerked involuntarily between her lips. The pumping of more blood rushed to the core of his cock and enlarged him fully. A moan bubbled into her sealed mouth.

“Ye filthy bitch.” His hand fisted into her hair and he slammed his dick deeper into her throat. “Ye take the length of me cock, ye will.”

She swallowed the reaction to gag and it tightened the suction she had around him. He took control of her manipulations. Pushing and pulling her head, back and forth along the length of his cock. She managed to take every inch he gave her. He’d pull her off him, to once again slam himself back into her mouth. One last thrust and he deposited the price of admittance onto his dock at the back of her throat. She swallowed and paid the price. It was her only option to gain admittance to Darren.

Blackbeard tucked his flaccid cock in his trousers and with a sneer he never seemed to lose, grabbed her by the hair. She stood up. Licking her swollen, tender lips, she waited.

“Don’t dillydally, or I’ll stop you on your way off the dock and demand a refund, girly.” His shoulder pushed against her, and he continued on his walk.

CHAPTER THREE

She smoothed her hair back and strolled faster down the runway. She'd have to hurry if she planned to reach Darren in the right amount of time. He still kept himself hidden, and she hoped that he showed himself soon. Sometimes Darren would test her obedience, and if that was the case, she hoped she'd pleased him so far.

Stopping beside a large cargo ship, she turned her head in all directions in search of the next man to do her bidding. She waved at the first man to meet her gaze. This one was built more appealing with broad shoulders and his pants showed off his muscular thighs.

"Something I can help you with, ma'am?" His sunbleached blond hair skimmed his shoulders and thick eyelashes framed eyes the color of the sea.

"I was wondering if you'd like to help me out?" She trailed her hand down the open V of her shirt.

He grinned and swept his gaze down the length of her body. His tongue slipped between his lips at the amount of cleavage she showed. "Sure, I have a few minutes to spare. Whatcha need?"

"It's so hot out here." She used her hand to fan her face. "I wonder if you can block me from the others view while I take my slacks off." She ran her hands over the top of her open blouse. "My blouse is long enough to cover me. No one will know that I only have my panties on underneath. If you could hold on to my pants, and when I'm done with what I came here for, I'll return for them." She caught her bottom lip between her teeth.

"You serious, lady?" He scratched his blond hair. "Is this a funny joke one of the guys put you up to?"

"Pretty please?" She unzipped her pants. "I'd be ever so grateful."

Instead of turning his back to her, he widened his stance, his gaze on her breasts that peeked out. She bent over to slip her foot out of the pants' leg and exposed more of her chest to him.

With expertise, she hurried to remove the pants, folded the trousers, and handed them to him. She pulled down the tails of her shirt and wiggled her ass to make sure the shirt covered it. It barely touched the top of her thighs.

Turning around, she presented her back to him, and gazed over her shoulder. "Am I covered?"

He moved in to tug her shirt down. At the contact, she arched her back and thrust her butt into his hands. Not disappointed, she soon found his massive hands covering each butt cheek and kneading the firm muscles. She moaned and backed towards him. She ran the slip of her crack along the front of his pants and settled right on top of the rise of his cock. Squeezing her ass cheeks into the caress, she undulated up and down.

"Oh God, you are so big!" Bent over the way she was, her voluptuous breasts came out of the low-slung cups of her bra, and she reached up and rolled her nipples between her thumb and finger.

The man pulled back from her and she stepped back to find him again. This time the heat from his bare, engorged cock landed between her legs and rubbed against her inner thighs. She jerked.

He undid his zipper and released the beast!

This wasn't in the plan! Darren's instructions didn't include letting some stranger enter her cunt. He ran the head of his cock over her panties and put pressure on her clit. She bucked against his turgid rod. All thoughts of protesting fled.

Knowing she shouldn't share her pussy without her master's approval, she lifted her head, and gazed around the dock for Darren. Her hips jumped at the temptation the man presented her. He knew how to please a woman.

Not spotting Darren, she second-guessed what he'd allow. He only mentioned owning her pussy. Moreover, he did tell her to play with the other men on the dock. In great detail, he'd explained how she must make three men come before presenting herself to him.

She bent her legs. The brawny man's cock slid along her crack and rubbed against her tight starfish. Her hips slowed and moved enough to soften and open the very part of her body that Darren had never entered.

"That's it, sugar. You know what my cock is screaming for right now. That tight asshole was made for my loving." Brawny guy pulled aside her panties and placed his velvet-covered dick back on the same spot he softened.

A wet finger came down and rubbed the area, and she realized he used his spit to ease his entry. She straightened up and relaxed her lower muscles. His arms came around and grabbed at her peaked nipples. The rough hands through the silk material of her blouse hurt the tender nerves.

Tears came to her eyes, and she pulled out of his embrace. She turned, afraid she'd gone too far and the man might not let her walk away. Her eyes widened as she realized who stood behind brawny man.

"Da...Darren." She quickly lowered her chin and stared at his shoes.

CHAPTER FOUR

Stepping out from behind the brawny man and into plain view, Darren nodded, and walked up to stand in front of her. He lifted her chin and gazed into her eyes. *I'm sorry. I failed.*

"Look at me, Jasmine love." He waited for her to focus on his face.

She rubbed her lips together in frustration. Her body screamed for release and yet, she'd lost control and let her body rule what happened. Afraid of disappointing Darren, she lowered her head, unable to face the truth.

"No, no, love." He raised her chin again. "There is no reason to be ashamed. I knew you would enjoy the flavors of these men. I set up the whole charade. They are not dock workers, but men under my employ."

He stepped aside and she saw the men she'd allowed to touch her on her voyage down the docks. They stood fully clothed further away giving Darren time to talk. She shook her head. This didn't make sense. Did Darren want to bring others into their relationship? Did he want her to share her pussy with the others?

"It pleases me to see you enjoying yourself. You've permitted that inner wild flower hidden inside to come out to play." He gathered her in an embrace. "It turns me on to see you lose control of that high society, business owner, façade you wrap yourself up in every day in that high rise building you own."

"I do it for you, Darren." She sobbed. "Only you."

"Aw, my poor love. Your body still needs attention, does it not?" He pulled back and gazed down at her face.

She nodded.

"Remember when I told you that your pussy is all mine?" He stepped back.

She wrapped her arms around her middle. "I'm sorry—"

He held up his hand. "No, love. 'Tis my fault. I pushed you too far, but you had nothing to fear. I was watching you the whole time. I would not let another man have something so precious of mine." The soft lilt of his voice smoothed her anxiety over displeasing him.

She tilted her head.

"You enjoyed knowing that I watched. The fact that others stopped and stared at your vagrant display of power over men twice your size turned you on, didn't it?" He loosened his tie.

"Yes, Darren."

"The difference between you and me, love..." He pulled his shirt-tails out of his trousers. "I know you prefer to have someone encourage you to obey. You want to feel small, feminine, and let someone bigger and stronger than you control every morsel of desire in that lovely body of yours, yes?"

"Yes, Darren."

He opened his arms out to the side of him and walked in a circle. "How many people do you see watching us like we are a spectator sport and wondering what is going to happen? They gaze longingly at your long, golden legs beneath that very skimpy blouse and hope they will get a chance to see you wrap them around my hips as I plunge into you and take what is mine. Dare I even say...they hope I will punish you for letting three strange men have their freedom with you?"

She flicked her gaze at the crowds gathered up on the decks of the ships and at the end of the dock. A twirl of excitement started low in her tummy, spread out to the hidden bits of her womanhood, and brought her back to her high sense of arousal the other men brought out in her.

“If it’s okay with you, love, let’s give them what they ask for....” He stepped toward her and grabbing a handful of her thick hair at the back of her head brought her forward for a kiss that both urged her on and showed her exactly who controlled the situation.

She whimpered against his lips and he let her go abruptly. He stepped back. His hands trailed along the opened V of her blouse, grasped each side, and ripped the buttons off the rest of the shirt. She gasped. Her head fell back and she languished at the vulnerability that overcame her knowing the strangers gazed upon her body.

CHAPTER FIVE

"First, I must punish you though." Darren stepped farther away. "You remember my instructions on the phone? I said you must make three men come, correct?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry, Darren."

"No, no, no." He shook his head, his eyes crinkled at the corners. "It is not entirely your fault. I interrupted the last man." He lifted his hand and motioned the other man to step up. "You must now let this man come all over you. You must submit to him on your knees and beg him to spray his cum all over your nipples, your breasts."

Her mouth fell open and she purred. Darren gave this present to her for a reason. She loved to kneel for him and take the gift of his pleasure on her skin. To bow down at his feet and show respect always excited her. The act of submission itself was almost orgasmic.

Darren turned toward the third and last participant in their game. The man stroked his swollen cock, his jaw lax, and his legs spread wide. Jasmine mewed. Her nipples peaked despite the afternoon heat.

Her body trembled with the need to submit to this man in front of Darren.

"Remember, Jasmine, you must beg him to use your body." Darren stepped up behind her, slipped her blouse off, unclipped her bra, and removed the clothes. "Do not be afraid to tell him what you want him to do."

She nodded in rapid agreement. Yes, she could do this. She wanted to please her master.

"P...please sir, come closer." Jasmine knelt down on the dock.

She spread her legs wide the way Darren showed her how to submit, and she clasped her hands behind her back. Her legs shook with pent-up desire, the apex of her thighs moist from her pussy juice. Her lace thong panties were the only material on her body.

"Come here and rub the head of your cock on my nipples." She arched her back, thrusting her breast out in an offering she hoped was too beautiful to ignore. "Your cock is so big and hard. I want you to touch the sensitive nerves on my breasts."

The man walked forward. His fingers wrapped tight around the base of his cock. Jasmine viewed the way his balls moved up tight against him.

"Oh please, sir." She gyrated her shoulders back and forth. "My pussy gets wetter at the way you touch yourself."

He stepped between her open legs, his dick slapped her cheeks, and she opened her mouth. Preparing to catch his man juice if he aimed for her mouth, she left her mouth relaxed, and ran her tongue across her upper lip.

"Beg him, Jasmine!" Darren stepped over so she could see him standing off to the side, behind the man.

"Please, I want you to use my body. I beg you, show me who's boss." She moaned. "Yes, yes, beat your cock against my breasts. Turn them red with the heat from you."

The man spread his legs wide, bent at the knees, and shifted his hips sideways. His cock rubbed back and forth against her nipples. She dropped her head back on her shoulders, stared up at the man hovering over her, and quivered under his treatment.

"Oh God, my pussy is squirting my cream. I want to come." Her breath came hard and fast. "Stroke...your...Cock. Please, give..." She shuddered. "Me it all. Show me I'm a slave."

The man groaned. His forearm muscles flexed at the strength behind the way he beat his cock. He straightened up, and gazed over his shoulder at Darren.

"Sir, I would like to come all over your slave. I want to show everyone how much cum I can shoot." He waited for Darren's approval. At his nod, he stepped back.

"Oh yes, sir, show me how big and strong you are. Send your load my way, and I will rub it all over my breasts for you." Jasmine dropped her chin, her mouth wide open, and waited.

Cum shot out of the hole at the end of the man's cock. She thrust her breasts out to catch the long, white, creamy strand. She moaned at the way the liquid ran over her nipples and shone in the sun.

"Master Darren?" She caught her lip between her teeth. "May I use my hands to rub it in to my skin?"

The man stepped back. He moved over to lean against the railing to catch his breath. His cock still jutted out of his pants.

Darren took the man's place in front of Jasmine and shook his head. "Not yet." He motioned the first two men to move forward. "I promised these two sailors a little treat."

Both men came to her, separated, and kneeled on each side of her on the dock. They leaned their heads forward and began to lick the third man's cum off her skin. The long languished strokes of their tongue caressed her sensitive skin. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the way each man spent extra time lapping at her nipples and cleaning the other man's juice off her body.

"Oh sirs, that feels so good." She bounced on her knees. Her pussy needed attention in the worse way. "Thank you, thank you." She gazed down at her clean breasts. "May they suck my nipples, Master Darren? I enjoy their tongues."

Both men applied their lips to the hard, swollen tips and drew a mouthful of her breasts into their mouth. Their tongues stroked and sucked. *Oh sweet Lord, I'm going to come.*

CHAPTER SIX

"Enough!" Darren stood in front of Jasmine. "Go back to your station. You both are allowed to watch."

"Do not come until I tell you, slave." He pulled her to her feet.

Darren knelt on one knee, trailed his hands down her stomach, over her mound, and separated her legs. She adjusted her stance and welcomed the warm breath that nuzzled her pussy. He pulled aside the thin, lacy material and lapped at the juice that ran thick from her cunt.

His hands came around to her bottom and held her in place. Groping and parting her crack, he teased her puckered hole. Her pussy ejaculated again. She placed her hand on the side of his head grasping for something to hold. Her legs were weak from pleasure.

Braced in his arms, she escaped to that dead zone where nothing existed, except for the insatiable feelings Darren created inside of her. He worked his way up her body laying a trail of kisses along her stomach, her breasts, and pulling her head forward to claim her lips. She tasted herself on his tongue.

"I love to have my mouth on your pussy as you squirt your love juice in my mouth. I have never known another woman capable of that trick." The corner of Darren's mouth lifted. "You please me so much."

She shook her head. "I d...don't know why it happens, Master. She moaned. "I think you make me do it."

"Turn around, love, and take your pleasure." He rotated her, and pushed against her back to bend her over. "Touch the ground and open your pussy to me. Show everyone here what a good girl you are. Give them a glimpse of your cunt. Let them wish they were me."

She spread her legs and placed the palms of her hands on the rough metal slats of the dock. The whirl of his zipper hinted to her to what came next. His finger slid the crotch of her panties over to the side. His finger skimmed her starfish.

"This is mine too. Not today, but soon, I promise." He tested her willingness by sinking the tip of his little finger in the hole. "Very soon, love. I can feel the way your body sucks my finger inside wanting more. You want something more, bigger, harder"

She bucked up to take more, but he pulled his finger out. In one swift move, he buried his cock, balls deeps, into her warm, slick, cunt. She cried out with pleasure. His hands molded onto her hips and brought her ass back to meet each thrust.

"Who owns you, Jasmine?"

"You d...do." She panted and rose up on her tiptoes. "Oh. Darren. Fuck. Me. Hard."

He increased the rhythm and gave her ass a slap. She tossed her hair over her back and screamed out her orgasm. Involuntary spasms rolled around his cock. His fingers dug into her hips and he slammed into her and held still, squirting his seed deep inside her pussy.

She didn't move. He held her weight off her legs and wrapped his arm around her waist. She struggled to catch her breath. Wore out from the experience, she relied on Master Darren to keep from falling over.

Darren leaned over her back, his lips at her ear. "Come, love, we best get out of here. I'm afraid we have caused quite a show, and I wouldn't want trouble to find you."

He helped her into her shirt, pulled the ends together and she folded her arms under her breast to keep herself covered. Her pants lay folded on the deck, and Darren held them out for her to step into without her having to let go of her shirt. He zipped his pants and appeared all pulled together as if their scene hadn't happened.

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With her hand grasping the edges of her shirt to keep it together, she slipped her other hand into Darren's. Together they walked along the dock towards the parking lot. The men from earlier were gone and the strangers who witnessed the love they shared kept their faces averted.

"I think it is time you move in with me, love." He gave her hand a squeeze. "You passed the test with flying colors. Together, we will not want for anything, and I will always take care of you."

"Yes, Master Darren." The corner of her mouth lifted. Deep down in her soul, she'd do anything for her master.

Biography

Abby Wood lives in Oregon with her husband and kids. A big animal lover, she enjoys the multitude of animals that come and go in her life. She likes nothing more than to delight readers with a book that takes them out of the real world and between the pages of a whole new world...if only for a little while.

She loves to hear from readers and you can find her at www.authorabbywood.com