



DIRTY*BITS

the *Perfect*
Secretary

Madison J. Edwards

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by

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The Perfect Secretary
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Sarah Adams, thrilled to be Troy Reid's personal executive assistant, wants to prove she was the right choice. She's the perfect secretary, who'll do anything to please both her bosses.

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“Miss Adams.”

The red indicator light of a recessed intercom on Sheila’s desk glowed. Pressing a discreet button, she leaned and spoke into it.

“Yes, Mr. Reid?”

“Come into my office, right away. Bring a pen and pad.” The light turned off, and once again the recessed intercom blended into the desk.

Gathering up her notepad and pen, Sheila walked to the set of double doors leading to Mr. Reid’s office. Six months ago, she’d been one of five women chosen from the secretarial pool to compete for the vacated position of Executive Assistant to Mr. Troy Reid. After a lengthy and gruelling board interview with Troy and his two partners, Seth Black and Chad Masterson—the partner rumoured to have married the previous E.A.—Sheila had been offered the job.

Their questions ranged from professional to personal. At times her head felt like it was split in two as they tag-teamed her, and often her answers were hurried as one would fire off a question about the company and the others would pry into her personal life.

After the interview she’d gone and sat on a toilet in the ladies restroom, because her legs had been like jelly. Although shaken, the idea of being Troy Reid’s personal assistant had her on edge. In a good way. Her attraction to him bordered on dangerous. He had no idea she had a huge crush on him, and drooled over him from afar.

The other two were nothing to sneeze at either. When all three men turned to greet her before the interview, she’d felt like she’d walked into a photo shoot for GQ. Alone, each man was potent, but together, a girl could be forgiven if she’d forget small things. Like how to breathe.

Pushing the door wide, she entered and strode toward his desk. He sat, watching her over steepled fingers. At the edge of a chair, facing his desk, she stopped.

No man had the right to look as good as he did. Broad shoulders, lean hips, hair the color of burnished oak, and melt-in-your-mouth chocolate eyes. Her breath hitched as those chocolate eyes narrowed and he brought his hands down onto his desk.

“Miss Adams. Did I not say ‘right away’?”

Sheila quelled the temptation to push her hair behind an ear. A habit she did when nervous.

“Yes sir, you did.”

“It took you ten seconds to get here, Miss Adams, and I know for a fact it should take precisely eight.”

Anticipation skittered through her midsection, and she swallowed. Her mouth felt dry, her palms clammy.

“Yes, sir. I’m sorry Mr. Reid.”

“Sorry won’t do. Remove your shirt.”

Startled, Sheila hesitated. During her six months as his Executive Assistant, she’d seen interest flare in his eyes, but this—demand—was new.

“Miss Adams. Your shirt.”

Troy’s voice brought her out of her stunned silence.

“Y...yes, sir.”

She knew by following his request, she’d entered into a tacit agreement, and had to trust he wouldn’t broadcast this all over the building. And not do anything she wouldn’t want.

After placing her pad and pen on the chair, she unbuttoned the blouse, tugged it out from her skirt, and let it fall to the floor.

His eyes darkened as he took in the skin tone lacy bra that cupped her breasts. Breasts which were rapidly rising and falling with each quickening breath. A small hesitation, and then she picked up the pad and pen, and sat in the chair.

“Miss Adams?” His silky voice purred from the other side of the desk.

“Yes, Mr. Reid?”

“Did I say you could sit?”

Now she was confused. Prior to this, she’d come into his office, sit in the chair, and wait for him to relay rapid-fire requests that she sometimes struggled to keep up with. At times she’d spend hours trying to decipher her own short hand. As frustrated as this made her, the chance to be near him more than made up for it. The money wasn’t bad either.

Flustered, she stood. “No, sir. You didn’t.”

“Come here, Miss Adams. Leave the pad and pen on the chair.”

She did as he bade, and walked around the desk, stopping at the corner of it facing him. He’d swivelled in his chair, and frowned when she stopped. Pointing to a spot on the floor in front of him, he said, “Come *here*, Miss Adams.”

On shaking legs, she moved forward until she stood directly in front of him. Heat rolled off his body. Completely at odds with the goose-bumps raising the hair on her arms.

Big hands reached out and drew her closer, between his legs. They caressed her ass through the silky material of the skirt, and digging into the softness, urged her even closer to his body. Warm breath feathered across her breasts, and she closed her eyes when his mouth closed over a lace covered nipple.

Of their own volition, her breasts swelled, and her pussy moistened. He pushed away the fabric, and immediately suckled the hardened teat, pulling it into his mouth, letting it go with a satisfying pop.

“For being late, and for your impudence, you must be punished. Do you agree, Miss Adams?”

She struggled to form a coherent sentence. His hand had slid up her skirt, pushing aside her thong, and his thumb had unerringly found her clit, stroking it, sending jolts of electricity straight to her midsection. Her panties were soaked through, and her vagina throbbed. She ached for more than his thumb.

“Miss Adams. Do you agree you should be punished?”

She’d agree to anything to have this man finish what he’d started. Visions of his cock, driving into her from behind as she bent over his desk, made her cream even more.

“Yes. Yes, Mr. Reid. I need to be punished.”

His fingers slid from her panties, and he straightened her bra, a small smile on his face.

“Good. Gather your things, and be back in this office at precisely five o’clock this afternoon.”

She took a step back. Disappointment flooded her. He’d almost had his hand in her pussy. Her breast was tender where he’d nibbled on it, and she was supposed to go back to her desk and act like nothing happened?

He swivelled away from her and studied the papers in front of him. When she didn’t move,

he said. "You may go now, Miss Adams."

Thank god she finally went back to her area outside his office. The scent of her arousal was strong, and Troy's cock throbbed against the material of his dress pants. He'd almost given in, had almost taken her right then and there on his desk, but this plan he and his partners set in motion six months ago called for careful timing.

When Eve married Chad, and quickly became pregnant with twins, they knew she wouldn't be returning to her job and had to find someone to replace her. It couldn't be just anyone. The person they chose would have unique tastes, and predilections. Someone who understood certain commands, played well with others, and didn't mind sharing—herself.

Miss Adams fit the bill perfectly. Her tight body with high, full breasts and a tiny waist flaring out to slender hips had him fantasizing for months. During their 'interview' Chad took care of the business side, but Troy and Seth asked highly personal questions, and by keeping her off balance during the interview, learned that she may look demure, but beneath her calm façade burned a small flame. A flame they intended to stroke toward a raging fire.

And stroke her they would. Inside and out. His luscious assistant was a secret submissive, and it was time he brought her into his world. Pressing a button under his desk, a screen slid down from the ceiling and Troy watched Sheila at her desk. She sat immobile, her mouth moving, talking to herself. Lush, plump lips that would mould themselves around his cock as he and Seth rocked her from both ends. Front and back.

He knew she'd been primed for today. He'd been quietly getting her used to obeying his commands without question, and also become familiar with him being close to her physically. As he'd dictate nonsensical demands, he'd pace by her chair and sometimes straighten her collar, or place a hand on her shoulder. More often than not, he'd stand beside her chair, crotch at eye level. He'd seen her eyes widen, lips parting slightly and the tip of her tongue darting out, moistening them in an age old invitation.

He'd stay by her side, his cock thickening and catch her taking furtive side glances, while her fingers flew over the steno pad. Those were the days when she'd stay late, trying to figure out what she'd written down. He wondered if she could still take notes if her were fucking her from behind. His cock hardened at the thought.

He watched her as she rose from the desk, darted a quick look to the door of his office, and

hurried over to the closet. She brought down her purse, and after a frantic search, palmed something in her hand before sitting back at the desk.

Fascinated at what she could be doing, he almost laughed out loud as she bunched her skirt up, and fitting a tiny apparatus on her finger, began to massage herself beneath the thong. Leaning back in the chair, she arched her back, and he saw her hand moving in circular motions. He flicked a second button and soon tiny mewls could be heard as she stroked herself to climax.

So the little minx thought she could get away with it. Eyes glinting dangerously, he sent a text message to Seth. Only two words. *She's ready.*

Sheila scurried to the bathroom, cleaned her tiny finger vibrator, and was back at her desk five minutes later. Usually, she'd wait until she got home to relieve the sexual pressure that built whenever she was near Troy, but the minute he'd touched her, she'd needed release.

After months of careful study, and planning, it seemed her wishes were becoming reality. Every morning she'd go through her wardrobe, and select different colors and styles to wear. When Troy would call her into his office, she'd watch his reactions, gauging what caught his eye, and what didn't.

Skirts, blouses, shoes and dresses were separated and boxed up if they hadn't done the trick. Troy Reid liked soft, skin tone blouses tucked into fitted skirts that clung to her bottom like a second skin. He also liked shoes that shaped her leg, and made her ass jut out. She'd tailored her work wardrobe to pique his interest every day. And today, he'd shown he was interested. Very interested.

Her pussy moistened at the memory of his finger stroking her clit. She thought longingly of her vibrator in her purse. Two times in one day at work was a little much. But his hand had been so warm, and he'd taken her breast in her mouth.

The clock on her computer desktop showed four thirty, half an hour until she had to be in his office. The private elevator chimed, letting her know someone was coming up. She hadn't buzzed anybody in, so it had to be one of the partners. They were the only ones who had a key to operate it.

She hoped it was Seth. Of the three partners, she was most comfortable with him. He flirted with her in an outrageous way, and although she knew he liked her, she also knew flirting was the way he communicated with most women in the building.

When she was in the secretarial pool downstairs, she'd seen him breeze through, causing a stir amongst co-workers. Seth Black cut a wide swath through most of them, and no wonder. With his Native American ancestry his cheekbones were chiselled, eyes so dark they looked almost black, and strong white teeth showcased in a winning smile. A complete package attached to a body that a Superbowl quarterback would cry like a baby for.

The doors slid open, and Seth strode through, flashing his famous grin when he saw her.

"Hey Angel. You look gorgeous. Almost good enough to eat." He plopped his butt on the corner of the desk, and leaned into her. "Ah, you're wearing Prada again. You know Troy loves that scent."

Heat crept across her cheeks. Yes, she knew Troy liked Prada—Infusion D'Iris, and had wrinkled his nose at Davidoff—Cool Water, which was too bad, because she'd liked it. Now her sister had the almost full bottle.

Seth straightened and inclined his head toward the door. "Is the boss man in?"

"Yes."

"Good." He started for the door, then turned back. "I'll see you later."

After he closed the door, Sheila worried her bottom lip. She was supposed to go in there at precisely five o'clock, and it was now four-forty-five. Should she wait for Seth to leave, or should she still go in? Her tummy flip-flopped as she weighed the pros and cons of not doing what Troy demanded.

At five o'clock she stood, squared her shoulders, and opened the door to Troy's office. She needed to show she'd follow his orders, and trust that he knew what he was doing.

Right on time, Miss Adams came into the office. Troy stay seated at his desk, and Seth lounged comfortably on the settee against a far wall. She advanced as far as the chair and stopped.

Troy looked at Seth and gave a slight nod. At that signal, Seth rose to his feet and walked out the door. Not even gone for a minute, he returned, and settled back on the settee.

"Miss Adams, do you know why you are here?"

She swallowed, and darted a quick glance at Seth. "I'm...ah, I'm here because you asked me to."

Troy rose and strode around the desk, not stopping until he stood directly behind her. She

smelled so good, he was tempted to lift her hair up to his face and breathe deep. Keeping control was important, and she needed to know she could trust him, and that he trusted Seth.

He spoke very calmly. "You know that's not true. Why are you here? You can speak freely in front of Seth."

She turned and gave him a startled look, her eyes wide, mouth parted as she gave a small gasp. He nodded at the unspoken question in her eyes, and knew, in one hot second she'd put the pieces together. Now they had to wait and see if their assessment of her character had been correct.

Turning her back to him again, she stared straight ahead, and said in a stronger voice than before, "I'm here to be punished."

Troy allowed himself to touch her hair. He pulled pins out until her curls fell in a honeyed, tangled mess down her back. Seth still hadn't moved on the settee, but Troy knew that look on his face. Seth was very turned on by Sheila's confession that she needed to be punished.

Troy sat back at his desk, and laid the gathered pins on it. "Is there anything else you wished to tell us, Miss Adams?"

A small frown wrinkled her brow. "No. Only that I sat down and shouldn't have."

Seth reached into his pocket and flipped the tiny vibrator to Troy, who caught it mid-air. He laid it on the desk, beside the hair pins. Sheila's cheeks went bright pink, but she didn't move, or say a word.

"Do you recognize this, Miss Adams?"

A small pause, and then, "Yes."

"What do you use it for?" Seth drawled from the settee.

A small spark of anger shot out of her eyes as she flicked a glance at Seth. Quickly she hid it, and faced Troy again, her lips firmly closed. Good, she had some spunk.

Troy spoke up. "Answer Seth's question, Miss Adams. What do you use it for?"

"I use it to pleasure myself."

"And did you pleasure yourself today?"

"Yes."

Troy stood and began pacing to the bank of windows overlooking the downtown core.

"Hmm... I see. Miss Adams, I'm sure you've gathered Seth and I have...certain tastes. We are very discreet about whom we share this information, and with whom we indulge our

preferences with.”

He stopped pacing and faced Sheila again. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, fingers clenched into small fists.

“Does this frighten you?”

She lifted her chin a notch. “No sir, it doesn’t.”

Troy allowed his shoulders to relax. Now he’d discover the real Sheila Adams. He leaned into her ear, and whispered softly. “Nothing will happen unless you want it. Your job is not at risk, and you can leave anytime. Do you understand?”

She turned her head, and relief flooded her eyes. A small, tremulous smile quirked her lip. “Yes, thank you.”

He straightened, and went back behind his desk. As he sat down, he picked up the tiny vibrator, turning it over in his hand, looking at it. The room was silent, broken only by the sound of their breathing.

“What do you think would be a proper punishment, Sheila?” Seth asked from the settee. “You knew you were going to be punished by Troy, yet you finger fucked yourself on company time.”

Sheila darted a look toward the couch, and licked her lips. She clasped her hands and turned back to Troy. “I don’t know, sir. Whatever you think is appropriate.”

“Well, Miss Adams. I believe you need a spanking.”

Sweet Jesus. Did he just say what I thought he did?

Sheila trembled as she walked over to Troy’s desk, raised her skirt and bent over, exposing her bottom. Moisture trickled out of her and soaked her thong again. She’d died and gone to heaven.

Troy’s trousers brushed the back of her legs as he moved into position behind her. Quivers of anticipation snaked through her when his deep voice said, “Stretch your hands over the desk.”

Her hands reached for the other side of the desk, and she noticed Seth had come around. Using his belt, he looped her hands together and then tugged, stretching her so that she stood on her toes. The other end of the belt was notched in the handle of the desk.

Her ass jutted out, and Troy slipped the thong down her legs. She laid her cheek on the edge of the desk, grateful for the cool wood against her heated skin. When she’d set her mind on

having Troy as her dominant male, she'd never expected to get two. Her pussy clenched, waiting for the first slap of her spanking. This was happening faster than she'd expected, and it was what she wanted, but she couldn't help a tiny fissure of fear to coil around her heart.

Seth must have noticed, because he squatted down to eye level with her. "What's wrong, Sheila. Do you want to do this?"

Concern blazed in his dark eyes, and she nodded.

"Then what is it?"

"I don't want to lose your respect. I need to be punished, but I also want to be a good secretary, too."

Seth grinned, then gave her a quick kiss. "Sheila. The games we play, here in the office and maybe sometimes away from the office, are between the three of us. It has nothing to do with your job. This is personal and private and, speaking for myself, I respect you even more."

A sigh blew out of her. She tried to twist and see what Troy was doing. He was her first dominant, and his approval was what she needed most. Troy's palm smoothed over her ass, and she heard the slide of his belt. She tensed, waiting for the first snap.

Troy leaned over her, his mouth to her ear. "I respect you as well, Miss Adams, and because of that I will be the one who will discipline you." With his body draped over her, she felt his erection nudging between her butt cheeks.

She wanted him deep inside her, reaming her until she screamed. He straightened, and then a stinging slap from the belt. Her ass quivered, and she bit her lip, tensing for the next one, and then the next.

Seth lifted her chin and she saw his cock, precum seeping out of the end, pointing directly at her. "You're getting too good at anticipating your spanking. I think you need something else to concentrate on." He rubbed his cock against her lips, and obediently she opened her mouth. His thick cock surged in, and butted against the back of her throat. His musky scent filled her senses. Earthy, and very male.

Slightly gagging, she adjusted how her head was laid on the desk, relaxed her jaw, and took him in further. When another stinging slap hit her ass, she tensed.

Seth drawled. "Don't you bite me, or I'll do more than spank your ass."

Seth rocked in and out as Troy would caress her bottom and then deliver a stinging slap. Her ass burned, her jaw felt like it was stretched wide, and then she felt the glide of a thick cock

into her pussy. She almost wept.

Troy increased his pace, and Seth's cock thickened in her mouth. His strokes faster, shorter, his breathing thin. Sheila was cresting to an orgasm and she strained to push closer to Troy, have him fill her completely. The pressure increased, layer by layer her orgasm built.

Seth gave one final push, and hot, salty cum gushed into the back of her throat. She swallowed as much as she could and when he withdrew, licked remnants from the side of her mouth.

Seth bent down again, and laid a calloused palm on her cheek. Panting she looked at him. He smiled and then looked over to Troy. "Come on sweetheart. You're almost there. Come for us, baby."

Squeezing her eyes shut, she concentrated on the sensation of Troy's cock thrusting into raw pussy. Fingers dug into her hips, and he plunged deeper and harder than before. The sound of his thighs, slapping against her ass, and Seth's soft coaxing brought her to the edge and over. Her orgasm rocketed through her. Her vaginal walls rippled and pulsed, gripping Troy's cock, milking him as he came in short, jerky thrusts, emptying himself completely. Exhausted, he flopped on top of her, bracing himself on his elbows. The buttons from his shirt pressed through her blouse into her back.

Seth rose, and quickly undid the leather belt. Tingles ran through her fingers as blood rushed back into her hands. Sheila didn't realize she'd pulled on them so tight while Troy fucked her over the desk.

Troy lifted off her and a tissue was felt between her legs, cleaning residue from both of them. Brushing down her blouse, she turned and faced Troy. Neither of them noticed Seth quietly leave the room. Standing in just her blouse and high heels, she stared at her hands.

Was he pleased with her? Did he wish he'd hired some other girl? A tear trickled out of the corner of her eye as the silence continued to stretch between them. She'd failed, and failed miserably.

"Miss Adams." Troy's quiet voice cut through her despair.

She lifted her eyes to look at him. Her heart jumped when she saw he was smiling slightly.

"Yes, Mr. Reid?"

"You did exceedingly well."

Her smile radiated from deep within her belly. "Thank you, Mr. Reid."

He turned all business. "Clean up this mess, Miss Adams, and after you're dressed, you may stock the photocopier room. Then you may go home."

She almost wanted to skip from the room, she was so happy. Any order from Troy was like a cherished love letter from him. "Yes, Mr. Reid." She straightened his desk, threw away the tissues, and then dressed. At the door, she turned. "Good night, Mr. Reid."

He didn't look up from the papers on his desk. "Good night, Miss Adams."

She had pulled the door open, and had taken one step out when he called to her again.

"Miss Adams?"

She stopped, but didn't turn.

"Leave the vibrator at home from now on. All your orgasms are mine. See you tomorrow morning."

The door clicked behind her, and she fist pumped the air. Yes! All her orgasms would be his. Everything she was would be his.

As she turned and walked toward the stock room, Troy hit the button and let the screen slide back into the ceiling. He could breathe easy now. He'd found the perfect secretary.

The End

Madison J. Edwards

The Prairie dust is in my blood, but no longer on my shoes.

Madison grew up in small town Saskatchewan, population twelve hundred. By the age of ten, she'd read every book the local library had to offer. Granted, the library wasn't large, tucked in the corner of the local carpet store, but it sparked a love of reading that hasn't diminished.

Madison, her family and two spoiled cats, reside in London, Ontario. She is a member of the Romance Writers of America and her local chapter, Toronto Romance Writers.

Check out Madison's blog "Where Romance Lies" www.whereromancelies.com, or out her Facebook page – Madison J Edwards.

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