

# To Tame a Thief

By

Loki Renard

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# Chapter One

10.00 am and under the irritating fluorescent lights that washed out her complexion and made her blonde hair look vaguely green, Lucy smiled fondly at her \$1.99 desktop calendar. It was not because she was given to smiling fondly at inanimate objects, but because finally she was able to cross off 'Day 365' of her middle management position with Feldspar Technologies. It was a dreary company, but then again, all the companies with the misfortune to hire Lucy were.

Lucy Cox was a scam artist of the most legal and proper kind. Few hiring managers could resist the combination of a stellar resume that detailed management experience on three separate continents and the winning smile that Lucy could turn on and off at will. Of course, every time Lucy was hired, she made sure that her severance package in the event of her termination was generous. Feldspar Technologies had been especially generous with their offer, three years salary and health benefits just for being sent packing. Now that the year of employment required before she could collect on the package was up, Lucy intended on being fired quickly. She'd been hankering for travel, somewhere exotic, China maybe.

She had been preparing for this day for some time now. To Lucy, being fired wasn't an unfortunate event, it was an art form. It was important that the infraction be serious enough to be grounds for termination, but not so serious that the police would be called. Walking that line required skill and if Lucy was anything, it was skilled.

With a secret smile, she picked up the receiver of her telephone and dialed a number.

"Mr Clarkson, how are you?" she said in silky smooth tones as she was transferred to the CEO of the city's most prestigious and indeed, litigious law firm. A few minutes later, she hung up with a satisfied sigh and waited for the inevitable knock on her plywood office door. This was the thrilling part, the part where a year's planning coalesced into a long holiday.

It took a little time of course, no doubt Clarkson had wasted no time in getting his attorneys to start drawing up documents, but even the fastest notice of intent to sue took time to trickle through disinterested secretaries on both sides of the litigious divide. At 3pm however her office door burst open. Not even a knock. Her manager must be flustered indeed.

Tim did look flustered, his spectacles perched halfway down his nose, his face red, his rotund belly shaking with rage.

"Lucy, what have you done?" he asked in what was presumably supposed to be a furious whisper but what instead was a spittle-filled wail.

"Hmm?" Lucy feigned ignorance.

"Clarkson is threatening to bring a class action against us," he said, brandishing a pile of faxed documentation. Lawyers, for some reason, still preferred to fax threats. Paper gave them gravitas that electronic communications could not.

"Perhaps we shouldn't have been shipping those combustible batteries," Lucy replied.

Tim's face turned purple. "They're not combustible!"

The batteries being referred to were the ZX Laptop series, a series known for occasionally melting one's laptop to one's lap. By rights they should have been recalled, but the incidence rate was low enough that it was far cheaper to settle out single claims than to recall the whole series. That was, until Clarkson had gotten wind of the potential class action.

"You're going to be fired for this!" Tim promised, his voice a low hiss as he stalked out the door.

"Oh, I hope so," Lucy muttered under her breath, restraining a smile as curious heads popped up over cubicle walls in the open plan office beyond her own.

At 4.30 pm Lucy received a curt email requesting her immediate presence before the CEO of Feldspar Technologies. She waited half an hour before replying that she'd be there as soon as she could, and another half an hour after that before she bothered to leave her office. An extra hour to stew in their anger would no doubt tip the scales in favor of her termination.

At 5.30 pm, Lucy made her way to the great glass elevator as she had nick-named the garish clear elevator that was the pride and joy of the company and selected the top floor. When she arrived the CEO's dour secretary gave her a withering look, then told her to 'go right on in,' with the sort of tone a Roman Emperor might have told an early Christian to go on in to the lion's den.

Straightening her skirt and jacket, Lucy took a deep breath. With any luck she'd be enjoying her favorite Thai food and booking flights out of the country by 6.00 pm. As she entered the plush office, a pair of sharp eyes made the breath catch in her throat. She had been expecting an older gentleman, wide around the girth, gray around the pate. This man was anything but.

"Ms Cox, I presume?" Jason Feldspar, CEO of Feldspar Technologies greeted her congenially, a broad smile on his handsome face. Blue eyes twinkled at her under dark eyelashes, and as she noted that he wore his dark hair long and tied back behind his head. If it weren't for the broad shoulders and granite features that made him so very masculine, he could be described as beautiful, rather than handsome.

"Yes," Lucy confirmed.

He smiled like a shark. "Please, won't you sit down?" There was no hint of impatience in his tone as he indicated a chair in front of his desk.

Gathering her composure, Lucy sat in the indicated seat. There was no need to panic, sure, he was not who she had been expecting, but that changed nothing, he was a CEO and CEOs fired people who brought the threat of class action lawsuits to their doors.

As she sat, Jason did the same, relaxing into his plush leather chair as if he had not a care in the world. There was a keen intellect about his features that made Lucy nervous. When he looked at her, it was as though she were entirely transparent to him. She shook off the feeling. That was silly, nobody could know what other people were thinking.

"Do you know why you are here, Ms Cox?"

Lucy put on her best wide eyed, yet obnoxious expression. "Because you're the only person with the authority to fire me?"

To her dismay, he chuckled and shook his head. "On the contrary, I am the only person with the authority not to fire you. HR wants your head, Ted, wants your head, but I, I don't think we'll be losing your services so easily."

Lucy's heart sank, but she did her best to remain neutral. "Oh I see, well, that's very generous of you, Mr Feldspar," she said, feigning relief. It was important she not look disappointed now, that could give the whole game away.

"Yes and no," he replied mysteriously. She looked at him askance as he handed her a plastic folder.

"I like to know who is working for me, even if my employees wouldn't recognize me if they fell over me," he said. The light mocking tone was back in his voice, and Lucy cast a suspicious look up at him as she opened the file. In it was her resume. Not the resume she'd submitted to the company when she was hired, her real resume, one that detailed the circumstances of every position she'd lost in the past ten years. There were multiple law suits, one small fire and on one occasion, a visit from a SWAT team. Her blood ran cold as she looked over the records.

"It would appear," Jason said languidly, "that you have a talent for collecting large severance packages. I can assure you, Ms Cox, that will not happen here. If you choose to resign at this time, I will of course, accept your resignation and be prepared to write a full reference for your next position."

Lucy looked up at him, her eyes full of venom. "You bastard," she said.

He smiled at her with a predatory leer. "You find yourself in rather a delicate position now, do you not, Ms Cox? I imagine that your previous employers would be very interested to know of the full circumstances surrounding your repeated dismissals. I imagine some of them might even take inconvenient legal action."

"Are you threatening me?" Lucy asked, her eyes narrowing. Lucy did not like to be threatened.

His gaze grew cold and his eyes seemed to glitter at her as he spoke. "Not at all, I am merely pointing out a few facts, in much the same way you pointed out a few facts to Mr Clarkson, who I will now have to spend a great deal of time and money wining and dining to avoid a law suit. The real question here, Ms Cox, is what am I to do with you?"

Now Lucy saw Jason Feldspar for what he was. Not the charming, debonair business man who had greeted her so graciously. No, Jason was a cut throat predator, and he had her in his sights. There was only one thing to do, play it cool.

Lucy shrugged and tossed the file onto the table. "If I were you, Mr Feldspar, I would fire me and give me my severance package as agreed. It will cost you far less in the long run." She made the threat lightly, but it was a threat none the less.

That seemed to amuse him. "Oh Lucy, how priceless. You wheedle your way into my company with the sole intention of defrauding it, then threaten me? You have some nerve, I'll give you that."

"You'll give me nothing but what is owing to me, Mr Feldspar," Lucy replied.

He quirked a brow. "If only someone had given you what was owing to you years ago, you might not find yourself in the mess you're currently in. Trust me, little girl," he said condescendingly "you are in way over your head."

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Lucy sneered. All pretense of a civilized business meeting had faded away now. Now they were little more than two combatants, edging around one another, looking for an opening, a weakness.

"It means that you, Ms Cox, deserve a damn good thrashing."

Lucy laughed out loud at that. "And I suppose you think you're the man to do it?"

He cocked his head and looked at her seriously. "Ms Cox, if you do not resign immediately, it seems to me that you will be on the receiving end of a sound spanking sooner rather than later. It is obvious that you refuse to play by the usual norms and laws, but nor do I, and I have no problem enforcing more physical consequences."

"You're a pervert!" Lucy spluttered. "I'll go to the police!"

"Will you? Perhaps I will go to the police too. I wonder what terms they're handing out for fraud these days. Still you won't mind a few years in jail, will you?"

He had her over a barrel and they both knew it. To Lucy's chagrin, Jason seemed to be genuinely enjoying himself. Her entire plan was falling apart before her eyes and this insufferable man was the sole cause, and now he dared threaten her as if she were some recalcitrant child?

"Behave yourself and do your job and there will be no problem," Jason said grimly. "Try to cross me or extort money from my company, and I assure you, Ms Cox, you will find yourself in a world of pain."

"Oh screw you," Lucy said, standing up and turning on her heel haughtily. She had lost the encounter, they both knew it. At least Jason was magnanimous enough to allow her to beat a retreat unscathed.

"See you tomorrow," he called out as she slammed her way out of his office.

She couldn't let him see her tears, but as Lucy fled down to the car park, she felt them welling up and pricking at her eyes. "Damn! Damn him!" she cursed. A whole year of dreary work for absolutely nothing but her pathetic base salary.

She sat in her car and pondered her options. She could resign of course, but resigning would mean having to find a new mark, and possibly risking Jason going to the police with his information

anyhow. That was not a risk she could take.

Staying, as unpalatable an option as that was, seemed to be the better option. Staying meant biding her time, finding another weakness and exploiting that. Jason Feldspar had the upper hand because he had unexpectedly done his homework. Next time, she would ensure that she had the upper hand. He would regret the day he tried to beat her at her own game, she vowed that.

Lucy called in sick the next day. She knew it would look as if she were sulking, but it was anything but that. Instead she spent the day trawling public and a few private records for all mentions of Jason Feldspar. She found nothing useful. He appeared to have been the typical boy genius who grew up to own his own tech company. He made numerous charitable donations and every now and then, he helped old ladies cross the street. He was known for his conservative political views, and had once made a speech to the local Rotary club about traditional family values.

"Fuck," Lucy swore to herself. The man was clean. He was cleaner than clean. She wouldn't have been surprised if he naturally grew soap in his skin cells, he was that clean.

Her cellphone rang and she answered it without checking to see who it was.

"Yeah?" she said abruptly.

"Not feeling well, Lucy?" Jason's voice came down the line with a lilting laugh.

"Feeling positively dire," she replied, annoyed at the way her heart skipped a beat when she heard his voice.

"Positively dire because you haven't been able to dig up any dirt on me, hmmm?"

Glancing around the room to see if any cameras had been installed in pot plants, Lucy frowned. "Don't flatter yourself, I have been tucked up in bed all day with chicken soup."

"Liar," Jason laughed. "I will give you today, Ms Cox. Dig to your heart's content. Tomorrow you will be in your office by 9am, or you will face the consequences."

Damn the man, he really seemed to be enjoying this. Why couldn't he be like normal men and simply get rid of her? That would be much more simple for both of them.

"Fine," Lucy said, as she hung up on him. That gave her some satisfaction at least. So too, did throwing her pen at the wall, where it stuck in, nib first, destroying Lucy's chances of getting her security deposit back when she finally managed to flee the direly boring place.

With little else to do, Lucy spent the rest of the day and a good part of the evening drowning her sorrows at her local bar. It was a watering hole for professionals, and she recognized several of her fellow managers as they arrived after 6pm, by which time she was already fairly far away with the G&T fairy.

"Lucy, aren't you sick?" Chase, the head of accounting asked her as she wobbled her way towards the bar.

"Terribly," Lucy replied and bought him a shot to shut him up.

At one point in the evening she could have sworn that glittering blue eyes were watching her from across the room, but lost in a whirl of pumping music and writhing bodies, not to mention her particularly gifted rendition of 'Don't Cry For Me, Argentina,' which brought the house down, she forgot all about them.

Helped into a cab at 3 am by the VP of marketing and Chase, who had insisted on hovering by her side all evening, Lucy declared the evening a wild success.









## Chapter Two

The next morning, at the office at 8.30 with a strong cup of coffee, Lucy floated in the warm haze of a hangover that has yet to kick in. If Jason thought his threats would transform her into a perfect little employee, he was wrong.

She turned off the fluorescent lights and spent the bulk of the day in her office, her head buried in her hands. In this position she was only mildly less effective in managing than she usually was. Over the hours, her evening caught up to her in ever increasing increments, coming to a full head with a pounding headache that had her moaning into her blotter pad by mid afternoon. It was then that her office door opened unexpectedly.

"It says Do Not Disturb, and you're disturbing me greatly," she growled without so much as glancing up from her desk top.

"Aw, I'd hate to do that," Jason replied with mock sympathy.

"What do you want?" Lucy managed a glare at him. He looked impeccable again, the bastard. In stark contrast her hair stuck out at odd angles and she felt as though she'd spent the evening being run over by trucks.

"Ideally I want a manager who isn't at work hung over," Jason said, his tone belying a little of his exasperation. Lucy smiled to herself. It was working. This had become a war of attrition, and she was going to win it, even if it killed her.

"I'm at work, I'm managing, what more do you want?" Lucy snapped. "Look, I'll send off an inspirational managerial email with a kitten in it!"

Folding his arms over his chest, Jason shook his head at her. "I thought you were at least intelligent enough to take me seriously when I told you I would not tolerate your antics."

"What are you going to do, whip me in the server room?" Lucy laughed.

"Tempting. But I think it would be better if you came up to my office."

"No thanks."

"Oh, so you would like your punishment here," he said, walking over and drawing the blinds on the window.

Lucy rolled her eyes. Was the man entirely mad? Did he actually think that she would quietly let him spank her? "You're not going to punish me, so get that out of your head. I'm not some sort of child. I am a grown woman," she said icily.

"A grown woman who lies, deceives people and rebels against even the most reasonable of requests."

"And yet you just won't fire me. You must be mad!" Lucy said with a smirk.

"You don't need to be fired, you need a damn good thrashing," he repeated his words from the previous day.

"If you so much as try, I'll scream rape," Lucy informed him.

"Very well, we will do this the hard way," Jason nodded, leaving her office once more.

"Strike one for me," Lucy muttered to herself, laying her head down on the desk for a quick nap. Unfortunately for her, and her employer, that was the end of Lucy's contribution to workplace productivity that day. When she awoke, it was after 6pm, and most of the lights in the office were off. She'd managed to sleep away the day and get paid for it. Take that, Jason Feldspar!

"Home time!" she cooed to herself gleefully, picking up her bag and jacket and making her way towards the elevators. But home time it was not. As she jabbed at the elevator button and dreamed of a curry and a lie down, Jason emerged from the shadows like a great stalking cat. His timing was

impeccable. Not only did he have the absolute element of surprise, but he laid hands on her just as the glass doors of the elevator opened. He drew her into it firmly by the arm, ignoring her squeals of outrage as he pressed the button for the top floor.

"What are you doing?" she fumed at him, outraged as she realized how long he must have lain in wait for her. This man was serious about his threats, if nothing else. He was also possibly a little mad. Who the hell waited in the darkness for employees to go home? A tingle of fear traced up her spine. What if she'd gone too far this time?

"Following through with my promise," Jason replied coolly with no trace of maniacal insanity whatsoever.

"You're not going to hit me!" Lucy asserted helplessly as he led her out of the elevator and into his office where he locked the door behind them. The bolt shot home with a sickeningly decisive sound. She was trapped in the office of a man she had tried to scam. This was not good. This was not good at all.

"Correct. I am going to spank you," he said in a matter of fact tone, shrugging off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves to reveal strong forearms.

Her head still groggy from the copious amounts of alcohol she'd imbibed the night before, Lucy looked bewildered. "No, Jason, no, you can't, this isn't right," she said, retreating into a corner of the room. This wasn't really happening, was it? Perhaps this was all part of an alcohol soaked nightmare. Maybe she'd wake up and find herself drooling into her keyboard.

"What isn't right is trying to scam your employer and then behaving like a spoiled teenager when you are caught out," Jason said grimly. "I told you what would happen if you tested me."

He approached her with a stern, serious face and in a last act of desperation Lucy slipped off her stiletto shoes and held them like daggers. "Come near me and I will poke your eyes out," she warned him.

"Put the shoes down and come and take your spanking," Jason replied. He was entirely unconcerned by her threat, in fact he even dared to look mildly amused by it.

"Are you fucking crazy? There's no way I would ever do that."

"Very well," he replied. In the next moment he had closed the distance between them, easily wrested the shoes out of her hands and carried her over to the desk, which he sat on the edge of, holding his kicking and cursing prisoner over his lap easily. Fighting down panic, Lucy began begging him for mercy, but he ignored her pleas for clemency just as easily as he had ignored her earlier threats of violence.

"Now this will hurt, Miss Cox, but it is for your own good," he said, slapping her bottom hard. Lucy squealed as if she were being killed, but he repeated it again, and again. She'd had never been spanked before, and she could not have imagined how much a simple hand thundering down on her bottom could have hurt. Jason continued to ignore her cries, her pleas and her threats as he spanked her harder and harder, his hand belting her bottom so hard that she thought she might die from the pain.

"I hope this makes you understand that I am quite serious, Miss Cox," he said, pausing briefly before continuing the onslaught against her poor cheeks. As she wriggled and squirmed against his iron thighs her skirt rode up her bottom, and as it did, his hand caught more and more pantied flesh, making her howl even louder with every slap.

"Stop! Stop! Please stop!" she begged him, but it was hopeless, he would not stop, he continued to spank her, continued to punish her for her sins. There was no wriggling out, no talking her way out, no running away, there was only the harsh sting covering her bottom as he spanked her soundly.

Before long, she was crying in big, gasping sobs and calling hysterically for him to let her go. His grip loosened for a moment after one very hard slap to her lower cheeks and Lucy took advantage of the moment. Twisting like a caught fish, she fell from his lap and scrambled across the room on her hands and knees before he could catch her again. She curled up in a corner, rubbing her bottom and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Frowning, Jason walked over to her. "Don't touch me!" she screamed, her eyes wide.

"Shh, it's okay, I am not going to hit you anymore, sweetheart," he said gently. His attitude had changed considerably now that he'd had the satisfaction of spanking her soundly, he actually managed to find the humanity to look a little worried about her.

"Why, why would you do that?" she blubbered through her tears, genuinely shocked by what had occurred. She had heard of spankings before, but she had not imagined that was what one was like. It was utterly terrifying, not just because of the pain of the spanking, but because of the terrible feeling of being unable to escape it. She was entirely at his mercy, and he had shown her that he was more than willing to inflict pain on her. Never before had Lucy been so scared.

His brow furrowed with concern, Jason crouched down in front of her. "Have you never been spanked before?"

She shook her head furiously. "No!" she cried.

"I suppose I can't say I am surprised," he mused, brushing some of her hair gently out of her eyes.

"How could you do that to me?" she whimpered.

He smiled at her, but kindly now, not with the smile of cruel amusement he had given her earlier.

"You needed it, you needed it more than any woman I have ever met in my life. I know it doesn't feel like it now, but you'll thank me for this one day."

Lucy choked at that. He had no remorse whatsoever about the way he had treated her. He still felt justified in having brought her so much pain and having made her cry too. What an utter cad he was.

"It hurts so much," she said, trying to rub the sting from her cheeks.

He nodded. "I know it does. It is supposed to. Next time you decide to cut loose to spite me, you might remember this and refrain."

Even through her tears and mortification, she wrinkled her nose and he chuckled, offering her his hand as he helped her stand.

"You're a very smart woman. Don't waste your talents scamming people. If you could be trusted further than you could be thrown, you could be a formidable asset to this company," he said seriously, stroking her tears away with the pad of his thumb.

"You're a very strong man. Don't waste your talents beating women," she replied with a sniff.

That earned her a shake of his head. "You will learn to curb your tongue along with the rest of your behavior before I am done with you," he said ominously.

She gave him a look of fear and he smiled reassuringly. "You will survive. Now let me walk you to your car."

"I don't think I can sit to drive home," Lucy said in a pitiful tone, and again, he laughed and dropped a kiss on her forehead.

"You can be very sweet, you know that?" he said, patting her bottom possessively.

Something had changed between them. Lucy couldn't quite pin point what it was, but she felt less like stabbing him now, even though her bottom continued to pulse with pain. As the spanking subsided, other feelings were rushing through her, feelings that felt good, which made no sense at all.

"Go home and get a good night's sleep and I will see you in the morning," he bade her farewell at her car door. Lucy drove home feeling chastened, but strangely lighter in spirit than she had done in a long, long time.

The spanking played itself over and over in Lucy's mind for many days after it occurred. Immediately, her work performance improved, as did her attitude. Several of her employees commented on it amongst themselves, though nobody dared to ask Lucy what had happened. The office rumor mill was already in full swing after the Clarkson incident. Most assumed that she was working

under the threat of imminent termination, not remotely suspecting that imminent termination would have been playing into her hands completely.

Lucy was not sure how she felt about what had taken place. Jason had physically held her down and spanked her, and there had been nothing she could do about it. The helplessness he'd made her feel both seduced her and enraged her at the same time. She was never a woman who was out of control, but in spite of herself one part of her craved that feeling again. Even the memory of the sting in her cheeks felt somehow desirable.

On the other side of the coin, it was important that she remain above any temptations Jason might put in her way. He was smart enough to try and seduce her into being a good employee, that was for certain. He'd admitted himself that he did not play by the normal rules, and Lucy determined that in spite of any tenderness he might have shown her, she could not buy into his game. He had shown her that he was prepared to get physical, it was up to her to neutralize that threat swiftly.

Thus it was that her renewed diligence in the work place was not so much the work of a 'good girl' wanting to avoid further spankings and please her boss, rather it was the work of a woman with years of experience infiltrating companies and bringing them to the brink of failure. Jason did not realize what a powerful enemy he had awoken when he laid his hands on her, in spite of any sparks that may have started between them, Lucy was more dangerous now than she ever had been.

She'd had paid enough attention to the goings on at Feldspar Technologies for the past year to get by and to spot a weakness to exploit for the sake of getting fired, but now she made it her business to know every part of the company intimately. She schmoozed with other department heads, offered to take on additional projects, and demanded that she was privy to all communication within her team.

Engineering and Development became the focus of her interest. A few drinks with Roger, Head of Research, soon gained her a log on to the development team, and from that point, interesting facts really began to flow. There were several new projects on the agenda, Lucy discovered, one of them promising to be a revolutionary chip.

"Gotcha," Lucy whispered to herself. This would put paid to Jason's hold over her once and for all. He had been a fool to allow her to continue in her position, and to think that a single spanking would change anything. His arrogance would be his downfall.

That evening, after the design team went home and before the cleaners arrived, Lucy downloaded all the development files related to the chip design to a removable hard drive, took the chip itself out of the laboratory where it was stored fairly innocuously, and in a final stroke of malignancy, destroyed the back up server with a small electromagnet. Covering her traces totally, she also made sure the security footage would show nothing by destroying the previous hour's data. Jason had been a fool to allow her to continue in her original position unsupervised and now he would pay the price.

She was nervous as she drove away. Outright theft was going far, even for her, but Jason had thrown down the gauntlet and he had struck her. She had vowed that she would end up with the upper hand, and now she had it. Even if he went to the police, they'd never find the records and the chip, she'd made sure of that. Now he had the choice of paying her off at five times her salary at least, or losing millions of dollars of R&D in a single stroke.

Finally feeling vindicated and back in control, Lucy slept like a baby that night.

Naturally, work was in chaos the next day. At least, Lucy gathered that it was from the way her phone kept ringing and ringing. She ignored it. She'd been very clear in the instructions she'd left for Feldspar, he paid the money and he got the location of his records. That was all there was to it. She wasn't going to negotiate with a man who thought nothing of striking her to get his own way, that was for sure.

Riding the sense of elation that came with having triumphed over Jason Feldspar at last, she

enjoyed a ham and cheese croissant for breakfast, and then took a stroll into the park. It was a lovely spring day, and she enjoyed feeling close to nature. It was so hard to really feel the power of nature when one worked in the city, it was only during the times when she pitted her wits against an adversary and won that she felt truly alive. Today was one of those days, and she practically floated with glee as she wandered into the wooded area of the park.

“Miss Cox?” A male voice approached her from behind.

“Yes?” she turned. Everything went black.







## Chapter Three

She awoke in a sweat of terror to find herself tied to a bed in an unfamiliar room. A few minutes of screaming her lungs out and yanking desperately at the cloth ties that kept her there eventually garnered a response, though it was from the last person she wanted to see.

“Oh good, you're awake, we have so, *so* much to talk about,” Jason purred from the doorway.

She raised her head to look at him. “What are you doing?” she asked, feeling ice cold fear run through her veins. This wasn't supposed to be how it went. This wasn't supposed to be how it went at all. She was supposed to be rich now, rich and free. Not poor and captive.

Jason smiled darkly. He was no longer wearing a business suit, instead he wore a light shirt that fell open to reveal his well muscled chest, his hair fell to his shoulders, and his legs were clad in tight dark pants. Under other circumstances, Lucy might have found waking up to such a sight quite pleasant indeed. As it was, she had a sudden sickening feeling that Jason really hadn't been telling her the half of it when he told her she was in over her head. What on earth was he going to do to her now?

“I'm playing hardball, little girl, just how you like it,” he winked.

Lucy craned her head to look around. The room she was in seemed well appointed and there was a window that revealed a leafy green world outside. It was quiet. Too quiet to be in the city.

“Where am I?” she said, doing her best to make her voice rise above a whimper.

“We're out in the country,” Jason replied. “You like the countryside?”

“Uhm, normally,” Lucy stammered, putting on her best polite voice and taking refuge in the vulnerability of her femininity, hoping he would take pity on her. “Look, we don't have to do this, I'll just tell you where the drive is and we can pretend this never happened.”

“A drive? You mean this drive?” Jason asked, pulling the small hard drive out of his pocket and waving it at Lucy as he approached her. “Oh I already have that, and everything else you stole. No, we're well past all that now. I warned you, didn't I Lucy? I warned you you were getting in too deep, and now look at you.” He shook his head at her with a tutting sound.

Lucy struggled against her bonds. “Please untie me,” she begged plaintively.

He inclined his head as he gave her a long, stern look. “I like this new tone of yours. It's a pity it took a theft and a kidnapping to bring it out of you,” he said, sitting on the side of the bed.

“Are you... what are you going to do to me?” Lucy hated the way her voice trembled.

“I am going to teach you a lesson you won't ever forget. One spanking didn't do it for you, and I don't imagine another one would do much either on its own. So now you'll stay out here on a little holiday until I am satisfied with your behavior.”

He was mad. He was raving mad. “Are you crazy? You can't do this. Just let me go and I'll resign. You don't have to pay me anything,” Lucy promised.

Jason laughed. “I told you I don't play by the normal rules. You set me a challenge Lucy, and when I met it, you escalated it. Now the challenge has been upped again and you're scared. Don't be scared, you'll come to no harm with me. You will, however, learn quite a few lessons.” He began to work on her bonds, loosening them and setting her free. When the last bond was removed she scrambled up to the head of the bed and curled up on herself as far away from him as possible.

“Look, I am sorry,” she tried to explain. “I, I shouldn't have stolen the chip.”

He shook his head at her like a headmaster shaking his head at a repeat offender. “No, you shouldn't have. But you were always going to do something, weren't you Lucy? I know exactly how you think, little girl, you have no secrets from me.”

The way he was looking at her, Lucy did not doubt that he understood how she thought. She did, however, object to the way he was speaking to her.

"I'm not a little girl," she complained.

"Little thief, little saboteur, do you prefer those terms?" he countered.

She fell silent momentarily as her fear turned to anger. "You're kind of an asshole, you know that? You knew what I was going to do, didn't you? Why didn't you just stop me?"

He smiled wryly, "I had an idea. I have a policy of giving willful employees enough rope for them to hang themselves."

"Do you also have a kidnapping policy?"

His eyes sparkled at her. "Only in special cases."

"So what now? Now you hit me and make me cry? Will that make you feel better? Like more of a man?" She made no attempt to hide the derision in her tone.

He frowned slightly at that. "You don't understand, do you?"

"Understand what?"

"I don't spank you to hurt you, I spank you to teach you a lesson. It's not my way of gaining vengeance against you."

She shrugged. "It feels like it."

"Only because you think of everything in terms of attack and counter attack. A world exists outside struggle, Lucy."

What was with this guy? Why couldn't he just leave her alone? Why was he so damned intent on teaching her a lesson?

"Why do you bother?" Lucy asked, bewildered. "You could have had me put away, or assigned to a basement office without my red stapler or something. Why are you going to all this trouble?"

"Because you have potential, and I hate to see potential squandered. You'll learn Lucy, you'll learn."

He was so smug, so sure of himself. It was maddening. No matter what she did, he seemed to have a counter move already prepared, even when she went outside the bounds of the law, he was there, waiting for her with that slow smile.

"Don't pout dear, it does not become you," he said.

"Oh fuck off Jason. I'm going home," she said, standing up on wobbly legs.

"I wouldn't advise that, Lucy, there are a number of investigators wanting to talk to you at the moment. You see, when we discovered our chip missing this morning, the authorities were called as a matter of course. I believe they've come to much the same conclusion we did. So you could go home, or try running away if you like. I give you between a week and ten days if you run. Less if you don't."

"Well I'm sure the police would be equally interested in your penchant for kidnapping."

He cocked his head to the side. "Perhaps, but there's the little matter of proof, and if you're with them, then you clearly haven't been kidnapped, have you?"

Lucy's eyes narrowed as rage filled her, making her tremble as her fists clenched themselves in and out of fists. "You will live to regret this, Jason, I promise you that."

"Threats, tut tut," he said, reaching for her.

She did her best to evade him, but in the next moment she was face down over the bed. He was too fast for her, far too strong for her. Her strength did not lie in combat, it lay in deception, and now she was entirely vulnerable to him as he drew up her skirt and laid a sound slap across her bottom.

She burst into tears immediately. Pain was not Lucy's friend, she hated it, and to be forced to accept it from the man who had ruined all her plans was too much for her to bear. He ignored her tears however, and laid another hard slap across her cheeks.

"You know what your problem is, little girl? You're spoiled, far too spoiled. You think you should be able to get away with anything. Well, the world doesn't work that way sweetheart, one day, your deeds will always catch up with you, and when they do, you won't be happy."

He punctuated his words with a series of sound smacks that made her wail and squirm over the bed. Her lace panties had worked themselves up between her cheeks, and his palm caught bare skin

with a horrid sting that she would have done anything to avoid.

The more she squirmed and fought, the harder he smacked. At one point, she almost managed to lift her hips and up and wriggle towards the end of the bed but she found herself swiftly pinned and given slap after slap to her tender cheeks, all to the same place.

“Stop! Stop!” she gave in. “I promise I’ll be good, please stop!”

The spanking stopped, and was replaced by a warm rubbing of her cheeks. “Oh yes, you certainly will be good, Lucy. This is going to be a very interesting experience for you. There will be rules that you will follow, and if you do not follow them precisely, you will be punished. Do you understand?” His voice was firm, in control.

Tearfully, Lucy nodded. “Yes, sir,” she whimpered softly.

“Good,” Jason said. “First of all, you will not be on holiday out here. You will be working for me. Some tasks will be administrative, some tasks will be menial. You will perform both willingly and graciously. Do you understand?”

Lucy nodded and mumbled a quick yes.

“Good. There are other rules you will need to follow as well. You will not speak unless spoken to, unless you have need to speak, in which case you will ask my permission to do so. You will not swear or raise your voice. You will obey the orders you are given and you will not leave the house unless it is in my company. Do you understand?”

Her cheeks flushed bright red with humiliation, Lucy growled. Her bottom may hurt, but that didn't mean that she was going to become Jason Feldspar's unpaid maid service.

“Fuck off,” she replied.

He sighed. “Very well, remember that you brought this upon yourself,” he said, reaching for her again.

Again she tried to escape, and again she was too slow. He caught her around the waist and pulled her over his lap this time and she howled in outrage as his hand went to the waistband of her panties and drew them down to her thighs, exposing her bare bottom and her feminine charms.

“I did warn you Lucy, but if you insist upon testing me, you will find yourself very sore,” he said, laying his hand against her tender skin once more, making her squeal in pain and anger as he set to spanking her.

“Did it occur to you, that maybe you can't spank me into being good?” Lucy squeaked through the pain as his palm landed hard across her cheeks.

He laughed. “Nice try little girl, but I think this will work just fine, you just need to learn that your actions have consequences.”

“Fuck consequences,” Lucy growled. At first the spanking had shocked and cowed her, now it merely made her angry.

He did not care about her anger however, he spanked her through her struggles, through her cursing and through the threats she hurled at him until at last she ran out of energy and submitted to his discipline out of nothing more than exhaustion.

When Jason finally stopped spanking, her face was streaked with tears, her voice was hoarse from squealing and crying and her poor bottom was a bright, pulsing red color. She whimpered quietly into the bedspread, and as Jason helped her up from his lap, his face was grim.

“Do not make me thrash you into submission on a daily basis, Lucy, I do not enjoy it,” he said softly, kissing her cheek.

She made no reply, but allowed him to tuck her under the covers, where sleep mercifully took her into its gentle embrace.

She awoke in darkness, her bottom tender and sore, reminding her of what Jason had done to her. Christ. Did he really think he could spank her into behaving? If anything, she was now even more determined than ever to escape.

Pushing the covers aside, she walked over and tried the door. It was locked. It was not the only

exit from the room however, the window was more than large enough to allow her to crawl through it, and to her joy it was only secured by a latch.

She unlatched the window and slid it open, peering out into the darkness below. The moon provided a little light and Lucy saw that she was just two stories up. Hurriedly dressing, she prepared to make her exit, tossing her shoes out the window first. Then she climbed onto the sill and slid her body out until she was hanging onto the edge of the ledge with her fingers. Steeling her courage, she let go and dropped to the ground. The shock of landing was a little jarring, but she was unhurt as she picked herself up off the ground and gave the dark house the finger.

"Suck on that, Mr Feldspar," she laughed as she ran off into the deep forests that surrounded the country house. There was a drive up to the house, and she followed it to the road, which turned out to be a few miles hence.

Car lights coming down the road made her heart leap and she stuck out her thumb. She would escape and have the police set on Jason Feldspar. That would teach him. The car turned out to be a tinted black pick up that slowed to a halt. The passenger door opened, and in her eagerness, Lucy was already halfway in before she saw the driver.

"Hello Lucy," Jason said grimly, reaching over and taking her by the wrist before she could run once more.

"Oh fuck," Lucy swore, trying her best to pull away. It was useless, his grip was iron strong.

"Stop it and get in the car," he snapped. With little choice, Lucy got into the car and shut the door.

Jason looked furious as he activated the locks. He glowered at her, his jaw set. "Are you trying to get yourself killed? How did you get out?"

Lucy smirked. "Sure, I'll tell you that," she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Right," Jason said grimly as he put the car in gear. He said nothing else for the short duration of the journey back to the house and he said nothing as he got out of the car, stalked around to Lucy's door and gestured for her to get out. She did with a growing sense of trepidation. Jason was usually smiling and debonair no matter what. Seeing him this way was unnerving.

He took her by the hand and lead her into the house, into the kitchen, and thence down creaking wooden stairs into the basement where she saw that a small bedroom had been set up. It was by no means a dungeon, but it was nonetheless imposing for being in the basement.

"I had hoped not to have to use this, but you have left me with no choice. There is a chamber pot underneath the bed if you need it," he said curtly, turning and abruptly leaving her locked in the basement.

"Well damn," Lucy said to herself as she sat on the bed and pondering what her next move might be.

She did not see Jason for many hours and when she did see him again, his mood had not improved. He looked at her coldly, standing at the bottom of the stairs like a jailer.

"Come," he barked the order.

She thought about refusing him, but the dramatic shift in his mood and demeanor convinced her not to. Instead she followed him up the stairs demurely. He lead her to a bathroom. In it she saw some towels and a change of clothing, her clothing. She realized that he must have been to her apartment. It would usually have brought on another burst of anger, but suddenly it struck her as oddly considerate.

"You have ten minutes," he said, shutting the door behind her.

She took him at his word and quickly showered and dressed. It was good that she did for at precisely the ten minute point the door opened once more.

"Good," he said curtly, seeing that she was dressed.

From there she was directed into the kitchen. "Breakfast is your duty," he told her.

With nerves fluttering in her stomach, she set to the task of making pancakes. She could feel

him over her shoulder, reading the paper at the counter. As she cooked, she stole little glances at him. He was suddenly so stern, so imposing. She supposed he always had been, but where initially he had offered her a kind of egalitarian approach, now there was no question that he was in charge utterly and completely. The idea of resisting him suddenly seemed ridiculous. She remembered the rule about not speaking until she was spoken to and was suddenly glad for it. She wouldn't have known what to say anyway.

All too soon, the pancakes were cooked and she placed them on the table in front of him nervously.

He looked up at her and gave her a brief smile. "Very good."

Her heart skipped a beat and she found herself smiling with pleasure. What was happening to her? Was him being stern and aloof all it really took to bring her to heel? Yesterday he spanked her and she cursed him for it. Then he locked her up and treated her like little more than a servant and suddenly she felt herself responding to him, craving his approval.

He motioned for her to sit and eat, but she found it hard to muster an appetite. Instead of eating, she pushed the pancakes around her plate nervously.

"I would have thought that running about the countryside at night would have resulted in a greater appetite," he said dryly.

She blushed. "I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"What was that?" he said.

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

"Hm," he nodded. "You can spend the morning cleaning the kitchen."

For a moment her lower lip trembled with potent rebellion, but then she nodded and began to clear away the plates. She did not see the gleam of pleasure in his eye as she obeyed him. Nor did she see the way he watched her every move over the top of his newspaper as he pretended to ignore her entirely. As far as Lucy could tell, Jason had all but washed his hands of her. Any fondness he may have had for her seemed to have evaporated in his granite exterior.

Lucy was wrong, of course. If anything Jason's fondness had grown for her, but he was smart enough to know that it was best she was unaware of that. Jason had tamed many a spirited woman in his time, however Lucy represented an irresistible challenge. She was pretty, but that was merely the beginning of her charms. She was also possessed of a sharp mind, so sharp a mind that she had very nearly pulled off her initial plan to rip off his company for an entirely undeserved severance package.

After hearing about the department head who had brought a potential class action to their doorstep he had been about to sign off on her termination when a sudden impulse had drawn him to review her resume. There he had spotted a pattern and uncovered her secret. He had been immediately overcome with admiration when he realized the full extent of her plan and the time and patience she had put into it. It took intelligence and patience to pull off that sort of scam, and they were both rare qualities in the modern world.

When she had stolen his prized chip it had only strengthened his suspicions that Lucy could possibly be the match he had sought for so long. Few women in the world could hope to understand him. They adored him, they might even love him, but they could not match him. Lucy could, in fact, Lucy threatened to best him, which could of course, not be allowed.

Watching her now trying her best not to pout and do as she was told was a sweet victory. So far she had fought him tooth and nail, pushed him to the very bounds of legality. When he saw her on the country lane, his heart had almost stopped. She would stop at nothing it seemed, and nor could he if he wanted to subdue her to the humble and the good.

So he kept his features cold as he watched her, his glances sharp. She knew she had done wrong and in spite of the adorable puppy dog look she probably didn't even know she was wearing, he continued to treat her strictly.

"Uh, sir?" she asked, her eyes cast down to the floor.

"Yes?" he replied sharply.

"How long am I going to be here?" she asked, wringing a dish cloth between her hands.

"As long as I deem it necessary," he replied.

He saw the flash of fear in her eyes, the fear that he might perhaps not let her go. Her eyes darted towards the kitchen window and he caught her thought.

"Don't even think about escaping again. There's a ball and chain with your name on it if you try."

She looked at him ready to laugh, but the laughter died on her lips as she met his eyes.

"Why not just chain me to the sink," she muttered.

He raised an eyebrow. Even when at her most submissive, the woman was an incorrigible brat.

"Tempting," he said, standing up and moving towards her. She squeaked a little and moved away, but he caught her by one arm, spun her about and slapped her bottom.

"Do as you are told, and you'll be fine," he murmured in her ear, seeing her shiver at his words. She was so responsive, so damn alluring. But he could not take her, not yet.



## Chapter Four



The next few days passed in an unbroken tension. Lucy was locked away in her basement every evening and during the day, Jason supervised her in work for the company.

Slowly, but surely, he began to note changes in her behavior. She became softer, more playful. The stricter he was, the more she seemed to respond.

"I need those spreadsheets, Lucy," he said curtly as she frowned over them at the kitchen table.

"And they need you, sir," Lucy smiled up at him charmingly. He stifled a laugh and instead frowned.

"Are you getting lippy with me?"

For a moment she looked worried, and quickly shook her head.

"Good," he said, moving away to work on the laptop that was set up on the kitchen table which had become an office away from the office. One benefit of having Lucy contained in the country was that he was fairly certain his business wouldn't destruct overnight.

Lucy could not work Jason out. She knew from experience that he had a sense of humor, and that he liked her too, no man who did not like her would have gone to this much trouble. He seemed to have decided that she could only be treated like a peon however, and whilst that had made quite an impression on her, she missed him smiling and winking at her. He was very attractive when he smiled. He was very attractive when he glowered too, for that matter, though his foreboding expression made her deeply nervous for reasons she could not properly explain. She knew she was safe with him, but his stern gaze awoke purely primal feelings in her that were impossible to deny, and she feared, impossible to control.

Things came to a head when she caught him smiling at her in the reflection in the kitchen window. At first it was a relief to realize that he was still capable of smiling, then she realized that he had been deliberately treating her with strict distance not because that was what he felt, but because that was what he thought she deserved.

"It's an act!" she exclaimed, turning and hurling a wet sponge at him. It was a good shot and clearly it was not at all expected. It flew directly across the kitchen and caught him square in the face.

Lucy gasped as he glowered at her, then pointed at him. "You were smiling! I saw you!"

"So you decided to reward that with a sponge to the face, your logic is impeccable, my dear," Jason said, standing up from his chair and squaring his shoulders as he started towards her.

"No!" Lucy squealed, scampering out of the kitchen and heading for the stairs.

He was close on her heels as she ran up the stairs and burst through the first door she came to. It turned out to be his bedroom door.

"Convenient," Jason noted, scooping her up around the waist under one arm and carrying her kicking to the bed.

"Don't spank me!" she pleaded. He had not spanked her since that first day, but it had left a lasting impression on her, not to mention a few small bruises.

"And why should I not?" he asked, holding her over his lap, his palm already resting lightly on her bottom.

"Because I was playing with you?" she said in a soft voice.

"I see, and were you told to play with me?" Jason asked sternly.

She turned her head and looked at him with wide, innocent eyes. "No sir."

He gave her a sharp slap to her bottom and she yelped.

"I will not play with you again, sir," she promised. "Unless you ask me nicely."

The last part of the sentence was said with a husky promise that momentarily stayed his hand. "Oh no you don't you little minx," he said with a smile, slapping her bottom several more times with

slaps that lacked any real force.

"Oh no I don't what?" she wriggled about. "You have been playing with me all this time. Pretending to be stern."

"I have not been pretending at all, dear," Jason replied, giving her a solid smack to her bottom. "It seems the only way to have you behave is to treat you like a very, very naughty girl."

She giggled, and her hips squirmed in a way that had very little to do with the spanking.

"Are you laughing at me?" he asked, smacking her bottom again.

"No sir, I would not dare," she giggled again.

Lust was thick in the air, but Jason was disinclined to give into Lucy's feminine wiles. It would be a distraction to teaching her the lessons she so direly needed to learn. He slapped her bottom soundly a few more times, then stood her up.

"Get back to work," he ordered.

Lucy saw the need in his eyes, but it was obvious that he was not going to give into it. Very well, he could play it his way. She nodded and walked out of the room with a sway in her hips designed to make even the strongest of men groan.

Jason shook his head as he watched her leave. Just when it seemed he had the upper hand, she would find another weapon to use against him.

Just how much that turned out to be true was made very clear when Jason woke up the next morning to an empty house. It was usually quiet out in the country, but this morning there was an added stillness, as though the house had lost some bright spark of energy. He went downstairs to discover the basement door open, and his laptop gone. An ice chill ran through him as he stepped out the front door and saw that likewise, his car was gone.

"Oh no, Lucy," he whispered, picking up the phone. It was dead. He soon discovered that he could not find his cellphone either, or his wallet. She had played him like a fool. He had thought that he was resisting her charms, but she was distracting him in other ways, she'd even found a way up to his bedroom on the pretext of running from him. She must have taken his keys then.

He spent the morning swearing under his breath. He had thought he was getting somewhere with her, but just when he was getting a positive result, she pulled this. He had no choice but to hike down to the road and flag down a passing car, just as Lucy had done a few days earlier.

The news when he finally managed to get in touch with his company was fairly dire. There was a message from the police. They had located his stolen vehicle along with the thief and person of interest, Lucy Cox. She had been arrested and was being detained for trial. In light of her apparent penchant for running, bail had been set at 3.2 million dollars.

"Little idiot," he muttered under his breath over and over like a mantra as he made his way through city traffic to the jail house.

"We're throwing the book at her sir," the officer he spoke to at the police station said. "Got her on the corporate espionage charges you filed, as well as grand theft auto and a few others, if she goes down, it'll be for a good long stretch."

Jason nodded grimly. "Can I see her?"

It took a few minutes, but eventually he saw her being lead into an interview booth. Most of his anger faded when he saw her. She looked so small under the harsh lights and behind the dark bars of the jail. She wore an oversize white jumpsuit and a pinched expression on her face. He doubted she ever expected to actually end up in jail, he'd warned her of course, but as always, she'd assumed that

the consequences wouldn't apply to her. This had to be a severe shock to her system.

"Hello sweetheart," he said kindly as she sat down, looking guarded.

She recoiled as if he had slapped her.

"What?" she asked. "I thought you'd be here to put the boot in."

Jason shook his head. "How many times do I have to tell you Lucy, I don't want you in trouble. I was trying to demonstrate the nature of cause and effect out in the country, but you decided to take matters into your own hands and now look where you are." He tried not to lecture, but it was impossible not to. She had brought this entirely upon herself and she had done so with full warning as to what would happen if she was caught.

"I thought it was all just a way to prove a point, that you were the bigger man, that you would always win," she said.

"I am the bigger man, but that is neither here nor there. I like you Lucy, you know that. If I didn't, I'd have called the police weeks ago. I was hoping I could teach you a lesson, but you've proven very resistant to lessons."

"I'm sorry, I wish I had listened, I wish I had done as you said," she admitted, looking down at her cuffed wrists.

"I bet. Jail isn't pleasant, is it?"

She shook her head and he saw his chance to press the little advantage he had.

"If I drop the charges Lucy, if I get a lawyer to get you out of here, because mark my words, they're going to want to charge you with something after all the reports that have been filed even if I do drop the charges, that is the end of things for you. You're mine after that point. I own you."

He saw that rebellious flash return to her eyes. "Why would you even want that?" she asked. "I'm a criminal. I'll never be any good to you."

Her tone was helpless and in spite of the defiance she was trying to muster, he saw the despair she felt, how disappointed she was in herself. "Don't believe that about yourself Lucy, you're smart enough to beat the system and you took it too far, you're not the first and you won't be the last. Be mine. Let me help you."

She smiled at him through the bullet proof glass. "You're mad, you're on," she agreed.

Walking out of the jail into the sunlight was the sweetest feeling Lucy could remember experiencing in a long time. Being jailed had been a harrowing experience, far more terrifying than she could have imagined. In the stark reality of her short stint behind bars she had seen the future that awaited her if she continued on her path and it did not appeal to her in the slightest.

Jason was by her side, a warm, strong presence. He placed his hand on her lower back and directed her down to the car waiting for them. As she slid into the passenger seat, she remembered the excitement of her escape, the triumph of using his keys to get out of the basement, to steal his car. At the time it had felt like she had scored a point, but a routine traffic stop later her world had crumbled.

"Thank you."

"That's 'thank you, Master', to you, miss," he winked over at her.

In spite of the wink, she knew he was partially serious. He did own her now, she had agreed to that. She was bound to do as he said and to face the consequences if she did not. She felt the invisible bonds of his control tighten around her and strangely, they felt safe. As long as she was obedient to him she need not worry about destroying her life and creating endless enemies.

"Thank you, Master," she said softly. He smiled at her with real pleasure in her eyes and reached out and touched her cheek gently.

"Good girl."

"So what now?" she asked him, curling her legs up under her in the spacious passenger seat.

"For now we go home, tomorrow we will return to work," Jason said, his eyes focused on the traffic around them.

“Home?” she asked.

“Yes, you'll be living at my home. I can't trust you to do as you're told in your own place and having you at my beck and call suits me much better,” he grinned over at her, taking the harsh edge off the blunt statement that she was not to be trusted.

There was no need for him to provide any other caveats or warnings. Lucy knew all too well that she was on her very last chance. Like a cat, she'd used the last of her nine legal lives, if any more trouble arose, if she crossed him again, there was a very real possibility she would find herself doing a seriously long stretch.

Some people think that a cheetah cannot change its spots, but there is no kind of law abiding person like a reformed criminal. Lucy soon proved that when she returned to work with a ruthless honesty that turned the lives of those fortunate enough to work with her upside down.

Things came to a head in a cross department meeting where proposed new time tracking software was being demonstrated. As a department head, Lucy was in on the meeting. Over the course of the hour it took for the product to be demonstrated, her expression grew less and less impressed.

“This is awful,” she told the supplier. “Its barely usable, what on earth were you people thinking? Look, you have to click through five badly labeled screens just to make notes on a job and there is no back button. We would be better off employing monkeys to sit and watch the employees all day.”

The supplier grew bright red and the rest of the meeting room burst into muffled laughter. From his position at the head of the table, Jason shot her a harsh look.

“I think what Ms Cox is trying to say is that it requires more user testing and some tweaking before we can consider integrating it into our work flow.”

“What Ms Cox is trying to say is that it does not help productivity to treat your employees as if they were time thieves,” Lucy said with a direct look back at Jason. “You could achieve just as valid results with notepad. This is an entirely useless POS that will only waste our time and demoralize the employees.”

Around the table, there were a few murmurs of agreement.

“Ms Cox, could you wait in my office, please?” Jason said, his tone restrained.

“As you wish, Master,” Lucy replied.

A few titters erupted and she colored. She had not intended to add the word 'Master' to the end of the sentence, it simply tripped off her tongue naturally when he spoke to her with that tone, the one that told her she was likely in trouble.

“Corporate Overlords like it when you call them Master,” she informed the room in a lame attempt to cover her slip before removing herself to Jason's office and letting him deal with the aftermath.

“Well, I think it is safe to say that we won't be getting a discount from that supplier,” Jason said wryly as he entered his office half an hour later.

Lucy shrugged. “I stand by what I said, it was bloated and awful.”

“That's as maybe, but you know better than to be so rude,” Jason said, leaning down and kissing the tip of her nose affectionately.

“Are you going to spank me for it?” Lucy giggled.

“Perhaps, or perhaps I should just wash your mouth out with soap and water,” he threatened with an arched brow.

“Nu uh,” Lucy replied.

He beckoned to her with a crooked finger and she stood up from her seat.

“In future, you will be polite to our suppliers, do you understand, young lady?” he said in husky tones.

She squirmed before him. "Yes, Master," she agreed.

"Good girl," he said, reaching around to tap her bottom lightly. She squirmed against him and he kissed her deeply, his tongue parting her lips to tease her own as his arms wrapped around her. Held there in his arms, Lucy knew her place, though it was not yet by his side, but under him. Instinctively, her hips ground against him, her body saying what she could not.

"Oh god," he murmured against her mouth. "You are such a hot little minx."

Jason had been holding off on acting on his baser desires for weeks now, but there was no longer any reason to hold back. She was his in every way, his naughty girl, his brat, his corporate slave who desperately needed her master's touch.

In the next moment, the door was locked and Lucy's clothes had melted from her body, her skirt pressed up over bottom, her blouse unbuttoned to expose her breasts as Jason bent her forwards over the desk, unzipped his fly and took her there. She made a priceless picture, her legs spread wide, her panties pushed to the side to allow him access to her tight, slick slit.

He ran his hands over her body, freeing her breasts from the bra by pulling it down and cupping her breasts as he thrust deeply inside her, finally claiming her as his woman.

"Hold your cheeks open for me, little slave," he growled low in his throat. Blushing with arousal, Lucy obeyed, reaching back and spreading her cheeks as his cock slid into her pussy, filling her to the very hilt. She felt him withdraw and his fingers brush over her slick lips, then tease around her tightest little hole.

"No," she whimpered in protest.

"Shhh, you're mine, remember," Jason crooned, sliding his cock back inside her, stroking it slowly in and out of her pussy as his thumb teased at the entrance of her ass, pressing gently against it with a firm insistence that made her open beneath him, and made Lucy cry out as she felt both her holes being stretched open by the man who had mastered her.

Just a few months ago, she had been in this office, demanding that her pay her her dues, and now she was bent, bared and filled in her pussy and ass. His cock surged inside her, pumping her pussy hard as his hand gripped her hair, pulling her head back up, arching her to his will. She knew what a wanton picture she made and she reveled in it, even as he slid his thick cock out of her pussy and placed it at the tighter, more shameful entrance.

"You're mine, all mine, remember that," he growled, repeating himself in response to her small whimper of complaint.

She could not deny that, so she held herself open as slowly he sunk his cock into the tight tunnel of her derriere. It was simultaneously the most humiliating and most erotic thing she had ever experienced, having her ass fucked by the man who owned her in every respect.

"I'll take you when and how I like, and you'll hold yourself open for me, won't you, good girl," he grunted, sinking himself deep into her ass, then beginning a slow pumping motion that had her rolling her hips in ecstasy and grinding her pussy against the desk.

"Yes Master, make me a good girl," she moaned back to him. She heard him gasp at her words and felt his cock leap inside her as he began to thrust harder and faster, tugging her hair harder now, ignoring her whimpers as he approached his climax, thrusting her hard little clit against the desk and pushing her closer too.

"I'm going to cum in your tight little butt," he promised her throatily.

She arched her back, lifting her hips, ready to take his cum, her cheeks bouncing with every hard thrust before he finally uttered a muffled cry and stiffened inside her, his cock pulsing as he came deep inside her. Feeling him cum, she followed suit, caught up in the moment, in his power, in the way he had taken her. Her pussy quivered as it came emptily, her juices flowing over his desk and slicking her thighs.

"Such a good girl," he murmured, kissing the back of her neck as his breathing slowed and his

cock began to soften inside her. He pulled out slowly and his semen flowed out thickly, mixing with her juices.

Floating on a cloud of pleasure and picked up to be cradled on her Master's lap, Lucy finally knew what the phrase 'total job satisfaction' really meant.