

Pleasure Secretary

Emily Sinclair

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Mr. Henry

Samantha looked down at the piece of paper handed to her by Mr. Grayson – her new boss, and read it carefully. 8:00 to 10:00 – Mr. Henry 314. 11:00 to 1:00 – Mrs. Filmore 522. 2:00 to 4:00 - Mr. Vance 967. Between each two hour block, she had one hour to rest, eat and prepare for the next two hour block.

“Alright ladies, you have your schedules and you know what is required of you,” Mr. Grayson said to the dozen women seated around the room. “You’re pleasure secretaries now so make sure you keep your clients happy or a dock in pay will be the least of your worries. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” the group of women replied, some more nervous than others.

Pleasure secretary, Samantha thought as she stood up and walked towards the door. *Why don't they call it what it really is – prostitution*. Or as she preferred to call it – being an escort. Escort had a more acceptable connotation to the young woman than prostitute, hooker, or any other term one would call what she was about to do as part of her new job.

While being an escort was anything but new to the raven-haired beauty, but doing it as a job at a national holdings company was. Whelson Holdings – the heart and passion of James Whelson, had its fingers in a myriad of companies from transportation and industry to health care and real estate. And now, secretly, they were dealing in escorts as a way to pamper and reward the best of the best within the company and Samantha Swain was just the latest in a long line of pleasure secretaries – secretaries whose job it was to pleasure their clients by any means possible.

Under normal circumstances, Samantha would have spent at least a few hours with a client to get to know them before heading off to the bedroom, but that was not the case with her new job as the only thing that mattered was their satisfaction by whatever means they wished to use her. With only a few exceptions, she was really nothing more than a paid sex slave for their pleasures and that thought made her tremble in both fear and excitement.

Samantha got on the elevator with three other pleasure secretaries and hit the button for floor three. She did not know any of them other than one was names Carol, and she really had no inclination to learn anything else about them. One of the women – a busty blonde wearing a low-cut dress got off on the second floor and the elevator zipped up to floor three where Samantha and Carol got off.

“I hope Mr. Henry isn’t too kinky,” the woman that got off with Samantha said as they walked down the hall.

“Did you say Mr. Henry?” Samantha asked

“Yeah, he’s my first client of the day.”

“Um, mine too.”

“Oh. Well, since it seems we’ll be working together my name is Erica,” the pretty brunette said holding out a hand.

“Samantha,” Samantha said giving Erica’s hand a quick shake. “I didn’t know we’d be sharing clients.”

“I didn’t either, but its fine with me. I hope having sex with another woman isn’t going to be a problem, assuming he has us do that sort of thing.”

“Nope, no problem at all,” Samantha smiled. “I love women just as much as men.”

“Then I don’t see why we can’t have a lot of fun working together. Here we are,” Erica said motioning to a heavy oak door. A brass plaque hanging at eye level read Mr. Alex Henry. She gave the door three soft knocks and waited.

“Enter,” Mr. Henry said from within the office. He sitting at his large, tidy desk when the door opened and two beautiful women walked in, shutting the door behind them. “And who might you be?” he asked, knowing full well why they were in his office.

“I’m Erica,” Erica said looking at the handsome, well-dressed man sitting behind a desk. She would guess he was around forty with short black hair just showing signs of greying along the sides, his eyes were pale blue that seemed to stare right through her.

“And I’m Samantha. We’re your new secretaries.”

“Erica, kneel on the floor with your ass resting on the heels of your feet with your hands clasp behind your back,” Mr. Henry commanded. “And Samantha, I want you to crawl to my desk, stand up and then bend over it.”

“Yes sir,” Samantha replied. She gave Erica a bemused look and a shrug before dropping to her hands and knees. She crawled across the large office as sexily as she could, swaying her ass side to side with every step. When she reached the desk she stood and bent over it as instructed and looked into Mr. Henry’s icy blue eyes.

“Stretch your arms out to the corners of the desk,” Mr. Henry commanded. Samantha complied and was taken aback when a leather cuff was locked around her right wrist – the other end of which was secured to a hook on the front of the desk. It was tight enough that she could not pull her hand free, but not so tight as to cut off circulation. He cuffed her left wrist in the same fashion and then stood up and walked around the desk. Samantha looked back over her shoulder to see what he would do next.

Mr. Henry unzipped Samantha’s skirt and pulled down her legs. She stepped out of it and watched in amazement as he folded it neatly and laid it over the back of a chair. Her panties were the next to go and were placed over the arm of the same chair her skirt was on. “You are a very beautiful woman,” he said running a finger lightly down Samantha’s spine.

“Thank you,” Samantha replied. “Aahgh!” she yelped as his hand landed hard across her ass.

“Do not interrupt me while I’m talking,” Mr. Henry said sternly while gently rubbing the spot on Samantha’s ass he had just slapped. “You have a perfect spanking ass,” he continued. “Mmmm, and nice big labia. I love that,” he added, taking her inner labia between finger and thumb and pulling them out as far as they would go. “Nearly two inches, impressive, but not good enough.”

Mr. Henry walked back around to the front of his desk and opened the bottom right drawer and pulled out several clamps and small teardrop shaped weights. Returning to Samantha he kicked her legs open and spread her ass as he knelt down behind her. He placed one of the rubber-tipped clamps at the center of her right inner labia and let it close.

“Uhn,” Samantha grunted as the clamp closed tight. This was not the first time she had her pussy clamped, but they were by far the tightest. One by one she felt the clamps added to her labia until there were three on each. When the weights were added, the effect was immediate. She felt her labia being pulled downwards in an attempt to stretch them larger than they already were.

“Erica, crawl over here and lick this slut’s pussy,” Mr. Henry said without bothering to turn his attention to the still kneeling woman.

“Yes sir,” Erica replied. “This was not exactly how she imagined her first day at the office to go, but she was not going to complain. As she neared the bound Samantha, Mr. Henry walked back around to the front of his desk and removed his pants, folding them over the arm of his chair before taking off his boxers.

Mr. Henry took a step forward and pointed his cock at Samantha’s mouth. She parted her lips and accepted it without complaint. It was not the largest dick she ever had, but it was not the smallest either. When her lips wrapped around it, he stepped closer, pushing deeper into her mouth until he felt it go down her throat. “You will suck me to completion and swallow every drop. If you fail to do so you’ll be punished. Nod if you understand,” he said looking down at Samantha. She nodded her head and took slow, deep breathes through her nose.

Erica kissed her way up the back and inner thigh of Samantha’s legs and then licked along her slit. The clamps and weights did not make it an easy job so she pulled them apart so that she could lick deeper. “Mmmm,” you taste really good,” she moaned, swiping her tongue along Samantha’s pussy. Turning around and placing her back against the desk for a better angle, she was able to lick and suck the writhing woman’s clit as well.

Samantha was in seventh heaven as Mr. Henry shoved his cock down her throat and Erica licked her pussy. The addition of the cuffs made it all the more exciting for her. And when Mr. Henry grabbed a handful of her long, silky black hair and gave it a hard yank, she just about went over the edge then and there.

“Make sure you use fingers too,” Mr. Hendy said to Erica. “Shove as many into her whore cunt as you can!”

“Yes Sir,” Erica replied. Reaching up with her right hand, she pushed three fingers into Samantha’s pussy and smiled at the way it made her squirm. Although it was already a tight fit, she scrunched her fingers together and added her pinky and shoved them in hard and fast, using the thumb to massage her clit as the weighted clamps swung back and forth, pulling at her labia.

Samantha was beginning to wonder if Mr. Henry was ever going to shoot his load down her throat. He had been throat-fucking her for more than ten minutes now as Erica continued to ram four fingers into her pussy. “Erica, get your whore ass over here right now!” Mr. Henry commanded, his voice on of urgency.

Erica pulled her fingers from Samantha’s pussy and crawled around the desk to Mr. Henry’s left side. Mr. Henry grabbed a handful of her hair, yanked her head back and pushed his cock into her mouth where he started to cum.

“Swallow it all like a good little cum-eater. That’s what you are, right?”

“Yes sir,” Erica said between gulps.

“You love the taste of cum don’t you? I bet if I had fifty men come in you’ eat every load they offered wouldn’t you?”

“Yes sir,” Erica replied, licking the last few drops of semen from her lower lip and swallowing it down with a grin of satisfaction.

“How many fingers did you shove in Samantha’s pussy?”

“Four.”

“Very nice. Have you ever been fisted?” Mr. Henry asked the still bound Samantha.

“No sir.”

“How far did you get your fingers in?” he asked Erica.

“Up to here,” Erica said drawing a line across the knuckle ridge.

Mr. Henry walked around to the front of his desk again and opened the same drawer he took the clamps and weights from and pulled out a bottle of lube and handed it to Erica. “Finish

the job. You've got thirty minutes to get your entire hand in her pussy or you'll be punished. Understood?"

"Yes sir," Erica answered. She gave Samantha an apologetic look as she crawled back around and lubed up her hand.

"Do you want her to fist you?" Mr. Henry asked Stephanie as he stepped into his boxers.

"No sir," Stephanie answered.

"If I uncuff you will you try to get away before she does it?"

"No sir."

"Why not? I thought you didn't want her to fist you?"

"I don't sir, but I won't move if you uncuff me."

"And why not?"

"Because it's my job to satisfy your every need, sir," Samantha replied. "And if that means getting fisted then that's what I'll do."

"I believe you, but I like seeing you bound," Mr. Henry said cupping Samantha's cheek. Don't worry, assuming she get her hand in, you'll be back to normal in no time at all. How many fingers do you have in her now, Erica?"

"Four sir," Erica replied. "I don't want to hurt her so I'm not forcing it."

"Twenty-six minutes remaining. Remember, if you're not in to the wrist then you will be punished."

"Yes sir," Erica gulped in worry. She felt Samantha's pussy muscles relax and she silently thanked her for the assistance. As much as she did not want to be fisted, Samantha also did not want to be the cause of Erica being punished, and so in the spirit of cooperation she relaxed as much as she could and waited for the inevitable to happen.

"Uhn...uhn...uhn," Samantha grunted as Erica worked her fingers in and out of her pussy. She could feel the knuckles trying to go in, but falling short. "W-when you f-feel me relax push your hand in hard!" she panted. "I..I can f-feel it almost g-going in!" She took several long, deep breaths and then let every muscle in her body relax. She felt Erica's hand pushing hard and then everything went momentarily black. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!" she gasped, realizing she had a hand in her pussy. Her legs trembled and her pussy clamped down tight. "D-don't move it!"

"I'm really fucking impressed," Mr. Henry said moving around to make sure Erica's hand really was in Samantha's pussy. "Give her a few minutes to get used to it and then I want you to fuck your hand in and out of her until she had at least three orgasms. As for you," he said slapping Samantha on the ass "I'm going to give you a good spanking while she fists you. I think twenty swats of the cane at medium-hard intensity will suffice. You will count each stroke and say thank you. Understood?"

"Yes sir," Samantha answered, her voice full of fear. She had never felt the cane before, but had talked to a few women that have and from everything she had been told, she was in for a painful time. In the back of her mind she thought about the exorbitant amount of money she was being paid to be a pleasure secretary. It was more than five times what she normally made as an escort and she told herself that being spanked and humiliated was a small price to pay for financial security.

Mr. Henry retrieved a medium thickness rattan cane from a closet and returned to Samantha's side. Lining up the cane and giving her a few light test hits, he drew his arm back and swung it quickly. The cane slashed through the air and landed hard across the center of Samantha's ass.