



# His to Correct

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

**Description:** When Melissa was hired by the Selecta Corporation, she didn't expect to be working in a division catering to billionaires who enjoy watching as beautiful young women are stripped, spanked, and shamefully mastered by their suitors, and she certainly didn't anticipate having her panties pulled down for a paddling right there in the conference room after voicing her protests. But she truly learns what it means to blush when her boss inspects her in his office afterwards.

Because as she's made to bend over and put herself on display for him, she knows his eyes aren't just roaming over her still burning bare ass and everything between her bright red bottom cheeks. He can see that she's soaking wet and ready for him too.

**Publisher's Note:** His to Correct is a stand-alone book in the Corporate Correction series. It includes spankings and sexual scenes. If such material offends you, please don't read this book.

**Total Pages (Source):** 53

## CHAPTER 1

Melissa

I arrived at the orientation for Selecta's Rising Executives program precisely on time. The gleaming glass and steel tower of Selecta Headquarters loomed before me, its imposing façade an almost frighteningly literal symbol of the megacorp's dominance over our brave new world. I smoothed down my crisp white blouse and navy pencil skirt, the required attire for female recruits, as I strode through the revolving doors into the vast marble lobby.

My heels sounded loud against the polished floor, echoing in the cavernous space as I made my way to the bank of elevators. A sea of suits and skirts flowed around me, all moving with purposeful efficiency. The air seemed to hum with an undercurrent of tension and ambition.

I stepped into the elevator amid a press of purposeful-looking people, my stomach fluttering with a mix of excitement and apprehension. I had a fairly good idea of what awaited me on the forty-second floor—the notorious Orientation Conference Room, occasionally dubbed the 'Induction Chamber' by those in the know. I knew I would see Selecta's patriarchal culture on full display, as they began their attempt to mold us into obedient corporate drones.

I had other plans.

The elevator doors slid open with a soft chime. A long corridor of gleaming white stretched in front of me. At its end stood an imposing set of double doors guarded by

two stern-faced men in dark suits. As I approached, I could feel their eyes raking over me, assessing my potential threat level. I lifted my chin and met their gaze unflinchingly.

“Name?” the taller of the two asked, his eyes telling me he didn’t think it could possibly be on his list.

“Melissa Mitropoulos,” I replied coolly. “Here for the Rising Executives orientation.”

He checked his tablet, then nodded curtly. “You may enter.”

The doors swung open, revealing a room equal parts opulent and austere. Deep-piled red carpet contrasted with stark white walls adorned only with the bold red Selecta logo. Rows of chairs faced a raised dais at the front of the room, where a podium stood flanked by two large screens.

As I took my seat, I couldn’t help but notice the gender disparity in the room. Out of the thirty or so recruits, only a handful were women. The men sat with easy confidence, while most of the women seemed to shrink into themselves, as if trying to take up less space.

Not me. I did my best to sit tall, my spine straight as a rod, my gaze steady as I surveyed the room. I knew what they would think of me, of course—a naive idealist, even a troublemaker in the making. But they didn’t know the fire that burned within me, the determination that had brought me here.

Yes, society was in decline. Yes, the Corporate Laws had given entities like Selecta unprecedented power. But where others saw hopelessness, I saw opportunity. In times of chaos and change, new ideas could take root and flourish. And I intended to be one of the people who planted those seeds.

The room fell silent as a distinguished older man in an impeccably tailored suit strode to the podium. His silver hair and commanding presence marked him clearly as one of Selecta's top executives.

"Welcome, rising stars of Selecta," he began, his voice deep and resonant. "I'm Executive Vice President Charles Blackwell. You represent the cream of the crop, handpicked to lead our corporation into a bold new future."

He went on to extol Selecta's virtues and the opportunities that awaited us, but I found my attention wandering. I let the corporate platitudes wash over me. I had heard empty words like these a thousand times before. I had come here for something more.

As Blackwell concluded his speech, a statuesque woman with sleek dark hair and piercing eyes took the stage. Sharon Fagan, I realized with a start. The infamous head of HR, known for her unwavering commitment to Selecta's unique corporate culture.

"Good morning," Sharon said, her voice crisp and authoritative. "Before we begin your formal orientation, there's something you need to understand about the division you've joined."

The screens behind her flickered to life, displaying the letters 'NMB' in elegant script.

"New Modesty Blue," Sharon explained, her tone matter-of-fact. "Our exclusive streaming service, catering to the most discerning clientele. What you're about to see may shock some of you, but it's essential you grasp the full scope of our operations."

The screens shifted to show a tidy but unremarkable bedroom. A print on the wall that showed a picturesque farmhouse made me think immediately that the room must itself be located in such a midwestern home. A young woman with honey-blond hair

and wide blue eyes stood nervously before a stern-looking man in his thirties. The decor of the room—the twin bed with the blue quilt on it, the vase on the nightstand—made me think the room must belong to her. She had on a little white nightgown that made her look so vulnerable and innocent that I felt my cheeks go hot. The man had on a work shirt and jeans.

“This is Grace,” Sharon narrated. “One of our New Modesty brides-in-training. And that’s Jacob, her accepted suitor.”

I felt my cheeks flush as I realized what I was watching. This was beyond anything I’d imagined, even in my worst fears about Selecta’s culture.

On screen, Jacob’s voice rang out clearly. “You’ve been very disrespectful today, Grace. What happens to naughty girls who talk back?”

Grace’s voice trembled as she replied, “They... they get spanked, sir.”

Without warning, Jacob sat down on the bed and pulled Grace over his knee. He pulled her nightgown up, and I had to bite my lip to keep from gasping as her pale little backside came into view. His hand came down hard on her upturned bottom, eliciting a yelp of pain and surprise.

I glanced around the room, shocked to see most of my fellow recruits watching with rapt attention. Only a few seemed as disturbed as I felt.

The spanking continued, Grace’s cries growing more frantic with each smack. Just when I thought I couldn’t take anymore, Jacob stopped.

“Stand up,” he ordered. Grace obeyed, her face tearstained and flushed with humiliation.

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Jacob's next words sent a chill down my spine. "Now, bend over the bed. On your elbows. You're going to learn your lesson thoroughly today."

I watched in horror as Jacob produced a bottle of lubricant from Grace's night table drawer. This couldn't be happening. Not there in Grace's room... not here in the orientation conference room... not then, or now, or ever.

Not here and not now, my brain tried to persuade me. This is a video clip. Maybe... maybe it's not real.

But what I saw went beyond any acting, or imaginable fakery. At Jacob's next command, Grace had to reach back and spread her pink bottom cheeks while her suitor prepared her anus.

As Jacob's fingers probed Grace's most private opening, I felt a wave of revulsion wash over me. Yet beneath it, to my horror, I felt a flicker of something else—a traitorous heat low in my belly. I crossed my legs tightly, disgusted with myself.

"You'll notice," Sharon's cool voice cut through the room, "that NMB provides an unparalleled level of authenticity, because ofcourse it comes from real New Modesty households. Our clients demand nothing less."

On screen, Grace whimpered as Jacob positioned himself behind her. The camera zoomed in, leaving nothing to the imagination as he slowly, inexorably penetrated her bottom. Grace's face contorted in a mix of pain and unwilling pleasure.

"Remember this lesson," Jacob growled, his hips beginning to move. "This is what

happens when you talk back.”

I tore my gaze away, only to find Sharon’s flinty eyes fixed on me. A faint smirk played at the corners of her mouth, as if she could see right through me, could sense the conflict raging within my body.

“NMB and its related properties,” Sharon continued, her voice laden with satisfaction, “account for a full fifty percent of Selecta Entertainment’s revenue. The appetite for this content among our best-heeled customer base is... insatiable.”

My eyes widened in shock. Half their revenue? From this? I looked around the room, expecting to see outrage, disgust, anything—but my fellow recruits seemed enthralled. Some of the men shifted uncomfortably in their seats, while a few of the women looked flushed and breathless.

Sharon’s next words sent ice through my veins. “Moreover, our highly lucrative sister organization, the Institute, which provides high-end concubines to discerning billionaires, relies heavily on NMB for marketing. The NMB streams serve as both advertisement and training tools.”

On screen, Jacob’s thrusts grew more forceful. Grace’s cries of pain had transformed into moans of reluctant ecstasy. I felt my own breath coming faster, my skin flushed and tingling. I wanted to look away, but I couldn’t.

“You’re learning, aren’t you?” Jacob panted. “You’re learning to be a good girl for me.”

“Y-yes, sir,” Grace gasped. “I’ll be good, I promise!”

I squirmed in my seat, increasingly horrified at my body’s response. This was wrong, so wrong—and yet I could feel wetness gathering between my thighs, my nipples

hardening beneath my blouse. I bit my lip hard, trying to use the pain to center myself.

Sharon's voice droned on, outlining profit margins and market projections. But all I could focus on was the obscene tableau before me, the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, Grace's breathy moans, Jacob's grunts of effort.

As Jacob neared his climax, I felt my own arousal spiraling out of control. My hands clenched the arms of my chair, knuckles white with the effort.

I couldn't take it anymore. The sensations coursing through my body felt like a betrayal of everything I stood for. My cheeks burned with mortification and anger as I fought desperately against my body's betrayal. How dare they do this? How dare they reduce human beings to objects of twisted entertainment?

With a herculean effort, I wrenched my focus away from the screens and onto Sharon's smug face. Her cool composure only fueled the fire of my outrage. I could feel my heart pounding, my breath coming in short, sharp gasps as I struggled to contain the fury building inside me.

"This is an outrage!" I shouted, leaping to my feet. My voice echoed in the suddenly silent room. "How can you possibly justify this... this exploitation?"

Sharon's eyebrows rose slightly, the only indication of surprise on her otherwise impassive face. "Miss Mitropoulos, I believe? Please, sit down. We can discuss your concerns after the presentation."

But I had gone beyond reason now. The dam had broken, and all my pent-up anger and disgust came flooding out. "No! I will not sit down and watch this travesty continue. This is nothing short of sexual slavery, dressed up in corporate doublespeak!"



I could feel the eyes of everyone in the room on me, a mix of shock, disapproval, and—from a few—a glimmer of apprehension. But I didn't care. I had started to tremble, my fists clenched at my sides as I glared defiantly at Sharon.

"You can't possibly think this is acceptable," I continued, my voice rising. "We're supposed to be leaders, not... not pimps and pornographers!"

Sharon's eyes hardened, her lips thinning into a severe line. "Miss Mitropoulos, this is your final warning. Sit down, or face the consequences."

"Consequences?" I laughed bitterly. "What are you going to do, spank me like one of your New Modesty girls?"

A hush fell over the room. I could see the shock on the faces of my fellow recruits, some averting their eyes, others watching with morbid fascination. Sharon's expression, however, remained unnervingly calm.

"As a matter of fact," she said, her voice silky smooth, "that's exactly what we're going to do." She turned to address two young men in the front row. "Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ramirez, please escort Miss Mitropoulos to the front of the room."

For a moment, I stood frozen in disbelief. They couldn't be serious. But as the two men rose from their seats and approached me, the reality of the situation hit me like a bucket of ice water. This was really happening.

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I tried to back away, but found myself hemmed in by the chairs behind me. “Don’t you dare touch me,” I hissed, but my voice lacked conviction. The fight had started to drain out of me.

Johnson and Ramirez approached me cautiously, their faces a mixture of reluctance and determination. I could see the conflict in their eyes—they didn’t want to manhandle a woman, but they also didn’t want to disobey a direct order from Sharon.

“Please, Miss Mitropoulos,” Johnson said softly, reaching out a hand. “Don’t make this harder than it needs to be.”

I jerked away from his touch, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. “Don’t you see how wrong this is?” I pleaded, looking from one to the other. “You can’t just go along with this!”

Ramirez sighed, his dark eyes filled with something that might have been pity. “We don’t have a choice. Neither do you.”

They moved in tandem, each grasping one of my arms. Their grips were firm but not painful, clearly trying to be as gentle as possible under the circumstances. I struggled against them, twisting and pulling, but their combined strength was too much for me.

“Let me go!” I demanded, my voice rising in pitch as panic began to set in. The room seemed to spin around me as they half-led, half-carried me toward the front. I could feel the eyes of every other recruit boring into me, a mixture of fascination and horror on their faces.

As we neared the dais, Sharon's imposing figure loomed before me. She stood with her arms crossed, a slight smirk playing at the corners of her mouth. "Over the back of that chair, if you please, gentlemen," she instructed, gesturing to one of the front-row seats, which she had pulled forward.

Johnson and Ramirez hesitated for just a moment before guiding me forward. I planted my feet, trying to resist, but they easily overpowered me. After a final, desperate struggle, I found myself bent over the back of the chair, my bottom raised, high and vulnerable.

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I gripped the plastic chair's minimally cushioned seat, my knuckles cramping with the tension in my hands. The rough synthetic fabric scratched my flushed cheek as I turned my head to the side, refusing to meet the gaze of my fellow recruits. The position felt utterly humiliating, my skirt riding up to expose the backs of my thighs.

Sharon's heels were noiseless on the carpet as she approached. I felt a slight movement of air and then she was beside me, holding something in front of my face. My eyes widened as I took in the sight of it—a paddle. Stark white plastic emblazoned with Selecta's bold red logo.

"This, Miss Mitropoulos," Sharon said, her voice dripping with false sweetness, "is an official Selecta discipline paddle. I think you'll find it most effective in curbing that rebellious streak of yours."

I squeezed my eyes shut, willing it all to be a horrible nightmare. Sharon's voice continued on smoothly, the feigned compassion making my stomach churn. "I'm sure that all of you, unlike Miss Mitropoulos here, read your contracts thoroughly. So I

know you're well aware that corporate discipline at Selecta is maintained through corporal punishment."

My eyes flew open in shock. I lifted my head and craned my neck to look at the three or four fellow recruits I could see, off to my left side. I searched their faces for any sign of surprise or outrage. But I saw only a mix of nervous anticipation and resigned acceptance. How could they have known? How could they have agreed to this?

"That's impossible!" I shouted, my voice cracking with desperation. "There's no way that's legal!"

Sharon's laugh was cold, with a hint of real mirth. "Oh, my dear," she said, running a perfectly manicured nail along the edge of the paddle. "You really should have done your research before accepting this position. The Corporate Laws give us quite extensive authority over our employees."

The mention of the Corporate Laws sent a chill down my spine. I had taken a cursory look at them, of course, as part of my preparation for this role. But I had never imagined they could be interpreted so... broadly.

"I quit!" I yelled, struggling to push myself up from the chair. "You can't do this to me if I'm not an employee!"

I felt a surge of hope as I managed to lift my upper body off the seat. But it was short-lived. Johnson and Ramirez, who had been standing nearby, quickly moved to restrain me. Their large hands pressed down on my shoulders, forcing me back into position.

"I'm afraid it's not quite that simple," Sharon said, her voice taking on a patronizing tone that made my blood boil. "Perhaps it's time for a little lesson in modern government."

She began to pace slowly in front of the assembled recruits, the paddle tapping rhythmically against her palm. “The Corporate Laws, as established by our esteemed administration, grant companies like Selecta a great deal of autonomy in how we manage our workforce. This includes the right to enforce our contracts through... shall we say, physical means.”

I felt my stomach drop as the full implications of her words sank in. “But... but that’s barbaric!” I protested, my voice muffled against the chair. I tried again to lift myself from the seat of the chair. The hands on my shoulders pushed me down once more.

Sharon continued as if I hadn’t spoken. “Moreover, these laws stipulate that any individual who signs a contract with a corporation is bound by its terms for a minimum period of thirty days, regardless of any attempt to terminate the agreement prematurely.”

She paused directly in front of me, her shadow falling across my prone form. “In other words, Miss Mitropoulos, you’re ours for the next month at least. And we intend to make full use of that time to correct your attitude.”

I felt tears of frustration and fear welling up in my eyes. How could I have been so naive? I had thought I could change the system from within, but instead, I had walked right into the grinding blades of the machine.

Sharon’s voice took on a more serious tone as she addressed the room. “I want to be perfectly clear about the extent of Selecta’s authority under the Corporate Laws. Our right to discipline employees includes administering punishment in the nude. I’ve personally witnessed its remarkable effectiveness in ensuring compliance and fostering the proper mindset.”

My breath caught in my throat as I processed her words. Surely she couldn’t mean... But even as the thought formed, I felt Sharon’s cool fingers at the hem of my skirt.

With deliberate slowness, she began to raise the fabric, exposing more and more of my legs to the room.

“No,” I whimpered, squirming against Johnson’s and Ramirez’s firm grip. “Please, don’t...”

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But Sharon paid no heed to my protests. She continued to lift my skirt until it was bunched around my waist, leaving my lower half completely exposed. A collective gasp rippled through the room as my underwear came into view.

“Well, well,” Sharon’s voice dripped with sarcasm. “What do we have here?”

I squeezed my eyes shut, my face burning with shame as I remembered choosing those panties this morning. The lacy red thong had seemed like such a good idea at the time—a secret rebellion against Selecta’s conservative dress code, a way to feel powerful and in control.

“My, my, Miss Mitropoulos,” Sharon continued, her finger tracing the edge of the lace. “It seems you’ve dressed for the job you want, not the job you have. Tell me, did you think these sexy little panties would help you seduce your way to the top?”

Tears of humiliation pricked at my eyes. How could I explain that it wasn’t like that at all? That I had chosen them as a private act of defiance, a way to maintain my sense of self in the face of Selecta’s oppressive culture? But even as I thought it, I realized how naive and foolish I had been.

“I... I didn’t...” I stammered, unable to form a coherent response.

“Oh, I think you did.” Sharon’s voice was laden with false sympathy. “You thought you could use your sexuality as a weapon, didn’t you? Thought you could manipulate your way through our ranks?”

I wanted to deny it, to explain myself, but the words wouldn’t come. All I could do

was lie there, trembling with shame and fear, as Sharon continued to expose my most private self to the entire room.

Worst of all, I couldn't truly deny it. I remembered looking at the sexy thong in my lingerie drawer, thinking about the effect it might have on my new bosses if they knew I had it on, under my prim skirt—and only then deciding that wearing it would really represent self-actualization, rather than any kind of attempt at seduction.

Sharon's fingers hooked into the waistband of my panties. I tensed, holding my breath as I felt the delicate lace slide down over the curve of my bottom. Inch by excruciating inch, she lowered them, exposing my most intimate places to the room full of strangers.

"No, please," I whimpered, my voice barely above a whisper. But my plea fell on deaf ears.

With a final tug, Sharon pulled the thong down to my knees, leaving me completely bare from the waist down. Trembling took hold of my whole body. I could feel the weight of every gaze in the room on my naked flesh.

"Well, Miss Mitropoulos," Sharon's voice cut through the silence, "I think it's clear you've earned yourself a very serious punishment. I recommend you resign yourself to it. I intend to make absolutely certain you won't be sitting or walking comfortably for your first few days at Selecta."

I swallowed hard, fighting back tears of humiliation. I tried to deny the reality of it: it couldn't actually be happening, could it? I couldn't, in real life, be bent over the back of a chair with my panties down and my uncovered bottom on display, could I?

"Now," Sharon continued, her tone hard with authority, "you will count each stroke aloud. After each one, you will say 'Thank you, ma'am,' and you will ask for the next



swat. Is that understood?”

Part of me tried to stop my head from nodding, but something from the depths of my mind acquiesced, and I felt my chin move against the seat of the chair.

“I said, is that understood?” Sharon’s voice demanded.

“Y-yes,” I managed to choke out.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes... ma’am,” I whispered, the words tasting like ash in my mouth.

“Good girl,” Sharon said, and I flinched at the patronizing praise. Her voice rose in volume as she addressed the rest of the room, making my face burn again with mortification. “I’m going to give this naughty girl twelve swats. If she loses count or forgets to thank me, we’ll start over from the beginning. I’m hoping you’ll all take away from this orientation the news that discipline at Selecta is a very serious matter—as I know Miss Mitropoulos definitely will.”

I lay there, trembling, as the full weight of my situation settled over me. My mind raced, desperately seeking an escape from this nightmare. As the seconds ticked by, though, a terrible realization dawned on me: there really was no way out. The Corporate Laws Sharon had mentioned loomed like an impenetrable wall, blocking any hope of legal recourse. Even if I quit, I was still bound to Selecta for thirty days. Thirty days of this.

A wave of resignation washed over me, bringing with it an unexpected and unwelcome feeling. As I accepted my fate, I felt a strange warmth bloom down below my belly, a flutter of involuntary anticipation. The realization horrified me.

I don't want this. I don't have a choice, so I will endure it. But I do. Not. Want. It. Do I?

I thrust the traitorous question away, burying it deep beneath layers of outrage and fear. This was wrong, I reminded myself fiercely. No matter what my body might tell me, my new employer was violating my rights and my human dignity.

Sharon's voice cut through my internal struggle. "Twelve swats," she announced again to the room, her tone matter-of-fact, as if she were discussing a routine business matter rather than my impending punishment. "That should definitely be sufficient to drive the lesson home."

She turned to Johnson and Ramirez, who still stood on either side of me. "Gentlemen, you may step back now. But please stay close, in case Miss Mitropoulos needs to be restrained during her paddling."

I heard their footsteps as they moved away, leaving me feeling paradoxically even more revealed without their hands holding me down. The knowledge that they still lurked nearby, ready to force me back into position if I resisted, sent a shiver down my spine.

"Now then," Sharon said, her voice low and close to my ear. "Miss Mitropoulos, I would like you to ask me for your paddling. Politely."

I squeezed my eyes shut, my cheeks burning with humiliation. How could she expect that of me? To ask for my own punishment, as if I wanted it?

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I. Do. Not. Want. It.

“I’m waiting.” Sharon’s voice hardened. “Unless you’d prefer we make it fifteen swats instead of twelve?”

My eyes flew open in panic. To my disgust, my hands flew to cover my bare bottom. “No! I mean... please...” I swallowed hard, forcing the words past the lump in my throat. I took my shaking hands away and put them, clenched into fists, on the seat of the chair in front of me. “Please... paddle me... ma’am.”

“And why are you going to be paddled?” Sharon pressed, her tone just a hair away from mockery.

My whole body seemed to burn with embarrassment as I whispered, “Because I... I interrupted the orientation.”

“Louder,” Sharon commanded. “I want everyone to hear you.”

“I...” I croaked, trying to raise my voice and finding that I had to clear my throat before I could manage a single syllable. “I... interrupted.” I felt certain Sharon would keep demanding more, so I went on, in hopes of getting the whole thing over with as quickly as I possibly could. “I’m sorry, ma’am.”

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“Very good,” Sharon said, her voice full of sarcastic praise. “Now, let’s begin.”

I tensed, bracing myself for the impact. The seconds stretched into an eternity as I waited. I could hear my own ragged breathing, feel the rapid thudding of my heart against the chair’s back.

When the first swat finally came, it was both better and worse than I had imagined. The crack of the paddle against my bare flesh echoed through the room, followed by a burst of stinging pain that radiated outward from the point of impact. I gasped, more from shock than agony. The pain wasn’t as intense as I had feared. It hurt, certainly, but it was a sharp, localized sensation rather than the overwhelming agony I had anticipated. For a brief moment, I felt a flicker of relief.

“One,” I managed to choke out, remembering Sharon’s instructions and wanting to get it over with. “Th-thank you, ma’am.”

But as Sharon paused, as if to let the sting settle in, I realized that the physical discomfort represented the least of my worries. The heat from the paddle seemed to spread, radiating up and down through my body in waves. To my horror, I felt more of that unwelcome warmth coalescing low down, intensifying the mortifying arousal I had desperately tried to ignore.

“Ask for the next one,” Sharon prompted, her voice cool and professional.

I swallowed hard, fighting against the conflicting sensations coursing through my body. “Please... may I have another, ma’am?”

The second swat landed slightly lower than the first, overlapping just enough to reignite the sting. I yelped, then quickly counted and thanked Sharon, my voice trembling. I remembered, as humiliating as it felt, to request the next stroke.

As Sharon continued the punishment, I started to wonder if the slow rhythm she was establishing had a diabolical reason behind it. She followed each swat with a pause, just long enough for the pain to transform into the helpless, spreading warmth that fueled my body's betrayal. The contrasts—pain and pleasure, humiliation and arousal—roiled inside me, threatening to steal what remained of my rationality.

“Five,” I gasped after a particularly hard stroke. “Thank you, ma’am. Please, may I have another?”

I closed my eyes, trying to push away the feeling of my fellow recruits' gazes boring into me. I saw their faces behind my eyelids, nevertheless, wearing a mix of fascination, sympathy, and arousal. Knowing that my peers had to watch my punishment... wondering how they felt about it... I didn't see how I could possibly ever work with them without blushing and hiding my eyes.

Sharon kept drawing out the paddling, making each swat count. She varied the force and placement, ensuring that every inch of my bottom and upper thighs would bear the evidence of my misconduct's reward.

“Seven,” I counted, my voice hoarse. “Thank you, ma’am. Please... please, may I have another?”

As the paddling continued, my initial impression that it didn't hurt as much as I had expected underwent serious modification. Each swat built upon the last, intensifying the pain and, between the strokes, the unwelcome arousal coursing through my body. The sharp crack of the horrid plastic against my bare flesh echoed through the room, each of those reports now followed by my increasingly desperate cries.

“Eight!” I choked out, tears streaming down my face. “Th-thank you, ma’am. Please... may I have another?”

Sharon's next stroke landed with brutal precision across the curve where my bottom met my thighs. I let out a strangled sob, my legs trembling with the effort of staying in position. The burning sting traveled outward, mingling with the heat of my shameful arousal.

Worse, that ninth swat seemed to increase the agony exponentially, the pain simply growing and growing until, to my mortification, I couldn't stop myself; I put my hands behind me to protect my backside and I tried to rise from the back of the chair, my eyes flooding with tears. Johnson and Ramirez apparently didn't need Sharon's command; I felt their hands on my shoulders almost instantly, pushing me firmly back into my place over the chair.

"Take her hands away from her bottom," Sharon said in a scornful voice. "Miss Mitropoulos, you're going to take your punishment even if these gentlemen need to hold you down for the rest of it."

Johnson grabbed my left wrist and Ramirez my right. Suddenly afraid they might break my arms, I let the tension go out of me, so that they could move my hands back in front of me. Then, almost immediately, I felt the puff of air from the blade of the paddle, and I cried out in terror even before it struck—then screamed and writhed against the strong restraining hands as the pain built once again.

Horried, I realized that being able to struggle against the men's grip on me seemed to relieve some of the agony, even as the humiliating need between my thighs grew so great that I felt my pussy clench between my tightly closed thighs. As much as my body wanted to keep struggling, I forced myself still as I gave Sharon the words she had demanded.

"Ten," I whimpered, my voice barely audible. "Thank you, ma'am. Please—please may I have the next one?"

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The eleventh swat came down hard on my already tender sit spot. I cried out, no longer able to contain my anguish. Sobs racked my body as I struggled to catch my breath.

“E-eleven,” I managed between gasps. “Thank you, ma’am. Please... oh, god, please may I have the last one?”

Sharon paused, letting the anticipation build. I could feel the eyes of every other executive recruit on my backside, witnessing my complete humiliation. My bottom felt like it was on fire, each throb a reminder of my powerlessness.

When the final stroke came, it was the hardest yet. The paddle cracked against my flesh with devastating force, and I howled in pain and despair.

“Twelve!” I wailed, my composure utterly shattered. “Thank you, ma’am!”

For a long moment, the only sound in the room was my ragged sobbing. I lay draped over the chair, my body heaving with each gasping breath. The pain in my bottom pulsed in time with my racing heart.

Finally, Sharon’s cool voice spoke again. “You may stand now, Miss Mitropoulos.”

With trembling limbs, I pushed myself upright. My skirt fell back into place, but the fabric felt like sandpaper against my tender flesh. I stumbled slightly, my legs weak and unsteady.

“Pull up your panties,” Sharon instructed, her tone devoid of sympathy. “Then you

may go to the restroom to compose yourself and fix your makeup. You can review your follow-up email for any information you miss.”

With shaking hands, I reached down and grasped the waistband of my thong. I bit my lip to stifle a whimper as I drew the lacy fabric up and over my throbbing bottom. The delicate material seemed to catch on every welt and bruise, reigniting the sting.

My face burned with humiliation as I straightened, keeping my gaze fixed firmly on the floor. I couldn’t bear to meet the eyes of my fellow recruits, couldn’t stand even to glance in Sharon’s direction.

I shuffled out of the orientation room, my legs still unsteady beneath me. The corridor stretched before me, seeming impossibly long. Every step sent fresh waves of pain radiating from my punished bottom.

As I made my way toward the restroom, I passed several Selecta employees going about their day. Their eyes seemed to linger on me, taking in my disheveled appearance and tearstained face. I could almost feel their knowing glances, imagining they could see right through my skirt to the welts and bruises beneath. My face burned anew with each encounter, certain despite the utter lack of logic in it that news of my public paddling had already spread through the office grapevine.

When I finally reached the restroom, I pushed open the heavy door with trembling hands. The harsh fluorescent lighting made me wince, highlighting every imperfection in my reflection as I caught sight of myself in the mirror. My mascara had run in dark streaks down my cheeks, and my hair was a tangled mess from my writhing during the punishment.

Avoiding my own gaze, I hurried into the nearest stall, desperate for a moment of privacy. As I lowered myself onto the toilet seat, a gasp escaped my lips. The cool plastic against my tender flesh sent shockwaves through my body—part pain, part the



same distressing arousal I had felt during the punishment, but magnified by what felt like ten times.

To my horror, it surged through me with every little movement of my bottom on the seat. The contrasting sensations—the sting of my welts, the coolness of the surface beneath me, the lingering humiliation—all seemed to coalesce into an unbearable need. My breath came in short, sharp pants as I tried to fight the urge building within me. As I started to pee, the release of my bladder made me whimper with lewd desire.

The struggle against my body was no use. Almost of their own accord, my fingers found their way between my thighs even before the last drops fell. I bit my lip hard, tasting blood, as I began to stroke my swollen clit. The slickness I encountered lower down, when I ran my middle finger there, filled me with hot shame and, at the same time, desperate hunger.

I was no stranger to self-pleasure. In fact, I had long viewed masturbation as an act of defiance against societal norms, a way to claim ownership over my own body and desires. But this... this felt different. Never before had I felt such an overwhelming, all-consuming need.

My fingers moved faster, circling my clit with increasing urgency. In my mind's eye, unbidden images flashed—Sharon's stern face as she wielded the paddle, the feeling of being bent over and exposed, the eyes of my fellow recruits burning into my bare flesh.

A soft moan escaped my lips before I could stifle it. I froze for a moment, terrified someone might have heard, but the restroom remained silent save for the pounding of my own heart.

Giving in to the inevitable, I resumed my frantic ministrations. I raised myself up a little so that I could reach my other hand back and gingerly touch my punished

bottom. The sting that radiated from even that light contact sent a jolt of electricity straight to my core.

I was close now, unthinkably close given how long it usually took me, on languid Saturday mornings in bed with my little vibrator. Sure, I had been too busy to play with myself for a few days—and I had broken up with my last boyfriend three months before—but I had never felt this responsive even to my own touch.

My fingers moved over my heated flesh, alternating between teasing strokes and firm pressure. Each touch sent sparks of pleasure coursing through my body, to mingle with the lingering sting of the paddling and wind my need even more tightly. I found myself prolonging the exquisite sensations, drawing out my pleasure despite the risk of discovery.

I couldn't believe I was doing this—masturbating in a bathroom stall at work, my bottom still throbbing from punishment. Yet I couldn't stop. The taboo nature of the act only heightened my arousal.

As I gently squeezed my tender cheeks, my thoughts took an unexpected turn. Suddenly, I wasn't reliving my own paddling, but imagining myself wielding the paddle. In my mind's eye, it was Sharon bent over, her impeccable suit skirt hiked up to reveal her bare bottom.

“Pull your cheeks apart,” I commanded in my fantasy, my voice thick with authority. I pictured Sharon's hands reaching back, spreading herself open in shameful obedience.

The image sent a fresh wave of heat through me. My fingers found their way to my own puckered opening, circling the sensitive flesh. I gasped at the intensity of the sensation, my other hand working furiously between my legs.

I hadn't done that, ever. When a boyfriend's finger strayed in that direction I always pulled his hand away. Unable to resist now, I pressed a finger inside, my body yielding easily to the intrusion, as if my paddling had rendered my bottom accessible in some shameful way. The forbidden dual stimulation pushed me over the edge in an instant. My orgasm crashed over me with startling speed and intensity, leaving me trembling and breathless.

As I emerged from the stall and put myself to rights in the mirror, I tried to push away the embarrassment that threatened to take hold, telling myself that to come that way represented the most defiant thing I could do, a giantfuck you to Sharon and to Selecta. The fact that it had happened because Sharon had paddled me in front of the whole orientation only made my act of self-pleasure more of a demonstration of bodily autonomy.

I. Don't. Want. It.

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I took a deep, shuddering breath and started back toward the conference room.

### CHAPTER 4

Stuart

I had greatly enjoyed watching Melissa Mitropoulos masturbate in the bathroom, but I had to admit to looking forward even more to what awaited her back in the conference room. I followed the beautiful black-haired young woman, almost criminally stunning in her prim work clothes, as she walked back down the corridor, wincing visibly at each step.

The surveillance systems in Selecta Headquarters gave total coverage, of course. During Melissa's paddling, to whose imminence Sharon had alerted me as soon as the willful junior executive-in-training had begun making her scene, I had been able to view both the miscreant's face and her gorgeous, provocative posterior in vivid close-up.

I had watched the girl's backside, despite its Mediterranean coloring, redden swiftly under Sharon's expert use of the paddle. I had caught a thrilling glimpse of Melissa's pussy lips, adorned with dark curls that I intended to remove, as her bottom had clenched and unclenched with the agony of her first old-fashioned lesson. Those sights had certainly stiffened my cock in my trousers, as I sat at my desk in my corner office.

The look on Melissa's face, though, when I had changed cameras, had moved me much more. I saw outrage and angry resignation. As the paddle rose and fell at

Sharon's customary slow cadence, though, I had also seen the beginnings of a very different understanding of traditional discipline—and of Selecta's business model.

I had flagged Melissa for my team a week ago, as soon as her file had crossed my desk. The girl's outburst and its consequences—which hadn't yet reached their conclusion, to be sure—had only demonstrated the accuracy of what the file, as annotated by the psycho-biometric assessment team in Human Resources, had already told me.

Miss Mitropoulos, the summarizing note read, would very much like to change the corporate world. Her grades and test scores suggest she has the intellect and the drive to make a medium to large impact in an executive setting. Analysis of Miss Mitropoulos' psycho-biometric data, from her behavior on social media to her recruitment questionnaire, with the invaluable help of the perineal sensor installed by nanodrone during her interview, suggests an alpha-grade repressed submissive with the intriguing nuance of subdominant tendencies that could qualify her for upper management at Selecta.

In other words, if brought along properly, Melissa would develop into an excellent leader in the very special environment of Selecta's upper ranks, where a woman—as demonstrated just now by the estimable Sharon Fagan—could with some frequency be called upon to apply the official paddle to other women's bare bottoms. In fact, based on the assessment team's analysis, the highly entertaining act of self-pleasure I had just watched had probably progressed Melissa in that direction.

If I had to guess, I would have said with a good deal of certainty that as Melissa had climaxed in the bathroom stall, she had been thinking not only about receiving punishment, but also of meting it out. Something about the crease in her forehead, the way she had bitten down so hard on her lower lip...

I wasn't an assessor, to be sure. That fierce expression, though, could be combined

with the feed from the sensor that now resided invisibly between the girl's vagina and her anus. The numbers at the bottom of my screen had shown just how aroused Melissa Mitropoulos had gotten when she had touched her cringing, wrinkled bottom hole. All my dominant instincts told me my new junior executive had fantasized about giving discipline as well as submitting to it.

Melissa

I tried to slip back into the conference room, but Sharon had no intention of letting me escape an iota of the shame I had earned by disrupting the orientation.

"Ah, Miss Mitropoulos," she said, addressing the rest of the room, as far as I could tell, rather than me. "I'm glad you're back. I've saved this part of the introduction to New Modesty Blue until now, so I could be certain you see it."

I thought she would push play on a video, or at least do something that took the attention of every other person in the room off me. Instead, she doubled down so hard that I suddenly felt completely relieved of any guilt I might have felt at having fantasized about turning the tables on her.

"We'll wait," Sharon said, "until you're back in your seat, Miss Mitropoulos."

I felt every pair of eyes on me as I made my way back to my seat. My cheeks burned with humiliation, and I kept my gaze fixed firmly on the floor, unable even to steal a glance at my fellow new employees. Each step sent fresh waves of pain radiating from my punished ass, and I had to fight to keep my pace steady and—above all—not to limp.

The walk to my chair felt like an eternity. To my utter distress, so intense that I had to swallow tears, I could hear hushed whispers and barely stifled giggles from some of my fellow recruits. Thankfully most of them maintained a tense silence, as if afraid to

draw attention to themselves.

As I neared my seat, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in one of the room's large windows. I swallowed hard as I realized that despite my best efforts in the bathroom mirror I still looked every bit like someone who had just been thoroughly paddled: red eyes, disheveled hair, cheeks dark with embarrassment. The realization made me want to curl up and disappear.

I reached the chair at last. I hesitated for a moment, dreading the pain I knew was coming. Taking a deep breath, I gingerly lowered myself onto the hard plastic seat with its scant covering of lightly padded cloth. I wondered, wildly, whether Selecta put these specific chairs in this specific room in order to extend the punishment of young women who dared to question their business model.

As my tender flesh made contact and I settled my weight on the seat, I had to bite my lip hard to keep from crying out. The pain was excruciating, far worse than I had anticipated. It seemed as though I had sat on hot coals, the sting of the paddle reignited tenfold.

My brow furrowed deeply as I struggled to maintain my composure. I gripped the edges of the chair seat, my knuckles turning white with the effort of not squirming or jumping back up. A small whimper escaped my lips before I could push it down, and I saw Sharon's lips curl into a satisfied smirk.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Mitropoulos?" Sharon asked, her voice dripping with false concern.

I took a shaky breath, willing my voice not to betray the agony and rage I felt. "I'm just fine," I managed to say, though the words came out strained and slightly higher pitched than normal.

I wanted nothing more than for the earth to open up and swallow me whole. Never in my life had I felt so utterly mortified. The weight of my fellow recruits' stares, the throbbing pain in my bottom, and the lingering shame of my actions in the bathroom all combined to create a perfect storm of embarrassment. I sat ramrod straight in my chair, afraid that even the slightest movement would betray my discomfort or, worse, reignite the unwelcome arousal I had experienced earlier.

As Sharon turned back to the screen, preparing to continue the presentation, I closed my eyes briefly, wishing desperately that I could wake up and find this had all been a terrible nightmare. But the persistent sting of my well-paddled bottom served as an all-too-present reminder of just how badly this day had started.

Sharon turned back to the screen, a look of smug satisfaction on her face. "Now, to return to what I was saying before we were so rudely interrupted," she said, her eyes flicking briefly to me, "New Modesty Blue isn't just about providing entertainment. It's about spreading the news of how Selecta's programs have begun to shape a new generation of young women who understand the value of discipline and traditional gender roles."

She pressed a button on the remote, and the screen flickered to life. To my horror, I saw Grace's face fill the frame. Her honey-blond hair was slightly mussed, and her cheeks were flushed. She looked directly into the camera, her blue eyes wide and earnest.

"I know some people might not understand," Grace began, her voice soft but clear. "They might think the way Jacob courts me is degrading or anti-feminist. But the truth is I've never felt more empowered in my life."



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I felt my stomach churn as she continued. “Before I was accepted into the New Modesty, I was lost. I didn’t know my place in the world. But now, I understand that I need discipline. I crave it. And knowing that there are powerful men out there, watching me submit to my suitor... to Jacob... well, it kind of, I don’t know, gives me a sense of... of, you know, purpose. I mean, it’s kind of something I never knew I was missing, but it just feels right.”

The camera panned out, revealing that Grace was sitting on a plush sofa, her hands folded demurely in her lap. She wore a modest blue dress, but I couldn’t help noticing the way it clung to her curves.

“When Jacob spans me,” Grace went on, a dreamy look in her eyes, “I feel like I’m...”

She let out a little giggle, and the smile that curved her lips made me swallow hard as I tried to fight against the sense in her words.

“I know it sounds weird,” she continued, “but I feel like I’m fulfilling my... my true destiny. And when Jacob... you know... uses me... Even when he...”

Grace’s cheeks had gone pink, but the look in her eyes seemed to say she had made up her mind to brave the bashfulness.

“Even when he uses my...” Her mouth twisted to the side as the moment of courage seemed to fly away in a moment of maidenly embarrassment. “You know, my...” Grace’s voice fell to a whisper, but she managed to say it. “My bottom... when I think about how we’re on New Modesty Blue, with, I don’t know, billionaires watching us

do it, appreciating my submission to my suitor... it's, well, the most incredible feeling in the world.”

I felt my cheeks grow hot as Grace, apparently emboldened, went on to describe, in vivid detail, the sensations she experienced during her ‘training sessions’ with Jacob. The way the paddle stung at first, but then left a warm, tingling sensation. How she felt so beautifully vulnerable when he bent her over and exposed her most intimate parts to the camera.

To my utter dismay, I felt the treasonous warmth building between my thighs again. I clenched my fists tightly, my nails digging into my palms as I tried to focus on the pain rather than the unwelcome arousal. But it wasn't enough. I found myself chewing on the inside of my cheek, desperate for any distraction from the helpless response of my body.

Grace's voice continued, describing how she loved the feeling of Jacob's fingers preparing her for anal penetration, how the initial discomfort gave way to intense pleasure. I squeezed my eyes shut, but the vivid descriptions painted pictures in my mind that I couldn't shake.

“And, like I said... when I think about other men—powerful men—out there, men who could buy and sell entire countries, watching me submit... it makes me feel kind of special,” Grace said, her voice breathy with excitement. “I love imagining them getting hard while they watch—even, you know, stroking their penises until they come the same way Jacob likes to come inside me.”

Sharon paused the video on a close-up of Grace's smiling face.

“As I said earlier, New Modesty Blue represents an essential part of Selecta Entertainment's portfolio. As you settle into your on-the-job training, whether you're working directly on NMB or you're in a different part of the business—whether

that's dramas or documentaries or international purchasing—where traditional discipline and sex roles don't play an obvious part of your day-to-day, you'll need to keep that in mind. If you're somewhere else, for example, you're probably going to be asked from time to time to accommodate a request from NMB's brand management team to insert a subtle reference to the New Modesty."

To my distress, Sharon fixed her attention on me as she went on.

"I'm asking you to resolve right now," she said, lowering her chin a little to emphasize her words, "that you're going to honor such requests, without any reference to, say, egalitarian ethics or modern values."

Please don't, my mind pleaded with her. But she did. Of course.

"Is that understood, Miss Mitropoulos?" Sharon asked.

I swallowed hard.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, trying to put steel in my voice and settling for something south of tin.

## CHAPTER 5

Melissa

That night, in my new Selecta-subsidized apartment, I lay on my belly in bed trying to figure out what to do. I had tried to distract myself with nice Italian takeout, but it had just reminded me of how if I quit my new, high-paying, terribly disturbing job, I wouldn't be able to afford nice Italian takeout anymore. Nor would I have this very well-furnished and astonishingly well-located—if small—apartment.

Square one. That was where I'd return if I quit and served out the thirty days as per my contract, doing everything in my power not to attract attention. Maybe they wouldn't make me keep coming into the office, but that seemed like a faint consolation. Square one, with all my dreams of a brilliant, iconoclastic career shattered.

I shifted restlessly, unable to find a comfortable position. My mind raced, replaying the day's events in an endless loop of humiliation and confusion. When I tried to think about my cute new kitchen, gleaming with high-end appliances I had only dreamed of owning, I saw Sharon's stern face. I had taken a long, long shower under the amazing rainfall showerhead and padded across the bathroom's heated floors, but it hadn't dispelled the memory of the stark white plastic blade of the paddle, with the red SELECTA emblazoned on it.

The hours ticked by, marked by the soft blue glow of the digital clock on my nightstand. I cycled through a range of emotions. Anger at the injustice of it all. Fear of what might lie ahead if I stayed. Shame at how my body had betrayed me. And underneath it all, the gnawing uncertainty about what I should do next.

I must have dozed off at some point, because I woke with a start a few hours later, my bladder urgently demanding attention. Groggily, I pushed myself up from the bed, wincing as the movement sent fresh waves of pain radiating from my backside. The paddle had left its mark, both physically and mentally.

Trying to take the smallest possible steps, I made my way to the bathroom, each stab of pain a reminder of my humiliation. The tile floor felt soothing against my bare feet as I flicked on the light, momentarily blinded by its harsh glare.

As I relieved myself, I couldn't help but remember what I had done in the bathroom stall, at work. The memory sent a thrill of shame through me. I tried to push it away. I had started to realize the danger that emotion posed—in this context, anyway. The

feeling of sitting on the toilet seat, though... the way it brought back the soreness from the horrid paddle... I felt my brow furrow as I wiped between my legs and rose.

After I flushed the toilet, I stood before the large, well-lit mirror above the sink. My reflection stared back at me, eyes shadowed with fatigue, hair mussed from restless sleep. I looked defeated. The realization hit me like a punch to the gut.

That wasn't me. I wasn't someone who gave up, who let injustice stand unchallenged. I had come to Selecta with a purpose, hadn't I? To change things from the inside?

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As I gazed at my reflection, I felt a spark of my old determination reignite. Yes, I had been humiliated. Yes, I had been forced to confront uncomfortable truths about myself. But that didn't mean I had to abandon my principles. I would keep fighting—and I wouldn't give up this apartment—but, no, that wasn't the point. The point was...

Anyway, I wasn't going to quit. Decision made. Time to go back to bed.

Instead, though, I kept looking at myself in the bathroom mirror for a long time, struggling with my thoughts and feelings. The bright overhead light cast shadows across my face, accentuating the dark circles under my eyes and the worry lines etched across my forehead. I studied my reflection intently, searching for answers in the depths of my own gaze.

My long, dark hair fell in tangled waves around my shoulders, a complete contrast to the crisp, polished image I had presented at the start of the orientation just... what... twelve hours ago? Fourteen? I shook my head at the irrelevance of it, realizing somewhere in my mind that I was trying to avoid another idea or another memory. The oversized blue t-shirt I wore to sleep in hung loosely on my frame.

My eyes flickered downward, catching sight of my bare legs. With a hot blush I remembered how I hadn't even been able to put on comfy cotton panties to sleep in, the way I always did. The thought sent a fresh wave of shame and anger coursing through me. Such a small thing, denied to me by the cruel paddle.

Finally, as if I were unable to resist any longer an impulse I hadn't even admitted to having, I turned around and looked at my reflection over my shoulder. My left hand

trembled a little as I grasped the hem of my t-shirt and slowly raised it, revealing the aftermath of my punishment. The sight that greeted me in the glass made my breath catch in my throat.

My once-smooth olive skin had become a canvas of angry red welts and deep purple bruises. The unmistakable marks left by the paddle crisscrossed my backside in a pattern that spoke of methodical, calculated punishment. I winced as I remembered the sharp crack of each stroke, the way the pain had built with every swat.

Not thinking about it, I traced the outline of a particularly vivid bruise with my fingertips, hissing softly at the tenderness I found there. The contrast between my unmarked skin and the abused flesh looked jarring, a physical representation of how quickly my world had changed.

My eyes watered at the pain as I continued to examine the damage, explore it with my touch. It hurt, but I couldn't stop, as if I needed to find something, learn something. I bit my lip, and kept walking my fingertips over the welts.

Yes... no... yes...

Yes: even as I felt the sting of soreness and humiliation, try as I might, I couldn't deny the spark of a very different kind of feeling.

I remembered, my cheeks heating at the unbidden mental image, the way my body had betrayed me during the punishment, the unwelcome heat that had gathered below my belly. Then, much worse, the memory of what I had done in the bathroom stall afterward flooded back. To my dismay, that recollection set off a larger problem: unable to stop myself, I squeezed my thighs together.

I shook my head, trying to dispel the conflicting emotions and sensations. I had just decided that I would change things, rather than succumbing to them. As I continued

to gaze at my shamefully marked flesh, though, I couldn't help but wonder if I had gotten in over my head. The bruises seemed to tell of a world I didn't fully understand, one where business and pain—and business and pleasure—blurred in ways I had never imagined.

I turned away from the mirror, unable to bear the sight of my punished flesh any longer. As I did, my eyes fell on the small tube of arnica cream sitting on the bathroom counter. I had bought it earlier that day, after the orientation, on the advice of Anne, a fellow recruit I'd met at lunch.

"Trust me," Anne had said with a knowing look, "you'll want to pick up some arnica at the pharmacy before you go home. It helps with the bruising and soreness."

At the time, I had resented the other woman's suggestion—I had taken it as an attempt to make herself feel superior. Which it might have been, of course, but that didn't change what the stuff could do. Looking at the tube now, though, I remembered the expression in Anne's eyes and reevaluated. Perhaps rather than arrogance, I had really seen in her face a mix of sympathy and resignation.

Staring at the unopened tube, I felt the inner conflict rise again. Using the cream felt like giving in, like accepting that this represented my new reality. I had refused to apply it earlier out of sheer stubbornness, not wanting to participate in Selecta's culture even to that small degree.

But as I stood there, the throbbing pain in my backside a constant reminder of my humiliation, I couldn't help but remember Anne's words about her time at New Modesty college.

"The first few weeks were hell," she had confided in a hushed tone. "I thought I'd never get used to it. But slowly, day by day, it became... normal. The discipline, the structure... it started to make a weird kind of sense."



I had been enraged at the time, unable to imagine ever accepting such a system—barely able to keep chewing my sandwich, with the pain in my paddled ass and the humiliation of everyone in the room remembering what had befallen me over the chair. I reached for the tube with trembling fingers, wondering if despite my resolution to challenge the system I was taking the first step down that same path.

Trying not to think too deeply about what I was doing, I squeezed a dollop of the cool cream onto my fingertips. The medicinal scent filled my nostrils as I hesitated, my hand hovering just above my tender flesh.

Taking a deep breath, I began to apply the cream, wincing at the initial contact. As I gently massaged it into my bruised skin, I couldn't help but let out a small sigh of relief. The cooling sensation was immediate, soothing the angry welts left by the paddle.

My fingers moved in small circles, carefully covering every inch of my punished bottom. As I worked, I found myself remembering more of what Anne had told me about her experiences at New Modesty college.

“The first time I was paddled,” she had said, her eyes distant with the memory, “I thought I'd die from the shame of it. But by the third or fourth time... there was something almost cathartic about it. Like all the stress and pressure just melted away with each stroke.”

I shook my head, trying to dispel the memory. That wasn't me. That was insane. I wasn't going to find anything ‘cathartic’ about being beaten like a disobedient schoolgirl.

And yet... as my fingers continued their gentle ministrations, I felt the involuntary heat begin to build between my thighs. I tried to focus solely on the medical nature of what I was doing—just applying a soothing balm to injured flesh. But as my hands

moved over the tender curves of my bottom, I couldn't help but remember again the feeling of being bent over the chair, exposed and vulnerable. This time the memory sent a jolt of electricity straight to my pussy.

My breath caught in my throat as I felt myself growing slick with arousal. This was wrong. So wrong. I was supposed to be outraged, disgusted by what had happened to me. Instead, my traitorous body was yet again responding with unmistakable desire. I had told myself after giving in, in the bathroom at work, that it wouldn't happen again. Not twelve hours later, here I was, needing more.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to will away the ache between my legs. But closing my eyes only made it worse, allowing vivid images to dance across my mind's eye—the stern set of Sharon's mouth as she wielded the paddle, the feeling of cool air on my bared flesh, the excruciating anticipation before each stroke fell.

A soft whimper escaped my lips as I felt my inner muscles clench with desire. My fingers, still slick with arnica cream, drifted lower almost of their own accord. I jerked my hand away as if burned when I realized where it was headed.

No. This isn't me. I don't want... this.

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Even as I forced my brain to articulate the words—to hang them like a billboard behind my eyelids—I knew they were a lie. My body screamed for release, every nerve ending alight with desperate arousal. I gripped the edge of the counter, my knuckles turning white as I fought against the urge to touch my pussy.

It was no use. The combination of the lingering sting from the paddling, the soothing coolness of the cream, and the molten heat of my arousal proved too potent to resist. With a choked sob of mingled shame and lust, I gave in.

My right hand flew between my thighs, fingers finding my swollen clit with unerring accuracy. At the same time, my left hand returned to my tender bottom, gently kneading the bruised flesh. The double stimulation sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through me.

I worked myself toward climax with frantic urgency, unbidden images flashing through my mind. This time it wasn't Sharon wielding the paddle. Instead, I saw a faceless man, tall and powerfully built. In my fantasy, Sharon stood to the side, that horrid smirk on her face as she turned me over to this stranger for further 'correction.'

"Please," I heard myself beg in the fantasy, even as my fingers moved faster in reality. "I'll be good. I promise."

The imaginary man said nothing, simply raising the paddle high. I came hard, harder even than I had in the bathroom at work. I stood there, panting, eyes closed as if I could deny what had just happened. My thoughts began to clear.

So...I told myself. That's out of my system. Good. Nothing a bit of a wank couldn't

fix. Two bits of wanking, anyway.

I turned off the bathroom light and padded the six or seven steps to the bed. Climbing into it, doing everything I could to think about the insanely high thread count of the Selecta-provided sheets rather than anything else that might cross my mind, I failed to suppress the ghost of a doubt. Did pleasuring myself, indulging my pussy's wayward whims, really represent a solution?

Well, my last waking thought said, at least my embarrassment at those fantasies will make me want to get rid of the provocation, won't it? I won't be lining up for any more paddlings, will I?

Will I?

## CHAPTER 6

Melissa

I woke the next morning feeling groggy and disoriented. For a blissful moment, I forgot where I was and what had happened the day before. Then reality came crashing back as I shifted in bed and felt the lingering soreness in my bottom and the absence of my panties.

I groaned, burying my face in my pillow. How was I supposed to face another day at Selecta after everything that had transpired? The humiliation of my public punishment, the confusing arousal I'd experienced... the way I'd masturbated not once but twice. I tried to feel my usual defiant pride in self-pleasure, but I failed utterly: I felt ashamed of myself instead.

With what I thought of as my usual casual wanking sessions, I decided when I would touch myself. I decided on the scenes that would play out in my mind as I stroked my

private lips, rubbed my clit, put a finger inside my warm, wet sheath. I chose the time, and I chose the fantasy. Yesterday, though... I had felt compelled. I had needed to play with my pussy. Worse, the fantasies that had popped into my mind had done so completely unbidden—and they had aroused me more than any fantasies I had ever had before.

But I had made a decision last night. I would not give up. I would change things from the inside. With that thought bolstering my resolve, I forced myself out of bed and into the shower.

As the hot water cascaded over me, I had to keep pushing away the memories of yesterday and force myself to focus on the day ahead. I had no idea what to expect, though—would there be more orientation sessions? Would I be starting actual work? The uncertainty made my stomach churn with anxiety.

I dried off and stood in front of my closet, pondering what to wear. Part of me wanted to pick something conservative and unremarkable, to avoid drawing any more attention to myself. But another part rebelled at the idea of letting Selecta dictate my choices in any way.

In the end, I opted for a conservative suit, one of the three I had bought with Selecta's eye-popping signing bonus. Conservative in cut, but the boldest of the three in color: red. Professional, but with a hint of defiance in the color. As I zipped up the skirt, wincing slightly at the pressure on my tender flesh, I examined myself in the mirror. I saw determination in my face, despite lingering shadows under my eyes. Good. I needed every ounce of that determination to face whatever Selecta had in store for me today.

I arrived at the towering building with ten minutes to spare before my nine a.m. start time, thanks to the comfortable shuttle provided by Selecta. As I walked through the lobby, I couldn't help but notice how different it felt from yesterday. The same sleek

marble and glass surrounded me, but now it seemed brutal rather than impressive. Just as I reached the security desk I got an alert on my handheld.

Good morning, Melissa. Please report to Heather, the office manager of NMB Strategic, on 52.

I swallowed hard at the innocent-seeming abbreviation. NMB. New Modesty Blue. My cheeks got warm as I wondered whether they had put me there not in spite of but because of my outburst yesterday, and its horrid consequences.

I joined a group of other employees waiting for the elevator, trying to ignore the sidelong glances some of them were giving me. Did they know, somehow, what had happened yesterday? Had word spread about the troublemaker who had gotten paddled on her first day?

The elevator doors slid open with a soft chime, revealing the bustling fifty-second floor. I stepped out, my heart pounding in my chest. The space before me buzzed with activity—a sea of desks and cubicles stretching as far as I could see, populated by sharply dressed men and women moving with purpose.

A tall, blonde woman in her late thirties approached me, her crisp pantsuit and no-nonsense demeanor marking her as someone of authority. “Melissa Mitropoulos?” she asked, extending her hand. “I’m Heather Schein, office manager for NMB Strategic. Welcome to the team.”

I shook her hand, grateful for her professional manner. “Thank you, Ms. Schein. I’m glad to be here.”

Heather’s lips quirked in a small smile. “Please, call me Heather. Now, let me show you around.”

She led me through the maze of desks, pointing out different departments and key personnel. I tried to absorb it all, but my mind kept drifting back to yesterday's events. The paddling. The humiliation. The unwelcome arousal down below my belly that threatened to break out yet again just at the memory of it all.

“And this,” Heather said, snapping me back to the present, “is where you’ll be working.”

We had reached a cluster of six desks arranged in a rough circle. Five of them were occupied by men, all of whom looked up at our approach. I felt a flutter of anxiety in my stomach as I realized I would be the only woman in this immediate group.

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“Gentlemen,” Heather addressed them, “this is Melissa Mitropoulos, your new team member. Melissa, meet Alex, Connor, Ethan, Joe, and Tyler.”

The men nodded and murmured greetings. Their expressions ranged from polite interest to barely concealed skepticism. I forced a smile, determined not to let their scrutiny unnerve me.

“Your desk is right here,” Heather continued, gesturing to the empty workstation. “You’ll find all the necessary equipment and access codes in your welcome packet.”

I nodded, setting my bag down on the desk. The surface was immaculate, the computer sleek and new. Despite my reservations about Selecta, I couldn’t help but feel a small thrill at the thought of diving into my work.

“Now,” Heather said, checking her watch, “Mr. Harrington would like to meet with you in his office. If you’ll follow me?”

My stomach clenched at the mention of Stuart Harrington. I had read about him, of course, as I had readied myself for my new job—the enigmatic overseer of Selecta’s controversial entertainment division. The man, I knew after yesterday, had to be ultimately responsible for New Modesty Blue.

Heather led me down a long corridor, past rows of glass-walled conference rooms and executive offices. At the end of the hall stood an imposing set of double doors. She knocked twice, then opened one door and ushered me inside.

My breath hitched a little as I took in the impressive space—the proverbial corner



office, with floor-to-ceiling windows offering a panoramic view of the city skyline. Sleek modern furniture in muted grays and blues complemented the polished wood floors. Abstract art adorned the walls, as if to say that the office's occupant had the leisure time to develop his tastes—and to spend accordingly.

But it was the man behind the imposing mahogany desk who truly commanded my attention. Stuart Harrington rose as we entered, his tall, athletic frame unfolding with easy grace. He wore a perfectly tailored charcoal suit that accentuated his broad shoulders. His dark hair was neatly styled, a touch of distinguished silver at the temples. His eyes, though—they captivated me. Or maybe they captured me. Deep ocean blue, focused, seeming to look right through my skin into my mind.

“Stuart,” Heather said, “this is Melissa Mitropoulos, our new junior executive.”

Stuart stepped around his desk, extending his hand with a warm smile. “Miss Mitropoulos, welcome. I’ve been looking forward to meeting you.”

As I shook his hand, I felt a jolt of electricity at his touch. His firm, confident grip lingered just a moment longer than strictly necessary. I found myself having to remind my lungs to function properly.

“Thank you for having me, Mr. Harrington,” I managed to say, proud that my voice remained steady despite the sudden flutter in my stomach.

“Please, call me Stuart,” he said, his voice a rich baritone.

Heather cleared her throat softly. “I’ll leave you two to get acquainted. Melissa, I’ll be at my desk if you need anything later.”

As the door closed behind Heather, I suddenly felt very aware of being alone with Stuart. He gestured to a pair of leather armchairs near the window. “Please, have a

seat. Can I offer you some coffee?"

"That would be lovely, thank you," I said, sinking into one of the chairs. I watched as Stuart moved to a sleek espresso machine in the corner, his movements fluid and purposeful.

"I have to say," Stuart began as he prepared our drinks, "I was quite impressed by your application. Especially your writing sample on the potential for Selecta's social media portfolio."

I blinked in surprise. "You read that yourself?"

Stuart chuckled, a warm, rich sound that made my cheeks flush. "Of course. I like to be hands-on with my team, especially when it comes to new talent." He returned with two steaming cups, handing one to me before taking the seat opposite. "Your ideas about leveraging micro-influencers to subtly shift societal norms—very innovative. I'd be interested in hearing more about how you'd apply that strategy to some of our more... sensitive properties."

I took a sip of coffee to buy myself a moment to collect my thoughts. The rich, complex flavor bloomed on my tongue. As I lowered the cup, I caught Stuart studying me intently, his blue eyes slightly narrowed, as if assessing me.

"I also noticed in your application," Stuart said, his voice casual but his gaze still penetrating, "that you're quite the fan of Edward Gibbon. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, if I'm not mistaken?"

I felt a flush of pleasure at his recognition of this detail. "Yes, that's right," I replied, unable to keep a note of enthusiasm from my voice. "I know it's old-fashioned and outdated from a historiographical point of view..."

My cheeks flared into heat as I heard myself, but I could see in Stuart's eyes that he appreciated my passion. That only made my embarrassment grow, but I kept going if only to cover my confusion.

"But... you know. The way his reasoning works... the basic analysis of how societal structures evolve and collapse. Just the, you know, majesty of his prose."

Stuart leaned back in his chair, a thoughtful expression on his face. "Indeed. I wonder what Gibbon would make of Selecta, don't you? How might he view our role in shaping modern society?"

The question caught me off guard. I opened my mouth to respond, but found myself hesitating. My mind raced, trying to reconcile Gibbon's historical analysis with the reality of Selecta's practices that I had witnessed just yesterday.

"I... I'm not entirely sure," I began, feeling my cheeks grow warm. "To be honest, I only learned yesterday that New ModestyBlue is the most important property in Selecta's entertainment portfolio. I'm still processing that information and... well, I'm not quite sure how to feel about it, whether from Gibbon's perspective or my own."

As soon as the words left my mouth, I regretted them. Stuart's expression hardened, his eyes flashing with a dangerous intensity that made my breath catch in my throat.

"Miss Mitropoulos," he said, his voice sharp and cold, "let me give you some advice that will serve you well here at Selecta. Whether you're sure how to feel about New Modesty Blue or not, I suggest you pretend that you feel just fine about it. In fact, I insist upon it. Is that clear?"

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The sudden shift in his demeanor sent a shiver down my spine. Gone was the warm, engaging executive. In his place sat a man who radiated authority and expected absolute compliance. I swallowed hard, my mouth suddenly dry despite the excellent coffee.

“Yes, Stuart,” I managed to say, my voice barely above a whisper. “I understand.”

He held my gaze for a long moment, as if gauging the sincerity of my response. I couldn’t help it: I squirmed in my seat, and the movement brought a flare of pain from one of the bruises Sharon had left with the paddle. I winced.

“That particular difficulty,” Stuart said, obviously noticing my discomfort, “became the cause of some unpleasantness for you yesterday, didn’t it?”

## CHAPTER 7

Stuart

I couldn’t deny how attractive I found Melissa Mitropoulos. The obvious chip on her shoulder only interested me more. Of all the defiant young women I’d tamed into productive members of my team over the years, I didn’t think I’d encountered a single one to match Melissa for her intelligence or for the evident force of her will to make a mark on her environment.

The conflict between the girl’s basically submissive sexuality and her deeply held values radiated from her eyes like a beacon. Even when questioned directly about the punishment Sharon had administered the previous day, Melissa’s evident

embarrassment did battle with the defiance she had shown in the orientation. She took a long moment, her cheeks showing a dark blush, before she responded to my humiliating question.

“Yes,” she said simply. “I would have to say what happened yesterday was very unpleasant.”

I could see in Melissa’s gorgeous dark eyes just how hard she had to work to sit still as she faced me. She had apparently managed to avoid thinking about the bruised state of her backside until NMB had come up. I had to confess—though only to myself—that Melissa had impressed me by bringing the mortifying-for-her subject up on her own.

I could have glanced at my handheld to determine how aroused, despite her best efforts, the subject had gotten her. Selecta gave a boss everything he needed to help a young woman on his team develop as she should; if I wanted a real-time readout of Melissa’s arousal curve I only had to take a quick look at the device currently in my breast pocket. The help of the perineal sensor, though, wasn’t necessary in the slightest: Melissa’s squirming, and her blush, slight though both those signs had been, told me everything an experienced dominant needed to know.

“You were paddled with your panties down, I gather? For interrupting the orientation?”

I watched Melissa’s chest rise and fall, her medium-sized breasts looking so pert in her provocative red suit that I almost reached out to fondle them without further ado. From moment to moment her eyes passed from submission to challenge and back again as she quite obviously debated all the various unattractive options for a reply.

“Yes,” she said again, finally.

“And I also gather,” I continued, frowning a little, “as I mentioned earlier, that your outburst concerned New Modesty Blue—the subject we were just discussing. Is that right?”

Melissa had her lower lip between her teeth now, and she chewed gently on it. I wondered if she even knew she was doing that. I felt absolutely sure she had no idea how aroused she appeared. I almost fetched my handheld out just to see the precise humidity inside her panties, because I could tell just how considerable a number it would be. Thinking about the girls on NMB, and how their suitors gave them precisely the discipline and dominant fucking they needed, represented sexual kryptonite for Melissa Mitropoulos.

She nodded, her brow deeply furrowed. She swallowed visibly.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“I’d like to see,” I said quietly, but with a note of steel in my tone.

Melissa

“See?” I croaked out, blinking at my gorgeous new boss, willing him to have said something else, or maybe meant something else. Because I knew exactly what he had intended to say; I just didn’t want it to be true.

Stuart’s blue eyes gazed coolly into mine as he repeated himself, his voice low and deliberate. “I said I’d like to see the effects of your paddling, Miss Mitropoulos.”

My heart began to race, pounding so loudly I was sure Stuart must be able to hear it. I felt my cheeks burn with renewed embarrassment as I desperately tried to think of a way out of this situation.

“I... I’m not sure what you mean,” I stammered, attempting again to feign ignorance even though that seemed an even feebler tactic than it had a moment ago.

Stuart’s lips curved into a patient smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes. “I think you understand perfectly well, Melissa. But allow me to be more explicit—I want you to show me your bottom. Now.”

I gulped, my mouth suddenly dry. “Mr. Harrington... I mean... Stuart... surely that’s not appropriate. I mean, we’ve only just met and?—”

He cut me off with a raised hand. “Melissa, let me be clear. This kind of inspection is part of your new job at Selecta. I need to ensure that proper disciplinary measures are being carried out, for the good of the company and for your own development.”

Stuart stood and walked to the door, turning the lock with a soft click that seemed to echo in the suddenly silent room. My breath caught in my throat as he turned back to face me.

“Now then,” he said, his tone stern without needing to increase in volume in the slightest, “I want you to bend over my desk, raise your skirt, and lower your panties so I can see what kind of discipline Sharon provided yesterday.”

I felt frozen in place, unable to move or even to breathe properly. This couldn’t be happening. Above all, I kept trying to tell myself, the part of me that thrilled at his commanding tone didn’t exist; Stockholm syndrome or something like it had put that idea into my head.

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I thought suddenly, to my horror, of the faceless man from my shameful fantasy the night before. I realized with a jolt that he now had a face—Stuart’s face. And then I told myself I had imagined that... or that I had imagined that I had imagined that...

My breath came in little pants between parted lips as my mind tried to cope with everything roiling around inside it.

“I... I can’t,” I whispered, even as I felt my body beginning to respond to his authority. “I just... I can’t.”

Stuart’s expression hardened. “You can, and you will. You’re going to do as you’re told, Miss Mitropoulos. Even if you quit right now, I’m still going to inspect your backside, whether you bend over for me like a good girl, or you require the help of our well-trained security personnel.”

The threat hung in the air between us. Even beyond the impossible ‘choice’ he had just given me, of whether I would obey on my own, or Stuart would call security to make me comply with his mortifying demand, I knew I had no choice at a more fundamental level. I wanted to keep my job, my apartment, my dreams of changing things from the inside. With trembling legs, I stood and walked toward the immense desk.

I hesitated when I reached it, my hands shaking in front of me. I sensed that Stuart had moved to stand a few feet behind me, his presence looming large even though I couldn’t see him.

“Bend over,” he instructed firmly. “Skirt up, panties down.”



I closed my eyes tightly, willing it all to be a bad dream. But when I opened them again, nothing had changed. With a shuddering breath, I leaned forward over the smooth mahogany surface.

I closed my eyes tightly and started to raise my skirt with trembling hands, my heart racing. A shiver went through me at the cool air moving where my body told me it shouldn't.

"Hmm," Stuart mused, his tone thoughtful. "Plain beige underwear? That's quite different from what Sharon reported you wore yesterday."

I felt my cheeks burn with renewed embarrassment at the reminder of my red lace thong. How could Sharon have told him about that? The violation of privacy stung almost as much as the paddling had.

"From now on," Stuart continued, his voice taking on a lecturing tone, "you are to wear attractive lingerie at all times. It's important that you present yourself properly, even in ways that aren't immediately visible. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

"Yes, what?" Stuart prompted.

I swallowed hard. "Yes... sir."

"Good girl," Stuart said, and despite myself, I felt a flutter in my chest at his praise. "Now, let's see the results of your punishment. Take them down."

I exhaled shakily, then I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and slowly lowered them. The fabric whispered against my skin as it descended, pooling around my ankles. I squeezed my eyes shut even tighter, as if I could shut out my

mind's eye's view of Stuart's face by refusing to look at his magnificent office.

I heard him move closer, and then I felt his hands on my bottom. His touch was clinical at first, gently probing the tender flesh. I couldn't help but gasp as his fingers traced the outline of a particularly sore bruise.

"Sharon did a thorough job," Stuart commented. "These marks should serve as a good reminder for the next few days."

As he continued his examination, I found myself growing increasingly confused. I knew I wanted to rebel against this treatment, to stand up and storm out of the office. It was just that I had no choice: he had made that clear, and I had acknowledged it to myself.

But another part of me, of my mind or my body or maybe both... another part recognized that in a twisted way Stuart was doing this for my own good, as well as for the dominant pleasure I felt certain he must take in it. This humiliating ordeal was about my new job—about New Modesty Blue. My boss meant to teach me. He intended to show me what was expected of me in this new world I had entered.

"You're tensing up," Stuart observed. "Try to relax. This is for your benefit, Melissa. I need to ensure that proper discipline is being maintained, and you need to have the lesson Sharon gave you reinforced. Just like Grace in the video you watched."

My tummy flipped at the mention of that shameful video, and the memory of watching Grace's punishment and fucking by her suitor. I took a deep breath, trying to force my muscles to unclench. As I did, I felt a strange and—to the defiant part of me—unwelcome sense of relief wash over me. By submitting to this inspection, by acknowledging my powerlessness in this situation, I had indeed learned something important about my place at Selecta, as terrible as the lesson might seem.

Use it, the rebellious voice said. Change it.

Stuart's hands moved lower, gently parting my cheeks. I whimpered softly, both mortified and helplessly aroused by the intimate touch.

"Shh," Stuart soothed. "This is an important part of the inspection. You're very wet right now, aren't you, Melissa?"

I let out a gasping cry as I felt a fingertip verify the shameful truth. To my dismay I could tell just how easily my new boss had discovered my body's treason.

"No," I whispered, as much to myself as to Stuart. "No... I mean... I'm not..."

Part of me felt certain Stuart would become angry at the obvious lie. I even wondered for an instant if he would spank me for telling it. Horror seized my mind as I realized that at some level I wanted that, if only as a way of getting out of having to admit to the ache between my thighs caused by his obscene inspection.

"What you mean," Stuart said, though, his voice calm and slightly bemused, "is that you wish you weren't as aroused as you are. There's no point in an intelligent, educated young woman like you denying what I can see, and feel, and..."

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He took a deep breath through his nose. My whole upper body felt like I had gotten an instant sunburn there.

“Ah, yes. Smell, too. And your cunt has a very sweet aroma, Melissa. But as I was saying, there’s no point in denying how wet your pretty cunt is, just at the moment. While we’re on the subject... have a Brazilian wax this weekend, please. We subsidize those fully—just submit the receipt to Heather. The next time I inspect you, I want you smooth and tidy.”

I opened my eyes to see that in front of me, on the desk, my hands had curled into white-knuckled fists. Stuart’s hands left me. I waited for a sound I suddenly felt absolutely sure would follow: his zipper being lowered. I was certain I was about to be fucked by my new boss.

The way Jacob fucked Grace. The way they do it, on New Modesty Blue.

“You may pull up your panties and go,” Stuart said, though. “I want you to spend your first month just learning the business. Ask questions, explore our offerings. I’m available to fill in any blanks. Mandy handles my calendar.”

## CHAPTER 8

Melissa

I walked out of Stuart’s office on shaky legs, trying to pretend none of it had happened. Inside my head, the voice of my reason yelled the same thing, over and over.

You weren't actually aroused. Your body had some strange, horrible reaction. You aren't frustrated. You aren't unsatisfied.

By the time I reached my new desk, I had begun to believe it. What happened the rest of that day, and over the next two weeks, made it almost plausible. I settled into my new job. By the end of that first day I could pretend that the soreness from the paddle actually came from my miles on the treadmill. The eye-popping splendor of the Selecta executive fitness center didn't get in the way of that idea, either.

I kept a towel around my waist in the locker room—and at home in my apartment—until I felt certain the bruises had faded completely.

I learned the business, just as Stuart had told me to do. I saw no paddles, nor any other woman sitting in a way that suggested she had experienced the same kind of ordeal I had. I got the Brazilian wax, and my lingerie collection grew, but I managed to tell myself that those things represented part of my ongoing professional development.

Sure, before the Corporate Laws women probably didn't have to worry about their appearance underneath their clothing, but what if I actually decided I wanted to date one of the wealthy guys who bought me and Heather drinks when we hung out after work, a week after my arrival? I knew I'd be grateful to have something attractive on, like the purple mesh bikini panties or the white lace thong I'd bought with only the slightest of blushes—or the red garter belt that had raised a bit more heat in my face at checkout.

I classified those blushes with the similar reaction I had to New Modesty Blue. Thankfully, after the video with Grace and Jacob, I didn't have to watch any more of it. To keep the office efficient, my coworkers who were responsible for content on NMB watched the streams in one of the viewing rooms that lined the inside of our floor. The production of the streams happened on location in New Modesty towns,

and the control room for the channel as a whole was on the floor below us, fifty-one.

“If you don’t want to watch NMB,” Heather told me that evening, once we had told the drink-buyers thanks but no thanks, “don’t go to fifty-one, at least until you have to.”

“Do you...” I tried to figure out how to phrase what I needed to know.

Heather got me, though.

“I don’t go there,” she said, her face becoming oddly wry.

A surge of relief went through my chest, though Heather’s expression confused me. I was about to follow up, when she continued.

“I don’t need to get that turned on during the work day.”

I swallowed hard, heat filling my face. Did Heather think that the reason I didn’t want to watch NMB was the same as hers?

Isn’t it? whispered a voice at the back of my head.

I had to concentrate hard to keep myself from biting my lip. For a moment, Heather and I gazed into each other’s eyes. I looked away.

“How about... um... I mean... I bet we get perks, don’t we? Like, you know, sports tickets and concert tickets and that kind of thing?” I asked, so desperate to change the subject that I spoke the first words that came into my head. I couldn’t meet Heather’s eyes; I felt sure she could see straight through me. At that moment, it didn’t matter: part of me wanted to keep talking about NMB—yearned for it—but the rest of me screamed that nothing good could come from any additional information on the topic.

Nor from thinking about my lacy green thong and the helpless clench that had just happened inside it as the vision of Grace and Jacob had once again risen unbidden into my mind's eye.

But thankfully, as I got up to speed, I didn't have to go to fifty-one and I gradually got used to the near-omnipresence of NMB in the reports I read. It helped somewhat that the channel's assessment team, who evaluated the channel's performance from both a production-value and an audience-response perspective, wrote about any relevant specifics in a dispassionate, clinical way.

The report that changed everything for me, for example, seemed entirely innocuous when I started to read it, two weeks after my disastrous arrival at Selecta.

On 18 March, StreamGeorgette and Michael: a Dairymaid's Story featured a toileting punishment in the new communal bathing facility built by NMB in Bradford, a Northern Division NM town. The facility cost roughly \$2m to build. ROI seems likely to be high, however: the audience response was universally positive. Sample group A (ageplay-specific) showed an arousal rate of 92%, which obviously tracks with that group's interests. More interestingly, sample groups B and C (more generally dominant clients) weren't far behind, with arousal rates of 86% and 89% respectively.

I had to gulp at the word toileting punishment. The rest of the report, however, fascinated me. The simple fact of having such fine-grained data with which to shape the division's offerings got my brain going in ways I hadn't experienced since the heady days of case studies in my business courses. In discussing case studies, I had always felt, I could let my creativity out—think about Gibbon and Carlyle and Darwin, even, and what they would make of the case, how really brilliant minds would deal with a minor matter like adjusting a corporation's portfolio to meet the market's emerging needs. Even if the kind of data collection I had imagined didn't exist, when working on a case study I could pretend it did, and shape my response

accordingly.

Here at Selecta, though, it seemed like everything was possible. When I read a report like the one about Georgette and Michael I felt as if back in school I wouldn't even have been able to imagine the level of detail the NMB assessment team had at their disposal. Every time I drilled down in the report—like on the eighty-six percent figure for Group B—I got another, even more finely grained array of numbers. Blinking, as I clicked, at what showed up on my screen, I realized I could see everything about each member of each sample group—hundreds of wealthy men and women—except the names involved, whether of the clients themselves or of their locations.

I could see their level of education, their income, their field, the socioeconomic makeup of their community, the general location of that community, their family size and composition, their five most recent takeout orders... it went on and on.



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And I knew I could click on Georgette's name, too, if I wanted, and I would see an anonymized version of the assessment team's dossier on her. From time to time I had heard one of my new colleagues talking about a marketing campaign based on a particular couple, or a particular young woman. They always talked vaguely about 'the numbers on her arousal,' but I had grown increasingly sure those numbers had to be obtained at some barely imaginable biometric level where Selecta had somehow managed to measure a woman's sexual response with great precision.

I had read six or seven of these reports by now. I had always resisted clicking on the names of the 'heroes' or 'heroines' as my coworkers always called the men and women on the NMB streams. Something about this stream, though—about the wordtoileting... it made me furl my brow as my eyes returned to that word over and over.

I couldn't help myself. My curiosity about the 'toileting punishment' overwhelmed my reservations. I told myself it was just research, that I needed to understand all aspects of NMB to do my job effectively. Deep down, I knew there was more to it than that—but I told myself I had to steel my will against precisely this problem, exactly this treason on my body's part.

With trembling fingers, I navigated to the video feed for Georgette and Michael's stream. A message popped up asking if I wanted to view in a private room. I hesitated only a moment before clicking 'Yes.'

The walk to the viewing room felt like it took an eternity. My heart raced, and I could feel a flush creeping up my neck. I kept my eyes down, terrified someone would see my face and somehow know what I was about to do.

When I reached the door, I paused. A sign hung at eye level:

This room is under constant AI surveillance. Self-stimulation will result in loss of incentives.

My cheeks burned as I read the words. Of course they would monitor these rooms. I told myself again that this was just research, that I had no intention of... of doing anything inappropriate. Taking a deep breath, I pushed open the door and stepped inside.

The room was small but comfortable, with a plush armchair facing a large screen. I settled into the chair, my body tense as I navigated to the correct stream.

The video began playing, showing a quaint, old-fashioned bathroom. That seemed incongruous with the idea of a new two-million-dollar town bathing facility, but I knew Selecta liked to keep things traditional. Georgette, a pretty blonde in her early twenties, stood facing a stern-looking young man I assumed was Michael. She wore a simple pink dress that emphasized her curves despite its modesty.

“I’m sorry, Michael,” Georgette was saying, her voice soft and contrite. “I didn’t mean to be so mean to Sarah. It just slipped out.”

Michael shook his head. “That’s not good enough, Georgette. You know better than to speak to others that way. I’m afraid you’ve earned yourself a punishment.”

I watched, transfixed, as Michael led Georgette to a wooden bench. He bent her over it, then lifted her skirt to reveal lacy white panties. My breath caught as he slowly lowered them, exposing her bare bottom.

“Since you insist on acting like a naughty little girl,” Michael said, his voice firm, “that’s exactly how I’m going to treat you.”

He began to spank her, his hand landing with sharp cracks that made Georgette yelp and squirm. I found myself leaning forward in my chair, unable to look away. The pink handprints blooming on Georgette's pale skin were mesmerizing.

After thoroughly reddening her bottom, Michael helped Georgette stand. To my shock, he then produced what looked like an adult-sized diaper.

"Step in," he commanded.

Georgette's face flamed as she obeyed, lifting first one foot, then the other. Michael pulled the diaper up, securing it snugly around her waist. He rolled her skirt up and tucked it above her hips so that it would stay put.

"Now," Michael said, his voice stern but not unkind, "you're going to stand in the corner for fifteen minutes this way, and think about what you've done. And Georgette? I know you had a big glass of water with lunch. You are not to use the toilet. If you need to relieve yourself, you'll do it in your diaper like the naughty little girl you are."

Georgette's eyes widened in horror. "But Michael, you... I... I can't..."

Suddenly it was two weeks earlier, in my head, and I was saying the same thing to Stuart. I can't.

But it's true. I... I...

But I had. I had bent over, and Stuart had 'inspected' me, and I had gotten more turned on than I had ever been in my life.

"You can and you will," Michael said firmly. "Unless you'd prefer another spanking?"

Georgette shook her head quickly. “No, sir,” she whispered.

I watched, transfixed, as Georgette shuffled to the corner, the bulky diaper visible making her waddle a little. She stood there, shifting from foot to foot, her discomfort evident.

As the minutes ticked by, Georgette’s fidgeting increased. She pressed her thighs together, bouncing slightly on her toes. The camera moved from her slightly bulging backside to a side view of her pink face. She worried her lower lip between her teeth. She shifted her weight from foot to foot. I found myself leaning forward, my own thighs clenched tight, hands balled into fists atop them.

For the first time—so distracted had I gotten by the unfolding action on the screen—I noticed a number in the upper right of the screen. As I looked, it went from 7 to 8. With a shudder I realized it must represent Georgette’s arousal.

“Michael,” Georgette whimpered after what seemed an eternity, “please... I really need to go.”

“Then go,” Michael replied calmly. “That’s what your diaper is for.”

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The number in the upper right of the screen changed to 9.

Georgette let out a soft sob. “I can’t... it’s too embarrassing.”

“You should have thought of that before you were mean to Sarah,” Michael said. “Now be a good girl and use your diaper.”

I watched, barely breathing, as Georgette’s face contorted. She bit her lip hard, her whole body trembling with the effort of holding back. Then, with a gasp, she sagged slightly.

The camera zoomed in, showing a wet patch spreading on the fabric of the diaper between Georgette’s legs. The girl’s face became a mask of mortification, but as she continued to empty her bladder, something else crept into her expression. Her cheeks flushed pink, her lips parted, and her eyes took on a glazed look.

The number went to 10. Georgette was wet down there in more than one way.

Even worse, I became acutely aware of my own body’s response. An insistent throbbing had taken up residence between my thighs. My nipples had hardened, clearly visible through my bra and my blouse. I squeezed my legs together, trying desperately to quell the ache.

I can’t watch any more of this, I thought frantically. I jabbed at the remote, closing the video feed.

## CHAPTER 9

Melissa

I hurried back to my desk, my legs unsteady beneath me. As I sank into my chair, I became terribly aware of a damp patch in my own underwear. My breath came in short, sharp pants as I tried to regain my composure.

I sat there, staring blankly at my monitor, for a long time. I tried desperately to refocus on work. I tried to push the lingering arousal from what I had just witnessed way, way down in my mind.

I couldn't: my cheeks burned with shame as I helplessly replayed the scene in my mind—Georgette's mortification as she wet herself, the unmistakable signs of her reluctant arousal. And my own shameful response to it all.

I shook my head, willing the images away. Crazy. All of it. So very crazy.

I just shouldn't be affected by something like that. I was here to change things, not to...

I saw the look on Georgette's face again. I denied that I had felt anything that matched it. In that effort, my mind went in a new direction that seemed stupid and insane at first—and then, suddenly, became the kind of aha moment I remembered from my favorite case studies and my favorite nonfiction.

Women. Women like Georgette. There must be... in the audience... lots of women who don't think they want their suitors or husbands or boyfriends or whatever to put them in diapers. Don't think they want that... but...

I remembered a report I had seen on the broad, top-down market trends for New Modesty Blue. Suddenly reanimated, I reached out for my keyboard and brought my monitor back to life. I searched and found the report.

Yes: viewership was roughly ninety percent male. Most of the other ten percent were characterized in the report as ‘DF’—Dominant Female. A tiny sliver, without a percentage, bore the label ‘SF’—Submissive Female.

I opened a new document and started to type, using the flow of my thoughts about marketing to push away the ones about my own reaction to what I had seen in the viewing room—not to mention everything I had experienced since coming to Selecta Entertainment.

According to the most recent longitudinal survey of market segmentation trends, NMB is leaving money on the table.

A strong first statement. I needed to back it up. I needed data.

I dove into what I had, pulling up reports and market analyses. My fingers flew across the keyboard as I poured my thoughts onto the screen:

The current viewer demographics for NMB show a clear gender imbalance, with only ten percent of viewers identified as female. However, as Selecta knows very well indeed, a significant portion of women harbor submissive fantasies they may be reluctant to acknowledge or explore. By targeting this untapped market segment, NMB has the potential to dramatically increase its viewership and revenue.

I paused, my heart racing. Was I really suggesting what I thought I was suggesting? I shook my head and pressed on, telling myself this was just business strategy.

Proposed marketing approach:

1. Develop a discreet, female-focused advertising campaign emphasizing the ‘empowerment through submission’ narrative. Use subtle imagery and language that speaks to hidden desires without being overly explicit.

2. Create a separate viewing portal specifically for submissive female viewers, with a softer aesthetic and more romantic framing of NMB content.
3. Introduce a loyalty program for female viewers, offering exclusive content and personalized 'training' suggestions based on viewing habits.
4. Partner with high-end lingerie and sex toy companies to offer curated product selections tied to popular NMB scenarios.



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5. Launch a series of anonymous testimonials from satisfied female viewers, focusing on how NMB has improved their relationships and self-understanding.

As I typed, a small voice in the back of my mind whispered that I wasn't just crafting a marketing strategy—I was outlining my own secret desires. I pushed the thought away, my cheeks burning.

Target demographic: Affluent women aged 25–45, married or in long-term relationships. Particular emphasis on the partners of high-net-worth individuals who may feel unfulfilled or curious about power dynamics in their relationships.

I paused, realizing I had just described myself, minus the billionaire partner. My fingers trembled as I continued typing.

Potential campaign slogans: Discover Your True Self... Embrace Your Deepest Desires... The Power of Surrender... Cultivate Your Secret Garden...

I stared at the words on the screen, feeling a mix of horror and exhilaration. Was this really me writing this? Had I somehow tapped into that hidden part of myself that I'd been desperately trying to ignore?

To distract myself from these unsettling thoughts, I dove back into the data. I wanted to look at what we knew about women in high-net-worth households that subscribed to other Selecta Entertainment content, but not NMB.

I hit a roadblock: I didn't have access to client data at that granular level. I looked around the bullpen, feeling a little groggy from the deep immersion of my writing. I

noticed my colleague Joe had come back from lunch without my even registering his presence two desks away.

“Joe?” I asked. “You got a minute?”

“Sure, Melissa,” he said. “What’s up?”

I explained what I was looking for.

“Cool,” Joe said. “Mandy can get you that data, easy. Assessment just has to anonymize it.”

Mandy, I remembered, was Stuart’s secretary. As a junior member of the team, I hadn’t yet had any real contact with her, but I knew she supported the rest of the team as well as our boss.

Hi, Mandy! I emailed her. I’m Melissa, the new exec on Stuart’s team. I have a query I’m hoping will be easy.

I went on, detailing the report I was looking for and saying that Joe had thought Mandy could help.

Less than a minute later, I got a reply.

Hi. Very busy today. Can probably get you that next week.

I frowned at my screen. “Well, that sucks,” I commented to no one in particular.

Joe chuckled. “Let me guess,” he said. “Mandy told you she’s very busy and can’t deal with your request until six months from now.”

I laughed. “Next week,” I told him.

“Frankly,” Joe said, looking from side to side theatrically as if to make certain no one would hear him say it. “Mandy is just really fucking lazy. Heather paddled her for it a few months ago...”

I swallowed hard and did everything I could to pretend this news had no effect on me at all.

“...and Mandy got a little better, but it seems like she’s back to her old ways.”

Joe leaned in closer, lowering his voice.

“Look, between you and me, it shouldn’t take more than a few minutes to get you access to that database. All Mandy needs to do is make a couple quick calls to Assessment and IT. She’s just being lazy.”

I frowned, feeling a mix of frustration and uncertainty. “Are you sure? I don’t want to push if she’s really swamped.”

Joe waved his hand dismissively. “Trust me, I’ve been here long enough to know how this works. Mandy’s always ‘busy,’ but half the time she’s just scrolling through social media or chatting with her friends. If you want to get anything done around here, sometimes you need to light a fire under her ass.”

I chewed my lip, considering. The data I needed was crucial for this crazy-but-maybe-also-genius proposal, and waiting a week would seriously derail my momentum. “So what should I do?”

“Go talk to her in person,” Joe suggested. “Be firm, but polite. Let her know it’s urgent and that you know it won’t take long. Sometimes she just needs a little...

motivation.”

There was something in the way he said ‘motivation’ that made my tummy churn, but I pushed the feeling aside. This was about work, nothing more.

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“Alright,” I said, standing up. “I’ll give it a try. Where’s her cubicle?”

Joe pointed me in the right direction, and I made my way through the maze of desks and partitions. As I approached Mandy’s workspace, I could hear the faint sound of laughter and realized she was on a personal call.

I hesitated for a moment, then squared my shoulders and stepped into view. Mandy, a woman in her early twenties with sleek brown hair, looked up at me with mild annoyance. She muttered a quick “Gotta go” into her phone before hanging up.

“Can I help you?” she asked, her tone bordering on rude.

I took a deep breath, reminding myself to stay professional. “Hi, Mandy, I’m Melissa. We emailed earlier about the database access I need?”

Mandy’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Right. I told you I’d get to it next week.”

“I understand you’re busy,” I said, trying to keep my voice calm and assertive, “but Joe mentioned that it should only take a few minutes to set up. It’s really important for a project I’m working on. Is there any way you could make those calls now?”

Mandy leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms. “Look, I don’t know what Joe told you, but I have my own priorities to manage. You can’t just show up and demand I drop everything for you.”

I felt a flash of irritation at her dismissive attitude. “I’m not demanding anything. I’m just asking if you could spare a few minutes to help me out. It would make a big

difference.”

“Well, the answer is still no,” Mandy said, her eyes narrowing, as if to challenge me.

Mandy’s dismissive attitude ignited a spark of frustration in my chest. I took a deep breath, trying to maintain my composure, but I could feel my patience wearing thin. The potential importance of my project, the momentum I’d built up, and the sheer unreasonableness of Mandy’s response all combined to push me toward a breaking point.

“Mandy,” I said, my voice taking on a sharper edge than I’d intended, “I understand you have your own work to manage. But part of your job is supporting the team, and right now, I need your support. This will take you less than five minutes, and it’s crucial for a time-sensitive project. I’m not asking you to drop everything—I’m asking you to make two quick phone calls.”

As the words left my mouth, I was struck by how authoritative I sounded. It wasn’t a tone I often used, preferring to collaborate rather than command. But something about this situation—perhaps the high stakes of my secret project, or the lingering effects of everything I’d experienced at Selecta so far—brought out a different side of me.

To my surprise, I saw a change come over Mandy’s face. The dismissive look in her eyes faded, replaced by something else—a glimmer of... respect? Her posture shifted slightly, becoming less defensive and more attentive.

“I... I see,” Mandy said, her voice losing its earlier edge. “I suppose I could make those calls now.”

As I watched her pick up the phone, a memory surfaced unbidden—Joe’s casual mention that Heather had paddled Mandy for laziness a few months ago. The image

flashed through my mind: Mandy bent over a desk, her skirt raised, as Heather brought the paddle down with a sharp crack.

I felt my cheeks grow warm. I tried to push it away, as usual, but as Mandy spoke to someone in IT, efficiently arranging my database access, I couldn't help but wonder: was this sudden cooperation the lingering effect of that punishment? Had my sharp tone reminded her of the consequences of her laziness?

Even more disturbingly, I found myself imagining what might happen if I were the one to discipline Mandy. The thought sent a jolt through me—part shock, part that same excitement I had learned to tell myself meant nothing.

To prove to myself that it meant nothing, I followed the train of thought. I pictured myself holding the paddle, saw Mandy's nervous glance over her shoulder as she bent over...

"Alright." Mandy's voice snapped me back to reality. "You should have access to the database now. Is there anything else you need?"

I blinked, trying to banish the unsettling thoughts from my mind. "No, that's... that's perfect. Thank you, Mandy. I really appreciate your help."

## CHAPTER 10

Stuart

It didn't surprise me that Mandy's disrespect became the flashpoint for Melissa's inner struggle. My secretary's perpetual laziness, her always walking just this side of insubordination in order to get her own need for discipline met, was bound to trigger my new junior exec's intriguing mix of submissive and dominant arousal triggers.

What I didn't expect was how Melissa's independent work on New Modesty Blue would set everything off. So when Mandy complained about Melissa one morning two weeks after Melissa's arrival, I didn't think much about it at first.

"That new girl," Mandy told me at our morning meeting as she went over my calendar for the day, "is getting too big for her britches, way too soon. I don't want to tell you your job or anything, sir, but I do want to warn you."

I frowned at her across the coffee table.

"Of course you don't want to tell me my job," I said, injecting a slightly stern note to make certain Mandy understood that from time to time she definitely did do that. Since her last paddling, Mandy's performance had improved, but I could see that the effects had begun to wear off.

"Of course," she repeated, smiling in a catty way that tried to enlist me—her boss—in her little conspiracy. "I know you like to know what's going on with your team, though, sir."

Mandy's laziness, alas, stemmed from her sizable intellect. She could have risen to the ranks of the junior executives, at the very least, had she had the ambition. She had grown content, though, with her subservient job—not only because of her submissive sexuality, a requirement for the position at Selecta, but also because it didn't take nearly as much effort, for someone of her abilities, to turn in the same level of work as the other secretaries.



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When properly motivated, I had always found Mandy's work outstanding. Truth to tell, I had never minded motivating her, either. Heather had administered Mandy's last punishment with the official paddle, but the time before that, when Mandy had needed a reminder, I had spanked the girl over my knee—a measure I currently wondered whether I should repeat, given her attempt to deliver this 'warning' about Melissa Mitropoulos.

"So?" I asked, knowing that I needed to get to the bottom of it—in one way or another. "What are you warning me about?"

"Well," Mandy said, knitting her brows as if she really just wanted to think it through with me, "she's working on something with the assessment team's audience demographics database. She's not really learning the business, the way I know you tell your new execs to do."

"What do you mean?" I asked, genuinely puzzled.

"You know, sir. Going around... talking to people and asking them what they do. Not just sitting at her computer typing goodness knows what."

I could tell that underneath Mandy's apparent mistrust of independent work there lay some other complaint—probably Melissa had asked for Mandy's help with various things well within the secretary's duties, but which Mandy found beneath her, or too time-consuming. Given that Mandy seemed to find it too time-consuming to answer the phone, I tended toward Melissa's side of the argument even without hearing it.

On the other hand, though I wouldn't fault a member of my team for working on

something on their own, I did try to get my team to function as a unit. I hadn't heard anything about what Melissa might be working on, and I spent a moment wondering whether I should inquire—before Mandy went on to the next agenda item and took my attention in a new direction.

The thought came back later that day, though, when I saw Melissa walk by the windows of my office, with apparent purpose. I wondered if even through the glass I could notice a bit of a blush in her cheeks. I hadn't had time to think much about her, but the sight of her lovely, leggy body in a knee-length skirt suit—and the idle thought that I'd very much like to see what lingerie she had chosen that morning—brought back Mandy's 'warning.'

I had the impulse to ask Mandy to schedule some time with Melissa, so I could ascertain whether whatever she was working on represented a productive use of her time. A broad smile crept onto my face as I thought about it, and how of course, part of that meeting would have to be an inspection to ensure my requests had been followed, with regard to the girl's deportment under her skirt.

Surely, though, Melissa would have told her colleagues in the bullpen, if not me, if she thought her project merited attention at this stage. Part of my philosophy as a manager lay in letting my reports find their own way. I would let Melissa come to me—if the situation with Mandy didn't develop into something I had to deal with from a different angle.

I put a reminder in my calendar for a week in the future.

F/u w/Melissa re 'secret project.'

Melissa

Your Secret Garden.

Something about the phrase felt right—it captured both the hidden nature of the desires I was trying to tap into, and the sense of nurturing and growth I hoped the project could foster. Of course, I told myself firmly, I was thinking only of Selecta’s growth and profits. Not of... anything else.

Day after day, I pored over the data, refining my ideas and fleshing out the marketing strategy. I barely noticed the hours slipping by, often working late into the evening. My colleagues in the bullpen gave me curious looks, clearly wondering what had me so absorbed, but I deflected their questions with vague comments about a special project.

The more I delved into the numbers, the more convinced I became that I was onto something big. The potential market looked enormous—millions of women who might be curious about submission, but too afraid or ashamed to explore it openly. If we could reach even a fraction of them...

I found myself getting excited not just about the business potential, but about the content itself. I caught myself daydreaming about new storylines and scenarios that might appeal specifically to female viewers. Romantic encounters that slowly built to dominance and submission. Tender aftercare following intense scenes. Even... yes, even things like what I’d seen with Georgette and the diaper punishment.

My cheeks burned as I remembered that video, and my shameful reaction to it. But I couldn’t deny that it had sparked something in me—not just arousal, but a kind of fascination. A desire to understand why someone would submit to such a thing, and why they might find it exciting.

I told myself I was just being thorough, really immersing myself in the product to better market it. But late at night, alone in my apartment, I found myself imagining what it would be like to be one of those women on NMB. To have a strong, dominant partner who would take me in hand, punish me when I was naughty, make me feel

safe and cherished and thoroughly owned...

No. I shook my head violently, trying to banish the thoughts, focus myself on changing the system. I threw myself back into the work with renewed vigor, determined to concentrate only on the business aspects.

But as the days went by, I found it harder and harder to maintain that separation. The line between market research and personal curiosity began to blur. I started watching more NMB content, telling myself it was necessary to understand the product. I found myself lingering over certain scenes, rewatching them multiple times to analyze their appeal.

As I neared completion of the proposal, I realized I needed a concrete, recent example to really drive home the potential. Something that showcased NMB's broad appeal and ability to captivate diverse audiences. I decided to dive into the audience response data, searching for an episode that had resonated across all demographics.

After sifting through countless reports, I found it—a recent installment of Georgette and Michael's storyline that had garnered unprecedented engagement metrics. The episode description made my cheeks flush:

Michael punishes Georgette for carelessness in the kitchen by giving her a thorough whipping, followed by taking her anal virginity.

My mouth suddenly went dry. This was exactly the kind of content I'd been avoiding, telling myself I was only interested in the business side of things. I knew I needed to watch it, though. As the highest-rated recent episode, it would complete my proposal perfectly, if I could show how my ideas dovetailed with audience response trends.

More than that, I told myself, I needed to prove to myself that I could watch a popular NMB episode objectively. That I could analyze it clinically without... without having

the kind of reaction I'd had to previous NMB content. I needed to show myself I was in control.

With slightly shaking fingers, I sent the episode to one of the private viewing rooms. My heart raced as I stood, smoothing my skirt and taking a deep breath. I could do this. It was just research. Nothing more.

I made my way to the viewing room, trying to time my walk down the hallway so no one would notice where I went. I reached for the door handle, forcing myself not to hesitate despite the appearance of one of my colleagues at the other end of the corridor, and stepped inside.

I settled into the almost distressingly comfortable chair, my heart pounding as the screen flickered to life. The episode opened with Georgette in the kitchen, humming softly as she prepared dinner. Her blonde hair was tied back in a neat bun, and she wore a modest floral dress that accentuated her curves.

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Michael entered, his face darkening as he sniffed the air. “Georgette,” he said, his voice low and dangerous. “Did you leave a burner on again?”

Georgette’s eyes widened in alarm. She whirled around, gasping as she saw the forgotten pan smoking on the stove. “Oh, no! I’m so sorry, Michael. I got distracted and?—”

“Enough,” Michael cut her off as he turned off the burner himself and put the pan in the sink. He turned back to Georgette. “This is the third time this month. You know how dangerous that is. I’m afraid you’ve earned yourself a serious punishment.”

I watched, transfixed, as Michael led Georgette to the living room. He sat on the couch and pulled her across his lap. With practiced ease, he flipped up her skirt and lowered her white cotton panties.

This is just research, I told myself firmly. I’m watching this objectively. Clinically.

But as Michael’s hand came down hard on Georgette’s bare bottom, I couldn’t help but flinch. The sharp crack seemed to echo in the small viewing room. Georgette yelped, her legs kicking slightly.

“Count them,” Michael ordered. “And thank me for each one.”

“One!” Georgette gasped. “Thank you, sir!”

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, all too aware of the heat building between my thighs. This is normal, I insisted to myself. It’s just a physiological response to

witnessing an intimate act. It doesn't mean anything.

The spanking continued, Georgette's bottom turning from pink to red under Michael's firm hand. Her cries grew more desperate, but she dutifully counted each swat and thanked him.

When he finally stopped, Georgette lay limp across his lap, her breath coming in shuddering gasps. Michael rubbed her reddened flesh gently. "You took that well," he murmured. "But we're not done yet."

He stood, guiding Georgette to bend over the arm of the couch. From a nearby cabinet, he retrieved a wicked-looking strap.

My eyes widened. Surely he wasn't going to... But even as I thought it, Michael brought the strap down across Georgette's already punished bottom.

Georgette screamed, her back arching. "Please, Michael!" she sobbed. "I'm sorry! I'll be more careful, I promise!"

"I know you will," Michael said, his voice stern but not cruel. "This is to make sure you remember."

The whip fell again and again. I watched, mesmerized, as angry red welts rose on Georgette's skin. My hands gripped the arms of the chair tightly, my nails digging into the upholstery. I told myself I was appalled by the brutality of it, but I couldn't deny the ache between my legs, the way my nipples had hardened against the lace of my bra.

When Michael finally set the whip aside, Georgette was a sobbing mess. He helped her to her feet, holding her gently as she cried into his chest. "Shh," he soothed. "It's almost over. Just one more part to your lesson. I need to make sure you remember."

Michael began to caress Georgette tenderly. His hands roamed over her body, and soon her sobs turned to soft moans of pleasure.

“You were a terribly naughty girl,” Michael murmured. “You need a special kind of discipline.”

He bent Georgette over the couch again, this time spreading her legs wide. I watched, my breath catching, as he produced a small bottle of lubricant.

“Michael? Sir?” Georgette asked, her voice trembling. “What are you doing?”

“Shh,” he said again. “You earned this. I’m going to fuck your bottom.”

I knew I should look away. This was far beyond what I needed for my proposal. But I couldn’t tear my eyes from the screen as Michael gently worked first one finger, then two, into Georgette’s thoroughly whipped bottom.

Georgette whimpered, but didn’t protest. As Michael’s fingers moved in and out, her whimpers turned to moans.

“That’s it,” Michael ordered. “Relax for me. Let me in.”

I squirmed in my seat, acutely aware of how wet I had become. When Michael positioned himself behind Georgette, slowly pushing his hard length into her tight rear entrance, I couldn’t help but imagine what it would feel like. The burn, the stretch, the exquisite fullness...

I stopped the video. The screen showed a frozen close-up of Georgette’s blushing face, eyes closed and lower lip between her teeth.

I don’t want to be her! I shouted at myself.



My heart flipped as my thoughts slid in an even less welcome direction, and suddenly I became the one holding the whip, the one making Georgette cry out in her penitence. The one...

I shook my head and turned off the screen.

### CHAPTER 11

Melissa

I rushed back to my desk, my cheeks flushed and my heart racing. I tried to push away the vivid images from the video, but they kept intruding on my thoughts. Georgette's cries, the angry red welts on her bottom, the look of ecstasy on her face as Michael...

No. Focus. This is about work. About... change.

I took a deep breath and opened my proposal document. To my surprise, words began to flow from my fingertips as if they had a life of their own. The episode I had just watched, as disturbing as it had been—maybebecauseof the effect it had had on me—had sparked something in my mind. I saw connections I hadn't before, patterns emerging from the data.

Recent audience response data, I typed furiously, indicates a significant trend among a currently small, but clearly susceptible to explosive growth, segment of viewership: femaleviewers of New Modesty Blue in households where the male breadwinner does not watch NMB.

The segment has not been given the attention it deserves, and so we aren't even sure how the circumstance comes about. It appears, though, that certain customers acquire their NMB subscriptions either by mistake or because they're interested but too busy to watch. A statistically significant number of their resident wives and partners, however, become frequent NMB viewers. These viewers respond with levels of

arousal that often exceed that of loyal male subscribers who watch with comparable frequency.

Assessment's recent whitepaper, *Points of Reference: a Model for Cryptic Submissives' Engagement*, provides a fascinating look at how submissive women in long-term relationships can use erotic content as an essential reference point for conversations with their partners about submission. I theorize that the phenomenon they observe represents a significant opportunity for marketing NMB.

I paused, my fingers hovering over the keyboard. Was I really writing this? But I couldn't deny the truth of it. The data was there in the whitepaper on the one hand and in the audience data on the other.

The episode 'Georgette's Kitchen Lesson' serves as a prime example of NMB's ability to provide a point of reference for submissive desires, I continued. The situation and the authenticity of the real-world New Modesty couple tap into deep-seated fantasies that many of these cryptically submissive women struggle to articulate.

I swallowed hard as a new wave of arousal threatened to derail me into picturing Georgette's face.

By presenting real scenarios of women like Georgette receiving loving but firm discipline and then being made to give pleasure to their partners, NMB offers such viewers a spectrum of experiences to explore vicariously. That, in turn, as Assessment's whitepaper makes clear, makes it easier for submissive women to identify and express their own boundaries and desires to their partners.

The words poured out of me, filling paragraph after paragraph. Using the incredible wealth of data Assessment had collected, I delved into the psychology behind submission. I even managed to cite their studies on the therapeutic effects of

submission for depressed women, pushing far, far away my thoughts about my own needs or lack thereof. I analyzed the careful balance Georgette's shameful punishment struck between fantasy fulfillment and responsible portrayal of consent and aftercare.

Moreover, I wrote, my cheeks burning, the production quality and attention to detail in episodes like 'Georgette's Kitchen Lesson' create an immersive experience for viewers. The authentic reactions of the couple, the palpable chemistry between them, and the meticulous staging all contribute to the realism that resonates deeply with the audience.

I found myself describing specific moments from the episode—the way Michael's voice softened even as he disciplined Georgette, the way she responded to the discomfort of his hardness in her smallest hole. I wrote about how these elements created a holistic representation of a D/s relationship, one that went beyond mere physical acts to explore the emotional dynamics at play.

Every one of these aspects of NMB's content corresponds to Assessment's observations on points of reference, I concluded. By providing such vivid, multifaceted portrayals NMB serves as the safe space for exploration and self discovery that this segment clearly needs, to help them address the issue of submission with their husbands and partners. The marketing campaign outlined above, targeted at this underserved segment, could potentially add as many as ten million subscriptions within six months of launch.

As I finished typing the last sentence, I realized my hands were trembling. I stared at the screen, my heart pounding, as I tried to process what I had just written. The words seemed to blur before my eyes, a mix of business strategy and barely concealed eroticism.

I had poured everything into this proposal—my marketing expertise, my analysis of

the data, and the part of me I still, in my conscious mind, refused to acknowledge even existed. Or, if it did exist, it represented a private little insanity.

A secret garden? I felt my cheeks heat instantly to scalding.

Geniuses were all crazy, right? Not to pretend I was a genius, but maybe I could use that crazy part of me to do smart stuff?

Smart? Or...

The vivid descriptions of Georgette's punishment, the careful examination of the emotional dynamics at play—it all felt intensely personal in a way I hadn't anticipated, and it made the inside of my head feel like it would push its darkest recesses out into the world if I thought too hard.

My cheeks burned as I scrolled back over the report and saw specific phrases I'd typed, doing my best not to read them as I put them on the screen. The authentic reactions of the couple...the palpable chemistry between them... Had I really written those words about a scene of domestic discipline and anal sex?

Not a meme, though, right? My little bit of crazy, which is different.

I shook my head, trying to clear it. I could make this just about work, I told myself firmly. In the real world, the one where I actually lived, what I had put on that screen was just a business proposal. The fact that my thighs were pressed tightly together, that I could feel the dampness in my panties—that represented a simple physiological response. It didn't mean anything.

Okay, I'm not actually that stupid. There's nothing that doesn't mean anything. Gibbon... Carlyle... Darwin, for God's sake: they would all tell me that. But...

But I get to decide what it means—and what I'm going to do with it.

I needed to get my mind off this. To think about something else—anything else. Put this proposal on track toward whatever future it might have, and move on to learning the business at a more practical level. With slightly shaky fingers, I opened my email and wrote a message to Mandy.

Hi, Mandy,

I was hoping to get some time on Stuart's calendar to discuss a project I've been working on. Could you please let me know his availability for the next few days?

Thanks,

Melissa

I hit send, then leaned back in my chair, taking deep breaths. There. That was normal. Professional. I just needed to focus on next steps, on moving this proposal forward through proper channels.

An hour passed, then two. No response from Mandy. I distracted myself by studying the org chart and the strategic plan for the next fiscal year, but I kept finding my eyes drawn back to my open email client. Each time I glanced at it, I got a little more tense at the lack of response from Mandy.

By late afternoon, I couldn't take it anymore. I told myself I needed to talk to Stuart, to get his input on this project before I lost my nerve entirely. I decided to go find Mandy in person and see if I could get on Stuart's calendar.

I made my way through the maze of cubicles to Mandy's desk. As I approached, I saw her leaning back in her chair, one hand holding her phone to her ear while the other carefully applied bright red polish to her fingernails.

"...and then I told him, if he thinks I'm going to put up with that kind of behavior, he's got another think coming," Mandy was saying, her tone light and gossipy. She looked up as I approached, giving me an irritated glance.

I stood there awkwardly for a moment, not wanting to interrupt. Mandy raised an eyebrow at me, then sighed dramatically.

“Listen, Jen, I’ve got to go. Some work thing. I’ll call you back later.” She hung up the phone and looked at me, her eyebrows raised.

For a long moment, my mind went completely blank. Somewhere, distantly, I understood that the utter absence of conscious thought came from the sheer complexity of my reaction to Mandy’s failure even to reply to my email when she so obviously had nothing more important to do. All I could truly do, though, in the moment, was stare at the apparently anxiety-free expression on Mandy’s pretty face.

Blood rushed into my cheeks. Mandy’s brows rose even higher, and I felt absolutely certain that she could see my embarrassment in my face. Finally, the words came, though they sounded so much weaker than I wanted them to.

“Did you...” I started. I realized I was shaking with suppressed rage.

“Oh,” Mandy said, her eyes becoming suddenly sympathetic, as if she were embarrassed on my behalf, that I had come to see her with something so trivial. “Your email? About Stuart’s calendar?”

I nodded mutely.

“Why don’t you check back tomorrow, hon? I do the calendar first thing in the morning.”

I swallowed hard.

“Thanks,” I told her, because my whirling thoughts seemed unwilling to let me say anything more meaningful. “I...”

I meant to ask, in an acid, even arrogant tone, whether she could do me the courtesy of a quick reply next time. I meant to get the upper hand in the situation, to assert the



dominance my whole being seemed to cry out in need of.

But Mandy had swiveled her chair away so that she could start to put another coat of polish on her nails. Distantly, I understood that this provocation corresponded exactly with my last interaction with Mandy. Some part of her—possibly even a conscious part—felt the compulsion to test me. I thought she probably wouldn't have tested a male executive quite so strenuously, but I also thought that that fact should have challenged me—brilliant, strong-willed Melissa Mitropoulos—to show my mettle.

Instead, I walked away, heart pounding, face scarlet, brain imploding.

Not because I didn't want to assert my dominance over Mandy.

Because I did want to do that. I wanted to show Mandy that I might not be Stuart, her super-boss, but I was her boss, as a member of Stuart's team, however junior.

Frankly, I told myself and then instantly pretended the thought had come from some alternate dimension, I wanted to paddle Mandy's insubordinate backside.

"What's wrong?" Joe asked as I sat back down at my desk, planning to do nothing but memorize the Selecta employee handbook, in hope of forgetting everything else that had happened today.

"Oh, nothing," I told him, finding it easy to pretend indifference. Relationships with my peers in the bullpen went just fine. I had learned in my college business program both to talk the talk and to walk the walk. Even in Selecta's strange, old-fashioned corporate culture, the rest of Stuart's team seemed happy to treat me like one of the boys. "Fucking Mandy. You know."

"What?" Joe asked. "She butt-hurt because you asked her to make a few copies of your secret proposal?"

I told him what had happened, carefully not revealing anything about the nature of my proposal. That had been the subject of good-natured jokes among the team as they had watched me working on it day after day, to the point where Melissa's Secret Proposal represented a riff any of them could tag on the end of a list of just about anything, for a laugh.

Joe frowned as I narrated, and the frown only deepened as I reached the nail-painting, chair-swiveling climax.

"That's not nothing," he told me, his voice serious, when I'd finished.

To my dismay, I had to blink back tears of relief.

“Thanks, Joe,” I told him. “I needed that.”

“No,” he said. “I mean, it’s so not-nothing that you definitely have to do something about it.”

Now I had to fight myself not to swallow hard, because to my impossibly mixed horror and delight, I could see where Joe was going. I still felt the need to push the idea back.

“Like what?” I asked, as innocently as I could.

“I think you need to ask Stuart for permission to paddle her,” Joe said, his eyes fixed on mine as if he knew precisely what kind of turmoil his words had just unleashed in my mind, my heart, and above all my body.

## CHAPTER 12

Melissa

I caught Stuart outside his office, just as he came back from lunch.

“Melissa?” he said, frowning. “What’s up?”

“I don’t want to bother you,” I began, my heart pounding, “but Joe told me I should probably come straight to you.”

Stuart nodded, and I realized I’d probably been a little foolish to worry about coming

to him earlier. Though, to be fair to myself, he had told me to book time with him through Mandy.

“Come on in,” he told me, holding the door for me in a way so gentlemanly I felt a distracting glow in my chest. I told myself to calm down, reminded myself that this arrogant jerk had ‘inspected’ me in the most intimate, mortifying way on my first real day on his team. I pushed away the part of that memory that had to do with my own screaming inner conflict.

When he had closed the door behind him, he turned to me. “What’s up?” he said again. He leaned back against the door, folding his arms across his chest. “How can I help?”

All of the calm I had felt a moment before, when Stuart had been so receptive to my coming to his office, vanished in an instant. I took a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart.

“It’s about Mandy,” I began, my voice sounding small in Stuart’s imposing office, as if the incredible view of the city out the floor-to-ceiling windows had swallowed it up and made it, and me, utterly insignificant.

I recounted my interactions with Mandy—the ignored email, the personal call, the nail painting. As I spoke, I found myself growing more agitated, the frustration I’d felt earlier bubbling up to the surface. I felt some pride about how I kept my tone even, despite the emotion.

“So she dismissed me,” I finished, covering the flush in my cheeks, the anger and embarrassment, with a laugh and a shake of my head.

Stuart had listened attentively, his eyes not leaving my face. When I fell silent, he nodded slowly. “I see,” he said, his deep voice sending a helpless quiver through my

frame. “And what do you think should be done about this?”

I hesitated, acutely aware of the weight of what I had resolved to say. The room suddenly felt too warm, too close. I could hear the soft hum of the air conditioning, the distant sounds of traffic far below. “Well,” I began, my mouth dry, “Joe suggested that I... that I should ask your permission to paddle her.”

The words hung in the air between us. Stuart’s expression remained impassive, but I thought I saw in his eyes a flicker of something that might be amusement or might be appreciation. “I see,” he repeated. “And how do you feel about that idea, Melissa?”

I felt my face grow even hotter. The memory of my own paddling flashed through my mind, unbidden. The sting, the humiliation, the confusing arousal... I pushed the thoughts away, focusing on the present moment.

“I... well, since it seems to be part of the corporate culture here at Selecta,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady, “I suppose I feel fine about it.”

Stuart studied me for a long moment, his gaze so intense I had to fight the urge to look away. Then, abruptly, he straightened up from his position against the door. “Take off all your clothes,” he said, his tone matter-of-fact.

I blinked, sure I had misheard. “I’m sorry, what?”

“You heard me,” Stuart said, his voice taking on a harder edge. “Strip. Now.”

My mind reeled. This couldn’t be happening. Not again. But even as I thought it, my hands started to rise, seemingly of their own accord, moving toward the back of my neck to undo the button there. “I don’t understand,” I said weakly, feeling acutely how the position of my arms thrust my chest forward, as if offering my breasts to my boss.

Stuart moved to sit behind his enormous desk, watching me with cool detachment. “It’s clear to me, Melissa, that you’re experiencing a good deal of inner conflict,” he said. “About Mandy, about your role here at Selecta, about your own desires and boundaries. We need to resolve that conflict if we can.”

My eyes went wide as I absorbed his words. My mind raced, my thoughts desperately trying to process all of the overwhelming physical and emotional effects Stuart had on me. Suddenly, though, I didn’t want to try so hard. I didn’t even want to figure it out.

I lowered my hands to my sides.

“No,” I said, my voice trembling but firm. “I won’t do it. This isn’t appropriate.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:20 am*

Stuart's expression hardened. He rose from behind his desk, his tall form seeming to take up more of the room than he had any right to do.

Except that he has every right, a tiny voice in my head said. His office. And I'm... I'm his newest junior executive. I belong to him, too.

"Melissa," he said, his voice low and dangerous, "I gave you an order. I won't ask again."

I took a step back, my heart racing. "I said no," I repeated, trying to inject strength into my voice. Even as I spoke, I felt the treacherous heat building low in my belly. I refused to think about it. I refused to think, period.

Stuart moved with surprising speed for such a large man. Before I could react, he grabbed my arm and spun me around. I gasped as he pulled me against his chest, his strong arms encircling me.

"Let me go!" I cried, struggling against his grip. Stuart was far stronger than me, though. With practiced ease, he maneuvered me toward the leather couch against the wall.

My heart pounded as Stuart sat down, pulling me across his lap in one fluid motion. I could feel the heat of his thighs through my skirt, the firm pressure of his hand on my lower back holding me in place.

"Stuart, please," I pleaded, my voice muffled against the couch cushions. "Don't do this."

But Stuart paid no heed to my protests. His hand came down hard on my upturned bottom. The sound, slightly muffled by my wool skirt, echoed in the quiet office. I yelped, more from surprise than pain, though my tummy flipped as I remembered all too well how the agony of my paddling had built over time.

“This is for your own good, Melissa,” Stuart said calmly as he continued to spank me, the words sounding to me like a kind of formal, ritual utterance. “You need to learn your place here. If you want the right to paddle Mandy, you have to show you can obey me.”

The spanking continued, each smack sending a shockwave through my body. I squirmed and kicked, but Stuart held me firmly in place. To my mortification, I felt tears pricking at my eyes.

After what seemed like an eternity, Stuart paused. I lay limp across his lap, panting. Then I felt his hands at the hem of my skirt, slowly drawing it up.

“No,” I whimpered, but it was a token protest at best. I made no move to stop him as he bared my thighs, exposing my lacy purple panties.

Stuart resumed spanking me, his hand connecting with my barely covered flesh. The sting was sharper now, more intense. Worse, the sound became louder, each swat echoing like a gunshot in the corners of the room. I couldn’t hold back a sob.

“That’s it,” Stuart murmured. “Let it out.”

His fingers hooked into the waistband of my panties. I felt a jolt of panic. “Please,” I gasped. “Not that.”

But Stuart was already pulling my panties down, baring my bottom completely. I buried my face in the couch cushions, burning with shame, confusion, and a thousand



other things I didn't want to acknowledge.

Stuart's hand came down hard on my bare bottom, the sting exponentially more intense without the protection of my panties. I gasped, tears streaming down my face as the spanking continued relentlessly. Each smack sent real pain through my body, my flesh burning and throbbing under Stuart's stern lesson.

"Please," I sobbed, my voice muffled by the couch cushions. "I'll do it. I'll take off my clothes. Just please stop."

Stuart paused, his hand resting on my inflamed skin. "What was that, Melissa?" he asked, his voice maddeningly calm.

I took a shuddering breath. "I said I'll take off my clothes," I repeated, my cheeks burning with humiliation. "Please, just stop spanking me."

Stuart helped me to my feet, steadying me as I swayed slightly. My bottom felt like it was on fire, and I had to resist the urge to reach back and rub the sting away. I stood before him, trembling, my panties around my knees, as he settled back on the couch to watch.

With shaking hands, I reached again for the neck button on my blouse. I fumbled with it, my fingers clumsy in my distress. Finally, I managed to undo it, and then to lift the silky fabric over my chest and drop it at my feet, pushing away every thought about how my breasts looked in the lacy bra.

Next came my skirt. Feeling my forehead crease very hard, I unzipped the garment and let it fall. I stepped out of it carefully and stood there in the matching purple bra and panties. I looked at the glass-topped coffee table so I wouldn't have to see my boss assessing my revealed body.

It took every ounce of will to keep my hands at my sides, rather than putting them in front of my already exposed pussy. I remember then that I had thought myself too busy to go to the aesthetician for a wax this past weekend. My cheeks flared with heat.

“All of it, Melissa,” Stuart prompted, his voice low and commanding.

Blinking back fresh tears, I reached behind my back to unhook my bra. I let it fall away, baring my breasts to Stuart’s gaze. I couldn’t help it: I needed to know, suddenly, whether my boss liked what he saw. I raised my eyes to look at him. Stuart’s gaze raked over me appreciatively, and I felt a treacherous heat building low in my belly despite my shame.

Stooping, my attention returned to the coffee table as mortification scalded my face, I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties, just above my knees where Stuart had placed them, in order to spank me more effectively. I pushed them down and stepped out of them, now completely naked before my boss.

Again I found myself helpless to resist, needing to see what he thought. I looked up to see Stuart nod approvingly.

“Very nice, Melissa,” he said. “That purple set is quite fetching on you.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:20 am*

I flushed more fiercely at the compliment. Part of me wanted to thank him, abjectly, for his praise. Another wanted to tell him to go fuck himself. I didn't have to decide: I didn't want to think.

I have no choice.

Stuart's expression suddenly hardened as his gaze traveled lower.

"However," he continued, his voice taking on a stern edge, "I see you haven't kept yourself waxed as I instructed. That was a direct order, Melissa. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I... I'm sorry," I stammered. "I got... I was so busy this past weekend. It won't happen again, sir."

"Go bend over the desk," Stuart said. "I'm going to give you a correction for dereliction of duty."

"What?" I gasped. "But... you... you already..."

My heart raced. I stared at Stuart, my jaw slack. My hands curled into little fists as I felt my pussy clench hard, the lingering warmth from the spanking traveling forward and making the situation there much worse.

"You're an intelligent girl, Melissa," Stuart said, his eyes narrowing. "I think you can figure out that I spanked you for disobedience, and I'm going to paddle you for dereliction of duty. If you want to punish Mandy for insubordination, you need to

learn to subordinate yourself to me.”

## CHAPTER 13

Stuart

I studied Melissa’s face with great care as she took in my words. To my inward delight—though I kept my facial expression stern—I saw in her troubled eyes that she had appreciated the precision of my language. Insubordination and subordinate had their full and complete meanings for her, as they did for me—in ‘not’; sub ‘under’; ordo, ordinis ‘order.’ Heck, maybe this promising young woman had even studied a little actual Latin—with her brains, I wouldn’t have put it past her.

I watched her mind work through it, saw the light go on in her gorgeous brown eyes as she grasped the central truth I meant to convey: the order of things, here at Selecta Entertainment, belonged to me. Best of all, I could tell just how deeply the idea affected her, on my very favorite level of power-exchange eroticism: a brilliant young woman’s helplessly submissive mind. I had to confess my own heart sped up—and, more problematic, warmed at the thought of guiding Melissa Mitropoulos into a fully self-actuated future.

This girl represents serious emotional complications, I realized. I saw suddenly why I had so studiously avoided thinking too much about her over the past few days—ever since I had seen her walk by my office so purposefully. Romantic, even.

Well, so be it. It wasn’t every day a junior executive who idolized Gibbon, Carlyle, and Darwin joined my team. Even better, and rarer—a gorgeous brunette who clearly wanted to deny just how turned on it got her to have the adorable fuzz on her pussy characterized as a dereliction of duty.

“Do you want to go back over my knee before you get the paddle?” I asked calmly, raising my eyebrows a little. “Because I can certainly do that, Melissa. In fact, it would be my pleasure.”

Melissa swallowed hard and visibly, her eyes widening. Maybe only the folks in Assessment could tell me with absolute precision, but my dominant instinct said that she had just clenched between her thighs at the specific idea of how much enjoyment I got out of punishing her. Her little fists trembled at her sides. They moved inward, as if she wanted to cover the tender little cleft whose slightly unkempt state had put her afoul of my requirements. Then they rose a little, perhaps with a surge of fight/flight in her nervous system.

Then, finally, I saw a pout of resignation come over her face. I felt certain she had reached the inevitable conclusion, the one that would above all help her get her needs met: she had no choice but to obey me, and put herself under my order. She swallowed again, and turned toward my desk. As she moved slowly toward it, I fetched the paddle out from its drawer.

Melissa stood looking down at the polished surface of the desk, as if lost in thought. I could almost see into her mind: she must be replaying the similar scene on her first real day here in the office, when I had inspected her after her paddling from Sharon, then left her unsatisfied instead of fucking her.

It’s going to be very different today, Melissa, I thought, as with a shudder she bent over to support herself on her elbows. Her adorable ass, a very special shade of pink, brought a jump to my already hard cock as she arched her back and pushed her backside out. Very, very different.

Melissa

I couldn’t believe it. Any of it, really: the stripping, the walking, the bending, even

the feel of the smooth surface of Stuart's elegant desk under my spread palms and my bare forearms.

The arching of my back, though: that took me to a new level of incredulity at myself. It had happened so instinctively—as if I had a Melissa inside me who knew how a young woman, naked in her boss' office for a paddling, ought to adjust her posture to show her... her subordination.

As if that Melissa were getting ready to paddle another girl—a girl who had committed insubordination, or dereliction of duty.

Mandy. I had just pushed out my bottom the way I would have liked to tell Mandy, in a stern, strict voice, to push out her bottom. To show me, one of her bosses, that she knew she had a severe, painful lesson coming. The way I would tell her to arch her back and offer her ass for punishment, because that constituted the real reason I had just consented to my own paddling, didn't it?

Yes, it absolutely did. Stuart had made it crystal clear: if I wanted the authority to impose order on my subordinates, I had to show that I could comply with—that I could, quite literally, bend over in acceptance of—the larger order of which I represented a part.

I bit my lip to keep from letting out a sob. I could feel, deep in my body, how well I understood the notion, despite its utter opposition to what I had told myself about the workplace I wanted.

I need to assert my authority. I need to paddle Mandy.

I sensed Stuart moving toward me, standing next to me, looking at my naked, bent body.

“Spread your feet,” he ordered sharply. “I want you to know I can see the fuzz on your sweet little pussy. That will help you remember, next time.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:20 am*

“Oh, god,” I whispered, unable to stop the words from breaking free of my throat. My whole body pulsed with heat, as if my spanked bottom cheeks, from which the soreness had almost completely faded, could ignite shame and arousal many times the intensity of the swats Stuart had given me over his knee.

I shuffled my feet apart, my forehead creasing so hard it hurt. I felt the air moving in a place I absolutely did not want it right at the moment. I remembered Stuart sniffing the air the last time I had found myself in this position. I felt certain the aroma of my current need must be a good deal stronger.

Stuart put his left hand on my waist, his fingers splaying across my skin. The touch sent a shudder through my limbs. I tasted blood as I bit my lip even harder, desperate to keep myself from making a sound. I felt the smooth surface of the paddle brush against my bottom, as if wordlessly admonishing me, and then lift away. I tensed involuntarily, my breath coming in little puffs through my nose.

The first stroke came without warning except for the split-second puff of air against my cheeks. The sharp crack echoed in the quiet office. Pain bloomed across my backside, and I gasped, my fingers curling against the polished wood of the desk. Before I could fully process the sensation, the second stroke landed, slightly lower. The sting was intense, and I couldn't help but let out a soft wail.

The third stroke fell, and I felt tears spring to my eyes. My bottom throbbed, the pain radiating outward. I waited, breath held, for the next strike, but it didn't come. Stuart said nothing, giving me no indication of how long this punishment would last or how many more strokes I could expect.



In the silence that followed, my mind began to wander. To my dismay, I found myself picturing Mandy bent over this very desk, her skirt raised and panties lowered. In my imagination, I stood where Stuart stood now, paddle in hand, ready to teach her a lesson about respect and following orders.

The image sent a jolt of arousal through me, and I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to banish the thought. But as quickly as that fantasy faded, another took its place. Now I saw myself as I was, bent over and vulnerable, with Stuart looming behind me. In this vision, he brought the paddle down again and again, each stroke eliciting a cry from my lips.

I shifted uncomfortably, terribly aware of the gathering wetness between my thighs. The dual fantasies—of punishing and being punished—roiled in my mind, each one heightening my arousal in its turn. I felt my face flush with shame at my body's response, at the ever-self-renewing realization that some part of me craved this.

Stuart's hand on my waist tightened slightly, and I braced myself for another stroke. The anticipation was almost worse than the pain itself, every nerve ending on high alert. I found myself torn between hoping the punishment would end soon and, to my horror, wishing it would continue.

I couldn't shake the image of Mandy's insolent face, couldn't stop imagining how satisfying it would be to wipe that smirk off with a few well-placed strokes of the paddle. I chewed my cheek as the image made me clench involuntarily. I prayed Stuart hadn't noticed.

The thought... the mental picture... the... the wish that succeeded that one, though, was much more mortifying.

Stuart should fuck that girl over the desk. It came out that way, in my head. Not even Melissa: just that girl.

The boss has to fuck her, doesn't he? To show her that he's in charge.

Me. There, now I couldn't help it. I did let out a sob, and my hips jerked, thrusting my punished backside even further up and back toward Stuart, as if begging him. He really should fuck me. Punish me with his hardness. Teach me with his cock.

As if he had waited for precisely that sound and that humiliating little movement, Stuart put the paddle down on his desk, right in front of me like a reminder of what my failure to wax my pussy had earned me. His left hand tightened on my waist, and then his right took hold of my bottom and my pussy in a single grasp, his middle fingers pressing against my clit as his palm gripped my punished cheeks and made me cry out.

Without a word, Stuart began to work my bottom and my pussy. His strong fingers kneaded my sore flesh, sending sparks of mingled pain and pleasure radiating through my body. I swallowed hard, chewed my lower lip, wrinkled my nose, determined to remain silent, to maintain some shred of dignity. As his expert touch explored me, though, I found my resolve crumbling rapidly.

Stuart's fingers ran up and down my slick inner lips, teasing and probing with maddening precision. When he slipped two fingers inside me, curling them to stroke that spot that made my knees weak, a moan escaped my lips before I could stop it. The sound seemed to echo in the quiet office, and I flushed with renewed embarrassment.

But that was only the beginning. Stuart's thumb found my clit, circling it with just the right pressure to make my hips buck involuntarily. His other hand continued to knead my punished bottom, the sting of the paddling heightening every sensation.

I tried to stifle my cries, but it was useless. As Stuart's fingers worked their magic, I found myself moaning louder than I ever had in my life. My voice sounded foreign to

my own ears—wanton, desperate, needy.

“That’s it,” Stuart murmured, his voice low and husky. “Let me hear how much you want it.”

His words, the first he had spoken in long, hot minutes, fueled the fire building inside me. I whimpered as he withdrew his fingers, only to gasp sharply as I felt them probing at my back entrance. I clenched instinctively, but Stuart was relentless. He circled the tight ring of muscle, applying steady pressure until the tip of one finger slipped inside.

“Such a tight little asshole,” he growled. “I bet you’ve never had anything in here before, have you?”

I shook my head frantically, beyond words, thinking despite myself of Grace and Jacob, Georgette and Michael. The feeling was so foreign, so dirty—and yet, to my shock and shame, intensely arousing.

Stuart chuckled darkly. “We’ll have to change that soon. But for now…”

He resumed his ministrations on my clit and pussy, his fingers moving with expert precision. All the while, that single digit remained inside my ass, a constant reminder of my complete surrender to his will.

“Look at you,” Stuart continued, his voice dripping with lust and authority. “Your cunt is dripping for me. Such a greedy little hole, so desperate to be filled.” He punctuated his words by thrusting his fingers deeper inside me. “And this tight ass of yours? I can feel it clenching around my finger. You love this, don’t you? Being spread open, totally at my mercy.”

I moaned helplessly, my hips rocking back against his hand. Every filthy word he

uttered sent another jolt of arousal through me. I was lost in a haze of sensation, teetering on the edge of an orgasm more intense than any I'd ever experienced.

"Oh, no," Stuart said, his voice seeming to come from miles away. "Not yet, you little whore. You'll come when I let you." He pulled his hand away.

"Oh, god... please..." I gasped.

"Is there something you'd like to ask for, Miss Mitropoulos?" His hand returned, rubbing a circle on my right ass cheek with maddening gentleness.

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“Please...”

I swallowed down the saliva that wouldn't seem to quit in my mouth, as if every part of my body wanted, shamefully, to submit to Stuart. Could I say it? Could I actually...

The words came out while I was still telling myself I couldn't say them.

“Please fuck me. Please... oh, god... please... I...”

## CHAPTER 14

Melissa

“Shh, little whore,” Stuart said, his voice gently soothing and terribly mocking at the same time. “I know how badly you need it. I'll fuck this sweet little cunt even though you didn't wax it properly for me.”

The words sent a deep shudder through my body. I felt his hands leave me, and then heard the sound of a zipper being lowered. My heart raced, a mix of anticipation and trepidation coursing through me.

I felt the blunt head of his cock pressing against the opening of my desperately needy vagina. Despite my arousal, I felt myself tense up as I sensed the sheer size of his penis. Stuart was big—much bigger than any man I'd been with before.

“Relax,” Stuart murmured, his hands gripping my hips firmly. “Take a deep breath.”

I tried to obey, forcing my muscles to loosen. Stuart pushed forward slowly, stretching me open. I gasped at the intensity of the sensation—the slight burn as he entered me, the incredible fullness.

“That’s it,” Stuart growled. “Take all of me.”

He continued pressing forward until he was fully sheathed inside me. I panted, overwhelmed by the feeling of being so completely filled. Stuart held still for a long moment, allowing me to adjust.

Then he began to move.

His thrusts started slow and measured, but quickly built in speed and force. Each stroke sent waves of pleasure radiating through my body. My fingertips scrabbled for purchase on the smooth surface of the desk, struggling to stay upright as Stuart pounded into me relentlessly.

“Such a tight little cunt,” Stuart grunted. “So wet for me. Just an office whore being fucked over her boss’ desk. The girl who wasn’t sure about NMB is getting what she needs.”

I moaned helplessly, beyond words. Every filthy thing Stuart said only heightened my arousal. I lost myself in sensation, my world narrowed to the feeling of his cock stretching me open again and again.

Stuart’s hand snaked around to rub my clit as he continued thrusting. The dual stimulation was overwhelming. I felt my orgasm building rapidly, a white-hot pressure coiling tighter and tighter in my core.

“Please,” I gasped. “Please, I’m so close...”

“Come for me,” Stuart ordered. “Come on my cock like a good little whore.”

His words pushed me over the edge. I came with a cry, my pussy clenching around Stuart’s rigid length as waves of pleasure crashed over me. Stuart fucked me through it, prolonging my orgasm until I was a trembling, whimpering mess.

I had an IUD, and though it brought a blush to my face, I knew I wanted his seed inside me. I felt him pulling out though, and then I heard his voice, commanding and stern.

“Kneel in front of me, Melissa. You’re going to taste your cunt on my cock.”

Trembling with an impossible mix of humiliation and arousal, I pushed myself upright and turned to see Stuart, fully clothed except for the tummy-flipping obscenity of his cock and balls. He brandished the shaft of his manhood in his right hand, glistening with the need I had left there.

Stuart’s face wore an expression that seemed to assess and evaluate me to the finest grain of detail. A little curve at the side of his mouth made me blush even harder: my pussy clenched to see it, taking it as my boss’ praise of how enjoyable he had found his ride inside me—and how satisfied he was at my obedience as I fell to my knees without any conscious decision to follow his lewd command.

I had gone down on boyfriends from time to time, but never like this. Never on my knees. Never after their cocks had been in my wet pussy.

Never after they had told me... after they had said...

I’m going to taste my cunt. My boss told me... heorderedme... I have no choice.

I looked up at Stuart as he took a step forward, so that his hardness hovered only an

inch away from my face. My eyes went from the intricately veined, jutting penis to his handsome face. He narrowed his gaze a little, the smile widening another fraction of an inch.

“You’re learning to be a good little whore, Melissa, aren’t you?” he asked in that voice I had to my dismay come to know and, worse, to long for. The condescending, humiliating tone that sent a shiver across my skin and brought a helpless twitch to my hips.



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“Yes, sir,” I sobbed, though my mind screamed at me to stay silent, warned me to admit to nothing. I swallowed hard, and my eyes went wide, as I realized that the more I tried to hold it in, the more the dark part of me broke free and rose to the surface.

As if to confirm that terrible idea, my mouth opened as if it had a mind of its own. My forehead creased hard. My eyes descended to look again at Stuart’s huge, hard cock, and a tiny, mewling whimper came from the back of my throat.

“You need it very badly, don’t you?” Stuart murmured, his voice a lewd mockery of compassion.

I nodded, my mouth still wide open. I put out my tongue. Stuart pushed his hips forward a little, and put his left hand on the back of my head to hold me in place. He laid the head of his cock on my tongue, warm and weighty. To my dismay, my pussy clenched at the feeling of being so shamefully controlled. I let out a whimper as my boss pressed his huge, hard penis deeper into my mouth.

“That’s it, Melissa,” he said. “Taste that pretty cunt of yours.”

Stuart’s cock filled my mouth, the taste of my own arousal mingling with his masculine musk. I struggled not to gag as he pushed deeper, my lips stretching wide around his girth. His hand on the back of my head held me firmly in place as he began to thrust shallowly.

“Such a good little cocksucker,” Stuart mused, his voice thick with lust. “I knew you had it in you, Melissa. All that intelligence, all those lofty ideas about changing the

system... and here you are, on your knees like a common whore.”

His words sent a jolt of shame through me, but to my horror, it was accompanied by a fresh surge of arousal. I moaned around his shaft, the vibrations making him groan in response.

“That’s right,” he continued, picking up the pace of his thrusts. “This is what you really wanted all along, isn’t it? To be used and degraded by your boss. To have all that responsibility taken away and just focus on being a good little fuck toy.”

I couldn’t deny it. As much as I wanted to protest, to insist that this wasn’t me, I knew deep down that Stuart was right. The realization both terrified and exhilarated me.

Stuart’s grip on my hair tightened as he fucked my mouth more forcefully. “I’m going to come now,” he growled. “And you’re going to swallow every drop like a good girl. Understand?”

I nodded as best I could with his cock still in my mouth. Moments later, I felt him swell against my tongue before hot spurts of semen hit the back of my throat. I swallowed reflexively, struggling to take it all as Stuart held me in place.

When he finally released me, I gasped for air, a trickle of semen and saliva running down my chin. Stuart looked down at me with a mixture of satisfaction and amusement.

“Well done, Melissa,” he said, tucking himself back into his pants. “I think you’ve earned the right to discipline Mandy now. Don’t you?”

I nodded weakly, still trying to catch my breath. The taste of Stuart’s release lingered in my mouth, a lewd reminder of what had just transpired.

“Good,” Stuart continued. “You’ll take her to a punishment room this afternoon. I expect you to be firm but fair. Remember, this is about maintaining order and respect in the workplace. You can get dressed; ask Heather how to book the punishment room.”

For the first few steps toward Heather’s office, after closing the door of Stuart’s behind me, I thought I would simply vanish in a haze of hot, red embarrassment. My bottom and my pussy were both sore, though not really very painful. I had to work hard to maintain an even gait, and even harder to keep from working my jaw to ease the slight ache that lingered there.

The most difficult part of all, however, was pushing back the arousal that all of it caused. I had felt certain that the multiple orgasms Stuart had forced on me would at least stop me from feeling needy again for a week—or a day at least. Instead, I had to tell myself over and over not to think about his huge manhood and the way he had used it to master me so completely.

I had to think about Mandy, and how I would handle this tricky situation. I had to think about what I would say to Heather.

To my mild astonishment, by the time I had reached the door to the office manager’s office, I had myself under control. I wondered if something about Selecta’s unique culture, about the importance of New Modesty Blue and how openly we discussed it, meant that getting spanked and fucked by the boss in his office after lunch seemed, well, a bit like the done thing.

“Melissa?” Heather asked, when I knocked and then poked my head around her half open door. “Hi... how can I help?”

I was about to say something like, “It’s a human resources matter—can I come in?” when I saw Heather’s eyes go to her monitor screen.

“Oh, right,” she said. “Sorry, Stuart just mailed me about this. Don’t know where my brain was. Come on in and sit down and I’ll run you through the process.”

I couldn’t really tell if Heather intentionally looked away as I sat down with as small a wince as I could manage in the chair across her desk from her. The movement of her eyes seemed so precise, though, and so perfectly timed that I had to conclude it came from long-practiced skill in working with women who had probably just had their misbehaving backsides paddled. Heather gave no sign that she knew, or didn’t know, about what had occurred in Stuart’s office, but the way she had looked away seemed on balance unlikely to be random.

“So,” she said, in a very matter-of-fact voice, “what did Mandy do this time?”

To my surprise, I laughed. “Joe said she’s been in trouble before?”

“Oh,” Heather said, “you don’t know the half of it—and I’d get in trouble for telling you.”

I frowned slightly, and Heather chuckled in response.

“I know, I know. After what you’ve been through and seen, I’m sure you don’t think there’s anything like confidentiality standards here at Selecta, but as you settle in for real you’ll start to get the ethics, and even the logic, of this place.”

My frown deepened as I tried to figure out what Heather meant. What kind of ethics and logic could govern a system that involved regular paddlings, intimate inspections, and—apparently—fucking your new report over your desk and then making her kneel and suck her pussy juices off your cock?

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Then to my amazement a lightbulb went off in my head. I remembered Jacob and Grace, Georgette and Michael. The looks on the faces of the young women who, after their stern punishments from their suitors, got the pleasure of serving the men they clearly loved.

Wait... what? Love. The word had popped up, into my train of thought, with a fleeting image of Stuart's face, his eyes assessing me, appreciating me. I put a pin in that, so I could follow the path of ideation on which I had started.

Afterward, though. They knew, Grace and Georgette... they knew...

They knew it was over. That no one, least of all their future husband, would hold it against them.

Heather smiled. "You get it, don't you?"

I nodded. "Bygones?"

Heather echoed my nod. "We do keep records, of course, but confidentiality going forward is essential. So, with regard to this situation, when you've finished paddling Mandy, you're not going to mention the offense again."

## CHAPTER 15

Melissa

Just as Heather had told me to do, I arrived at Mandy's cubicle five minutes before

three p.m., the time for which I had scheduled the punishment room on Fifty. To my surprise, rather than talking on the phone or doing her nails, Mandy had her attention focused on her screen, going over a spreadsheet. She was so intent on her work that she didn't notice me approach behind her, and I watched for a few moments, rather taken aback by just how efficiently she seemed to be dealing with the formulas she pulled up.

I took a deep breath. Thoughts and feelings ran through my mind, and my body, chasing each other: a little hesitation, but also a good deal of anticipation, of a kind I had never experienced. I was about to deliver the same kind of justice Sharon had delivered to me at that ill-fated but extremely revealing orientation, my very first day.

I searched my mind, experiencing an unexpected cognitive dissonance: part of me felt certain I should feel terribly conflicted about punishing another woman in what that logical voice knew as an utterly outdated way. As much conflict as I felt in the presence of Stuart, though—and not just in his presence, I realized with a flash of heat to my face, but everything else... naked over his desk... paddled... fondled... fucked... subdued under his pounding cock... on my knees, licking my cunt's need off the huge, hard length of that arrogantly jutting manhood...

I swallowed hard, seizing back control of my train of thought, pushing away the arousal that to my amazed dismay had begun to build again between my thighs despite the soreness lingering there.

As much conflict as I feel when Stuart dominates me... I don't feel it about paddling Mandy, do I? Is it really outdated to teach a kind of lesson that some people... some naughty girls, especially... seem to need?

The voice of reason in my head insisted I should feel an ambivalence I didn't actually feel. No, I knew I needed to paddle Mandy's bare backside, to assert my authority over her, the same way Stuart had asserted his over me.

“Mandy,” I said, only realizing after her name had passed my lips that I hadn’t said it as a question, the way I naturally would have done just the day before. To lift my voice on the second syllable would have suggested that I didn’t think I necessarily had a right to her time.

I did have that right, though—which represented the precise reason I had come to summon her for a lesson I intended Mandy not forget anytime soon. I was going to make sure this disrespectful young woman wouldn’t sit comfortably for a day or two, to ensure that she understood her position, and mine.

As she turned her head, I felt my face become a stony mask of disapproval. I didn’t even think about it. Only after the fact, when Mandy’s eyes went wide as if at the sight of my stern expression, did I grasp how instinctually I had adopted the role required—and how right it felt to do so.

“Miss Mitropoulos,” she said, chewing on her upper lip for a moment, her cheeks pink, before she continued. “May I... before we go, may I just finish this up?”

I almost said yes, because it seemed so natural to allow a colleague a little more time. Then, with a tiny shock of revelation, I saw something in Mandy’s eyes that I would never have guessed might be there, or—more surprisingly—that I would notice. The tiniest hint of mischief. Boundary pushing.

Testing me. This little minx is absolutely testing me.

“No, Mandy,” I told her flatly. “You can finish after your punishment.”

Mandy’s eyes widened again, and her nostrils flared slightly as she drew in what looked like a labored breath. Again, my mind’s instinctive understanding of the situation took me by surprise.

She's already aroused, the increasingly assured voice of what I guessed I had to call my dominant intuition told me. Mandy needs this as much as you do.

"Yes, miss," Mandy said, visibly swallowing.

I had only barely picked up on it the first time Mandy had called me miss, but this second time it sent a jolt of arousal through my system. I had to fight the impulse to swallow hard myself at the clench between my thighs.

That's right, you disrespectful chit, I thought, amazing myself with the old-fashioned, quasi-Dickensian way I'd put it to myself. Now you're showing me the proper respect, when I've put you down for a bare-bottom correction.

"Stand up," I told her, "and follow me."

Blinking at me as if part of her couldn't quite believe I had such authority in me, Mandy rose and smoothed down her knee-length blue skirt.

"Yes, miss," she said, her face suddenly woeful and downcast. "I'm ready."



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I led Mandy to the elevator, maintaining a stern silence as we rode down to the fiftieth floor. I could sense Mandy's nervous energy, the way the other woman fidgeted and avoided eye contact. Part of me felt a twinge of sympathy, remembering my own recent experiences over Stuart's knee. But a larger part felt a growing sense of righteous authority.

Mandy is disrespectful and lazy, unless dealt with firmly. She needs to learn her place, and I'm the one who has to teach her, because she disrespected me.

As we exited the elevator, my eyes swept the hallway, noting the discreet doors labeled simply with numbers. I found room 5003 and ushered Mandy inside.

The punishment room was austere but not stark. In its basic outlines it resembled nothing as much as the sort of generic office a visiting executive might use. A polished wooden desk dominated one side, with a stylish, modern desk chair behind it. Next to the chair stood a cabinet that I recognized immediately from Heather's quick briefing as the location of the various disciplinary implements sanctioned for correcting Selecta staff. Against the far wall stood a piece of furniture that could easily be mistaken for an ottoman, if one didn't happen to know that a variety of restraints lay concealed behind subtly arranged faux-leather flaps in its sides.

My breath caught a bit in my throat as I took it all in. This was really happening. I was about to discipline a subordinate, to assert my authority in the most primal way. My pussy clenched again at the thought of the sheer nearness of what seemed a turning point in... well, in everything. I forced myself to focus.

"Stand in front of the desk, Mandy," I ordered, pleased at how steady my voice

sounded. “Put your hands on your head.”

Mandy complied, her eyes downcast. I moved behind the desk and sat in the chair, fully aware of how the height and bulk of the polished surface emphasized the power dynamic between us. I took a deep breath through my nose, looking up steadily into Mandy’s pretty, blushing face.

I folded my arms across my chest, feeling how the pose channeled Stuart’s commanding presence. My eyes traveled downward to assess Mandy’s sizable chest. I realized, to my pleased surprise, that I felt no compunction at all about looking at her that way: the idea that I should feel embarrassed to enjoy disciplining another woman for her misbehavior suddenly seemed ridiculous.

“Do you know why you’re here, Mandy?” I asked, my tone cool and professional.

Mandy nodded, her cheeks flushing. “Yes, miss. I was... disrespectful. And lazy with my work.”

“That’s right,” I confirmed. “Your behavior has been unacceptable. You’ve wasted company time and resources, and you’ve shown a complete lack of respect for your superiors. This stops now. Do you understand?”

“Yes, miss,” Mandy whispered.

I stood and moved to the cabinet. I opened the door to reveal the paddles, straps, and canes hanging inside. Slowly and deliberately, certain Mandy watched every gesture, I reached inside and fetched out the official white Selecta paddle with the blood-red logo on the blade—the same kind Sharon and Stuart had used on my own bare bottom.

With its cool, hard handle in my right hand and its blade resting in my left, I moved

around the desk to stand beside Mandy. “I’m going to paddle you now. You will count each stroke and thank me for correcting you. Is that clear?”

Mandy nodded, her breathing quickening.

“Verbal answers, Mandy,” I admonished.

“Yes, miss. I understand,” Mandy replied quickly.

“Good. Now, bend over the desk and lift your skirt.”

I watched as Mandy complied, her movements hesitant but without real resistance. As the other woman’s skirt rose, revealing a lacy red thong, I felt a surge of arousal. Not really unwelcome, but beside the point right at the moment, I told myself.

Then, with a flash of insight, I thought better of that rejection. I remembered the touch of Stuart’s hand on my bottom, of how terribly effective an assertion of his authority, within the unique culture of Selecta, it had seemed to me.

“Put your hands on the desk,” I told Mandy coolly, despite the heat I could feel building in my blood. “I want you on your elbows.”

“Yes, miss,” Mandy said quietly. Then, unmistakably, I saw her hips jerk backwards, and just as clearly I heard a tiny noise come from deep in her throat. With a flush of heat in my own cheeks, I recognized the symptoms—because I had shown the very same ones.

I put the paddle down on the desk in front of her, remembering how Stuart had done the same, to remind me of the lesson he intended to teach. I moved behind Mandy and I reached out and grasped the hem of her skirt and began to roll it up. My fingertips brushed Mandy’s sweet little bottom and she shuddered at the contact.

I finished rolling and tucking the skirt to ensure it wouldn't fall and get in the way of the paddle. My voice said, seemingly of its own accord, "I'm going to take these provocative panties down now, Mandy. You've earned a bare-bottom correction, haven't you?"

"Yes, miss," Mandy breathed. "Please... I'm very sorry. Please, not too many?"

With another littlehamoment, I saw with absolute clarity just how deeply Mandy needed a firm hand. She had become almost a different person here with me, having seen that I could manage her according to Selecta's special customs. Mandy had this job because she had an enormous amount of talent and because that talent could best be brought outthis way: skirt up and panties down when necessary to keep her on track. The paddle coming down on her naughty bottom to remind her she belonged to an organization that expected her best effort.

"I'm going to paddle you until I'm sure you've learned your lesson, Mandy," I told her, hearing the growing force in my voice as things clicked into place in a new way. "Is that understood?"

Mandy practically sobbed her reply. "Yes, miss."

I reached for the waistband of the lacy red thong, my heart pounding. As I slowly lowered the skimpy garment, revealing Mandy's shapely bottom, I felt a growing sense of the rightness of it all, at least here and now, for me and for Mandy. I was really doing this, and I intended to enjoy it.

The panties slid down Mandy's thighs, and I let them fall to her ankles. My eyes were drawn to her now-exposed backside—round, firm, and slightly quivering. Without conscious thought, I placed my hands on Mandy's bottom cheeks, feeling their warmth and softness.

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“Oh,” Mandy gasped softly as I began to knead and fondle her bare flesh. “Oh... miss...”

The part of me that had risen to disrupt my orientation could hardly believe what I was doing, but I no longer had much inclination to repress the instinct driving me to explore further. Gently but firmly, I pulled Mandy’s cheeks apart, exposing her most private places. My face flushed hot as I gazed at her puckered pink anus and the glistening folds of her pussy.

“My, my,” I heard myself say, my voice only a little thicker than usual. “You keep yourself very smooth and tidy down here, don’t you, Mandy?”

“Y-yes, miss,” Mandy stammered. “I... I wax regularly.”

“That’s good,” I murmured approvingly. “But goodness, you’ve gotten quite wet, haven’t you, thinking about the lesson you’re about to get?”

Mandy whimpered softly, her hips shifting. I could see how slick and swollen her pussy lips had become. The sight and scent of her arousal made my own core throb with answering need.

“I asked you a question, Mandy,” I said more firmly, giving her bottom a light smack.

“Yes!” Mandy cried out. “Yes, miss. I’m... I’m... I’m, you know... excited. I’m sorry, I can’t help it.”

“I see,” I replied, my mind buzzing at this confession even as my body hummed with

arousal. “Well then, let’s not keep you waiting any longer.”

## CHAPTER 16

Stuart

I watched Melissa disciplining Mandy on the live feed from the punishment room’s several surveillance cameras. As Melissa took down Mandy’s panties, I leaned back in my chair, my eyes fixed on the multiple camera angles showing the intimate inspection. I felt a smile play at the corners of my mouth as I watched in close-up, Melissa’s fingers gently spreading Mandy’s cheeks, revealing the puckered rosebud of the other woman’s anus and the sweet pout of Mandy’s needy pussy.

“My, my,” I heard Melissa say through the speakers, her voice a clear mix of authority and arousal. “You keep yourself very smooth and tidy down here, don’t you, Mandy?”

I nodded to myself, impressed by Melissa’s instinctive understanding of how to assert her dominance. She had learned very quickly, adapting to her new role with a natural grace that few possessed—in fact, Assessment thought her quite possibly literally one in a million. As I watched her fingers trace the curves of Mandy’s bottom, noting how Mandy trembled under her touch, I felt a swell of pride and satisfaction in my chest, even as down against my thigh my cock stirred with a more basic response.

Melissa’s questioning of Mandy about her arousal was particularly masterful. I could see the conflict play across Mandy’s face as she struggled to answer, her embarrassment warring with her obvious excitement. When Melissa gave Mandy’s bottom that light smack, demanding an answer, I couldn’t help but chuckle. She was channeling my own methods beautifully.

“Yes!” Mandy’s cry of confession echoed through my office. “Yes, miss. I’m...

I'm... I'm, you know... excited. I'm sorry, I can't help it."

I leaned forward, drinking in every detail of the scene before me. Melissa's flushed cheeks, the way her eyes darkened with desire even as she maintained her stern demeanor. Mandy's quivering form, her hips shifting almost imperceptibly, seeking more contact. The clear evidence of both women's arousal, visible even to the casual observer.

As I watched, I felt a sense of deep harmony settle over me. Melissa had proven to be everything I had hoped for when I first saw her application—brilliant, driven, with a quickly developing understanding of both submissive and dominant needs that made for an ideal Selecta executive. Her mind was razor-sharp, able to grasp complex concepts and innovate in ways that could revolutionize our business. Yet she also craved the firm hand of authority, responding beautifully to discipline and control.

And now, seeing her take charge with Mandy, I knew I had found something truly special. Melissa's natural dominance was emerging, tempered by her own experiences as a submissive. She understood intuitively how to balance firmness with care, how to push boundaries while still maintaining control.

I felt my chest tighten as I realized the depth of my feelings for this remarkable young woman. It wasn't just admiration or lust—though there was certainly plenty of both. No, what I felt for Melissa was something deeper, something I hadn't experienced in years.

Love. The word echoed in my mind, surprising me with its intensity. I was in love with Melissa Mitropoulos.

Melissa

As I picked up the paddle, I realized with a rush of warmth—both in my face and

down below my belly—that my left hand had drifted to my lap. Without even thinking about it I had begun to press and to rub there, and I noticed an instant later that my breathing had sped up and begun to become labored as the air passed in and out of my nostrils. Suddenly the soreness Stuart had left in my ass and my pussy blossomed into what felt like a raging fire.

It all came from instinct, I knew. Basic biology. Part of me absolutely wanted Mandy, though I had never had sex with a woman before. I had other instincts, too, though—maybe a little less biological, but still fundamental. I had never let them out before, really, and so I still had to get used to them.

My dominance, I told myself, feeling my eyes widen slightly.

As soon as I thought it, the essence of it seemed to kick in, and I understood how a bit of the conflict that had raged in my heart and mind and body for so long had just come clear for me. I took my left hand away from my lap; in this dominant role, disciplining Mandy, I needed to concentrate on teaching her an appropriate lesson. Afterwards... well, perhaps I could make sure Mandy learned to show her gratitude properly.

I raised the paddle, feeling its weight in my hand like a reminder of the authority I had, while submitting myself to the same regime. I had felt the force of the paddle myself, and earned the right to wield it. My heart raced as I looked down at Mandy's bare bottom, so beautifully presented before me. I took a deep breath, steadying myself, and put my left hand atop her bare waist to keep her in place. Mandy's little whimper at the sensation made me swallow hard.

"Remember to count and thank me for each stroke," I said, my voice firm despite the tremors of excitement running through my limbs.

"Yes, miss," Mandy breathed.



I brought the paddle down hard across both of Mandy's cheeks. The crack echoed through the room, followed almost instantly by Mandy's anguished cry.

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“One! Thank you, miss!” she gasped out.

I didn’t wait long before delivering the second stroke, just below the first. Mandy’s body jerked forward, but she kept her position bent over the desk.

“Two! Thank you, miss!”

With each successive swat, I felt more confident, more in control. The paddle connected solidly each time, leaving bright red marks across Mandy’s rapidly coloring backside. Her cries grew louder, more desperate, but she never tried to stand up or cover herself.

By the sixth stroke, tears were streaming down Mandy’s face. Her voice was choked with sobs as she counted out, “Six! Th-thank you, miss!”

I paused for a moment, running my hand over the hot, swollen flesh of Mandy’s bottom. She let out a little sob at my touch, her hips shifting slightly.

“You’re taking your punishment well,” I told her. “But we’re far from done.”

Mandy nodded, sniffing. “Yes, miss. I understand.”

The next six strokes came in quick succession. I gave them forcefully, determined to drive the lesson home. By the twelfth Mandy screamed with each impact, her body shuddering, but she still remained in place.

“Twelve!” she wailed. “Thank you, miss!”

I set the paddle down. Mandy lay draped over the desk, sobbing quietly. Her bottom was a deep, angry red, and I knew she'd be feeling this lesson for days to come. I had given her as many strokes as Sharon had given me. I felt satisfied.

As I gazed at Mandy's punished flesh, I felt a surge of pride mixed with arousal. The deep red of her backside seemed to pulse with heat, and I could see the subtle quivering of her muscles as she tried to process the pain. I had done this. I had asserted my authority and Mandy had submitted like a good girl. The power of it all left me breathless.

"You took that very well, Mandy," I said, my voice husky with emotion. "I'm proud of you for accepting your punishment so gracefully."

Mandy's shoulders shook with quiet sobs, but I heard her whisper, "Thank you, miss. I'm sorry I disappointed you. I'll do better, I promise."

Her words sent a fresh wave of warmth through my chest. I reached out, unable to resist the urge to touch her again. My fingertips ghosted over the heated skin of her bottom, and Mandy let out a soft whimper that went straight to my clit.

I was suddenly acutely aware of the wetness between my own thighs. The power of the moment, the intimacy of it, was overwhelming. I wanted... I needed...

But I hesitated. This was all so new. The floor beneath my feet felt unsteady, like I was walking a tightrope between two versions of myself. Could I really ask for what I craved? Was it right to want more, after administering such a harsh punishment?

As I stood there, frozen in indecision, Mandy slowly pushed herself up onto her elbows. She turned her head, looking back at me with tearstained cheeks and eyes that held a mixture of pain, submission, and something else... something that made my breath catch in my throat.

“Miss?” Mandy’s voice was barely above a whisper. “May I... may I thank you properly? For teaching me this lesson?”

My heart raced at her words, understanding immediately what she was offering. I felt my face flush hot, a dizzying mix of desire and uncertainty swirling through me.

“Mandy, I...” I started, not sure how to respond. Part of me wanted to say yes, to give in to the hunger that had been building since I first put my hands on her. But another part held back, worried about crossing a line, about taking advantage.

Mandy must have sensed my hesitation. She slowly, carefully turned around to face me, wincing slightly as her punished bottom made contact with the edge of the desk. Her eyes met mine, filled with a need that mirrored my own.

“Please, miss,” she said softly. “I want to show you how grateful I am. How sorry I am for my behavior. Please let me make it up to you.”

I felt myself wavering, teetering on the edge of a decision that I knew would either solidify my place here in Selecta Entertainment or make it clear the conflict was too much for me. The air between us seemed to crackle with tension and possibility.

Stuart’s face flashed into my mind’s eye, as if he were watching me, assessing my every movement, my every choice. I smiled as I realized there wasn’t actually a choice here at all: biology and dominance—and even submission to my amazing, masterful boss—all went together. I walked around the desk, feeling Mandy’s eyes on me like a counterpart to Stuart’s imagined gaze. I sat in the high-tech ergonomic chair and pushed it back, on its rollers, to leave enough space for Mandy to comply with my next command.

“Kneel in front of me, you little slut,” I told her. “Paddling you got me hot and bothered, as I’m sure you guessed. You’re going to thank me with your pretty

mouth.”

Mandy’s eyes widened at my command, a flush spreading across her cheeks. She slid carefully off the desk, wincing as her knees made contact with the floor. On visibly shaky limbs, she made her way around on all fours, to kneel before me.

I leaned back in the chair, my heart pounding as I slowly hiked up my skirt. The fabric whispered against my thighs, revealing my lacy purple panties. Mandy’s gaze was fixed on the apex of my thighs, her breath coming in quick little pants.

“You see this pussy, Mandy?” I said, my voice husky with arousal. “Earlier today, Stuart paddled me for forgetting to wax. He bent me over his desk, just like I did to you, and taught me a lesson about following the rules.”

Mandy whimpered softly, her eyes darting up to meet mine before quickly lowering again.

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“I want you to kiss my bottom and make it better,” I told her. “Show me how sorry you are for your behavior, and how grateful you are that I took the time to correct you.”

Mandy nodded eagerly. “Yes, miss. Thank you, miss.”

I leaned back further and slid toward Mandy’s bright pink face, pulling my knees up to show her everything. I felt Mandy’s warm breath against my skin as she leaned in close. Her lips pressed softly against my left cheek, then my right, leaving a trail of feather-light kisses across my still-tender flesh.

The sensation sent shivers up my spine. I closed my eyes, savoring the feeling of Mandy’s gentle ministrations. After a few moments, I put my hand on her warm cheek and tilted her face up to look into her eyes.

“Good girl,” I murmured, running my fingers through her hair. “Now, I think you know what I need next.”

With trembling fingers, I pulled the gusset of my panties aside, revealing my swollen, glistening pussy to Mandy’s hungry gaze.

“Make me come,” I commanded. “Show me what that pretty little mouth of yours can do.”

## CHAPTER 17

Melissa

Mandy leaned forward eagerly, her tongue darting out to taste me. I gasped at the first contact, my hips jerking involuntarily. She moaned softly as she began to lick in earnest, her tongue exploring every fold and crevice of my aching sex.

I tangled my fingers in Mandy's hair, guiding her movements. "That's it," I panted. "Right there. Oh, god, yes."

Mandy's tongue circled my clit, alternating between broad strokes and quick flicks that sent jolts of pleasure through my body. I could feel my orgasm building, a tight coil of heat in my lower belly.

"Please, miss," Mandy whimpered, pulling back slightly. "May I... may I touch myself? I'm so close..."

I tightened my grip on her head. My answer came from sheer dominant instinct.

"No, you little slut. My pleasure comes first. If you do a good job, maybe you'll earn the right to masturbate."

The sound of my voice, saying the sort of words I would never in a million years have imagined myself speaking... together with the sight of Mandy—her skirt still tucked up, her naughty panties around her ankles, her bottom glowing red, her face between my spread thighs...

A nearly electric shock of need traveled through my whole body. My hips thrust forward of their own accord as with my grip on her head I ground Mandy's mouth, her nose against my desperately aroused pussy.

Never... I would never, ever... not before I laid eyes on New Modesty Blue... before I got paddled myself... before I met Stuart... got punished by Stuart... gotfuckedby Stuart...

“Oh, that’s right, Mandy...” I murmured, letting all the lewdness I had hidden so deep come out to play. “That’s it, naughty girl. Make me come, you little whore.”

Mandy greeted each of these filthy utterances with a moaning whimper. I watched, under some wild magic spell of lust, as her hips moved the same way mine had. I remembered something I had seen hanging in the back of the cabinet, when I had gotten the paddle. A kind of harness, with a dramatic attachment that I had registered but pushed to the back of my mind in the moment of getting ready to discipline Mandy. I knew suddenly what she and I both needed, and the knowledge brought on my orgasm like a freight train.

I cried out, and held Mandy’s face against my pussy, jerking my hips so that I could get just the right friction to my clit. I felt like a queen... a lewd princess... a woman who could use another, subordinate woman as her sexual plaything... who could punish another girl and then take my pleasure just as I chose. My sheath clenched hard, over and over, and I felt my arousal coating Mandy’s cheeks as I made her demonstrate her gratitude for my guidance in this shameful way.

Feeling gloriously, royally selfish, I kept holding Mandy’s mouth to my clit as the aftershocks faded and my breathing grew less labored. She kept licking, tenderly, emitting tiny, submissive cooing noises that seemed to make the lingering pleasure even more intense. Finally I tilted her glistening, pink-cheeked face upward to look into mine.

“Good girl,” I told her, smiling softly. “I think I will reward you, but I don’t think I’ll let you touch that sweet little cunt. I think I’m going to fuck you now. Go get the strap-on from the cabinet, Mandy.”

Mandy’s eyes went very wide. Then, visibly shaking with what seemed an impossibly complex mix of fear, shame, and arousal, Mandy crawled across the floor to the cabinet. Her red, punished bottom swayed enticingly as she moved on hands and



knees. When she reached the cabinet, she knelt up, wincing as the movement pulled at her tender flesh. With trembling hands, she opened the door and retrieved the strap-on harness.

As Mandy turned back toward me, clutching the harness to her chest, I saw her eyes widen at the sight of me standing there, my skirt now pooled around my ankles. My pussy throbbed with renewed desire as I took in her flushed face and trembling form.

“Miss,” Mandy said, her voice quavering, “I... I’ve never been fucked with a strap-on before.”

A thrill ran through me at her words. I smiled, feeling a heady mix of tenderness and dominance.

“It will be a learning experience for both of us then,” I told her matter-of-factly. The dominant words and the commanding tone seemed to come easier each time I used them, and saw how they excited the other girl—the girl I meant to fuck.

I stepped out of my skirt and moved toward Mandy, my heart racing with anticipation. As I took the harness from her hands, I marveled at how natural this felt, how right. Just hours ago, I would never have imagined myself in this position. Now, I couldn’t picture myself anywhere else.

My fingers traced the smooth leather of the harness, the weight of the attached vibrating dildo sending a shiver of excitement through me. I looked down at Mandy, still kneeling before me, her eyes filled with fear and desperate need.

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“Now, naughty girl,” I commanded, a bit more gently, “you’re going to put this on me.”

I handed the harness back to Mandy, watching closely as she took it with trembling hands. Her eyes darted between the strap-on and my face.

“Go on, slut,” I told her, my voice firm again. “Put it on me so I can fuck that adorable cunt of yours.”

Mandy nodded, swallowing hard. She fumbled with the straps for a moment before figuring out how they worked. I felt a rush of warmth as, on her knees before me, she carefully slid the harness up my legs. The feeling of her fingers moving over my skin sent a jolt of excitement through my whole body.

Once she had secured the harness, Mandy’s hands lingered on my hips, her touch light and uncertain. I looked down at her, seeing the flush on her cheeks and the way her chest rose and fell with quickened breaths.

“Turn it on,” I instructed, gesturing to the small control panel on the side of the harness.

Mandy complied, her fingers finding the switch. I felt the vibration start, a low, pleasant hum that sent faint waves of pleasure through me as the base of the massive shaft buzzed against my clit. I gasped softly, my hips jerking slightly at the sensation.

I looked down at the dildo itself, gently humming before me. It was impressively realistic, with sculpted veins running along its length. I ran my right hand up and

down it, feeling a naughty-girl thrill at the idea of having my own, eternally rigid penis. The feel of it made me think, with a blush, of Stuart's real cock—thick, hard, and so utterly satisfying.

I found myself suddenly aching for him, for the feeling of his warm, actual flesh inside me. I imagined him taking me from behind while I wore this harness, filling me completely as I in turn filled Mandy. The thought made me clench with lust.

I made myself focus again on Mandy, still kneeling before me. “Stand up,” I told her, my voice husky with desire.

As Mandy rose to her feet, I gestured to the chair. “Kneel on the seat,” I instructed. “Face the back of the chair.”

Mandy moved to obey, her movements slightly unsteady. She positioned herself as I had ordered, her punished backside now at the perfect height for dominant fucking.

“Good girl,” I murmured, moving to stand behind her. I ran my hands over the curve of her ass, feeling the heat still radiating from her earlier spanking. Mandy whimpered softly at my touch.

“Now,” I said, my voice low and commanding, “spread your ass cheeks for me. Show me where a slut like you gets fucked.”

Mandy hesitated, casting a fearful glance back over her shoulder.

“Please, miss...” she whispered. “Not in my bottom?”

“Did I say I was going to fuck your asshole, Mandy?” I asked, my pussy clenching at the mere sound of the imperiousness in my voice.

“No, miss,” Mandy said, chewing on her lower lip. “But you said...”

“I told you to show me where a girl like you gets fucked.”

A girl like you. A girl like Mandy. A girl like... like Melissa. Like me. I had to swallow hard to keep myself from whimpering at the jolt that traveled out from my pussy at the thought of Stuart demanding to see my anus... of him... of him using me there, his enormous manhood in my tightest, most intimate opening.

Slowly and reluctantly, Mandy reached back and spread her bottom cheeks. I felt lightheaded as I gazed at her most intimate places, now fully exposed to my view in obedience to my command. Her anus was a tight, puckered rosebud, while her pussy glistened with arousal.

Without thinking, I reached out and traced a finger around Mandy’s anus. She gasped and tensed at the touch.

“Has anyone ever fucked you here, Mandy?” I asked, my voice sounding thick to my ears.

Mandy whimpered softly before answering. “Y-yes, miss. My last boyfriend... he did it a few times.”

I felt a rush of heat at her confession. “And did you like it?” I pressed, gently pushing the tip of my finger against the tight, wrinkly opening.

“I... I’m not sure,” Mandy admitted, her voice quavering. “It felt so dirty and wrong, but also... intense. I came really hard when he did it.”

I could hear the conflict in her voice—the mix of shame and arousal. Despite her submissive nature, Mandy was still struggling to fully embrace this taboo act.

“You’re such a naughty girl,” I murmured, withdrawing my finger. “Letting your boyfriend use your tight little asshole like that.”

Mandy shuddered at my words. I ran my hands over the curves of her bottom, still warm from her spanking.

“Don’t worry,” I told her. “I won’t fuck your ass today. But I think you’d better get used to the idea. A dirty slut like you needs to learn to take it in all her holes.”

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Mandy let out a sob of sheer need. “Yes, miss,” she breathed.

Who am I talking to? I suddenly wondered, feeling my heart skip a beat. I hesitated, internally, for just a moment, and then I took the plunge. Both of us. I’m talking to both of us. I’m a dirty slut. I need to learn to take it in all my holes.

I positioned the head of the dildo at the entrance to Mandy’s vagina, feeling a heady rush of power as I saw how wet and swollen her lips were. The sight and scent of her arousal made my own core throb with renewed need.

“Grip the back of the chair, Mandy,” I instructed, my voice low and commanding. “I’m going to fuck you hard now. You’d better hold on tight.”

Mandy’s fingers curled around the top of the chair, her knuckles whitening as she gripped it. I could see the muscles in her back tensing, her whole body quivering with anticipation.

“Yes, miss,” she whimpered. “Please... I need it so badly.”

I smiled, savoring the desperation in her voice. Slowly, I began to push the dildo inside her, watching in fascination as her pussy lips stretched to accommodate its girth. Mandy let out a long, low moan as I filled her, her hips pushing back against me.

Once I was fully sheathed inside her, I paused for a moment, letting her adjust to the sensation. Then, gripping her hips firmly, I began to move.

The first thrust was slow and deliberate, but as I felt Mandy's body yielding to me, I quickly picked up the pace. The room filled with the sounds of our coupling—the wet slap of flesh on flesh, Mandy's breathless cries, and my own low grunts of exertion.

To my amazement, Mandy started to come almost immediately. Her whole body tensed, her inner lips clenching visibly around the dildo as she cried out in ecstasy. The sight of her pleasure, knowing that I had caused it, sent a fresh wave of arousal through me.

“That's it, you little slut,” I panted, not slowing my thrusts. “Come for me. Show me how much you love being fucked.”

Mandy's orgasm seemed to go on and on, her body shuddering as I continued to pound into her. Just as she started to comedown from her peak, I adjusted my hips slightly, changing the angle of penetration. The new position must have hit just the right spot, because Mandy immediately tensed up again, a fresh wave of pleasure washing over her.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god,” she chanted, her voice high and breathy. “Miss, please... it's too much...”

But I could tell from the way her body was responding that it wasn't too much at all. She was loving every second of it, her pussy greedily gripping the dildo with each thrust.

I fucked her relentlessly, driven by a primal need to dominate, to possess. The base of the dildo ground against my clit with each movement, sending sparks of pleasure through my body. I was getting close to my own orgasm, but I was determined to make Mandy come three times before I finished myself off.

I continued to thrust into Mandy, relishing every cry and moan that escaped her lips.

Her body trembled beneath me, slick with sweat and flushed with exertion. I could feel the heat radiating from her spanked bottom as my hips slapped against it with each forceful thrust.

“That’s it, Mandy,” I panted, gripping her hips tighter. “Take it. Take it all.”

Mandy whimpered, her fingers white-knuckled as she clung to the chair. “Yes, miss,” she gasped. “Oh... please...”

I could feel her tensing up again, could even sense her inner walls clenching around the dildo. With a wicked grin, I reached around and found her clit, circling it with my fingers as I continued to pound into her.

The effect was immediate. Mandy’s back arched and she let out a keening wail as her second orgasm crashed over her. Her whole body shook with the force of it, and I had to tighten my grip to keep her from collapsing.

“Two,” I said smugly, not slowing my pace. “One more to go, Mandy. Can you do it? Can you come for me one more time?”

“I... I don’t know if I can,” Mandy sobbed, her voice trembling.

“Oh, you can,” I assured her, my tone strict. “And you will.”

I changed my angle slightly and at the same time, I brought my hand down hard on her already tender bottom.

The combination of pleasure and pain sent Mandy over the edge once more. She came with a scream, her body convulsing as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. I fucked her through it, not letting up until I felt her go limp beneath me.



Satisfied that I'd achieved my goal, I slowly pulled out of her, admiring the way her pussy gaped slightly, glistening with her arousal. Mandy slumped against the chair, panting heavily.

"Turn around," I commanded, my own need throbbing between my legs. "I want you to watch me now."

On shaky legs, Mandy managed to turn and sit in the chair, her eyes wide and glassy with post-orgasmic bliss. I stood before her, the strap-on jutting out obscenely from between my thighs.

With deliberate slowness, I unfastened the harness and stepped out of it. Then, maintaining eye contact with Mandy, I brought the vibrator to my own aching pussy.

The first touch of the still-slick dildo against my folds made me gasp. I was so worked up from fucking Mandy that I knew it wouldn't take long. I spread my legs wider, giving her an unobstructed view: my purple panties now soaking with my own need, the gusset pulled aside so I could thrust the dildo into my aching vagina.

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I came instantly: something about the sight of Mandy's wide eyes, her open, panting lips drove me over the edge and into space, as much as the buzz of the dildo inside me. I felt like a porn model, an ancient priestess. I cried out as the pleasure swept through me, my knees so wobbly that I nearly fell down.

"Thank you, miss," Mandy said. "I'll... I'm... I'm so glad you're here. I'm going to be such a good girl for you, from now on."

I took deep breaths through my nose as my heart rate began to return to normal.

"I'll do my best to make sure of it, Mandy," I told her, thrilled in more ways than I could count at the steadiness of my voice. "I'll bring you back here as often as I need to."

## CHAPTER 18

Melissa

Mandy was as good as her word, at least for the next few days. She gave me a spot on Stuart's Tuesday morning calendar, and sent the invitation to me with the note, Sorry it took so long, Melissa! Somehow, when I read it I felt as if rather than Melissa, Mandy really meant miss, and the idea sent a little jolt of need through my lower body.

The sensation was a bit unwelcome at that busy moment, right after I had sat down at my monitor Monday morning ready to start the week. I tried to lean into it, though. I remembered the discipline session in Room 5003, with all its power dynamics and all

its heat, and I tried to take a sense of my growing authority from it, while at the same time practicing a skill I had begun to find essential here at Selecta: experiencing arousal without giving in to it.

I made it through that day, somehow, trying not to obsess about the minute details of the proposal. I even managed to get a goodnight's sleep, willing myself into unconsciousness with the help of an audiobook of *Origin of Species*.

The next morning, I sat across from Stuart in the sitting area of his vast office, my heart racing with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety as I presented my ideas for the *Your Secret Garden* campaign at last. I had spent countless hours refining the concept, drawing inspiration from classic literature and modern technology to create something I hoped and believed might be truly unique.

"So you see," I explained, gesturing to the figures on the screen of the laptop that sat on the coffee table, "it's a segment that Assessment knows is there. They just haven't ever targeted these women."

Stuart nodded, his face thoughtful. Looking into his gorgeous, intelligent eyes, I struggled for a moment with the recollection that this man had spanked me, paddled me, fucked me, come down my throat... and here I was presenting to him in a completely businesslike way, seeking his approval for my work as if that strange, dark intimacy had never existed. Just another day at Selecta, it seemed like.

"It's not what NMB has ever really been about," he confirmed. "That's a legacy of Selecta's heritage."

"Right," I said, smiling. This couldn't have gone any better, I started to realize. I had actually prepared for precisely this point in the conversation, going back into the fascinating, sometimes arousing, often embarrassing, real history of Selecta—a history only executive-level staff could access, though it seemed they rarely did,

judging from my interactions with my colleagues. “The Institute’s clientele are definitely not from this segment.”

To my delight, Stuart actually laughed.

“No, I think it’s fair to say the Institute managed to make hundreds of billions of dollars without even thinking about needy submissives already in relationships. When they used that capital to start a megacorp, no one thought about how to extend the market for assets like NMB.”

I nodded. “Right,” I said again. “So...”

I tried to read Stuart’s face, but I ended up having to look away because the sight of his gorgeous blue eyes studying me so minutely threatened to derail my train of thought so completely I might not recover.

“So, frankly,” he said, pausing slightly as if to make sure I felt the suspense, and understood how thoroughly he intended to control the conversation, “it’s brilliant, Melissa.”

I swallowed hard, heat flooding my cheeks. I risked a glance at him, part of me needing to make certain Stuart didn’t mean to mock me. The appreciation on his face told me, to my joy, that he was absolutely serious.

“This is precisely the kind of unconventional thinking I’ve been hoping for, from you. Even if it turns out that this market doesn’t materialize, or the c-suite thinks it’s not a good fit, the idea is a good one—and, even better, a bold one. You can go ahead and ask Mandy to set up a meeting for the whole team, so that we can start drafting something to take upstairs.”

I felt a flush of pride and pleasure at his words. “Thank you, sir,” I replied, trying to

keep my voice steady. “I really believe this could be a flagship project for Selecta, showcasing our commitment to innovation in the stories we tell on NMB.”

Stuart nodded, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “I agree. We’ll need to hammer out the technical aspects, of course, but you’ve given us an excellent foundation to build upon.”

He paused, his eyes still fixed on mine. I could feel something change, as if in the very air of the office. A gear engaging, or a step forward being taken. When Stuart spoke again, his voice was low and intimate.

“You’ve done exceptional work here, Melissa. I’d like to celebrate your achievement. However preliminary it is, I think it’s worth honoring. Are you free for dinner this evening?”

My mind reeled at the invitation. Dinner with Stuart? Outside the office? I felt a dizzying mix of excitement, anxiety, and arousal flood through me. To my paradoxical distress, I felt a sudden surge of gratitude that I had remembered to get my pussy waxed over the weekend. Again the idea of how he had already dominated me so thoroughly and shamefully—without the slightest idea of something civilized like a dinner date had—rose into my mind.

“I... yes, of course,” I managed to stammer out. “I’d be honored, sir.”

Stuart’s smile widened slightly. “Excellent. I’ll send a car for you at seven.”

When I greeted Joe, the evening doorman of my building, he asked me to wait a moment, and then fetched a package from behind the reception desk.

“Came by courier an hour ago,” he told me, with a knowing smile that brought some heat to my cheeks. My heart raced as I recognized the sleek black box from an

exclusive lingerie boutique downtown.

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“Hmm,” I said, trying to brazen through the embarrassment despite my blush. “Must be the power drill I ordered.”

Joe laughed, and I used the opportunity to flee for the elevator, with a wave that I hoped looked confident and airy.

In my apartment, I set my work bag down and carefully opened the box. My breath caught as I lifted the tissue paper to reveal the contents. A set of pristine white lingerie lay nestled inside—a delicate lace bra, matching see-through panties of mesh lace with floral accents, a garter belt, and sheer white stockings.

My cheeks flushed hot as I ran my fingers over the silky fabric. The pieces were exquisite, clearly expensive and of the highest quality. I couldn’t help but wonder if the pure white color held any special meaning. Did it symbolize innocence? Purity? Or perhaps it was meant to emphasize my role as a new initiate into Selecta’s unique culture.

Or...I thought suddenly.Or Stuart intends to...

To... claim me. To take my only remaining virginity.

Heat seemed to fill my whole body. I pushed the idea as far away as I could, though all my memories of Jacob and Grace, of Georgette and Michael... and more distractingly, of Stuart and me, in his office... those vivid mental pictures seemed to loom just outside my immediate consciousness.

As I lifted the bra out of the box, a small card fluttered to the floor. I picked it up, my

heart pounding as I read the handwritten note:

Put the panties on outside the suspenders.

A wave of heat flooded through me at the commanding tone. There was no signature, as if Stuart meant me to understand that I could have no other master. The idea that he had chosen this lingerie for me, had thought about how he wanted me to wear it, sent a jolt of arousal straight to my pussy.

My hands shook slightly as I began to undress. I couldn't help but imagine Stuart's eyes on me as I slipped on each piece. The bra cupped my breasts perfectly, the lace just sheer enough to hint at what lay beneath. The garter belt cinched my waist, emphasizing the curve of my hips.

I rolled the stockings up my legs, savoring the sensation of the silky nylon against my skin. As I attached them to the garter belt, I felt a thrill of anticipation. Finally, I stepped into the panties, sliding them up and over the straps of the garter belt as instructed, thinking despite myself about what it meant—and what it would allow.

Standing in front of my full-length mirror, I bit my lip at what I saw. The white lingerie stood out against my skin, making me look both innocent and incredibly seductive. The panties worn over the garter straps emphasized the length of my legs and drew attention to the most intimate part of me, where the mesh lace made very clear that I had bared myself to please the man who had given me this innocent-yet-naughty underwear.

I turned, examining myself from every angle. My bottom looked pert and inviting in the lacy panties. I couldn't help but imagine Stuart's hands on me, caressing the silky fabric, perhaps slipping beneath it to touch my bare skin. Taking my underwear down, unimpeded by the suspenders. Spreading my hind cheeks to reveal every secret... to prepare me for his pleasure... to claim me completely.



A glance at the clock jolted me out of my reverie. The car would be arriving soon to take me to dinner. With trembling hands, I finished dressing, choosing a sleek blue dress that would hide the lingerie underneath while still hinting at its presence with the subtle contrast of the white stockings. As I smoothed the fabric over my hips, I could feel the delicate lace and the straps beneath. My heart raced, knowing that Stuart had chosen these intimate garments for me to wear, feeling suddenly that he had wrapped me like a gift—one he meant to present to himself, and meant to enjoy to the fullest.

At precisely seven p.m., my phone buzzed with a message that the car had arrived. I took one final look in the mirror, my cheeks flushed with anticipation. The woman staring back at me seemed confident and alluring, though inside I felt like a seething cauldron of nerves and excitement.

I made my way downstairs, nodding to Joe as I passed. His knowing smile made me blush again, wondering if he could somehow sense the secret layers I wore beneath my dress. Outside, a sleek black town car waited at the curb. The driver opened the door for me, and I slid into the plush leather seat.

We pulled up at a restaurant in one of the oldest, wealthiest neighborhoods of the city. My breath caught as I saw Stuart waiting for me on the sidewalk, looking devastatingly handsome in his impeccably tailored suit. He opened my door, offering his hand to help me out of the car.

“You look exquisite,” he murmured, his eyes trailing appreciatively over my form. I felt certain he could tell simply from the expression on my face, the slight flush in my cheeks, that I was wearing his gift. The thought made me shiver.

Stuart led me into the restaurant, his hand resting lightly on the small of my back. The contact brought a hard crease to my brow. The maître d’ greeted us warmly, clearly recognizing Stuart. We were escorted to a little table, one of only perhaps ten in the

whole restaurant.

As we settled into our seats, I couldn't help but notice how Stuart's gaze lingered on me. There was heat in his eyes, a promise of things to come. I felt my body responding, a warmth building low in my belly.

"I hope you don't mind," Stuart said, "but I've taken the liberty of ordering for us both in advance. There are a couple of wines I'd like to share with you, and they pair particularly well with certain dishes on the menu."

I nodded, secretly thrilled at his take-charge attitude. "That sounds wonderful," I replied, my voice a bit breathier than I intended.

The sommelier appeared, presenting a bottle of champagne with a flourish. As he poured, I caught Stuart watching me intently. I started to take a nervous sip, but Stuart raised a warning finger. I swallowed hard as, to my mortification, that tiny gesture caused a clench between my thighs.

Stuart raised his glass.

"Did you notice the name of the restaurant?" he asked, a smile on his face.

I blinked at him. It seemed absurd, but I hadn't. I shook my head.

"Le Jardin Intime," he told me.

My lips parted, and my eyes went wide.

"The Secret Garden?" I asked. "Or... close enough."

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Stuart chuckled. “Definitely close enough.” He lifted his champagne flute a little higher. I did the same, smiling, feeling like the bubbles had somehow gotten inside my chest.

“To your secret garden, Melissa,” Stuart said, raising his glass. “And to the bright future ahead of us at Selecta.”

I felt my tummy flip as we clinked glasses, and I felt the heat flow through my whole body at the lewd, terribly arousing suggestion in his words. The future ahead of us. What did that mean, exactly?

What does it mean for my secret garden? The place Stuart insisted be kept tidy... the part of me he dressed in beautiful lace for this evening... the place he made me take his cock, after my paddling over his desk... the place he clearly means to claim even more thoroughly, tonight?

## CHAPTER 19

Stuart

The conversation flowed seamlessly. I could feel myself growing more enchanted with Melissa every second. Her intelligence shone through in every word, her eyes sparkling with passion as we discussed literature and philosophy. I couldn’t help but admire the way her mind worked, always probing deeper, challenging assumptions. That quality, I knew, would make her a major asset to Selecta—and it made me desire her all the more.

“So tell me,” I said, leaning in slightly as our main course arrived, “if you were to recommend one work by Carlyle for me to read, what would it be?”

Melissa’s brow furrowed adorably as she considered the question. “That’s a tough one,” she mused. “I suppose it depends on what aspect of his work you’re most interested in.”

I smiled, enjoying her thoughtful approach. “Let’s say I’m particularly intrigued by his views on leadership.”

“Ah,” Melissa nodded, her eyes lighting up. “In that case, I’d have to recommend the one about heroes.”

She paused, her eyes going to the ceiling as she obviously sought for an exact title. A contradictory urge abruptly came into my chest and my head, and—I had to confess—my cock. I wanted somehow simultaneously to hold this lovely girl gently in my arms and to make her kneel before me and minister with reverence to my raging erection.

“It’s got a great title,” she mused. “I want to get it right.”

Her eyes lit up, and she smiled triumphantly at me.

“On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History,” she said. “It’s a really fascinating exploration of the role of great individuals in shaping society. Kind of ahead of its time.”

“Sounds like an apt choice,” I replied, cutting into a succulent morsel of the boeuf bourguignon. “So how do you think Carlyle’s ideas on heroic leadership might apply in our modern corporate world?”

Melissa paused, taking a sip of wine as she formulated her response. I watched the graceful line of her throat as she swallowed, imagining how it would feel to trail kisses along that elegant curve.

“Well,” she began, “I think there are absolutely a lot of parallels to be drawn. Carlyle argued that history is shaped by exceptional individuals who possess a sort of divine inspiration. In the corporate world, people like to think that a charismatic CEO or a visionary founder have what it takes to solve every problem—embody the heroic ideal, take everything to the next level... reveal, you know, all the things ordinary mortals can’t see.”

I could see, even in the dim candlelight, that Melissa had blushed. The confidence in her voice had faltered as she finished speaking, and she looked down at her plate.

“And do you see yourself as one of those heroic figures, Melissa? Someone destined to shape the future of Selecta?”

The blush in her cheeks became even more noticeable as she looked up again and met my eyes. “I... I’m not sure I’d go that far,” she demurred. “I mean, I do hope to make a significant impact. But...”

I smiled, sure I understood where her bashfulness had come from.

“I have no doubt that you will,” I assured her, my voice low and intimate. “In fact, I’m counting on it.”

Our eyes locked, and I saw a flicker of understanding pass through Melissa’s gaze. She knew I wasn’t just talking about her professional contributions.

“Of course,” I continued, “even the greatest heroes need guidance sometimes, especially at the outset. A firm hand to keep them on the right path.”

Melissa

I felt my heart skip a beat as Stuart's words hung in the air between us. The intimate atmosphere of the restaurant suddenly felt too close, almost stifling. I seemed to have become acutely aware of every sensation—the soft fabric of my dress against my skin, the slight tug of the lingerie underneath, the heat rising in my cheeks.

"I... I don't know what you mean," I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper.

Stuart's eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze intense and unwavering. "You're brilliant, Miss Mitropoulos," he said, the compliment creating a wave of conflicted thoughts and feelings at a level I'd never experienced. "I'm absolutely sure you do know what I mean. But in case you need an example... I'd like you to take off your panties and give them to me. Now."

I glanced around nervously, though I knew the secluded booth offered us at least a bit of privacy from prying eyes. Still, the idea of removing my underwear in public sent a paralyzing jolt of roiling fear and excitement through me.

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“Stuart, I can’t,” I protested weakly. “We’re in a restaurant.”

His expression hardened, and when he spoke again, his voice was low and commanding. “It’s time to stop pretending, Melissa. Stop pretending you don’t need to be treated like the little whore you are. And from this moment on, until I say otherwise, you will call me sir.”

I gasped, shocked by his blunt words. But even as I felt a flash of indignation, I couldn’t deny the way my body responded—the sudden tightening in my core, the quickening of my breath.

Stuart leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. “I saw you with Mandy. I watched every moment of it.”

My eyes widened in horror and disbelief. “You... you watched?” I felt a wave of shame wash over me, mingled with a perverse thrill at the idea of Stuart witnessing my dominant moment.

“Of course I did,” Stuart replied matter-of-factly. “Did you think anything happens in those rooms without my knowledge? I saw how eagerly you took control, how naturally you slipped into the role of the dominant. And I saw how very wet it made you.”

I squirmed in my seat, feeling exposed and vulnerable under his piercing gaze. Part of me wanted to flee, to escape this confrontation. But a deeper, more primal part of me yearned to submit, to give in to the desires I’d been fighting for so long.

“I’m not... I didn’t mean...” I stammered, struggling to find words.

Stuart’s hand suddenly gripped my thigh under the table, his fingers digging into my flesh through the thin fabric of my dress. “Enough excuses, Melissa. Take off your panties now. You’ve already earned a whipping, when I get you home. Don’t make it worse.”

My heart pounded in my chest. With trembling hands, I reached under my dress, hooking my fingers into the waistband of the delicate lace panties Stuart had chosen for me. Slowly, I slid them down my legs, shivering at the whispering of the fabric against my skin and the feeling of nakedness under my dress.

My face burning like the sun, I pulled the tiny garment off completely, reaching down as gracefully as I could and stepping out of the panties with as little obvious movement as I could manage. I wadded them into a ball in my fist.

“Put them on the table,” Stuart told me flatly, his blue eyes hard.

I shook my head, the movement coming from sheer, mortified reflex. I didn’t think my face had ever felt this hot in my life.

“Please,” I whispered. “Stu—sir, under the table? I... I want...”

“You want to submit in the way you choose, don’t you, little whore? It’s not going to go like that.”

My lips parted. My heart raced. I blinked at Stuart, trying to think of some way to disagree, but I found nothing. I sat there frozen, my panties balled up in my fist under the table, as Stuart’s words sank in. My mind reeled, trying to process everything he was saying. He had seen me with Mandy. He knew how I had dominated her, how I had taken control and used her for my own pleasure. And now... now he was telling



me it was time for me to submit completely.

“I... I don’t understand,” I whispered, my voice trembling. “You approve of what I did with Mandy, but you’re going to punish me for it?”

Stuart’s eyes bored into mine, his gaze intense and unyielding. “I approve of your initiative, your willingness to take control when needed. But what happened with Mandy also revealed just how desperately you need to be put in your place. It’s time for you to learn real obedience. And I’m not going to whip you for what you did with Mandy. I’m going to discipline you because you didn’t take off your panties when I told you to.”

My cheeks burned with shame and arousal. I couldn’t deny the truth in his words, couldn’t ignore the way my body responded to his stern tone.

“You’re going to get a thorough thrashing when I take you home,” Stuart continued, his voice low and commanding. “Your ass will be striped and sore for days, a constant reminder of your place. But right now, you have a choice to make. Obey me immediately, or make your punishment even worse.”

I swallowed hard, feeling my pussy clench at his words. Part of me still thought—knew, even—that I should be outraged, should stand up and walk out. But I couldn’t move, couldn’t bring myself to disobey.

With trembling hands, I slowly raised my fist and placed my wadded-up panties on the pristine white tablecloth. The delicate lace stood out starkly against the crisp linen, a lewd reminder of my submission.

Stuart smiled, a predatory gleam in his eyes. “Good girl,” he murmured, reaching out to take the panties. He brought them to his nose, inhaling deeply, and I thought I might die of embarrassment right there.

“You’re very, very wet,” he observed, his voice thick with satisfaction. “Such an eager little slut.”

I squirmed in my seat, acutely aware of the air against my bare pussy, the way my arousal was already starting to dampen my thighs. Stuart tucked my panties into his jacket pocket, as if taking a souvenir of my obedience.

“Now,” he said, picking up his fork as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, “I believe we were discussing Carlyle’s views on heroic leadership. Please, continue.”

I stared at him in disbelief, my mind struggling to shift gears. How could he expect me to carry on an intellectual conversation when I was sitting here, panty-less and aching with need? But the stern look in his eyes told me I had no choice.

I forced myself to take a deep breath and resume our discussion of Carlyle, though my mind reeled with irresistible thoughts and pictures. As I tried to speak about what I remembered from *On Heroes*, I couldn’t forget my state of arousal or my vulnerability. The fabric of my dress felt impossibly sensual against my bare skin, and every slight movement sent shivers through my body.

Just as I was trying to explain Carlyle’s views on the role of divine inspiration in leadership, the waiter appeared with dessert. The sight of the decadent chocolate mousse nearly made me swoon. The rich, velvety swirl looked utterly sublime, and I could smell the intoxicating aroma of dark chocolate and a hint of something more exotic—perhaps a touch of chili or cardamom.

“This looks amazing,” I managed to say, my voice sounding strained even to my own ears.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:21 am*

Stuart smiled, a knowing glint in his eyes. “Indeed it does. Please, enjoy.”

I picked up my spoon with a trembling hand, acutely aware of Stuart’s gaze on me as I took my first bite. The mousse was heavenly—silky smooth and intensely flavored. Under normal circumstances, I would have been in raptures over such an exquisite dessert. But now, all I could think about was the punishment that awaited me.

As I savored each decadent spoonful, my mind raced with vivid images of what was to come. I imagined myself bent over Stuart’s bed, my dress hiked up around my waist, exposing my bare bottom. In my mind’s eye, I could almost feel the sting of the whip... or the strap... or the belt... as it striped my flesh, leaving angry red welts in its wake. I squirmed in my seat at the fresh wave of unwelcome arousal that flooded through me.

I did my best to keep talking about Carlyle, discussing his ideas on the cyclical nature of history and the importance of strong leadership in times of crisis. But my words felt disconnected, as if someone else was speaking through me. My real focus was on the throbbing need between my legs and the anticipation of what Stuart would do to me later.

“Don’t you agree, Melissa?” Stuart’s voice cut through my reverie, snapping me back to the present.

I blinked, realizing I had no idea what he had just said. “I’m sorry... could you repeat that?” I asked.

Stuart tilted his head, and I felt my eyes go wide. “Sir,” I whispered. “Could you

repeat that, sir?"

My cheeks burned as I realized just how easy, just how natural my boss' dominance was to him.

Stuart's eyes narrowed slightly, and I knew he was fully aware of where my thoughts had been. "I was saying that Carlyle's ideas on the necessity of strong, even authoritarian leadership in times of social upheaval could be seen as somewhat problematic in our modern context. Don't you agree?"

I nodded, grateful for the chance to refocus on the intellectual discussion. "Yes, absolutely. I mean, although he made some compelling arguments about heroes... the role of, you know, exceptional people—men, really—in shaping history, his views on heroism are pretty outdated."

"Are they, though?" Stuart mused, and I realized with a lurch of my tummy that he was... what?

Playing. He's playing with me.

The bill arrived before I had the chance to respond—if I could have found anything at all to say. Instead of looking at the bill, Stuart leaned in close to me and murmured, "Go to the bathroom and edge yourself. Think about taking my cock in your adorable bottom. Don't you dare come. I'll know if you do."

## CHAPTER 20

Melissa

My eyes went wide and I felt my face flush hot. "I... what?" I stammered.

Stuart's eyes narrowed. "Did I stutter, Miss Mitropoulos? Go. Now."

I swallowed hard and stood on shaky legs. As I made my way to the ladies' room, I felt Stuart's eyes burning into my back. My mind seemed completely unable to process the sheer lewdness of his command.

The tiny bathroom was private, thankfully. I locked myself in, my heart pounding. With trembling hands, unable to keep myself from looking in the mirror, I hitched up my dress and bent my knees, blushing fiercely as I spread them, to give myself access to my already embarrassingly wet pussy. I looked so wanton without my panties, my smooth, bare lips framed by the garter belt, the suspenders, the tops of the white stockings.

As soon as I touched myself, just brushing my fingertips over the cleft of my sex, I couldn't help but picture it. I saw it in my mind's eye, even as I watched my hand's obscene movement in the mirror, down between my thighs... exactly what Stuart had ordered me to imagine—his thick cock... in me... in methere... stretching me... opening my virgin asshole. I imagined him bending me over, spreading my cheeks, pressing the blunt head of his penis against the tight, wrinkly bud. The image made me whimper softly as I circled my clit.

Apparently helpless now to do anything but obey, I brought myself right to the edge, my thighs trembling like blown leaves and my hips thrusting lewdly as if I had a cock in me. Just as I was about to tumble over into orgasm, I forced myself to stop. I bit my lip hard, fighting against the urge to finish. After a few deep breaths, I started again.

By the third time I'd edged myself, I was a quivering mess. My pussy ached for release and I could feel my arousal dripping down my thighs and into my stocking tops. The mental image of Stuart taking my ass was seared into my brain. I wanted it—needed it—with an intensity that shocked me.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, I heard Stuart's voice outside the bathroom door. "Time's up, Melissa. Come on out."

On wobbly legs, I exited the bathroom. Stuart was waiting just outside, his eyes dark with desire. He leaned in close, inhaling deeply.

"Good girl," he murmured. "I can smell how wet you are. Now let's get you home so I can give you the whipping you've earned."

I shuddered, equal parts terrified and aroused. I searched his gorgeous eyes, not knowing at first whether I wanted to find a shred of mercy or the assurance that he would punish me with the utmost severity.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw both those things, wrapped up in something much greater: understanding. This man had seen all of me—from my love of Gibbon, Carlyle, and Darwin to my obscene, thrilling disciplining of Mandy. He had spanked me, paddled me, fucked me... made me kneel and lick my cunt's desperate need off his enormous, jutting cock.

He had wined and dined me... charmed me... and then told me to take my panties off at the table. He had promised me a whipping for my reluctance and then made it crystal clear that after he had punished my backside he would fuck me there, too.

All of me. My lips parted, and I felt words building inside me—insane words, from the perspective of the Melissa Mitropoulos of a few weeks before. I love you. Thank you. Let me serve you, on my knees.

Stuart cut them off. He pressed me against the door of the bathroom, and kissed my slightly open mouth, one hand on the back of my neck and the other cupping my bottom as if to remind me of everything that had befallen me there, and would befall me there. To make sure I didn't forget that I had no panties on, or why I was in that

shameful state.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 6:21 am*

I moaned up into his mouth. I clenched, between my thighs. I knew suddenly that if I squeezed my thighs together, I would...

Stuart's mouth muffled my cry of helpless pleasure as I came, hard and with an abruptness that overwhelmed me. I shook in his arms like a leaf, my hips thrusting forward, into his stunningly firm thigh, riding him shamelessly, then pushing back so I could feel how firmly in hand my boss, my master had taken me.

I shuddered, and Stuart held me, there in the little corridor, kissing me deeply through my climax. I prayed no one else in Le Jardin Intime needed the restroom. As the aftershocks faded from my limbs, Stuart relaxed his grip and pulled his face back from mine.

"What did you do, naughty girl?" he murmured.

Heat filled my face. "I'm... I'm sorry, sir," I whispered. "Please..."

The independent version of me, the one who had arrived at that fateful orientation what seemed a lifetime ago, would have stood aghast at how submissively I acknowledged that my orgasm had represented an act of disobedience. That Melissa didn't seem to be present at the moment.

"Please, sir... I couldn't help it. Please, don't..." I couldn't even whisper the next words; I breathed them, almost silently. "Don't whip me more."

"You're lucky you come so beautifully, little whore," Stuart said. "I can't imagine punishing you for something I enjoyed so much."



The surge of gratitude and... yes, I realized with a crawling, panicky kind of joy, love, I felt as he gathered me into him, away from the door, and walked me out of the restaurant, made me feel lightheaded. The thankfulness grew even stronger at the way he supported my unsteady steps as we walked the short distance to a beautiful old apartment building. I realized with a jolt of apprehension and arousal, as Stuart slowed our pace, that he must live there.

The door opened and a middle-aged doorman stepped out.

“Evening, Mr. Harrington,” he said.

“Nikos, this is Miss Mitropoulos,” Stuart said. “You’ll probably be seeing a good deal of her.”

I felt my cheeks glow, though I felt some hope that in the dim lighting outside the building Nikos couldn’t see my embarrassment. So old-fashioned, to feel judged by a doorman that way, but of course Selecta and New Modesty Blue had put me back in touch with such antiquated emotions.

“Yes, sir,” Nikos said. “Nice to meet you, Miss Mitropoulos. Anything you need, you just let me know.”

“Thank you,” I said, meaning it, for the warmth and apparent lack of censure in his tone. “Nice to meet you too.”

In the elevator, riding up to the penthouse, Stuart said, “Nikos has been hoping I’d find...”

His voice trailed off. I turned my eyes from our reflection in the elevator doors to look at him. In the mirror of the polished metal I had seen a slightly blurry image of a captain of industry and the junior executive he had turned into his personal fuck toy.

Stuart's face had an expression on it, though, when I could look into the sky blue eyes he turned to meet my gaze, that... well, it didn't really contradict the dominance of the arm he had put firmly around my waist, but it seemed to layer something else on top.

Wistfulness? Or... affection? His smile broadened a little.

"Well," he continued, "let's say he's been hoping I'd find a girl he'd see a lot of."

I gulped, my heart rate instantly speeding up to what felt like double what it had been. I felt my forehead crease and I caught my lower lip between my teeth.

"You're wondering whether there have been many girls Nikos didn't see a lot of, aren't you?" Stuart asked, his voice teasing.

"Well," I started, and then his eyes narrowed slightly, and I remembered. "Sir... well, I..." My thoughts, words, and feelings had intertwined into a mess I didn't think I could get out of, but Stuart smiled again, and helped me.

"A few," he murmured. "But I never told Nikos he might see one of them again."

I had so many more questions... Did they all get whipped? Did they all get fucked in the ass? Did they all...?

Stuart wrapped both arms around me and kissed me, cradling the back of my head in his left hand, his fingers entwined in my hair. I whimpered up into his mouth as the floors passed and his other hand became mobile, holding my ass and then moving further down to gather my skirt, lift its hem until he could put his hand underneath and seize me from behind as his tongue kept dominating my mouth. He forced my thighs apart, two fingers pressing between them to grasp my pussy so that I felt utterly possessed.

Vaguely I heard a bell sound, and then Stuart had to my astonishment gathered me up into his arms and carried me across the threshold of the elevator into the opulent penthouse apartment. He moved straight to the bedroom. My heart pounded with anticipation and nerves. The room was spacious and elegant, dominated by an enormous bed with a dark wooden frame. Stuart set me down gently at the foot of the bed, his hands lingering on my waist as he steadied me.

“I’m going to punish you now, Melissa,” he said, his voice soft but very commanding. “The way a suitor on NMB might punish the girl he’s courting.”

I felt a shiver run through my body at his words. My mind raced with images from the videos I’d seen—young women bent over and spanked, their faces a mix of pain and ecstasy. I watched, trembling, as Stuart slowly removed his belt. The soft whisper of leather sliding through belt loops seemed impossibly loud in the quiet room.

Stuart folded the belt in half, tapping it lightly against his palm. My eyes were riveted to the movement, my breath coming in short, shallow pants.

“Take off your dress,” Stuart commanded.

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With shaking hands, I reached for the zipper at the back of my dress. I fumbled with it for a moment before managing to pull it down. The fabric whispered against my skin as I let the dress fall to the floor, pooling around my feet. I stood there in just the bra, garter belt, and stockings that Stuart had sent, a present that a greedy boy hadn't been able to wait to start unwrapping. I thought of my tiny panties, in his jacket pocket. My hands balled into little fists as I fought to keep them from moving forward to hide the smooth, bare cleft of my much too needy pussy.

Stuart's eyes raked over my body, his gaze hot and appreciative. I felt my nipples tighten under his scrutiny, and a fresh wave of arousal flooded my core. Again I felt the urge to cover myself, to hide from his intense stare. But a deeper, more primal part of me reveled in his attention, suddenly wanting to display myself for his pleasure.

The first girl he's told the doorman about. It seemed such an odd thing to feel pride about, but I did.

"Pile two pillows in the middle of the bed," Stuart instructed, his voice low and commanding. "Then lie over them. I'm going to whip you now."

My heart raced as I moved to obey, grabbing two plump pillows from the head of the bed. With trembling hands I arranged them in the center, acutely aware of Stuart's eyes on me. I could feel the weight of his gaze as it traveled over my nearly naked body, lingering on the curves of my breasts and hips, the roundness of my bare bottom, framed by the white suspender straps.

As I bent to position the pillows, I felt the cool air against my exposed sex. I blushed

fiercely, knowing Stuart could see how wet I was, how ready my body was for whatever he chose to do to me. I bit my lip as the realization brought a new surge of need thrilling through my pussy.

Once the pillows were in place, I hesitated for just a moment before I climbed onto the bed and draped myself over them. My tummy crawled with fear, and getting my punishment over with suddenly seemed the only available option. I thought of Grace and Georgette, of all the New Modesty girls who learned their lessons this way, corrected by their suitors' firm hands and stout belts. Over the pillows, my bottom raised and presented for Stuart's attention, my breasts pressed into the soft bedding, I turned my head to the side, resting my cheek against the cool sheets, and waited.

I heard Stuart move behind me, the soft whisper of his footsteps on the plush carpet. Then I felt his hand on my lower back, warm and steady. His touch sent shivers through my body, and I had to fight the urge to push back against him, seeking more contact.

"You look beautiful like this," Stuart murmured, his fingers tracing the curve of my spine. "So obedient, so ready for your punishment."

I whimpered softly at his words, squirming slightly against the pillows. The position pushed my hips up, making me even more aware of my exposure. I could practically sense Stuart's gaze on my most intimate places.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, thinking of how submissively Mandy had said, Yes, miss, to me. My turn had come around again, to be punished and used, in what suddenly began to seem to me a kind of infinite game.

Stuart's hand left my back, and I heard the soft snap of leather as he adjusted his grip on the belt. My whole body tensed in anticipation, every nerve ending seeming to tingle with a mixture of fear and excitement.

“I’m going to whip you until I’m satisfied with the state of your backside,” he told me. “There’s no need to count. You were a naughty girl and you didn’t take off your panties when I told you to. Now you’ll learn obedience the hard way.”

## CHAPTER 21

Melissa

Stuart brought the belt down across my upturned bottom with a sharp crack. I gasped at the sudden, stinging pain, my body jerking involuntarily. Before I could fully process the sensation, another stroke landed, slightly lower.

I gritted my teeth, determined to take my punishment stoically. But as Stuart continued to whip me, the pain built rapidly. Each lash seemed to ignite a fire across my skin, the heat spreading and intensifying with every stroke.

At first, I managed to stay mostly still, only small gasps and whimpers escaping my lips. But as the whipping went on, I found myself struggling to maintain my position. My hips began to twist and squirm, instinctively trying to avoid the punishing blows.

“Stay still,” Stuart commanded, his voice stern. When I continued to writhe, he placed his left hand firmly on my lower back, holding me in place as he kept whipping me with his right.

The feeling of being restrained, of being utterly at Stuart’s mercy, sent a confusing rush of arousal through me even as tears began to form in my eyes. Each crack of the belt across my tender flesh made me cry out, the pain sharp and intense.

I couldn’t tell how long the whipping went on. Time seemed to lose all meaning as my world narrowed to the rhythmic fall of the belt and the burning ache spreading across my bottom and thighs. Tears streamed down my face as I sobbed openly, no

longer able to contain my reactions.

Even as I cried and pleaded, I felt something familiar—somehow both unwelcome and deeply gratifying, even necessary—shifting deep inside me. A strange sense of peace began to settle over me, as if the pain were burning away all my doubts and hesitations. I found myself relaxing into the punishment, my head bowed as I accepted each stroke.

Suddenly, I remembered Stuart's exact words, a few moments before, and I saw the deeper lesson he intended to teach. He wanted me to experience what it was like for the NMB girls, to understand on a visceral level the submission and forbidden desire they felt. As that understanding washed over me, I felt myself surrender completely to the experience.

The whipping finally stopped. I lay there, panting and trembling, my bottom feeling as if it were on fire. I was vaguely aware of Stuart moving around, the soft rustle of clothing suggesting he was undressing. Then I felt the bed dip as he climbed onto it behind me.

Gently, my master—I couldn't help thinking of him that way, no matter how the remaining logical part of my brain tried to stop me—began to caress my punished flesh. His touch was soothing now, his fingers tracing the welts he had raised. I whimpered softly as he explored lower, brushing over my swollen pussy lips.

"Such a good girl," Stuart murmured, his voice thick with desire. "Taking your punishment so beautifully. You've pleased me very much, Melissa."

His praise sent a wave of warmth through me, different from the burning in my bottom but no less intense. I felt myself rapidly getting wetter under his ministrations, my body responding eagerly to his touch despite the very different fire his belt had brought only a few moments before.

Stuart's fingers continued to work me, so shamefully and so pleurably that I felt I might pass out at any moment. He murmured approvingly as I whimpered and moaned under his skillful touch, spreading my wetness forward to my clit and then backwards to my virgin anus. Each movement sent a new jolt of pleasure through my suddenly much too sensitive body. I sobbed softly, pressing back helplessly against his hand.

"Please," I whispered, my voice hoarse from crying. "Please, sir..."

"Please what, my naughty girl?" Stuart asked, his tone teasing. "What do you want?"



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I blushed fiercely, burying my face in the sheets. How could I possibly say it out loud? But I knew Stuart would accept nothing less than full honesty and full submission.

“Please... fuck me,” I managed to gasp out. “I need you inside me.”

Stuart chuckled low in his throat. “Oh, I’m going to fuck you, little slut. But first, I want to hear you say exactly where you want my cock.”

I felt his hands spread me, gripping my whipped cheeks and pulling them wide. My whole body flushed hot with embarrassment and arousal as I felt his eyes on those intimate places. I squirmed against the pillows.

“In... in my pussy,” I whispered. “Please, sir. I need you in my pussy.”

“Mmm,” Stuart hummed thoughtfully. “That does sound tempting. But I think we both know there’s somewhere else you need to be fucked, don’t we?”

I froze, my heart racing. Somehow there had remained a part of me that supposed it wouldn’t, couldn’t happen. He had told me as explicitly as he could that I should prepare myself to have my anus deflowered. But even his lewd command in the restaurant bathroom, to edge myself while thinking about taking his cock in my ass, had somehow felt unreal—just something to say to turn on a girl who had discovered her kinky side. The image of my obedience, there at Le Jardin Intime flashed vividly in my mind again, making me clench with need.

“I... I don’t know if I can,” I stammered. “I’ve never...”

“Shh,” Stuart soothed, his hand moving to caress my lower back. “I know, little slut. But you want it. You want me to claim your virgin ass, to make you completely mine. And you need it. Now it’s time to say so. It’s time to be as good a girl as the NMB brides you can’t stop thinking about.”

I whimpered, torn between fear and desperate desire, my face burning at Stuart’s obvious understanding of every shameful thing going on inside me. “Yes,” I finally admitted, my voice a tiny whisper. My tummy flipped as I heard myself confess it. “Yes, sir. I want... I want you to fuck my ass.”

My face burned with humiliation as I felt Stuart’s fingers begin to probe and to stretch my tightest hole. The sensation was alien and uncomfortable despite his having worked my bottom this shameful way before, in his office over his desk. That, I realized, had been to make it clear to me that he would violate the sanctity of my bottom hole when he chose. This, on the other hand... I felt that Stuart meant to tell me something more dominant and more forbidden: he meant me to learn to take his huge, rigid manhood obediently—and, I thought with a lurch of my belly, as hard and rough as he chose to give it to me.

Stuart’s fingers worked slowly but inexorably, opening me up wider than I would have thought possible. He used my pussy juices to lube me, but they didn’t ease the passage quite enough to make it really comfortable. I squirmed and gasped at the burning stretch.

“That’s it,” Stuart murmured. “Feel how tight you are back here? How reluctant your little virgin hole is to open up? That’s good. I want you to struggle with this, while you’re giving me a nice, snug ride in your gorgeous ass.”

His words send a fresh wave of conflicted arousal through me. The rational, independent voice in my head kept up its rant.

You don't want this. You're crazy if that turned you on.

The idea of being used this way... of having something feel good for my master but not for me... How could it possibly have just made my pussy clench?

"Please," I whimpered. "Don't... not... not like that? Sir..."

"Shh," Stuart soothed, even as he pushed a third finger into my resisting hole. "Just take it. Let yourself feel how wrong this is, how dirty. Let yourself struggle."

I sobbed, overwhelmed by sensation and emotion. The stretch burned, verging on true pain. But underneath it all, my arousal continued to build. I could feel myself getting wetter, my neglected pussy aching to be filled.

"That's my good girl," Stuart murmured, his voice dripping with the note of degradation that seemed tuned to some frequency on which my clit operated. "Fighting it even as you submit. So beautifully conflicted."

He worked his fingers in and out a few more times before withdrawing them completely. I felt suddenly, shamefully empty. I whimpered as I felt the blunt head of Stuart's cock pressing against my stretched hole.

"Remember," Stuart said, his voice low and commanding. "This isn't for your pleasure. This is about me using your tight little ass for my enjoyment. About making you completely mine. The way the suitors do on NMB... and what you're feeling is exactly what the girls feel, when they realize how deep their need to serve a man's pleasure goes."

With that, he began to push inside. I cried out as he lodged his penis inside me, the bulk of him so much more intense, so much more uncomfortable than his fingers. It hurt... it was too much, and yet...

You're an NMB girl, now, aren't you, you little slut? said the voice in my head. You didn't take off your panties when your boss told you to, and you got whipped and here you are in his bed with his rigid cock pushing into your naughty bottom.

I cried out, and to my confusion I found myself pressing back against him, taking him deeper.

"Oh, fuck," I sobbed. "Oh, god, sir, please..."

Stuart gripped my hips tightly, pressing me to the pillows and the bed beneath them, pinioning me in place as he sank fully into my virgin ass. I felt utterly filled, utterly possessed. The pain mingled with a deep, primal sense of submission that made me dizzy.

"That's it," Stuart growled. "Take it all. Let me feel how tight that virgin hole is."

He paused, and I whimpered as I felt his taut lap come up against my punished backside. I felt him shift, move forward, and I saw his hands come down on the bed next to my face. His warm breath blew against my ear, and my body jerked with helpless need and even more helpless pleasure as he murmured in my ear.

"This is what an NMB girl gets, you little whore, isn't it? This is what you needed from the moment you stood up at the orientation."

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I cried out, my body bucking under his, feeling the almost frightening extent of his power over me.

“That’s right, Melissa, isn’t it? You knew it when you played with yourself in the bathroom after Sharon paddled you, and when you fucked Mandy. You knew it when you edged yourself in the bathroom. Your secret garden needs vigorous plowing. It’s time to admit that once and for all.”

“Oh... god...” I moaned. “I...”

Don’t say it, whispered a tiny voice in my head. You never have to confess.

“Yes,” I whispered. “Yes, sir.” I felt something very complicated happen in my chest: a warmth, of affection... of...oh, god...of love—mingled with an unexpected flame of resistance, defiance.

You didn’t really admit it, did you? Things you say under duress—and what else is having your whipped backside fucked by your boss besides duress—they don’t count.

He began to move, slowly at first, then with increasing speed and force. Each thrust sent shockwaves of sensation through my body. The burn of the stretch, the fullness, the dirty, forbidden nature of the act—it all combined into an overwhelming tornado of feeling.

I sobbed and whimpered, my hands fisting in the sheets. I wanted to beg him to stop, to pull myself away from the intensity of it somehow. But I had admitted it... I had confessed... that hot, deep part of me, more body than mind or even heart, reveled in

the violation, in the utter submission of allowing Stuart to use my body for his pleasure.

“Such a good little anal slut,” Stuart panted as he pounded into me. “Taking me so well. Your ass feels so nice and tight on my cock.”

His words sent a fresh wave of humiliation and arousal through me. My pussy clenched and throbbed, desperate for attention even as my ass was being thoroughly used. I bucked my hips into the pillows, desperate for some friction though the softness of Stuart’s luxurious linens gave me nothing in return.

“Please,” I whimpered. “Oh, god, please...”

“I know what you need,” Stuart said in a voice thick with his own lust. “You naughty girl. But you’re asking like a good girl, and I need to make certain superior performance gets rewarded.”

Then I cried out, because Stuart’s hand had snaked around to find my clit, rubbing it in tight circles as he continued to fuck my ass. The dual stimulation overwhelmed me in an instant. I felt myself hurtling toward orgasm, my whole body trembling on the edge.

“Come for me,” Stuart commanded. “Come with my cock in your tight little ass.”

His words pushed me over the edge. I came with a scream, my body convulsing as waves of pleasure crashed over me. My ass clenched around Stuart’s cock, milking him as he continued to thrust.

With a guttural groan, Stuart slammed deep inside me one last time. I felt the hot pulse of his release, filling my most intimate place. He collapsed on top of me, his weight pressing me into the mattress as we both panted heavily.

After a long moment, Stuart slowly withdrew. I whimpered at the loss, feeling suddenly empty and bereft. He gathered me into his arms, stroking my hair gently.

“You did so well,” he murmured. “Such a good girl for me.”

I nuzzled against his chest, overwhelmed by emotion. Tears leaked from my eyes—not from pain or humiliation now, but from the intensity of the experience, the depth of my submission.

“Thank you, sir,” I whispered. “Thank you for... for everything.”

His arms tightened around me. He kissed my forehead and spoke very softly, as if to a wild animal he meant to tame.

“Oh, we’re just getting started cultivating this secret garden of yours, Miss Mitropoulos.”

## CHAPTER 22

Stuart

Sharon pinged me the morning of the Your Secret Garden green-light meeting—the big one, with the key stakeholders, men whose calendars had to be booked weeks in advance.

Stuart, sorry to bother you but I think you may have an issue with two of your team members. Melissa Mitropoulos booked a punishment room to discipline Mandy Pollock this morning. Did you authorize that?

I pondered for a moment, wondering whether to tell Sharon that I had in fact authorized a paddling for Mandy, and simply forgotten to enter it into the system. I

hadn't, but sometimes it made more sense to cover my people's asses—or, more accurately, to paddle them myself—than to let corporate HR get involved. I reflected, though, that Melissa probably needed to resolve a few issues with Sharon. The foolish decision to do whatever this was with Mandy would certainly make things a bit clearer for the girl I had fallen for, even if the result for Melissa ended up being another painful lesson in corporate hierarchy.

I'll take care of it, Sharon, I messaged back. Thanks.

The reply I'd expected came back within thirty seconds.

Update me when you get the chance.



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I opened the human resources management workflow system and found Melissa's log. She had indeed scheduled a half hour in Room 5003, beginning—I looked at my watch—in three minutes. The offense Melissa had given was Insubordination: Minor.

I tuned into the surveillance feed for the discipline room, settling back in my chair to watch the scene unfold. The door opened and Melissa strode in, her posture radiating authority. Mandy followed meekly behind, her eyes downcast and her shoulders slightly hunched.

As soon as the door closed, Melissa's demeanor shifted subtly. There was a hint of playfulness in her eyes, a slight quirk to her lips that betrayed her excitement. Mandy, too, seemed to relax slightly, though she maintained her submissive posture.

"Miss Pollock," Melissa began, her voice stern but with an underlying warmth, "I'm very disappointed in your performance lately. The materials you prepared for the big meeting were subpar, to say the least."

I couldn't help but smile. Melissa was clearly relishing her role, channeling the dominant energy I'd awakened in her. Mandy, for her part, was playing the contrite subordinate to perfection.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mitropoulos," Mandy murmured, her voice quavering slightly. "I'll do better next time."

Melissa circled Mandy slowly, making no secret of the excitement she so clearly felt, either in her voice or in the movements of her gaze up and down Mandy's lovely form. "I'm not sure you understand the gravity of the situation," she said. "When I

pointed out the typo on the third page of the handout, you had the audacity to talk back to me.”

I leaned in closer to the screen, intrigued. Melissa was weaving quite the tale, building tension and anticipation. I could see Mandy’s breath quicken, her chest rising and falling more rapidly.

“I... I didn’t mean to, miss,” Mandy stammered. “I was just trying to explain...”

“Explanations are not excuses,” Melissa cut her off sharply. She moved to the cabinet and retrieved the paddle, running her hand along its smooth surface. “I think you need a reminder of your place, Miss Pollock.”

Mandy’s eyes widened at the sight of the paddle, a mixture of fear and excitement flashing across her face. “Please, Miss Mitropoulos,” she pleaded, her voice barely above a whisper. “I’ll do better, I promise.”

Melissa tapped the paddle against her palm, the sound echoing in the small room. “I’m sure you will,” she said, her voice low and intense. “After I’ve taught you a proper lesson.”

I watched, captivated, as Melissa directed Mandy to bend over the desk. The other woman complied immediately, her skirt riding up a little to reveal the curve of her bottom. Melissa took her time, adjusting Mandy’s position, running her hand along the small of her back.

“Lift this skirt all the way, you little whore,” Melissa commanded. “You’re going to get it on the bare this morning.”

Melissa

I still couldn't believe I'd actually gone through with it, and booked the punishment room. Part of me knew I must be violating some Selecta protocol by not consulting Stuart first—part of me even knew I had acted recklessly. As Mandy's mouth-watering bottom came into view, though, I didn't care.

Or maybe...

Maybe I do care. Maybe I care a lot.

I pushed the idea away and focused on the moment: the unbelievably hot, panty-wetting moment.

Mandy slowly pulled her skirt up, revealing more and more of her shapely legs. When she reached her waist, I stepped forward and took over, carefully tucking the fabric to ensure it stayed in place. My hands trembled slightly as I hooked my fingers into the waistband of Mandy's lacy black panties. I savored the moment, drinking in the sight of her vulnerable form bent over the desk before me.

With deliberate slowness, I peeled the delicate underwear down Mandy's thighs, exposing the pout of her sweet, bare pussy to my hungry gaze. She shivered as the cool air hit her bare skin, and I couldn't help but run my hand over the curve of her bottom, marveling at its softness.

Taking a deep breath to steady myself, I picked up the paddle. Its weight felt good in my hand, solid and authoritative. I tapped it lightly against Mandy's exposed cheeks, watching goosebumps rise on her skin.

"Are you ready for your punishment, naughty girl?" I asked, my voice husky with arousal.

"Yes, miss," Mandy whispered, her voice quavering slightly.

I raised the paddle and brought it down with a resounding smack. Mandy gasped, her body jerking forward. The pink imprint of the plastic blade bloomed on her pale flesh. I admired it for a moment before delivering the second stroke, slightly lower. Mandy whimpered, her fingers gripping the edge of the desk tightly.

The third and final swat landed squarely across both cheeks, eliciting a cry from Mandy. I set the paddle aside, my heart racing as I gazed at the reddened flesh before me. My pussy throbbed with need, and I knew I couldn't wait any longer.

"On your knees," I commanded, stepping back from the desk. "It's time for you to show your gratitude."

Mandy turned, her face flushed and eyes bright with unshed tears. She sank to her knees before me, looking up expectantly. I reached for the hem of my skirt, slowly lifting it to reveal the red lace lingerie I'd chosen specially for this moment.

Mandy's eyes widened at the sight, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. I moved closer, until my lace-covered mound was mere inches from her face.

"Kiss it," I ordered, my voice thick with desire. "Show me how thankful you are for your correction."

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Mandy leaned forward eagerly, pressing her lips against my pussy through the delicate fabric. I gasped at the contact, my hips jerking involuntarily. She began to kiss and nuzzle, her hot breath sending shivers of pleasure through me.

As Mandy's tongue traced the outline of my pussy lips through the lace, I tangled my fingers in her hair, guiding her to where I needed her attention most, where it felt like the nearly overwhelming tension of the biggest day of my professional career had gathered with the greatest intensity. I felt like I had never needed anything more than I needed to come.

If Stuart were here, though...

The thought rose, and I saw Stuart's huge cock in my mind's eye, looming over me. I almost felt the ghostly bulk of him in my bottom, and I remembered how it had taken two days to feel like myself back there, after he had taken my final virginity.

If Stuart were here, I might need something else even more than I need this... more than I need to make Mandy pleasure me... like... like the good girl she can be... oh, god... the good girl she can be... the good girlI can be... when taken properly in hand... when Stuart takes me in hand... when he uses me hard to teach me a lesson... oh, god...

I knew at that moment that I had absolutely done this—booked the punishment room for me and Mandy—so that Stuart would punish me. I tried to shut the thought out, but it refused to go, and I didn't really want it to go because it made me shudder, made me clench, brought me so close to orgasm that I could almost see the ecstasy hovering in front of me, as if Mandy's mouth were my climax's incarnation.

I pulled Mandy's face away from my aching pussy, my breath coming in short gasps. "Get the strap-on from the cabinet," I commanded, my voice husky with need.

Mandy scrambled to obey, her punished bottom jiggling enticingly as she moved. She returned quickly, the harness dangling from her fingers.

"Put it on me," I ordered, stepping out of my skirt and panties.

With trembling hands, Mandy fastened the harness around my hips, her fingers brushing against my skin and sending shivers through me. The weight of the dildo felt both foreign and thrilling as it jutted out from my body.

"Now," I said, running my fingers along the length of the silicone shaft, "suck my cock, you little whore."

Mandy sank to her knees before me, her eyes wide as she gazed at the strap-on. Slowly, she leaned forward and took the tip into her mouth. I gasped at the sight, my hips jerking involuntarily.

As Mandy began to work her mouth along the length of the dildo, I reached behind myself with my right hand. My fingers found my dripping pussy, and I slid two of them inside easily. I worked them in and out, matching the rhythm of Mandy's bobbing head.

I moved the hand further back, fingertips circling my anus. The memory of Stuart taking me there flooded my mind—the stretch, the burn, the overwhelming fullness. I pressed a finger against the tight ring of muscle, imagining it was Stuart's cock pushing into me.

"Oh, god," I moaned, my hips rocking between Mandy's mouth and my own fingers. "That's it, you little slut. Suck my cock."

I could see Stuart in my mind's eye, his face stern as he bent me over his desk. I imagined him pulling my cheeks apart, exposing the tiny hole he had opened on his manhood. "This is what happens to naughty girls who think they can take matters into their own hands," I heard him say as he thrust into me hard, with no further preamble, no soothing preparation.

The fantasy, combined with the visual of Mandy eagerly sucking the strap-on and the sensation of my fingers working both my holes, quickly pushed me to the edge. I felt my orgasm building, a tight coil of heat in my lower belly.

"Fuck," I gasped, my body trembling. "Oh, fuck, I'm going to come. You're making me come, you bad girl."

The climax hit me like a tidal wave. My legs shook, and I had to grip Mandy's shoulder with my free hand to stay upright. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed over me as I cried out, my fingers buried deep inside myself.

As the aftershocks faded, I gently pushed Mandy away. She looked up at me, her lips swollen and her eyes glazed with lust.

"Please," she whimpered, her hips rocking slightly. "Please fuck me, miss."

"No, little slut," I told her. "You don't get to come. You were naughty, and we need to get ready for the meeting."

The look in Mandy's eyes made me swallow hard. I almost felt like I wouldn't be able to leave this room until I had made her pleasure me again. Her face seemed so submissive, so needy... and yet so grateful.

I looked at the clock on the wall.

“Oh, shit.” I said. “We need to go.”

Then, the spell of lust broken, I raised her up off the floor and took her into my arms. “Thank you, sweet thing,” I whispered in her ear. “I’m in so much trouble, but I needed that so much.”

“Thankyou, miss,” Mandy murmured back. “I didn’t know how much I needed someone like you to be so strict with me.”

## CHAPTER 23

Melissa

The meeting went better than I had dreamed it could, right up to the very end. From the first slide, I knew I had all of them—two vice presidents and the creative director of NMB—in the palm of my hand. I did wonder if the smile on Stuart’s face as he heard me go over the roll-out plan he had already approved had something extra in it—a curve at the corner of his mouth that suggested my session with Mandy might already have come to his attention—but when he spoke, he backed me up so thoroughly I couldn’t help blushing.



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“No,” he said to Bradley Verger, the VP of Assessment, “this is completely Melissa’s idea, and the initiative to flesh it out was all on her end. I have to confess that I think it’s brilliant.”

The I have to confess made my heart glow. The idea of this man with such incredibly high standards—the man who had taken me in hand in every way—complimenting me so thoroughly, let alone crediting me with all the work, threatened to make me swoon.

I love him. The thought burst into my mind, and I thrust it down for the moment as I responded to the focus Stuart’s comment had put on me.

“Thank you,” I said, “but I need to thank Stuart for giving me the space to work on it—and I have to thank Mandy Pollock, who worked hard on it with me, to get the materials ready for today.”

“Sure,” said Bradley, “but I’m going to echo your boss’ opinion that this is brilliant. I think only a young woman with your ambivalent needs could have come up with it.”

My tummy flipped and I felt my cheeks go hot. I knew what he meant—of course I did, because it represented the kind of language Assessment used all the time. I hadn’t really connected the idea of ambivalence to me, as silly as that failure suddenly seemed.

“So,” said John Grezili, the creative director of NMB, “really that’s on Stuart for taking Melissa for his team and developing her talent so quickly.”

I fought for my composure. I looked at Stuart, hoping I would see an easy smile and hear a dismissive remark. Instead, I saw that his expression had turned very firm.

“Actually, gentlemen, now that we’re agreed that Your Secret Garden is a go, we have a related matter—in the vein of Miss Mitropoulos’ professional development—to deal with.”

My face had begun truly to burn. My heart rate sped up to what felt like three times its normal rate. I looked around the big conference room table to see if the other executives’ faces held any promising signs for me—consternation, confusion, or even simple disinterest.

Instead I saw knowing smiles. Bradley, John, and Victor Maltby, the VP of Marketing, looked back at me with clear knowledge of some terrible humiliation about to befall me.

I had a moment of pure cognitive dissonance: only a few seconds before, those same powerful men had praised me to the heavens, had made it clear that my initiative’s future—and my own—were very bright. Somehow, I understood at a new, visceral level, here at Selecta, a prosperous career and abject shame didn’t stand in the clear conflict they might have seemed to create anywhere else.

Stuart cleared his throat, his eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that sent my heart racing. “Miss Mitropoulos, I’m afraid we have a serious matter to address. It has come to my attention that you took it upon yourself to discipline Mandy Pollock this morning without proper authorization. Your expression of gratitude for her help just now doesn’t set the matter in, let’s say, the most positive possible light.”

My heart plummeted. The room suddenly felt too small, too warm. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

“This is a clear violation of company protocol,” Stuart continued, his voice stern. “At Selecta, we take our hierarchies very seriously. You overstepped your bounds, Melissa.”

I felt the blood drain from my face. “I... I didn’t realize...” I stammered, lying instinctively, out of sheer terror, but Stuart held up a hand to silence me.

“Ignorance is not an excuse,” he said firmly, “even if you’re telling the truth, which I doubt.” Then, to my horror, he pressed a button on the intercom. “Please send in Mandy and Sharon.”

The door opened, and Mandy walked in, her eyes downcast. Behind her strode Sharon Fagan, her face a mask of cool professionalism. My stomach churned as I began to realize the full extent of what was about to happen.

Stuart addressed the room. “Gentlemen, I know I don’t need to remind you that I take maintaining proper order as crucial to Selecta’s success—just as I’m certain you do, in relation to your own teams. Melissa’s actions may have been well-intentioned—and, as I think we saw in this meeting, effective in getting good results—but they can’t go uncorrected.”

He glanced at Sharon with a smile before he turned back to Bradley, John, and Victor. “Melissa and Sharon here have something of a history, and I think it’s important that it be resolved to some extent. So I’ve asked Sharon to handle the necessary correction. I know you gentlemen won’t be averse to serving as witnesses.”

Sharon nodded, making eye contact with each of the men in turn. Then, her eyes gleaming with a predatory light, she looked at me as she continued, though she directed her words to Stuart. “Of course, Stuart. I’d be happy to.”

I turned my own gaze desperately to Stuart, beaming a plea for mercy. His gaze

softened slightly as he looked at me, but his voice remained firm. “Melissa, you need to understand your place here, in relation to superiors like Sharon. You’re not a dominant—you’re what we generally call a switchy submissive. You have dominant tendencies, yes, but at your core, you crave submission. It’s time for you to accept that fully.”

I felt tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. Part of me wanted to protest, to argue that I was more than capable of being dominant. But a deeper part of me recognized the truth in Stuart’s words. I thought of how I’d felt bent over his desk, how I’d longed for his firm hand even as I disciplined Mandy.

Sharon stepped forward, her presence commanding the room. “Both Melissa and Mandy have violated company policy. Melissa’s is obviously the greater fault, but Mandy has been at Selecta longer, and she should have made certain the use of company resources—the punishment room and the time both of them took for this fictitious correction—had been authorized. I’m going to discipline both of them in front of you now, with your permission.”

I looked around the room with some vague, impossible hope that one of them would interfere with this mortifying, terrifying scene. I saw only satisfaction and even anticipation in the faces of the powerful men who sat at the conference table.

“Please go ahead, Sharon,” Stuart said, after he, too, had scanned his colleagues’ faces and received smiles in return. “I know you’ll make it memorable for all of us.”

To my surprise, then, however, Bradley cleared his throat. I turned to him wildly, hoping he might have thought of some reason I should be allowed to escape. Instead, his words only made the blaze in my cheeks—and, worse, between my thighs—burn all the hotter.

Bradley’s eyes gleamed with scientific interest, rather than mercy. “If I may, I’d like

to add some context from Assessment's perspective, for Miss Mitropoulos' benefit," he said. "Melissa, in case you had any doubt, our psycho-biometric analysis of your profile confirms Stuart's informal analysis completely."

I felt my heart skip a beat as Bradley's words sank in. He continued, his voice taking on a clinical tone that somehow made the situation even more mortifying.

"Your neural patterns, hormonal fluctuations, and physiological responses all indicate a strong predisposition toward submission, with occasional dominant tendencies. In fact, your outburst at the orientation was a textbook example of what we call submissive overcompensation—a temporary surge of dominant behavior masking an underlying need for submission."

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As Bradley spoke, I felt a strange sensation wash over me. It was as if a veil had been lifted, revealing a truth I'd been struggling to deny on the fundamental level, even as I pretended that I had acknowledged it. Suddenly, everything—my conflicted feelings, my responses to Stuart's dominance, even my impulsive decision to discipline Mandy—made perfect sense.

I realized, with a jolt of clarity that left me breathless, that I absolutely belonged here at Selecta. My outburst at the orientation hadn't been a rejection of their methods or philosophy; it had been a confirmation of how intense my need to dominate and submit truly was. The complexity of my desires, the depth of my submission, and even my occasional dominant impulses—all of it fit perfectly within Selecta's framework.

Tears welled up in my eyes, but they weren't tears of shame or fear. They were tears of relief, of recognition. I felt seen in a way I never had before, understood on a level I hadn't known was possible.

I turned to Sharon, my voice trembling with emotion. "I... I'm sorry," I said, the words coming out in a rush. "I'm so sorry for overstepping my bounds, for thinking I could take more control over Mandy than I really have. I see now that I was just... just trying to prove something to myself, maybe. But I understand now. I understand where I belong."

The room fell silent as my apology hung in the air. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, but for once, I didn't shrink from the attention. Instead, I straightened my spine, accepting their gazes as a testament to this moment of revelation.

Sharon's expression softened slightly, though her eyes still held a glint of stern authority. "Thank you for your apology, Melissa," she said. "It's good that you're beginning to understand your place. But understanding and apologies don't negate the need for correction."

I nodded, a strange calm settling over me. "Yes, ma'am," I replied, my voice steady despite the butterflies in my stomach. "I'm ready to accept whatever punishment you deem necessary."

As Sharon moved toward a nearby cabinet whose purpose—I realized with a lurch of my stomach—I should have grasped already, I caught Stuart's eye. He gave me a small, approving nod.

Sharon turned back to us, the much-too-familiar white paddle with Selecta's bold red logo in her hand. My heart raced as I began to absorb at a visceral, bodily level what was about to happen.

"Mandy, Melissa," Sharon said, her voice crisp and authoritative, "strip down to your lingerie. Now."

I hesitated for a moment, my eyes darting around the room at the assembled executives. At some point, though I hadn't even noticed it taking place, they had moved their chairs back from the table and gathered them into a row at the front of the room, to sit watching like a tribunal whatever took place at the head of the conference table. Their gazes were fixed on us, a mixture of stern authority and barely concealed anticipation on their faces. My cheeks burned with embarrassment, but I knew I had no choice but to obey.

With trembling hands, I began to unbutton my blouse. Beside me, Mandy was already shimmying out of her skirt. I could hear the rustle of fabric and even, I thought, the slightly heavier breathing of the men watching us as we revealed more and more skin.

I let my blouse fall to the floor, standing there in my lacy red bra, feeling utterly exposed. I fumbled with the zipper of my skirt, my fingers clumsy with nerves. Finally, I managed to step out of it, revealing the matching garter belt and stockings I'd chosen that morning, thinking, of course, of Stuart.

My face burned as I remembered what I had fantasized, putting on my underwear. I had thought Stuart might want to... todebrief... in his office, after the meeting. I couldn't even look at him, despite feeling his eyes on me like a palpable, possessive touch.

Glancing over at Mandy, I saw that her black bra matched the panties I had taken down earlier. The contrast of the dark lace against her pale skin made me swallow hard. We both stood there, trembling slightly, as Sharon's eyes raked over our bodies as if channeling the authority of the four silent men seated in judgment.

"Very nice," Sharon murmured, a predatory gleam in her eye. "Now, Melissa, since you took it upon yourself to discipline Mandy this morning, you're going to do it again. Properly this time."

## CHAPTER 24

Melissa

She held out the paddle to me. I took it, the weight of it feeling both familiar and strange in my hand.

"Mandy, bend over the table," Sharon instructed.

Mandy complied immediately, draping herself over the polished wood surface. Her lacy black panties stretched taut over her rounded bottom, and I felt a confusing mix of desire and apprehension.



“Go on, Melissa,” Sharon urged. “Show us how you discipline a subordinate.”

I stepped forward, my heart pounding. I risked a glance at Stuart, to see his eyebrows lifted, as if in interest to see how I would respond. Swallowing hard, my cheeks hot, I raised the paddle, trying weakly to channel the confidence I thought I’d felt earlier that morning.

“Take her panties down, Melissa,” Sharon said, scorn filling her voice. “What do you think you’re doing? Giving a few love taps? Mandy needs to feel all the humiliation she’s earned.”

Shaking like a leaf, my face becoming even hotter—as hot as an oven as Sharon’s words sank in—I shifted the paddle to my left hand. I took hold of the waistband of Mandy’s panties with quivering fingers and tugged them down to mid-thigh. I bit my lip as I caught the scent of Mandy’s arousal, which I knew I’d made so much stronger that morning. I could feel the dampness of the panties gusset, too, and it made my tummy flip.

Mandy whimpered as she felt me bare her, as if she could sense the eyes of everyone in the room on the adorable pink furrow peeking out from between her thighs.

“Better,” Sharon pronounced. “Notice that there’s no sign of the quote-unquote correction you quote-unquote administered this morning. Now go ahead and paddle that naughty bottom.”

I took the paddle back into my right hand. I raised it up, shifting around to stand next to Mandy’s prostrate form. I put my left hand on Mandy’s waist. I wanted to look at Stuart and his colleagues, to see whether they thought I was doing it right—and at the same time I understood that that very desire demonstrated a weakness I needed to address.

As I brought the paddle down, the impression of inadequacy, of the need for improvement, got much stronger. The smack of plastic against flesh seemed louder, jolting, distressingly more real than it had in the privacy of the punishment room. Even the first time I had disciplined Mandy, I understood, I hadn't really punished her—not the way Sharon and Stuart had punished me.

Mandy let out a small gasp, but otherwise remained still. I looked to Sharon, uncertain. It was Stuart's voice I heard, though, to my mortification, coming from behind me.

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“Harder,” my boss—my master, the man I had to admit I loved—commanded. “You’re not playing games now, Melissa. This is real punishment.”

I swallowed hard and raised the paddle again. This time, I put more force behind the swing. The crack echoed through the room, and Mandy let out a muffled cry.

“Better,” Sharon said. “But still not good enough. You didn’t really punish her this morning, did you? Or last time, either? You were just playing at being dominant.”

My face burned anew as Sharon’s words hit home. She was right—I hadn’t really disciplined Mandy before. I’d been pretending to dominate her, indulging in a fantasy rather than truly correcting her behavior.

I looked over at Bradley, seeing the knowing look in his eyes. He had seen right through me—they all had, John and Victor, too, for they had that same expression on their faces. Stuart and his colleagues understood my nature better than I did myself. I identified too strongly with Mandy to truly punish her. My dominant tendencies were just a thin veneer over my deeper submissive core.

I raised the paddle again, trying to summon the resolve to deliver a real punishment. But as I brought it down, I hesitated at the last second, my arm losing momentum. The impact was barely more than a tap.

Sharon sighed in exasperation. “That’s enough,” she said sharply. “Clearly you’re not capable of administering proper discipline. Melissa, take Mandy’s place over the table.”

My heart started racing as I realized what was about to happen. Mandy scrambled up, pulling her panties back into place as I set the paddle down with trembling hands. On shaky legs, I moved to bend over the cool surface of the conference table.

I felt utterly exposed as I laid myself out, my breasts pressed against the polished wood and my bottom raised and vulnerable. The garter belt framed my cheeks, drawing attention to my most intimate areas. I shivered as I felt Sharon's hand on my lower back, steadying me.

"This is how real punishment is delivered," Sharon said, her voice stern as she ripped my lacy thong down to my knees.

The first crack of the paddle against my bare bottom made me cry out in shock and pain. It was far harder than anything I'd experienced before, even from Sharon—a searing blaze of fire across both cheeks. Before I could catch my breath, the second stroke landed slightly lower.

By the third swat, tears were streaming down my face. I gripped the edge of the table, my knuckles turning white as I tried to brace myself. But nothing could have prepared me for the intensity of Sharon's paddling.

The fourth and fifth strokes came in quick succession, crisscrossing the earlier welts. I screamed in agony, my legs kicking involuntarily as waves of pain radiated through my bottom and thighs.

"Last one," Sharon announced. "I'm going to make it count."

The final swat was the hardest yet. It landed right at the crease where my bottom met my thighs, igniting every nerve ending. I wailed, my whole body shaking with sobs.

As the pain slowly began to ebb, I became acutely aware of my surroundings again.

The room had fallen silent except for my ragged breathing and quiet whimpers. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, witnessing my complete submission and humiliation.

In that moment, bent over the table with my well-punished bottom on display, I finally understood the truth of who I was. The revelation Stuart and Bradley had begun in my mind traveled deeper. I let out a sob as I felt an unexpected, even shocking emotion: gratitude.

My breath hitched as Sharon spoke again, her voice stern but with a note of approval. "Now, Melissa. Let's see if you've learned your lesson. Take the paddle and give Mandy a proper punishment this time."

I pushed myself up from the table, my bottom blazing with pain. Tears still streamed down my face as I picked up the paddle with trembling hands. Mandy looked at me with wide, apprehensive eyes as she bent over the table.

"Get those panties down," I commanded, my voice sounding raw to my own ears as I improvised.

Over her shoulder, Mandy gave me a look that seemed to mingle fear and a kind of appreciation, with shaking hands, she pulled her black panties down to her thighs. I swallowed hard. Something about the idea that I would have to hurt her the way Sharon had hurt me made the revelation of her adorable pussy seem more submissive—and, worse, more arousing.

"Six strokes," Sharon instructed. "Make them count."

I took a deep breath, steeling myself. The memory of my own punishment was still searing through me, but now I understood. This was what real discipline felt like. This was what Mandy needed—what we both needed.

I raised the paddle and brought it down hard across Mandy's upturned bottom. The crack echoed through the room, followed immediately by Mandy's anguished cry. I didn't hesitate before delivering the second stroke, just as hard as the first.

Mandy's screams filled the air as I continued, each swat leaving angry red welts across her pale skin. By the fourth stroke, she was sobbing uncontrollably, her body shaking. But I didn't let up. I couldn't. I understood now what true correction meant.

The final two strokes were the hardest yet. Mandy wailed, her legs kicking helplessly as the paddle connected. When I finished, her bottom was a blazing scarlet, crisscrossed with vivid welts.

"What do you think, Stuart?" Sharon asked.

I heard the answer as if from a hundred miles away.

"Very good," my boss said, his voice rich with satisfaction. "You've learned well, Melissa."

I set the paddle down, my hands shaking. Sympathy, embarrassment, and excitement all mingled inside me as I felt myself clench at the sight of what I had done. Punishing Mandy properly had awakened that primal need in me—not a desire to dominate, really, but a deeper understanding of my own submission.

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My eyes widened, then, as Sharon abruptly began to strip down to her own lingerie—a black lace bra and garter set that emphasized her toned body. She moved to the cabinet and my heart missed a beat as I watched her retrieve a strap-on harness. I swallowed hard, glancing at Mandy to see that her eyes had gone wide too, as Sharon fit the straps around her hips with practiced ease.

“Now,” Sharon said, her eyes gleaming, “it’s time for you to learn what happens to naughty girls who overstep their bounds. Get up, Mandy; you’re going to watch Melissa get the butt-fucking I’ve wanted to give her since her outburst at orientation.”

She stepped toward me, and took hold of my upper arm. All resistance seemed to melt out of my limbs as I felt myself turned around to see that Mandy had risen, though as if in her confusion she had left her panties down so that I got a distracting glimpse of her sweet, bare pussy.

Sharon bent me over the table again, positioning herself behind me. I tried to look over my shoulder at Stuart or any of the other men, in a wild hope they might find it all too much, but Sharon put her hand on my head and turned my face forward, wordlessly forbidding any appeal.

“Spread your cheeks, you little slut,” she ordered. With a whimper I reached back. I took hold of my paddled cheeks. I bit my lip, my face flaring as I obeyed, thinking of Stuart’s, Bradley’s, John’s, and Victor’s eyes taking it all in.

Then I gasped as I felt the blunt head of the dildo, lightly lubed, pressing against my anus. Despite my fear, my body responded, a rush of wetness coating my inner thighs.

Sharon pushed inside slowly but relentlessly. I cried out at the burning stretch. My hands clutched so hard at my punished bottom that I followed the cry with another, at the pain in my ass cheeks as much as at the intrusion of the plastic cock. Sharon began to thrust it in and out, each movement sending shockwaves of pain and pleasure through my body.

As Sharon fucked my ass, I became aware of Stuart moving closer. He had walked around the side of the table so that I could look up into his eyes and see his gorgeous face, beaming down a smile of satisfaction that sent a shudder of need through my body. I sobbed as he reached out his hand and ran his fingers through my hair, gently and soothingly, as if in consolation for my ordeal.

I gasped as Sharon's thrusts slowed, her hand gripping my hip tightly. "Stuart," she purred, "would you like a turn with this naughty girl's ass?"

My eyes widened as I looked up at Stuart, my heart pounding. His fingers were still tangled in my hair, and I saw a predatory gleam in his eye that made me shiver.

"I'd love to," Stuart replied, his voice low and husky. "But I think we can make this even more... educational." His gaze shifted to Mandy, who was still standing nearby, her panties around her thighs and her punished bottom on display. "Melissa should learn what it's like on both ends. I want her to fuck Mandy while I take her ass."

I felt my face burn even hotter, if that was possible. The idea of being caught between Stuart and Mandy, of being used and using at the same time, sent a confusing rush of arousal through me. I had fantasized about it, yes, but...

"Mandy," Stuart commanded, "take the strap-on off Sharon and put it on Melissa. She's going to fuck your ass while I fuck hers."

Sharon slowly withdrew from me, leaving me feeling achingly empty. I whimpered at



the loss, my body trembling as I remained bent over the table. I heard Mandy's soft footsteps as she approached, and then her trembling hands were on me, fastening the harness around my hips.

The weight of the dildo felt alien and thrilling as it jutted out from my body. Mandy's fingers brushed against my skin as she adjusted the straps, and I couldn't help but gasp at the contact. When she finished, she stepped back, awaiting further instructions.

Stuart moved behind me, his hands running down my sides. I shivered at his touch, acutely aware of how exposed and vulnerable I was. "Bend Mandy over in front of my colleagues," he murmured in my ear. "Show me you've learned how to take charge when needed."

With shaky legs, I straightened up and turned to Mandy. Her eyes were wide, a mix of apprehension and excitement in her gaze. I swallowed hard, trying to channel some of the confidence I'd felt earlier.

"Kneel in front of Bradley," I said, my voice hoarse. "Now."

Mandy complied immediately, turning toward the group of executives and falling to her knees. She bent over, onto her hands and knees, and presented her still-red bottom to me. I moved behind her, my hands trembling as I grasped her hips. I could smell her arousal, and it made my head spin.

Just as I was about to push inside Mandy, I felt Stuart's hands on my hips. His breath was hot on my neck as he leaned in close. "Remember," he whispered, "you're in charge of Mandy, but I'm in charge of you. You fuck her bottom how I tell you to."

## CHAPTER 25

Stuart

My blood sang in my veins as I surveyed the tableau of corporate debauchery in front of me. I savored each element of the taboo sight, my cock, jutting out from my fly, seeming to thrum so intensely with anticipation I could practically hear it.

Melissa knelt behind Mandy, the strap-on jutting proudly from between her thighs. Mandy was on all fours, her punished bottom raised invitingly. The other executives—Bradley, John, and Victor—sat in a semi-circle, their eyes gleaming with barely contained lust and their own fine, upstanding manhoods in their hands.

“Gentlemen,” I said, my voice low and commanding, “I believe it’s time we fully initiate Miss Mitropoulos into the Selecta way of doing things. Mandy, I want you to show our rising star how to properly service her superiors.”

Mandy nodded eagerly, lifting her head toward the seated men. With an ease so practiced that I heard Melissa whimper in obvious response, the young secretary reached for the executivecocks in front of her. She began to stroke Bradley’s hardness to her left, and John’s to her right, while at the same time she extended her tongue to lick Victor’s reverently. I watched approvingly as she turned to the left and right to give a respectful kiss to the cocks there before she took Victor’s sizable length all the way into her mouth, then began to bob her head enthusiastically.

“Melissa,” I commanded, adjusting the angle of her hips a bit, “start fucking Mandy’s ass. Straddle her, the way a man would do to go as deep as he wanted. Ride her nice and slow to begin with.”

Melissa hesitated for just a moment. She cast a glance at me over her shoulder, her cheeks adorably red and her lower lip between her teeth. Her eyes said, Do I have to?

I tilted my head forward, raising my eyebrows a bit. Yes, you have to, or your ass is

going to get a lot more of the punishment that already brought you to screaming submission.

Melissa's mouth twisted sweetly to the side, her brow deeply furrowed in apprehension, humiliation—and obvious need. She turned around and grasped Mandy's mobile hips to keep them in place for her thrust. She positioned the tip of the dildo at the tiny entrance, and slowly pushed the strap-on inside Mandy's red, punished bottom. Mandy moaned around Bradley's cock, the forbidden fullness clearly both pleasurable and painful judging by her sharp intake of breath.

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I lined myself up with Melissa's own tight asshole, still slick from Sharon's earlier attention. With a firm, steady pressure, I pushed inside, reveling in the tight heat enveloping me. Melissa gasped, her body tensing around me.

"That's it," I murmured, running my hands along her sides soothingly. "Take it all, like a good girl."

As I began to thrust, I set the pace for Melissa's movements into Mandy. The room filled with the sounds of our collective pleasure—wet slaps of flesh on flesh, muffled moans, and heavy breathing.

Sharon stood to the side, her eyes dark with arousal as she watched the scene unfold. At some point she had fetched a powerful wand vibrator from the nearby cabinet. She switched it on with a low hum, and brought it to her clit. She grunted and moaned, her face twisting with the evidently sharp, sudden pleasure. The sight of it, of a proudly powerful, dominant woman pleasuring herself, only added to the intoxicating atmosphere.

Mandy moved from Bradley to John, her mouth working diligently to pleasure each man in turn. Her enthusiasm was obvious, and I could see the effect it was having on Melissa. Each time Mandy moaned or shifted, Melissa's hips would jerk, driving her thrillingly tight anus back onto my cock more forcefully.

"Harder," I commanded, gripping Melissa's hips tightly. "Fuck that naughty ass harder."

Melissa obeyed, her strokes becoming more forceful. Mandy's cries of pleasure and

discomfort grew louder, even muffled as they were by Victor's thick shaft. I could feel the tension building in Melissa's body, her muscles clenching around me as she approached her peak.

"Don't you dare come yet," I growled in her ear. "Not until I tell you to."

Melissa

I gasped as a deep shudder went through my whole body at Stuart's command. The pressure had begun to build inside me, a tightening coil of pleasure that threatened to explode at any moment. I gritted my teeth, desperately trying to hold back my climax as I continued to thrust into Mandy's gorgeous, red, tight ass.

The sensations seemed almost overwhelming. Stuart's thick cock filled me completely, impaling me... claiming me... stretching me to my absolute limit. Each thrust sent jolts of pleasure radiating through my body, alongside a discomfort that made me sob in humiliated submission. At the same time, I watched, mesmerized, as the strap-on moved inside Mandy. The base rubbed against my clit with every stroke. The dual stimulation felt like too much to bear, and yet I kept craving it.

I could hear Mandy's muffled moans as she worked diligently to pleasure the three powerful men in front of her. The wet sounds of her mouth on their cocks, combined with their grunts and groans of satisfaction, created a lewd soundscape that kept heightening my arousal.

Suddenly, Bradley let out a deep groan. "I'm close," he panted. John and Victor echoed his sentiment, their faces stern with pleasure.

"Pull out," Stuart invited. "Come on her face."

Mandy obediently raised her head, her eyes closed and her mouth open in

anticipation. I watched, transfixed, as Bradley, John, and Victor stroked themselves to completion. Thick ropes of semen splashed across Mandy's flushed cheeks and parted lips. She looked utterly debauched, her face glistening with their release.

The sight was so intensely erotic that I nearly lost control. I whimpered, my hips jerking erratically as I fought against my impending orgasm. Stuart's grip on my hips tightened, his thrusts becoming more forceful.

"Keep going," he growled in my ear. "Don't stop fucking that sweet ass."

I obeyed, continuing to pump the strap-on in and out of Mandy's tight hole. Her whimpers of pleasure grew louder, no longer muffled by the executives' cocks. I could feel her body trembling beneath me, on the edge of her own release.

Bradley, John, and Victor sat back in their chairs, their expressions a mixture of satisfaction and admiration. "Excellent work, Stuart," Bradley said, his voice still husky with post-orgasmic bliss. "This has been an incredibly productive meeting."

"Indeed," John agreed. "Your team is truly impressive. Especially Mandy here—her oral skills are exceptional."

Victor nodded, his eyes roaming over Mandy's cum-covered face. "We'll definitely need to arrange more of these... collaborative sessions in the future."

Their praise sent another wave of conflicting emotions through me. Part of me felt a surge of pride at their approval, while another part still recoiled at the objectification. But overwhelmingly, I felt a deep, primal satisfaction at having pleased them—at having been a good girl for Stuart and Selecta.

Stuart continued to pound into my ass, his thrusts deep and relentless. Despite the intensity of the sensations, I tried to focus as he spoke, distantly aware of how the

huskiness of his voice didn't diminish its commanding tone in the slightest.

"Gentlemen, I'm extremely pleased with how this meeting has gone," Stuart said, his hands gripping my hips tightly. "Melissa and Mandy have both shown great potential. They'll be following up with a detailed workflow for the Your Secret Garden campaign launch within the week."

I gasped as Stuart hit a particularly sensitive spot, stars exploding behind my eyes. The dual sensations of his thick cock in my ass and the base of the strap-on rubbing against my clit with each thrust were driving me to the edge of madness. I could barely process his words, let alone form a coherent response.

"Melissa," Stuart growled, leaning close to my ear, "our colleagues have praised your work. Don't you have something to say?"

I whimpered, trying desperately to gather my thoughts. My entire body felt like a live wire, every nerve ending singing with pleasure and pain. I opened my mouth to speak, but all that came out was a strangled moan as Stuart increased his pace.

"Come on, little slut," he urged, his voice stern despite his obvious arousal. "Thank the gentlemen for their interest and praise. Show them how well-mannered you can be, even with a cock in your ass."

Tears of humiliation and desperate need streamed down my face as I finally managed to form words. "Th-thank you," I sobbed, my voice breaking as Stuart continued to fuck me mercilessly. "Thank you for... for your praise and interest. I'm... oh, god... I'm so grateful for the opportunity."

I heard chuckles from the men watching, and my face burned even hotter. I was acutely aware of how I must look—bent over, impaled on Stuart's cock, fucking Mandy's ass with a strap-on. The thought sent another wave of confused need

through me.



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“Very good,” Stuart murmured approvingly. “Now, I think it’s time we wrap this up. Melissa, make Mandy come. Then, and only then, you have permission to orgasm.”

I nodded frantically, beyond words at this point. I focused on Mandy, still trembling beneath me, her face glistening with the executives’ release. I angled my hips, trying to hit that spot inside her that I knew would drive her wild. My efforts were rewarded with a high-pitched keening sound from Mandy.

“That’s it,” I panted, finding my voice again. “Come for me, Mandy. Be a good girl and come on my cock.”

My words seemed to push Mandy over the edge. She cried out, her body convulsing beneath me as her orgasm crashed over her. The sight and feel of Mandy’s climax, combined with Stuart’s relentless thrusting in my most intimate place, finally pushed me over the edge. A tidal wave of pleasure crashed over me, more intense than anything I’d ever experienced. I screamed, my body convulsing as the orgasm ripped through me. My vision went white, and for a moment, I thought I might pass out from the sheer intensity of it all.

Wave after wave of ecstasy washed over me, each one seeming impossibly stronger than the last. I was vaguely aware of Mandy shuddering beneath me, caught in the throes of another climax. Stuart’s grip on my hips tightened, his thrusts becoming erratic as he neared his own release.

As the aftershocks of my orgasm began to subside, I became aware of movement around us. Through bleary eyes, I saw Bradley, John, and Victor rising from their seats, adjusting their clothing. They looked immensely satisfied, their eyes roaming

over the debauched tableau before them.

“Stuart,” Bradley said, his voice warm with approval, “I must say, you’ve truly outdone yourself this time. Miss Mitropoulos is a remarkable find.”

John nodded in agreement. “Indeed. Such a promising, brilliant young whore for your team. I look forward to seeing how she develops under your guidance.”

Victor chuckled, his gaze lingering on my trembling form. “A natural submissive with just the right touch of sass. You’ll have your hands full with this one, Stuart.”

Their words sent a confusing mix of pride and humiliation coursing through me. I felt my cheeks burn even hotter, if that was possible, as I realized how thoroughly I had debased myself in front of these powerful men. And yet, a part of me preened under their praise, desperate for their approval.

Stuart’s voice rumbled behind me, thick with his impending climax. “Thank you, gentlemen. I assure you, Melissa’s potential will be fully realized here at Selecta.”

As the executives filed out of the room, murmuring their final compliments, I felt Stuart’s thrusts become more urgent. His fingers dug into my hips, sure to leave bruises. With a guttural groan, he slammed into me one final time, burying himself to the hilt. I gasped as I felt the hot pulse of his release deep inside me, marking me as his in the most primal way possible.

For a moment, we all remained frozen in our positions—Stuart buried in my ass, me still inside Mandy. Then, slowly, carefully, Stuart withdrew. I whimpered at the loss, feeling suddenly empty and bereft. As I started to straighten up, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

Sharon stood beside me, her face flushed and her eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

She had put herself to rights at some point, and she looked the picture of straitlaced corporate competence. My eyes went wide with apprehension at what she might do, but without a word, she pulled me up and into a searing kiss. Her tongue searched my mouth as I moaned at her dominance. Her hand gripped my right bottom cheek, reminding me of my punishment, and I cried out as tears sprang to my eyes.

Sharon broke the kiss, leaving me breathless and trembling. My lips tingled from the pressure of hers, and I could still taste her on my tongue. She turned to Stuart, her hand lingering possessively on my shoulder.

“Stuart,” she said, her voice rich with satisfaction, “I’m truly impressed. You’ve found quite the gem in Melissa here.” Her fingers traced a line down my arm, sending shivers through my body. “It’s refreshing to see someone who can bring such fresh perspectives to the team, while still understanding her place in the hierarchy.”

I felt a surge of pride at her words, even as my cheeks burned with embarrassment. The conflicting emotions swirled within me, leaving me dizzy and off-balance.

Sharon turned back to me, her eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that made my breath catch in my throat. “Melissa,” she said, her voice low and commanding, “I want you to know that I’ll be watching you very closely from now on.” Her lips curled into a predatory smile. “I have high expectations for you, and I won’t hesitate to correct you if needed.”

My heart raced at her words, a mixture of fear and excitement coursing through my veins. I nodded, unable to find my voice.

With a final, appraising look, Sharon leaned in and pressed a light, almost chaste kiss to my lips. The gentleness of it, in stark contrast to her earlier dominance, left me reeling. Without another word, she turned and strode out of the room, the click of her heels echoing in the sudden silence.

I stood there, swaying slightly, my mind struggling to process everything that had just happened. The room still smelled of sex and sweat, and I could feel Stuart's release slowly trickling down my thighs. The strap-on, fresh from Mandy's bottom, hung heavily between my legs.

Stuart's voice broke through my daze. "Mandy," he said, his tone businesslike despite the intimate scene we'd just shared, "get dressed and go clean yourself up. Take the dildo and disinfect it, too. We can't have you walking around the office looking like that."

I turned to see Mandy scrambling to obey, her movements slightly unsteady. Her face was still streaked with the executives' release, her hair disheveled, and her bottom a vivid red from the paddling I'd given her. As she gathered her clothes, I felt a sudden, overwhelming urge to comfort her, to connect with her after the intense experience we'd just shared.

"Sir," I said, my voice hoarse and uncertain, "may I... may I hug Mandy before she goes?"

Stuart raised an eyebrow, a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Of course," he said, his voice softening slightly. "Go ahead."

Grateful for his permission, I stepped toward Mandy, who had paused in her dressing to look at me with wide, uncertain eyes. I took her into my arms and just held her for a long moment.

"Thank you, miss," she whispered.

"Such good girls," Stuart said. "Mandy, would you like to play with us this weekend?"

My heart skipped a beat.Us?I stepped away from Mandy and looked at Stuart, unable to keep the smile from my face. The expression in his eyes and his own grin made joy surge in my heart despite all the abandonment of the scene.

He turned back to Mandy. “I think Melissa here should learn to give you as much pleasure as you’ve given her.”

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My heart skipped a beat. My pussy clenched hard. With my cheeks blazing all over again, I looked at Mandy, half hoping she would refuse.

She had a naughty smile on her semen-coated face, though.

“I’d love to,” she said, then deftly removed the harness from my hips before slipping out the door of the conference room.

“Sir...” I said, uncertainly. “About...”

I swallowed hard.

“About...us...”

Stuart’s smile widened, and his eyebrows rose.

“I’d like there to be anus, Miss Mitropoulos. How about you?”

As I nodded, I couldn’t keep the little whimper of... of... of everything from emerging.

“Yes,” I whispered. “Yes, please.”

The End