

Special Express by Abe Froman

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Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

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Stacy's day could hardly have been better – even being at work seemed wonderful. The warmth of spring was in the air, allowing her to fully roll down the windows of her truck and feel the breeze flap her blond ponytail against her shoulders. As she looked around the spotless cab and double-checked her destination, she was reminded why she loved her employers.

Special Express was a niche-market courier company that treated their drivers very well – especially their women drivers. In fact they seemed to have gone to great lengths to lure any women away from the other couriers in town. There were great and flexible hours, equal and generous pay, well-kept clean trucks and benefits packages tailored for them. On top of regular sick days the drivers also received “lunar days” off every month, as needed.

Management had also gone above and beyond when it came to group benefits. Not only were there the typical medical and dental plans but also some fantastic group discounts at local salons, spas and upscale clothing stores – including beautiful lingerie from stores varying from Victoria's Secret to La Perla. Add to that the yearly company retreats that just happened to take place at some of the most stunning beaches and exquisite resorts and it was no wonder that there was hardly a woman to be found working for any of their competitors.

She wasn't so naive to believe that the gender of the person delivering the packages into offices didn't make any difference to the clients but it didn't really bother her. She wasn't a flirt by any means, but she had long ago made peace with the extra glances her looks brought her. Her blond hair was long and thick, striking even in a ponytail – and it was set off well by the deep tan she easily maintained between the retreats and spa visits. Even though the corporate uniform was a non-descript – if a little snug – jumpsuit, she still felt the warmth of a few eyes on her when she stepped into male-dominated offices. She was well curved and she stayed fit. Depending on the day or mood it affected her differently, but mostly it amused her and gave her a certain feeling of power.

When she arrived at the address on the waybill she found a convenient spot for the truck in the building's loading area. There was only one small package to go, so she could easily carry it by hand. She head inside as she tried to recall if she'd been in this particular building before – no clear answer come to mind. The buildings all started to blend together after a while. These offices did seem to be well appointed to her glance, lots of shiny metal and expensive wood. Her eyes moved back and forth between the package's label and the names on directories and doors until she found her way to one Mr. A. Gallway's office. His receptionist was a young woman, so he couldn't be that important. Stacey's had her own rule of thumb that the mid-level exec's get off on cute girls outside their door while the real power players knew that it was middle-aged career administrators that really got things done.

The receptionist balked at signing the digital pad and told her that Mr. Gallway wanted to receive the package personally – security or something. Stacey sighed okay – more time taken out of her routine, but she didn't let her disappointment show – Special Express cherished the customer service it offered – including politeness. She found this a new challenge today – this girl was actually chewing gum.

Following the perky pleated skirt into the main office after a quick knock, she put on her smile and offered the package and signing pad to Mr. Gallway. He looked to be an average sort, not old and not fat. Stacey has long ago stopped noticing too much about the “bosses” as in her world it is the receptionists and parking attendants that merit a courier's good graces and attention.

He took the pad from her and signed it, smiling at her. “Would you mind waiting just a moment while I open this? If it is what I think it is, I should have a return package for you immediately.”

“Of course, Sir” she replied. Most other companies wouldn't bother, but this kind of situation was even in her training examples as one way Special Express would offer a higher level of service. She turned, just enough to give him a semblance of privacy but not enough to turn her back to him.

In the corner of her eye she could see him tear open the small box and slide out a small folded card. He must like it, she thought, because that is some smile.

He started to speak but it's didn't really seem he was directing his words to her and his eyes were locked onto the card. He spoke slower than before, like he was trying too hard with each syllable. “Code Special Express 4591.”

She was about to think that's a strange thing to say, but she wasn't really thinking anymore, and besides, it wasn't nearly as strange as the way the room was getting darker and kind of blurry.

When a normal light level returned, Stacy found herself seated – vaguely aware of a change there. She was standing a second ago, right? As her eyes opened more fully and she became aware of her surroundings, she found herself in a rather plush wingback chair in an office. She recognized the face of the man smiling at her and the details of a delivery started coming back to her.

“What happened?” she managed to ask.

He didn’t really reply to her; he just smiled. “God, I love it... Always a surprise.”

This time turning to face her, he addressed her; “You’re a Special Express courier, my dear, with a rather unique emphasis on the ‘special.’ I requested a delivery and I got it, and it’s you. So now you’re all mine, at least for a while. You were quite expensive, you know.”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” she said, not sure if she should be amazed at this guy’s delusions of his own charm, or to be insulted and his assumptions that she could be bought. She decided it was time to get out of here. When she tried to lift herself out of the chair, her arms didn’t seem to respond to her desire to push herself up. Still too weak from fainting, she supposed, or whatever happened.

“Please, dear,” he said, “take off your uniform.”

She was sure of her emotions this time – anger and disbelief bubbled up inside her mind. This asshole is out of his mind if he thinks she’s stripping down for him. Her mind raced to phrase the proper reply and insult before she would storm off to call her boss and his.

While she was thinking, the room started moving again. It took a split second for her to realize that this time the room seemed to be moving because she had actually stood up. Not only that, but her arms and hands seemed to be moving about on their own. In fact her fingers are starting to peel open her jumpsuit uniform; opening the collar button and slowly but steadily pulling down on the front zipper. She tries to stop it, to pull her hands away, but despite feeling the sensations and pressure on her fingertips she seems to have no control over her body.

She wanted to stop, to scream, to run out -- to do anything but stand here and be exposed before this stranger. None of it seemed possible, however – she couldn’t even seem to change the expression on her face – the soft curl of her lips formed into a coquettish smile mocked her inability to resist.

“In case you’re wondering, the delivery code gives me your obedience as well as your presence, my sweet,” he spoke in a near whisper, looking upon her in

seeming awe. Each second passing saw more of her tanned flesh exposed and his eyes were locked upon the motion of the zipper.

She wasn't just removing her clothing in a utilitarian way, it became clear. Her shoulders and neck joined the kind of dance, shrugging back to slide the uniform from her shoulders as the posture emphasized her firm breasts. Despite the mental resistance she put up, there seemed to be nothing she could do to stop her body turning as her hands moved to her waist, pushing the jumpsuit down her long legs, bending at the waist as she did so – exposing her bottom so shamelessly to him. Her hands reached all the way down to her ankles, freeing her foot from her shoe as it stepped out of the jumpsuit leg. Her next foot followed suit, pulling from the shoe and the jumpsuit, now just crumpled cotton on the floor – and she'd stepped outwards each time, so her feet were spaced out nearly two feet apart – she was suddenly very aware of the view she was giving him.

She wanted to stand, to turn and cover herself as best she could. None of that happened though – just the slow slide of her fingertips up her legs as she moved upright so slowly. As she stood upright once more, her legs twisting to turn her body towards him one more, another surprise nearly overwhelmed her. A pulse of what seemed like heated electricity shot through her body, starting between her legs and pushing outward to her toes and fingertips. It seemed like pure pleasure. Her helplessness in her own form continued, and she couldn't even blush as she felt her pussy moisten and her nipples stiffen quickly – all in the open view of this Mr. Gallway.

“Yes, I bet that felt good – they tell me it feels wonderful for you to obey – to do just what you're told,” he was nearly laughing and he'd clearly noticed the reactions. “Keep that in mind, my dear.”

Stacy no longer knew what to think; she was hardly able to deal with the conflicting emotions and sensations. She found herself standing in this office, stripped down to tiny red lace panties and a matching demi bra of red lace and black silk piping (that would have been out of her financial reach without the company discount). Perhaps even more embarrassing than her sexy ensemble is the fact that the pulse of pleasure has left her nipples very visibly stiff and she knew from the wonderful sensation that dark wetness will soon be marking her panties.

She's humiliated, embarrassed, angry, afraid and confused. What is happening? What did he mean when he talked about the company? She's a courier, not a hooker. Is Special Express behind this somehow? God, why does it have to feel so good?

Her mind raced invisibly behind the coy smile her lips curl themselves into, parted slightly to show her tongue sliding over her teeth. Her body was quivering visibly with the pleasure.

“Go ahead, look in the package you delivered, and pull out the red plastic bag – it should be clear what to do with the contents.”

Her body didn't hesitate to walk to the box and pull out the red plastic bag and open it up. Inside she saw a rather slutty-looking pair of red heels that must have been five inches tall. One after the other she slipped her feet into them and found herself balancing atop them as she leaned forwards, at the waist again, to close the leather strap around her ankle. With them on, her fingers searched in the bag and pulled out the only remaining item – a tube of lipstick.

She barely got a flash of the bright red colour before her fingers had it open and sliding over her pursed lips. It felt so smooth, so wet that she knew it must be some kind of high-gloss covering. Again she was distracted and nearly knocked over by the pulse of heat shooting from her loins. Another command obeyed, as if she had a choice, and another unwanted reward.

“Why don't you get used to those heels and walk around the office for me – I'd like to get a good look at you in motion, sweetheart.”

In moments she was on her path, embarking on slow laps of his office, her body swaying and sliding, her hips beating out the unheard rhythm of a primal drum. She felt her full breasts, a very full C, bouncing and jiggling in the limited support her bra offered and the motion only brought more of her attention to her stiff and sensitive nipples.

She felt the heat of mortified embarrassment in her cheeks without knowing only a healthy pink showed on her cheeks. She felt the difficulty of balancing her body on the ridiculous heels, but only a practiced grace showed, along with the shaping of her legs and ass that only such tall heels could accomplish.

As she lapped the office as something between a runway model and commodity on display she realized that she was fast approaching the floor to ceiling windows behind his desk – she felt like a passenger in a car about to crash. There would be nothing to hide her – not that walking around this way was exactly discrete, but at least it was only for an audience of one. She couldn't make herself stop despite her internal panic. She couldn't even make her head turn to look and see who might be looking from some other office at that moment. Maybe, she thought, it was a blessing that she didn't know if some executive across the street was snorting coffee through his nose right now, as he watched her nearly bare body saunter across the room.

As a further betrayal of her body against her, her stride slowed as she crossed the expanse of glass. Her hips gave an extra wiggle, her shoulders pushed farther back and her hands slid up her belly to lift and squeeze her breasts. And, mortified internally, she actually giggled like Marilyn Monroe on a subway grate.

He loved it, she could tell. He was watching her intently, eyes roaming over her like a steak on a barbeque. She saw the bulge in his trousers grow and his hands move to his crotch for some unexplained adjustment.

At that moment, if she could have, she would have visibly stumbled with the force of the pulse of pleasure and lust hitting her. She wanted to curse her body – how could she be acting this way? Displaying herself like a whore, simply following this stranger’s orders without question or hesitation. How could it cause her such pleasure? It was maddening, especially as she could already hardly wait for the next feeling, the next pulse – all the while fearful of what she would be doing when it happened. Would she be touching that cock? God, would she? Part of her wanted to see it, to touch it and to squeeze it but each rising mental image was met with the opposite mental impulse of anger and disgust.

Galloway seemed happy to watch her for a few endless minutes, through her slow and silent laps of his office. Then he spoke.

"There's a special toy in the delivery box. Will you get it, please?" It wasn't a question and his pure enjoyment of his control was audible in his tone.

She didn't miss a stride or break her rhythm as she turned to the box she'd delivered. She stopped and bent at the waist to reach down and pull out the strange item from the bottom of a black plastic bag. Inside her head, she heard alarm bells sounding along with silent screams of panic. It was huge! In her hands, she held a giant, rubber and lifelike black rubber dildo.

Years ago, on one martini-inspired girls night, she and some friends had gone to see a male strip show. The muscled body of the feature dancer had blown them away – they had hooted and hollered and laughed and screamed. When that African god had pulled away his thong that night, however, they were silenced in awe. This dildo was bigger.

The base of it was formed into a suction cup and the intended use was clear with Galloway's next words. "Lick the base, my dear, and push it up against the window behind my desk."

Her mind was racing, trying to stay a step ahead in figuring out what was planned for her, while her body mindlessly obeyed. Her tongue rolled out of her mouth, bathing the base of the dildo. She got down on her knees for leverage and pushed the toy up against the glass – once more exposed to view – until it stayed there on its own – jutting out obscenely.

"Strip completely now, please – take off everything but those wonderful shoes."

Was she still resisting? She couldn't tell as clearly as before. The reactions of her body didn't seem as unexpected or as unwanted. God, she had to fight this,

no matter how good it felt in pulses. She couldn't become this. At the same time, her body gave a little spasm of joy as first the bra then her panties were peeled off in a slow, seductive dance for him. It felt like an invisible kiss on her clit when they hit the floor.

Every square inch of her flesh tingled, like a breeze was caressing her nakedness. Her nipples were crinkled so tight, like a lover's lips were holding and taunting them.

She barely heard his words as he made his wishes clear. Her mind didn't need to, as her body was only too happy to oblige. She slid down to her knees, facing him, and on all fours she backed up to the obscene toy until she felt its touch. She didn't stop longer than it took for her hand to find the head and guide it to her soaked pussy.

In a blur she rode it – she pushed her body back, actually moaning out loud as it stretched her open wider and pushed in, spreading her puffed lips open around its girth. Her ample breasts swayed with the building rhythm. The pleasure hit her like a pure force and her humiliation and shame lost easily to her built-up lust and desire. Her eyes held his gaze, his smirk, as she fucked the toy – the show visible to anyone who might be watching from the other side of that window was sure to be obscene and graphic. She knew it and that knowledge was another split in her mind – part ashamed and part deeply aroused by the possibility. She imagined some copy clerk staring at her ass, her body pushing back as it was filled over and over, and maybe even that horny boy was holding his dick in his hand as he watched.

Galloway, clearly aroused, made his way closer to her. His hands deftly opened his belt and he pushed his trousers and boxers down to his ankles. The stiffness of his cock was a clear barometer of his enjoyment of the show so far. He sat on the edge of his chair and the command had barely left his mouth before her lips swallowed him in. Her body pistoned between the two cocks now – one thrust would push her back and drive the massive dildo deep into her raging cunt, the next would slide his hot throbbing shaft into her mouth, with her lips pursed tight around him.

She felt the heat rising in her body as her moans escaped as gurgled mumbling. Her shame was outdone by disbelief now – disbelief that this could be real, that she could be in this situation when she was supposed to be working, that it could feel so good. Over and over she bounced between him and the huge dildo. Each motion brought a sense of further humiliation that was rapidly outdone by the pure physical pleasure of the sensations that came with it.

She felt herself close to release, to sweet orgasm. She was so close that just a few more thrusts would do it. Before she could make it, however, he pulled his throbbing cock from her mouth, putting a stop to her rhythm. Once he was free

of her lips, he reached down to pinch her nipples; he held them in his fingers and squeezed and rolled them until she moaned out loud. Then he pulled them, towards him, as he rolled the chair back. At first her body took the sensation as pleasure and play, but he didn't stop pulling away from the window.

Finally, reluctantly, she had to crawl forward to follow – her tormented breasts and nipples pulled her like a leashed puppy. She sighed as the dildo popped wetly from her aching cunt. With that wet sound he stopped and released her. She knew then that he had heard the sound too and her unseen humiliation rose higher and higher.

“Turn around, my sweet. Crawl around for me, and face the window.”

She manoeuvred around on all fours, turning her bottom towards him. Her thoughts blurred into a chaotic buzz her mind took in her surroundings. The huge, obscene rubber cock stared her in the face, dripping with her own juice. Her pussy, spread and hot and wet, was displayed to the strange executive. And yes, it had to have happened, she could now see men watching her from two separate offices across the street. One man, alone in his office was clearly stroking his own cock with the show. Two windows over and one floor up, there were three men together and she saw their faces distorted in laughter and amazement.

“Time to start again, my sweet,” he spoke with a ragged voice now.

Her internal voice begged, but she didn't really know whom she was begging anymore: him or herself? His hands guided her forwards and with her eyes as wide as her mouth, she took the dildo in her mouth. The strong and needy taste of her own nectar was powerful, and she could do nothing but meet the eyes of the onlookers as she felt herself pushed deeper and deeper onto it.

As the fullness of it struck her and she was fighting to fit it all in, her attention was diverted elsewhere. Gallway thrust his stiff cock, still wet from her saliva, deep into her waiting and displayed cunt with a single thrust. Her moan was turned into a bubbling gurgle by the dildo, and the thrust pushed it even deeper into her.

Each thrust filled her body with sensation – not only from the feeling of his very eager cock sliding into her sensitized pussy, but again with the unwanted yet so wonderful pulses of goodness that her obedience and subservience seems to trigger. Her want was palpable yet at the same time so was her shame, her humiliation, as she was so aware of being fucked on all fours in this office while she sucked on all of the black dildo she could fit into her mouth in the full view of an increasing crowd of office workers. As she moaned, one hand moved to the window to brace her body against his deep forceful thrusts.

She feared the final humiliation even as she knew it was so close, and so desperately wanted. She was moments from cumming. Each thrust edged her

close to that cliff. As her body trembled and her breasts swayed, she could feel her heart pounding in her chest, reverberating in her head and her clit. And then it hit, landing over her like an ocean wave – hitting her whole body at once, knocking her right out of conscious thought. Despite the mouthful of rubber, she still tried to scream out with pleasure.

Galloway rode it out, feeling the spasming of her pussy tight around his cock. His continued thrusts only lengthened her orgasm; wave after wave pounding over her, until her clit felt like it would explode or burst into flame. At his own last moment, he pulled his trembling shaft from her, sticky from her nectar, and held it tight as he reached his own plateau, and shot numerous thick white ropes of hot cum onto her glistening back and ass. A guttural moan pushed from his mouth with each shot.

As her passion receded, the full force of her humiliation hit her. She knelt there, mouth full of dildo, as he moaned and breathed deeply behind and above her. He was bathing in his own pleasure, using his softening cock to rub his cooling cum into her skin. Her gaze took in the applause from her audience across the street – a silent mocking.

“Come off there, sweetheart. You can lick me clean.”

She wondered if it could possible get worse. As the tingling of lust drained from her, the fact that her body was ignoring her mind hit her again with full force. She wanted to flee and hide but her body obediently backed off the dripping dildo, drool dripping from her lips, and turned to him. She gathered up the half-erect cock in her mouth and her lips and tongue slowly bathed him, taking in the mixture of his cum and her nectar. It seemed to take forever to her as her nimble tongue searched out each drop, even going so far as to suck his balls into her mouth while his cock lay across her cheek.

It was then that the flash of the Polaroid went off. “I’m not supposed to, baby, but I had to have just one souvenir.” He was giggling.

His next words were in that forced and formal enunciation, “Code Special Express 4591 complete.” Her mouth was still full of him when her vision faded slowly to black, last seeing the grin of a man who couldn’t be more pleased with himself.

"Here you go, Miss – the waybill is attached."

She stood, looking back at the very comfortable chair where she’d been waiting for him, yet another mid-level executive wanting personal courier service because it makes him feel important. She smiled to herself, she wouldn’t have to wait if

she worked for another company, but it was a very small price to pay. Besides, she thought, she got a bit of a break in the middle of a hectic day, and she felt so refreshed she could have been glowing.

Her eyes widened a touch as she glanced at her watch as she left the office, the new package tucked under her arm. Damn, time sure flies when you love your job.

Please send any comments or suggestions to froman.abe@gmail.com. They are greatly appreciated.

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