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Showing her whose boss

Story Code – M/F, non consensual, solo

Today was particularly hard. I got up early from being with the girls last night after drinks at the local bar. I had my usual cotton candy cosmo, well at least about 4 of them. Dancing, talking it up with all the guys in the club, and trashing our co-workers, was our usual Thursday over drinks. The girls and I went out on a Thursday night, got hammered, just to celebrate the next day, Friday.

Olivia...Ms. Carter...

Yes yes, what do you need Diane

“Your 2 o clock is here”,

Ok I will be out....

“I will let them know”

Oh and Diane,

“Yes”

For the 30th time, in the office I am Ms. Carter, in the office we are not friends, I am your boss, don't forget that. I will have you out on your ass for your blatant disrespect so I am telling you...respectfully, its Ms. Carter.

“Sorry Oli...I mean Ms. Carter”

The meeting I got out of was with Sample Inc., you see, I am the head of client affairs in our western regional offices. I lead a team of about 20 in this office alone. I guess I have come so accustomed to people being under me its quite hard for me not be a...hm what do they call me, “a ball busting bitch” haha! I remember when I first heard one of my employees say that while I stood behind him. I saw the reaction on the women's face he was talking to. It was like she had seen a ghost as I stood behind him listening as he tore my character to shreds with his subjective ideas of me. Eh, maybe I deserved it, I would say so myself, I can be a bitch sometimes. Its my image, tall about 5'7 long slender legs, petite body, dark black hair, perfect perky lips, perfect, tight, round ass that curved well in my signature black suit that came about an inch above the knee. I was Ivy League, and I had an image to uphold. So yes I made a spectacle of him, took his balls and placed them in my brief case where they belonged, than walked away with a small smirk on my face of accomplishment as he packed up his desk.

Sample Inc was a huge potential client that I needed to make my 100 million dollar mark in the company. I had only been with the company for about 4 years and made my way from an Account Asst, to Account Director, to head of client affairs in 4 years brining in over 85 million dollars to the company. Sample inc. was a 16 million dollar account.

With such an accomplishment, I would be considered for VP in no time.

All that excitement, all of that blood rushing, heart-pumping excitement was my work life. My home life was the complete opposite. I had a beautiful 3-story house near the beach with no kids and as luck would have it, no male presence. The most fun I would have was with the girls on Thursdays. Movies by myself, plays, walks on the beach, all of it...by myself. The few men that I had in my life, 3 to be exact, were not my taste. They just didn't do it for me. And the men that did do it for me, well the ones that I would look at, would never give me more than a 3rd look. Those were the CEO's of the world or business owners and what not. Once they heard about my success, and the size of my paycheck, any idea of me and him, or him, and him well, they were all out of the window.

My friends and I were similar; we all were successful women in corporate American with many employees under us with crushed careers and dreams to follow. We were all ball busters you could say. Cindy Washington, Head of Marketing at her company. Beautiful blond women with striking green eyes that could stop a man in his tracks with one look. Unfortunately for them, she was a full-blown lesbian and loved pussy more than she loved cock. She loved her hold over men though, like she loved her hold over her employees, but at the end of day she would go home to Claire, a just as gorgeous blonde who was like a house wife right out of the 50's. Dania Arnold, CFO, at her company, bit older than most of us but knew how to party. Dania had been divorced twice with lucrative outcomes. In my opinion, she had no reason but to party. Kimmie Rodriguez, long black hair, large tits, cute little accent, a corporate linguist. She knew about 8 languages fluently not including English and made money by translating for companies in different countries. We called her the talented tongue. Ha! She had a new boyfriend about every week. None of them knew what she did or probably even her last name for that matter, she would always taunt and tease them, make them want her than break their hearts...she had commitment issues. Trisha Rudolf married with 2 children and a sexy husband that was at her every beck and call. The girls and I envied her, them a bit more than me. I loved the fact that she had someone to come home to. Kimmie and Dania loved the way her husband was to her, I mean who wouldn't.

“Olivia, when was the last time you even got laid, I mean how do you do it”

“Oh Kimmie, unlike you I like to keep my legs closed as much as possible...”
I said sarcastically and with a smile.

“Ok fine I will give you that but I am never complaining and always satisfied”

“I am fine. I am happy exactly where I am and if I wanted any man I could have them without question. I am just... well waiting.”

“For what, a knight and shining armor. Sweetie I've been through two of those trust me you're not missing anything”

Rolling my eyes I turned to Trisha.

“Trisha help me out here. You go home to your sexy ass husband every night; you know how it feels...” Putting up a front, I had no clue what I was waiting for actually. No man I had been with ever satisfied me. I tried a woman once, but that didn’t do it for me either.

Trisha continued,

“Yes it feels like the same dick every night” We all started to chuckle at Trisha she hadn’t stayed faithful to him since day one.

“Well if you have a nice sexy women to come home to that has dinner ready and fingers that couldn’t possibly be the same every night...oh and a tongue that...”

“Ok Cindy we get it...”

“You shut up Trisha I want to hear the rest” Kimme exclaimed.

Laughing “Kimmie you are always horny and ready no matter who it is”

“Yesss love and that is the way you should be no matter who it is...or how it comes, you should always-be-ready” she said slowly at the end, as she looked at me with her seductive eyes sipping on her drink.

“See Olivia I’ve been noticing that guy all night looking at you, you should go over and talk to him, did you even bother to notice him?”

“Notice who? What are you talking about?”

I turned around in the direction she was looking, tall, built and with nice blue eyes...but what I noticed more was someone standing in the corner behind him. I couldn’t quite see his face though.

“Yes he’s handsome but I am not going over there”

“Yes you are!” Trisha, Dania, Kimmie, and Cindy said in unison

“Just go I bet you he has a nice surprise just waiting for you...”

“haha you’re cute Dania”

“I may be older than you but I get way more cock than you Olivia, now why is that I wonder?”

“Dania you are way older than all of us,” Cindy claimed while we all let out a gut deep laugh.

“40 and proud little Ms. Cindy” I envied how comfortable Dania was with her life.

“Olivia, if you are ever gonna laid, you are going to have to start somewhere, now go over there”

They were right though, getting up, my little red backless dress slid down right above my knee. The silk glided around my round ass like a glove and the plunging neckline was just enough to give a clear view of the top of my cleavage while leaving more to the imagination. I walked over with more than enough confidence to stop a speeding car. Hips swaying, head held high, I was only 26 years old but looked 21 and talked like 35. I knew all eyes were on me as I walked over to the sexy 6'1 man at the bar.

Buying me another drink oh how I didn't need another one, I started up a small cute convo and for once didn't mention my many successes. He was gorgeous I was getting wet just looking at him. His strong jawline and dashing smile, I could talk to him all night. As our conversation continued, I noticed an almost shadow like figure standing about 15 feet away in a dark corner. It was the same guy from earlier. The man was tall, about 6'4, nicely built. I couldn't quite make out his face. I tried to study him; I tried to understand why I felt as if he was looking at me, but I couldn't see his face. There were a lot of beautiful women in this club, but he was still looking at only me even an hour later after I first noticed his stare. I stared back into the shadow, but that did nothing to appease the piercing glare he gave me. It was like he could see right through the fake picture I was painting for this man. Like he knew exactly who I was and all my secrets. Something about him sent a pure cold shiver up my spine. So much so, my bra-less dress spoke for itself

"So Olivia, I see you're not wearing a bra...is that something you do normally"

Memorized by the dark shadowy figure in the corner I totally forgot where I was and snapped back to reality...yes.

Yes! It's something I do on nights when I get to be free of my normal uptight collard suit self.

He laughed...at least he thought it was funny. It wasn't a joke to me. It was my life... Another day another week, a few weeks actually went by since I met Josh at the bar that night. He was indeed a sweet heart, but once again he didn't do it for me. He was nice though, brining me lunch taking me to plays, and even walked on a beach with me. He was a perfect gentleman. After three weeks of me giving nothing up to this man, he wanted me, and he started to hint quite often to it. I felt it in the way he would kiss me, the way he stroked my body was tantalizing. I wanted to give in, I really did. I hadn't had sex in a year and was more than just rusty. He didn't notice it seemed. He enjoyed running his hand down my back to my ass while he massaged his tongue deep into my warm awaiting mouth. I may have not liked his persona too much but he knew his way around a women's body. Taking me to the movies was my favorite. Running his hand slowly up my skirt, as he kissed my earlobe, shoulder and neck. Missed two movies that way, I have no clue what the movies were about when I left aside from the title on the ticket. He loved teasing me, most likely because I told him I wouldn't give it up that easily.

The following week, I noticed my employees seemed a bit more laid back than normal. I guess I hadn't noticed it since I had been dating Josh. I guess he did have a good effect on my attitude around the office. I actually didn't like it. I had an image to keep up and a respect that was unwavering. I made sure to make sure everyone knew who was boss. The very next day, I showed up to the office at promptly 8:50. Got my own coffee, read

emails, and got ready for the workday that should have started promptly at 9AM. I assume since I had been coming into the office late, a few of my employees thought that it was OK to splurge a little. Diane, Nadine, and Michael both didn't fall into the office until around 9:15 9:20. I was fuming, so much disrespect for being on time, so much disrespect for me. That moment I picked up the phone and broke up with Josh, his influence on me had impacted the respect that I demanded in my office.

First Nadine, then Michael, and finally Diane, I called them all into my office. I made an example out of Diane that day, she may have been a friend from my childhood, but that was more the better why she shouldn't have crossed me. I fired her on the spot. I wasn't one to scream, my smug look and calm attitude is what made everyone hate me. Sitting back in my chair legs crossed with a sense of calm and collection radiating on my face I took a sip of the coffee Diane brought me that day, placed it on the desk, and proceeded:

"Diane I am extremely disappointed in you with your lack of discipline in my office; lets not speak about your clear disregard to punctuality. I am left with no other decision but to terminate your employment." Diane in tears, I was quite pleased with the outcome, I still had it I thought to myself. Michael was my top earner though I would never fire him, but showing him who was boss was my specialty. "Michael, you maybe be good at what you do but you mean nothing to me, try it again and you're out. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes" 'yes what Michael,'" in a very smug and sarcastic tone I exclaimed

"Yes Ms. Carter," he answered

"Good."

"As for you Nadine, my account director, well ex account director for that matter..." "I will need a new assistant. You will be here promptly at 8:30 with coffee and all my client files ready to go. You will also leave when I leave. You will be paid Diane's old salary until I find a suitable replacement for her. Please move your things to Diane's old desk as soon as she is packed up and out" "Yes Ms. Carter." The tension was in the air again and I felt that small ounce of fear from everyone in the office towards me. Just how I like it.

It was a rough day, being so harsh did take an emotional toll on me, I couldn't wait to hang with the girls tonight though. They weren't going to like the fact that I broke up with Josh. He wasn't my type of guy anyway; I wasn't sure what that was either. I went home took a nice hot long bubble bath in my oversized tub. Squeezing the water out of the towel over my back and legs. The water was so warm and felt so good that I began to touch myself. First my tits, that were poking out so hard while I thought about Josh. His kisses, his touch, his firmness, I felt his cock a few times brush against me. It was so big; I wanted to know what it was like to feel him press it deep inside of me. That may never happen now, but a girl has her thoughts right. I pressed two fingers deep in me as I ran circles around my areolas. I began to lick my lips as I ground my pussy onto my fingers letting them sink deeper and deeper. I slid them out to my aching nub right above to show it some attention. Oh it felt so good I started to lose consciousness. Right then pumping my fingers in and out of my aching pussy pinching my nipples thinking about a mans cock for once I came harder than I had in a long time. Screaming and thrashing in the water my body tensed up as my eyes rolled back and my mouth opened slightly. Taking my fingers to my lips I sucked them in. I've always enjoying the taste of my own juices

on my tongue. I calmed down slowly, and let the water drain out of the tub. Standing up I turned the shower on to cold to calm me down completely and relax my mind. Not sure why, but I loved the way ice water made me feel. The water ran down my face and began to cascade down my perky tits. I stood there as the foam slowly ran down my body and down the drain. Turning around, I let the water run down my spine and my round tight cheeks, sending cold chills that brought my nipples to a hard point. It reminded me of that shadowy figure I saw that night, and a few Thursdays after that too. He seemed so fixated on me. He didn't remind me of anyone I knew but he seemed to know more about me than I knew of him. Who was he?

I received a text from the girls saying that either all had dates or plans for the evening and couldn't make it that night. I was so bummed and out of it but I went anyway, I mean the bar was down the street and I was already halfway there. I needed a good drink too so why not. Who knew then, it would be a night to remember....

Part 2

The usual please, I sat at the bar waiting for the bartender in my knee length black skirt and black sheer thigh high stockings. My blouse was a silk off white tube top, my neck was accented with a set of pearls that ran perfectly across my neck and my lips were glazed with blood red lipstick. The bar was extremely upscale and of course very exclusive. Happy hour was on Thursday nights so it was always packed. I was sure I would find someone to talk to.

I got a few free drinks that night and had some awesome conversations. One guy couldn't stop looking down my blouse. The blouse was made to tease, but was made perfectly to only do just that He kept running his hand on my upper exposed back and complimented how smooth my skin was. It was all in good fun but I wouldn't be going home with any of these guys. It was cute that they tried. As I smiled and laughed at his jokes, I think he said his name was Andrew; anyway, I combed my bang out of my face while laughing at his jokes. Just as I looked up, I saw him. The man in the corner, the shadowy figure that struck so much fear into me. I started to gaze at him again. I could barely see his face but there was something about the way he stood there and stared back from the shadows. I could see he had one hand in his pocket while the other put a cigar to his face. As he puffed the cigar and the light from the ash showed mercy to his face, I saw what looked like a very well kept go-tee with hair that was pulled straight back. In the brief moment the light hit his face it was gone again.

"Olivia" Andrew called out
"Yes"

"What were you staring at" He turned around slowly while I glanced over his shoulder. Startled to see that the figure was gone.

"Nothing. Just enjoying your company" I smiled

Andrew finally realized that he wasn't going home with me and I wasn't with him. He paid the tab and left me alone and found some other women to bother with his not so funny jokes. I was feeling a bit more tipsy than normal so I decided to leave and walk to my house only a few blocks down the street. The girls and I always walked the few blocks down the street to my house after the bar. Oh yes they weren't here tonight, but I wasn't going to pay money to walk 6 blocks, I got my bag and left the bar.

In my 4 and half inch heels with my purse in hand I started the six blocks down the street. A slight breeze blew in the wind that sent shivers straight through my entire body. Too drunk to care about the cold, I turned the corner, only 3 blocks now; I could almost see it from here. Step by step I stumbled down the street but somehow I knew I wasn't going to make it there without falling completely over. Maybe I had more to drink than I thought I did, four maybe six glasses. I don't know. I got a text from Kimmie asking if I was still at the bar and that she would meet me there in 10mins with her new boyfriend. I chuckled to myself as I unknowingly made a wrong turn. I started to text back. Texting while intoxicated in almost 5inch heels is not a good mixture by the way I thought. Hmm I guess my mind wasn't all the way gone. I started to text back unknowingly continuing to walk down a dark alley. Of course I dropped my purse and everything in it on the ground while doing my inebriated acrobatics. I picked up my things, lipstick, keys, wallet. Then I started to breathe hard; my heart started pumping, and the hairs on my neck stood up like needles. My hands started to shake, something told me to forget everything, get my keys and run...

I was yanked full force off the ground when I went to reach for my keys. The air knocked out of me from behind; first a hand over my mouth to muzzle my screams, than an arm wrapped around my waist tight to the point were I could barely breath. My feet started to drag the ground and my shoes slid off while I kicked and strained against the powerful force behind me. I was able to look up for a brief moment when he kicked in a door off to the side of the alleyway. That's when I saw it, the perfect go-tee outlined around his face. It was him, the figure in the corner. I fought even harder to get away, clawing at his arm as much as I could. Kicking, squirming, and thrashing my hips back and forth, I couldn't bite him, I couldn't hit him, and for the first time in a long time I felt, powerless. His hand was so tight over my mouth and nose I started to slowly lose consciousness. He picked me up off the ground by my waist completely, my feet dangling and kicking as I floated inside the door in his arms. I reached out at the doorframe, grabbing it firmly. Squeezing and thrashing around, I refused to let go. I refused to let him pull me in. I heard a deep growl almost as I was yanked hard from the door. My arms reaching straight out grasping only air. I was reaching for freedom that I could only see now but could no longer feel. My screams echoed though out the alley as the door slammed closed.

He dragged me down a small hallway. Still fighting and kicking, "no please let me go" I moaned and screamed. I heard a ding in front of me while he held me there tight. The door opened and made a heavy banging sound as they slid back close with me, and him, inside. I felt him breathing against me, but he never said a word and continued to hold me close, my eyes shut hard too scared to open them and find out what was next for me.

It was dark, so dark. I could only smell him; sweat, cologne, and another smell something else I couldn't quite figure out at the time. He held me tight in the corner of the elevator that went up so slow it felt like hours. Grabbing my face and pulling it to the side he licked my neck slowly like an animal and started to suck on it. He slipped his hand in my blouse, squeezing my tit hard,

“You're mine tonight” he whispered in my ear
“And you're going to do every-thing I tell you, Ms. Carter”

Pure fear sacked down to the pits my stomach as reality struck me. This man knew me. He knew my name...

The elevator finally made a sharp loud dig. He let me go and shoved me at the door as they opened loudly; I stood completely still. I could hear my heart skip a beat. I couldn't bat my eyes, move my fingertips, or even take a breath. Running at that moment had never crossed my mind. But then, I heard him take a small step towards me, he slid his hand down the back of my neck, ran his tongue across my earlobe than whispered...Run. Running as fast I could, I ran out of the elevator and only saw three doors to my left. I ran to the first one turning and tugging at the knob. I banged and pleaded

“Help me” “Oh God please someone help me” I heard his footsteps walk towards me, closer, and closer but they were slow. As if he was playing with me.

Panic overwhelmed my senses; I ran to the next door and begged someone to help me as I turned the knob. Tears started to roll down my face as I banged my fist against the door screaming, “help please”.

Somehow I knew no one was in this building. It was me, him, and the moonlight creeping through the skylight from above. His footsteps were getting closer, just as slow, and just as steady. I turned to look for a brief moment and there it was, the shadowy figure from the bar. Goose bumps plagued my body at that very second and every small hair on my arms and legs stood up like soldiers at attention. Tripping over myself I stumbled to the last door, and turned the knob. It turned but I couldn't get the door open. Throwing myself at the door over and over again, it just wouldn't give. I had nowhere else to run looking around in panic; watching him watching me, struggle. With all my weight I lunged myself at the door one more time, it finally gave way and I fell inside. Scrambling to get up, I ran back at the door and slammed it shut, locking it than putting the chain at the top of it.

I finally started to breathe as I stepped backwards slowly into the dark room. I heard his footsteps walking, still just as slow as they were before. I heard them stop at the door, the shadow of his feet shining through the crack of light on the other side from the bottom.

Slowly tapping on the door (tap, tap) he says my name “Olivia”

“I know you're in there” “Just let me in” “Why are you so scared Olivia?”

I backed up slow falling over a coffee table I think.

“Olivia!”

I looked up at the door and gasped as I heard his tone change.

He started to throw his body at the door. Each bang made me wince, jump, and cringe fearing the inevitable. Four bangs in total, my heart beat leaped out of my chest. “Just leave me alone” I screamed at the door.

That’s when I hear it. The lock on the door, all sounds went silent as I watch the lock start to turn; I fell right into his trap I thought. I ran into the only open door. Of course it was his place, why wouldn’t it be, why wouldn’t he have a key. It was like a scene out of a horror movie. I couldn’t believe this was happening to me. The last bang was big, sending the door flying open in one instant motion. He paused there for a moment and didn’t say a word, just looking. All I saw was the silhouette of a tall man with hair that seemed to be pulled back into a ponytail and broad shoulders with some very defined arms, as light glowed from behind him in the hallway.

“I’ve been watching you, for a long time now Olivia.”

His voice deep, whispery, and sinister, speaking slow as if he already knew that that would frighten me much more. I sank down to the floor in a puddle of dread and listened to him explained all the misdeeds around the office that I had committed, my every move for the past month. Why had he been following me, watching me, what did I do to him? I did not know this man, so why did I in particular peek his interest?

“Tonight, we are going to have some fun Olivia. Tonight I will show you exactly...who is boss.”

Cold...at that moment I felt like I had died. I slowly sank my head to the ground in pure defeat, as I heard the door slam and his footsteps speeding my way. All light was now gone, it was just me and him...

Part 3

Weeping looking at the ground, his footsteps getting closer. He stops and kneels there. I can feel his eyes piercing into me without saying a word. My heart is racing, my stomach balled up in knots. His hand grazes my back, and I frantically start to crawl away.

“No you don’t Ms. Carter” pulling me by the waist of my skirt back towards him.

“I didn’t tell you to move,”

That’s when his hand began to slide up my skirt, “Oh God”

“God is not here tonight” leaning in closer to my ear “its just me and you”

“What a nice tight firm, round ass, better than I had been imagining all this time”

Tears rolling down my face, on all fours, skirt hiked up around my waist. I couldn't feel more vulnerable. His hand started to move from my ass, while the other was firmly gripping the waist of my skirt.

Pulling my head back by my hair he licked my tears from my cheek.

“You are so beautiful”.

“Tell me you want me” sobbing I could barely catch my breath

“Tell me you want me Olivia,” he said seductively in my ear. Yanking my head back by my hair even harder

“Now why would I lie to you” I sneered at him, fight fire with fire right? Wrong! I started to choke as his hand slid around my neck slowly, gripping it tight.

“Say you want me Olivia, say it now”

Feeling the pressure around my neck increasing, struggling to breathe, gasping and moaning scratching at the floor, I grimaced and said it, barely breathing “I want you” “I, I want you!”

“That's a good girl” He yanked my head to side removing his hand from my neck completely and said “Do exactly as I say”. He grazed my lips with his, right before he started to press them against mine firmly. Forcing his tongue into my mouth he tried to touch the depths of my throat with it. As his lips left mine, I yanked my head away from him. So much rage, fear, anger, and defeat rushed through me.

“That's right Olivia, you're my little whore tonight”

“Fuck you” I said through the salty tears that rain down my face.

He pushed me back into the ground and stood up. I just stared at the ground confused and at a lost for words. So dazed so perplexed I didn't even realize he had left me there. Not until he was behind me again kneeling. He grabbed my hands from behind, and me being on all fours my hands were the only thing keeping my face from hitting the ground and my ass being on display in the air. Well, my face made a nice loud thud noise as it hit the floor. I screamed out and tears may have been streaming but not from pain, but the feeling of dread as he tied what felt like rope around my wrist from behind.

“What, wha, what are you doing?” He did not answer. Instead, he unzipped my skirt, than ripped the sheer thin material to shreds from the zipper. I felt the sharp pain from the material as it tore away from my skin.

“Ugh” I cried out. I knew there was no use, as he tore, tugged, and pulled. My helpless body squirming on the floor trying to fight, while his powerful arms effortlessly split the skirt in half. I heard a grin as the last piece of fabric was ripped from my body. I hadn’t realized it just yet. But he had just stopped, dead in his tracks. For that brief moment I didn’t know what to think. I could feel something in the air. Something that made me wince at the thought, but I dare not think it. No I won’t think that...his whole hand took hold of my ass, gripping each cheek with vigor. Hearing a slight hoarse groan escape from his lips, I knew he had started to take in the view. From my sheer black thigh high stockings that were attached to my black garter belt, to my black thong that was almost swallowed whole by my firm well-rounded ass. I could only imagine how that could look from the back. A woman, whose face was planted in the ground, her ass in the air, with rope binding her hands behind her, must have been a sight to see. I could almost feel his anticipation.

“Nice Ms. Carter, very nice.” he almost stuttered

Without a second thought he pulled me up by my hair and led me towards the door in the corner. I lick the salty tears streaming down my face as the door opens and he drags me in. My hair fell from its ponytail when he effortlessly swung me onto the bed. This time I can see his face, for once I saw him clear as day. The moonlight shining through the window gave way to his god-like face and his striking blue eyes.

“You’ve been a very naughty girl Olivia,” he groaned as he pulled his shirt over his head and swung it to the floor.

I backed away from him while on the bed using only my legs, my hands bound behind me. “See, I like women like you”,

“Women who are hard asses, bitches to everybody around them” he stated while snatching me by my ankles back towards him.

(Groaning) He leaned in towards me, my legs spread wide to him now. Leaning on top of me he pressed his lips once again against mine, and his hand had made its way between my legs. I was getting wet and I couldn’t help it. His finger started to caress my nub from the outside of my thong at a steady pace that my body wasn’t denying; I shut my eyes tight I really couldn’t believe it was starting to feel good. I thrashed my head and body back and forth to avoid his hand. But he felt my wetness and broke his kiss,

“Hmmm your pussy likes me more than you do I think Ms. Carter”

Snatching my face away, I glared at him like he would drop dead just by my stare alone.

Letting out a low chuckle he got up off the bed. He was shirtless, and I had to look away. I didn’t want to admit to myself how attractive he was. His rock hard abs, the blond hairs circling down his chest and thinning out down his abdomen.

“See I’ve heard a lot about you Olivia”, “I hear you like to order your employees around, and you know what? That sent rage through my body, I just had to make you pay for your bitchiness” “Than again your bitchiness is what turns me on. Its what makes me want to treat you this way.”

“That is why you’re here” “That is why I want you” “I need to make you pay” He unzipped his pants and they fell to the floor.

7 maybe 8 inches sprang to life, it was so long, so thick, and the tip was bulging. His cock was huge! I don’t remember seeing anything quite so big in my life. All the blood drained from my face. I couldn’t stop this. I watched as he walked around the bed slowly rubbing on the massive meat.

“Good women do what ever they’re told”

“I will give you money, do you want money? I can wire you 10grand right now”

“Just please...please don’t”

“Great women ask no questions”

He stopped. He just stood there, right above my head, rubbing his cock. Looking straight down at me. My eyes looked at him upside down from the bed, fearing what he was going to have me do. I was never on the bottom; I’d never had to deal with being below a man this way, or any way for that matter. His cock was staring me right in the face when he utter two words...

“Swallow it”

“No please don’t do this...please don’t do this to me”

“Take it in your mouth, and swallow it” he said demandingly

“Please, please... no” my voice trickled off into a high soft pitch

I started to shake my head, closing my mouth tight to prevent his dick from entering.

“Ok then Olivia...” placing his hands over my nose and eyes, preventing me from inhaling. “I am just going to have to break you,” he whispered. Holding his hands in place for quite some time, I started lashing back and forth kicking and moaning through his hand. Having no other choice but to open my mouth for air, I opened but only breathed in a cock straight down my throat.

“Swallow it Olivia and I will let you breath”

I started to gag opening my throat and mouth wider to let in air around his massive cock.

Still holding my nose he forces about 6 inches in, I could fill the 7th entering deep into my throat when I started to choke. Muffled moans seeped from me as his cock sank deeper.

Groaning, “Uhhggg your mouth is so warm,” “Your throat is so tight”

He placed his hand under my mouth and throat pushing them both completely close. Holding me there for what seemed like eternity. My legs started to kick back and forward, struggling for air, his sack hitting my forehead. All I could do was gag and moan. I feared for my life at that moment, was he going to make me suffocate on his dick? I couldn't do anything but move my waist and kick my feet. My hands bound behind me, tears started to build in my eyes from the fear of it all. I could feel my body starting to give up. Just as my kicks started to slow, as my struggle started to weaken, just as my thrashing started to become faint, he let go and pulled his cock out of my throat. I was breathing faintly but I was alive. A few seconds went past before I finally started to cough deeply and my body realized that I could breath again.

Pure water rolled down my face, I didn't know what fear was until now.

I started to really cry; he was truly breaking me, “please don't hurt me pleeease”

“Women that follow direction don't get hurt” his tone was harsh

“Open”

I bit my lip and closed my eyes. No questions, just numbness, I hated following the orders of others, but that was mind talking. My will to live on the other hand... I opened like he said.

He shoved the first 6 inches in and I swallowed. Than pulling out a little to allow me to breath, the next 7 inches started to pierce my throat, ripping a thud noise from my insides. He started to sigh in satisfaction, and kept plunging 7 inches of his cock deep into my mouth. I could feel every vein every line, and every pulse run across my tongue as his cock sank deep into my throat canal. I was sure now exactly how big his cock was when the last inch started to tease my windpipe. I gagged, coughed, and my eyes began to water.

“That's my little whore, swallow it all” he told me as he petted the sides of my hair and combed it away from my face.

Somehow I took it. I opened my throat as if I was going to gag and let it enter completely, my throat spread as if it was swelling up. All 8 inches sank in, there was no air I could not inhale I just hoped he would let me go soon. He sank his pipe in deeper than pulled out maybe an inch a few times. Right then, his hot thick cum started to poor down my esophagus. He pulled his cock half way out to let his seed spill out on my tongue.

“Taste it, I want you to taste it” “Clean my cock Olivia”

So clean I did, my will to survive was too afraid to deny him. I licked my tongue around his still hard shaft and sucked the tip of it milking it with my mouth. It was salty and thick and he was still cumming.

“Open”

My mouth opened without me even directing it to do so. He let off the last few spurts on my tongue.

“Uggggggghhhhh” he groaned deep, and let his head fall back. He paused for a brief moment before looking back down at me. My eyes never left him and he smiled...

“Don’t swallow, let me see”

I stuck out my tongue as he directed; it was like I was on autopilot.

“good girl”

“Swallow it”

I only did what I was told to keep me alive...

“Roll over” so I rolled to my stomach my hands still bound behind me.

“What, am I your dog today?” ugh why must my mouth speak without me telling it to.

“As a matter of fact, you are my bitch today” Walking around the bed, I tried to follow him with my eyes, when I felt a hard slap on my ass. I cried out and clinched in pain

“Watch the attitude Ms. Carter” for a moment, I guess my mouth had forgotten the abuse that it just went through. I immediately proceeded to apologize.

He let out a low grumble again, as I felt his eyes scanning every inch of me. His hands started to reach at my thong and they were swiftly pulled off just as all the rest of my clothes. I still had my top on surprisingly. But that was about to change He unzipped it from behind and yanked it out from under my stomach. How convenient, I thought to myself. I was wearing a tube top, the kind that zipped up at the back. There were no sleeves of any kind, so he had no need to untie the rope. I sighed out loud as I thought how convenient I had made this for him. I laid there in nothing but a strapless bra, garter, tights, oh and pearls, I felt so helpless...

“One orifice down, two more to go”

“Two!” I exclaimed.

“Oh yes Olivia” “ I plan to use every hole on your body”

“My ass!?”

“Good women, do what they’re told”

“Great women ask no questions”

Part 4

So many thoughts ran through my head. How was I supposed to take anything in my ass? Let alone a dick. All I could imagine was how tight my ass was, and his dick moving back and forth, penetrating me deep, this was going to be painful.

“Get Up!”

“No no no please I can’t”...He looked at me with a piercing stare at my exclamation of “No”

Crap I knew I was in trouble now

“Wait I didn’t mean no, I just meant...”

He grabbed me by my hair and pulled it so hard the room actually started to spin. My body slid off the bed following my hair. I couldn’t grab at it to numb the pain since my hands were still behind me. I screamed as he dragged me from the bed to the other side of the room.

“ Ahhhh...ugh...please...Sorry sorry!!! I didn’t mean no”

He finally stopped. But I just laid there, I didn’t look up and I think I was all out of tears so, I just laid there. Hands bound, half naked, stockings ripped.

“On your knees” He didn’t scream or yell, but I could tell that he was very angry at my disobedience. Fearful of what he was going to do, I got up onto my knees as quickly as I could. My head was bowed because I was too afraid to look around. I just stared at the ground in awe.

“Look up Olivia” I didn’t want to but my head rose slowly until my eyes were met with my reflection. He had brought me to a mirror that I didn’t even notice was in the room before. I just stared at myself for a moment. We both did.

“Do you see your self Olivia” he spoke shrewdly. “What do you feel like right now?”

“Let me guess, you feel defeated, abused, am I right?”

“Do you like feeling this way...?” I didn’t answer, but looking into his eyes I was quickly reminded just by his stare that I could not be coy with him. In the lowest tone possible, I answered him and mumbled no.

“What comes around goes around Olivia. What comes around goes around...” he trickled off.

He started to tug at the rope, and to my shock he untied it. On my knees, I grabbed my wrist immediately to attend to the wound that had slowly burrowed into my skin.

I didn’t notice he had been standing there just staring down at me while I tended to my wrist. Looking at the ground I turned to my side and saw his feet at my thighs. My eyes began to rise slowly up his leg until I was face to face with his cock. My eyes kept moving, following the hairs that circled his torso until I finally met up with his eyes. He had one hand stroking his shaft and his striking blue eyes seemed to look straight into me; almost as if he was looking beyond my eyes and straight into my mind looking at every thought that rushed through it.

I don’t know where I got the courage but something possessed me to ask. “What is your name?”

“Why?” He answered, still stroking his meat

I felt almost soulless, and in that moment I didn’t know rather I was going to make it out of this alive. Was he going to use my body than discard it later after he was done? Surely he wouldn’t leave any witnesses to his crimes. I could at least ask him his name, I thought.

“Well you know mine; can I at least know yours?”

“What good would that do both of us if you knew?”

In a monotone voice “it could do absolutely nothing for you, and if you plan to kill me after all of this, before I die, can I at least have your name?”

A devilish grin appeared on his face and if it was any lighter in this room, I could probably see my ghost white reflection in the mirror in front of me.

He chuckled “Its James”

My mind started to race. I didn’t know a James did I? Did any of my friends know a James? So many thoughts ran through my head but he knew, he knew I didn’t know him; he knew I wouldn’t be able to figure out where he came from. He knew... and that’s why he told me.

“Enough conversation now” Its time...”

Could I get any whiter? It felt as if my body had become stone white and ice cold.

Grabbing me by the arm, he picked me up off the floor and we met face to face. I was quite a few inches shorter than him though. He was about 6'4 and apparently very strong since my feet almost left the floor when he snatched me up.

He tugged at my face and forced me to kiss him. His tongue went wild in my mouth and I might have started to kiss back but I would never admit that to myself. I pushed him away and started to back up slowly. But he followed me at the same slow pace while he stoked his cock, taunting me. My hands were feeling behind me since I didn't know exactly where I was backing up to, but my eyes never left him. Dark and silent, I frantically felt for something to pick up and hit him with. But I felt nothing. When my hand finally hit a wall, I jumped and shouted, "Please please wait! What ever you do, please, just don't kill me."

His body was less than an inch away from mine and I stared directly at his chest, too frighten to look up. Slamming one hand on the wall behind me, he placed the other on the tip of my chin; lifting my head up to look him...

"Only if you disobey"

He forcibly stuck his tongue down my throat. Kissing me deeply once more, and when I tried to pull away, he pushed me against the wall and continued to savagely attack my mouth. My body was swiftly turned around with my face and tits firmly pressed against it. He pulled my head to the side by my hair exposing my neck, kissing it and sucking on it grabbing at my breast. My knees almost gave way to his assault. Unfortunately for me he really knew his way around a women's body. When his hands found my inner thigh and his teeth grazed my neck, I let out a small whine. His hands were on my tits pinching my nipples than swiftly down my torso and than to my clit. Sliding his hands around my hips gripping them tight to spread my cheeks, he started to confirm my fears. When I felt a finger enter in, I winced at the invasion but didn't object.

I bit my lip and squinted my eyes shut while he inserted his finger deep into my ass. One, than two, than three; it took every bone in me not to scream out and tell him stop. I bit my lower lip so hard at the pain that I think I might have drew blood. He sucked on my ear while his fingers pumped their way deeper and deeper. I kept moaning with my mouth shut tight, the moans weren't pleasure moans but painful ones. I didn't want to say anything out of line, so I moaned louder through my painfully shut teeth to keep from uttering any words.

While his chest was pressed against my back he whispered, "Does it hurt?"

It was like my mouth had finally broke free,

Moaning, “Yes!” “Ugh, yes it hurts”

I heard a small laugh under his voice when he whispered, “Stop resisting me then and relax”

Was he actually being nice to me I thought to myself. Nevertheless, I started to concentrate as hard as I could to try and relax my muscles around his fingers. But all I could focus on was them slithering back and forth, in and out, he even started to rotate them slightly as he entered in again and again.

He swiftly removed his fingers than shoved them quickly into my mouth. All 3 fingers were entering my throat so deep that I was gagging profusely. My eyes and mouth watering, he removed them and shoved me at the floor.

“Tell me you want my dick”

Breathing heavy and trying to clear my throat I stumbled over my words “ I want dick” “I want your dick”

“You want my dick what?”

“Please?”

“No its Sr. actually”

Not knowing he wanted me to say Sr. right then, I stayed quiet and noted it for the next time. But a nice sting hit my face when I didn't reply and my head followed the path his hand slapped it in

I grunted and grabbed at my face immediately. Crying out as loud as I could...

“I want your dick Sr. Please Sr.”

“From now on it's yes Sr. or please Sr. maybe even no Sr.” Do you understand?”

“Yes Sr.” I said quietly.

“Crawl to the mirror Olivia”

“Yes Sr.”

I made my way back to the mirror slowly on my knees. I was about to sit, when he slapped me on my ass. “I didn't tell you to get off of your hands and knees.” Surprised, I quickly got back up. On all fours, I looked at the ground in front of the mirror. I couldn't bear to look up at myself in this position. I actually never did anything in the doggy-style position before. I began to hope he would go easy on me...Right, what was I thinking; he didn't want this to be easy for me.

When I felt him kneel behind me, fear and anticipation ran through my body like wild fires. My head was then suddenly pulled up to meet my reflection. On all fours, I could see, my mother's pearls were still grazing my neck. My tits bounced slightly at his pulling, my left thigh high stocking had started to rip, and he was looking dead into my eyes as I watched him getting ready to mount me.

"You are my bitch tonight Olivia aren't you?"

"Yes Sr." I said faintly

Snatching my head back further "Say it"

"I am your bitch Sr.,"

Yanking it harder, he asked me "Are you going to do everything I say?"

"Yes Sr."

"Are you going to tell me No?"

"No Sr."

"Good girl,"

Without any word or prep, all 8 inches were shoved deeply into my cunt hard. The pain of his massive cock ripped through my vagina and quickly up my spine. I had never felt anything so enormous inside of me.

"You are very tight" he exclaimed, "Are you a virgin?"

"No Sr." I mutter threw clinched teeth trying get use to the 8 inch cock buried inside of me.

He held his cock there for a moment, his hands on my hips; I looked up into the mirror to see his head back and eyes closed. He didn't say a word just sighed. I felt his hands move and roughly caress each inch of my back, tits, and ass. Squeezing and scratching at my body, he finally spoke groaning low,

"You don't know how long I've been waiting to sink my cock into you." He followed with one big thrust that made me whimper and clutch at the carpet.

"I didn't imagine you would be so fucking tight though"

Another deep thrust ripped at my walls.

"Am I hurting you Ms. Carter?" His tone was so arrogant; he knew he was hurting me. I guess my loud moans and screams wasn't enough for him, he had to hear me say it...so I obliged in a high pitch struggling tone...

"Yes...mmmm yes Sr. you're hurting me"

“Good”

His thrusts became continuous and hard. Plunging in fast, than pulling out slow. He viciously pumped my insides over and over again. My cunt clinching around his massive cock, trying to adjust to his girth. I couldn't hold back the moans of pleasure he had finally started to reap from me. Pain and pleasure began to swirl my mind. With one hand pulling my hair and the other planted firmly on my lower back, he aimed downward at my navel. I had never felt such immense ecstasy. I didn't want to give in, but each thrust, each pump, each jab deep into me was about to send me over the edge. I could no longer deny that this man was about to make me cum, and hard. My vaginal walls started to clinch him harder and I could feel them starting to contract around his cock. It began to milk his dick, clinching and squeezing, sucking and tightening. I could barely stop myself from cumming violently.

He ripped his dick completely out of me just as quickly as he shoved it in. That didn't stop my whole body from going into convulsions though and contracting over and over again. My finger tips, my toes my head everything was on fire and I could barely hold on to reality. Screaming, my body collapsed to the floor and jerked it self to the biggest orgasm. It kept rolling through my body wave after wave, tingle after tingle. But before I could completely indulge myself in the best pleasure I had ever felt. He brought me back down to earth tightly grabbing my neck cutting off my air supply. He held my head and neck to the floor with one hand and would not let me breath. I grabbed at his hand struggling for a bit of oxygen while my body continued to cum. It actually felt really good. Small weeps and moans seeped from my closed windpipe while I struggled under his grip. Kicking and clawing at him, fear drenched me and I just knew he was going to kill me now. But at that moment when I was sure I was going to die, his grip loosened.

“Ms. Carter, I did not say you could cum.”

Coughing deeply one tear streamed down my face as I whined, “Sorry Sr. I did not know”

“You know now, you cum when I say cum”

Coughing “Yes Sr.”

He smiled at me but I couldn't bear to look at him. “I didn't want to stop you” He petted my head. “It was quite amazing to feel and watch your body give into me like that” ” I could here the smug tone in his voice. His goal to make me feel complete shame was accomplished.

“But it's not over, not yet”

Pleasure turned to pain quickly when he grabbed me off the floor, making me stand completely up. He tilted my body at a 90-degree angle hands on the wall. I felt as if I was under arrest and was being patted down.

“Spread your legs”

I hesitated for a moment until he kicked my ankle out from under me making them spread further apart. I adjusted myself and opened my legs up like he told me. Fearful of making him mad if I didn't.

“If you move or even think about trying to run away”... “Well, let just say you will wish you hadn't”

“Yes Sr.”

I waited patiently at the wall. I knew if I just obeyed him I would have a better chance at getting out of this alive.

He came back up behind me, entering his fingers into my ass. One finger glided in pretty easy, making circular motions inside of me. I assume he got some sort of lube to increase the ease of his insertion. Bringing that finger completely out of me, I felt what I think was two fingers slide into me pretty easy but still uncomfortable. Circling and jabbing my insides with them, he alternated slowly between his pointing and middle finger before entering me again with both. I felt his fingers leave my ass and I finally let the tension flow through my body until it had release.

“Olivia its time for me to show you how bitches are fucked”

“Don't scream”

“Don't moan”

“Don't utter a word”

“I will tell you when you can open your mouth. And if you... I don't know, decide to make a sound”... “Just know, a dick entering your ass will be the least of your concerns...”

Scared out of my mind, I felt it; the massive meat trying to assault my anus. It began to poke at me. Push itself into me. Force its way through my tightly clinched cheeks.

“I feel you resisting me Olivia. I can promise you, you are only making it hard on yourself”

He was right; I began to try to relax and breath. I closed my eyes softly and breathed in deep. Exhaling slowly. The head of his cock pressed its way past the muscle, moving forward slowly but not stopping. One inch than another, it was like my ass hole was being ripped down the middle. But I didn't make a sound.

“You deserve this Ms. Carter”

“Bitches deserve to be punished”

“Do you feel my cock spreading your ass?”

“How do you think your employees will look at you after they find out that you didn’t object to being fucked like a dirty whore, how would they look at you, if they found out that you are someone else’s bitch?”

Anger, fury, rage...all of it flushed through my veins. My body started to quiver with tension. I would not open my mouth though I didn’t utter a sound.

I felt the 3rd and 4th inch enter in. I felt his hands spread my cheeks wider. I felt my canal open, and spread, and stretch, and glide around his meat like a glove. My chest began to heave “Don’t make a sound Olivia, don’t utter a word,” I thought to myself. His invasion had come to a halt. I could tell he was only about 4 inches in and the anticipation was killing me, literally; the pain of his enormous dick made me want to scream, which would probably result in my demise. All of a sudden I felt all 8 inches rip through my ass like a train going 1000 miles an hour through a tunnel. My mouth opened wide but nothing came out of it. My eyes were so tight that the tears that swelled up in them didn’t even run down my face. They couldn’t actually. There was no pain like this; nothing in my life could have prepared me for the feeling that was pulsating through me.

“That is my good little whore”... “You can scream now”

All the tension had broken free, and I cried out so loud that my own ears had started to hurt.

“Please James you are hurting me” “I am sorry what ever I have done to you, those people, I am sorry just please stop”

“I like when you beg me”

Grasping my hips tight. He started to pound at my ass. You could hear the echoes in his loft style apartment. The echoes of his dick slamming back into my ass repeatedly. Bringing his dick all the way out and plugging back in using nothing but gravity and his will to hurt me. Agony just didn’t quite cut it. He grabbed at my tits and pinched them hard lunging his cock back in. He had started to keep his dick in me and only pull out maybe in inch or so. The sound of his balls slapping against my pussy only made my agony worse. I tried to grab at him from behind but my knees started to give way and my one hand on the wall just couldn’t hold me up. Falling to my knees didn’t stop him.

“You’re not getting away from me Olivia”

Grabbing my tits with both hands, he leaned all of his weight on top me, making me collapse onto my stomach. He then rolled me to my side; all of this while his dick was completely buried in my ass. When he started to fuck me on his side, his thrust became a bit slower. Which ended up allowing me to at least get use to the feeling.

In this position, his chest was pressed against my back and his hands had free access to all of me. Whispering in my ear

“Tell me”

“Tell me you love a dick fucking your ass”

“Tell me you love it Olivia”

“I love a dick to fuck my ass”

“Whose dick Olivia?”

“I love your dick fucking my ass Sr.”

“You know my name, Say it”

I hated to do this but I did “James”

“I love your dick fucking my ass”

“Sr...”

“Look at me when you’re talking to me”

Turning my head to the side, I looked him straight in the eye. The look of pure lust and sexual pleasure saturated his face.

“Open your legs”

When I opened them his hand immediately went to my aching cunt. Sliding over my stomach to make its way inside of my other hole. I may not have wanted to enjoy it, but my body continued to have other ideas. He forced two fingers inside of me while his cock still viciously impelled my backside. His fingers probed my wet cunt and found they’re way to my spot. How he found it when no one else has ever found it but me, and so quick, I will never no. But I started to see lights. I couldn’t keep my gaze and I started to feel my fingertips tingle again, than my toes, than clit. My mind hand started to slip again.

“I can feel your walls starting to suck my dick further into you Olivia” His tone very arrogant

“You really do like having your holes filled don’t you”

“Yes Sr.”

“I didn’t tell you to cum though”

I had forgotten about that part of the deal

“Oh fuck Please Sr. can I cum?”

“Look at me”

I snatched my head towards him anxiously seeking his approval

“Pl..eea...see James can I cum” I stuttered and moaned loudly

My body had already started to convulse, sucking the cum from him. My ass, my pussy both were contracted together and I couldn’t stop.

“Be careful Olivia”

“Please please ughhhhh please mmmm” “I promise to do what ever you say just pllleassee”

At that moment I felt his dick and fingers come to a complete stop.

“Cum.”

My body had completely lost control and began to shake uncontrollably. He rolled to his back with me on top of him. His dick in my ass, his fingers in my pussy and his other hand had came up to my mouth and nose and closed them completely shut. I struggled for air, but my body kept cumming. The lack of oxygen sent me wild and I could feel my whole body tingle and engorge itself in my orgasm. It was like I had reached nirvana and I didn't want it to end. I knew I had no air and things started to turn black but it felt so good...I didn't want him to stop...I wanted to follow...his every... las...orde...fo... eve...

My vision was blurry and my head seemed to swirl. My body felt so weak but so good. I could barely make out a figure standing over me. But I knew it was him, I felt his cum hit my chest, my face, stomach and tits. I guess this was his last claim over me. I almost felt as if I was in slow motion but everything went dark again.

“Ms. Carter?”

“Ms. Carter can you hear me?”

“You're in the hospital, do you know your name”

“What...?”

“Your name Ms. Carter”

I laughed to myself, was this person stupid? Why would she be asking me if I knew my name when she is yelling it at me right now?

“Yes yes yes... please stop yelling.

“Its Olivia, Olivia Carter”

The nurse began to explain to me that a friend of mind had found my things in the alley and called 911. Detectives came in and explained to me that I was found in abandoned loft unconscious. They said it appeared that I had been sexually assaulted.

“What day is it?” I asked

“Monday Ms. Carter”

“WHAT! Fuck I have to get to work. I have meeting today with my boss”

“Calm down Ms. Carter” “you’ve been through a lot and your body needs rest.

“Apparently I have been resting!” I exclaimed “For three days”

“Do you remember what happened to you? Do you have any idea who did this”?

I calmed down because there was nothing I could do about work now. “No I don’t detective”

“Do you remember anything about him? Eye Color, hair color, how tall was his. Did he tell you his name by any chance? Do you think you could spot him in a line up?”

Staring off into space I thought to myself, he had blue eyes, blonde hair that was pulled back into a ponytail, and he was about 6’4. His name was James and I would never forget his face.

“Ms. Carter?”

“Sorry, no detective I don’t remember anything about him. I remember dropping my keys and ...”

“Well waking up here, that’s it. I’m sorry”

A few weeks had passed. My company told me to take as long as I needed. All I could hope was that no one knew the whole story. I pretty much stayed in bed with tea and a good book. I didn’t realize I needed a good vacation from work until now. I took a long ride up the coast to try to clear my head, but he made his mark. And it cut deep. All I did was think of him. Some nights when I felt in the mood, I thought about him and how he did me and I quickly get off. The girls tried to get me to come out a couple of Thursdays but I quickly declined. In all honestly I was fearful of seeing him again.

I wasn’t afraid necessarily; I just wasn’t prepared to see his face again. As far as I knew, we were the only ones who knew the whole story. Everyone else, well, they knew I was “Sexually Assaulted” but that was it, even the detectives didn’t know more. They brought me into the station and told me that they had reached a dead end. They desperately wanted to know if I knew more, and they knew I did, but I wasn’t talking. I remembered when he said “what good would it do both of us if I knew his name”. He knew I was the type of women who would never admit to the events that happened that night. He knew that at the end of it all that he was going to teach me a lesson. And he knew that I was going to end up enjoying each and everything he did to me that night. He chose his victim well. I still didn’t understand why or how he knew so much about me. But I ended up discovering a lot about myself that night too. I don’t regret the events that happened that night. And, well, I think it will make for a good story actually.

The girls ended up convincing me to come out the last Thursday of my vacation. Confident and a changed woman, I slipped on a red dress that came right above the knee.

The straps were thin and the satin dressed hugged every curve. My gold heels were high and gave my legs the perfect definition. I was a changed woman.

Kimmie belted out a gut laugh

... “Oh yes when Michael realized that you were married to Claire” “HAHAH his face, oh his face was timeless Cindy”

“Yea that was a good laugh, he was so broken hearted”

“Oh girl don’t act like you care” “You love the way you do men”

Cindy had the most sneering grin on her face. “Well, its fun, no harm no foul right?”

“Oh please you are going to get yourself in so much trouble one of these days Cindy”

“But! Until then Trish, you will always be the one who we think is going to get in trouble first”

“Ok what I do when my husband is not looking is my business”

“Pleeease hahaha it’s our business too, we know them all. Johnny, Jake, Ethan, Kyle, Emit, wooooo yes and that black guy...”

“hahaha oh yes! The black guy what was his name Trey...?” I asked.

“Trey, how typical” Dania exclaimed
We all laughed in unison.

It was good to be out of the house and with the girls again. They all had each came to visit me at home. I didn’t tell them anything but it was nice to have the company and they were each genuinely concerned. Kimmie was the one who found my things and called 911. She said she had lost her keys and was coming to my house to crash. She said she took a short cut and was passing the alley when she saw something at the end of it, my purse.

They made sure this night was not about what happened and we talked, drank, and just enjoyed each others company. I still couldn’t shake this place though. I glanced in the corner a few times to see if he was there, ya know, watching me. He wasn’t.

Monday morning came and I was ready to face the office again. I arrived at about 8:30 to at least get a head start. Everything seemed right and no one hinted to knowing anything. I eventually found out that no one knew anything but that I just took a leave of absence. My boss knew but that was it. The day went on as usual, and I began to prepare for my 2 o clock meeting with my boss, the CEO of the company.

“Olivia you have been doing an amazing job in this region. I am truly sorry about what happened to you recently. I have a new exciting opportunity for you only if you think you are ready.

“Amanda it was traumatic, but that is completely in the past and I am ready to move forward.”

“Are you sure”

“The quicker I get back to work the better I will feel about everything”

“Good!”

“So, lets get started. I really like what you have done with this office in particular. I want your expertise to be spread to our other offices starting with our East Coast regional offices. You will be working closely with Mr. Allen, the Head of Marketing on the East Coast. His flight was actually running late so you will have to meet him later.”

“No problem”

“Well I have to catch a plane myself, thanks for coming back into the office so soon. It shows you are dedicated like no other”

“Well thank you Amanda, let me walk you to your car”

Standing out side of my office I told my assistant to ask the bellhop to come upstairs and get Amanda’s bags. Amanda and I proceeded to talk about the opportunity that I had been given when she cut me off

“Mr. Allen you made it”

“Sorry I am running late Amanda,”

“Olivia this is...”

I cut her off immediately “James...”

“Oh! You know each other?”

A small smirk appeared on his face when he uttered,

“Yes, actually,

Ms. Carter and I ...

Well, we know each other very well...”