**Elizabeth – Insider Trading Gone Wrong**

by HM2014

**Part One**

Elizabeth Eastbrook was 26-years old and a fast-rising analyst at a boutique asset management firm based in Leeds. She had joined the firm as an Economics graduate from a red-brick university and had worked there for 4 years, usually working around 45 hours per week. She made good money but also spent heavily on holidays, bars and restaurants. She had also recently purchased her first property, a plush apartment in the city centre, perfect for her lifestyle.

Elizabeth stood at 5’6 and had an incredible body. She was a ‘gym bunny’ and while her shapely legs were probably her best attribute, she also had a firm juicy bum, toned tummy and alluring hip-to-waist ratio. She had long brunette hair and tanned white skin, which she kept topped-up with the regular use of tanning beds, and was facially attractive - with killer cheek bones, beautiful blue eyes, and usually plenty of expertly applied makeup. She had always had decent-sized boobs, but a couple of years ago she had invested in a breast augmentation. It was expensive but her doctor had re-built her chest beautifully, and now Elizabeth had a perfect pair of plastic puppies. Despite the stigma around cosmetic surgery, especially for professional career women, Liz hadn’t hesitated about it at all – she was proud of her body, took pride in her appearance and usually dressed well.

This Tuesday morning was no exception, Elizabeth darted into a coffee shop wearing a silky black blouse and cute white-and-black plaid bodycon mini-skirt, over which she was wearing a trendy black designer blazer. She had come here to do something that was very urgent but could not be done using her work internet connection or on work premises, so Liz had told her manager that she was struggling to focus in the office today and wanted to work in the nearby Café Nero for the rest of the morning. She quickly sat down at a free table, one of three located very close together towards the back, pushed her blazer off her shoulders and opened up her work laptop. She sat with her right leg crossed over her left and at one point noticed that her right thigh was a little too exposed if she sat like that, given the type of skirt she was wearing. As she uncrossed her right leg and sat with both feet on the floor, she noticed a young kid at the next table – probably early-to-mid teens – looking at her legs.

Liz was just logging into her Gmail when the waitress came over to take her order. ‘A Flat White. Thanks’ she said curtly and entered her password. When a message came up saying ‘Incorrect Username’, she realised she had accidentally typed her password into the username field – which would normally be pre-populated if this was her personal laptop or phone. She quickly re-entered the correct username, then password, and began drafting an important email to her friend, Ellie Edwards.

The reason the email was so time-sensitive was because that morning Elizabeth had heard that a drug company which was one of her firm’s clients was about to announce that the clinical trial phase of a Covid vaccine it had produced had failed. As such, the drug company’s share price was about to plummet. Two months back, when the same drug company was all set to announce that the early test phases of the vaccine had been a roaring success, Liz had been informed by the company ahead of time, to enable her to alter the company’s asset management strategy accordingly. She capitalized on this information and bought a large number of shares in the drug firm. When the share price shot up, she made a huge return.

Of course, she was smart enough not to make the transaction herself. She simply sent the money to her good friend Ellie, who bought the shares for her on a well-known trading platform, in return for a generous commission. Ellie herself made use of the tip and invested some of her own savings into the same shares. She, unlike Liz, had sold her shares earlier and used the profits to buy a new car.

Now that the Covid vaccine in question had failed, Elizabeth knew she had to sell those shares and sell now, before they tanked. She fired off an email to Ellie who was at work and not answering her phone. If Ellie didn’t log into the trading account before close of business and sell those shares, Liz would lose thousands. She quickly finished up her Flat White and was about to delete the email from her sent box, when her phone buzzed. It was Ellie calling to confirm that she’d just seen her email and was going to sell the shares right now. Liz’s anxiety quickly turned into a wave of relief. Ellie logged into the trading platform they used and sold the shares while she was still on the phone. Liz thanked her (while being careful not to let anyone in the coffee shop know what they were taking about) and then started working. She worked for about 30 minutes before she started to get tired of working in the coffee shop and decided to head back.

Her route back to work took her through a shopping centre and, as she was standing on an escalator to the next floor up, she noticed the boy from the coffee place had followed her and was now standing right behind her on the escalator, a couple steps below. He was an Asian boy, early-to-mid teens, probably British Indian. He looked socially-awkward, skinny and wore glasses. The boy was staring and had a nice close-up view of her legs and bum in the short skirt. Pervy lil kid she thought to herself and sped up her walk back to the office, not giving him another thought.

The rest of Elizabeth’s day was filled with the usual client calls and market analysis tasks. As the rest of the staff gradually left the office that evening (there weren’t that many, it was a small firm that she worked for), Elizabeth stayed behind to finish preparing some meeting materials for a client meeting she had the next day. She hadn’t wanted to work late this evening but time got away from her - it soon reached 7pm and it had become dark outside. I definitely need to go to the gym tomorrow morning Liz reminded herself – she’d been working out 5 days a week recently and was in the best shape of her life. She finished working, gathered her belongings and left the office.

It was only a 10-minute walk from the office to her new flat. As she emerged from the front doors of the small, 3-story office building (which they shared with two other firms) and headed across the car park towards the main street, she heard footsteps behind her.

Who’s here at this time? She thought, assuming it must be someone who worked in the building.

Elizabeth turned around to see who it was and was in genuine shock to see… the same Asian boy she had sat next to in the coffee shop.

‘What the hell are you doing here?!’ she exclaimed.

‘I was waiting for you.’ the boy said calmly.

‘Who the hell are you? ‘

‘My name’s Arjun.’

‘Have you been following me you little creeper?! How old are you…like 13?’

‘I’m 14 and yes, I have been following you. It’s the school holidays and my parents are out of the country, so I had plenty of time to kill today. I saw you sit next to me in Café Nero and I fancied you Liz.’

‘Don’t call me Liz!’ she snapped. ‘Wait, how the fuck do you know my name at all?’ Liz was growing more and more irritated by the second.

‘I followed you from Café Nero, just to keep seeing your amazing body in that cute office outfit. You smelled nice when I stood behind you on the escalator in the shopping centre.’

Eugh she thought.

‘Then I realised you worked here after I’d kept following you. I went home, did some important things, and then came back here at 4.30pm and waited for you to come out. You certainly kept me waiting, Elizabeth.’ said Arjen.

‘How the fuck do you know my name?!!’ she exclaimed again.

‘All in good time, Liz. All in good time. Chess is my favourite sport and one of the things it teaches you is to be patient’.

Liz’s irritation was turning into a strange uneasiness. This young boy was speaking in a weirdly cold, meticulous way.

‘Look Arbun, or whatever your name is, you’re a little weirdo. I’m not surprised you play chess – it’s not even a real sport. I don’t know what you came here for exactly, probably to look up my skirt or something, but I’m going home. I suggest maybe speaking to girls your own age’ she said.

‘Girls never talk to me. Especially not the hot ones like you.’

‘Not surprised.’ said Liz as she turned around and started to walk towards the street.

‘I’ve got something you might want to see…’ Arjun called after her.

‘Here’s something for you to see Arse Shit, or whatever it was’… Elizabeth then gave the 14-year old boy the middle-finger, before she spun back round to leave again.

‘I heard the shares in CTU Pharmaceuticals are about to nose-dive’ Arjun said decisively.

Elizabeth suddenly turned back to face him.

‘What did you say?’ she asked, half-thinking she must have mis-heard him.

‘The shares in CTU are going to tank. Apparently their promising Covid vaccine didn’t pan out. At least, that’s according to this email you sent to someone called Ellie Edwards this morning, telling her to sell all the shares she’d bought for you in CTU.’ Arjen was holding up a phone and reading something off it.

‘This line from your email is particularly interesting…’ said the boy.

‘The source who told me this is the same one that tipped me off about the initial trial phases being a clinical success before that went public.’

Elizabeth’s body suddenly went ice cold. How the fuck does he have that email? I thought I deleted it??

‘Err, I don’t know where you got that or who wrote it, but it doesn’t have anything to do with me’ Liz said trying her best to act unphased.

‘Don’t be silly Liz, you know this email was sent straight from your own Gmail account. Even if you delete it now, any junior-level technician could retrieve it from your account if there was an investigation.’

‘How the fuck did you even get that?’ Elizabeth exclaimed, but not too loudly, conscious of the fact they were outdoors and could potentially be overheard – although the office retail park where she worked was deserted at this time, as usual.

‘I saw your password this morning – you typed it into the wrong box so it showed up on your screen. Then I made sure to watch as you typed in your username when you corrected it. Once I got home, I logged into your emails, just for kicks, and came across this little beauty.’ Arjun said, holding up the phone screen again.

Liz’s First-Class-with-Honours graduate brain was working at top-speed now, to figure out how best to navigate these shark-infested waters. She decided the best defence was to go on the offense and act like there was nothing to be worried about – even though she was worried now. How the fuck did I forget to delete that fucking email?!

‘It’s just an email. Means fuck all.’ Liz said, trying to sound forceful.

‘You know full well, Elizabeth, that if this email gets to the Regulator, there’s going to be an investigation. They’ll audit all your financial transactions and your friend Ellie’s transactions. When they do, they’ll see that your friend put money into an online trading account, and when they check that account, they’ll see that she sold all the CTU shares today – right after this email warned her to do so.’

Elizabeth mind was starting to race. How is this happening?!

Arjun continued, ‘I’m guessing they’ll also see that she bought the CTU shares just before CTU announced publicly that their vaccine trials were going well, and I’m willing to bet they’ll see that you sent her money to invest on your behalf. This email itself states that you got tipped off previously about the earlier trials being a success. ‘The source who told me this is the same one that tipped me off about the initial trial phases being a clinical success before that went public.’ – couldn’t be any clearer. This is a clear-cut case of insider-trading.’

Liz was lost for words. She knew what he was saying was 100% correct. This email would lead to an investigation and this was an open-and-shut case of insider-trading.

‘Err, I mean, how do you even know about insider-trading and stuff?!’ she blurted out, her mind was all over the place right now.

‘Being a nerd has it’s benefits’ the 14-year old Arjen said coolly. ‘Plus, I’ve got a 148 IQ.’

‘Thing is..’ the 26-year old Liz started up, not really knowing what she was going to say, ‘you wouldn’t really get it, but this happens all the time in my industry. Everyone does it. What I did was nothing really. Some people do this type of thing constantly, I only did it once.’

‘You could go to jail. You’ll at a minimum get a suspended sentence and a criminal record. You’ll lose your FCA accreditation and never get a decent job again – you might end up flipping Big Macs. Everything you worked for up to now will be up in smoke, Elizabeth.’

Elizabeth’s heart was sinking now. The consequences were incomprehensible. She was still reeling when she had what felt like a light-bulb moment…

‘Wait, you hacked into my personal emails!! It doesn’t matter that you saw my password or whatever, that’s still a violation of my privacy and that’s illegal too you little fucker!’ she said boldly, starting to regain some confidence. ‘If you send that email to anyone, the FCA, the Police, whoever, you’ll be in the shit too!’.

The confidence Elizabeth had seemingly re-found started to dissipate just as quickly when Arjen just said casually… ‘I’m not as ditzy as you Lizzie. I used a proxy server when I did that, so the hack can’t be traced back to me. Also, this right here, is a pay-as-you-go phone I bought today with cash, so once I ditch it, it can’t be traced back to me either.’

This kid is such a little shit! Elizabeth thought to herself.

‘So what the fuck do you plan on doing with that email?’ she asked.

‘Well like I said earlier, I’m a chess player Elizabeth. As soon as I saw you in the café this morning, I started moving the pieces around the board. Then, I made the game-breaking move. I drafted a joint-email, using a fake email account and proxy network, to the Financial Conduct Authority, Police and your employer. In this email, I explained the insider-trading that you committed and attached a screen-shot of your email to Ellie as evidence. Obviously, once they do an investigation, your life will be over.’

‘You drafted it but you’re not actually gonna send any email like that are you??’ Liz asked, desperation seeping out of her voice.

‘That’s the beauty of my move, Elizabeth. I’ve already sent it.’

Liz’s heart sank when she heard those words.

‘You didn’t, did you? You can’t be serious?!’ she asked frantically.

‘Yep. I sent it. That is, I sent it as a delayed-delivery email. It’s been sent but will only actually be delivered at midnight tonight. The only way to stop that email being delivered is if I log back into my fake email account, through the proxy server, and retract that email from the sent box. If I choose not to, it’s being delivered at midnight.’

Arjun looked down at his phone. Seconds later, Liz’s phone buzzed.

‘Just sent you something you’ll want to see.’ Arjen said. ‘I found your phone number in one of your sent emails.’

She looked at her phone and saw that she had received a text message from an unknown number with an image attached. She opened the picture and saw that it was a screen-shot of the sent delayed-delivery email that Arjen was talking about. The ‘sent’ time stamp was there, clear as day, as 16:01 - with a ‘delivery time’ of 00:00 that night. The recipients tab had email addresses for the FCA, her firm and even the local Police.

‘And that, Elizabeth, is check mate.’ Arjen said, smirking.

**Part Two**

Elizabeth was in a state of total disbelief and panic. She tried to speak but couldn’t find any words.

What is this boy doing? And why? The truth was, Arjen had her over a barrel, and Liz knew it.

‘What do you want? Money? I’ve got £30 cash but if you have an account I’ll transfer you £1,000, £2,000 even - if you retract that email and never bother me again.’

‘I don’t want your money, Elizabeth.’

‘Then what the fuck do you want?!’ she exclaimed desperately.

‘You and I are going to head into the building. We’re going to find an office, where we’ll be all alone, and then Elizabeth, trust me when I say… you’re going to give me exactly what I want’.

The words sent chills through Elizabeth’s body. The implications were clear and terrifying. There’s no way this could happen. It just couldn’t. There had be an escape.

She suddenly had another idea shoot into her head, or shoot back into her head because it had occurred to her earlier but it wasn’t the right thing to do at that time. She had thought about using her phone to secretly record Arjun in the act of blackmailing her. But obviously she couldn’t do that before because any audio or video that did that, would also incriminate her in the insider-trading. But now, with Arjen holding all the cards, it was her last hope. He was careful to cover his bases in terms of being connected to hacking her emails, so he obviously had no interest in getting into trouble. If Liz could get some incriminating audio or video on this kid, it might make him back down.

She reached for her phone and was about to subtly start recording when she heard…

‘Hand over your phone.’ Arjen said bluntly.

How the fuck did he know? Liz thought.

‘I figure at this point, you’re thinking the only hope you have is to use the threat of me being caught blackmailing you, to make me stop. I have the insider-trading, you would have the blackmail. Mutually-assured destruction.’ Arjen continued. ‘It’s the only logical move left on the board for you. So, I need your phone to make sure that’s not going to happen.’

This little shit actually does have a 148 IQ, Liz thought. ‘There’s no way I’m handing over my phone’ she said.

‘Suit yourself. But if you don’t, I’ll just go home now and we’ll just let the clock hit midnight and let that email be delivered.’ Arjen said. ‘Your move.’

Elizabeth was a clever girl, but this kid – despite being 12 years younger than her – was always one step ahead. Liz couldn’t think of any way out and handed her phone over to the Asian boy.

Arjen switched it off and pocketed it. ‘I’ll give it back to you, once we’re done’ he said ominously.

‘Now, let’s head into the building Liz.’

On the walk back into the building, Liz felt like she was in a daze. Her mind was foggy and she couldn’t string two coherent thoughts together. She just had to believe that Arjen wouldn’t actually go through with what he was implying. There were no staff or cleaners around at this time - the place was quiet and empty.

‘Let’s go into your office, as long as there’s not going to be anyone else there. If there is anyone there, you’ll have to say you came back to get something and make something up to explain why you brought me here, and then we’ll just go to a different part of the building. Otherwise Liz, I’ll just go home and let the email be delivered.’ Arjen said.

Elizabeth remained silent. She was practically lost for words at the moment but she knew her office was empty, and she also knew she couldn’t allow that email to be delivered.

They took the stairs up to the 2nd floor, where Elizabeth’s firm was based. Arjen deliberately stayed a little behind Liz on the stairs, so he could get a nice look at her from behind as she walked up. She was stunning.

Once they reached Liz’s floor, there was a set of locked glass doors to the office area.

‘Use your access to let us in.’ Arjen said authoritatively.

‘What the fuck do you actually want to do in here?!’ she said in a pleading tone. ‘You’re 14 for fucks sake’.

‘Just let us in’.

She tapped them in using her card and the motion sensor lights activated in the open plan office space. Arjen surveyed the scene and spotted a meeting room towards the back – one of four meeting rooms in the office.

‘Follow me’ he said, and walked towards it. Liz hesitated. She was numb right now, and was hoping this was just a nightmare she would wake up from any second.

‘Now.’ Arjen said.

She started walking towards the meeting room and Arjen opened the door. It was well-sized, with a circular table in the middle, some chairs, and a big floor-to-ceiling window. Liz walked in as Arjen closed the blinds on the window. He then shut the door behind her and turned the lock.

Her feeling of trepidation had rendered Elizabeth almost motionless. She just stood with her back to the door, with her bag still over her shoulder and arms crossed. Arjen took one of the comfortable chairs from under the table, placed it slightly away from the table and took a seat.

‘Put down your bag, Liz. You won’t be needing it’ he said calmly.

‘Listen’ she replied nervously. ‘I said £2,000 before, fuck that, I’ll give you more, £5,000 if you delete that email. Think about what you could do with that kinda money.’

‘I told you before, Elizabeth, I’m not interested in your money.’

‘Then what the FUCK do you want?!’ she shouted. Of course, Liz knew full well by now what the 14-year old, bespectacled Indian boy wanted, but she just couldn’t fathom what was transpiring.

‘Put down your bag.’ Arjen said again.

Liz threw her bag on the table in frustration. She put her hands on the table and looked downward – she was looking at the table top but not really seeing it, because her mind was numb. A few seconds of silence passed.

‘Take off your clothes.’ Arjen commanded.

Elizabeth’s head snapped round to look at the boy. Her eyes were anguished and mouth agape with exasperation. She had realised some time ago where this was headed but the words still washed over her like icy water.

‘No, no, no’ she said, her voice trembling, ‘Please don’t make me do this. I’ll give you more money. £15K? All you have to do is give me your account details and I’ll send it.’

‘I said take off your clothes, Elizabeth.’

‘Please Arjen’ she pleaded… ‘you don’t need to do this. Think about what you’re doing.’

‘So now you can pronounce my name?’ Arjen said sarcastically. ‘It’s not Arbun or Arse Shit anymore, is it Liz?’

‘I’m sorry, I just…’

‘Shut up Liz.’ Arjen said bluntly. ‘There’s no point begging. If you want me to not send that email, to not give you a criminal record, to not end your livelihood, to not potentially send you to jail, stop begging, and take off your clothes. Now. Otherwise, I’ll just get up and leave, and that email will be delivered at midnight.’

Elizabeth knew she had no other options. She slipped off her black designer blazer and placed it on the table. Her hands were shaking as she stooped down to remove her heels and place them to the side. She then unbuttoned her silky black blouse to reveal a simple white bra and her toned stomach. She put the blouse on the table and hesitated slightly. This can’t be happening, she thought.

‘Take off your skirt’ Arjen instructed.

Liz then unzipped the back of her white-and-black plaid bodycon miniskirt and pulled it down her smooth, shapely legs. She left the skirt on the floor, to one side, and stood up, but not meeting Arjen’s eye. She was wearing crisp, white cotton panties – which matched her bra. She had an incredible body and Arjen smiled - he was starting to enjoy the fruits of his strategizing.

Elizabeth was just looking down at the floor, with her arms folded. ‘Okay, so you’ve got what you wanted’ she said quietly. ‘I’ve taken off my clothes. So please, please, let me go home’ she pleaded.

Arjen smirked. ‘We’re just getting started Elizabeth’ he said with a wry smile. ‘Turn around for me.’

Liz kept looking at the floor and slowly turned around to face the other wall.

‘Now turn back round.’

She slowly turned back round, still just looking downwards and with arms folded.

‘Good girl.’ Arjen said mockingly. ‘Now take off your bra.’

Elizabeth looked up at Arjen, with desperation in her usually sparkling blue eyes… ‘No…’ she said. ‘Come on, please…’

‘Take off your bra. Now.’ Arjen commanded.

Elizabeth’s trembling hands reached behind her back and unclasped her bra-strap. She slowly slipped the bra off and dropped it onto the table, keeping an arm across her boobs at all times during this process. She then stood with her arms folded across her boobs, refusing to look up at Arjen.

‘Put your arms down by your sides, Liz.’ Arjen said coolly.

Elizabeth knew that there was no point protesting and dropped her arms down to her sides, fully revealing her breasts to the 14-year old boy. They were magnificent. Double Ds, perfectly-shaped, firm and juicy. They were enhanced but still had a natural look. She had medium-sized, pale brown nipples. The medium-sized nipples on the sizable breasts produced an ideal nipple-to-boob ratio. A big smile came across Arjen’s face, he’d never seen anything like this before. The cerebral, calculating side of Arjen was starting to be replaced by the excited 14-year old boy inside.

Liz’s body was trembling. She was terrified of what was to come.

‘Elizabeth. Take off your panties.’ Arjen ordered.

A few seconds of silence passed with Liz continuing to look forlornly at the floor.

‘Take off your pa…’ Arjen started to say.

‘FUCK YOU!’ she shouted at him. ‘Fuck you for making me do this, you little shit!’ Liz said defiantly before rapidly pulling down the white cotton panties she was wearing. As she stood back up, she kept one hand over her vagina and threw her knickers angrily down onto the floor.

Arjun seemed to find her anger amusing. This happened all the time in chess, when his opponent knew the game was lost. Just meaningless posturing and anger, while the end result remained inevitable.

‘Pick up your panties and hand them over to me.’ Arjun told Liz.

Such a fucking lil perv. Liz said to herself. She picked up her knickers and threw them at the boy’s feet. Arjen collected Liz’s panties from the floor and held them up in front of him. For most 14-year old boys, the mere glimpse of a beautiful, twenty-something woman’s underwear would be most exciting – perhaps as she uncrossed her legs while sitting on a train or if her skirt got lifted by a gust of wind. But here, Arjen actually had the woman’s panties in his hands, and she was stood in front of him, naked as the day she was born.

‘Seeing as you called me Arse Shit, very witty by the way – I think it’s only fitting that we check to see if your perfect white arse has leaked any shit today. I’m going to inspect your panties for skid-marks.’ Arjen said mockingly.

Eugh. Liz actually felt sick. ‘The only shit here is you! You pathetic little cunt!’ she shouted.

Arjen smiled and then began looking at the inside of Elizabeth’s crisp white panties for any skid-marks. Of course, there were none. Liz’s panties were in pristine condition. Arjen then started sniffing them – they smelled lovely. He then casually dropped the panties on the floor and turned his attention back to the gorgeous naked brunette, who was covering her vagina with one hand and her boobs with the other.

‘Arms down by your side Liz.’

Elizabeth closed her eyes and moved her arms to her sides, praying that this ordeal would be over soon. She was now full-frontal naked in front of this 14-year old boy.

‘Put your heels back on’ Arjen said.

‘Look, look, please, I’ve done everything you’ve told me to. You’ve got what you wanted, just please, please stop this’ she begged.

‘You’ve obeyed me so far Liz, and if you want that email retracted, you’ll keep obeying me. Now put your heels back on.’ Arjen ordered.

Elizabeth stooped down, put her heels back on, and stood back up. She remained looking at the floor. Arjen then stood up and started walking towards Liz, excitement sweeping over him.

**Part Three**

When she saw Arjen approaching, Liz’s flight-instinct kicked in and she quickly backed away.

‘DON’T come near me!’ she cried.

‘Shut up Elizabeth.’ Arjen said. ‘You know what’s at stake for you. Now step back to the middle of the room, put your arms by your side and stand still.’

Liz was terrified and emotionally exhausted. She didn’t really have the energy to resist each of Arjen’s orders. Her will was starting to break. Liz then stepped back to where she was and stood there, quivering and bare, with her arms at her side. Arjen then walked up close to her, savouring the sight in front of him. Elizabeth towered over him in her stylish black heels - she looked truly spectacular.

Arjen was keen on his school work but he’d never enjoyed studying anything as much as he was enjoying studying Elizabeth’s body. Her long shapely legs, juicy thighs, shaved vagina, toned abs, firm juicy boobs and tanned white skin. Arjen slowly circled round the back of Elizabeth, like a hunter circling his prey. He was in awe of her perfectly sculpted bum.

Elizabeth just kept looking at the floor, just praying that this would soon be over. She then felt a shiver up her spine as she felt Arjen’s hand on her right bum cheek.

‘FUCK OFF!’ she shouted and spun round and away from the 14-year old boy. ‘Please don’t touch me, please!’ she begged.

‘Turn back around and stand still.’ Arjen said calmly. ‘If you don’t, then I’ll leave right now and we’ll just wait until 12pm, when your life will effectively end.’

Liz’s brain was frenzied with panic and fear. She knew she had no choice but to comply. Liz then slowly turned back round, so that her back was facing Arjen, and braced herself for what was to come.

Arjen ran his hands all over Liz’s perfect bum and started squeezing it. He placed his hands on Liz’s hips and started to sloppily kiss her back. He then stooped down, put his tongue on the small of her back and slowly ran it up her spine, several times. Elizabeth was feeling a hot, helpless sensation sweeping over her. She just closed her eyes and tried to imagine this wasn’t happening. She then felt Arjen’s mouth on her bum – he started to lick and kiss both of her bum cheeks repeatedly.

‘Your bum smells like cocoa’ he said with a wry smile.

Liz shuddered – she applied cocoa butter to her bum each morning, to keep it smooth. Arjen then gently nuzzled his nose between Elizabeth’s bum cheeks and shook his head from side-to-side. He was feasting on her beautifully baked buns.

Arjen circled back to the front of Liz and placed his hands on her hips, looking directly up at her face – her eyes were closed. Liz could smell Arjun’s cheap Lynx deodorant and hear his breathing now. She had instinctively covered her boobs with her arms again when he had circled round to the front of her. Arjen took hold of Liz’s forearms and moved her arms down to her side, revealing her amazing breasts once more – now just inches from him.

Liz’s heart was racing, and she felt that shiver up her spine once more when Arjen put his hands on her boobs. He groped Liz’s boobs and when she apprehensively opened her eyes, she saw Arjen slowly bringing his mouth towards her breasts. She winced and closed her eyes once more, as the 14-year old boy started to lick, kiss and suck her tits. She then felt Arjun’s breath in her face, which made her sharply turn her head away to one side. He started kissing her neck. Her eyes were still closed when she felt Arjun’s breath fade and heard him step back.

For a few seconds, Elizabeth actually felt relieved. The little fucker has had his fun. Then her blood curdled, as she heard the clank of Arjen’s belt buckle hit the floor.

Her eyes sprang open. Arjen had removed his shoes, dropped his jeans and was now stepping out of them.

‘WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, YOU CUNT?!’ she shouted in pure terror.

Arjen said nothing. He kicked his jeans to the side and took off his socks. Arjen then removed his hoodie, and took off his t-shirt. Liz looked in horror at the 14-year old boy’s tented boxers – erected by his penis. Arjen took off his boxers and was now completely naked, with his penis fully erect.

Liz was in a state of shock and couldn’t speak. Arjen approached her.

‘Elizabeth. Get on your knees.’ Arjen ordered.

‘No, no, no, please, please, please…’ she pleaded. ‘Not this. Please don’t make me do this. I’ll give you anything, my life-savings, 25K… just anything but this.’ she rambled.

‘Get on your knees. Now.’ the aroused British Indian boy ordered again.

Tears started to trickle down Liz’s face as she slowly dropped to her knees in front of her 14-year old tormentor. She couldn’t bear to look at his penis and kept her eyes off it.

‘Suck my cock.’ Arjen ordered.

Liz’s breathing was heavy and her heart was beating harder than she’d ever known it to before. This can’t be happening?!

‘Suck my cock until I cum.’ Arjen said, standing over her, his eyes alight with excitement.

Liz was crying more heavily now, tears flowing down her pretty face. ‘Er, er, I can’t… you can’t make me do this! It’s too much! Please Arjen.. please…’ she sobbed.

‘You’ve got no choice, Liz. Just get on with it. The sooner you make me cum, the sooner this whole thing will be over.’ He said.

The thought of this ordeal finally ending gave Liz the first shred of hope she’d felt in ages. Elizabeth looked at Arjen’s fully-engorged penis and, as much as the mere sight of it repulsed her, she slowly moved her mouth towards it. She opened her mouth and hovered it in front of the tip of Arjen’s penis. She then started to push her mouth over it. However, as soon as she could feel the tip of his penis touch her mouth, she reflexively pulled away and wretched. Arjen just laughed.

‘Just do it Liz. Just suck it up. No pen intended.’ he mocked.

Elizabeth then faced up to the task ahead and brought her mouth towards Arjen’s penis again. She closed her eyes, braced herself, and took his pubescent cock in her mouth.

Arjen felt like a king as his penis entered Elizabeth’s velvet mouth. He was no longer the nerdy Indian kid at school who got mocked by the cool kids. Now, he was the ultimate cool kid. Liz started to move her mouth back-and-forth along Arjen’s shaft with vigour. She realised the sooner she made him shoot, the sooner this whole thing would be over. A feeling of pure pleasure washed over the 14-year old boy - he’d never felt anything like it before.

‘Stop.’ Arjen said. It hadn’t been long at all, but the young boy was already on the brink. He then sat down on the nearby chair.

‘Crawl over here Liz and get back to work’ he said after sitting down.

Elizabeth shuffled over on her knees, tears still tricking down her cheeks. Her mind was so frazzled from fear, confusion and anguish that she didn’t really know for sure what she was doing anymore. She just wanted this whole thing over. Next thing she knew, she was kneeling in between Arjen’s skinny legs and had his small, brown cock in her mouth once more.

The feeling of pleasure that was sweeping over Arjen was almost overwhelming for the boy. It was like he was in a dream, but this was his beautiful reality.

It had only been about 40 seconds since she had started sucking his cock again, but those 40 seconds had felt like a lifetime to Liz. She moved her mouth at high-speed, hoping that the end was near. It was. Arjen bucked like a baby bronco as he ejaculated into Elizabeth’s mouth.

As soon as she felt Arjen’s sticky mix hit her throat, Liz sharply pulled her head away and started spitting his cum out onto the floor. The taste of his cum made her wretch repeatedly, as she attempted to spit it all out. Liz spluttered out the last of Arjen’s cum from her mouth and just lay on the floor. Her mind was empty right now, she just lay there, traumatized.

Arjen continued to sit on the chair, like a king on his throne, his penis deflating. He felt things he’d never felt before, things no 14-year old boy should feel. Arjen had never even touched a girl in a sexual way, let alone been given a blowjob by a 26-year old babe. It was a lot for him to process and his body and mind felt drained.

Elizabeth slowly regained her bearings. My clothes. I have to get out of here. She thought. Liz then slowly got up and picked up her knickers to put them on.

‘What do you think you’re doing Liz?’ Arjen said.

‘I’m getting dressed and going home you FUCKING LITTLE SHIT!’ she shouted. ‘I did.. I did.. what you said’ she whimpered, ‘so I’m going home and you’re retracting that sent email.’

‘Yes, you did do what I said, but I never said that was the last thing I was going to make you do, Liz.’ he said matter-of-factly. ‘You’re not going anywhere just yet, and that email isn’t being retracted until you’ve done everything I tell you to do,’ Arjen stated.

Liz was trying to wrap her head around what she had just heard. It was tough given how traumatic this whole experience was.

‘I gave you a FUCKING BLOWJOB you little cunt! What more do you want? Huh? What more?’ she said, her lip starting to tremble. ‘Just please let me go home. Please!’ she begged, tears starting to flow again.

‘I will let you go home, Liz. But on my time, on my terms, and we’re not done yet. That was my appetizer, if you will, but I’m hungry for my main course.’ Arjen said, his sexual drive returning rapidly.

These words sent Liz’s brain into a spiral. Please let this end. She didn’t say anything, she just couldn’t find any words. Liz saw on a side-table two bottles of spring water, placed there for meetings. She grabbed one, twisted it open and rinsed her mouth out repeatedly, spitting the water out onto the floor, to get the taste of Arjen’s cum out of her mouth. Arjen himself grabbed the other bottle and drank, to replenish his fluids.

Arjen then walked over to the meeting table, picked up Elizabeth’s silky black blouse and wiped his cock with it.

‘STOP you CUNT!’ she exclaimed.

Arjen just smiled. He wiped his cock dry and tossed Liz’s blouse, now stained with his cum, back onto the table.

Several minutes passed, with Arjen sitting on the same chair on which he’d received the blowjob, and Elizabeth sitting naked on the floor, with her knees pulled up to her chest and her arms crossed across them. Arjen’s cock started to stiffen again.

‘Stand up Liz.’ he ordered.

Elizabeth remained silent for a few seconds before saying, ‘Just.. just stop… please… what more do you want?’

‘Trust me Elizabeth, you’ll find out soon enough. Now stand up.’

**Grand Finale**

Liz slowly stood back up. She was trying her utmost to not allow her mind to dwell on what she was being subjected to, and just kept her gaze on the floor. The 14-year old boy walked towards Elizabeth once more. She stood frozen, with her arms back across her chest, while Arjen circled behind her and placed his hands on the hips of the beautiful 26-year old woman. He planted numerous wet kisses on her back, then put his hands on her shoulders and ran them down the sides of her arms, down to her elbows, several times.

Arjen proceeded to reach around to Liz’s front, gripped her forearms which were shielding her breasts, and pulled them down to her sides. He then cupped her juicy, firm tits from behind, and proceeded to fondle them while kissing her neck. Elizabeth was feeling that hot, helpless sensation once more. Arjen’s cock was hard again and Liz felt a shiver up her spine when the tip of his cock touched her bum.

Arjen then dropped down to one knee. He placed his hands around the sides of Liz’s left ankle and slowly ran his hands all the way up her left leg. He then started tickling the back of her left knee with his tongue, then ran his tongue up the back of her left thigh, and kissed her bum. Arjen then ran both hands all the way up Liz’s right leg, tongue-tickled the back of her right knee, ran his tongue up the back of her right thigh and, once again, sealed it with a kiss to her bum.

The 14-year old then circled to Liz’s front and placed his hands on her hips. Her eyes were closed.

‘You look cute when you’re scared.’ Arjen said with a slight smile.

‘Fuck you.’ Liz said quietly, eyes still closed, tears trickling down her face once more.

‘Fuck you?’ Arjen said in a mock-inquisitive manner. ‘Elizabeth… that’s exactly what I’m going to do!’ he said.

Liz felt white-hot terror shoot through her body upon hearing those words.

‘Get on the floor and lie on your back.’ Arjen commanded.

Liz shook her head, tears flowing at a faster rate, ‘No, no, no… please don’t make me do this. I’m begging you… please.’ she said crying.

‘Now Liz.’ Arjen said sternly. ‘I could leave right now, allow that email to be delivered at midnight, and everything you’ve been through so far tonight will have been for nothing.’

Elizabeth dropped down onto the floor and sat there, with her knees up, naked and sobbing.

‘Think of all this as a form of reparations.’ he said.

‘What… what the fuck… are you on about?’ she stammered through her tears.

‘Well, the British Empire ruled my homeland of India for almost a hundred years, with an iron-fist. Think of all this as you paying ‘Sexual Reparations’. Your ancestors sucked India dry of all its wealth and resources. So, I think it’s fitting that you sucked my cock. Now we’re going to have sex.’ he explained.

Arjen dropped down onto his bony brown knees, in front of Liz. He then shuffled forwards and put his hands on her shoulders…

‘Lie on your back.’ he said again.

Elizabeth was psychologically broken at this point and just fell flat on her back, awaiting her inevitable fate. Arjen used his hands to push Liz’s luscious legs apart and lay forwards on top of her.

‘I know they say you should wear a condom...’ Arjen said… ‘but a true outlaw rides his filly bareback.’

Elizabeth just turned her head to one side, closed her anguished blue eyes and prayed for it to be over soon. Arjen guided his erect, pubescent penis into Liz’s glorious, laser-waxed, ‘designer vagina’. He felt a rush of warmth as he entered the Promised Land.

It was obvious that Arjen had never had sex before, as his sexual motions were far from smooth and controlled. The 14-year old schoolboy was flopping like a fish out of water on top of his beautiful 26-year old victim. Elizabeth tried not to feel the sensations, tried not to hear the sounds, but it was impossible not to. She could feel Arjen’s small hard cock thrusting frenetically into her vagina, his hot breath in her ear and the hard floor under her back. As she heard the sickening sound of his little belly slapping against her stomach, Elizabeth started crying uncontrollably.

Since Arjen had just shot his load recently, he didn’t reach the brink as quickly this time. It still hadn’t been long though when he started to reach the end and decided to switch position. He pulled his cock out of Liz’s vagina and stood up.

‘Get up and bend over the table.’ he demanded.

Liz, tears still streaming down her face and her makeup running, knew there was no point resisting. Moments later, she was bent over the meeting table and Arjen guided his cock back into her vagina, doggy-style. He then began frenetically and amateurishly thrusting once more. The sight and sound of Elizabeth’s perfectly sculpted bum banging against his hips gave Arjen a sense of unmitigated pleasure and satisfaction. His thrusting was punctuated only by him occasionally stopping in order to bend down and kiss her on the shoulder. Every now and again, he delivered a hard slap to her bum. Arjen soon reached the brink once more and withdrew his cock.

Is it over? Liz thought to herself, praying that it was. She then felt a lightning-bolt of fear strike her body when she felt the tip of Arjen’s penis touch the precipice of her bum-hole.

‘FUCK OFF!’ she shouted, standing up sharply and swatting his hard cock away with her hand. ‘You’re NOT putting your cock in my bum… you little CUNT!’

‘I’ve had my starter, I’ve had my main course… now I want my desert!’ Arjen said hungrily.

Liz started sobbing again.

‘No… no… not… not that, please! I’ve done everything else you’ve said. Not this. I’ve never… I’ve never had anyone put it up there before.’ she whimpered.

Arjen’s beady brown eyes lit up.

‘So, I guess I’ll be returning the favour then.’ he said. ‘You just took my virginity… and I’m going to take your anal-virginity.’

‘Just… just… please don’t.’ she begged helplessly.

‘Get back over the table. Otherwise, I’m leaving right now. Imagine that Liz. Imagine that despite everything you’ve done so far tonight, I just walked away now and still ended your life by allowing that email to be delivered.’ Arjen stated.

‘How.. how… do I know you’ll actually delete the email even… even if I do this?’ Liz said through her tears.

‘You don’t Liz. You don’t. But this is merely a game of chess. I always win, but I never break the rules.’

Elizabeth resigned herself to her fate and bent over the meeting table again. She then braced herself for the worst.

Arjen placed the tip of his cock onto the precipice of Elizabeth’s bum-hole. He then leaned his upper-body forwards slightly so as to get a good downward angle of entry. He took a deep breath and took the plunge.

Elizabeth’s body instinctively resisted the hostile-takeover of her most-intimate area by this foreign object. Her sphincter muscles clenched to keep Arjen’s blood-filled member at bay. Liz’s anal passage was extremely tight, but Arjen’s not-yet-fully-developed penis was small in girth, and now bone-hard. Arjen pushed with ferocity and overcame Liz’s bodily defences.

Elizabeth audibly gasped as Arjen’s cock penetrated her anal passage. She gritted her pearly-white teeth, closed her eyes firmly, and prayed for the end. Somehow, someway, I’ll get even with him, she thought, and started to cry uncontrollably once more.

Arjen’s cock was in heaven. Liz’s anal passage was so tight that he knew he wouldn’t last long. He slowly, but surely, moved his cock back and forth to get into a good rhythm. He then started to thrust at terminal velocity. The pleasure was incredible and raw. The type of pleasure which geeky boys like Arjen could usually only dream about experiencing. The type of pleasure that no 14-year old boy should ever experience. A few moments later, Arjen let out a series of squeaky groans and his body shuddered uncontrollably, as he ejaculated into Elizabeth’s bum.

Arjen pulled his penis out, once it had finished unloading, and staggered backwards, dazed and euphoric. He slumped into the nearby chair on which he’d been blown earlier. Liz fell onto the floor, traumatized and thoroughly defeated.

A few minutes passed with neither saying anything. Arjen remained seated, his body and mind were recuperating from what he’d just experienced. At the mere age of 14, Arjen had reached the Mountain Top. Eventually he got up and used Liz’s blouse to wipe his cock dry again. He then started putting his clothes back on.

Elizabeth was in a state of shock and struggling to re-gain her bearings. Eventually she clambered slowly to her feet and started to pick up her clothes to get dressed.

‘I’m keeping your panties, as a souvenir.’ Arjen said.

Sicko. Liz thought, but not saying anything. She was just praying that Arjen would let her go home now. She put her skirt back on, then picked up her blouse – she could see the cum stains on it. She felt sick at the sight, and couldn’t bring herself to put it back on. She just wore her blazer over her bra and put the defiled blouse in her bag.

Arjen pocketed Elizabeth’s panties and took out her phone, which he’d confiscated from her earlier. He placed her phone on the chair he’d been sitting on and walked towards the door of the meeting room.

‘I’ll send you an email tonight, to confirm I’ve unsent the email.’ Arjen said, before disappearing out the door.

Liz’s mind was still reeling, but she gathered all her belongings, including her phone, and made her way out of the building in which she worked. It was a short walk back to her apartment, but she was so dazed that it took twice the usual walking time.

At 11:51pm, Liz was lying in bed, traumatized from the events of the evening and praying that Arjen had unsent the email, when she got a notification that she’d received an email. The email was sent from an unknown account and had an attachment. When she clicked on the attachment, it was a screen-recording of Arjen unsending the delayed-delivery email which he’d sent earlier that day. Liz felt some sense of relief as she saw the cursor in motion, as it unsent the email that would have destroyed her life. At least what she’d been through hadn’t been for nothing.

She glanced back at the email and read the body of text.

‘Like I said, Elizabeth, I always play by the rules.

As you can see from the attached clip, I’ve unsent the email and not destroyed your life. However, never forget that the only reason you were able to keep your life, was because I allowed it.

Brains always beat beauty, Elizabeth, and my brains conquered your incredible beauty.

I’ll always remember you, and I know you’ll never forget me.

Yours sexually,

Arjen’

Elizabeth closed her laptop. At least it was over now. She then softly cried herself to sleep.