**The Submissive New Intern**

by harry lime

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*Synopsis:*

*The submissive new intern certainly had the right attitude for her new position. It seemed like she was destined for climbing the corporate ladder as fast as possible. Of course, she did spend a lot of time on her knees but she had a nice pair of knee pads to make her duties more comfortable.*

**Chapter 1**

When she first saw the ad in the classified section, Jennifer giggled at the blatant misogyny implied by the wording.

A part of her wanted to find some materials and make up a sign so she could march up and down the sidewalk protesting the filthy male perverts that saw the other gender as toys to be used and then discarded when they tired of them like yesterday’s newspaper or bags for the trash bin every Monday morning.

Now that she was a fully grown-up adult at eighteen, Jen thought she was old enough to strike out on her own and see if people were as bad as her mama kept reminding her every morning, noon and night time too. She said her “going to bed” prayers with both palms pressed together and her eyes shut tightly because it made her feel closer to God when she couldn’t see anything except black nothingness and she couldn’t move her sinful fingers that helped her feel nice down there, where nobody else could see what went on under the blanket.

Her mama had taken away her little teddy bear the previous month, because she suspected the eighteen year old Jennifer was using it for obscene purposes instead of playing or praying like a good little girl.

Sometimes, when she was on the subway train, she sat on the edge of the hard bench and rocked with the motion of the train. She usually managed to drive her sensitive private female parts into a state of delicious agitation that she was certain how it felt to be under the control of a filthy man with his nasty thoughts and deep, dark desires hidden shamefully inside his bulging trousers.

The only time she had actually seen a man thing fully aroused was on her eighteenth birthday party and the slower than most Tommy Jones was blindfolded and told to hide under the huge cardboard carton with Jennifer on the floor underneath him in her favorite frog position. She was quiet as a mouse because she didn’t want Tommy to know he was stretched out on top of the birthday party hostess.

Her thin party dress and the white cotton panties did little to offset the thick, hard pressure from his quickly growing male equipment. It had happened so fast that she was caught off-guard and only grunted as he pressed his business deeper into her gaped buttocks like a lover knocking on the door of paradise.

Thankfully, Tommy was more or less, non-talkative and all he did was breath in her ear like a running dog and moan when he spurted his yucky liquids inside his trousers. He reminded her of an out of control crazy person acting like an animal and not a real human being with normal common sense. She didn’t actually see his thing but she could feel the thickness and the over-sized length that seemed impossible to fit into either her pussy, her tight little rump or even inside her mouth. Jennifer knew from listening to the other girls describing the ordeals that girls were expected to go through to keep men happy either on a date or after they got married. She knew she would be expected to drop her panties and let them do their business any way they wanted just because they were men and she was only a girl.

Jennifer felt real guilty about tricking Tommy even though he really seemed to enjoy the entire episode. She made certain he got a big piece of cake and she even poured him his favorite root beer to wash it all down. After thinking about it with him sitting right next to her, she saw that he was not in the least bit concerned and that it was only her that had really been affected by the incident. She discovered that she really liked the feeling of having a man’s thing pressed up hard against her sensitive area and she hoped to replicate the event again real soon. It would not be with Tommy because it would not be right to take advantage of him like that but she was certain there were plenty of older men with an unhappy married life or without any girlfriend to help them over periods of unwelcome abstinence and the pressure of love juice ready to erupt with the slightest provocation.

She decided to experiment with Mister Jacobs in the candy store pretending to be a bit dim-witted and anxious to get an egg cream even though she didn’t have enough money. The somewhat elderly Mister Jacobs got the hint immediately and it was a short time later that he delivered a glass of the creamy stuff right to her table and she smiled up at him and told him that she was willing to pay him back “anyway he wanted”.

His cock was smaller than she would have liked but it fit into her mouth real nice and she gobbled it down until he spurted his full load right down her throat and into her belly. He felt so guilty that he ran back and made her another egg cream to wash it all down and she sipped it thru the straw with a satisfied smile on her face that assured him she considered the debt paid in full.

Jennifer looked down at the ad for the umpteenth time and knew the words were directed straight at her.

WANTED Motivated entry-level intern for position of Personal assistant to corporate executive Officers. Must be physically fit, unmarried, Able to devote full time to meeting all demands.

Proper attitude a big plus Jennifer was sharp enough to read between the lines of the employment ad and she could easily picture her position between the knees of a kindly older man Her position would be underneath his desk and enthusiastically receiving on-the-job training from the mature executive. Her only worry was that she was too inexperienced to satisfy the demands of the position in a way that would make her bosses happy that she was working under them.

She discovered from the nice Mrs. Henderson that she would be in a “pool” of young female interns that would rotate amongst the senior executives bi-monthly and would be required to wear either skirts or short dresses with appropriate undies of the fancy sort that tickled the male libido.

Jennifer had slightly underdeveloped breasts, but she had stunning nipples with long button like nipples that were super sensitive to the touch of a man’s fingers. She knew that any lengthy exploration of her upper body secrets would lead her to a quick orgasm down below and she welcomed the time spent developing her upper body responses.

One of the most senior executives enjoyed having her kneel in front of him and allowing him to “spank her tits”.

At first, she was not quite sure what that consisted of, but after a quick lesson, she was reduced to mascara dripping tears and a sense of self-pity that tingled her camel-toe.

His name was Mister Von Rudderman and she secretly called him “Mr. Rude Man”.

Sometimes, Von Rudderman would pause his breast slapping exercises to twist her nipples in a way that made her yell out and bring smiles to the faces of the workers in the cubes outside his office. They knew exactly what he was doing and that made her more ashamed than almost anything else.

In a way, she was more submissive to Mister Rudderman than any of the other executives because he never bothered her with asking her to suck his dick or to bend over for him to slide his hard prick between her ass cheeks and making her take it up the ass like all of the other sex-deprived, middle-aged businessmen would certainly expect from an entry level female intern.

It was the taking it up the ass that bothered her the most.

She was able to take it without complaint from all of the executives except for Mister Hineyman. The seriously overweight Mister Hineyman insisted on her removing all her clothing below her waistline. He enjoyed pressing her down with his bulky weight with his entire business buried deep in her anal passageway. She was reminded how he looked like some alien creature focused on flooding her gut with his monster-like stickiness. He verbally chastised her sense of feminine dignity by describing to her in great detail how it looked to have her sphincter stretched to the limit. She felt his long, thick cock slide into her rear door like some sort of lethal snake with poisonous fangs. Her imagination saw him like an assassin ready to strike her deep inside her most private place in a way that would paralyze her but still allow her to see all that he did and unable to do anything about it. She was frightened by that feeling but in a guilty way, she was attracted to the danger of the moment and waited with breathless anticipation of his next move.

The one executive that puzzled her was Mister De La Rentlovevia with his ritualistic removal of her undies and the way he carefully licked her pussy with his fascinating tongue for a long time before entering her. She liked that foreplay best of all and would open her legs wide to let him take care of her as deep as he wanted. Every now and then, he would lift her legs up higher and attend to her tight little brown eye with tender loving thrusts of his long pointed tongue.

He liked to position her right over the top of his desk so she could look right into the faces of his beautiful debutante wife and his two daughters who were fully grown and probably spreading their legs for every Tom Dick or Harry that didn’t need Viagra to get it up.

Instead of calling him Oscar or Mister De La Rentlovevia, she called him Doctor Love because his pussy-licking efforts caused her to fall a little bit in love with him and she knew she would allow him to do anything he wanted to her with the possible exception of choking her neck. It was a fetish with her because she had recently watched a film about a porn star that was accidently strangled by an over enthusiastic ass fucker. Jennifer was afraid of that trick to heighten one’s pleasure because it was dangerous and she didn’t really trust any of her employer’s enough to give them that sort of power over her.

When he wanted to stop using a condom against all the rules, she allowed him the pleasure because she knew how much he loved to feel her juices running over his stiff dick inside her velvet glove of a pussy. Besides, she was in the habit of using her mother’s “morning after” pill in just such emergencies.

Now, when Doctor Love put her ankles on his shoulders and push came to shove, she delighted in the repeated orgasms she experienced under his ministrations. She even allowed herself the pleasure of groaning out loudly when he was pounding her pussy and his wife’s photo was only inches from her face. In a strange way, she was imagining the beautiful wife driving a faux dick into her vagina and making her climax like the submissive bitch she always wanted to be.

In one of her flights of fancy, she imagined Doctor Love buried deep in her pussy with his spurting cock and the beautiful wife kissing her right on the lips and telling her,

“Open nice and wide, dear, mommy wants to suck your tongue and give you all her spit for you to swallow down into your nice flat tummy along with daddy’s baby-making sperm.”

Jennifer knew it was sort of over the line for her to be thinking along those lines because the arrangements with the “intern pool” was a well-kept secret and it was never mentioned in front of the employee’s families for any reason. There was no reason to suspect that any of the executives would ever share any of the details from the special perk with their family members because the repercussions would be instantaneous and displeasing to one and all.

Accidently, Jennifer spied Doctor Love’s spouse in her favorite women’s clothing store getting ready to try on some bathing suits for the fast approaching summer. She made a point of getting some teeny weeny little bikinis to join her in the group-sized changing room and watched her strip down to totally naked. The fact that her bosses wife shaved her pussy make Jennifer weak with passion to taste the older woman’s camel toe just to see if it tasted as nice as it looked when she lifted her leg to adjust her thong.

She stripped off all of her clothing and put on the zebra bikini bending over all the way to the floor right in front of Doctor Love’s wife hoping that her heart-shaped flanks would seem a bit interesting to her even if they were in a public setting. She could see the wife’s eyes glued to her ass in the side mirror and got her answer in capital letters. This woman would be up front and center for a mutual carpet munching session at the first opportunity.

Now, all she had to do was to figure out a way to make that happen without causing any trouble for boss or risk the possible loss of her job and the perks that came with it.

**Chapter 2**

When Jennifer went home that evening she found that she was crowded into the packed mass of humanity on the subway train and she was surrounded by a wall of hard dicks in all directions. She did her very best to look straight ahead and ignore the cocks pressing against her legs, her ass and her sensitive camel-toe with a blank stare and not making any sound at all from the perverted distress.

She recognized the boy right in front of her poking her pubic area with his rampant cock as the junior clerk to her boss. He was a recent hire and she knew he really had no friends in the place. Jennifer was confused as to how he had come to that intimate closeness. She was not quite certain if it were random coincidence or planned perversion due to some depraved obsession with her person that he was unable to control.

Jennifer had never been formally introduced to the boy but she distinctly remembered one of the other male clerks calling him “Tommie Boy”, so her natural inclination was to assume his name was Tom.

It was difficult for her to focus on the sturdy young lad with the oversized male member rubbing on her sensitive clitoris with his arm around her waist because there was no pole to hang on to in the lurching train.

Besides, the older man behind her with the bad breath was beginning to get downright sordid with his inquisitive hands all over her rump like he was looking for a tender cut to take home for supper.

She instinctively pushed back into the older man’s depravities with her soft, sweet ass hoping that he would be gentle and not rude with her much sought after asset.

That helped reduce the stress on her clitoris which was in danger of exploding with the steady rubbing of Tom the clerk on her defenseless pubic region.

She reached behind her with her right hand and grasped the older man’s fingers guiding them directly to the gap between her heated ass cheeks. He got the message because Jennifer was in the habit of not wearing the girdle or shaper that most young women wore these days when riding public transit in mixed company. The simple truth was that she looked forward to the early morning grope fest and the after work dirty business pressed up real close and personal with strange men taking liberties they never took with their wives or girlfriends because it was far to obscene to even discuss in mixed company.

Jennifer would never tell her parents of the indignities she had suffered in going to work because she knew they would forbid her future riding of public transit just on general principle and an attitude to the sanctity of female privacy that was more indicative of a much older generation.

She could tell Tom the clerk was riding her slit to a final destination of full ejaculation from the way her was accelerating his movements between her legs and she assisted him by spreading her legs a bit to allow him greater penetration.

Unfortunately, that also gave the older man behind her greater access to her crack and his thick tip was bouncing on her distraught brown eye with its confused sphincter receiving the green light from her instinctive core and a red light from her good behavior brain that stupidly considered her mind to be still in charge of her flesh and bones.

Soon, she felt the wetness of Tom’s discharge on her frontal skirt as it forcefully penetrated through the thin fabric of both their modest clothing. She looked down into his lust laden eyes and saw the hint of victory there that momentarily caused her to move closer to him in the hope that his juice might even penetrate to her slit.

The older man behind her had his fingers deep in her gap and was delicately rubbing her brown eye with a controlled rudeness that she found quite appropriate for the situation and much in tune with her need for anal scratching that gripped her in her obscene desire for anal penetration of any nature. She would have settled for even a single fingertip inside her sphincter to confirm she was a complete anal bitch and a slut of the worse sort possible.

Tom tightened his grip on her waistline and she felt him harden again with his business between her legs and the dampness soaking through her skirt to the surface of her sensitive skin underneath. The older man behind her was suddenly pushing her briefs aside and pushing his fingers into her soaking wet pussy from behind much to her delight. She was almost on the verge of fainting dead away from the excitement building in her overheated slit. He must have sensed the depth of her excited emotions because he backed off a bit and gave her slack to catch her breath and regain her poise as a dignified good girl simply going home after a hard day’s work.

She noticed that Tom got out at her station as well but he headed uphill toward the row houses on the top of the hill and she went south to the separate houses at the bottom where the little stores were clustered on both sides of the street like friendly natives never moving and staying in one place as far back as she was able to remember.

The older man was riding the train to the last stop which was the next stop at the end of the line. She knew those houses up there were quite a bit more impressive and they usually had the extras like a front porch and a nice garden that required outdoor work to keep them looking well-kept.

Jennifer dashed up the stairs after returning home just barely answering her mother’s greeting and asking, “Did you have a nice day, dear?”

“Yes, mom, I had a great day today?”

She knew she needed a nice hot bath and she had to get her skirt into the laundry before her mother touched it with her knowing hands. Jennifer loved the freedom of working on her own and being able to make her own decisions without getting her parents permission any longer. Still, she was living at home and she knew instinctively that she would have to toe the line with regard to her behavior or at least in concealing her indiscretions and weakness of the flesh that was starting to spin out of control when she was not inside the safety of her own family living a boring existence at home.

She looked in the telephone book and found the “Love” residence. Her mind was focused on the memory of Mrs. Love’s firm behind as she tried on the skimpy bikini in the fitting room. That single glance from her lust laden eyes was all the invitation she needed to go after her sudden found goal of pushing her head between the beautiful wife’s legs and tasting the essence of her glorious bush. In her mind, it would be a simple move for her to take the high class woman’s lips and press them on her oversexed feminine folds and wait patiently for her to get her tongue working feverishly to explore her clitoris and her vagina with experienced skill.

After she exited the bathtub, she dried her long slender body looking in the mirror at her flat tummy and her nicely curved buttocks that jutted out at an impossible angle behind in a sensuous display of feminine flesh.

She had seen that Mrs. Love’s ass cheeks drooped ever so slightly but it was absolutely cute that it made her want to fall to her knees to adore at her shrine of tightly clenched brown eye glory. She sat down on the edge of her neatly made bed stark naked and played with her bare nipples like she did whenever she was daydreaming about men’s cocks and things of that nature. This was the first time she had an urge to do something with another female and it made her a bit confused, but she loved the way it made her feel inside.

Slowly, she dialed the number she had written down on her notepad and waited patiently for the response on the other end. It was a female voice that answered and she was glad it wasn’t Mr. Love because she was certain he would recognize her voice and hang up immediately thinking she was in love with his cock or something equally as silly. He might even think that she was plotting to blackmail him for bending her over his desk and taking her anal cherry.

Unfortunately, it was not Mrs. Love, but the downstairs maid who answered the phone, “Yes, this is the Love residence. Just a moment and I will notify Mrs. Love there is a call for her. She is in the upstairs bedroom exercising on her indoor bike at the moment. Please hang on the line and she will be with you shortly.”

The next thing she heard was the heavy breathing of Mrs. Love who was obviously riding her bicycle to keep her legs in shape. Of course, it was a stationary bike and never took one anywhere except to a state of exhaustion just looking out the back window at the nice garden in the rear. “Yes, this is Mrs. Love. To whom am I speaking?”

Jennifer was suddenly at a loss for words but she braved, “It is me, Mrs. Love. Jennifer from the fitting room. I wanted to tell you that the bikini you selected looked absolutely divine on your splendid figure.”

For a moment there was silence on the line and Jennifer wondered if she had mistaken the look in Mrs. Love’s bedroom eyes.

Then, she heard the musical tones of Mrs. Love’s voice whispering in her ear. “My dear, what a lovely surprise. I am so happy to hear your voice. I must say you looked quite delectable in your tiny little string bikini as well.”

After that, Jennifer relaxed and she conversed with Mrs. Love whilst pushing her naughty fingers into her feminine folds with the serious intent of pretending it was the hand of Mrs. Love digging into her secret places robbing her of her youthful innocence and making her ask for more of the same.

“Where are you, you darling thing?”

As if in a fog, she heard her own voice low and sexy answer, “Mrs. Love, I am in my bedroom and I just got out of the bath. I must confess I am stark naked and playing with myself as I speak. The sound of your voice has inspired me to some very naughty thoughts.”

She heard Mrs. Love’s voice almost panting with the exercise on the bike. She did her best to picture Mrs. Love on the bike and she knew the woman was wearing her jogging shorts and that she had already lathered up her overheated pussy on the bicycle seat which was specially designed to bring her to a state of complete release in less than thirty minutes.

“Oh, my dear, I wish I was riding your pretty little face and not this dreadful machine. I bet you would use your delightful pink tongue on me. Would you treat me nice like that?”

Jennifer answered out of breath herself because her fingers had just delivered a fantastic orgasm to her lower body and she knew she would have to change the sheets before retiring for the night. “Mrs. Love, I would like nothing better than to let you ride me like that and I promise I will not stop until you are completely satisfied.”

They made a date to have lunch together across from her job the following day and Jennifer hung up and ran over to her discarded teddy bear and held him close to her clitoris pounding his little body into the already mussed up bed with her naked buttocks rising and falling in an accelerating dance of lust on top of her bed with the door locked to keep out unwelcome visitors.

She knew she was being a bad girl but sometimes a girl has just got to have it.

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