

# **Secretary Sex Slave**

**By**

**James Lucien**

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I take a deep breath, steeling myself to meet my owner, and push through the double doors into his corner office of the penthouse suite.

My plump pink lips stretch wide and my furry rabbit ears stand erect as my bright blue eyes blink with bewilderment at the magnificent view.

Behind the mahogany executive desk, through the floor-to-ceiling windows, a panoramic vista of the bustling city reaching down the mountainside to the ocean is visible. It's the most beautiful and daunting sight I've ever seen. Of course, I'm only a one-year-old bioroid all-purpose personal assistant, so I haven't seen much.

I glance around the opulent office at the gold-veined white marble flooring, high mirrored ceiling, and classic-style burgundy syntha-leather furniture. I surmise this is where I'll be spending the better part of my days now. It's definitely an upgrade from the bioroid training facilities, where I've spent the last year.

I hear the flush of a urinal followed by the running water of a sink and I nervously check my appearance in the mirrored ceiling, nudging my chic pair of black-framed glasses up the bridge of my small upturned nose. They are for appearance only, by request of my owner.

My long platinum-blond hair is pulled up into a ponytail. My black stiletto-heels, nylon lace-top thigh-high stockings, and mini pencil skirt emphasize my slender legs, heart-shaped rump, and narrow waist. The plunging V-neck of my blue blouse accentuates my big buoyant breasts, which are too large for my petite frame.

A mountain of muscle in a tailored three-piece navy suit marches out of the bathroom. His close-cropped hair is black as midnight on a moonless night and his eyes are icy blue globes of determination.

Towering over me, he growls like a grisly, "You're late! This behavior cannot go unpunished!"

My little stub tail, jutting from my skirt, fidgets with fright. "S-s-sir, unless I'm mistaken, I'm here at the precise time you scheduled my arrival."

"Don't talk back to me!" He stabs a thick finger toward the vintage mahogany desk. "Bend over and hike up your skirt to be disciplined!"

"Yes, sir, right away, sir." My heels click loudly on the marble tile as I scramble over to the desk. I pull up my skirt, revealing my blue thong bisecting my bubbled buns, and bend over the edge of the desk, propping my bared bottom for my owner to spank.

He strolls over and gives one bun a firm squeeze. His hand is so massive it clutches the entire cheek. "You are my slave and I'm your master. If you displease me in any way, I will punish you severely. Let this punishment be a warning to never dissatisfy me."

I glance back over my shoulder and whimper, "Yes, sir."

He unlatches his syntha-leather belt, rips it free of his pants, folds it in half and whips back his arm.

A screech of pain tears at my throat so shrilly that I'm shocked no one comes rushing to my rescue!

He lashes my cheeks again and again as I shriek! The sharp barbs of the stinging slaps course from my cheeks throughout my trembling body! Tears puddle on the desktop as I howl in agony! The wacks of the belt come swifter and swifter, harder and harder, until I'm clawing at the desk, desperately but futilely attempting to burrow away!

My master bellows with harsh laughter as he laces his belt through his pant loops. "You are a fragile bimbo bunny, aren't you, my slave?"

I sob hard, "Yes, sir!"

“There, there, my bimbo bunny. The punishment is all over.”

“I won’t displease you again.” I attempt to rise and he shoves me back down.

He sinks into a squat and peels down my thong. Palming my tender cheeks, he spreads them wide, groaning with greedy gluttony at the sight of my tiny pink pucker.

I utter a whimpering whine of surprised delight as he presses his face between my splayed cheeks and pokes his tongue through my tight bud.

He kneads my sore cheeks, squeezing firm and rough, as he jabs his tongue in and out of my rosebud. The satisfaction of the sensation is wholly unsuspected and delectable.

I find myself moaning aloud, “Ooh, Master, ooh, yes, yes!”

He snarls like a famished wolf as he increases the force and speed of his thrusting tongue until I’m mewling with blissful cries of joy! My cheeks clench around his face and my pucker pinches his tongue as I convulse!

Gripping hold of my furry ears, he yanks me upright. “Fix your panties and skirt.”

I hastily pull up my thong and tug down my skirt as he settles into his high-back executive syntha-leather chair.

“S-s-sir,” I quaver, “is there a desk for me to attend to my secretarial duties?”

“No,” he snorts, “I didn’t purchase you for that type of work.”

“Sir,” I blink, “I’ve received extensive secretarial training.”

Opening his pants, he pulls out a phallus like an elephant’s trunk! Definitely an augmentation!

“*Sir*, I’m not a suck-bot! I’m of the most advanced generation of bioroid ever produced!”

He barks, “You’ll do whatever I say whenever I say!” He snaps his thick fingers and points to the floor. “Get on your knees now!”

“Yes, sir.” Fearful of another lashing, I drop at once.

“You are going to suck my cock without complaint and swallow my cum as well.”

“Your wish is my command. Please inform me if at any time you’d enjoy stronger or weaker suction or the additive use of my throat.”

“Make a mental note,” he grins, “that I’ll always enjoy your strongest suction and the full depth of your throat.”

I nod. “Duly noted, sir.”

“Before you begin, unbutton your blouse and remove your bra.”

I do as he demands, unveiling my broad boisterous bosoms.

He chews his lip at the sight of my breasts. “I don’t want to see you wearing a bra again or any blouse too thick to see your nipples through.”

Before I can reply, he clutches the base of my ponytail and shoves my head into his lap, cramming his massive member into my mouth.

I moan as I suck his dick just as I was instructed in mistress training. His prick grows rigid, reaching deep into my taut throat and causing it to bulge. Although performing fellatio isn’t one of my primary intended purposes, I’m top of the line. I have no gag reflex and I can hold my breath for an extended period. All of my orifices are capable of handling rough treatment, though I have no means of inhibiting my pain receptors.

My master bobs my head. “Ooh yeah, deepthroat my cock. That’s my good bunny suck-slave. Such a good little cum-whore. You love it, don’t you?”

I pause my suckling to mumble in the affirmative around his shaft stretching my lips.

He chuckles, “I knew you would, you cum-hungry blonde bimbo.”

He certainly enjoys degrading me. I hope that once he ejaculates he begins treating me

with a degree of respect. I am not a bimbo-bot!

With his free hand, he gropes my breasts, pinching and pulling at my tiny nipples. He groans, "I'm going to enjoy bouncing these fat tits."

I scowl up at him even as I continue moaning.

"The look of repugnance in your eyes only serves to excite me more, my slave." He bobs my head faster. "I'm going to abuse you in every *fucking* possible way. You're going to curse the day you were artificially birthed."

My moaning becomes angry mewls.

"Ooh yeah," he groans, "suck my big cock with rage. These walls are soundproof, and even if they weren't, no one would come to your aid no matter your screams. I own everyone on every floor of this entire building."

Pulling open a desk drawer, he retrieves a black collar. He yanks me from his cock and I pant for breath as he fastens the collar tight around my neck.

He explains, "This smart-collar will track your location and shock you into submission if you attempt to leave the building."

"Sir," I glower, "I live to serve your every caprice."

He chuckles, "Sure you do."

I pull at the collar. "There's no need for this."

He smirks. "And yet I desire that you wear it."

Frowning, I nod. "Yes, sir."

"My lunch hour is over. Crawl under my desk and suck me while I work."

"Do you have any tasks for me to perform afterward?"

"Afterward?" He barks a laugh. "Just stay focused on the task at hand, my slave."

Putting, I wrinkle my nose. "Yes, sir, of course, sir."

"That's my good bunny slut. Now get in your burrow."

I crawl underneath and, due to my small stature and the immensity of the desk, I'm actually not too cramped. There is plenty of room to bob between his legs. I suck his girthy manhood with subdued moans of mock-enjoyment, feeling utterly frustrated with my lowly new position in life.

I suck and slurp and plunge my throat with his enormous erection for hours as I listen to him wheel and deal with heads of corporations from around the world. A male assistant brings him various beverages throughout the afternoon. My master never bothers to offer me anything to drink.

Finally, when the sun appears to be setting based on the dwindling light spilling under the desk, he reaches underneath, clutches my furry rabbit ears and bobs my head roughly as he grunts and groans.

A great geyser of goo erupts into my mewling mouth and I gulp it down. It's so salty and slimy!

He chuckles, "Let me wash that down for you, suck-slut."

I whine with disgust as hot bitter urine sprays into the back of my throat. I guzzle down the frothy piss with whimpering moans as he empties his bladder completely. I am not a urinal!

He pushes his chair back and tucks away his manhood as I scuttle out from under his desk with a countenance of revulsion and rage.

He laughs at me as I stand there pouting with white-knuckled fists, holding my tongue. I don't want another lashing. I hate my mean master!

Gripping my arm, he slips a credit-bangle on my wrist. "You may purchase whatever you

need from the shopping area and cafeteria while I'm gone."

"You're not taking me home?"

"No," he snorts, "my wife wouldn't approve of your presence. The sofa folds out and the bathroom includes a shower."

"I'm going to live *here*?"

He rises, smoothing his jacket. "There's a gym, a spa, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a VR arcade, and even an immersive cinema on the premise."

"Do you have any tasks for me to complete before you return?"

He looks me up and down with a surveying expression. "Purchase an assortment of lingerie and paint your nails red."

"Is that all?"

"Download or whatever it is you do to change your hair and eye color to red and green." He struts out of the office without so much as a wave. He is so very rude!

I huff with annoyance, then shut my eyes and focus for a moment, shifting my blonde hair to auburn, my blue eyes to emerald, and my white nails to scarlet.

Then I march into the bathroom, rinse my mouth and drain my bladder, still fuming.

I ride the elevator down to the cafeteria for dinner. Feeling queasy, not from the belly full of cum and piss but from despair, I eat a garden salad only.

I purchase toiletries, an assortment of clothing and shoes, including lingerie, as well as a few bikinis and gym outfits. Exercise should improve my mood.

After an hour in the gym and two dozen laps in the pool, I shower in the women's locker room, still feeling gloomy and galled. There must be something I can do to encourage my master to treat me better. I'm not a toy or a toilet to be abused!

The next morning when my master strides into the office, I'm standing patiently beside his desk thanks to his assistant warning me of his arrival. Timothy promised to keep me informed of my master's shifting schedule as much as possible. The handsome man seems kind and considerate, unlike my master.

My auburn hair is pinned up in a tight bun. The white garter straps of my lace panties stretching down to my white thigh-high stockings are visible due to the short length of my miniskirt. My pink nipples are clearly visible through my white blouse. My submissive smile is radiant.

I beam, "Good morning, sir. How may I serve you?"

He rolls his icy blue eyes at me. "Stupid slut."

My mouth drops open and my emerald eyes well with tears behind my black-framed glasses. "Sir, have I displeased you?"

Ignoring my question, he plops into his executive chair as Timothy delivers a steaming beverage.

"Tim," he asks, "do you have something to keep the bimbo busy for the morning?"

"I will find something, sir." Timothy gestures for me to follow him as he exits.

I march out with an exasperated huff, my heels clicking loudly on the marble tile.

Within Timothy's much smaller office, he deadpans, "Mr. Rothschild is not a morning person," he winks, "or an evening person."

I giggle and wipe the tears from my flushed cheeks. "Thank you for your kindness."

His tone and mannerisms take on a more flamboyant demeanor. "Underlings need to stick

together.”

I smile wide at him. “You’re my new best friend.”

Timothy giggles, “Proud to be. What is your name, sweetie?”

Sighing, I frown. “He hasn’t given me one and I suspect he doesn’t plan to.”

“Oh poor darling, I’m sorry.” He shakes his head remorsefully. “That man is a *brute*.”

“You don’t know the half of it. He claimed I was late when I certainly was not and then lashed me mercilessly with his belt!”

He scowls. “I’m so sorry.”

“He designed every aspect of my physical features and yet he doesn’t even seem to want to look at me. I spent all of yesterday afternoon stuffed under his desk!”

“I’m gayer than a pink flamingo and even I think you’re hotter than the Sahara. That man doesn’t deserve you.”

“You’re so nice, I wish you were my master instead.”

“Honey,” he snorts, “you’re cute as a button and twice as sexy,” he waves a hand, “but I wouldn’t know what to do with you.”

“I’ve been taught many skills. Other than my secretarial training, I’ve learned to sing and dance, play various instruments, massage therapy, culinary arts, and more.”

“Let me guess, he just wants to use you sexually?”

“He thinks I’m a suck-bot!”

“I know I’m terrible to ask, but I’ve got to know, what’s his cock like?”

I exclaim, “It’s the length and width of my forearm!”

Timothy fans himself. “Lucifer’s phallus!”

“I dread the thought of him jabbing me with it.”

“And you’re so tiny too!”

A holographic display flashes crimson, indicating a priority contact calling.

“Sorry, sweetie, but I’ve got to get to work now. Go experience a movie or enjoy a massage, just be back here by noon for your unworthy master’s lunch hour.”

“Thank you, Timothy, I will.” I hurry out so that he can answer the call.

I spend the morning wandering around the skyscraper like a tourist, catching the leering eyes of every man I pass. Although they stare with hungry gazes, none of them approach me, my black smart-collar identifying me as a piece of property that is off limits.

At noon on the dot, I enter my master’s office as Timothy delivers his lunch. Timothy gives me a furtive wink as he hastily exits.

An older gentleman with thick gray hair is sitting relaxed on the burgundy syntha-leather sofa, sipping from a whiskey tumbler. “Oh my, she *is* delectable.”

With a voice command, my master triggers a shiny metal pole to descend from the ceiling and upbeat music to play lightly from concealed speakers.

The gentleman waves me over. “Take off those heels and show me your dance moves.”

I glance at my master for approval and he nods. Slipping off my shoes and setting my glasses aside, I dash to the pole and swing around and around with my pointed feet held out. Then I grip the pole with my thighs and twirl around with my arms wide, my chest towards the ceiling, gradually sliding down the pole. Arching backward to catch myself at the base, I spread my legs in a split.

The gentleman claps. “Very nice.”

I right myself and bow. “That was just a warm-up.”

“It certainly warmed me up.” He pats his thigh softly. “Come dance on my lap.”

I glance at my master and he nods as he chews a mouthful of food.

As I approach the gentleman, he grasps my curvy hips, halting me, and unzips my miniskirt and tosses it aside. He rises, towering over me, and pulls my blouse over my head, unveiling my breasts. He grips my firm bosoms in his palms and squeezes. Hunching over, he pecks my crown with a gentle kiss. Relinquishing his hold of my breasts, he unlatches his belt, unbuttons and unzips his suit pants, and lets them fall to reveal his black boxers. He looks funny wearing a tie and suit jacket with his pants around his ankles.

He sits down again and I climb onto his lap, pressing my womanhood to the bulge of his silk boxers. I roll my hips, grinding against his crotch while gazing into his hazel eyes with a fervent expression of mock-desire.

As I gyrate he gropes my bosoms, groaning with delight. I feel his manhood engorge and it juts out from the fly of his boxers. It's large but not nearly as large as my master's.

He chuckles, "Well, look who came out to say hello. How about you give him a proper welcome, okay, sweetheart?"

I glance over my shoulder for approval and my master nods with a roll of his eyes, as if he's tired of me asking permission.

Climbing down from his lap onto my knees, I grip his shaft and pump it firmly as I press my plump lips over the head. I moan as I suck and he groans with bliss.

"You're a good little suck-slut, aren't you, you *fucking* tart?"

I sneer up at him as I suck him harder, my cheeks pulling in concave. Why is everyone so mean?!

My master sits down on the other end of the sofa and begins stroking himself. "Pull her hand away and make her deepthroat it, Ben."

Ben pulls my pumping fist away, clutches my hair bun and shoves my head down, forcing his rigid member into the depths of my throat.

"Ooh fuck," he grunts, "her throat is so fucking tight!"

"Fuck yeah," my master chuckles. "She's the most expensive, most advanced, fuck-toy on the market."

Ben bobs my head faster. "I need one like yesterday!"

"They take a year to incubate and another to train. In the meantime, you're welcome to come by to play with mine anything you like."

I mewl with anger as I suck him even harder.

"Fuck," Ben curses, "she's got the suction of a Hoover!"

"Yeah, she's a greedy cum-whore."

"Do you mind if I spew spunk down her throat?"

"Down her throat, across her tits, her face, wherever you like, Ben. I don't care."

Ben pounds my face against his crotch, shooting his goop into my throat, while growling, "Fuck yeah, fucking drink my cum, you filthy little whore!"

He trembles with aftershocks as he keeps my head pinned.

Stroking himself, my master pants, "Wash it down for her."

Ben marvels, "Can I really?"

"Yeah," he chuckles, "she loves piss even more than cum."

I whine a rebuttal around a mouthful of wilting dick.

Ben utters an extended sigh as he fills my mouth with his hot foamy urine.

I gulp down the bitter piss, mouthful after mouthful, until his bladder is finally empty.

When he lets me up, my face is flushed red.

He pinches my quivering cheek. "Thanks for the fun, sweetheart. I'll have to visit again."  
I stare daggers at my smirking master as Ben pulls up his pants and leaves.

"Sir," I snarl through gritted teeth, "I'm not a toilet!"

"You are whatever I want. You're bought and paid for. And you weren't cheap, either. I'm getting my money's worth. Now go lay on your side on my desk with your ass over the edge."

I hop to my feet with an infuriated huff and stomp over to his desk. Climbing atop, I lay on my side and pull my knees to my heaving chest.

He peels my panties down, exposing my tiny pink pucker. "Your ass is self-lubricating, correct?"

Grimacing, I reply, "Yes, sir."

"Then you better activate that function now so I don't tear your asshole to shreds."

Clamping my eyes shut, I focus for a moment and my anus secretes a lubricant.

My master slides his mammoth member between my bubbled buns, and with a lunge of his powerful hips and a grunt of effort, he forges his leviathan through my seizing bud and into my rectum!

I shriek through gnashing teeth at the excruciating pain of his colossal cock stretching my resistance rosebud wide as tears burst from my bulging eyes!

"Fuck," he shouts, "your asshole is so tight it hurts!"

"Please," I scream through shivering lips, "don't do this, Master! Your dick is too big!"

He smacks a palm over my crying mouth and begins to pump my rectum with a steady beat of thrusts. "Don't worry, slut, you'll learn to love my fat cock rammed up your tight ass!"

I beat a small fist on the desktop and screech into his palm in agony!

With his other hand, he grips the back of my neck to keep me from sliding away with the growing intensity of his fierce lunges. His pelvis claps my cheeks with loud and rhythmic spansks that rattle my grinding teeth with each of his lunges. He's so huge and strong!

He growls, "Take that big dick, you fucking little anal-slut! Cum on my cock, whore! I'm not going to stop drilling your ass until you cum on my fat cock! I know you love it! Now cum on my cock!"

Choking on my screaming sobs, I close my eyes tight. I attempt to will myself to orgasm but the excruciating pain is so intense it's obliterating my ability to concentrate!

Sweating and swearing and slapping, my master pounds my ass hard and fast until there's a knock at the door.

Timothy peeks his head inside. "Sorry to intrude but your lunch hour's over and you have an important appointment waiting."

My master barks, "Five minutes!"

"Yes, sir, I'll stall them."

Withdrawing from my aching ass, he jerks me onto my belly with a root-pulling grip of my hair and jams his erection into my crying mouth and down my throat. "Suck my dirty dick, slut!"

Sobbing and shaking, I suck hard as he rolls his hips, roughly humping my face. His balls smack my chin as his pelvis smashes my nose with each brutal lunge.

Finally, he growls, "Ooh *fuuuck!*" And his dick spurts jets of jism into my throat.

I squeal in surprise as he heaves me off his desk onto the marble floor. "Go shower and don't come out until I call you!"

I scramble to my feet, trembling with terror, and stumble into the bathroom, crying

uncontrollably. I'm so shell-shocked, I step under the hot spray of the shower without removing my stockings, my garters, or my panties stretched between my knees. I sink to the floor and curl into a ball.

Hours later, Timothy shuts off the water, pulls me to my feet and wraps a towel around me, holding me as I weep with wrath!

This is the end of the free preview of [Secretary Sex Slave](#).  
The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.  
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