

KATRINA'S SUBMISSION (THE SECURITY GUARD'S LITTLE GIRL)

Vincent Mandevill

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Katrina's Submission Taken By The Security Guard

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KATRINA'S SUBMISSION PART I

TAKEN BY THE SECURITY GUARD

(THE SECURITY GUARD'S LITTLE GIRL)

I

"I'm going to lick your cunt."

Katrina looked up from the document she's been working on with a startled expression. She blinked at the man hovering over her desk. Her bright green eyes widened, and she shifted in her chair under the intense, devouring look of the security guard. He had placed his big hands on her desk. The man was staring at her with determination and such lust that it sent shivers down her spine.

She had barely noticed him before despite his hulking, muscular figure, and intimidating presence. The man was not handsome. He had rough features and big eyebrows that overshadowed his dark eyes in hazel. There were some gray streaks in his raven black hair. Judging by the wrinkles around his eyes and the world-weary look, he was probably at least in his mid-forties, about twenty years older than her.

Now that they were all by themselves in the empty office building, the pretty young blonde could no longer ignore him. The way he was eyeing her up and down as if seeing under her business suit made her uncomfortable, but it also gave her pleasant tingles. None of the men she had ever dated or slept with her exuded such potent, domineering

masculinity. It was wrong, but as soon as Katrina heard those obscene words, her tight pussy shivered with pent-up desire.

Owen, the last guy she's been dating, would never allow himself to use such words in the presence of a lady. Katrina's shy attempts at making him talk dirty to her during their mundane lovemaking fell on deaf ears. It was good she hadn't shared with him her secret fantasies of spanking and domination and how she often wanted him to take her roughly.

He'd lose any respect he had before.

The young lawyer crossed her legs and pressed her thighs together. She tried to demonstrate how strong and tough she was, even when that big, scary man was undressing her with eyes. Katrina often had some truly shameless guys flirt with her. They were trying to get her to date them or at least go out for a drink. No one dared to talk to her like this, and that made her silk panties wet with need. She knew she was supposed to be offended, but the sheer sexuality made her weak in the knees.

Sometimes she couldn't wrap her mind around her own needs and intense sexual desires. So she kept them under wraps and occasionally would allow herself to indulge in some dark themed porn or erotic romance novel. Stories of women getting dominated by a strong, confident man, or several of them, left her wet, breathless, with a vibrator pinned against her cunt.

Now that this was happening, Katrina had no idea how to react. Her heart was beating so fast, and her clit was pulsing the longer that man was

staring at her.

A blush crept up her cheeks when the stranger moved a little closer, practically cornering her at her chair. She was a tall woman and enjoyed towering on her business pumps. The security guard was six feet four inches and built like a wrestler. It would be so easy for him to overpower her, rip her clothes, stick his tongue up her smooth, waxed cunt, bend her over on hands and knees.

"W-what?" She squealed, surprised at how small her voice sounded, how scared and thrilled she felt. "You can't talk to me like that. Who the hell do you think you are? Go back to your booth before I sue you for sexual harassment."

Yes, that would show him who I am. No one can talk to me like I'm some whore. There's no way his words could make me wet, Katrina thought sarcastically.

The security guard didn't even tremble, and without any further words, he put his big hands on her thighs, under the skirt. Katrina cried out in protest but didn't try to push him away. She was trembling with arousal once his large fingers rubbed up against her creamy soft thighs. He was surprisingly gentle despite his size while he was teasing her. Katrina had to bite her tongue not to moan. Much to her horror, she was getting wet and needy as he kept kneading her muscles. The man massaged them and leaned forward to her. His voice was low, growling, and his breath was warm.

Katrina felt shy, almost virginal next to him, like a little girl with no experience. When was the last time she had an orgasm not caused by a vibrator or her hand? She didn't remember but knew that man could easily make her cum just by talking to her and brushing his fingers against her skin, close to her pussy.

"I see you all the time, working late, leaving the office at such late hours. You're so fucking beautiful. I can't wrap my mind around it." He picked up a lock of her long and straight blond hair and caressed it while his fingers were getting closer to her cunt. It was radiating such a heat that the security guard must have sensed it. "You're the hottest little thing I've seen, and every evening I've been jerking off while thinking of you naked."

"What?" She cried out in protest once the man squeezed her thighs and pulled her closer to him. "You're out of line and..."

He put his hand under her chin and silenced her while his free hand was still stroking her thighs.

"You must know how hot you are, Katrina. I bet every man you ever meet tells you how beautiful you are." His fingers kept touching her, getting to the line of her panties. Katrina squirmed and felt herself opening her legs wider. "You look like an angel, and I bet your cunt tastes like heaven. I bet no one told you that."

She gasped as he fixed his dark eyes on her, not letting her out of sight, piercing straight in her heart and soul. Her body was trembling with strange lust just by listening to his dirty talk, feeling his fingers about to

rip her lingerie.

"I..."

"Shh..." He pushed his thumb in her wet open mouth and forced her to suck it. "You have no idea how badly I have to restrain myself whenever I see you, in those sexy skirts, clacking on your high heels." His big palm cupped her breast over the blouse, and Katrina widened her eyes even more, shocked at how hard her nipples were. "Every time you walk past me, I long to hike your skirt up, rip off your panties and lick you until you scream. I fantasize about making you cum, of tasting that hot little snatch you have. Trust me, little girl, I can make you cum so many times and not even get my big, fat cock inside you."

"Sir, I can't..." She whimpered in intimidation, but he just pushed his thumb deeper into her mouth.

"I can lick your tight little cunt for hours. I can imagine it, soft, pink, with a little clit like a pearl, coated in your honey juices. I bet you are sweet and sensitive, that you'll be screaming for me to stop. I won't. I'll keep your thighs open, and I'll bury my face there, sucking, licking, nibbling. I haven't even seen your cunt, and I want to make love to it, to stretch you with fingers, to drink your honey juices and make a mess of you. I want to make you beg for my cock, little girl."

"Please, don't talk like that..." Katrina swallowed and tried to move away from his grasp, but the man held her tight while he was cupping her tits. "It makes me feel..."

"You need to feel a lot, baby girl." He reached out and grabbed her by the throat, squeezing it just light enough to show her who had the power. She shuddered with that act of domination. What was happening to her? "When I finish sucking your tight little pussy, when you have cum all over my face, in my mouth, I'll impale you on my large dick, and I'll fuck you until you can no longer move your legs. I'll hold your gorgeous hair as reigns, and I'll thrust my cock inside your tight, creamy cleft. I can hear you moaning like a common whore while I bury my fingers in your asshole and fuck your pussy. And when you cum at least twice on my shaft..."

He leaned forward and kissed her hard. Katrina didn't even have the time to protest when the security guard pushed his tongue in her mouth and pinched her nipples hard through the blouse. His hand cupped her head from behind and pulled her closer, ravaging her mouth with tongue. Katrina was struggling, trying to break away from him, but she found herself responding to his savage kiss. He was sucking her tongue and claiming her mouth, hungry for her sweet taste while he was pulling her closer, in need of her hot tight body.

She moaned out loud once the security guard pushed her panties away and shoved two fingers inside her sopping wet cunt lips. He chose that moment to tear his lips from hers and start rubbing her clit with a thumb in rough, circular movements.

Much to her great disgrace, Katrina started moaning in lust when the

man's fingers pumped in her cunt, and he started grinding his finger against the hardened button of her clit. Even if her mind was fighting, her body was responding. She was soaking the stranger's hand with her needy cunt. Her pale cheeks turned bright red with lust and shame. Katrina's young body was shaking as the stranger jabbed his big fingers deep in her tight walls. She was crying out loud while he was fingering her, slowly losing any dignity as the wetness of her cunt was draining that man's hand.

“See, baby girl... see how much you need this?” He pulled his digits out of her, and Katrina cried out in despair. Her tight inner muscles were clenching, and all she longed for was that the stranger would stretch her hole. The security guard grinned wickedly and placed his fingers before the young woman's mouth. They were glistening with her cunt's juices. “I see you all the time, Katrina. I know how unhappy you are. You may think you hide it well, but I know when a woman is not satisfied.”

He pushed his fingers down her throat and fed her the taste of her peachy cunt. His eyes were vibrant at that moment. Katrina blushed while she was licking her honey juices, too shocked to push him away. She felt the twitching of her walls and how they longed to get filled again.

“You are such a sensual woman, walking sex on legs. I bet no one fucks you the way you deserve, the way you need it.” The man pressed his forehead to hers and whispered while his fingers found her clit again. Katrina felt the hot tears of humiliation run down her cheeks.

“Oh, baby girl, don't cry.” He kissed her tears and sucked them while he kept pumping her pussy with fingers. Katrina trembled with how intimate that was. When she arched her back, her long golden hair flowed down her back. “I’ll never hurt you, my exquisite little beauty. Not unless you beg me to.” The man grinned wickedly and stroked her cheek. “I just want to give you what you denied yourself for so long. You need to be fucked, Katrina.”

“You’re insane...” The young woman was groaning while she was rolling her hips and impaling herself on his fingers, madly aroused by the dirty words and how well he was stretching her walls.

“It’s because you make me insane, little girl. You’re so young and innocent beneath your facade, I bet you didn’t sleep with a lot of men. How many have fucked that gorgeous cunt?”

“T-two...” She groaned pitifully as the security guard started unbuttoning her blouse. Katrina had a gorgeous, curvy figure and large breasts that were difficult to contain even by the most conservative suits. That strange, savage man already had a full view of her wide, womanly hips and long legs. He fully unbuttoned the blouse and left her in just a black bra that showed her hard nipples.

“I knew it.” He grinned and kissed her lips lightly while he was fucking her pussy with fingers. Katrina couldn't contain her moans and tears. The security guard was slowly stripping her of her defenses. He forced her to feel that sensuality that had always been lurking inside her.

"Don't worry, baby girl. I'm here to take care of you. We'll work slowly. I'll help you relax and see how a real man makes love to his woman. I can't believe I'm finally touching you. You make me so crazy, Katrina..."

He pulled her bra down and revealed her naked tits, with hardened nipples and jiggling flesh. When the stranger buried his head between her tits and sucked on her nipples, biting on them, coating them with spit Katrina arched her back and pressed her chest to his hot, hungry mouth. The security guard kept shoving his fingers deep down her hot, creamy tunnel. She felt degraded, but that made her so aroused and needy. He was right, she had been unhappy and unsatisfied for years, but could she let a total stranger fuck her? Lick her? Make her into his private sex slave?

Oh, well, he was already doing it to her. He was fingering her cunt and playing with her tits in the middle of the office building. Katrina was trembling under his touch and knew she'd sob in despair if he didn't make good on his threats.

"Mmm, you're so delicious, little girl." He let go of her nipple with a pop and pushed a third finger inside her tight cunt. "I plan to eat you out tonight. I'll spank and fuck you. You'll suck my big cock, and I'll cum in your mouth. How does that sound, baby girl? I know what a woman like you wants."

He leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

"You need to be owned and claimed. What you long for is a big, strong man to dominate you. It's my purpose to eat your pussy, finger it,

fuck your holes, kiss you like no other man before me and fuck you until you are too sore to move. There are so many ways to play with you and give you more pleasure than in your wildest dreams. Trust me, baby girl. Now take off your panties and hand them to me."

"But..." She protested with a weak voice as he spread his fingers deep inside her. The stranger tugged her hair hard and jabbed his hand deep in her soaked cunt.

"That's not a request, Katrina. Do as I tell you like a good, obedient girl."

Katrina was shocked at her despicable actions when she started sliding the panties down her smooth, creamy legs. The security guard was staring with hungry eyes at her pink, blushing pussy, leaking profuse juices down his fingers. The young woman handed him the panties with trembling fingers, and he inhaled them as he kept pushing fingers down her tight cleft. It made her moan a little louder, and it coaxed the first loud groan out of her as his rough thumb found her clit.

"Oh mine, Katrina..." He moaned out and brought his face down between her legs. His warm breath made her pussy tingle, and she involuntarily spread her thighs wider. "I always knew you had a magnificent cunt, but that is more than I ever dreamed. You're perfection, babygirl..." His free hand was pinching and twisting her nipple. He pulled his hand out of Katrina's cunt and stared down at it. Her pink inner lips were getting swollen. Her pale white pussy lips were thin and framing her

beautifully. Now that The Guard had aroused her so much, her sensitive clit was coming out to play. It was throbbing with an erotic impulse each time he touched her. Katrina had a gorgeous pussy indeed, and it always looked fresh and waxed, ready for someone's tongue or fingers to penetrate her.

Not that the men she's been with so far often did take their time to eat her out as she craved. Katrina had brought some of the most intense orgasms of her life with a vibrator in hand while watching porn clips or reading offensive and degrading stories. Even that couldn't compare with what she felt then when that perfect stranger was admiring her dripping cunt and kept her legs spread.

"This is so embarrassing..." She whimpered when his fingers brushed along her inner lips and parted them to study her. His rough fingers made her even wetter, and a tear rolled down her cheek once he pushed two opposite thumbs in her tight hole.

"Shh..." He kissed her clit. "You have nothing to be embarrassed about, babygirl. Relax, little one. I'll make you into a real woman soon. Just trust me. You're so sensual. God, you have the finest cunt I ever tasted. That's the kind of cunt only an angel has. I can eat you out for hours. You know what, Katrina?"

"W-what... oh..." Katrina mewled and arched her back once his lips sealed around her clit. He flicked his tongue across the tender bud and pushed his fingers even deeper inside her tightness.

“I always wanted to capture an angel and turn her into my little, obedient sex slave.”

The Security Guard pushed all the paper and folders off Katrina's desk. He grabbed the young woman by the back of her thighs and put her on top of it. Katrina cried out at first, and her thighs quivered. The man parted her legs like this and ordered her in a firm voice.

“Yes, that's it... Keep your thighs spread, and don't bring them together. I'm licking that cunt now.”

Without another word, The Guard buried his head between her thighs. He dragged a long lick from the crack of her ass to her clit. The man sucked on Katrina's juices and licked her pussy lips, sucking and nibbling on each one. His lips went back to her clit, and he put his mouth on top of it, taking it between his teeth and coating it with spit.

Katrina couldn't handle all that intense stimulation, and soon she was thrashing under his mouth, moaning out loud. She reached out, squeezed her voluptuous tits, and cupped her nipples. He pushed his tongue inside her and started fucking her with it, with his nose pressed to her growing, swollen clit. Her juices were pouring all over his tongue, and he breathed warmly inside her. Katrina was biting her tongue, but she found it impossible to handle the intense pleasure that shook her body to its naked core. That uptight lawyer and office ice queen was whimpering and crying in pleasure, just like the whore she was born to be. She tried to keep her legs together so she'd trap his head between them, but he held

them tight apart.

The Security Guard raised his glistening face from her glorious, glistening cunt and smiled wickedly.

“No, my little princess... I'll decide how much you can have. God, you're so fucking delicious. And loud. You should keep your voice down. Would you like someone to walk in and see the formidable Katrina Larson getting her delectable cunt eaten out, moaning like a slut. Look at you. You're a hot mess.” A dark mockery drenched his voice. He pulled her panties out of his pocket and put them in her mouth. “That will keep your slutty mouth quiet.”

He smacked her thigh and smirked up at her flushed face.

“Don't move your thighs, baby girl. If you try to close your legs, I'll stop licking you and will leave you without orgasm. Do you understand?”

She nodded helplessly, gagged, vulnerable, and wetter by the minute. The Security Guard stroked her exposed pussy lips and pushed his fingers inside her cunt. He leaned forward to keep sucking and flicking her clit. Katrina made a few desperate mewling sounds beneath her improvised gag. Her usually pale skin was bright red with stimulation, and her thighs quivered with a need to close around his head.

“I always knew you were a slut. High class, delicious whore.” He breathed against her pussy and spat all over it. His fat thumb spread the spit all over the lips and her growing clit. “I bet you never thought you

were so easy... that I could reduce you to a moaning mess with nothing but tongue and fingers. Not so high and mighty, after all.”

He kept sucking on the sweet little bud and entered a second finger in her pussy, slowly licking it until it got bright red with stimulation. The security guard spread her pussy and curled his index finger to search for her special little place. Once he hit her G-spot, Katrina yelled out, tossed her head back, and thrashed on the desk. Her juices were gushing all over the floor, and her tits were jiggling as she was cumming.

“That's it, my little slut, keep it up, pet.” The man kissed her clit and whispered against it. He blew some warm air and sucked on the gushing fountain of nectars erupting from his cute victim's delectable cunt. “Oh, what a whore... You're so wet, so needy. I bet that if the janitors walked into your office, we could all take our turns fucking you and then cumming all over your face and hair. You'd take our cocks in every hole, and you'd be begging for more.”

Katrina squirmed once she felt his pinky enter her tight, untouched asshole. She shook her head when the man used her slick juices to probe the puckering little rosebud.

“Don't worry, baby girl.” He kissed around her anal ring and slid his tongue gently all over it. Katrina winced in humiliation once the warmth and unexpected pleasure of his tongue spread through her body. “I won't fuck your ass just yet. I only want to give you a taste of what it'd be once you finally give me your cherry.” The Security Guard pushed a third finger

in her cunt and opened it up wider. "I'll train you first. I will fuck your hot little asshole with my tongue first. I'll open it up with fingers and lube. Then I'll make you wear butt plugs at work. Trust me, baby girl, by the time I get to put my fat cock in your tight little pucker, you'll be screaming for it."

He concentrated his tongue on her pink, vibrating clit once more and jabbed his finger at her G-spot, which brought Katrina to another mind-numbing orgasm. The young sexy blonde saw stars when the Security Guard shoved a fourth finger inside her and thrust his hand deep into her velvet, soft hole.

"Yes, that's it, little slut, keeping cumming for Master. God, your juices are so delicious, I can eat you out all day."

The security guard put his lips against her wet entrance and started sucking her erupting juices and drinking the sweet nectar of her climax. He was lapping it up like a dying man and sealing his tongue around her clit, flicking it hard and fast until the poor girl came again. She had her milky thighs wrapped around his head and was thrusting her hips. Katrina was no longer fighting the rush of maddening lust.

Much to her shame, she realized she wanted that stranger's cock deep inside her. She wanted him to fuck her, bent over on her desk. Or maybe down on her knees, with a head pressed against the floor.

He grinned at her and kissed the two cheeks of her ass. The man caressed her clit with his tongue and pulled his fingers out of her. Katrina

moaned when he removed her drenched, ruined panties and pushed his fingers in her mouth.

"Taste yourself." He swirled his digit against her tongue while Katrina was sucking her cunt. "Do you still deny you want this? Tell me what you want."

"I-I... That is..."

The security guard smacked her thigh, took her by the chin, and moved close to her. His breath tasted spicy and pungent like her pussy.

"Tell me you want me to fuck you, little girl. Say you want my big fat cock in your tight little hole. We both know you'll surrender to me. Beg for it."

"Oh, God..." That was so intense for that good little girl, and yet her pussy was aching to be filled. The security guard pressed his crotch against her sensitive folds, and that made her wince with tenderness. "I want to..."

"I see you need more incentive, slut."

Katrina heard the sound of a zipper. Once she looked down, the security guard had taken his cock out. What a cock it was. He was stroking the throbbing, eleven inches beast with a purple head. His veiny shaft was trembling as he was jerking off hard and cradling his big balls in hand.

"What do you think, Katrina?" The security guard gave her a wicked grin and slid his mushroom-headed cock tip across her clit. The girl let out

a soft moan and stared at his cock as if hypnotized.

“Oh my God, you are huge... I don't think I can fit you inside me.”

“That's why I make sure to eat the woman out enough so she can handle my big fat cock.” He grinned and grabbed her by the hair. “No worries, little one, you'll soon be screaming for it. Now say it.”

He kept rubbing his cock against her slick entrance while Katrina was panting heavily and looking down at his heavy cock with longing.

“Say ‘I want your big, fat cock buried inside my tight little cunt, Daddy.’”

“What?” She gasped in shock, and he squeezed her throat. Her cheeks were burning, and Katrina swallowed hard.

“Don't argue, little girl. Just repeat after me. I want so much more than just your submission. I want you to beg me to fuck you and own you. I demand complete surrender. Say it now...”

Katrina's heart was racing in her chest. The security guard made her arousal even more intense. He reached out to play with her nipples and stroke her clit.

“I want your... big fat cock... inside my tight little cunt...”

“Daddy.” He leaned forward to lick her lips and squeeze her throat harder.

“Daddy...” She whispered with mortification, and a thrill ran through her body when she said it.

“There, was it so hard?” The security guard pinched her clit. Then he turned her around and bent her over her desk, with her huge tits crushed against the desk. He spanked her both ass cheeks until the young woman cried out. Her pale and curvy ass cheeks stung as he left his handprint over them. The security guard shoved his wet finger up her asshole, which made her cry out with mortification. It thrilled him to see her so out of her element. Soon she'd be a slave for his cock, and he had so many plans for that little white collar slut.

With one thrust, The Guard shoved his cock up her cunt. He opened up her rosy lips and slid himself in the well-lubed hole until his balls slammed against her butt. Katrina screamed again once he grabbed her by the hair and used it as reins when he moved his hips and slammed deep inside her.

“Oh fuck yes, my little whore, you feel so amazing... such a hot little pussy.”

With one hand, he reached out to squeeze her tits and caress her nipples. The sound of his balls slapping against her thighs and ass cheeks echoed throughout the office.

Katrina was struggling as her tight cunt wasn't used to being full of so much hot cock of such a high caliber. She was squirming as he started riding her like a young untrained filly. Her tight muscles clenched around him, and soon she found herself thrusting back against him. When the security guard felt her response, he smacked her ass again, grabbed her

hard by the hips, and began fucking her with hard, deep thrusts, making her juices overflow down her thighs.

“Say what you are, Katrina.”

“I... Please, don't stop fucking me. Oh, your cock feels so good. Please...”

“You’re a whore.” He leaned forward to lick her earlobe and bite it while his huge shaft was impaling her blushing cunt. “You’re a dirty submissive whore. Daddy’s little slut.”

“I'm a dirty whore, Daddy." She moaned and tossed her hair back. The wet sounds of her pussy wrapping around him echoed through the office. Her desk was creaking under their weight. He buried his fingers in her long blond hair and bit her neck. "I'm your filthy little girl."

“That's right, little one, you are, and don't ever forget it. Your cunt belongs to me. You're my little girl, and I'm your Daddy. When I tell you to drop down on your knees and suck me off, you do that. When I tell you to lie down on my lap, you will obey. When I order you to bend over so I'd lick your cunt and use your holes, you do as I tell you. Do you get it, baby girl?"

He buried two fingers in her asshole, and Katrina cried out in lust, buckling her hips and swaying her ass. She was sobbing and begging him just like a common whore.

“Yes, please, Daddy, I'm begging you. fuck me harder. I need to cum.

I'm so close, so close, Daddy." She screamed at the top of her lungs. Her clit was trembling as she was getting so close to cum.

"Oh fuck, Katrina, what are you doing to me?" He moaned and smacked her clit when he pulled his cock and slammed it back again inside her. "I'm about to empty my balls inside you. I last longer, but I've wanted you so badly."

"Please, cum inside me..." She screamed again and pushed her ass back, sweaty, messed up, with juices all over her thighs.

"Not yet, little whore." He whispered and kissed her cheek. "I want to paint your face white first and have you lap up my cum."

The security guard squeezed the young woman's clit again, pressed his cock against her G-spot, and soon she was thrashing on the desk, cumming and screaming as a woman possessed. A puddle had leaked at her feet of her juices as she was squirting.

The strong man pulled his mighty cock out, turned her around, pushed her down on her knees. He grabbed her by the hair, yanked it back, and rubbed his slick, slippery shaft across her beautiful features. The security guard grunted hard, squeezed Katrina's beautiful locks in his fist, and the first rope of thick cum erupted from his tip and fell all over her face.

"Open up and drink it." He slapped her face with his cock. "Don't miss a drop. You are not allowed to waste anything of my cum, do you

understand, slut?" He moaned out while still clutching her hair and unloading his sperm, pouring out in thick volleys.

He had ruined Katrina's flawless eye shadows and lipstick a long time ago. She looked like a hot mess with cum running all over her beautiful face. The young woman opened her mouth and started lapping up the security guard's cum, licking and swirling it on her tongue.

"Good girl." He whispered and stroked her cheek with affection. "We'll have so much fun, Katrina. Clean my cock, babygirl. You have such a tender mouth."

She kept licking and cleaning his cock as if she had been his submissive pet for years, with worshiping gleam in her eyes.

When she was done licking him and swallowed his cum he pressed her face against his balls. She buried her nose against the heavy testicles.

"I have one hour left. Let's make the most of it." The security guard whispered and sat down in Katrina's office chair. "Climb up my lap, babygirl, with your ass in the air. I'm going to spank you."

Katrina was back to her senses. She looked down at the floor with guilt and at her wanton behavior. There was no excuse for allowing that perfect stranger to do those things to her horny, young body. Yes, it's been nearly a year since her last breakup, and she had buried herself in work to forget about it. Lately, Katrina spent more and more time with a vibrator up her pussy. She had been fantasizing of someone big and rough fucking

her within an inch of her life.

Still, how could she allow that man, clearly so much older than her, to use her as a fuck toy? Use her? Hell no, she enjoyed it and came so many times her cheeks turned scarlet as she thought of it. The stranger reduced Katrina to a horny bitch in heat. If he had invited other men to join them, she doubted she would resist. Her pretty mouth, pussy, and possibly her virginal asshole would be stretched and full of cum by the end of the night. Just the thought of that made her clit throb with lust. What was wrong with her?

The Guard cleared his throat and reached out to lift her chin with two fingers. His dark eyes bore at her, pinning her like a butterfly. That strong palm gripped her face and brought her closer to him.

"What's wrong, little girl? You're not getting all shy on me now?" He chuckled and leaned in to kiss her. It was a surprisingly gentle, sweet kiss. "I think you heard me well enough, Katrina. Lie down on my lap to receive your first spanking. Don't you like getting your cute ass warmed up?"

Katrina stuttered, still shivering with the lust of all the images that filthy man conjured in her horny mind.

"No one spanked me before... Please, that was wrong. I should have never let you do those things to me." She swallowed and looked down. "Please, let me go, and we can both forget that ever happened. That situation is so embarrassing. I'm a grown-up woman. I can't let you spank me..."

He laughed and stroked her hair with his free hand as if she was a pet cat.

"Grown-up woman?" His lips grazed hers against, and The Guard breathed warmly against her face. "Katrina, baby, I thought we already agreed what you are. Yes, you're a lovely young lady, but you're also a whore. You have deeply rooted submissive desires, and you know you want me to take you."

She swallowed hard while he was kissing her lips and pressing his forehead to hers.

"I never should have let you..."

"But you did." He interrupted her with another kiss. "You allowed me to finger you, to eat out your pussy, to fuck you, to cum on your face. You admitted you were my submissive little whore. So why the sudden act of being so Prim and Proper, baby girl? Just let Daddy take care of you. You will love getting your ass and pussy spanked."

Katrina was still hesitating. The Guard lost his patience with her playing so coy. He grabbed her by a fistful of her long, luscious hair, sat back, and dragged her across his lap. The shocked young woman protested while her captor ran his palm down her firm buttocks.

"You know what? I've had enough of you being a little brat. I planned to take it easy on you." He raised his palm and gave her ass a resounding smack that made her scream. His only response was to shove her panties

in her mouth and landed another hard spank across her pale ass cheeks. The mark of his handprint remained on Katrina's delectable derriere. She wiggled her ass cheeks beneath him. "You leave me no other choice but to smack some sense into you. You have been such a naughty girl, Katrina. Daddy will have to punish you."

The Guard slid his fingers between her thighs and slapped her pussy hard.

"Bad girl. That's for not obeying your Master." He said in a mocking voice and smacked her ass again. "That's for letting me fuck you without even protesting, like a slut, and then you dared to deny me. What are you, Miss Larson, some little cocktease?"

Katrina nearly wept once his thumb went in her puckering asshole. Her features contorted once he opened her hole wider. She shivered in embarrassment. Juices were dripping down her clit, but whether it was because of his excellent tongue work, hard pounding, spanking, or the work of her tiny anal hole, they'd never know. What mattered to the Guard was that his little captive was trembling in arousal.

"I don't like games, Katrina." He pulled his fingers out of her ass and smacked its ample cheeks with a strong palm, the sound of his hand connecting with her flesh echoed throughout the room. She tried to wiggle, but he pinned her down against his lap, with his free hand on her waist.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Her ass grew red as an apple while The Guard was lashing his hand against it. She was shuddering and sobbing, the sounds of her groans muffled by the panties stuffed in her mouth. Sometimes he broke his intense spanking to stroke her butt with unexpected tenderness. It relaxed her enough just to make her scream again once his palm marked her pale flesh. The poor girl was so wet and desperately horny probably at least a small part was responding to the pain.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and raised her to look into her eyes. His gaze was firm and unforgiving, and his fingers yanked her mercilessly.

"Make no mistake, little girl, I want you." The Guard said and kissed her forehead affectionately. "I'm not even into younger women, but you do something to me. I never felt that way about anyone."

Katrina's eyes widened at his sudden tenderness. He pulled her panties out of her mouth, kissed her with his tongue, and caressed her face. Intense shame went through her at the realization of how much she craved that. She desired both his awkward gentleness and the rough way in which he was punishing her ass. Katrina kissed him back and moaned against his lips when he traced his fingers along her bruised ass.

The Guard broke the kiss and placed another, almost chaste one on her forehead.

"You seriously drive me crazy, baby girl, and now that I have tasted you... You're like my drug. But I won't allow you to run hot and cold on me, do you understand? If you think you can come to me when your little

pussy starts to itch and then leave me behind until next time, I won't let it happen." He gripped her chin and whispered in a sinister voice. "You're mine, Katrina, you know you want it as much as I do."

She whimpered and kissed him again while he was squeezing her chin.

"I never felt this way about anyone either..." Katrina whispered. "But you're coming on too strong. I don't even know your name..."

"Does your pussy need my name so it'd cum when I'm licking it?" He smirked and licked her lips. The security guard had still tangled fingers in her hair. "Don't worry. We have all the time to get to know each other. You're so tense, sweetie. Let me make you feel better. Spread yourself for me. Show your pussy to Daddy."

With these words, he pulled her up and had her sit on his lap. Her head rested on his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her heated body. His free hand slid like a snake between her thighs and kept on rubbing her clit. Katrina spread her legs and rested against his chest while he was stroking her folds.

"That's a good girl. Does it feel good?" The Guard kissed her neck and reached out to stroke her nipple. "Do you like it when I play with your cunt? I feel how wet you are."

She moaned and parted her thighs wider while he was teasing her, with one thumb on her clit while his breath caressed her arched neck.

"That's right, baby girl, just let me take care of you." He grabbed her breast and pinched her nipple with his rough fingers. "Good girl... See how much better it is when you don't fight me?"

The large man embraced her and licked her earlobe while his fingers were rolling her clit and pinching it. Katrina was back to her fully aroused state and a submissive putty in his hands. Juices coated his big fingers, and he pressed his erection against her freshly spanked ass. That mild pinching in her pink nipple grew more intense the more he was playing with it. She sobbed in despair as the shame of feeling so good was killing her.

"You're so wet, babygirl." He kissed the top of her head. "You need it... I can't wait to take you home and do everything with you. Tie you up to my bed..."

His rough, gravelly whisper sent a shiver down her spine and pushed her closer to nearly cumming again.

"Put my big, fat cock in your ass... Shhh. Relax. I'll never hurt you in a way you wouldn't enjoy." The Guard bit her earlobe. He used some of her cum, and pushed his fingers up her asshole. "You need training. Fingers, lube, butt plugs. I'll also make sure you have cum enough times so you'd be fully relaxed. Trust me. I'll teach you to enjoy anal. Soon you'd be craving it."

Katrina looked back at him, and her bright eyes shone with all the tears she had in them. She looked so much hotter now that he disheveled

and degraded her, with rosy cheeks, golden hair messed up, her pretty lips bitten and ravaged.

"What if I don't like it?" She asked. How did she consider at all spending any more time with that perverted, filthy man? He had to pay for what he did to her. Yet, her pussy refused to listen to her head while the Guard was fingering her and cupping her tits.

He had said she'd have to suck his big, fat cock today. Suddenly the thought of taking that wide shaft in her mouth made her imagination go wild.

"We don't have to do it, but I'll make sure you love it." The Guard whispered in her ear. "I'm even better at ass fucking than I am at pussy licking. Speaking of that..."

He jabbed his fingers against her G-spot, pulled them away, and shoved them down her mouth. Her lips wrapped around it and sucked them with such a hunger, tasting her juices. The Guard stroked her hair while his fingers pushed back and forth between her beautiful lips.

"I didn't plan to go too far, but you have the habit of pushing my buttons, babygirl." The rough man kissed her lips and whispered. "Bend over the desk and spread your ass cheeks for me. I'm going to lick your asshole and make you cum again."

Katrina blushed at the very mention of that filthy activity. He gave her a wide, dirty smile while she was squirming on his lap, clearly

enjoying her discomfort. On the inside, Katrina felt like an inexperienced schoolgirl about to get her first kiss.

“No protests, babygirl... if you don't obey right now, I'll use my belt. Trust me. Your little ass isn't ready for that.”

The young vixen shuddered at the thought. Katrina had enjoyed it when he put her across his lap. It thrilled her when the man gave her butt good tanning with his strong hand. Yet, she wasn't ready for that level of pain. Part of her was curious what it would like to have a tongue at that forbidden place.

Katrina gingerly got up from her captor's secure, warm lap, hiked her skirt up, and parted her thighs. Her puckering rosebud was a little wet and shuddering in expectation. She rested her cheek on the desk, expecting that The Guard would gasp and tell her what a delicious ass she has. Instead, he pushed his tongue straight at her virginal butt and its star. Shame and arousal went through her once that large, rough man started licking around her hole, twisting his tongue and wiggling it. His warm breath caressed her private parts, and his fingers went down her engorged clit.

The man pushed his fingers inside her and began gently fucking her. He was kissing and licking around her asshole. Katrina was pressing her cheek against the desk, sobbing at how good it was while he was opening her up. She was writhing under his mouth and moaning louder and louder, unable to hide he was driving her wild with his tongue and

fingers. A big glob of spit fell out of his lips on her aroused hole. The man pulled his lips away and grinned while he was smearing and rubbing the tout muscle with his thumb.

"Does my sweet little whore enjoy having her asshole licked?" He was whispering directly against her anus, and his fingers pinched her clit.

"Yes..." The shame was stinging her on the inside at that admission. It would be hard to deny it when she wiggled her curvy butt cheeks, and she spread them open. "Please..."

The man tapped her cheeks and went back to licking her hole. His fingers found her G-spot again, and his thumb went back to caressing Katrina's clit. She was a hot, aroused mess at that point, under his complete control. Cries of ecstasy shattered her body when his tongue pushed past the firm muscle of her asshole. More juices stained the man's fingers, and he licked her even more. Her body was quivering with each deeper thrust. The warm breath on her pussy sent shivers of pleasure through her.

Just when she was close to another orgasm, The Guard withdrew from her warm, wet asshole and moved his hand away. That sudden loss of contact made the young lady lawyer scream in despair.

"P... please... no... don't stop." She whimpered, completely humiliated from her pleas.

He laughed out loud and smacked her ass, which brought another

teasing sensation through her clit. Katrina's pretty face was red with tears, almost as red as her ass and pink pussy.

“You love it, don’t you? You love it when I eat your asshole. You’re a dirty girl, Katrina. Soon you’ll be begging me to fuck your delicious ass.”

“Yes, yes...” She cried out, ready to say anything just to feel his tongue and hands. Her ass wiggled in dance-like rhythm while The Guard was breathing against her pussy. Having his mouth so close to her cunt was sweet torture. It was worse even than if he had whipped her with a belt. "I'm a whore. I'm a slut. I'm anything you want me to be. Don't stop."

“What should I not stop, princess?” The man said with a lascivious smile and tugged her hair with a rough yank. He stared deep into her crying blue eyes. "Say it. Say you're my anal whore, and you love it when I tongue fuck your asshole. Beg me to lick your asshole, princess, beg me to make you cum."

Katrina swallowed her pride, or whatever had remained of it. Her pussy was throbbing with need no matter how many times she had climaxed tonight.

“I love it when you put your tongue in my asshole.” She admitted with a contorted face and spread her ass wider. "I love it when you lick me and play with my holes. I'm an anal whore. Please, I'm begging you, please, please, lick my asshole, make me cum."

“Beautiful.” He leaned in and kissed her lips, still clutching her hair

in his iron grip. "How can I say no to a girl who begs so beautifully. Spread those cheeks wider, princess."

He pinned her shoulder to the desk and leaned in to drag his tongue along her ass crack again. Two of his fingers slowly pushed in her pussy and opened it wider while he was drawing circles and licking her rosebud. Katrina moaned and dug her nails deeper in her bruised butt while the man's tongue was pushing her into orgasm heaven.

How could something so dirty, so inherently wrong feel so fucking good? The warmth of his tongue and the intimacy of his mouth covering that sensitive place that no one ever touched. All of that gave her so much pleasure. She was so close to a massive orgasm, her biggest one today.

The Guard moved his tongue from her asshole and went back to sucking her clit. Katrina was mewling while he was blowing on her pussy lips and twirling around the sensitive love button. Suddenly, something big and round pushed at her backside. The young woman raised her head instinctively and saw one of her markers sticking out of her anal hole.

The man grinned at her and thrust the round stick harder up her puckering hole.

"Relax... It will just open you up a little. Now, I want you to cum. Cum hard on my face, you vixen."

As if she had a choice. The Guard curled his fingers inside her pussy and found her overstimulated her G-spot. He focused his lips on her clit

that had grown red and slick with juices. His free hand pushed the marker deeper in Katrina's ass. The young woman screamed, crazy with the assault on all her most sensitive spots. Her pussy was throbbing with each flick along with her little button, so wet and ready to explode.

When he bit her clit and jabbed her sweet, secret spot so hard. Katrina tossed her head back and screamed. Red hot waves washed over her body, pleasure hit her to the very core, and her dripping cunt squirted all over his face.

It never happened to her before, and she quivered with embarrassment as if she had just pissed herself. The love juices were dripping all over her thighs and down on the floor. Katrina screamed as the Guard used how tender she was to keep licking her clit. More small climaxes shattered her body, and she collapsed on the desk, whimpering and sobbing, unable to handle all that sick, filthy pleasure.

Her nighttime visitor hadn't finished with her. She felt relief in her ass and how he was slowly pulling the long, round marker out of her tight ass. Katrina kept her eyes closed the whole time and didn't realize when the Guard put her down on her knees. The young woman only came to her senses and opened her eyes when a turgid cock head pushed against her lips.

"Suck it." The Guard ordered her while he held her by the hair and rubbed his tip along her open mouth. "Take this big, fucking cock in your pretty slutty mouth and suck it like the slave that you are. We have only

ten minutes until my break is over, and I want to cum again."

Katrina looked down at his shaft, and her eyes widened at how huge he was. She had felt him in her tight cunt earlier but seeing his purple head. It was oozing with precum. His girth, throbbing veins, and his heavy swinging balls overwhelmed her. The Guard didn't give her much chance to gape. He grabbed her by the back of her neck and pushed his rough helmet between the young lawyer's luscious lips.

"Suck my cock." The Guard growled and forced her to open her mouth. Its fleshy head was rubbing against her tongue, and it still tasted like her own juices. Katrina finally came to her senses and began to lick his head softly and bob her head up and down his weapon. She reached out to grab him by the balls and stroke them gently in her open palm. Her lips caressed him while she studied every hard, erected inch with her skillful tongue.

"Oh yes, fuck, babygirl, you're so good. Suck Daddy's cock, yes, take it down that slutty throat."

An hour ago, the very thought of deepthroating some stranger would make her roll her eyes. There she was, nearly naked, with pussy and ass still dripping from his tongue and her cum and was sucking him like a hooker picked off the street. Saliva from her lips dripped down his shaft, and she smeared it all over with her delicate hand.

Her disgrace and humiliation were complete. However, being the overachiever she was, Katrina was determined to give that rough man the

best blow job his big fat cock had ever gotten. He was grunting and groaning hard, and his hand gripped her tangled blond hair. Katrina was smacking her lips around his head and down his shaft. She sucked on his precum and turned her large green eyes to his while her fingers rubbed the base of his large balls. The Guard lost control when she blew warm air around his cock and jerked his cock with the grip of her palm.

“Fuck, Katrina, I never dreamed you'd suck cock so well.” He stared down at her with an obsessive lust that made her pussy drip again. His large hands grabbed her hair, and The Security Guard thrust his cock down her throat. Katrina choked and gagged hard when he moved his hips and began to fuck her mouth. Frothy saliva was dripping down her throat while he used her throat as if it was a pussy.

Disgraceful, obscene gargle filled the office while the young woman tried to handle that beast of a cock. Tears were streaming down her face, tears of effort to take his vicious face fucking.

“One of these days, I'll invite you to my home, baby girl.” The Guard slapped her cheek while he was pistoning his cock in and out of her mouth. “I'll tie you to my bed, and I'll have you suck my cock for hours. I'll let you do all sorts of slutty tricks to it. I'll cum in your mouth, and I'll keep it in your mouth until it gets hard again. I'll have you lick my asshole just like I did with you. But now I need to cum as fast as possible. Take that cock, whore.”

Her eyes widened in shock at that, but she couldn't formulate a

proper response with a mouth full of cock. The Security Guard laughed and slapped her again when he saw her confusion.

“You're easily shocked, aren't you? Get used to it, princess. I'm an honest guy. I'm not hiding my filthy desires like you. I'm sure you have many dirty dreams, don't you, little slut?”

Katrina couldn't help but blush even if she was choking while her mouth wrapped around that wide shaft.

“Oh, you do, you naughty little girl. Tell Daddy what it is. No, let me guess.” He was gripping her hair from both sides while slamming his hard cock down in her delicate mouth. White spit was flowing all over her tits and his balls, loaded with so much potent cum. “I bet that such a prim and proper cunt like you would dream of something truly degrading. Is it gangbang?”

Katrina would have averted her eyes in other circumstances. Now he had her throat impaled on his shaft and was holding her head in his iron grip. All she could do was make muffled moans while his tip was getting large and erected. The man was fucking her with savage thrusts.

“Oh, yes, dirty girl, suck it.” His balls were slamming against her chin, and his eyes darkened as he spoke. “Yes, how cute you are when you're blushing... I love it when a girl blushes even after I ravaged her holes. I bet that's what you secretly crave, Miss Larson. To be fucked and owned by a group of large, rough men. I can make it happen for you. We'll widen your holes. You'll be dripping cum after we finish with you.”

She was gagging on his shaft, and he kept pounding her mouth. The most embarrassing thing was that her clit was still tender and aroused and her cunt ached for more. Did she desire that savage of a man who commanded her submission in such a brutal way?

Katrina's needy cunt had taken control over her brain. She was taking the brutal pounding and sucking him as much as it was possible. Her bright green eyes were staring at him with horror while he revealed one of the most shameful fantasies she harbored.

Did he look at her browser history? But Katrina was never watching porn at the office. It was only at the comfort of her own home when she'd browse for "hardcore gangbang" and "forced submission." She'd fuck herself with fingers and vibrators. The thought of being subjected to such a brutal degradation in the real world was horrifying. It made her wet to think of being so powerless.

What was wrong with her?

The Guard reached out to squeeze her breast and pinch her pink nipple. Suddenly, he pulled his cock out and left the shocked young woman coughing when the air hit her lungs. The man grabbed her by the shoulder. He lifted her on her feet and made her lay down on her desk again.

"I didn't play with those luscious tits enough." He grunted and straddled Katrina's chest. His heavy cock laid between her ample breasts, and its tip pressed against her pink, cute lips. "Suck."

Katrina obeyed and flickered her tongue along his tip. He grinned, grabbed her tits, and started massaging his massive shaft with her soft flesh. She was working his large head, so full of blood he'd probably burst if she didn't give him relief anytime soon.

"Oh fuuuck... Suck it harder, pet, I'm so close, make your Master cum, work for that sperm, you vixen." He yelled out and pushed his cock harder between her list while he was fucking her breasts. Katrina licked, sucked, and blew on his tip so hard as if her life depended on getting him off. Her pink lips wrapped so tightly around his cock as if they were a seal. The man pinched her nipples while he was sliding between the heavenly luscious tits.

The Security Guard shoved his shaft deeper in her mouth and held it there. New, fresh ropes of cum erupted in the young woman's throat. She coughed when the thick, creamy sperm went down in her mouth and smeared down her tongue. Katrina was no stranger to sucking cock, but she always made sure to retreat once she felt the man was about to unload his nut between her lips.

It was obscene and yet strangely addicting. At that moment, Katrina felt a strange rush of power. That giant man had her pinned beneath his muscular body, and she was helpless to resist anything he'd be willing to do to her. Yet the look in his eyes was so strangely vulnerable while the cum was shooting in his new sub's mouth. All that insane pleasure was a gift from her.

It struck her he was enslaved and bewitched, even if he was on top and ordering her around.

“Don’t waste a drop.” He said in a weakened voice after he pulled his cock out of her mouth. “Lick and clean my cock, Katrina.”

She did as he told her and lapped up his cum. It was so heavy and potent as if it was the sweetest alcohol she ever tasted. Katrina's body slowly relaxed while she was devouring that man's cum. There was so much affection in her eyes. She was licking him and soaking all the evidence of their rough lovemaking.

He leaned forward and kissed her deeply, passionately, with a lot of tongue action. His fingers were running through her hair and pressing her closer to him. Katrina didn't feel forced into that kiss, as strange as it was. Having his mouth on hers and his tongue exploring it was the most natural thing in the world. She fully surrendered to its power and her own submissive need at that moment.

“Thank you, baby girl.” The man whispered against her lips and caressed her cheek with such a strange tenderness. Katrina would have never thought someone of his size would be capable of affection and gentleness. Yet it melted her even more than when he was pounding her like a horny beast. “You're an amazing woman. You have no idea how happy you made me.”

The Guard lifted the marker he had used to deflower her virginal asshole earlier. Katrina trembled when the man lowered it to her chest

and started writing on her skin. He was doing that with confident strokes of his large hand. His eyes were drinking her, and a strange half-smile was dancing on his lips.

“Perfect.” He put the marker aside and leaned in to kiss Katrina again. It was a soft, almost chaste kiss, like the first kiss of two teenagers in love.

He picked her up in his arms and sat back in her chair. Katrina rested her head on his chest and closed her eyes while he was hugging and caressing her beautiful skin. The stranger rested his lips on top of her head and rocked her body in a soothing rhythm.

“I wish I could stay with you longer, pet.” The Guard left one unbearably sweet kiss on her temple, rested his fingers under her chin, and tilted it so she'd look into his eyes. Katrina felt dizzy, exhausted, and yet lighter than ever. Something had lifted off her chest. At that moment, he seemed like the sexiest man alive, and she was so small, feminine, and protected next to his big body. “But I have to get back to my shift. I'm already a little late.”

The man lifted her and gently rested her on her chair. Katrina was still gazing ahead of herself, trembling and unable to comprehend what just happened to her. She had to bite her tongue so she wouldn't beg him not to leave.

Again, what was wrong with her?

"Don't stay up for too long." He ran his fingers through her tangled hair and stroked her cheek again. "I doubt it you'd be able to get much done anyway. Go home and have a good night's sleep, Katrina. And when you wake up..."

He pulled out a business card from the pocket of his pants and laid it on her desk.

"Call me." The Guard rested his hands on her shoulders and stared at her straight in the eyes. "I mean it. I-I don't want it to be just a one night stand and some pleasant sexual thrill for you. I want you as mine. For the entire night and many nights ahead. I know you want it too."

Katrina nodded, but she didn't respond.

"By the way, baby girl..." He leaned in. "My name is Frank, but I'd prefer that you call me Daddy."

After one sweet kiss, he turned around and walked out of her office, whistling to himself.

II

Katrina spent a long time on the chair, with knees folded against her chest, rocking back and forth. She knew she had to clean herself, to clean the mess, to wash enough so she'd call a cab and go home. Yet, it was so hard for her to even move from that spot.

Everything was so surreal. Katrina was completely naked in her own office. Her mouth still remembered the taste of the Guard's cum. Her pussy

was raw of so many orgasms and the stretching of the Security Guard's shaft. She was sopping wet, still, and her asshole was tingling.

He had made her submit to him, and she loved every sinful minute of it. She not only allowed him to dominate her, degrade her, fuck her, care for her. Katrina had reveled in what he did to her, and her body still wanted more.

She finally forced herself to go to the bathroom to clean up and put her clothes on. That's when she saw the words written all over her chest with a bright red marker. *Daddy's Slutty Pet.*

Katrina shuddered and touched the letters across her creamy skin.

He stripped her of her innocence and turned her into a submissive toy. How would she live with herself now? Was that really who she was?

That tingling sensation was still there, inside her pussy, in her trembling clit. Katrina lifted her leg, spread her nether lips open, and pushed two fingers inside herself. All that fucking and her cunt was still horny and in need of more. She rubbed her clit with a thumb, closed her eyes, and imagined he was right there next to her.

"Yes, Daddy..." She moaned out and inserted a third finger between her puffy lips. "I'm playing with myself. Spank me for being such a naughty girl."

In her fantasy, The Guard bent her over the bathroom stand and spanked her ass hard. Twice. Three times. Until her skin was burning red

hot, and she was crying. His fingers brushed down her pussy lips and shoved inside her asshole. He was leaning in to bite her neck and fondle her tits.

"Oh yes, yes, Daddy." Katrina kept groaning. Her knees were shaking, and she was trembling like an addict without her fix. Still, she kept fucking herself at an intense pace while playing with her clit. More juices were rolling down her palm, and her body was shaking with ecstasy.

The imaginary Guard was already pressing his shaft between her ass cheeks. Katrina gasped in shock as she realized where that fantasy was going. The man was pinning her down and slowly pushing his giant tip in her asshole.

Just that mental image made her cum again and hard, all over her fingers and down her inner thighs. Katrina rested against the stand and opened her eyes to see the horny, messed up, sexual creature staring back at her.

"What is wrong with me?" She asked her reflection in despair and swallowed hard. The orgasm by her hand had been mind-blowing, but Katrina still longed for that big, burly man, for her Master. No, her Daddy.

Calling him that way seemed so wrong in her mind, yet the words were rolling naturally off her lips. That protective streak he showed her that night, along with the rough, intense sexuality, attracted her to him like a magnet. Nobody made her feel so safe and like someone cares for her.

The rest of the time in her office went by in a blur. Katrina went back to her meticulous, OCD self as soon as she washed her pussy and got dressed. She cleaned her desk with slow precision and arranged all the scattered documents back in their place. The young woman used antibacterial wipes to erase all evidence off her desk, chair, and floor. Even when everything was spotlessly clean, Katrina wasn't sure it was clean enough. What if the janitor arrived early in the morning and realized there were traces of cum on the floor? What if her bosses inspected it and realized she had been fucking there like a horny little slut?

Katrina wrapped her arms around herself and breathed quickly in and out. Her whole world was falling apart, and she had no idea how to keep control. He had demanded her to call him, and if she failed to do that, Katrina had no doubt the Guard would come back tomorrow.

Once again, she'd be powerless to resist him, and he'd fuck her. She'd be begging him not to stop.

Katrina spent the rest of the cab ride home lost in thoughts. She had her car in the company's parking lot but didn't trust herself to ride back home. The young woman sat in the backseat. She closed her eyes and kept imagining how the Guard was fucking her. Their bodies tangled, and their lips were tearing at each other,

He broke something inside her.

She took a long, hot bath once she got into her large, spacious apartment. Her fingers often casually slipped between her thighs to that insatiable place, the thin point of her clit.

What would he do if he was here?

Katrina imagined his muscular body beneath her, his cock sliding between her legs, his large fingers pushing her long hair aside so he'd kiss her neck. The warm breath would caress her ear, and his gravelly voice would demand her to ride him. Her lover would impale her on his wide shaft, and he'd start pounding her like the beast that he was.

"Oh, Daddy..." She whispered, squeezed her pussy, and arched her back. The desire, the craving overwhelmed her mind and made her cry out softly while her fingers were sliding up and down her clit. "What did you do to me?"

Katrina made herself cum again, but that only kindled the fire between her thighs. Whatever the Guard had done, he infected her with his furious lust, and she yearned for more. She recalled all of his dirty promises, and they made her weak in the knees.

She dried her hair, rubbed lotion all over her body, and put on her favorite satin nightie. Katrina didn't bother putting on panties as she was sure she'd wake up to the need to play with herself at least once. It amazed her how sensual her body was, how every little touch aroused her. The signs of the red marker had faded. Yet, Katrina felt them as a brand on her skin.

When she got under the sheets, her hand once again slipped between her thighs and found she was wet. After so many years of self-denial, her body demanded what it craved.

Katrina was still wide awake an hour later, painfully aroused even after she brought herself to orgasm more time than she cared to count. It was 4 am when she surrendered and got up to take the business card in her purse. Earlier, while she was cleaning, she felt the strong temptation to rip it apart.

Now, in the early hours of the morning, she was grateful for having a connection to her drug. Her fingers were trembling while she was sliding them along her phone's screen.

"Hello?" His gravelly voice sounded kind of sleepy when he finally answered. Katrina sighed with relief and dropped down on her knees. Her body was trembling as if she was in withdrawal.

"Daddy?" She called out in a pitiful voice as she folded her knees.

"Katrina?" There was a genuine surprise in his voice, and it quickly turned into joy. "Baby girl, what's wrong? Why aren't you sleeping? You should get your rest, sweetie."

"I..." She swallowed hard and clutched the phone. "I couldn't sleep at all. I couldn't even close my eyes. All I could think about was you, and I-I miss you. That's insane, I don't even know you, and you forced yourself on me..."

"Yet you want me." He said in a teasing voice. "I didn't do anything you weren't ready to take, babygirl. I'm a little surprised. I didn't expect you to call so soon. I thought that a little foxy chick like you would make me sweat a lot more."

Katrina didn't reply. She didn't even know why she was calling. All she knew was that the passion he woke up in her made her insatiable.

"I even thought I'd have to come back to your office to spank you again for ignoring me. Yet you called. I'm so happy to hear your voice. Are you wet, baby girl? Is that why you're calling me?"

"Wet?" She laughed and rolled over on her side on the soft carpet. "My pussy is gushing. I've been masturbating like crazy since you left me in the office. I-I want you so much, and I wish you were here. I can't even sleep."

It hurt her to say these words but there they were, out in the open. She expected that man to laugh at her and mock her weakness. When he finally spoke, his voice was sweet and sympathetic.

"I know, baby girl. Now you understand how I've been feeling. I'm just as crazy for you, Katrina. If I could, I'd come to you right now. Listen..."

Her heart was beating like crazy while she was waiting for his words. He got her so hooked that even listening to his rough voice and calm, slow breathing made the wetness gush between her thighs.

"Meet me tomorrow after work, at the parking lot." The Guard said. "I have the weekend off, and we can spend it in my place. I promise you won't be able to walk after I finish fucking you, baby girl."

"Okay... but you can't fuck me in the office anymore." She said in a low, frenzy voice.

"I can't promise that, gorgeous. I enjoyed getting you all hot and bothered while you were supposed to be working. It's so hot to untangle you and turn you into a hot, obedient slut."

"I'm serious." Katrina protested weakly. "I'll get in serious trouble if someone catches us. I worked hard to get in that company and..."

"I may consider it." He chuckled it. "But you're all mine outside of the office. You'll be my hot little fucktoy, my little girl, and I'll be your Daddy. That's what you want, isn't it, Katrina?"

Hot shame was burning inside her mind as she spoke those words.

"Yes..." She licked her lips and closed her eyes. "It's so embarrassing, but I loved calling you that way."

"I thought so." The Guard drawled in that sexy, gravelly voice that made her feel weak and tingly all over. "You need someone to take good care of you, baby girl. I'll do my best to make you happy. But now you need to get some sleep. I plan to give you a good workout tonight, and you'd need your energy."

"I can't," Katrina whined and felt so pathetic at that moment. "I-I'm

so horny."

"Poor baby girl." She could practically hear his smile over the phone. "Don't worry. Daddy will help you fall asleep. Go and pick the biggest vibrator out of your drawer. Lie under the covers and spread your legs for me."

"Yes, Daddy." Katrina got up from the floor and headed back for her bed, with a sopping wet cunt and a happy smile on her face.

"Good girl." He said with affection and hurried to add in a stern voice. "Speaking of that, Katrina, I have to punish you tomorrow. I never let you masturbate while you were on your own, did I?"

"B-but..." She croaked and picked the big pink rabbit vibrator. "You never said I couldn't."

"Good point, Katrina, but I'll give you a taste of what it would be if you disobey me. You'll get me to try my riding crop on your gorgeous ass. Is your vibrator in your hand, naughty girl?"

"Y-yes, Daddy." She whimpered, laid down on the bed, and parted her wet thighs.

"Describe it for me, baby girl."

"It's long, not as long as your cock, about nine inches, candy pink, with a rabbit..."

He smirked.

"All of you little girl just love your pink toys. don't you?" He

whispered dangerously. "You'll get used to being penetrated by much larger toys, little one. I plan to train your ass with a huge black dildo before I fuck you."

"You're so filthy." She laughed and caressed her pink cunt with the vibrator.

"So are you. That's what I love about you, baby girl. Now shove that pink toy up your pretty pussy and turn it on. Rotate it slowly inside you. Let the rabbit touch your clit and imagine my tongue is on your pussy."

"Yes, Daddy... Oh, how I wish you were so you'd watch me." Katrina pushed the sex toy inside her and cried out at the top of her lungs.

"Play with your tits, little girl. Pinch your nipples, and imagine how I'll put them in clamps. Prepare for a wild weekend, Katrina. I'll do everything with you. I'll lick you. I'll fuck you and spank you. I'll fuck your throat. I'll put you in rope and cuffs. When you think you've had too much, I'll keep fucking you. Say who you are, Katrina."

Her cry pierced the night as she began to fuck herself under his command.

"I'm Daddy's submissive whore! I'm Daddy's little girl, his obedient filthy pet."

"Good girl." He groaned in her ear while the sex toy was buzzing inside her. "You're mine."

THE END

TO BE CONTINUED

OTHER BOOKS BY MASTER VINCENT

TRAINING AIMEE: SHARED

BOOK 1 OF THE TRAINING AIMEE SERIES

LIVE NOW!

What happens when an innocent, kinky virgin catches the eye of a billionaire playboy Alpha male?

Vincent is ruggedly handsome and one of the wealthiest men in the city. He's a Dominant who drives all women wild. The one he craves is Aimee, his best friend and neighbor's innocent, gorgeous 18 years old daughter. She becomes this sophisticated older man's obsession, and he'd do anything to corrupt her innocence. What happens when he catches her playing with herself in his library? Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. It is a 15 000 words self-indulgent pure steamy goodness with a heavy dose of romance. Training Aimee depicts the adventures of a rough and sensual big Alpha male who trains a not so innocent, sexy virgin how to handle a world of intense kink. Enjoy how that dominant older man will sweep that sweet girl off her feet and

introduce her to a world of dominance, submission, luxury, romance, and group play. All characters are over 18.

TRAINING AIMEE: DISCIPLINED

BOOK 2 OF THE TRAINING AIMEE SERIES

LIVE NOW!

She caught the eye of the hottest Alpha male in the city. Now he'll subject her to sexy discipline, mind-blowing orgasms, and train her to be his perfect submissive.

One taste of Master Vincent's kinky, pleasurable world leaves Aimee out of breath and longing for more. That sexy older billionaire pushes her past her limits and beyond her wildest erotic fantasies. Spanking and anal play is just the tip of the iceberg.

Vincent wants so much more from her. He's part of an elite group of wealthy Dominant men who share their pets. Is that innocent girl ready to be a part of this decadent society?

Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. It is a 15 000 words self-indulgent pure erotic goodness with a heavy dose of romance. Training Aimee depicts the adventures of a rough

and sensual big Alpha male who trains a not so innocent, sexy virgin how to handle a world of intense kink. Enjoy how that dominant older man will sweep that sweet girl off her feet and introduce her to a world of dominance, submission, luxury, romance, and group play.

All characters are over 18.

TRAINING AIMEE: TORMENTED

BOOK 3 OF THE TRAINING AIMEE SERIES

All she wants is to belong to the hottest Alpha male and billionaire bachelor. Will he claim her as his own, or will he keep tormenting her?

Aimee is living in her kinky fairytale. Master Vincent pushes her sexual limits. He leaves her bottom blushing and sore with spanking, and he spoils her with orgasms and hedonistic pleasure. That sexy older man sweeps her off her feet and treats her to a romance she only read about in novels.

Yet, he still keeps her a virgin. Before he makes her a real woman, he'll put her through more erotic torment. One special lingerie fitting will change everything between them.

Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. It is a 16 000 words self-indulgent pure erotic goodness with a heavy dose of romance. It features a M/F/F threesome between a Dom, a submissive young woman and a Domme who gets to submit to Master Vincent.

Training Aimee features a rough and sensual big Alpha male and a sexy dominatrix switch who train an innocent, sexy virgin how to please both men and women. Enjoy that decadent journey in a world of dominance, submission, luxury, romance, and group play.

All characters are over 18.

TRAINING AIMEE: TAKEN

BOOK 4 OF THE TRAINING AIMEE SERIES

That sexy older man seduced her. He disciplined her behind and tormented her with his tongue and a firm hand. Now it's time for Master Vincent to ravage Aimee and claim her virginity.

Aimee has been waiting the entire summer for her Master to turn her into a real woman. Now that Vincent has tested her, he'll treat her to a magical weekend in paradise before he gives in to his sweet submissive.

Vincent didn't plan to do more than have fun with the sexy young woman. He never thought that in the process of her sensual corruption, he'd fall in love with Aimee.

What will happen to them at the end of their hot, sexy summer? Is this only sex, or she's his chance of true love?

Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. It is a 17 000 words self-indulgent pure erotic goodness with a heavy dose of romance.

Training Aimee features a rough but sensual older Dominant man, his sweet and innocent submissive in training, and a Mistress who loves submission to powerful men. Enjoy that decadent journey in a world of dominance, submission, luxury, romance, and group play.

All characters are over 18.

TRAINING AIMEE: SHARED

BOOK 5 OF THE TRAINING AIMEE SERIES

The hottest Alpha male in the city swept that young, kinky virgin off her feet and turned her into a real woman. Now it's time for him to share her with his friends, an elite group of powerful Doms who share everything.

Vincent has been training the sweet blonde Aimee for months to make her into a perfect submissive. Today she'll meet the rest of The Masters' Club. Each of them is wealthy, handsome, hung like a horse, and determined to give her the ride of her life.

What will that sweet girl do when she finds herself surrounded by six hunky billionaires? Can she handle being shared, tormented, spanked, and pleased by these classy men?

Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. It is a 20 000 words self-indulgent pure erotic goodness with a heavy dose of romance.

Training Aimee features a sweet submissive girl who gets shared by six powerful Doms (and one lucky Mistress). It's a wild, insane orgy with delicious kink, reverse harem, well-

endowed men, M/F/M/M, F/F, M/M/M/F/M/M/M, and group play.

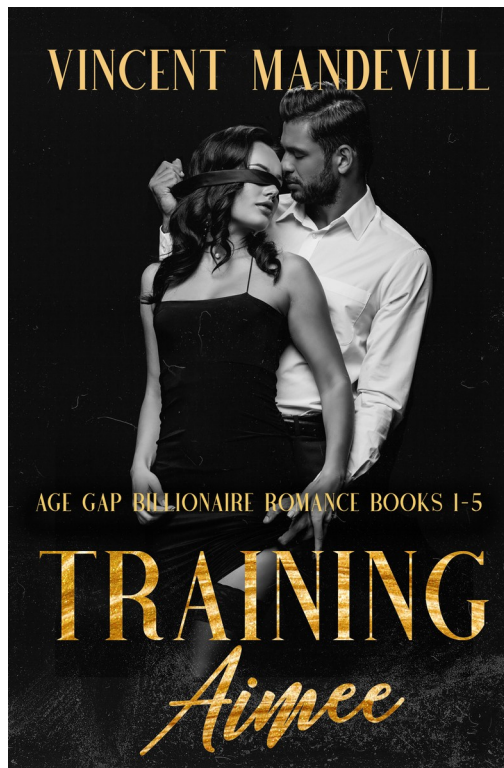
No cheating and guaranteed HFN.

**Enjoy that decadent journey in a world of dominance,
submission, luxury, romance, and group play.**

All characters are over 18.

TRAINING AIMEE: THE COMPLETE SERIES

AGE GAP BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE BOOKS 1-5



What happens when an innocent, kinky virgin catches the eye of a billionaire playboy Alpha male?

A hot-as-hell and hung-like-horse billionaire Dom.

A sweet, submissive virgin who's not as innocent as she seems.

An elite club of wealthy Masters who share everything, especially their women.

Can Vincent and Aimee's romance blossom in that world of filth decadence? Will she accept being one of the shared and treasured pets of The Masters' Club?

Find out in that steaming hot billionaire age-gap romance.

WARNING! The story is for 18+ readers. This box set includes all the five books of the Training Aimee series. It's 82 000 words of self-indulgent pure erotic goodness with a heavy dose of romance. No cheating (group play and sharing are consensual) and a satisfying HFN.

Training Aimee is about a sweet submissive girl whose Master introduces her to a world beyond her wildest dreams. Steamy erotic scenes, insane orgy with delicious kink, reverse harem, well-endowed men, M/F/M/M, F/F, M/M/M/F/M/M/M, and group play.

Enjoy that decadent journey in a world of dominance, submission, luxury, romance, and group play.

All characters are over 18.