

## “Truth *and* Consequences”

Taking the initiative to chat him up at the elegant bar wasn't only easy, it was more enjoyable than she'd expected. He was handsome with dark, curly hair. Great cheekbones. Firm jaw. The sexy crinkling around his eyes was testimony to his experience. His large hands and manicured nails would spark any woman's fantasies about how it would feel to have them on her. He was charming and a great conversationalist. She smiled to herself. *It's a nasty job, but someone's got to do it.*

Dropping the tiny white pill into his dark whiskey and getting him to go to her room were simple. Head tilts, hair flips, laughing at his jokes, 'innocently' touching his arm. That musky perfume that pulls guys closer to her without their realizing it. The final baited hook he couldn't resist: “I have a Piper-Heidsieck Rare in my room. You know the rule. Once you open a bottle of champagne, you have to drink it all. Would you like to help me?” she cooed.

It was also simple to get him to take off all his clothes. “Nothing turns me on more than watching a man undress. I'm going to sit in this chair and enjoy the view.”

And it was a glorious view. *This guy must live at the gym.* She lit up in genuine admiration—or was it in anticipation of the pleasures a body like that could deliver?

He had just the right amount of muscular definition in his chest, arms, abs and legs. When he pulled off his black boxer briefs and tossed them to the other side of the room, her eyebrows instinctively popped up. He put his hands on his hips and smiled. She cocked her head and eyed his impressive penis—already beginning to greet her. She stood and walked in front of him. “Very nice, indeed. I'd say you're ready for what comes next.”

“More than ready, sweetheart.” He shot her a dirty smile, at which point the drug kicked in and he got dizzy. She helped him lie down before he passed out.

Handcuffing him to the headboard and fastening his ankles took longer than normal, but only because she was so distracted by the man's amazing body. When she had him secured, she stepped back, looked and sighed. *Beautiful.*

Sophia was a corporate spy, and she'd been hired to find out from the CEO unconscious in front of her what his company's “next big thing” was that everyone was buzzing about. Eyeing the thick, veined penis nestled in its dark curly home, she licked her lips and smirked. *They probably mean a different “next big thing.” Too bad.*

Waiting for him to come to, she got into her business attire—all black. Leather corset, matching G-string, lace stockings and suspenders. Leather opera gloves. Sliding into her patent leather Christian Louboutin stilettos, she stepped in front of the mirror, applied her makeup—black for the eyes, bright red for the lips. She tied on a lace face mask.

A different woman looked back. The woman was either a temptress or a dominatrix, whatever the job required. She was very different from the conventionally pretty Sophia, whose red off-shoulder cocktail dress revealed just enough skin to get her target's attention. She carefully folded the dress and placed it in her black satchel in the closet, beside the envelope of essays from her sixth grade class—her “cover” job. But this was her true calling. She closed her eyes and felt the energy within her build. She picked up her riding crop—with the cute red heart on the end—and flicked it hard against her thigh. She winced—and thrilled—at the pain.

Deciding it was time to get down to business, she used the crop to start playing with her subject's penis. As she gently stroked it with the crop's red heart, it began to swell, stiffen and poke up. Its owner stirred. He slowly opened his eyes.

“Sorry. Scotch never affects me that way.” Surveying the situation—especially Sophia's sexy outfit—he shot her an appreciative smirk. “You're a very naughty girl. What's on the menu?”

She winked. “Anything you want,” her dark, sexy voice an octave lower than it had been. “But only if you can guess the magic words.” She ran the crop up and down his now fully erect penis. It twitched in response. She grinned.

“Please and thanks?” He joked.

“Not even close.”

“How about you're the sexiest woman I've ever met, and I'd love to fuck your brains out.”

“That's music to my ears, but I just noticed that wedding ring. I'm not a homewrecker.”

“Not to worry. My wife and I have an understanding. Frankly, we haven't had sex in years. That's why I'll do anything to fuck you.”

She wasn't immune to the desire in his face and a large, stiff shaft that promised glorious sensations. But she had a job to do.

She used the crop to toy some more with his cock. Pre-cum appeared at its top, his face tightened, and he squirmed on the bed. “Anything?”

“Anything.” His voice was filled with want.

The intensity of his desire underscored the power she had over him. As many times as she experienced it, she was always surprised at how much hunger she could unleash in men. Her heart sped up. *He really will do anything I want.* Her imagination pleaded with her to be released. She forced herself to close her eyes. *Stay on task. Focus.* “All I want, Mr. Dorsey, is for you to tell me about this ‘next big thing’ your company is working on.”

“Huh?”

“You’re making a big announcement next month. I want to know what it will be.”

His face lost its puzzled look.

“We aren’t really here for fun and games, then.”

“Oh, fun and games for sure,” she objected. “It’s just up to you which kind,” she laughed.

“You know I can’t tell you what you’re asking. And I suggest you let me go before I start yelling for the police,” he said firmly.

She sat in the comfortable chair on the other side of the room. “Please. Go ahead and yell.” Her tone was now all business. “We’re on the top floor in a corner room. Any adjoining rooms are also empty. I reserved those as well. I have an arrangement with the management. Housekeeping has already been told to ignore the loud moans and groans that will be coming from the *honeymooners* who are in this room.” She waved her hand in the air. “Be my guest. Yell. In fact, let me start.” She got up and walked over to the door. “OH FUCK!” she shouted loudly. “GIVE IT TO ME, BABY! FUCK THE BEJESUS OUT OF ME! FUCK ME, DADDY! FUCK ME! FUCK YOUR BABY’S PUSSY!” Then she spanked herself hard. “THAT’S IT, DADDY! SPANK YOUR BABY’S PERFECT ASS!” She spanked herself again—twice. “YES DADDY! YES! YES! YES!”

Dorsey was startled at the display—at how loud and graphic her screams were.

She pointed at the door. Nothing. She laughed. “I told you.”

He grimaced and struggled against his bindings. A slight coating of sweat formed from the exertion.

She licked her lips and moaned silently. *The salty taste of sweat. Yum.*

When the ropes didn’t budge, he said angrily, “You’ve underestimated me. I can take whatever you and that pussy riding crop can dish out. I’m giving you one more chance to let me go. I promise I won’t come after you. After all, I was stupid enough get into this situation.”

She feigned astonishment. “You think this is about *pain*? *Au contraire, Monsieur Dorsey*.” She removed her opera gloves and walked over to the dresser. Opening the top drawer, she removed a deep-red silk scarf. Sitting on the side of the bed, she wrapped the fabric around his penis, squeezed it with both hands, and slid the silky scarf and down. He moaned. “My specialty is *pleasure*—giving it...and *withholding* it.” She removed the fabric, but kept it tantalizingly close to the now *very* stiff, straining, red penis. She leaned in so that her mouth was just above the tip. “I see we have some moisture here. We can’t have that, can we? It will get on the silk.” Barely touching his cock with the soft, pink tip of her tongue, she licked off the salty precum with a gentle flick. His face tightened as he moaned deeply and his shaft twitched hard.

“My apologies, Mister Dorsey. It looks like what I’m doing is making you uncomfortable. I must stop.” He groaned in protest. She rose, returned to her chair and sat silently. When his shaft finally drooped, she returned. “Penises fascinate me.” She eyed his cock almost like a scientist. “I’m insufferably curious about what will get them hard. Let’s try this.” She blew on it repeatedly, seductively, making sure to use her warm, moist breath to full effect. It responded but didn’t return to its original stiffness. “Promising. Maybe we need to add something else.”

She stood and stepped back. She removed her corset, caressed her ample creamy breasts and tweaked her chocolate nipples. Dorsey’s cock immediately shot back up. “I’ve always been told that props and visuals can have a positive impact on an audience,” she smiled approvingly. “And what would happen if I—?” She sat beside him, leaned down and nuzzled the base of his shaft. His breath caught.

She took in a deep whiff of the delicious musky smell. *Yum. Real man*. She ran her tongue up to the top where she licked the tip again. He groaned and pushed up his hips trying to slide his cock into her mouth. She licked her lips, opened her mouth—and wrestled with temptation. *Damn!* She sat up.

“You’re killing me!”

“Sorry. Still the wrong words. Maybe a different visual will help.”

She reached for a bottle of lube and squeezed a healthy amount into her hands. She massaged her ample breasts with the glistening liquid. Her nipples hardened from the attention. She squeezed them. She closed her eyes and sighed. Her face darkened as arousal spread through her body. Dorsey groaned at the sexy sight.

“Maybe you’d enjoy something like that?” She squeezed more lube into her hands, wrapped them around his shaft, ran them up and down and twisted them back and forth. “How about now?”

He clenched his fists. He was sweating copiously now. She groaned at how sexy it looked.

She cooed as she ran her hands worked his cock. “So hard, yet so smooth. Yum.” When she felt his shaft get to the point where it might explode, she’d let go until it calmed down. Then she’d add more lube. Ratcheting up Dorsey’s frustration, she repeated the torture.

He wasn’t the only one suffering, however. Her instructions were clear—no fucking. But working Dorsey’s beautiful penis and repeatedly taking him to the brink of orgasm and stopping there took its own toll on her. Lisette’s breasts were unusually sensitive to the touch. The moisture between her legs increased the longer she touched them. Playing with a glorious cock—whose firmness was testimony to her—knowing she would have to deny it any release went against her natural instinct to celebrate sexual pleasure. She groaned inside at the constraints, but followed orders. She put her lips right beside his ear and whispered, “There’s only one thing that feels better than this. My pussy.”

Dorsey writhed—clearly in anguish. “You fucking tease! Have a heart. You’re killing me! Surely we can make some kind of deal. What are you planning to do with the information? Give it to your client?”

“Exactly.”

“What if I could show you how to make boatloads of money instead of whatever your fee is? Would that be worth something?”

*At last. He’s cracking.* “Go on.”

“I trade on inside information all the time and never get caught. I was already planning to use the announcement to feather my nest some more. I have a network of accounts that will let us buy my company’s stock and short my competitors. I’ll even add \$100K to whatever you put in. You’ll walk away a wealthy woman. You tell your client you couldn’t get anything out of me. You return their retainer so they don’t suspect anything. You just have to do two things.”

“Two?”

“Give me the best fuck of my life. Then forget we ever met.”

Sophia looked at the thick, pulsing cock begging for release. She licked her lips. She would be lying if she said she didn't consider his offer. *Wealth and a great fuck? Who could blame me?* But her sense of sisterhood was stronger. Her head cleared and her resolve stiffened. "That's a very tempting offer, Mr. Dorsey. How do I know I can trust you?"

"There's a draft of the announcement in my coat pocket. Take it as insurance. That's what the company's going to do. You have the information. You can do whatever you want with it. Give it to your client. Trade on your own."

She retrieved the document and read it over. "Seems legitimate. It's a deal. Do we shake on it?"

"I had something more personal in mind," he wagged his penis.

"Very well. Just remember," she smirked, "there's nothing business here. It's just personal."

With the job virtually done, she could relax and enjoy herself. Returning to the chair, she spread her legs and massaged her swollen, wet pussy. The heat built inside her. Her heart raced. Her breathing deepened. She rubbed her clit faster. She closed her eyes and slid two fingers inside her. Her body tightened, then ecstasy ripped through it. She screamed in delight. Her body bucked so hard when she came, she had to grab hold of the chair keep from falling onto the floor. When her body calmed down, she stood. "Thanks. I needed that."

"Great show, but let's get it in gear, bitch." He was clearly annoyed she'd taken care of herself. "Take off that G-string so I can admire your pussy. Saddle up and earn that 100K."

She laughed and turned. She walked to the closet, removed a tan raincoat and burgundy fedora. She put them on. "I don't think so." Her corset, scarf and a small object from the dresser went into her black satchel. "You can keep the handcuffs and ankle wraps as a souvenir. Ciao bella."

As she closed the door, he yelled for help. As she passed a woman from housekeeping halfway down the hall, she leaned in and lowered her voice conspiratorially. "Don't worry about my husband. We're on our honeymoon and playing a game," she winked. The woman nodded and giggled.

Before walking out the lobby, she went up to the doorman and surreptitiously slipped a \$100 bill into his pocket. "You may be having a visitor shortly." She showed him a photo of a woman. "Room 324. It's a surprise for the gentleman inside. We want to be discrete."

“It will be my pleasure, Ma’am,” he nodded.

When she got into her white BMW, she took out her phone. “Mrs. Dorsey? This is Sophia. I’m sorry to have to confirm your suspicions on both counts.... I’m sending you the video now. It’s explicit enough for your divorce attorney.... Yes, I followed your instructions to the letter. You obviously know what will press your husband’s... I’m sorry, ex-husband’s buttons. I’m sure you’ll particularly enjoy how he swears that you and he have an understanding. You can decide what to do with the video—and him. He’s in Room 324.... Yes. I have the press release. I’ll mail it to you today. The Board will recognize it as the original.... Yes. He also confessed to the insider trading.... That’s very generous. Again, I’m sorry for the bad news. If I can be of any more help, don’t hesitate to call.”