

Twenty or so people stood uncomfortably around the conference room, dutifully looking towards the front but mentally wanting to be anywhere but here.

"And so, after forty years, I think it's finally time I turned the page and retired," the old boss was saying. "But, with my son, Aaron, at the helm, I'm confident there will be nothing but blue skies and smooth sailing from here on out."

The heir to the empire puffed out his chest, looking very pleased with himself as he cast a condescending look at the people around him—some of whom had been keeping the company afloat longer than he'd been alive and others of which knew far better than he did how the company worked. Those people looked back at him, doing their best to conceal the irritation and dismay they felt. Two of them felt particularly poignant pangs. One of them was Aaron's older sister, Deborah, who had been actively involved in the company since her mid-teens and had developed quite the aptitude for running it. But, her father (in his infinite wisdom sexism) believed it was better to have an inept, inexperienced male successor running the company than a female.

The other particularly dissatisfied onlooker was Jamie, who had been secretary to the outgoing boss for the last five years. Despite doing the majority of the work to keep the company running behind the scenes, Jamie had gotten virtually no credit for the incredible hours she put in even as accolades rained down upon her boss. Taking the company public last year? That had been *her* idea, *her* hundreds of hours spent working with the finance team to get the necessary paperwork in order and filed. Navigating the supply chain shortages? It had been *her* 1 AM calls securing the desperately needed materials so the company could continue making products. And what thanks had her boss given her? A nod and a request for the latest numbers. Jamie hoped that it was just an oversight, that as her boss reflected on his time with the company—particularly the last few years—he'd come to realize that he was successful because of the people around him (especially Jamie, if she was being honest with herself) and that he owed them some acknowledgment. But as his speech wound down and no praise seemed forthcoming, the wolf/tiger hybrid sighed and shook her head. Why should she have expected anything different?

She felt a twinge in her groin and grimaced. Being a herm was challenging enough, but Jamie had a particularly troublesome condition kept under control only thanks to the powerful libido suppressants she took. Prior to starting her meds shortly after reaching puberty, her erections were frequent and prolonged enough that she had even called the help line for a certain male enhancement company whose commercials said to call them if erections lasted longer than four hours. The very confused representative on the other end had finally understood what was going on and told her apologetically that she would have to call her doctor, that he could not help her if she wasn't actively taking that particular male enhancement pill. Things had only gotten worse as she got older. Tall at 7' 9", it might have been understandable if she were well-endowed compared to the other students, but considering that her penis was over a foot long when flaccid and two and a half feet long when hard, her erections could be distracting not only to herself but to those around her. And, given she identified as female and liked to wear dresses and skirts, it was only a matter of time before her oversized equipment lifted her skirt and showed itself to the world in the middle of class.

The meds helped to a degree, but Jamie knew she had to remain vigilant. The twinge she'd just felt was her only warning, and unless she wanted her business skirt to lift up right here in the meeting, she had about five minutes to get to her desk. Moving discreetly, she slipped behind the loosely formed ring of coworkers and walked quickly back to her desk, grabbed her bottle of pills from the drawer, and swallowed two of them without water, grimacing at their bitter taste. She was about to walk back to the conference room when she saw people filing out. Apparently she'd missed the end of the meeting.

"Well, this should be interesting," said one of the accountants wryly.

"I'm sure the new guy will hit the ground running and lead us on to do great things," said another.

The two exchanged glances, then burst into nervous laughter as they walked by. Jamie pursed her lips, hesitated, and then went back to her office. There was plenty of work to keep herself busy and her mind off the upcoming changes. Alas, she had only been working about five minutes when the old boss and his son walked by. Seeing her, the boss stopped short and turned to walk up to her desk.

"Jamie, this is my son, Aaron," he said. "Have you two met? Aaron, this is Jamie; she'll be your secretary starting Monday."

Jamie had mixed feelings as she stood to shake the upstart's hand. On one hand, he seemed to share his father's condescending facial expression, but on the other hand, his muscular yet lithe body type would have made her cock jump to attention if she hadn't just taken her pills. And, the fact that he was an inch shorter than she was made him look slightly less domineering than his predecessor. Deciding to give him the benefit of the doubt, she guardedly shook his hand.

"Well, hello, there, little lady," the wolf said, smiling patronizingly. "I guess I'll have to get to know you pretty well if we want to keep this place running, huh?"

*Little lady?! I'm taller than you are, and I don't need to know you at all; I've been keeping this place running just fine without your meddling!* Jamie forced a tight-lipped smile and nodded.

"Not much of a talker, huh? Well, a quiet secretary's better than a gabby one, am I right, Dad?"

Jamie's eye twitched, and she subtly gritted her teeth behind her lips.

"That's my boy!" the old boss chuckled, clapping his son on the back. "I was worried you might not fit in, but I think things are gonna be just fine now!"

The two left, and Jamie let out a disgusted groan.

*Mediocre to bad. Definitely bad,* she thought. *Nice ass, though,* she added consolingly. *And, at least it's Friday.*

The following weeks proved her right: Aaron was insufferably condescending and bordering on sexually harassing in his language. The more he talked, the more Jamie wanted to throw him over his desk and fuck him in the ass. *Let him see what it's like to get fucked over by a coworker,* she thought irritably.

The only thing worse than his condescension was his incompetence.

"Why don't you leave the big decisions to me, little lady?" he'd said, patting her on the shoulder. Talking to the speakerphone, his next sentence was, "Look, Ali-Babwa, either you ship us the gaskets, or we'll find someone else!" With that, he hung up, looking very satisfied with himself.

Jamie gritted her teeth and clenched her fists, fighting back the urge to yell at him. With a single sentence, he'd single-handedly upended a *year's* worth of trust-building she'd established with one of their key suppliers.

"You sure showed him," she managed before turning on heel and walking out quickly.

Getting back to her desk, she popped a couple of pills. Experience had taught her that *any* strong emotion could get her erect, and she was currently *fuming*.

*Let him try to get that supplier back!* she yelled in her head. *The jackass has no idea what he's doing, and all the while he's telling me how stupid and unimportant I am. Let him fail, and then maybe he'll have a little more humility!*

She snorted angrily, but the inrush of oxygen made her reconsider.

*If the company goes under because of his incompetence, all those people will be out of a job,* she thought. Sighing, she knew what she had to do, picked up the phone, and dialed their supplier, whose name was *not* "Ali-Babwa".

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When it came time for the monthly board meeting, Jamie deliberately stayed in the office to watch as her boss made a complete ass of himself. The board was *furious* that their primary supplier had reneged on the contract despite Jamie's quiet efforts to pull them back into the fold, and they were demanding answers. Frustrated at her lack of progress and inability to do as she had always done and smooth the situation over right away, Jamie had thought that maybe she was entitled to a little schadenfreude and waited around for the meeting.

"Oh, uh, secretary-girl," Aaron said as he walked by briskly, "Uh, gimme a coffee the way I like it. Make it two."

*My name is Jamie, and I'm not on the clock, you pompous prick!* Jamie thought to protest, but biting her tongue, she made herself smile and nod. *Who the hell drinks coffee at 7 at night anyway?*

Sighing, she went to go make the coffee and then brought it in just as the meeting was starting.

"And, uh, so, you see, the towel-heads over there in Timbuktu or wherever it is have it in for us," Aaron was saying. "You gotta be tough on these undeveloped countries and remind them who's boss from time to—oh, thank goodness," he said, seeing Jamie and waving her up impatiently.

"It's h—" she started to say, but before she could finish, he'd already snatched up the first cup and downed it.

"Augh!" he cried, clutching his throat. "That's too damn hot!"

Jamie hastily put the other cup down and poured him some water from the pitcher on the table. He downed it, too, then let out a sigh of relief, shooing her away.

"As the leader of the company," Deborah piped up, "It's *your* job to smooth things over with them. Why are we even in this position? I thought Dad had earned their trust and secured a deal right before he left? What happened?"

*Yeah, Aaron, what happened?* Jamie thought bitterly. *Why don't you tell them how you undid a year's worth of my work?*

"Shut up, Deborah," Aaron retorted. "I'm doing the best I can with what I've got!"

"The best you can?!" Deborah scoffed. "Dad handed you a fully functional company, and you've pissed off its most important supplier! You should *never* have been made CEO!"

Jamie's phone buzzed. While she wanted nothing more than to listen to her boss getting chewed out by his sister in front of the board, something told her the notification was important. Begrudgingly, she took it out and gasped on seeing who the sender was. Anxiously unlocking her phone, she skimmed the text and breathed a sigh of relief. Sitting in the back of the room, she got up furtively and tried to get her boss's attention, but by that point, he and his sister were having nothing short of a verbal family brawl in front of everybody. Putting her own feelings aside, she hurried up to the front and put her phone in front of her boss's face. He stopped mid-sentence, his eyes focusing on the text, and then a smug smile crawled over his face.

"Gentlemen, *sister*, I'm happy to report that our supplier will be providing us the needed gaskets after all. I *told* you that reminding them of their place would have them crawling back to us."

Jamie went and sat back down, even more disgusted than she had been before. But, at least her coworkers' jobs were safe...for now.

After the meeting, Jamie headed back to her office to get her keys. She felt a minor twinge, but since she was heading home, she ignored it. Turning, she started to turn out the lights when Aaron strode by, saw her, and stopped, turning to face her.

"Oh, uh, secretary-girl," he said, reddening. "I, um, I gotta hand it to you; if you hadn't shown me your phone up there, I would have been *dead*. What, um, what was your name again?"

Jamie blinked in surprise. Had he just *acknowledged* her?

"Come on, now, don't be shy. I know you secretary types can get all tongue-tied around me, but I asked you a question," Aaron persisted impatiently.

*There's that old arrogance.*

"My name is Jamie," she said. "Jamie."

"Jamie, right. Look, um, I really appreciate you showing me your phone. I don't know *what* made them change their minds—let alone why they told *you* instead of me—whatshisname was *pissed* the last time I talked to him, but anyway, thanks."

Jamie opened her mouth to speak but then felt another, stronger twinge.

"—can't give you a *raise* or anything—our revenues are still on shaky ground—but if there's something else I can do to make it up to you, you just let me know, okay?" Aaron was saying.

The hybrid wanted to chew him out for refusing a raise when the company wouldn't be making *any* revenue in a few weeks without her efforts, but the feeling of her cock rubbing against the front of her skirt made her gasp.

"Thanks, Boss," she said hurriedly, trying to push past him. "We can talk about it Monday, okay? I, um, I've got someplace I need to be."

"Well, hey, now, just a minute," Aaron said indignantly. "I'm still your boss, and you need to pay attention to me when I talk!"

Jamie bristled, the adrenaline accelerating her erection. Now was *not* the time to remind him that she wasn't on the clock, that she'd just saved his bacon, that he was being an ass.

"Sorry, Boss, but I gotta go; it's really important!" she said, trying harder to push past him.

"Jamie," her boss said angrily, physically barring the way, "You can go when I say you can go! What's so important that you have to leave *right* now?" he demanded.

About that moment, Jamie's cock raised up, flipping up her skirt, and pointed directly at him. Jamie reddened, and Aaron, unaware of what was going on, finally glanced down.

"Oh!" he said, jumping backwards in surprise. "You're a—a—"

"Yes," Jamie said flatly. "*That* is what was so important."

She glared at him defiantly, waiting for him to say something. He made several false starts, but every time, he trailed off, embarrassed.

"You said if there was something you could do to make it up to me, to let you know, right?" she said eventually. "How about starting with getting out of the way so I can go take care of this?" Her eyes narrowed. "Unless you want to take care of it for me, like I took care of that little supplier problem you couldn't solve?"

The wolf's eyes widened, sparking with the realization that perhaps there was a *lot* going on that he didn't know about. He stammered, trying to play it off, but eventually he just huffed and looked away, embarrassed.

"Well?" Jamie asked, her cock throbbing between them like a metronome. "Lead, follow, or get out of the way."

Aaron's eyes lit up. "Dad used to say that!" he said.

"Where do you think he learned it?" Jamie asked, giving him an expectant look.

Something tinged in the back of her mind. Without thinking it through, she blurted, "I think it's time you followed *my* lead for a change," gesturing to her cock.

She couldn't believe what she'd said and regretted it the second she said it, yet a glance at her boss's face revealed not anger but genuine consideration of the proposal. She quickly masked her fear of reprisal behind a veil of stoic indifference—a skill she'd perfected over the years—and watched her boss's reaction. He seemed to mull it over and then at last slowly nodded and knelt in front of her with a furtive glance over his shoulder to make sure nobody was watching.

"I hope that we can just keep this between us," he said nervously.

Running his tongue over the tip of her six-inch-diameter prick, he shuddered nervously, opened his mouth wide, and slipped her inside. Jamie gasped both from pleasure and from surprise. Was this really happening? Was her boss actually going down on her? She grasped the sides of the doorjamb and closed her eyes as her foreskin unrolled and slipped into his maw. Gosh, the wolf's mouth was so warm and wet, and Jamie could tell from the way his tongue stroked her that he'd had a cock in his mouth before.

For his part, Aaron felt a little unnerved. Constantly glancing out the sides of his eyes, he watched nervously for someone to walk up on them, forgetting that it was nearly 9:00 at night—too late for regular employees

## Who's the Boss?

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and too early for the night cleaning crew. As his secretary—this "little lady" who was neither little nor a lady (strictly speaking)—pressed her cock against the back of his throat, he felt a shiver of something he hadn't felt in a long time, a deeply humiliating yet bewilderingly satisfying sensation at the base of his skull, a little voice saying, "This is all you deserve: to be here on your knees sucking off the secretary."

No sooner did those words echo through his head than his secretary's cock twitched and throbbed, bringing him back into the moment before spurring a thick, hot rope of cum down his throat. He gasped in surprise and reddened in embarrassment, realizing that she had just used his mouth to get off, and he was still dressed.

As her boss pulled back, Jamie did a double-take on seeing his expression, a mixture of fear and embarrassment overshadowing his usual condescension. Hurriedly standing up, he looked everywhere but at her face.

"That, um, that'll be all, then, ah, Jamie?"

Still horny but too smart to push her luck, she nodded silently. Her boss cleared his throat, abruptly brought his hand to his face to wipe a bit of thick, white fluid off his lip, and then walked away briskly.

Jamie let out a disbelieving sigh. "Well! That happened."

She opened her bottle, took one pill, and waited for her erection to subside before she locked up and left for the night.

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Things were slightly awkward for a few days before the boss was back to his usual self. Jamie began to wonder whether she'd just imagined him being any different, but it wasn't long before he needed her help again. She had taken a few days off to de-stress, and when she returned, she found him rummaging through her desk.

"Can I help you?" she asked, taken aback and standing in the doorway to her office.

Aaron looked up, startled. "Jamie! Yes. The, um, the numbers on our biggest customer—"

"Industrial Corp?"

"Yes, right. They, um, seem to be rather upset with me at the moment, and I was hoping to show them just how dependent they are on our products."

Jamie visibly face-palmed.

"Problem?"

"Aaron, they've been upset with us for *years* because our products kept breaking, and they had to buy twice as many of our products to sort through the ones that worked. Your father got them into a contract saying that we were not required to eat the cost of defective belts, and that has been a massive pain-point for them. If you go show them those numbers, it's just going to make them even madder. I had been working with Manufacturing and Legal to see how we can improve their situation and keep them loyal to us." She hesitated. "What did you say to them that made them mad?"

Aaron frowned, stiffening indignantly. "Well, I don't think that's the business of a *secretary*," he replied. "That will be all, Jamie."

As he stormed out, Jamie wondered whether she'd overstepped her bounds and fretted for a couple of days as to whether he was petty enough to fire her over it. But when the board meeting came up again and she saw him sweating in front of a room of angry board members and his sister, she couldn't help but feel a little badly for him again. Still, she was just a "*secretary*", as he had put it, and if he was up there embarrassing himself, that was his prerogative.

As she went once more to her office to get her keys, he made a beeline for her.

"Jamie, thank goodness you're still here. I, um... I need your help."

The hybrid turned to face him.

"I'm not sure how much I can help, sir," she said innocently. "I'm just a *secretary*."

"Oh, um, forget I said that," Aaron said. "This is more important than that anyway. The board wants me to—"

"To fix what you broke when you presented Industrial with the numbers I warned you they wouldn't want to see," Jamie said knowingly. "I hate to say, 'I told you so,' but..." She smirked. "I'm just a secretary. Pay no attention to me. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've been off the clock for the last two hours and am eager to go home for the weekend."

"Jamie, *please*!" Aaron cried, dropping to his knees. "I'll suck your dick again if I have to; the company can't survive without Industrial. If I can't fix this, we're *all* out of a job! What about your friends down in Accounting? You don't want to see them out on the street, do you?"

As her boss was talking, Jamie had felt the familiar twinge. She *knew* she should have taken her pills, but since she hadn't saved her boss during the meeting, she hadn't counted on him racing down to her office and cornering her again. His mentioning them all being out of a job had stirred some fear and nervousness in her, and now she could already feel her glans rubbing against the fabric of her skirt.

"Look, I—I really can't talk about this right now," she said, moving to leave before she exposed herself to her boss again. "I have something important I need to take care of, and—"

"I'll take care of it," Aaron pleaded, glancing at her skirt in such an obvious way that there was no mistaking that he knew what he was saying. "Please, if I fix this for you, will you please fix this for me?"

An involuntary laugh escaped Jamie's lips. "You think you can *fix* my problem?" she asked. "What happened last time wasn't even enough to get me to go soft!"

Aaron shook his head impatiently. "Whatever," he persisted. "If I have to suck more, I'll suck more. Whatever it takes."

By then, Jamie's cock was fully hard and bobbing with her elevated heartbeat. Her boss was kneeling in front of her, looking up at it expectantly and waiting for her to answer.

"No more calling me 'just a secretary'," she said, masking her embarrassment with gruffness.

"Of course not."

"And you're gonna suck until I tell you I'm done?"

"Yes. You call the shots."

"I want a raise."

"Oh, come on! I just told you our biggest customer is threatening to walk away!"

"It is gonna be a *lot* of work to get back into their good graces," Jamie retorted. "Weeks' worth of delicate negotiations if not months'. And you think sucking me off one time is fair compensation?"

Aaron huffed helplessly and made several false starts before finally saying, "Look, I just don't have it right now; surely there's something else I can give you that will make it worth your while?"

A light went on in Jamie's head, and she gave him a devious smile that made him swallow nervously, wondering what Faustian bargain she was about to propose. Reaching into her drawer, she took out her prescription bottle.

"You know how much these cost me every month?" she asked.

Aaron shook his head.

"About \$600. Every month. That's after insurance. You take care of *this* problem"—she gestured to her cock—"anytime it comes up, and I'll consider that a \$7200 raise."

"Done," Aaron said automatically. "Oh, thank you!" he said, rising. "I can't tell you what this means to m—"

"Ahem?"

Aaron glanced down, then swallowed and gave a sheepish half-smile. "Oh, um, right."

He knelt again in front of her.

"And we're *going* until I go soft," Jamie said firmly.

Aaron nodded, and Jamie gestured for him to get started.

There was no need to lift her skirt since it was already pulled up by the force of her throbbing erection, so he reached up with both hands, pulled the tip of her dick towards his mouth, and touched his tongue to her glans. The taste of her precum was lightly salty, its texture slippery and slightly viscous. His eyes widened as her foreskin unrolled into his mouth and her cock swelled, filling the space between his tongue and palate. Glancing up at her, he saw her looking down on him with an expression that was inscrutable yet made him blush with embarrassment. It didn't take much to get the hyper-aroused herm off the first time, little more than a few licks before she was cumming down his throat.

Yet it wasn't until he started to pull off that he *really* began to understand what was expected of him. As he tried to pull away, she gave him an accusatory look and pivoted, pinning his back against her desk.

"I told you, you don't get to stop until I go soft," she said.

Pushing forward, she jabbed the thick tip of her cock against the back of his throat. His eyes bulged at the sudden, uncomfortable pressure, but before he could really react, she had shoved forward again, pressing her glans up against his throat.

"Open wide," she said, maybe a bit more sadistically than she intended.

Aaron struggled to open his mouth wider and fought hard against the urge to retch as she hit his gag reflex several times. At last, with a rough thrust, she shoved the tip of her cock into his throat. His body jerked involuntarily, but Jamie, who hadn't had a steady sex partner in years, shuddered in ecstasy on feeling such a warm, wet orifice wrapped so snugly around herself. Just the thought and feeling alone were enough to make her cum again, and Aaron let out a helpless moan as his stomach flooded with more of the thick, white substance.

But Jamie had spent most of her life *avoiding* stimulation as a way to help the meds keep her libido in check, and now that she actually felt a nice throat wrapped around her, she felt her balls shudder. Far from feeling relieved and relaxed, she felt even *more* turned-on than she had when she first started getting hard. Ignoring her boss's unintelligible protestations, she thrust forward harder, shoving her cock further down his throat and gasping as her overfilled balls dumped yet another load down into his gullet. Aaron, now unable to breathe, began to struggle as his eyes widened and filled with panic. But Jamie's libido was now burning so intensely that she felt her own kind of panicky overstimulation and shoved still deeper down her hapless boss's throat, cumming again as his esophagus pressed her foreskin back even further and exposed more of her sensitive shaft.

"O—oh, my *gosh!*" she cried, grabbing his head and shoving herself balls-deep into his mouth.

Grasping the sides of his face tightly and panting, her head swimming as her legs began to shake and threatened to buckle, she let out an overstimulated, ecstatic wail as her balls squeezed rhythmically, rising and falling against Aaron's chin. At last, with an uncomfortable grunt, she pulled herself out, trailing a stream of cum that splattered all over his front and the floor. He immediately pitched forward, catching himself on all fours and hacking as gob after gob of cum spilled out of his mouth onto the carpet.

"Wh—what the hell?" he demanded between gasps, his voice raspy. "Were you *trying* to suffocate me?!"

Even Jamie had to admit to herself that she'd gotten carried away, that it had just felt so good that she hadn't been able to make herself stop. But though she felt a minor pang of remorse, more than that, she was high on endorphins and the unexpected sensation of power she had felt when she saw that look of submissive resignation in her boss's eyes.

She was *not* ready to give that up.

"I believe the deal was that we would stop when I went soft," she said—a little more coldly than she intended, but better than coming off weak. "Or have you forgotten already?" she demanded.

Her boss glared up at her, but seeing the determined look on her face, he averted his eyes, staring at the pool of cum under him instead, his lip curling petulantly.

"No," he muttered.

"Well, *that* is what it takes to make me go soft," Jamie replied. "Now, if you'd like to renege on our agreement, I am happy to let you try to solve this mess on your own."

"N—no!" he gasped, jerking his head up and looking panicked again. "I—I'll hold up my end...as long as you hold up yours."

Jamie smiled coolly, her cock now hidden once more beneath her skirt. "I've been upholding my end since before your father ever considered making you his heir," she replied. "There's *no* worry about that."

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Jamie was good to her word. It took less time than she had expected, but the rapport she'd built as the first person to answer calls from their customers and the first to speak to someone on the other end when she patched her old boss through had given her a leg up, and she used it effectively to bypass the usual channels that her new boss had succeeded in closing off.

"You'd better pay that woman her weight in gold," the customer had said to Aaron when Jamie transferred the customer to him. "She knows better than anybody else in your organization how to treat a customer."

The next thirty minutes had been spent with Aaron apologizing over and over and assuring Industrial's CEO that "his little outburst" would never happen again. When he finally hung up, he collapsed in his chair, looking as disheveled as he had when Jamie had consummated their deal.

Yet for all her bluster during that encounter, Jamie had realized just how far over the edge she'd gone. Despite saying that she was going to make her boss handle her urges, she had still continued taking her meds at the slightest sign of arousal, terrified of what she might become if she were to fully let go and embrace that domineering, intense personality she'd discovered.

What she had not predicted—perhaps through lack of foresight but likely due to baseless optimism—was that things were rapidly moving towards her needing to save her boss yet again. A series of high-profile end-device failures and root-cause analyses fingering their company's products as the points of failure had attracted the attention of industry watchdogs and regulators alike, and as Jamie was learning that her boss was prone to doing, Aaron had taken the accusations against his company as personal affronts and reacted defensively, outright dismissing the claims and stopping just short of calling the accusers idiots.

They were not pleased.

Hauled before the board again and read the riot act and literally cussed out by his sister, Aaron had come into Jamie's office visibly trembling afterwards.

"I—I don't have a clue what I'm doing," he admitted, his fists clenched. "How was I supposed to know that Dad had let the processes get so out of control?"

He looked so distraught that Jamie thought he might fall over, and she hurriedly seated him in her own chair before he did so and injured himself. The stain from their last encounter was still on the floor; she didn't need her boss's blood there, too.

"Help me, Jamie. Please," he said dully, his eyes bloodshot and his face haggard. "I—I don't know what to do."

"Have you tried apologizing to the regulators?" Jamie suggested.

"What good would that do?"

"Well, a little humility might make them not see you as the 'big, bad capitalist', for one thing. For two, apologizing puts yourself in a vulnerable position, and people are often kinder to people who make themselves vulnerable."



"Maybe you're right," he said, brightening slightly. Sighing, he got up and started to leave, but hesitated in the doorway. "I don't suppose... there's a way you could do like you did with the other things and just... make this go away?" he asked hopefully.

Jamie cocked her head.

"I could," she said after a pause.

"But...?"

She licked her lips and gave him an expectant look.

He stared at her for a moment, then reddened and pointed to his mouth.

She shook her head.

He frowned and did a double-take.

She stared significantly at his pants.

He blushed harder, then took a few faltering steps backwards out of the office, putting his hands up defensively and shaking his head.

She shrugged indifferently.

He disappeared from sight.

She huffed and reached into her drawer for her pills.

He burst back into her office a few seconds later as she was taking the lid off the bottle.

"Okay, okay, you win," he muttered. "I'll do it, just....make this go away."

Jamie looked up at him, startled and surprised, but she quickly recovered and fixed him with an expectant look again.

"Ahem."

His eyes darted to her, then away. "What, right now?"

She glanced down at her desk, then back at him.

He swallowed hard, his stomach knotting and his heart pounding in his chest. He glanced down at her desk, then sighed and began undoing his belt. She watched him intently, not daring to show the elated disbelief she felt at that moment as her boss's pressed, starched gray slacks dropped to the ground to reveal a rather boring set of boxers before they, too, fell to the ground. The wolf's sheath did not stir a bit, and Jamie felt a pang of remorse on realizing that her boss was getting absolutely *no* pleasure from these encounters. Still, that wasn't her problem; he was getting *plenty* out of their encounters in other ways.

Loosening his tie, he let out a quavering breath and leaned over her desk. As she stepped up behind him, her cock throbbing *furiously*, he suddenly looked over his shoulder at her.

"Please be gentle," he said, his voice barely a whisper, "I—I've never done this before."

As he turned and looked away again, Jamie thought back to how she'd felt when she first learned that he was going to be her boss, how she'd wanted to fuck him in the ass, to let him see what it was like to get fucked over by a coworker. She remembered the rage and bitterness, even remembered in vivid detail the fantasy of how violent and cruel she had planned to be. Yet seeing him standing in front of her, his shirt-tail unobstructed by his tail, which was curled slightly down between his legs, she couldn't help but feel sorry for him. It wasn't *his* fault his father had made him the next CEO and certainly wasn't his fault the old man had left him so unprepared for the role before thrusting him into it. It was true, Aaron had been an ass to her when he first started, but the more she watched him, the more she realized he was effectively a scared kid, spoiled from birth, trying to live up to Daddy's expectations without a clue in the world of how to do it. Now, far from the anger she'd felt, she felt nothing but pity for him.

Also lust. As her bobbing, drooling cock reminded her, a *lot* of lust.

She shook her head. Whatever deal her boss had made, that was his business. She was here to make sure she got what she wanted out of *her* deal with him, and ever since she'd first seen that lithe, tight ass walk by her office, she'd wanted what was about to happen.

She reached down and grasped his tail. Her thought was to jerk it out of the way, but seeing Aaron's body stiffen, she softened her touch and gently moved it off to the side. Pressing her cock against his buttocks, she began to rock side-to-side, smearing copious amounts of pre all over his backside. His body alternately stiffened and relaxed, his breathing irregular and prone to periodic gasps. One moment, his tail would clench against her, and the next, it would lift up off to the side lewdly, as if he himself couldn't decide whether he wanted what was about to happen or not.

Jamie pressed forward, slipping between his buttocks and pressing against his tailhole but not penetrating it, yet—even though every fiber of her was screaming at her to do so. Instead, she reached up, brushed against the outside of his thigh, and slipped her hand around his front. They both gasped in surprise. Not only had his cock poked from his sheath, it was hard and swollen. Its base had swelled into a big knot-shaped bulge, and Jamie started on feeling a penis so unlike her own. But as she reached forward and grasped it, Aaron gasped and melted into her hand, his hips at first lightly thrusting forward into her hand before rocking backwards, bumping her prick with his anus.

Jamie smirked to herself. He might not have had a cock up his ass before, but his body language said he wasn't completely opposed to the idea, either. Who was she to deny it what it so clearly wanted?

Pressing forward, she grasped the base of her boss's cock in one hand and used it to pull him backwards. He let out a whimper as her oversized glans spread his anus and slipped inside.

"Oh!" they chorused.

Aaron's cock throbbed ferociously in her hand as her own cock throbbed just as ferociously in his ass. As his pre dribbled down onto her hand, she began to lightly stroke him, using the movements of her hand to lightly tug his body towards and away from her, slowly driving herself deeper and deeper into him. No sooner had her foreskin begun to slip back off her glans than she came the first time.

It caught them both off guard: the heat, volume, and force blowing past Aaron's prostate made his cock twitch and his anus clench, which made Jamie cry out in pleasure as another, stronger expulsion from her balls lightly inflated her boss's rectum.

"O—oh," he gasped, feeling light-headed and sagging forward to rest his weight on his forearms on the desk.

"You sweet, innocent anal virgin," Jamie teased, shaking her head. "I haven't even bumped your prostate, yet."

She thrust forward, tilting her hips slightly downward. Her glans hit its target spot-on, and the sudden spike in sensation made Aaron cum right then and there. Jamie grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing tightly and milking him for all he was worth as she began to thrust into him in earnest, deliberately holding herself back as she slipped into him a few more inches at a time. When at last her balls touched his quivering buttocks, she let herself go. With a feral shout, she felt her orbs quiver and begin to dump their contents into Aaron's ass.

The wolf, who by that time was light-headed and feeling slightly over-stimulated, suddenly felt his insides filling with something thick and so hot that it made him sweat. Panting, he tried to keep his composure, but before long, he was letting out a series of whimpers and moans as his cock began to drool once again. Having never experienced multi-orgasm before, he felt panic beginning to take hold of his brain once more as his overstimulated ass, cock, and especially prostate begged to be left alone.

Yet Jamie was only getting started. As rope after rope spurted out of her throbbing, swollen member and her heaving, swollen balls continued to rub up against her boss's ass, she pulled back, getting ready to deliberately start stimulating herself. Everything to this point had just been blowing off excess steam. Now that she finally had a nice ass to use—it had been so long—she was *finally* going to enjoy herself fully. Thrusting forward hard, she groaned loudly, feeling Aaron's bowels rubbing against her all over. Pulling back, her eyes rolled back in her head as her foreskin rolled back over her shaft. She shoved forward again, felt her foreskin uncover her again, and came hard, the volume making her boss's belly begin to pooch out.

For his part, Aaron groaned, feeling slightly nauseous yet also strangely turned on by what was happening. His secretary's hand around the base of his malehood had kept him spurting far longer than he usually did, and the unfamiliar yet tantalizing sensations in his ass ensured that each spurt was also far harder than he usually experienced. The ordeal was thrilling yet overwhelming, the sensations amazing yet terrifying. Panicking at the overstimulation, he began to hyperventilate, his breaths coming out as hoarse whimpers.

"P—please, I—I can't—can't—ugh!"

The pitch of his voice rose by an octave and then two as he came hard, his bowels pressing Jamie's cock sharply against his prostate. His cum shot over the desk, splattering the ceiling and far wall as he moaned piteously, his voice modulated by the sharp, rapid thrusts from his secretary as she at last stimulated herself to full, satisfying release. She let out a guttural grunt as she slammed herself balls-deep into her boss and held him tightly against her.

An uncomfortable look came over Aaron's face as her cum surged through his bowels, quickly filling them and rushing upward. He looked for a moment like he was going to throw up, and then he leaned over and began to cough up mouthful after mouthful of the stuff. Fortunately, she'd had the discipline to keep her desk cleaned off at the end of the day. The white puddle below him spread towards the edge of the desk and then began to drip down the front, splattering to the ground and wetting the carpet not far from the existing stain.

At last, sated, Jamie let go of her boss's cock and took a staggering step backwards, pulling herself and a stream of cum out of him. Despite the wooziness, he gasped as he felt his backside gaping open so lewdly and clenched as hard as he could to slow the stream out of his ass. As Jamie's cock shrank and retreated back below her skirt, her boss stood there, leaning over her desk and feeling distinctly gross and embarrassed, a feeling that only intensified when he realized that the mess had gotten all over his crumpled-up pants and underwear.

Jamie did not envy him his trip home, knowing full-well that he drove a high-performance luxury car that would not look good with cum-stains on the seats.

*A little something to remember me by, she thought wickedly.*

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Encouraged by her boss's increasing reliance on her, Jamie wasted no time making the calls she needed to make and buttering up the regulators she needed to butter up. By the following Monday, she'd defused the situation enough to let her boss try again with a little more humility. While the regulators *did* have some findings, they weren't such that the company faced closure. With a new lease on life, her boss had gone into the board meeting gloating.

It was then—hearing him talk about how great his performance had been (and without a single mention of her) that she decided to start making an honest man of him. They'd struck their bargain in good faith, after all, so why was she still paying for meds? Determined to get a fair deal, she reached into her drawer, snatched up the bottle, and headed towards the break room to throw it away. Of course, she could have thrown it away in her own trash can, but that would have made it too easy to retrieve.

But as she strode towards the break room, she suddenly felt a pang of nerves and shortened her stride. The more she thought about it, the less ready she was to be rid of them. They had, after all, served her well for years. What if her boss was busy? What if he wasn't available when the urge struck? She came to a stop. No, it was better to hold onto them, she thought. Turning around, she went back to her desk and put the bottle back in its place.

That didn't stop her, though, from walking into his office.

"You remember our agreement?" she said pointedly.

"Can't it wait?" Aaron asked, gesturing to the clock. "I'm about to step into a meeting."

Jamie froze, hesitating, then nodded and went back to her office. No sooner had she sat down than she scowled. "Whenever she needed," she had said, and her boss was *not* going to hold himself to it if she didn't do it for him. Resolved to have her way, she marched back into his office, only to find that he'd already left. Huffing indignantly, she returned to her desk and took some pills.

This pattern continued for a few days with Jamie growing more and more annoyed each time, until Aaron inevitably got himself into trouble again. The exact circumstances don't really matter—if it hadn't been one thing, it would have been another—but the upshot was that when Jamie saw him sweating at the meeting, when he looked directly at her with a pleading expression, when she made an 'o' with one hand and pushed the index finger of her other hand through it several times, and when he shook his head, it was no surprise that she got up and left him standing up there, gaping and still on the hook to answer the board's questions. Knowing full well what would happen next, she strolled down to her office and sat, waiting patiently and deliberately *not* taking her pills.

Right on schedule, Aaron swept into her office.

"What the hell, Jamie?" he demanded. "You're supposed to be helping me!"

"Wrong," Jamie replied, leaning back in her seat to give him a peek at her slowly growing prick under her skirt while pretending to study her nails. "I was supposed to get you out of your last mess. I did that. *In exchange*," she added, turning her attention from her nails to him and glaring at him head-on, "You were supposed to help me with this little problem, yet *every* time I have come to your office, you have brushed me aside. Not *once* have you initiated or even come around to get back to me on it, either. Don't *you* come storming into *my* office claiming breach of contract when *you* have failed to uphold your end of the bargain at *every* turn! And, don't get me *started* on your two-facedness! You come *begging* me for help, and then anytime you're in front of the board, it's how great *you* are, what a great job *you've* done! How about throwing a little praise towards those who have actually *done* the work?"

"You had better be careful," Aaron snapped back. "You're bordering on insubordination."

Jamie raised her eyebrows in surprise and bemusement. "Uh, oh. Big, bad boss is gonna fire me," she scoffed. "And when I'm gone, who will bail you out of these *endless* pits you keep digging yourself into? Gonna get *Daddy* to come save you when your sister tears you a new asshole and sticks *her* dick into it?"

Aaron gaped, his chest heaving with anger, yet his mouth unable to form words.

"She's right, you know," Jamie said, resuming studying her nails. "She'd make a *far* better CEO than you would. That bitch knows her shit."

Aaron froze. The heaving chest stopped, and his attempts to say something ceased. Jamie had struck a nerve, and they both knew it. It was what had been on both their minds ever since he'd started, but until then, nobody had dared to say it aloud. The wolf's face fell, and Jamie leaned forward expectantly.

"That will... be all," Aaron said, turning as if in a daze to leave her office.

Jamie watched him go as he trudged out, looking as if his whole world had just been ripped out from under him.

*Serves him right*, Jamie thought, though she couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt for being so blunt.

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It was several days before Aaron could even bring himself to face her again. Without her boss's constant interruptions, Jamie used the time to be more productive than she had been in months, organizing several new initiatives and getting stakeholder buy-in that would both reduce operating costs and improve product quality within the next six months or so. But as she was wrapping up some paperwork on Wednesday evening, he knocked tentatively and stepped in. Fighting the urge to smirk, she looked at him expectantly.

"You—" he started, then sighed. "You were right."

"About what?" Jamie asked. "I've slept since we last talked."

"Everything!" Aaron said, throwing his hands up. "*All* of it, even my sister being a better CEO than me. You—you don't know what it's like to be in my position," he said entreatingly. "My dad, he—he wants me to run the company, but I don't know how to do that. You do; *she* does. But he picked me, and he expects me to pick up his mantle and run the place like he would have. And yeah, I don't give enough credit. It's what he would have done. All my life, I just wanted him to be proud of me, yet here I am, screwing *everything* up. I'm not a leader; I don't—I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing. I need help," he said quietly, venturing a timid glance at her. "You know what you're doing. Won't you help me?"

Jamie cocked her head. "I *have* helped you," she replied. "Over and over. The last time you gave me this pity-me story, we made an agreement. I upheld my end until you quit upholding yours. Holding you accountable is *not* me picking on you. That's *just* business. You wouldn't like it if our customers quit paying us, right?"

"Right."

"And you wouldn't like it if we paid for gaskets and didn't get them, right?"

"Of course."

"So, how do you think I feel when we make an agreement and you fail to do what you said you would do?"

"I know, I know. I'm... Sorry. Okay?"

Now Jamie *did* smirk.

"And how sorry are you?" she asked. "Just sorry enough to say so, or sorry enough to make it right?"

Aaron froze, his expression like a deer caught in the headlights.

Jamie nodded slowly. "That's what I thought. Come back when you can act like a businessperson worth trusting. Your father was not good at passing out the credit, but his word was his bond; his character, *unimpeachable* in that regard."

With that, she went back to finishing up her paperwork, giving him a dismissive wave. He stood awkwardly for a minute, unsure of what to do, and then slowly turned and left.

He was back before Jamie could even mentally chastise him.

"Okay, *fine*," he muttered, undoing his belt. "Just...make it quick, okay? I don't want someone to see us."

Jamie raised her eyebrows, then scowled and shook her head.

"That's not what we agreed to," she said firmly, feeling the agitation making her begin to stir in her seat beneath her skirt. "In exchange for me saving your ass, *you* are gonna be a piece of ass until I go soft. *That* was what we agreed to. That was the deal, and if you're going to offer me any less than that now, you can cinch up your belt, turn back around, and march right back out the way you came. Either that," she glared at him from under her eyebrows, "Or you lead me into *your* office, finish taking your belt off, lean over *your* desk, and take what I give you until I have nothing left to give and get tired of fucking your ass."

Aaron hesitated, and Jamie was about to shoo him out again when he finally nodded, inclined his head towards his office, and walked out. Jamie started subtly, then smirked to herself as she rose and followed him. Aaron, meanwhile, was wishing that he had requested that blinds be installed over the windows on either side of his office door. His stomach wrenched as he unfastened his belt, moved his chair out of the way, and leaned over his desk.

Jamie was on him in a heartbeat, her thick cock butting roughly up under his tail.

"Argh, it's been way too long," she muttered eagerly as she moved his tail aside and gave a sharp thrust forward. Aaron saw stars, a little whimper escaping his lips as she shoved in, forcing his hole open wide. Yet despite stretching painfully wide, it wasn't enough to accommodate her girth. Jamie grunted, the corner of her lip pulling up with determination as she thrust again.

"I—it won't *fit*!" Aaron gasped. "Why won't it fit?"

"I took you at your word," Jamie replied coldly as she pressed hard against him, crushing his thighs against his desk and flexing her cock a few times to ream out an opening in her boss's ass. "You said you were going to get me off anytime I needed it. Well, I've needed it *countless* times, and when I don't get off, it gets bigger. If you'd been a wolf of your word, this wouldn't have happened. Pucker up, buttercup; this is gonna hurt."

Aaron didn't have a chance to protest. At that exact moment, Jamie's throbbing, oversized rod finally found a way in and, driven by her unrelenting force, rocketed balls-deep into him in an instant. His eyes bulged,

his ass ached, and his head swam, but before he could even catch his breath, Jamie pulled back and slammed forward again, already starting to cum.

"Oh, yes-yes-yes-yes-yes!" she gasped, her cock throbbing and spewing rope after rope into the wolf's bowels.

Overwhelmed and already nauseous, Aaron let out a faint whimper, his paws gripping the front edge of the desk so tightly that his knuckles turned white under the tan fur. Gritting his teeth, he let out a series of grunts in time to Jamie's rhythmic slamming into his ass, so forceful that the desk let out little screeches of protest, too.

"Hey, Aaron, have you—"

Hearing the voice of one of his accountants, Richard, the wolf's eyes snapped open, and he stood up hurriedly, wincing and gritting his teeth as Jamie's cock drove roughly against his innards.

"Is everything okay?" Richard asked, frowning at seeing his CEO looking so uncomfortable and standing so close to his desk. "Is now a bad time?"

"Mm, a bit, Richard," Aaron replied through gritted teeth.

"I was just looking for Jamie. Have you seen her?"

Aaron's eyes darted to the side, then looked back at Richard. "N—no," he replied. "She might have gone home for the night."

"Her office lights are still on."

"Then turn them out as you walk by," Aaron replied testily, his eye twitching as he felt Jamie's cock rubbing and spurting against his prostate.

"Maybe I'll—"

"Just *go!*" Aaron snapped, a little more forcefully than he'd have liked.

Richard did a double-take, looking hurt.

"And close the door on your way out!" Aaron ordered.

The accountant backed away meekly, turned, and closed the door behind him.

Aaron sighed in relief. "That was close," he said, trying to turn to face Jamie. "We need to—"

"I'm not done, yet," Jamie said, shoving him even harder up against the desk.

"Look, Jamie, we almost got caught! We—"

"That's not my problem," Jamie replied firmly, putting her hand in the small of his back and shoving him forward. "I've been waiting and *waiting* for this; I am *not* stopping until I'm finally satisfied!"

Her boss whined but leaned over his desk once more, his fingers grasping for a handhold until they once again found the edge of the desk.

If anything, the delay had only turned Jamie on more, and she began thrusting harder than ever, her big, heavy balls slapping against her boss's thighs with an audible *slap, smack, slap, smack*. With his large intestine now completely full of her jizz, Aaron felt a tinge of humiliation crawling up his neck as his overfilled bowel began to leak out around the sides of his secretary's cock, trickling down his thighs on a long, slow trek towards his underwear. Jamie felt it, too, yet her reaction was decidedly different.

"Oh, *gosh*, that feels good!" she gasped.

Grasping his hips, she pulled herself in as tightly as she could, grunted sharply, and began to cum again, much harder than before.

"Th—this feels like the last one," she panted, her eyes rolling back in her head as her balls heaved up, dragging against her boss's leg-fur.

Aaron opened his mouth, moaning miserably as his secretary's fluids slipped into his small intestines, squiggled their way around with shocking speed and intensity, and began to flood into his stomach. He began to pant shallowly, a pained expression pulling at the corners of his mouth and eyes as his eyelids half closed and his body alternated between going limp and rigid.

All at once, his stomach filled up. His eyes opened and stared helplessly ahead of him as he heaved and vomited a steady stream of thick, white, bleach-tasting cum all over his desk. It splattered on the papers there and struck the side of his computer monitor, but Aaron was too miserable to care. As Jamie at last finished with him and pulled out, he began to vocalize incoherently, feeling twin streams of cum flowing out both ends. What had been a faint, irritating trickle down his thigh before was now a torrent that soaked his legs, drenched his wadded-up pants and underwear, and covered the floor in a big, white puddle around their feet.

Sated at last, Jamie sighed contentedly, patted her boss roughly on the ass, and took a step back. Glancing down, she noted that some of the papers that had been drenched bore her boss's signature.

"That's the Souell contract, isn't it?" she said, snatching it up and grasping it by the one small patch that wasn't covered in her own orgasmic juice. "Yup. I'll get this reprinted for you while you"—she smirked—"get yourself cleaned up."

Aaron didn't even nod. Still trailing a string of cum from his tongue, he just stared blankly at the floor in front of him, failing even to notice that the white fluids on his desk didn't belong solely to his secretary.

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Emboldened by her boss's seeming desperation to stay in her good graces, Jamie grew more forceful and demanding as time went on, not only with her boss but with others within the company, too. She knew that if push came to shove—and in Aaron's particular case, there was plenty pushing *and* shoving—her boss would have no choice but to stand by her. Where their encounters had trickled to a couple of times a month, she began to start demanding daily service, and before long, it was multiple times a day. Not only was she growing brazen in how frequently she demanded sex, she was also less inhibited as to where it happened. As she and her boss were walking out of a meeting, she suddenly grabbed him by his tie, yanked him into a supply closet, and pulled his pants down right then and there. Without a hint of overture, she knelt enough to get her penis lined up under his tail and then stood, pushing upward and inward in one fluid motion and eliciting a gasp from Aaron. Shoving him up against the racks of stationery and thrusting hard enough that pencils and staplers bounced on their shelves, she let him off with a quickie that day, moving his pants and underwear aside just in the nick of time to avoid the splash that erupted out of him when she pulled out.

"Come on," she said, "You'll be late for your next meeting."

Leaving the evidence of their transgression there to seep over the tile floor, she made sure her boss was dressed, his fly zipped, and sent him on his way.

About an hour later, a horrified-looking Richard came into her office.

"Jamie, there's, uh... a *huge* mess in the supply closet," he said, shuddering as if the memory of it was somehow insalubrious.

Fighting the urge to smirk, Jamie arched her eyebrows. "And?" she asked.

Richard, taken aback, tripped over his words. "A—and it needs to be cleaned up," he stammered.

"Do I look like a janitor?" Jamie asked.

"Well, no, but...shouldn't you call for one?"

"I believe you're perfectly capable of picking up a phone, Richard," Jamie chided, shaking her head and returning her attention to the papers on her desk.

Richard made a few false starts, and then seeing Aaron walking by, he said, "Hey, Aaron, um... There's a huge mess in the supply closet."

The wolf's eyes bulged, and he visibly reddened as he glanced at Jamie.

"W—what s—sort of mess?" he asked nervously.

"I—I'd rather not say," Richard said. Glancing over his shoulder, he leaned in and whispered, "I think it's... *cum!*"

"Mr. White was just telling me about the mess," Jamie piped up blandly from her desk without looking up. "I'm not sure why he feels it is necessary to bring such a trivial matter to the attention of the CEO. Such a matter should be handled by a janitor."

"Well, yeah," Richard said, turning to face her, "But *you* won't call for one!" Turning back to Aaron, he protested, "I mean, what is a secretary's job if not to call for things? If she's not going to do her job, then..." He trailed off, giving Aaron a look that combined helplessness and expectancy.

Aaron glanced from Richard to Jamie, who had looked up and was giving him a far more expectant, far less helpless look. He glanced back at Richard. He was about to reply when he suddenly felt a residual trickle creeping out of his stretched ass and making its way for his underwear.

"Jamie is busy on a project I have her doing," he blurted. "Just place the call yourself."

"Yeah, but—but I don't know the number!"

"It's '2'," Jamie called helpfully, fixing him with an unmistakable "I won" smirk.

The accountant scowled, then huffed and walked away with his tail between his legs—literally; the foxhound had never looked so dejected before in his life.

"Was that really necessary?" Aaron asked reproachfully, stepping into Jamie's office and grimacing as he tried to scratch at the itching slime-trail between his buttocks.

"Don't mess with that," Jamie said hurriedly. "I love the feeling of a nice, slick ass as I slip in nice and easy. To answer your question, " she added, reaching for his belt, "No, but this is."

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Drunk with power and lust, Jamie kept pressing her advantage, taking things ever to new depths of depravity, and Aaron, despite all his protesting upfront, seemed surprisingly pliant about the whole thing. This was especially noticeable when she brought the collar and leash.

"Get down on all fours and sit like a good boy," she said simply, brandishing the collar.

Aaron opened his mouth to protest but then seemed to think better of it and got down into a doggy-sitting position in front of her. His face reddened and was hot to the touch as she fastened the collar around his neck, but he offered no resistance.

"Come on, boy," Jamie practically giggled as she attached the leash to the collar with an audible *snap*. "Let's go see how well you behave around the office."

Aaron's eyes widened, his body going rigid with fear as she tugged on the leash, gently at first but then firmly. He let out a whimper as she coaxed him up onto all fours and started leading him out of his office. The going was slow with him in such an awkward position, but Jamie took it in stride, grinning ear-to-ear and knowing full-well how much she was getting away with.

But the sound of footsteps down the hall made her ears prick forward, and his, too. Turning quickly, she hissed and gestured for him to stand up. He leapt to his feet just as Richard came around the corner, nearly running into Jamie as he did so. The foxhound did a double-take, seeing his boss standing directly behind the uppity secretary.

"Aaron?" he said, surprised, "I'm surprised to see you out of your office so early."

Frowning, he tried to move to the side to get Jamie out of his line of sight, but she moved with him, continuing to obscure his view of Aaron.

Exasperated, he said, "Jamie, will you move, please? I'm trying to have a conversation with my boss."

"No!" Aaron practically barked. "I, um"—he cleared his throat—"I like her right where she is."



Richard looked at him quizzically for a moment, then shook his head. "I'll come back later," he said, annoyed as he turned on heel and went off muttering under his breath.

Aaron and Jamie exchanged glances, then chuckled sheepishly, and she led him back into his office.

"No reason you can't be the little doggy you are in here," she said, pointing to the floor. "Take off your clothes, doggy—doggies don't wear clothes!—and then get back on all fours."

Hearing it put *that* way, Aaron blushed fiercely, yet as he took off his clothes, it was clear that he wasn't completely *hating* the experience, as evidenced by his prominent erection.

"Good boy, doggy," Jamie said, pointing to the ground in front of her. "Now, *sit!*"

Jamie doggy-sat in front of her and looked up at her obediently.

"Good," Jamie said, her voice growing husky and her skirt lifting up of its own accord. "Now, give me some *attention.*"

Aaron knew exactly what she wanted, and staying in character, he obediently crawled forward, stuck his muzzle up under her skirt, and gave her a few hot, moist snuffles. He gasped, surprised by how warm and humid it was under her skirt but also turned on by how pheromone-laden the air there was.

"Blow me, doggy," Jamie said encouragingly, tugging on the leash with one hand, then grasping his head with both and guiding him towards her tumescent cock. "Give it a nice, good deep-throating."

Still in character, Aaron let her maneuver his head into position, his muzzle almost touching her glans. A big, clear droplet had already formed on the tip, and he instinctively reached forward with his tongue to lap at it, provoking a shudder and a murmured "good boy".

Something clicked inside his head on hearing those two simple words. It felt as though he had just won a marathon or cured cancer, achieving some kind of miraculous feat that stifled any embarrassment and made his chest swell with pride. While that might be a slight exaggeration, it was certainly more praise than his father had ever given him, and he immediately wanted more of it. He took to this role with gusto, surging forward and eliciting a *clink* of the leash clasp against the D-ring of his collar. Jamie gasped, taken off guard by his sudden exuberance, and nearly staggered backwards as he put his hand-paws up on her thighs and began nursing her cock for all he was worth. It immediately began to swell in response, and he eagerly licked and nipped at it, teasing it as the foreskin began to roll back. Then, slipping his mouth over the growing appendage, he thrust his head forward, stretched his throat open as if yawning, and choked down his gag reflex until he could feel the thick member begin to slide down his throat.

"Ohh," Jamie gasped, "Good boy..."

*More praise!* Aaron was beside himself on realizing that all he had to do to feel so much joy was suck Jamie's cock. With such an *easy* task that he was good at, it seemed like he had discovered an unlimited fountain of praise, and he sought to drink up all the adulation he could get. He began bobbing and twisting his head, his throat and tongue working Jamie's cock forward and backward and side-to-side at the same time. For her part, Jamie wasn't used to having such a willing sex partner, and she found herself leaning against Aaron's shoulders to steady herself as her balls began to quiver.

Without warning, Aaron suddenly felt spurts of jism so thick as they gushed down his throat that each one stretched his throat open wide, making his neck bulge as they passed through his gullet. One after another, they splashed into his stomach, quickly filling him to the point that he had to stand on all fours to let his belly distend. Feeling nauseous but desperate to be told "good boy" again, he continued swallowing even as overstimulated, exhausted tears escaped his eyes and ran down the sides of his face. The flood of cum into his gut had stretched his normally lithe waist to the point that it felt like it would burst. Then, evidently deciding it was easier to just continue along his digestive tract than to stretch him out any more, his stomach contents abruptly flooded into his intestines with such force that he shuddered involuntarily. With audible squelches, gurgles, and growls, Jamie's cum made it into his large intestines, and his eyes widened. Hesitating, he glanced over his shoulder nervously and clamped his tail down against his ass.

"It's okay," Jamie said, petting his head and stroking his face. "Be a good boy and let it out," she cooed.

*Those words again...*

Aaron's tail inadvertently began to wag. Suddenly it didn't matter to him if he made a mess on his carpet. Feeling the cum rounding the bend into his sigmoid colon, he took up a sturdier stance and relaxed, returning his attention to the cock lodged deep in his throat. As Jamie's spunk began to leak out his backside, saturating his tail hairs and cascading down his perineum in thick gobs, he wagged furiously and tried for all he was worth to swallow enough of her cock that he could lick her balls.

After several false starts, he succeeded.

"Oh, *gah!*" Jamie cried. "Good boy, doggy! Good boy!"

Aaron's eyes suddenly bulged, and he glanced down just as his own prick erupted into the air between Jamie's legs. With cum spewing out both his front and back, he couldn't take any more and pulled himself off his secretary's cock, hunching over to let the residual cum drool out of his mouth. Now with three springs of cum spurting, drooling, and cascading out of him, it didn't take long for there to be a huge, white, thick mess under him. He didn't care. Sated and exhausted, he flopped over onto his side in the mess and lay there panting contentedly.

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That was only the first of many such encounters, and although the exact circumstances varied—sometimes they did it in his large, spacious office while other times they used her smaller office or even the supply closet, cramped as it was—the basic elements were largely the same. There was, however, the one time they got caught in the act by none other than the interloping accountant.

"What the *hell!?*" he cried.

Jamie and Aaron whipped their heads to see him standing in the doorway, dumbfounded.

"Wh—" He trailed off, shaking his head helplessly, his jaw hanging open.

"Uh, Richard," Aaron said, his voice hoarse and raspy as he glanced nervously from accountant to secretary and back. "This is, um..." His eyes lit up. "This is exactly what it looks like; I have ordered Jamie to do this so that, I, uh...can stay humble. Yes. It's important for me to remember that we're all in this together, and what lower position to use to keep myself in check than the, uh, lowly secretary?"

His eyes darted to Jamie, who looked like she was either about to burst out laughing...or kill him, one of the two.

"Isn't that right, um, lowly secretary?" he said, projecting as much confidence as he could muster.

Jamie bit her lip, the urge to burst out laughing decisively winning the battle over homicide and now threatening to win the war over her composure. She nodded silently, cleared her throat, and then in an act of sheer willpower, turned her head to face Richard.

Cool as a cucumber, she said, "Yes. Precisely." Arching her eyebrows, she fixed him with her signature expectant stare. "Was there anything else?"

The accountant didn't say anything. He opened his mouth and raised his hand like he was going to, but then he closed his mouth, lowered his hand, turned on heel, and walked out in a daze.

Jamie and Aaron exchanged glances, and then as soon as he was out of earshot, burst out laughing. Then Jamie grabbed the leash and redirected her boss's attention to her groin once more.

That act was notable not only in the thrill they both felt at undeniably getting caught but also the fact that for having played along, Jamie earned for herself even more leverage over her boss.

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As Aaron was explaining the next quarter's numbers to the board—a task made much easier by Jamie's help in lining up all their contracts and the process improvements she'd made—he suddenly felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He ignored it, but a few seconds later, it vibrated again.

"I, uh, sorry," he said, pulling it out. "Let me check this real quick."

YOUR OFFICE, the first text read.

Now!

Aaron swallowed nervously, his confidence rattled to the core.

"I-I have to go. S-something's come up; I..."

He fished for words for a second, his hands at his sides grasping at air. Then he turned abruptly and strode out of the room, leaving the board members either perplexed or annoyed.

"What is it, Jamie?" he panted, rushing into his office.

Jamie was lying on her side on his desk, her skirt flipped open and her half-hard cock dangling for all to see. She gestured to it.

"It's ready for a nice hole," she said.

Aaron did a double-take.

"Jamie!" he protested, "I was in the middle of a board meeting. I can't just up and leave in the middle of that! Most of them already want my hide!"

"And the only reason they haven't thrown your privileged ass to the curb is because I've saved that ass every time I'm not pounding it," Jamie replied dismissively. "I guess you'd better get good at making excuses. You know the rules, now get busy. It's not gonna fuck you by itself."

He continued to try to protest for a few more seconds but ultimately ended up giving in, knowing that arguing with her was like trying to convince a brick wall into letting him pass through it on a bicycle. When she finally sent him back to his meeting fifteen minutes later, his hair was mussed, his pants were wrinkled, his shirt was partially untucked, and his fly was open. It was plain for all to see that the "thing" that had come up was not of a life-threatening sort, yet most of the board was too embarrassed by the implication to say anything.

Deborah was *not* among the shy majority. She laid into her brother, threatening to tell their father and publicly chewing him out at the top of her lungs in a tirade that culminated with the accusation that he was a selfish, spoiled, incompetent moron who had no business running the company. Besieged on all sides, Aaron had clammed up until that particular comment.

Gritting his teeth and choking back frustrated, angry tears, he growled back, "Incompetent moron, fine. But do *not* call me selfish or spoiled! You have *no* idea what I've been through to try to keep this company afloat!"

With that, he stormed out and sped home, not even stopping by his office for fear that Jamie might demand more of him. In his current state, he was just as likely to bite her dick off than to try to get a "good boy", and he decided it was not worth the risk.

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That day proved fateful, yet the *fatal* day was yet to come. Two weeks to the day after getting chewed out, Aaron was in his office with Jamie fucking him particularly roughly as she told him her plans for the next improvement project. Both were so engrossed in what they were doing that they didn't notice that they were being watched until the onlooker finally spoke.

"Ahem."

The two whipped their heads towards the door, expecting to see Richard, but as soon as his head turned, Aaron let out a terrified yelp and all but threw Jamie off of him.

"D-Deborah, I-I can explain!" he stammered, scrambling to pull his pants up.

"Oh, you'll have *plenty* to explain," she scoffed as she gestured with one hand to the cell phone in her other. "When I show this to Dad and the board, you can kiss that gaping ass of yours goodbye. *Cripe*, Aaron! You're getting fucked by the fucking *secretary*?! Well, that definitely explains the messes Richard was talking about."

"*Richard*!" Jamie snapped.

"That's *quite* enough out of *you*," Deborah growled coldly.

Stopping the recording on her phone, she advanced menacingly.

"This is it, Aaron," she said matter-of-factly. "The incompetence was one thing, but I've got enough on here to prove that our company—*Dad's* company—is being run by a *secretary* instead of his son. It's over, Aaron. There is *no* way Dad won't fire you and make me CEO now. Just thought you ought to know."

She grinned with a mixture of glee and schadenfreude as she turned on heel and strode out. Aaron made no attempt to stop her; there wasn't any point. Deborah called a family meeting, and their father hit the roof, yelling obscenities at Aaron and firing him on the spot, promoting Deborah to CEO just as she'd predicted. Her first order as the new head was to fire Jamie, about whom she'd heard all kinds of terrible things from Richard over the last several months.

With cardboard boxes of their things, the two stepped out of the building for the last time and turned to look up at it.

"We should have been more careful," Aaron said wistfully.

"You could have said that anytime," Jamie retorted, "But I think you enjoyed it almost as much as I did."

Aaron reddened but said nothing until they had turned and walked a way towards the parking lot.

"You, um," he said hesitantly, "You wouldn't happen to have that leash with you, would you?"

Jamie cocked an eyebrow and smirked, reaching into her box.

"Always," she said.

They came to a stop.

"All fours, boy," she said.

Aaron put his box down and sat for her as she put the collar around his neck.

"Good boy," she said, ruffling his hair as she clipped the lead onto his collar.

*Click.*