

Personal Assistant Carmenica Diaz



**CONTROLLING
YOUR BOSS!**

How far would
you go??

Using him for
your pleasure!

5 WAYS
TO FIND
YOUR
SUBBY HUBBY!

PLUS

Teaching him manners!
New Season Whips!
Lingerie to make him drool!

**MASTUBATRIX
TRICKS!**

Personal Assistant Carmenica Diaz

Memo 01. Another Day at the Office.

Every time he heard voices outside the door, he felt panic rise in his throat.

What if it wasn't her? What if someone else walked into his office and found him in this humiliating position?

Kneeling by his desk, actually tethered to it by his military striped tie in such a way that his cheek was pressed against the leg. With his trousers and underwear down around his ankles, he was in a very humiliating position. Anyone walking in would assume he had tied himself and was involved in some kinky practice.

To make matters worse, he sported an erection! His cock was hard and pulsed with every beat of his heart as he fought the rising panic.

Why did I argue with her? I know she's right, why did I have to bloody argue?

His Personal Assistant was sitting at her desk just outside his office door and he wondered when she would decide his punishment was over.

What if the Director wanted to see him? What if he pushed past her and walked in? How would he explain it?

He heard a noise at the door and his head jerked wildly up and saw the door handle begin to turn.

Slowly the door opened, footsteps and the door closed again. He looked up to see his Personal Assistant standing with her hands on her hips and smiling cruelly down at him.

"Any more silly arguments? 'Do we now understand who's the boss?' she asked mockingly.

He nodded quickly, anxious to be allowed out of this embarrassing position.

'Who?' she demanded.

'You,' he croaked, 'you are.'



Daniel smiled at the women in the office as he passed through on his way to his office. 'Good morning, ladies,' he called breezily.

'Good morning, Mr Weaver,' they chirped and he nodded graciously as if he was the young Prince, about to make his choice of a commoner to be his Princess.

Daniel had been flying up the ladder at Mentone Industries, due to his reasonable intelligence, absolute lack of morality and his ability to charm.

His secret opinion of the company and its people was that Mentone was staffed by a wide range of idiots. He had decided to milk the company for everything he could, use his charm to get as high as he could before jumping ship and landing a lucrative position in a much larger company.

He smiled at the glowing women as they waited for his wisdom and perhaps his selection.

Brenda Baker watched it all from her desk and mentally shook her head. Many of the younger women actually thought they could marry a senior executive but the older, more experienced and wiser ones, women who had survived at Mentone for several years cynically knew that would never happen.

They counselled the younger women to keep away from the executives as it was all bound to end in tears.

'They just want a quick grope or an M.L.,' Eloise had explained to Bridget, a young newcomer.

'What's an M.L.?' she had asked innocently and Eloise shot a look at Brenda.

'Monica Lewinsky,' she said and Bridget looked blankly at her, 'you know...' and she made sucking noises until Bridget coloured.

'Oh! That!'

'Yes,' Brenda said sharply, 'the younger execs have a competition to see who can get the most! They think we don't know!'

'They swoop on the new girls, Bridget, so watch out. No matter how charming, they just want you on your knees for ten minutes so they can boast to their mates!'



She watched Daniel chatting and charming the women when he spotted Bridget. 'Well, hello,' he smiled, 'you're new, aren't you?'

'Yes...yes sir.'

'And what do you do?'

'I'm in Accounts,' Bridget stammered.

'Accounts? *How* exciting! I think that's jolly important. Perhaps we could have a coffee or something?'

Brenda moaned and rolled her eyes. She had been employed at Mentone Industries for ten years and had managed to work her way up to Personal Assistant to the Director of Marketing, a young man who was three years younger and less experienced than she.

All the management positions were filled by men, Brenda thought silently, no one with a vagina gets to sit in an office on management row!

Daniel Weaver particularly irritated Brenda. He was a rising star in marketing and, some tipped, the next Director of Marketing. He was twenty seven and rather good looking but his supercilious and patronising manner just rubbed Brenda the wrong way and she hated the way he called her old girl!

I'm five years older than him, she thought furiously, not bloody fifty!

'Morning, Brenda,' Daniel said as he flew past, 'Bob in yet?'

'No, Mister Weaver,' she replied, head down.

Daniel slowed and walked back to Brenda's desk, peering into Bob McMullen's office to see if he was there. 'I said he wasn't in!' Brenda snapped and Daniel took a step back.

'Of course. I'm terribly sorry,' he said, attempting to lay the charm on. 'Could you give these to him to approve?'

Daniel placed a wad of expense forms and receipts on Brenda's desk. 'I'll put them on Mister McMullen's desk,' Brenda said icily turning back to her computer.

Daniel beamed. 'Thanks, old girl,' and dashed off towards his office.

Bob McMullen strolled in and nodded to Brenda. 'Morning Brenda.'

'Mister McMullen,' she said, standing and feeling his eyes on her. He was a lecherous bastard and, although he hadn't touched her yet, his eyes made her uncomfortable. 'Coffee?'

'Yes, thank you.'

'What's all this?' McMullen asked when she placed the coffee and Daniel's expenses on his desk.

'Mister Weaver's expenses for approval. It's the last day before the books close,' Brenda said, obliquely reminding McMullen that Weaver had acted against policy as all expenses had to be approved seven days prior to the accounts closing.

McMullen waved her away. 'Sign them off for me, Brenda, I haven't got time today.'

No, Brenda thought harshly as she left the office, you must have time for that three hour boozy lunch you've planned with the chairman!



Daniel looked up when Brenda walked into his office that afternoon with the expense forms and receipts. 'Just leave them with Accounts,' he said crossly and then frowned as Brenda calmly sat in his visitors chair.

'Shut the door,' Brenda said calmly.

'Now, look here, Ms Baker...'

'We can leave it open,' Brenda said mildly, 'if you want the entire office to hear what I'm going to say.'

Daniel stared at her for a moment, the receipts in her hands and then got up to quietly close the door.

'Now,' he began sternly, trying to regain control, 'what...'

'Shut up,' Brenda said evenly. 'You think you are so smart or, worse, that we're so bloody stupid!'

Daniel opened his mouth and then closed it after Brenda coolly gazed at him.

'You thought that by keeping all your expenses until the last day and giving them to McMullen that he would just approve them. That's what he usually does, doesn't he?'

She peered at him but Daniel kept his mouth shut.

'You thought he'd be too lazy to check but you didn't know that he was even more lazy than you thought. He gave them to me and told me to sign them on his behalf!'

Daniel gulped and then smiled. 'He gets you to approve expenses? That's against policy isn't it?' It was a vague and poor attempt at a threat and Brenda smiled.

'It's against policy to use your corporate credit card for prostitution!'

'Prostitute?'

Brenda almost laughed at his stricken look. 'I checked the expenses and there was one name that kept coming up and I did a search. She charges an awful amount for *personal services*, doesn't she? What sort of Personal Services do you pay for?'

Daniel looked away and Brenda laughed coldly. 'I think I can guess. I have an extensive file on your fraudulent behaviour. That's what the company and inevitably the police will call it, won't they?' Brenda asked innocently. 'They'll call it fraud.'

Daniel leaned forward. 'Look, Brenda,' he said in a low voice, 'we can...'

'I think fraud means prison,' Brenda stated calmly, cutting him off. 'You'll do time and never work in the corporate world again or use a prostitute,' she added maliciously.'

'I'll pay it all back...' he said desperately.

'I don't care about the money,' she smiled. 'And by the way, I didn't approve your claims, I just told the head of accounts that some expense forms will be held over until next month.'

'What are you going to do?' Daniel asked softly.

Brenda shrugged. 'I'm not sure. I'll think about it tonight, probably go to the police, I don't know.' She gathered the papers and stood.

'I'll resign,' Daniel murmured.

'Go ahead. I'll still go to the police. Tell me,' she asked curiously, 'why a prostitute?' Daniel blushed but said nothing. 'You're reasonably attractive, the girls fall all over you, why a pro, why Xenia?'

Cripes, Daniel thought, she even knows the name! I'm in deep shit!

His face was red and Brenda shrugged. 'Some men seem to fancy it, I suppose. I'll never understand men,' Brenda said, almost to herself. 'Have a good night,' she said with a small laugh and walked out of the office, leaving the door open behind her.

Daniel stared after her, watching her bottom wiggle in her tight skirt and resisted the urge to hold his head in his hands.

I'm sunk, he thought miserably, his stomach churning, I'm a dead duck! My family and friends are going to find out. Prison! I'm dead!



Brenda stood on the tube, hanging on and thinking as the train rocked and rumbled its way through the underground.

Her mind was racing, so many thoughts!

Immediately after leaving Weaver's office, she had bolted to the ladies and locked herself in the far cubicle, the one that was unspokenly reserved for *Number Two*, knowing she would be left alone and tried to calm herself.

Did I really threaten him? Can he get me sacked?

After a few stomach churning minutes, Brenda became calmer.

The little prick! He deserves everything!

Moodily, she stared at the sign on the back of the cubicle door that sternly told everyone *to leave this cubicle as you found it* and played with the can of air-freshener that was pointedly left next to the toilet brush.

What do I do now?

That was the thought that plagued Brenda as she walked to her flat from the tube station.

What exactly do I do tomorrow? I can't hold onto the accounts forever, otherwise I'll get the sack! I'll have to hand him over to the police!