

Best Kept Secret



P H O T O B O O K E X C L U S I V E S

My boss decides to raise the stakes



Part 1

First Days

I'll never forget the first day we met. An interview for the director role, his last three, all women, had quit and mysteriously disappeared under strange circumstances.

"I like your resume, Miss Johnstone. Thorough, lots of hands-on experience, you're not afraid to take on the unknown are you?" He cocks his head towards me ever so slightly, but his right hand is immobile on the other side of the desk, scrunched and balled into a fist.

It was intimidating just looking at him, I wasn't usually like this, all nervy and falling over each word.

"Not at all, ready for everything that gets thrown at me." The silence clung to the room with a deafening tension. Of course, he wasn't going to show all his cards so early on. Who knows what had happened to them? And his former secretary, I didn't even want to approach the topic.

"I know what your thinking, all the headlines, the press chit chatter, it makes most people not want to do business with me. You don't buy that kind of thing do you, all the media sensationalism?"

He circles around to my side of the table, my hands pinned to the arms of the chair as he leans over me, completely dominant.

"Of course, you're comfortable with all the additional duties of being in my in-team?"

"Yes, I think so sir."

"Good."

I feel a bead of sweat making its way down to my collarbone. He was intense, far more so than I had first imagined, His gaze doesn't leave mine as he assesses every part of my face, with quick glances to my body. Undressing me slowly in his imagination, making me wonder exactly what was going to come between us.

Part 2

The game is not yours to play

'Miss Johnstone, you should know with me that games are quite fraught and they are most certainly not yours to play.'

He had demanded I stayed after hours. I hadn't fully known what was going to happen but I should have known. My burgeoning crush becoming ever more difficult to hide from my colleagues and of course him. The raging embodiment of power and control that he was.

'Let's move this skirt out of the way, I need to see you more exposed.' His deep voice rumbles through me, sending jolts of anticipation down my stomach and towards the top of my thighs. *Yes sir, move my skirt.* He quickly lifts my skirt up and rips my tights down, leaving my bare bottom out for his hands to roam over.

'Put your hands on the desk, now.' He gives me a sharp hit with his flattened palm, grasping my right cheek firmly, an audible groan of satisfaction coming from him.

A quiet gasp leaves my lungs as my hands remain splayed over his table admiring the handiwork of his oak desk. He strikes me firmly, making me nice and red down there, my backside feeling like it has been set on fire. *I want to learn so much more with him.*

'You see, when you try to play coy with me, I get irritated, I'd much rather skip the pretence and just take what's mine.'

This man was stealing all reason from me, laying claim to my body and besieging my heart, all in one fell swoop...with this particular taste for cruel punishment and heady pleasure. The worst part was, I wanted it far too badly. It was my addiction, my favourite narcotic. I can't imagine the visual he has of me, his new director, barely three weeks into her new role and already indulging in naughtier workplace fantasies. Bare-bottomed. Ready to do whatever she is told to do to make sure the boss is properly pleased.

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Part 3
Kiss me harder

"You really do like to tease don't you?"

The minty breath washes over me, his lips mere centimetres from mine as I stare longingly into his deep hazel eyes. I'm lost in there for what feels like an eternity. I was every cliché I wanted to avoid, falling for my charming and gorgeous asshole of a boss. His right hand clasps around my back as he leans in to plant his mouth on mine, pulling me closer to his body, my heart thudding against his thick chest muscles. In the London skies, near the top floor of The Shard, there was no going back, there was nowhere else I wanted to be but in his arms every moment I could be.



Part 4

You'll never forget tonight

Immobile against the shower wall, I rock and sway with his impressive physique, his hips athletically grinding into me, sending jolts of pleasure down my spine. His tongue skims my bottom lips as his hand pins my neck against the glass, his other hand trailing down my stomach delicately through the thick steam. I squeeze my eyes shut trying to regain some control against his irresistible touch. But its hopeless, my eyes crease together as his talented fingers move ever lower, gently lapping against my bursting seams. The deep hazel of his gaze has me pinned even harder to the glass as he splays me open with his fingers down there, my body burning hard and urging him to draw more pleasure out of me. I have to hold my breaths as the sensation grows ever stronger, his strong hands guiding me exactly where I need to be taken.

'You'll never forget tonight Miss Johnstone, just know that.'

'Yes sir.'

I had no doubts as the momentum grew faster and faster, his fingers pulverising me into a sticky mess as the water slipped down onto our colliding bodies. I throw my head back hard as his lips claim mine and a beautiful release dictated by his fingers takes hold of me, leaving me quivering and shouting, my fingernails scraping down the glass through the condensation.

I lay still and motionless, with just my panties on, his hands running through my hair as I try to recover from the brutal activities of the evening. I rest my cheek on his pec, the first throes of sleep beginning to fall on me.

'Did you really know this was going to happen so quickly?' I look up at him through heavy eyelids searching for an answer, the first hint of logic to this erotic adventure.

'No, not really, but when I see something I want I take it.' He whispers in that breathy and nerve-wrackingly deep tone of his that sends jitters through me.

I smile, burying my head further into him as he kisses my forehead.

'You've really learnt quickly with me haven't you?'

I purr unable to conjure much of a response, it was true, I had done things with him I would have never imagined doing beforehand.

'Let's get away for a week, the Med, just us.'





Part 5

The vacation

We went to Santorini, first class from Heathrow, the next day. He left the affairs of the firm to the Board for a week. There was not much more said than that. There were murmurs about us, but it was nothing I couldn't handle.

We tried to do the touristy stuff.

Amoudi Bay, watching the sunset in Oia, discovering the ancient collections at Thira, but certain activities were more addictive. Certain men made such things impossible to do without

I made sure we got the polaroids to remember it by. He was quite the photographer, something he had never told me before. He had an eye for capturing me in so many different states, innocent, flirty, decadent, we went through them all. Of course I loved the power trip, him in his suit directing me completely naked around to exactly where he wanted in the room, face down, back arched, however he wanted me.

I lost track of the days as wine-infused evenings quickly made way to exhausting nights in the thirty five degree heat, our soaking bodies clamped to each other, grinding and thrusting away at a delectable tempo.

'Tell me we'll always remember this.' I bleat.

He looks at me deadly serious as the moon spills through the window onto the pillow next to us.

'Oh I don't think there is going to be any problem with that.' Without warning he whips the camera out from behind his back and snaps me with a goofy look on my face. I swat at him playfully trying to grab onto his bicep as he overpowers me onto the bed, taking my lips leisurely and forcing my hands to wrap around his upper back. We stay stuck together for several moments as I feel his burgeoning arousal against my jeans and legs, his firm hands beginning to explore me further, lazily caressing my aching skin.

Part 6

Close your eyes

'What happens when you're a bad girl?'

'I need to be taught my lesson.'

'What kind of lessons, who teaches you?'

'Harsh ones, you do sir.'

'Close your eyes, hold the scarf up, you're getting blindfolded.' He is unwavering, his words rumbling through my chest and to my heart.

I do as I'm told, the first wicked taste of temptation getting the better of me. I want to be made good again, only my boss can do that. My breasts are spilling out over the corset he arranged for me, tailor made from a special store in Knightsbridge, he spared no expenses for the occasion.

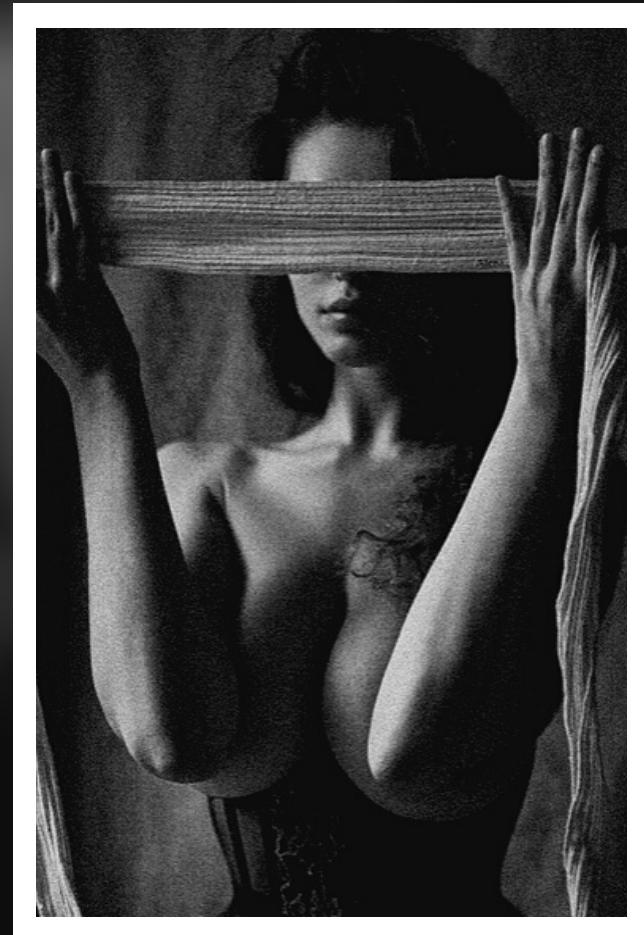
He wraps the scarf around the back of my curly hair and keeps me kneeling there, I feel him leering over me, eyeing up every inch, my body a blank sheet for him to write his next punishment on. I feel him behind me, his hand stroking my neck delicately, letting the rope get its first taste of my skin as he lets it slide down my breastbone. His thumb traces my lips as I feel a smile overcome me, impure thoughts racing through my head and sending the first rush of anticipation to my frazzled nerves. The hand grips the base of my hair, ripping my attention back to current matters. He's in no mood for light touches and niceties.

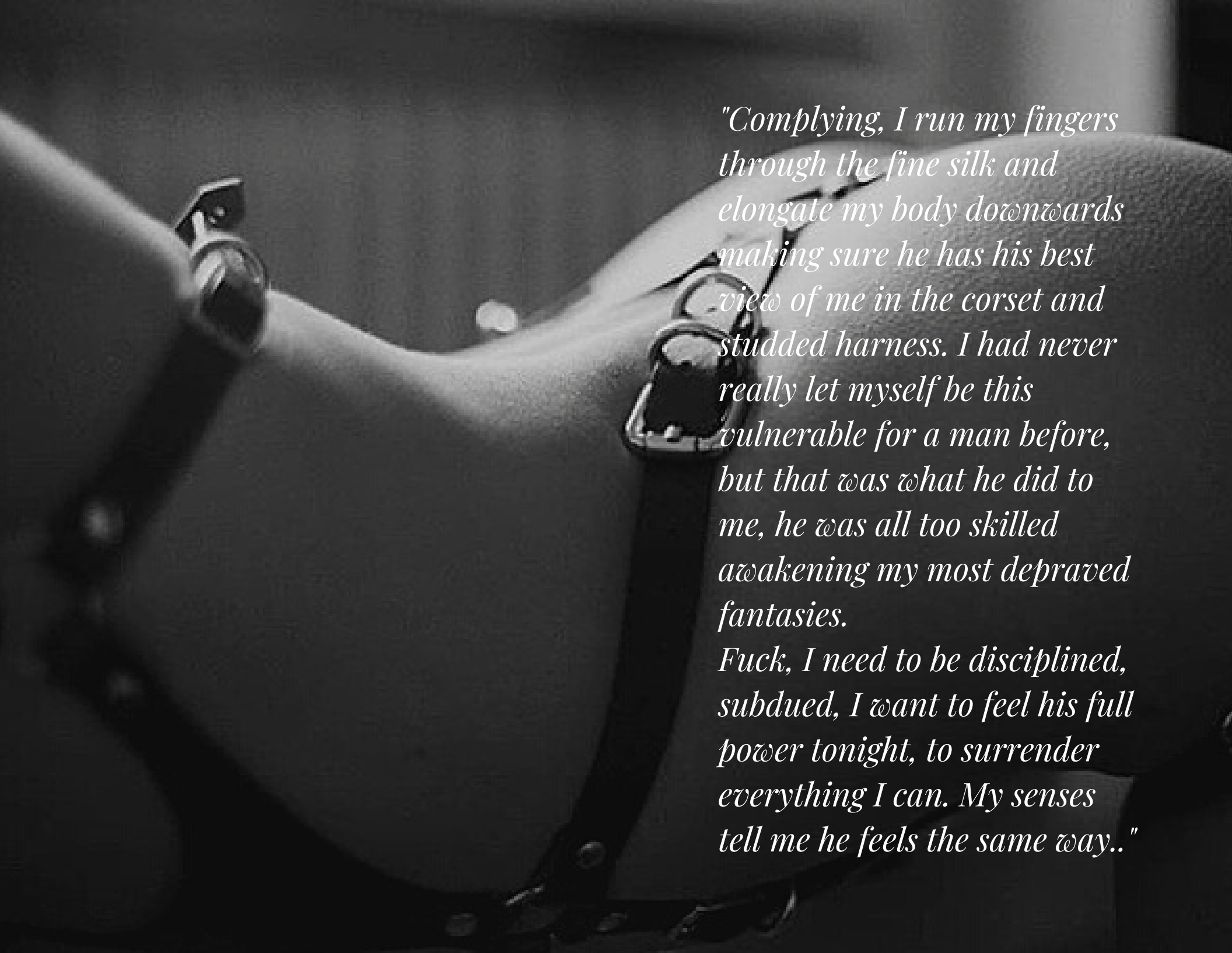
'Bend over for me. On all fours. No talking.'

Complying, I run my fingers through the fine silk and elongate my body downwards making sure he has his best view of me. I had never really let myself be this vulnerable for a man before, but that was what he did to me, he was all too skilled awakening my most depraved fantasies.

Fuck, I need to be disciplined, subdued, I want to feel his full power tonight, to surrender everything I can. My senses tell me he feels the same way.

'From that first moment in the interview, I knew I had to have you Kiara. you're a special kind of drug to me, you run through my veins every moment of the day. You're in my thoughts, thrashing on my bed, begging for me, begging for the release only I can give you.'





"Complying, I run my fingers through the fine silk and elongate my body downwards making sure he has his best view of me in the corset and studded harness. I had never really let myself be this vulnerable for a man before, but that was what he did to me, he was all too skilled awakening my most depraved fantasies.

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Part 7

This whirlwind is too much

Things went sour. My perfect man, was every bit the womaniser I had feared, the headlines were right. He made no secret of it around the office. The pretty blonde secretary, fondling his shoulders and smiling with him after each meeting. I hated her but I hated him in that moment for making me fall in love with an illusion, this wasn't the kind of man who just settled on a whim.

I ignored his texts, trying to bury myself into work anything. Avoiding him in the office and giving myself any excuse to not be around him. He was bad for me, I couldn't take more agony.

As I get ready for the shower, stripping my last layers off, the phone buzzes on the table three times. I pick it up, of course it was him, I couldn't hold him off any longer, he was persistent I can give him that.

'What do you want?'

'You're being so distant.'

'How can I not be? This whirlwind romance is too much, you're going to break my heart.'

'What makes you think that?' He snaps back down the phone, venom lacing his words.

'Oh please, like you don't have every girl in the office at your beck and call, I'm just a number, a silly little conquest for you to brag about.' I retort.

He hangs up the phone and I shake my head trying to fight back the tears as best I can. Stepping into the shower, the first wave of loneliness I've felt for a while hits me. It was weird, being free from being hurt felt good in my head but clearly my heart was not done with this man. Vivid dreams of running away to wherever we wanted to, my hand in his were racing through my mind, I was trying my best to balance lust and love.

Part 8
I need to trust again



"I need to trust you again."

He steadies me in his office, his firm stomach pressed hard against mine in his crisp white shirt. I could look at him in anything but he looks doubly handsome in his formal work wear. Our hands clasp behind my back as I feel his minty scent cascading towards me.

'I know you do. Trust me baby.'

His persistence had told me so much, perhaps I wasn't just another casualty on his long list of flings, perhaps I was. I still couldn't know for sure, but the way he held me, the way he looked at me like I was his most prized possession, I couldn't tear myself away from it no matter how much I tried, he was everything I ever wanted.



Part 9

I can't stop this

I climb in the bath, gently settling into his lap as the soft bubbles soothe my skin. Sparks of anticipation ricochet around my body as I feel him guiding himself into me, our eyes connected in a fiery blaze as I try to choke the gasp that leaves my mouth.

The feeling is exquisite, his rock hard abs brushing against my pulsing clit as we rock back and forth in the tub, my gasps quickly becoming moans as I succumb to the most intense pressure building up between our slippery bodies.

It is way slower but way more intimate than our usual lovemaking and he's throbbing inside me forcing me to arch backwards and let him admire my body.

I can't stop this. Falling in love with him. I couldn't care at this point if it was a slow tragedy unfolding, I had to let it unfold.

The pressure is building so quickly, my legs contracting around his thick girth as we slide together in perfect harmony. My lips are inches from his, my eyes locked into his, my heart hammering at two hundred miles an hour.

'You're there aren't you baby?'

I nod through grimacing pants and a slow shudder as I clench my legs around his bulging arousal, shaking furiously against him as he pulls me even closer keeping himself deep within me in a heavenly motion. Hooded and dark eyes grey me as my teeth bury into my lips with each movement on his lap. Wrapping my hands around his upper back I drive myself into him as far as I can letting the final blissful throbbing of my body do all the work in pulling him tighter to me.

'Kiara...'

He strokes my hair from my face and jolts his hips forwards to continually meet mine. I writhe against the tub, pinning my arms on the ledge to steady myself and taking deep breaths in slow synchrony with him.

Part 10

You're mine

I had to quit the job. Word leaked out about us, every director, every employee, every client knew everything. He decided to 'retire' before he could be dismissed, announcing his departure to a hushed office, me waiting in the lamborghini outside ready to rush off to the airport. London was too claustrophobic, he wanted to get away for a while, start a whole new life.

We jet-setted. One week it was Monaco, the next Saint-Tropez, the next Rome.

It was official, we were a proper couple, finally. Not 'normal', never, but as normal as we could be.

We saw more this time, laughing and living, it felt good to be out of the office for good, it felt even better to get to know him even more intimately than ever before, the real secrets and treasures behind London's most eligible bachelor and enterprising dominant.

He kneels over me, his compliant little girl, his Kiara. My fingers trace the contours of his stomach, ripping into him. He's too delicious in this position, stern, commanding, totally obsessed with my petite body and me with his hulking frame.

He spreads my thighs with his knee and gently runs his hand between my legs, reminding me sharply just how wet I am.

'You're mine Kiara, that's not changing any time soon.'

'I could get used to that.'

I grip his powerful leg tightly and try to cling myself to him, dragging the sheets with me.

When I was young I dreamed of being whisked away by the Prince or seduced by the rich actor. Little did I know it was a completely controlling, brutal man in a suit who was going to fully capture me and my sentimental self. He rests his forearms on either side of my head and takes my lips, turning them over in his mouth as passionately as ever before as I submit fully and completely.



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