

The Job

Clarissa POV

I hesitated as I watched Alex make her way up the stairs, feeling incredibly guilty. I hadn't meant for her to end up like this, but in hindsight, I knew it had to happen sooner or later. I glanced down at myself, at the leather pants I was wearing and the tight leather corset that made my breasts strain at the top, almost overflowing over it. I licked my lips, tasting the bright red lipstick, and watched my daughter go out of sight, and sighed. I had no doubts she would stay in her bedroom for the night but to make sure nothing more would happen, I would ensure I locked my bedroom door so that she could hear and see nothing untoward. I heard the sound of her bed creaking and knew she had climbed into it. Then and only then, did I make my way into my bedroom, closing and locking the door carefully behind me.

As instructed, Alpha Laurence was standing at the Saint Andrews cross, his arms above his head, waiting patiently to be shackled, glancing over his shoulder, the merest hint of impatience in his eyes. "What took so long" he complained.

I strode across him and slapped him across the face.

"How dare you complain" I snarled "I will take as long as I please. I am in charge in here and don't you forget it."

A bright red handprint appeared on his cheek. He bit his lip and lowered his eyes in submission, something that didn't come easy, especially to an Alpha wolf.

"Forgive me, Mistress," he said meekly.

I gave a low growl. I reached over his head and began to restrain him, so that his bare back faced me, his body in a cross shape. His ankles were next. I kept his pants on though, having no inclination to have him in his underwear, at least not yet.

He kept his head hanging low, staring down at the floor. I could see a sheen of sweat covering his body. I smiled to myself. He had come alone, as I instructed all of my clients to do. I took no chances, not when I had myself and my daughter to keep safe. Even Alex didn't know that there were two members of patrol out by the house, put there by Alpha Johnathon for our protection. Sure, an Alpha would probably be too much for them but they would get more help if required. It was the best I could hope for. Besides Alpha Laurence was a regular client of mine and I had nothing to fear from him, at any rate. I could hear his heart beat and it was racing in his excitement. My eyes dipped to his nether region and I could tell that he had a hard-on already.

"It's been a long time since I've seen you Laurence" I commented, deliberately not using his Alpha title, as a sign of disrespect, letting him know that I was the one who was in command.

"I've been busy mistress and was unable to get away," Laurence said slightly testily.

I knew he was probably ready to explode. Without our sessions, he was a ticking time bomb. He didn't have a mate and odds were his mate wouldn't understand his fetish to be dominated the way I did. He needed this release on a regular basis just to be able to function normally in his everyday life.

"Well that won't do now will it Laurence" I breathed in his ear, watching his body shiver as his head shot up.

"No Mistress," he said obediently.

"I find I'm very vexed with you, for not coming to see me sooner" I added and saw his eyes light up, as he glanced over at me.

"I'm sorry Mistress."

I flexed my hands and sauntered over to the dresser, Alpha Laurence watching my every move over his shoulder, his eyes wide. He tugged experimentally on the restraints which were made of tough leather in order to prevent his skin from burning. I eyed the whips, pursing my lips. I had several, all different colors and various lengths. I picked up a short one, deciding to lead up to a larger and longer one later. This one had short black and red lengths and was made of leather. I walked across the room and stood behind Alpha Laurence who stared straight ahead, his body beginning to tremble.

"I want you to count," I said firmly "every single strike. If you forget, then we start all over again" I promised with a snarl.

"Yes, Mistress."

Whack. I pulled my arm back as far as I could and let loose with the whip, watching it strike his bare back with satisfaction as he let out a low hiss.

"One, Mistress."

I pulled the whip away, seeing a small red mark where it had struck his bare flesh. I hit him again, with all of my strength, watching him hiss between his lips.

"Two, Mistress."

Whack, Whack.

This time I didn't pause between the two, leaning into the strikes, hitting them both on the same spot to inflict major pain. He exhaled loudly, swearing.

"Three, f..fuck...f...four" he growled.

I grinned. He was beginning to lose his composure. Good.

Whack, Whack, Whack.

All three hits hit him directly in the middle of his back, leaving a large red welt on his back. He growled, pulling on his restraints, his eyes turning dark.

"Ve, six, and seven" he growled, eyeing me.

I grabbed his hair and yanked it back, grabbing him around the throat, and listening to him splutter as he wheezed for breath. "His Mistress remember" I hissed "I let you forget to say it once but now you have to remember to say it after every strike."

He gasped for air. I waited a minute, then let go. His eyes were still dark as he bowed his head.

"Yes Mistress," he said remorsefully.

Whack, Whack, Whack

"Eight, nine, ten, Mistress" he wheezed.

I put the whip down and walked back to the dresser. This time I selected a large wooden paddle, which had little studs on it that dug into flesh and ripped it. I came back over and prepared myself.

Wham.

His back arched in shock.

"Does it hurt?" I asked sweetly.

"Yes Mistress" he said eagerly as I pulled back the paddle, grimacing in pain as the studs ripped his flesh.

Wham. I didn't ask for him to count this time, instead strategically placing the paddle in areas that the whip hadn't hit, in order to cause more pain to him. I saw him wince as I hurt him, over and over again.

Wham, wham, wham. His eyes narrowed and he turned away as I did it again and again. I was sweating now, my arms growing a bit tired. His back looked like a grater had been rubbed all over it.

I reached over and undid his restraints, bending down and undoing his ankles. "Turn around" I demanded.

He obliged. I did the restraints back up. Now he faced me bare-chested. I grabbed my electric shock toy and began to teasingly run it over his chest. He inched. I pressed the button and a small shock reverberated through the toy and into him.

"Thank me" I hissed.

"Thank you, Mistress," he said quietly.

"Louder."

"Thank you Mistress" he yelled.

I shocked him again with the toy. He stiffened. The shock only lasted for a moment or two but it was quite strong. He was panting by this stage. I glanced down at his c**k and saw that it was fully erect, straining through his pants. The pain was turning him on, something that I was used to by now.

I placed the toy against his arm and shocked him again.

"Thank you, Mistress."

He was getting the hint now.

His hair was disheveled instead of slicked back and mussed, and his body was covered in sweat. His breathing was shallow, and his pants were creased rather than perfectly pressed. He looked nothing like the cool, composed, and suave man that had come into the house earlier tonight. It was amazing what a little b**m did to a man I mused.

I placed the toy against his ribs and waited, watching his eyes widen as he looked at me and smiled, pressing the button, watching his body quiver as it shook from the force of the electric shock.

"Thank you Mistress" he whispered.

He was starting to slump against the restraints. We had a safeword or rather a system that we used. I called it the traffic light system. If he used the code word red, it meant to stop what I was doing immediately. If he used the code word orange, it meant that I needed to slow down or pause for a moment. If he used the word green then it meant that he felt safe and to continue. So far he hadn't used any but he very rarely if at all felt the need to. Still, I felt like he was starting to get at his limit. Even though he healed incredibly fast for an Alpha, it was draining for him to give up his control like this and allow himself to be dominated, rather than being the one to be dominated. Everyone has their own unique kinks though and this was his. He wasn't the only Alpha to have this kind of kink either or I wouldn't be able to make my living this way.

"What's your code word?" I asked.

"Green," he said immediately.

I glanced at his c**k. I knew he needed some relief. I undid his restraints and led him to the bed. Slowly, I undid the buttons on his pants and pulled the zipper down, freeing his member. I sat down on the armchair opposite the bed and crossed my legs, folding my arms and glaring at him as he looked over at me.

"Grab your c**k with one hand" I directed him.

He grasped the shaft of his c**k and hesitated.

"I want you to make yourself orgasm while I watch" I told him "and you better hurry, or else you'll go without."

"Yes, Mistress" he breathed.

He grabbed his c**k tightly with one hand and began to move it up and down, his eyes watching me for my reaction. I kept a stern expression on my face, leaning back in the chair, completely relaxed as he jerked off in front of me.

"I'm close" he moaned.

I leaned forward. "You don't come until I tell you to" I growled "is that clear Laurence?"

He looked desperate now. "Yes, Mistress" he groaned.

His hand pumped back and forth, as he lay down on the bed, giving him better access. His eyes were closed and his face was contorted as though he was in pain. No doubt he probably was from trying to prevent an orgasm.

"Please Mistress" he begged.

"Not yet," I said

"Please" he begged.

"Not yet" I snarled.

There were tears in his eyes. HE continued to pump, his toes curling. I watched in satisfaction as he continued to delay his orgasm, knowing there would be a punishment if he didn't.

"Please Mistress, may I c*m" he begged, his voice rising in pitch.

"Not yet," I said, moving over to stand at his side, and kneeling to teasingly watch as his eyes shot open and he glanced at me pleadingly.

His hand was still pumping away. His body was shuddering with the effort of maintaining control. Finally, I relented. I leaned in close and murmured in his ear. "You may c*m slave" I whispered.

"Thank you Mistress" he cried out and his body tensed, his toes curled and he jerked, his seed spilling all over his hand and dripping onto the sheets as he let out a huge roar of satisfaction. He collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily. I got up and began to put the whips and toys away, after cleaning them with my special cleaner. Behind me, Alpha Laurence quietly cleaned himself up and changed the sheets over. I always had clean sheets in a cupboard by the bed. He knew the rules by now, knew he had to change them over himself before leaving, and put the dirty ones in the hamper in the adjoining bathroom. He pulled his pants back up and did the zipper up and did the buttons up.

I accompanied him back into the living room where he began to put his clothes back on. His back was still a mess, still red and raw but he didn't seem to mind. He winked at me, looking more composed and more alive than when he'd first appeared.

"That was amazing as usual," he said breathily.

"You are one of my best clients," I told him calmly, leaning against the kitchen bench.

He did the buttons up on his shirt and then put his jacket on. He looked around for his tie and spotted it in the corner of the living room, squatting down to get it and then putting that back on. He began to put that back over his head, smoothing his pants the best he could and slicking back his hair.

"I'll try not to leave it too long next time," he told me.

"Good," I said "because that's when you're more likely to explode Laurence. You need to have your s**** desires satisfied or your kink taken care of."

"I know," he said guiltily "it's just that sometimes I still get ashamed of it."

I sighed. There was nothing to be ashamed of, at least as far as I was concerned. I didn't do any of the actual s*x stuff such as the oral or penetration just the well other stuff but people still viewed me as a w***e. I had learned not to let that affect me, but Laurence still thought of it as something to be ashamed of, even though he was slowly learning to embrace his kink.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," I told him again and he nodded, looking hesitant once again.

Maybe one day he would fully embrace it. I thought hopefully. But that day was not today.

He sat down on the couch and began to put his shoes on. "Can I ask you something?" he asked me, as he stopped for a moment.

I hesitated. I didn't like to share too much of my personal life with my clients, I liked to keep my anonymity but Laurence wasn't trying to be threatening or anything.

"Depends what you're asking," I said drily.

"Why do you do it? I mean what is it about this job of yours that makes you want to do it?"

I thought about it. I knew it wasn't exactly the most traditional job in the world but to me, it beat packing groceries in a grocery store for a living. "It's exible so it means I can be home for my daughter," I said calmly "and I like being in control. I feel powerful, and more in tune with my sexuality. I like being strong and embracing my darker urges. Plus it helps people as well."

People like you, I wanted to say.

He was silent for a moment, as he tied his shoelaces. "Well you are great at doing it" he said with a frown "but I worry about your safety. What if a client becomes too handsy?"

So that's what he was concerned about. I sighed. So many men worried about my safety lately. I looked at him wryly "That hasn't happened yet. You have to remember all my clients are submissive in nature, so I feel pretty safe. Plus I do have two patrol members outside the house" I pointed out.

He frowned. "I noticed that," he said calmly "but by the time they got to you, it could be too late" he pointed out.

I scowled. "I'll be ne," I said testily.

He shrugged, getting the hint. "Well one day, I'm going to build my own b**m club," he said proudly "and you can work in it, it would be a lot safer than doing it at home."

I laughed. "Well if that happens, I'll think about it."

He dug in his pockets and withdrew his wallet, handing over \$500 dollars. I gaped and he winked. "You earned every penny" he drawled, making his way to the door.

I put the money down the front of my corset top and walked to the front door, watching him make his way to his car, the porch light on. He waved as he got into his car and I watched him drive away, before shutting the door and locking it. He was my only client for the night but I wasn't complaining. I had just made \$500 for the night. I grabbed the money and stuck it in the jar in the kitchen I kept for it and then walked back to my room, ready to strip off my clothes and go to sleep. I knew I needed to have a discussion with poor Alex in the morning and I wasn't looking forward to it. I had managed to keep this part of my life a secret for so many years and now it had all come undone. Now I had to think about just how much I was going to tell her, for I wasn't going to tell her every single aspect of what I did, that would be too much for my darling daughter to be able to handle, but I would have to tell her something to satiate her curiosity. I feared though, that once our conversation was through, that she would be disgusted and repulsed by me and what I did. OR worse, what if after everything was said and done, she hated me and wanted nothing to do with me anymore? I might die if she never wanted anything more to do with me, her own mother.