

Dominion of Him

By: Crimson Rose

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"Sex is as important as eating or drinking and we ought to allow the one appetite to be satisfied with as little restraint or false modesty as the other."

-Marquis de Sade

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Chapter 1: The Choice

"Mrs. Baxter would like to see you in her office, Mr. Harper," Jane – Silvia Baxter's assistant said to the nervous man sitting before her.

"Hmm? Oh, um yes, right away," Mr. Harper replied nervously, looking up into Jane's captivating eyes. Jane suffered from heterochromia – that is to say her eyes were two different colors. The left one was piercing blue while the right was a shade of emerald. With her pale skin and long black hair it was hard not to stare at the twenty-seven year old stunner.

Jane took a step back, her eyes still locked on Mr. Harper as she waited for him to get up. Not much was known about Jane despite the fact she started working as Mrs. Baxter's assistant more than three years ago. Mr. Harper stood up from his high-backed leather office chair and took a deep breath. He removed his grey pinstriped suit jacket from its peg on the cubicle wall and put it on, making sure all the buttons were buttoned before giving Jane a ready nod. Like everyone else at Baxter Financial, Greg Harper wondered just who Jane was. Hell, he'd settle for even a last name. As far as he knew, the only people inside of the company they knew Jane's full name were Jane and Mrs. Silvia Baxter.

As they made their way towards the elevators that would take them from the offices on the seventh floor, to the penthouse office of Silvia Baxter eighteen floors above, Greg's eyes were on Jane's shapely rear, hypnotized by the sway and bounce of each step. His mind, however, was elsewhere. There were few reasons one was called to the Boss' Office and fewer still were those that left smiling. Silvia Baxter was something of a tyrant and she made no attempts to hide that fact. Baxter Financial was her company, and she would run it her way or not at all. That's not to say she isn't fair. She paid her employees a very good salary with every perk, including corporate retreats, quarterly bonuses, and two weeks paid vacation as a minimum.

Greg had a feeling he knew why he was being asked to see the Boss and that made him even more nervous. Things had not been good for several months and he resorted to doing questionable things to scrape by. As he fidgeted with his tie he stepped onto the elevator, standing back and to the left of Jane. Once again his eyes strayed down to the perfect curve of her behind. He hated this weakness. *I'm a happily married man*, he thought to himself, his eyes removing Jane's skirt. *There's no harm in looking*, he reasoned with himself as the elevator quickly ascended.

Jane knew Greg was staring at her. Everyone stared at her in one way or another. If it wasn't her 'weirdo' eyes it was some other part of her anatomy. She didn't mind. In fact, she thought it high praise. She was a beautiful woman and other's staring at her with such thoughts crossing their minds only confirmed that to her. Oh yes, she knew exactly what they were thinking. Many were the times she coaxed the truth out of the lucky man or woman just before showing them what they were truly missing.

DING! The sound of the elevator coming to a stop at the penthouse was almost deafening. Greg suddenly felt sick to his stomach as the metal doors slid open. Jane stepped out with a backwards glance to see if Greg was following. He wasn't.

"Mrs. Baxter is a very busy woman," Jane said to a petrified Greg.

Greg stepped off the elevator without a word. His face was flushed and his hands were sweaty. He was more nervous now than he could ever remember being in all his forty-three years. He ran over the scenarios many times leading up to this eventuality and nothing sounded plausible. Nothing could excuse what he had done.

"Mr. Harper here to see you," Jane said to Silvia Baxter when she and Greg were inside the CEO's massive penthouse office. Silvia was seated in a large overstuffed office chair behind the largest desk Greg had ever seen. It was easily twelve feet wide and shaped like a letter 'C' each section of desk was covered with a piece of clear glass beneath which were papers too numerous to count. There were three huge monitors – one on each section, upon which various programs were running. Greg recognized one as the financial program they all used to do their business.

Behind Silvia were two solid oak doors. The one on the right was marked restroom. The one on the left was unmarked but led to a very special room at Baxter Financial. It was a room few have stepped foot in, and fewer still left smiling.

"Please take a seat Mr. Harper," Silvia said sternly. She was dressed in a black skirt suit, her auburn hair pulled back in a bun. She wore narrow framed glasses sitting low on her nose. Although stern looking, she was quite attractive for a woman of nearly fifty. She added a few pounds here and there over the years, but she was far from fat. Many men, including Greg, found her attractive, but none had the guts to tell her that to her face. That was a shame really.

Greg moved with lead feet across the office and sat down in one of four chairs sitting opposite Silvia's desk. Jane took a seat as well, crossing her legs and eyeing Greg for his reaction to what was about to come.

"Am I a fair boss?" Silvia asked bluntly. "Well?" She said impatiently after several long seconds of silence.

"Oh, um yes," Greg stammered. "You're very fair Mrs. Baxter."

"I pay you a fair wage, you have plenty of perks and bonuses, do you not?"

This was it. This was the moment Greg had been dreading for nearly four months. He knew where this was going and it wasn't too a good place. He gripped the arms of the chair tightly and readjusted himself. "Yes," he replied weakly, the urge to run nearly overpowering.

"Then why may I ask, have you been stealing from me? Don't bother to deny it. This entire building, save for the restrooms, is monitored twenty-four seven. You have been seen on no less than eleven occasions over the last four months stealing from petty cash. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry," Greg broke down. "I'll pay back every penny. I didn't want to take the money, but I didn't know what else to do. I had no one to turn to. Things are desperate at home and...and..."

"Calm down, Mr. Harper. And tell me what the problem at home is."

"It's all my fault," Greg replied, taking several deep breathes to calm his nerves. "I...I have a gambling problem and things got carried away. I lost everything we had and the house was about to go into foreclosure. I only took what I needed to keep a roof over my head I swear."

"I see," Silvia said, cutting Greg off. "After thoroughly going over the records we've discovered \$7,480 missing. Does that sound about right?"

"Yes," Greg replied.

"You know that's grand theft and I have every right to not only fire you, but to turn you in to the police."

"I know," Greg replied. "Please, I'll quite. I'll repay every penny with interest, but please don't turn me in."

"I'm going to give you a choice. You have one chance, and once chance only to make things right and to stay out of prison."

"I'll do anything," Greg replied, a glimmer of hope returning to his otherwise bleak day.

"Don't jump the gun too fast," Silvia replied. "You may prefer jail time over what I'm going to suggest. You will continue to work here as normal. I will withhold a portion of your pay each week until you've paid me back every penny with interest. You will get help for your gambling addiction and I will keep a close watch on you to make sure you follow through with it. And there's one more thing you must agree to do."

Greg sat there silently. This was going much better than he ever dreamed it would. He was keeping the job he loved and worked at for the past nine years. He was going to get help for his addiction – he'd always wanted to get help. Perhaps getting caught was the best thing to ever happen to him after all.

"You will submit yourself for corporal punishment twice a month until you've paid me back in full," Silvia continued.

"Corporal... what now?" a very confused Greg asked.

"I don't like to fire people," Silvia answered. "And I certainly wouldn't want to see you go to jail. I have an alternative method of dealing with troublesome employees. If you agree to the punishment you will be forbidden from telling anyone at work, or anyone associated with someone that works here about it."

"What is the punishment?"

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you that unless you agree to do it. The choice is yours. Submit to my corporal punishment, or I call the cops and you go to jail and lose everything."

"I guess I have little choice then," Greg sighed. "I'll agree to the corporal punishment."

"Very good. Jane here is witness to your willing verbal agreement. I'll just need you to sign a few documents to that effect and then we'll get started."

"You mean you're going to do the punishment now? Here?" Greg asked.

"Of course," Silvia replied. "Just sign and date the forms for me."

Greg signed and dated the forms as he was told and slid them back across the desk. Silvia took them, flipping through the dozen pages to make sure everything was in order.

"Will you tell me what the punishment is now?" Greg asked.

"Didn't you read what you just signed? It was all in there plain as day." Silvia shuffled through until she found the page she was looking for and handed it back to Greg. "Please read the third paragraph."

"I, Greg Harper, hereby willingly enter into an agreement with Silvia Baxter whereby she will administer no fewer than twenty, and no more than forty lashes with the cane to my body every two weeks starting from the date signed below." Greg stopped reading. He stared blankly at the paper, hands trembling.

"Please continue reading," Silvia said.

"I, the above mentioned, submit to this punishment willingly in lieu of going to jail for grand theft, and will continue submitting to said punishments until the amount of \$10,000 is paid back to Silvia Baxter as payment and interest of what I stole from her. I, the above mentioned,

willingly agree to submit myself for punishment once a month thereafter as reminder of the sin I committed for as long as I work for Baxter Financial."

"There you have it," Silvia said with an evil grin. "If you quite your punishments before I'm paid back in full, or you decide to quit the company before I'm paid back in full, I'll turn over all of my evidence against you to the police and you can deal with going to jail."

"So basically you're blackmailing me?" Greg asked.

"Of course not," Silvia replied, taken aback at the accusation. "I'm simply giving you an alternative to spending the next ten years behind bars. If you'd rather do that I can go ahead and call the police now."

"No, I'll do whatever punishment you want from me."

Good, if you'll follow me we can get session number one taken care of."

"But, what do I tell my wife? She'll see the marks and want to know what happened."

"You will tell her the truth. You will tell her you stole from my company to fuel your gambling habit, and you will tell her you agreed to this punishment to stay out of jail."

"How do I know you won't try to use this against me later?"

"It's all in the contract you didn't bother reading," Silvia said disapprovingly. "I suggest you read it fully when you have the chance. It clearly states that I will never use this evidence against you and once your punishment is complete you will receive all copies of the evidence to do with as you please. But remember one thing, this is the only second chance you'll get with me. If you are caught stealing from me again it's straight to the police."

"I assure you I'll never take as much as a paperclip from this building without asking first."

"That's good to hear. Jane, would you be a dear and make copies of these documents so that Greg may take a copy home to his wife?"

"Yes ma'am," Jane replied. She was glad Greg agreed to the corporal punishment. He would hate it, but at least he wouldn't spend the next ten years in a small cell. She only wondered why Mrs. Baxter waited so long to confront him about the theft. Usually, her Mistress was right on top of things when it came to punishing those that worked for her. What was so special about this man that he could get away with stealing thousands before he was made to answer for his crimes? She also couldn't wait to see him punished for practically undressing her with his eyes.