

She Knows What She Wants

June 2022

"Of course that's without stock options. Surely there's nothing in the contract that would lead you to think it would be otherwise?"

A cool stare. A clear, musical voice. An immaculate, pin-straight pantsuit. A pair of elegantly-manicured nails holding the receiver to her ear. It was all part of the image, all part of what made Trudy such a formidable negotiator. She was strong-willed, and she was confident. She knew what she wanted, and she would do anything necessary to get it.

"That's better. Yes, naturally... Good. Now I know you'll want time to think it over. So let's do it like this; you'll hear from me tomorrow. Tomorrow at 1. That should give you plenty of time to check with your client and come to an agreement... Yes. Very well. I look forward to receiving your favorable decision."

Click went the receiver, and *click* went her heels, and *click* went the yielding latch as she opened the door and strode from her neatly furnished executive office. Good. Everything was in order. She had a meeting to attend now – stockholders to reassure – a board of recalcitrant members who needed taming...

Taming... yes. Taming. Her poised and elegant form may have been striding coolly down the hall, but her mind was drifting elsewhere. Back to the bedroom – or better still, into the darkened, cool confines of a dungeon. Limbs were writhing in anxious anticipation... leather gleaming in the half-light, accentuating the seductive feminine curves beneath. A low voice was issuing orders, whispering into the trembling sub's ear, turning their muscles to quivering jelly with its cool authority...

Crack. Trudy blinked, brought back to the present with a jolt at the sound – not of black leather meeting reddened flesh, but of something much more mundane and uninteresting. She gave the blushing, apologetic intern a tight-lipped smile, stepping coolly aside as he scrambled to set the fallen whiteboard back on its stand. "Watch it, Jared," was all she cautioned, before sweeping easily onward down the hall and into the conference room.

After all, she had more important things to do than deal with clumsy interns.

"And where are the projections for Q's 3 and 4? I seem to recall asking you for those during last

meeting. Isn't that right, Greg?" Yes, yes, of course, came the stammering response. Of course she had! But there had been an unexpected complication, an unforeseen issue with obtaining the necessary spreadsheets from the subcontractors. They would do their best, of course. But it might not be possible to get the full projections until next Wednesday...

"And you couldn't have let us know this *before* now?" Trudy the executive was here in the conference room with the uneasily shifting department heads, certainly. But there was another Trudy – a Trudy that was far away once more. A kinky Trudy, with a mind filled with images of a most sordid nature...

"Mmmm... you love it when I do that, don't you?" Plaintive moans were dribbling from the ball-gagged mouth, the sweating head nodding fervently in groveling agreement. Hands clenched in their cuffs, tugging silently as first one, then two fingers slipped deep within the proffered and defenseless ass. Every invasive thrust drew another shuddering gulp and moan from the captive female, and on the face of her mistress a smile of knowing pleasure deepened.

"That's right... I know exactly what you need. You're not in control anymore. You were never in control, honey. You're just a pathetic, submissive little bi-"

Ahem. Trudy jerked back to reality at the sound of her neighbor's nervous throat-clearing, realizing in an instant that she'd allowed herself a bit too much frivolous daydreaming. "Yes, well, I stand by my word," she asserted, with a steely glance around the table... and then rose briskly from the table before any more questions could arise. "No need to discuss this any further. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some other business to attend to before the day's end..."

Yes, she did. For within the next two hours, she had clicked back to her office, and answered a half-dozen high-profile emails, and rejected an offer from a potential supplier (with an icy request to come back when they were actually serious), and even set in motion a process to fire the three most under-performing employees in the Dallas branch. Trudy was unstoppable – a force of nature, strong and confident and unwavering in her fierce enthusiasm to control everything that came between her capable – and tastefully manicured – hands.

But even the highest-powered executives leave their office eventually. And so it was that a few hours later, deep in the well-groomed suburbs of the city, in the heart of a genteel and fantastically pricey neighborhood, an electric SUV slid silently down a tree-lined driveway and pulled to a stop within

the spacious garage. Out stepped those familiar heels with a *clickety-click*, and into the house stepped the pantsuit with its elegant occupant. On her face was a little smile, and through her head were wafting images of a most pulse-quickenning nature...

Images of a gleam of white in the dark. Sounds of a rustling crinkle, and of low laughter, and of the startling *ssshick!* of adhesive tapes being opened. Then the muffled pleading of a frantic sub, fighting against the stifling gag to beg her mistress not to humiliate her so. *Not the diaper*, the naked woman tried to beg through her own inarticulate and drooling sobs. *Not the mortifying badge of infancy, of helplessness, of a mindlessly uncontrolled body. Anything but that-!*

"Welcome home, sweetie. Where are your manners? Why are those shoes still on your feet, hmm?"

A quick flush of crimson on the cheeks. A quick duck of the head in obsequious acknowledgment. Hands scrabbling to slip the pumps off post-haste. "I- I'm sorry, mistress. It's- it's been a long day..."

"Has it now?" The musical ripple of laughter sounded in every syllable, as a diminutive woman stepped forward and placed her hands, warm and dark and strong, on Trudy's bent head. "Such a long day for my poor submissive, hmm? How fortunate that I know exactly what to do!"

And as Trudy nodded wordlessly and scrambled forward on her knees, heedless now of her crisp pantsuit and her discarded heels, she let out a murmuring little mew of gratitude. "Please... please Mistress Shanelle," she begged now, and in her musical voice there was nothing now to be heard but plaintive surrender and a simmering, primal hunger. "Please- I've been so horny for you all day- So f- fucking- horny..."

The smile on her wife and mistress's face broadened, and her fingers tightened within Trudy's hair. "Oh, have you now? Such a pity, isn't it?" She glanced down, then gave a brisk nod. "Off with those silly pants, pet. NOW."

Hands scrambled to obey, fingers shaking in eager, heady arousal. "Yes- yes, mistress-" "Panties, too." And off they came, their black satin slipping easily down... and revealing a strange metal band circling the kneeling woman's waist and stretching down between her pale ass-cheeks. It was a chastity belt: discreet and slim, true, but a chastity belt nonetheless.

Her mistress's voice hummed with approval. "Good... good. I suppose non-stop fantasies are only to be expected from such a pathetic, dirty-minded little sub like you. Such a good thing we took care

to lock you away that dripping little pussy of yours last month..." And now she leaned down, fingers tugging tight at her sub's hair and drawing a shuddering little cry of agreement and pleasure from the flushed Trudy. "I like my pet needy, after all," she murmured in the shivering woman's ear. "So needy... so utterly out of control. So ready to do whatever I command..."

And Trudy nodded eagerly, pleadingly. *Yes, command her. Force her to listen, to obey, to drive her mind down into mindless, compliant agreement. Let Mistress take charge and decide anything and everything for a change...*

For this was what she wanted. This was what she needed. And she going to do anything necessary to get it.