

The Twisted Love Potion

by Pan

Chapter 3

Derrick hated his job.

Actually, the job wasn't so bad. The job, he could take or leave. It wasn't his dream job, but Derrick was almost forty years old - he'd long abandoned the very *idea* of a dream job, and would have been happy with any job that wasn't eight hours of agony a day.

But while the job itself didn't cause eight hours of agony each day, his boss did.

Her name was Athena. Derrick assumed she was named for the Greek goddess, whose domains were warfare and wisdom. He'd looked it up shortly after meeting her.

Warfare was appropriate - she turned *everything* into a battle. Wisdom, less so: Derrick had never worked for someone he respected less.

To make matters worse, she was ten years his junior. She wasn't dumb, exactly - Derrick knew his boss was intelligent, she was just...awful. Spiteful, petty, and convinced that everyone was out to get her.

Although admittedly, that last thought wasn't a particularly unintelligent one. Derrick had never met someone with so many enemies - it wasn't just he who hated her, it was seemingly everyone she came into contact with. He had no idea how she'd worked her way up the corporate ladder so quickly - probably on her knees, he told himself.

That was perhaps the worst part of all. Athena was *exactly* Derrick's type. If he didn't hate her so much, he would have had an enormous crush on her.

As it was, he'd gotten himself off countless times, imagining the things that he would do to her if he got a chance. He jerked off to her more than anyone else, like a solo version of hatefucking. Derrick would picture himself fucking her over her huge glass desk, or sneaking into a janitor's closet so she could blow him. He'd imagine her dressed as a maid, cleaning his apartment and allowing him to use her whenever he wanted, or sharing him with his friends.

He hated her and wanted her in roughly equal measures.

Lusting after her at least helped the days go by faster - as she berated him for some imagined slight (misspelling an email address that she'd told him over the phone, or failing to book the right seat at the right restaurant for an important meeting), he'd tune her out and imagine what she'd look like cumming around his cock, swallowing his seed, or coated with his cum.

One time, he'd accidentally let a small smile appear on his face as she scolded him. That had been a mistake - she hadn't let him hear the end of that for *weeks*.

Derrick knew he'd never make a move, of course. He was attracted to her, but only her body - her personality was truly repugnant, and she'd probably sue him for sexual harassment, or ensure that his career was over.

Plus, she was his boss. Never a good idea.

So Derrick, as much as he hated his job, sucked it up while he looked for work elsewhere. He would have taken a worse position with a worse salary in a worse part of New York, but jobs were scarce, and so he was stuck working for the Athena, the Goddess of Awfulness.

He survived by making his own fun, so to speak. If he was the last one in the office, he'd switch out Athena's pens for ones that were *almost* out of ink, enjoying her frustration the next morning as she went through pen after pen, trying fruitlessly to find one that worked. He'd change the font in her Powerpoint presentations at the last minute, making sure to cover his tracks so she could never suspected he was responsible, then gleefully watching as she

embarrassed herself in front of the executives.

And whenever she sent him to fetch her lunch, he'd open her sandwiches and eat some of the filling before bringing it to her.

It was these small victories which got him through the day.

One day - a Thursday, two weeks before Athena's biggest presentation of the year - she'd sent him to fetch her lunch. A mozzarella sandwich from Hungry Ghost (the finest sandwich place in New York) and a drink. He loved it when she ordered from Hungry Ghost - it was a little harder to eat out the center of her meal, but it was worth the effort.

As always, Derrick poured her cola into a tall glass with two ice cubes, and arranged her sandwich on a square plate. Right before he entered, he took a sip of the cola; he didn't even *like* Fizz Twist, but he wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to deprive his horrible boss of something, even something as petty as a single sip of her beverage.

"Come in!" she shouted, not looking up as he entered. Derrick's cock thickened - Athena was wearing a white button-up shirt which emphasized the swell of her breast, contrasting beautifully with her long red hair, and a black pencil-skirt.

God he wished she wasn't so awful. She was so effing hot.

"Dismissed," she said as he set the lunch down on her desk. Her assistant rolled his eyes as he left - who did she think she was, Miranda Priestly? - and sat down at his desk to work.

Less than a minute later, Derrick's cock throbbed. Seeing Athena in what could easily have been a porn parody of workplace attire must have gotten to him more than he'd realized, because his erection wasn't going away. He was hard as a rock, and something was telling him to go into Athena's office, throw her down on the desk, and have his way with her.

"Not today, little buddy," he murmured, trying to shoo away the fantasies running through his head. He had this strange feeling that she'd be waiting for him, legs spread, a tuft of matted red hair between her legs, wet for him, waiting for his cock...

Derrick shifted in his seat. He'd had fantasies about Athena almost since he'd met her, but they'd never before been so...persistent.

He tried to focus his attention to organizing his sexy boss's diary for the next week, but he couldn't. No matter what he did, his mind just kept running through sexual situations,

Finally, just as Derrick was about to give into his cock's demands and go to the bathroom to jerk off, the intercom rang.

"Derrick?" Athena said, her voice sounding strange. Deeper than normal. "I...can you come in here?"

"Sure thing, boss," he replied jovially. He knew that it would be career suicide to reveal his true feelings for his boss, and so he'd always kept a friendly demeanor.

He may have hated her almost as much as he wanted her, but he wasn't *stupid*.

"What's up, chief?" he said, his eyes widening as he entered his boss's office. When he'd dropped her lunch off twenty minutes earlier, Athena had been as well put-together as she always was - her clothes tidy, her hair smart and well-kept.

Now...now, she looked like she'd just had a quickie with a co-worker.

Derrick's cock pulsed at the thought.

Athena's hair was mussed, like she'd been unable to stop running her hands through it. Her shirt was crumpled, as though she'd spent a few minutes rolling around on the floor. And as his gaze travelled south, he realized that her dress was crooked, like...like she'd hastily put it back on right before he'd entered.

Narrowing his eyes, Derrick glanced around the room. The only entrance to his boss's office

was past his desk, and he hadn't seen anyone enter, so unless she'd sneaked someone in while he was fetching her sandwich and they were hiding in her private bathroom, her ruffled state could only have been explained by...

Derrick sniffed. He was no bloodhound, and in his turned-on state, he couldn't be sure he wasn't imagining it, but...his boss's office smelled like pussy.

Like arousal.

Had Athena just gotten off?

"Boss?" he asked, realizing that Athena hadn't replied to his original enquiry, just stared at him wide-eyed as he'd silently Sherlock Holmes'd the situation.

"Mmm?"

He was sure he hadn't imagined it - her response was more of a purr than normal.

Athena was horny.

Was...was Athena horny for him?

"You called me in here," he said, playing it safe. Maybe this was a trap, a way of getting him to make the first move, so she could take him down, get him fired, bleed him dry. He wasn't sure why, but she was always scheming.

He'd never found her scheming ways so sexy before. Why did he suddenly find it sexy?

"Did you want something?"

Derrick was perturbed to hear his voice crack at the word 'want'. His cock was still hard as steel, and his mind was racing with images of Athena playing with herself behind her desk, getting herself off while thinking of him.

He wanted nothing more than to throw her down onto that glass desk she loved so much, hold her by the throat as he fucked her into a puddle.

"Mmm-hmm," Athena replied spacially.

Maybe she was just high. Derrick had no idea if his boss was a stoner. He'd never sought out any information about her personal life. She could have been married with three kids for all he knew.

"What can I do for you?" Derrick asked, an unbidden image of himself going down on Athena crossing his mind. Where had *that* thought come from? In the year and a half he'd been fantasizing about his boss, he'd never been the one *giving* head in his imagination.

"Derrick," Athena purred. He'd only heard her talk like this a few times before; once when he'd been forced to hear her on the phone to 'Charlie', whoever he was, and once when she'd been backed into a corner during negotiation, and awkwardly transitioned from tough-as-nails negotiator to purring pussycat seductress.

Wait. Was his boss trying to seduce him?

"Athena," he said cautiously. "What do you want?"

Athena licked her lips, and it was all Derrick could do to refrain himself from pouncing on her, tasting her tongue, putting her soft mouth to good work.

But, to his great surprise, Athena did it for him.

"You," she moaned, moving around the desk and pressing her lips against his.

For the next few minutes, Derrick felt like he was in a dream. His boss was exactly as good a kisser as he'd expected - the moans and squeaks she emitted as his hands explored her body, as his tongue explored her mouth...it was everything he'd hoped for, and more.

"I want you," she gasped, pulling away and spreading her legs. "Please. Derrick. I...I want you to be my first."

Derrick furrowed his brow.

“Your first?”

“My first man,” she clarified. Derrick’s eyes narrowed.

“...you’re a lesbian?”

Athena laughed, something that he could only remember happening a handful of times in the eighteen months he’d worked for her. When she was done, the purring seductress was gone, and the Athena he knew - and hated - was back.

“God, are you a moron?” she said, clearly aiming for playful, but missing. “You’ve organized dates with my fiancée.”

“Charlie’s a girl?” Derrick asked, a stone of embarrassment forming in his stomach. “How the fuck was I meant to know that?”

“I’m not exactly in the closet,” Athena said, with a roll of her eyes. “But that doesn’t matter. I want *you*, now.”

A part of Derrick wanted to accept her offer. He’d wanted her for so long - he’d wanted *this* for so long.

But, for the first time in their long and painful relationship, he felt like he was in the driving seat. He felt like *he* had the power...and he wasn’t going to give it up that easily.

“No,” he said calmly, ignoring the protest from his throbbing dick. As they’d been making out, Athena’s hand had brushed up against it several times, and he felt like he was a light breeze away from cumming.

“What?”

His boss’s tone was one of complete shock. She wasn’t accustomed to not getting her own way, something he was all too familiar with.

“I don’t want to,” Derrick replied with a smile. “You’re engaged. It wouldn’t be right.”

“I mean...I...”

The feeling of power swelled inside Derrick as he watched his tormentor of the last year and a half splutter, her mind blown by his rejection.

“...you don’t want to?” she finally said with a tone of confusion and hurt.

“Exactly,” Derrick replied, mustering all the willpower he could to take a step back. “I don’t want to. So unless there’s anything else...”

“Derrick,” Athena said, standing up and taking a step towards him. The purr was back. “I’m sure we can...come to some arrangement.”

“I’m good,” he said with a smile. He’d seen his boss negotiate deal after deal after deal - he knew exactly how good she was at it. It was the main reason she kept her position, despite pissing off anyone and everyone she crossed paths with.

Often, they hated her because of how effectively she negotiated with them. It wasn’t uncommon for someone to only realize the day after the meeting exactly what they’d just agreed to.

No, if he gave Athena an inch, she’d take a mile. He wanted to fuck her - he wanted it more than anything. But he’d wanted it for almost two years, and - with great effort - it was a desire he knew he could resist.

Until he got what he wanted, at least.

“It’s not even a real engagement,” Athena pouted, holding up her left hand, and pointing to her bare ring finger.

“Because you’re both women?” Derrick said, clucking his tongue. “How homophobic of you, boss.”

As he spoke, Derrick blushed slightly, still embarrassed that he’d somehow failed to pick up

on his boss's sexuality. Now that he knew, it was obvious - looking around Athena's office, he realized that Charlie must be the woman in all the photographs, the person he'd always assumed was her sister.

"Derrick," Athena said, her voice darkening. "I want you."

"We can't always get what we want."

"Now, Derrick," she said, her tone low and threatening. She didn't follow it up with 'that's an order', but Derrick knew that was one of her techniques; if both people heard the unspoken threat, it didn't need to be said.

"It wouldn't be fair," he said. His back was against the door; not the ideal position for negotiation. Athena never stopped moving towards him - he could smell her now. Her perfume, her arousal. Her body was so close.

He wanted her so bad.

"*Fuck* fair," Athena said. "You want this too. I know you do."

Derrick shook his head. He was losing control - if she made another move on him, he wasn't sure he'd be able to resist.

"Please," she pleaded. "Fuck me, Derrick. I...I want you inside me."

Athena's voice cracked, bolstering Derrick's confidence. For reasons he didn't understand, she wanted him as much as he'd always wanted her.

"Okay," he said, and it was like watching someone cut the strings off a marionette - Athena's entire body relaxed. "But with conditions."

"Anything," his boss gasped in relief, before realizing what she'd just said. "I mean..."

"I want a pay raise," he said coolly. "I don't care where it comes from - take it out of your salary if you need to."

Athena shook her head. He could see her mind ticking. "We won't need to," she replied. "We had a surplus anyway."

Her casual tone lit a fire in Derrick, the knowledge that she could have effortlessly give him a payraise, rewarded his hard work...and apparently hadn't even considered it.

"Call me Sir," he spat.

"What?"

"If you want me to fuck you," he spat, enjoying the way Athena's eyelids fluttered at the word. She was hot for his cock; the first cock of her life. "Call me Sir."

"No," she said flatly. "I'm...I'm not doing that."

"Then I'm not doing this," he replied, and before she could say another word, he'd slipped out of her office, gently closing the door behind him.

Every fibre of Derrick's body ached with need as he sat behind his desk once more. He'd been so close to having his boss, so close to feeling her naked form against his. So close to cumming inside her - and she would have let him cum inside her, of that he was sure.

He'd always wanted her, but that want had become a need...and, for whatever reason, it was now reciprocated.

Just as he was about to fold, just as he was about to go back into Athena's office and take her without conditions, his intercom lit up, and his boss's voice filled the small waiting room.

"Fine," she said.

Derrick smiled, and waited.

"...sir."

"I've changed my mind," he said, impressing himself with his own willpower. "I prefer Master."

There was a long pause, but Derek could still hear the hum of the intercom. His boss's finger was still on the button.

Finally, she gave in.

"...yes, Master."

Derek couldn't remember ever moving so fast; before he could even remember standing up, he was in Athena's office, her voluptuous form in his arms, his mouth against hers.

"Beg me to fuck you," he panted, as he ripped her shirt off, white buttons flying everywhere.

"Fuck me, Master," Athena moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as her tan-colored bra came into view. "*Please.*"

"You're mine," he growled, delighted to discover that her staid bra unfastened at the front.

"I'm yours, sir," she echoed breathily, pulling his mouth to her rosy-red nipples, and squealing with delight as he sucked and chewed on them.

"I'm going to fuck you," he sighed, hiking her skirt up, delighted to discover that he was wrong, that she didn't have red pubic hair.

"Please, master," Athena groaned, moving his cock to the entrance of her cleanly-shaved pussy. "I want it. I want it so bad."

"Oh godddd..." he moaned, slowly sinking his cock into her. "God, Athena. This feels so good..."

"Yesss," she hissed, pulling his mouth to hers. "Mmmmf..."

To Derrick's surprise, the entire length of his shaft filled her without resistance, as her tongue danced with his. He pulled back, grabbing his boss's face with one hand. "I thought you'd never done this before?"

"Not with a real cock," she gasped. "Charlie and I have plenty of toys."

"Call me Master," he reminded her.

"Yes sir," she said, a blush spreading across her face as he slowly pulled out, before firmly thrusting into her once more. "Yes, Master..."

Derrick was in heaven. His bitch of a boss was beneath him, her tits exposed, her skirt bunched up around her waist, as he slowly fucked her, the fantasy he'd had for so long coming true. He'd had sex before, but it had never felt like this. His mouth met hers again, and for the next few minutes he lost himself in his boss's passionate kiss, as he gently slid in and out of her wet pussy, until he felt her trembling with orgasm around his cock.

"Are you ready?" he asked, waiting for Athena to come down from her orgasm.

"For what?" she said, her eyes hazy.

Derrick coughed.

"...Master," she eventually added.

"For this," her assistant replied, pulling her out and flipping her over.

"Oh!" Athena yelped as Derrick's hard cock found its way between her legs once more. Unlike the gentle, almost loving sex they'd just had, this time...he didn't hold back.

This time, Derrick allowed eighteen months of frustration to come out, as he mercilessly hate-fucked his boss on the glass desk that he'd so quickly come to despise.

"Oh, fuck! Derrick, I..."

"Call me sir," he reminded her, spanking her hard on one of her firm, ample cheeks.

"Sir!" she squealed. "Oh, sir! Sir..."

"Call me Master," he corrected himself.

"Yes! Master! Oh, yesss..."

As Derrick pounded into his boss, he was delighted to feel her climax around his cock, again and again.

“You’re such a slut,” he moaned. “I’m using you for my pleasure, and you’re getting off on it.”

“Yessss,” she hissed. “Yes, Master, I...oh!”

Athena lost her train of thought as she came once more, her entire body shaking with orgasm.

“Fuck!” she cried. “Oh, Derrick, sir, *Master*...fuck me!”

For a moment, Derrick wondered what would happen if someone came in. He was normally the gatekeeper - anyone could have strolled past his empty desk and opened the door to find him giving his lesbian boss the fucking of a lifetime.

The thought didn’t deter him, however. She was clearly willing - if they got caught, he’d use them as a witness and sue her for sexual harassment.

“Tell me you’re a slut,” he ordered, his hands grasping her hips firmly.

“I’m a slut,” Athena moaned, her voice vibrating with lust. “I’m a slut for you, sir. I’m your little slut. I’m Master’s little slut...oh!”

The feeling of Athena’s cunt clenching around his cock in climax was enough to set Derrick off the edge.

“I’m cumming,” he said raspily. “I’m cumming inside my whore boss’s wet, slutty cunt...”

“Yes, Master,” Athena begged, facedown against her glass desk. “Please...please, cum inside me...”

Derrick moaned, his hips uncontrollably jerking forward as his own orgasm overcame him, picturing what this must look like from underneath the desk. His boss’s face mashed against the glass, her pink nipples squashed as her body moved back and forth, and she twitched with the control of his firm, constant fucking.

As he unloaded his seed inside Athena, he was surprised to feel her cumming again; he’d heard of multiple orgasms, but they weren’t something he’d ever directly witnessed.

When he was done, he pulled out of her, delighted by the sight of her pink pussy dripping cum.

“Fuck,” he said, sitting back into one of the comfortable chairs his boss kept in her office. “*Fuck.*”

“Oh my god,” Athena said dreamily, a well-fucked look on her face. “That...that was so wrong.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Derrick said, watching as his boss got up and began to make herself look presentable before. “What are you going to tell Charlie?”

“Nothing,” Athena said, smile on her face. “I could never hurt her like that.”

Derrick narrowed his eyes. “What?”

“She doesn’t need to know about this,” Athena said calmly. “It would kill her.”

“So...you’re just going to act like everything is normal?”

“Of course.”

Derrick was lost for words. As Athena did her bra back up and crossed the room to find another shirt, he finally managed to string a sentence together.

“You...you just cheated on your fiancée, and you’re just...not going to tell her?”

As she buttoned her shirt up, Derrick realized that Athena was back to her own, awful self.

“Of course not,” she coolly replied. “I love her, but she doesn’t need to know about what you and I get up to at work.”

“You’re disgusting,” Derrick spat. Athena raised one eyebrow, clearly shocked by his disrespectful tone.

“Excuse me?”

“I can’t believe you. I knew you were an asshole at work, but I figured that was your job, and maybe you were a decent person the rest of the time.”

“I am,” Athena said defensively. Derrick clenched and unclenched his fists.

“You’re not,” he said. “But you know what? That’s not my problem.”

“Exactly,” Athena said, raising her nose. “Now, we have a lot of work to do, so get me a coffee, and...-”

“I’m not going to get your coffees any more,” he snapped. “In fact, I want you to get mine.”

Athena’s forehead crinkled. “What? But I don’t have time to...-”

“You’ll make time,” he said.

The redhead stared at him, her mouth agape.

“I beg your pardon?”

“If you want this to continue,” Derrick said, “you’ll make time.”

“You can’t talk to me like...-”

Before she could finish the sentence, Derrick had stood up, and moved his mouth to hers. As he’d hoped, Athena melted in his embrace - her eyes took on a familiar dazed look, and he pulled back smugly.

“Whenever we’re alone,” he instructed, his eyes burning into hers, “you will call me Master.”

“Master...” she replied, as though testing to see how it felt in her mouth.

“You will get my lunch, you will get my coffee.”

“But...-”

“And I’m not going to tell you what to do with your fucking *engagement*, but as long as you’re together, you will treat your fiancée like a queen. You will keep track of how often I fuck you; you will go down on her twice for each time I do, and you will make sure she feels loved and cared for and appreciated. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Athena replied, squirming under Derrick’s gaze.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Master. Anything else?”

“I’m sure we’ll come up with many, many more humiliating things for you to do,” Derrick said, releasing his boss from his grip. “But for now, I’ll leave you to do some research.”

“Research?”

“On how to give head. As a lesbian, I imagine that it’s not something you’ve had much experience with, but it’s something I expect from you, going forward.”

“But...-”

Derrick held up one hand, and his boss fell silent.

“Say thank you,” he said. “And let’s leave it at that for now.”

There was a long pause. Derrick could practically see Athena weighing up the pros and cons of her situation, before she replied.

“Thank you, Master,” Athena said, blushing.

“You’re welcome, boss,” Derrick said with a smile, before returning to his desk and pulling up Athena’s calendar once more.

Sitting at his desk, he took a long, deep breath. He was going to have a lot of fun with his boss, going forward.

Maybe his job wasn't that bad, after all.