

Brooke Nolan: Petgirl PI

Faye Valentine

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It felt as if I had just fallen asleep when the phone vibrated on the stand woke me right back up. Glaring at the clock, I saw it was a little after two. Picking up the phone, I swiped my finger around the screen to unlock it and then saw an alert from the security cameras at my office. Suddenly wide awake, I sat up and quickly logged in to see a petite brunette walk across the office and disable the security system while a tall, handsome man waited by the door. Awake, it still took me a moment to recognize the woman as Riley Clarke – one of employees, and the man her boyfriend Sean whom I had only ever seen in the one picture sitting on her desk. Resisting the urge to call and ask what the hell she was doing in the office at two in the morning, I watched.

“Are you sure it’s okay to be here?” Sean asked, his eyes locked on Riley’s ass which had been squeezed into a pair of jeans so tight they appeared painted on.

“Of course, Master. I do have a key to the front door and the alarm code after all.”

Master? Though I was incredibly submissive myself and my own Master slept soundly next to me, it was the last thing I expected to hear coming from Riley.

Walking across the large open room she placed her hands on the edge of her desk and stepped back until she was bent at the waist. “I’ve been dreaming of this since the day I started working here Master. Will you please take me, Master?”

“Tell me, does your boss know you’re submissive?”

“No Master. Though, from reading her reports – something I wasn’t technically supposed to do, she’s pretty damn submissive herself. You didn’t hear this from me, but she was enslaved on one of her cases. They made her flog herself and gave her several piercings that I imaging look incredibly sexy on her stunning body, and on her first before Autumn and I started working here she apparently visited an adult toy store and bought enough to furnish her own dungeon so if anyone were to understand my desire to serve it would be Miss Nolan. OH!” she excitedly exclaimed. “She was also branded, Master. A puppy paw right on her mound. I don’t know if she’s given it any thought, but personally I think she would make an excellent puppy slave.”

“Then why don’t you invite her over for a session?” Sean said as he pressed his body against hers and gently kissed the right side of her neck.”

“She’s my boss, Master.”

“And?”

“I love working here. I like and consider her a friend even if we don’t associate much outside of work and I don’t want to lose that, Master. Please, I’m begging you not to command me to do this.”

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I felt the tears welling up and was not sure if they were from the shame of not giving my employees the attention they deserved, or joy that she loved her job so much she did not want to risk losing it or whatever relationship we had. Tapping my fiancé on the shoulder, I quietly whispered. “Master.” He stirred and after a moment, in the dim light cast by my phone I could see him staring at me.

“Hmm? What’s wrong?”

“Sorry to wake you Master, but there’s something I need to take care of at the office.”

Looking past me at the clock he let a groan escape his lips. “At two-thirty in the morning?”

“Yes Master.” Turning the phone I showed him the two late-night intruders. He immediately recognized Riley and his lips formed into a smile. Go back to sleep and let them have their fun.”

“Um, were you listening to their conversation, Master?”

“No, but she just pulled her pants down and I’m assuming they’re going to fuck all over the office. Good for them. Now try to get some sleep and worry about it in the morning.”

“You know there’s no way I’m getting back to sleep after, holy shit!” I gasped in surprise when I saw a tattoo of a puppy paw with TRAINED PUPPY SLAVE written around the outer edge.

“What now?” Brody groaned.

“Sorry Master. I just saw a tattoo marking her as a trained puppy slave and…”

“Go. And Brooke?”

“Yes Master?”

“Enjoy yourself.”

“Thank you Master. I’ll try to be back in plenty of time for Hannah’s next feeding but if for whatever reason I’m not then there are extra bottles of milk in the fridge.” Turning, I placed my feet on the floor and then looked back over my shoulder with a mischievous grin. “Unless you drank them all again.”

“I learned my lesson after the last time. From now on I get it straight from the source.”

“Thank you again, Master, for permitting me to go.”

“You’re welcome.”

Getting out of bed, I hurriedly put on a pair of lacy red and pink panties, a burgundy summer dress and a pair of matching heels. Tip-toing my way to the living room so as to not wake the baby, I grabbed the keys from the hook on the wall by the door and drove to the office. Not wanting them to see or hear me coming, I parked on the street half a block away and when I got out of the car removed my heels and carried them in my right hand.

Walking up to the front door of my office I quickly glanced at my phone to see Riley bent over the desk with Sean’s tongue hungrily lapping and delving into her womanhood. Slowly sliding the key into the lock, I gave it half a turn to the left and then stepped inside. “Having fun?”

Sean jumped and spun around. In the scramble to pull her pants up Riley tripped and hit the floor on her ass. “MISS NOLAN! W-What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you two the same thing. You’ve exactly thirty seconds to explain what you’re doing here well after hours and why I shouldn’t call the police,” I said as threateningly as possible.

“H-How did you even know?”

“I get an alert every time the alarm system is deactivated and since you are the only other one with the code I came to see what you were up to myself.” I let my eyes drift down her now visibly trembling, half-naked body and stop at the mark on her hip. “Nice tattoo. What does it mean?” I feigned ignorance.

“P-Please, Miss Nolan, don’t fire me,” she pleaded. “I know I royally fucked by coming here after hours but I didn’t think you’d let my Mast, um, boyfriend screw me on the desk during working hours.”

“Mast? Wait, you mean Master? Are you his submissive?”

“Y-Yes. Please, I’ll do anything you want if you just forget this ever happened and let us go.”

Turning to the man to my left, I offered a warm smile. “You’re Sean, right? Riley has told me absolutely nothing about you.”

“Pleasure to meet you. Look, I know you have every right to be pissed, and frankly so do I because a certain someone who shall not be named...Riley Clarke, told me it was fine we did this, but if you deem it necessary to call the police we’ll sit right here until they arrive. Isn’t that right?”

“Y-Y-Yes Master,” Riley said, her usually jovial voice full of fear and remorse.

“So, what, you thought you’d just come here after hours to screw?”

“Something like that, Miss Nolan,” Riley answered.

“No, exactly like that,” Sean corrected.

“You saw my tattoo, Miss Nolan, can I see yours?”

“I don’t have any.”

“The Brand I mean.”

“We’ll discuss you reading my personal files later.”

“So it’s true then? You really were pierced and branded? Please, you have my word I’ll never tell anyone.”

“You’ve read the files,” I said in reply.

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but that is so fucking hot!”

“I really don’t think this is the time to be gushing over your boss,” Sean said in the same calm, commanding tone that made me bow to my fiancé’s every demand.”

“Actually, I think this is the perfect time to gush all over me. I like you Riley. You’re an excellent employee and have everything it takes to be one of the best private investigators around, but I cannot let this transgression go unpunished.” Going to my desk I unlocked the bottom left file drawer, pulled out a long wooden paddle with holes drilled into it and carried it back around so they both saw it plain as day.

“You keep a paddle in your desk?” Sean asked.”

“Riley isn’t the only one with an office fetish,” I smirked.

“Then how can you stand there and judge me for wanting my Master to dominate me at work?”

“Because, Riley, unlike you, I own the office and may do with it as I please. So this is how this is going to play out. Riley, you are going to strip out of your clothes, stand and place your hands on the edge of your desk and Sean, you will do the same at mine. I will then give each of you fifty swats and permission to play as you see fit until sex, at which time you will stop and put everything back in its place. Any questions?”

“She’s the submissive one, not me,” Sean replied.

“Key or not you both trespassed after hours and you’ll both be punished or we can forget how forgiving I am and go straight to calling the police.”

“And we can play however we like afterward?”

“Until six.”

“Does that include you? Sean asked as he looked me up and down.

“Don’t push your luck.”

“So much for her being submissive,” he shrugged. “Come on, Riley, get up and take your clothes off so we can get this over with.”

“Oh, I’m absolutely submissive,” I replied “but only to the man I love and serve.” Staring into Riley’s wide eyes I winked. “I’ll show you what those bastards did to me if you accept fifty more swats to your ass and a further twenty-five to the location of my choosing.”

“DEAL!”

Reaching up under my dress I pulled my panties down and stepped out of them. Clutching the hem of my dress, I pulled it up and showed them both the puppy paw permanently seared into the tender flesh of my mound, the two barbells – one through my hood and the other slightly above that held the shield when worn, and the six tiny tunnels through each outer labia held tightly together by rings thick enough to fill the holes while still allowing them to turn.

“HOLY HELL!” Riley exclaimed. “That...that has got to be one of the single most beautiful things I have ever seen and I’m not just saying that because you’re my boss and literally hold me and my Master’s freedom in your hands.”

But I did not stop there. Pulling the dress off over my head I lay it across my desk and turned so they could see the large rings in my nipples and the dozens of tiny scars – constant and permanent reminders of the brutal, agonizing flogging the slavers forced me to inflict upon myself.

“You are so beautiful,” Riley said, this time her voice soft and unsure. “I mean, I’m straight but I would totally go full lesbian for you, Miss Nolan.” Realizing her words, her cheeks flushed and she averted her gaze to the far corner of the room.

“Thank you, but Riley, if you’d totally go full lesbian for me then you can’t be one hundred percent straight now can you?”

“She’s got you there,” Sean said. “Also, I completely agree. You are an incredibly beautiful woman and personally, I think the piercings only serve to enhance that.”

“All this flattery is nice, but it isn’t going to get you out of being disciplined for trespassing so for the last time take your clothes off and get in position.”

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To my surprise, Sean actually counted and gave a simple ‘thank you Mistress’ after each swat that landed on his fine ass and by the time I was done with him I was as horny as a rabbit in mating season. Well-trained by her Master, Riley also counted and gave thanks though after about sixty swats she was barely able to stand and I gave her permission to bend over her desk for the remaining forty. And then came the final twenty-five. Wanting her to learn a lesson she was not likely to soon forget, I administered them to her large breasts. Again, she took them like a well-trained submissive, but it took a lot out of her and she nearly collapsed to the floor.