

The background of the entire page is a deep red color. In the lower half, there is a dense field of small, heart-shaped confetti or paper scraps, also in shades of red, creating a textured, celebratory effect. The text is centered in the upper half.

*Thanking the
Receptionist*

Juniper Bell

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"We'll send a car to pick you up around noon, Dana. The driver will have instructions for you," Simon said on the phone.

Instructions. I'd never liked that word at Long Island Community College, but as an employee of Cowell & Dirk, I'd warmed up to it. Simon and Ethan's 'instructions' usually resulted in screaming orgasms all around. Why argue with that? "Will I like them?"

He chuckled. "Behave yourself and you'll be fine. I'll see you in Salt Lake, sweet." Simon hung up. I lay back on my futon, still cuddling the phone.

'Sweet.' The sexiest man in the world called me 'sweet.' Could life get any better? Hard to believe that three months ago, I'd been an unemployed slacker living at home dodging empty gin bottles. Gin being my stepmom's drink of choice. My father went for Scotch. Yet another thing they fought about.

But those days were over. Now I had my own place (about the size of one of those gin bottles, but still, it was mine.) And I had a job. I was the receptionist for the firm of Cowell & Dirk. As such, I answered phones and performed other duties as required by my two bosses, who happened to have some very naughty demands. The job kept me on my toes.

And occasionally on my knees. Or other parts of my anatomy not usually put to use in an office job. But this was no ordinary job, as I'd learned on my first day of work. I still remembered what Simon had me wear, and how he put me up against the window and...

No time for flashbacks. I had to get ready for my first business trip. Ethan Cowell and Simon Dirk were going to Salt Lake City for a conference. And they wanted me to go with them! My three-month anniversary and my first business trip on the same day. It was like Christmas, payday and a sale at Inkstation Tattoo rolled into one. My only regret was my workaholic bosses had scheduled the trip for February 14. But what was I expecting? Candy hearts and flowers? This was a business, after all.

The next day, a slick black car showed up outside my building, scattering broken glass and homeless guys. It drove Simon crazy that I still lived in such a crappy neighborhood, but I liked it. I didn't know if I could sleep without police sirens and the occasional gang battle.

"Ms. Arthur?" The driver got out of the car and held the door open for me.

"That's me." I sailed into the car like the Queen of England. Make that the Princess of Long Island.

"Mr. Dirk told me to give this to you." He handed me a white box. I knew those white boxes. Some of my kinkiest outfits came in those boxes.

As soon as we were mobile and the driver's attention was otherwise occupied, I opened the box. A note lay on top of pink tissue paper. "Please wear these for the rest of the trip. SD."

Under the tissue I found the softest, filmiest red silk stockings ever seen in Lowlife, Long Island. And an old-style lacy garter belt to hold them up. And nothing else. Oh, that Simon. He wanted me to get on a plane bare-pussied, wearing nothing under my skirt but garters and stockings. Wouldn't I flash the other passengers every time I crossed my legs?

Just follow instructions. I inched off my panties, hoping the driver didn't notice me squirming around in the back seat. Pointless, because as soon as I'd put on the stockings and garter, and felt the cool air brush my pussy, he reached his hand over the seat. "Mr. Dirk wants the old ones."

Talk about mortified. I handed him my panties, which he stuffed into a manila envelope. Not only did this stranger have my panties, he probably knew how exposed I was. Even so, I felt a tingling in my pussy, an itch that made me squirm against the leather seat.

"None of that now," said the driver. "Mr. Dirk's orders."

I froze. WTF? I was about to tell the driver to back the F off, then I remembered that Cowell & Dirk liked to put video cameras everywhere. One might be pointed at me right

now. Simon might be watching, or Ethan. Or both. Heat flashed in my pussy, but I sat still and carefully kept my legs apart. I didn't want them to see me disobeying orders at the start of my first business trip.

By the time I boarded the plane, I was cursing my devilish employers. From the car to the security line to the long walk down the terminal to my gate, every step reminded me I was bare and wet down there. I swear the TSA agents looked at me funny, like they wanted to strip-search me right there on the scanner. The ache in my sex was seriously distracting. I wasn't scheduled to meet up with Simon and Ethan for another six hours. Would I make it? Maybe I could relieve a little pressure in the privacy of my seat with a discreet wiggle or two.

Lo and behold, I got to fly business class. Which meant my seat was front and center. No getting away with anything there. I sank into the cushy seat and reminded myself that it was pretty freakin' cool to go business class, especially for someone like me who'd only been on a plane once, for my grandmother's funeral. I'd gone standby on a discount airline and someone had stolen my carry-on bag from the overhead compartment.

When we were airborne, the flight attendant—they must put the really busty ones in business class—handed out plastic glasses of champagne for those who wanted it. I definitely wanted it. Maybe alcohol would dull the hunger between my legs. After she served everyone, she came back to me.

"Ms. Dana Arthur?" She was blond and strict, like Heidi Klum booting someone off Project Runway. Had she seen what I was wearing, or not wearing, under my skirt? Was I about to get kicked out of business class for inappropriate attire?

"Yes, that's me."

"This is from Mr. Cowell." She handed me a white box.

Holy department store! Had they bought out Long Island's entire lingerie supply? I snatched the box from her.

"Mr. Cowell gave me this too." She showed me a small digital camera. "He's expecting a photo. He wants to make sure you're following instructions."

"I am."

"Then we have no problem. Come along." I revised my first impression. They put the bossy ones in business class, not the busty ones. "Wha...where?"

"The restroom. I have specific instructions."

Of course she did.

I followed her to the bathroom at the front of the plane. She closed the curtain behind us. "You first," she told me. "Go in, pull your skirt up and bend over the sink."

"Bend over? It's not exactly a penthouse suite in there." A flash shut me up. Heidi Klum had just snapped a picture of me mouthing off.

"Rebellious, are you? I'm afraid Mr. Cowell will have to hear about this."

Oh, hell. I bit my lip to keep any more cheeky attitude to myself. That's what always got me in trouble. Meekly I stepped into the cramped little restroom and maneuvered myself against the sink. I lifted my skirt to expose my rear end and bent over as far as I could. I heard another click of the camera then felt a quick touch of fingers in my wet folds. It was an impersonal touch, not meant to arouse, but to test. Confirm or deny my arousal. If I hadn't already been on fire, those cool, quick fingers would have done it. I hated that my body responded like that. But Ethan and Simon always seemed to know how to get me revved up. Even when they were thousands of miles away.

"Lovely. Mr. Cowell will be pleased," she murmured. She tweaked my clit and my hips jerked. The throbbing in my sex went to double-time. "You can stand up now."

I stood up, too embarrassed to meet her eyes. She handed me the white box. "Mr. Cowell wants you to wear this for the rest of the trip."

Please let it be a burlap sack or nursing home scrubs, anything to get my mind off the pulsing heat between my legs. Yeah, right. That wouldn't happen until Simon and Ethan

checked into the Motel Six Feet Under. I waited for Hellacious Heidi to leave, but she stayed where she was. "Mr. Cowell said you might need my help."

My throat tightened. When I drew out the item from its tissue paper, my eyes got big as Heidi's boobs. A hot pink corset with red leather laces. Oh, *damn*. The thing was tiny. They wanted me to wear that? It looked like it belonged on a doll. A pornographic, sex-shop kind of doll.

"There's no way..." I remembered the camera, "...I can put this on by myself." I handed it to her. Her smug look irritated me. Wanting to get it over with as quickly as possible, I stripped off my jacket, camisole and bra.

"I'll take that." Heidi snatched the bra from my hand and stuffed it in her pocket. Great, now I was scattering underwear across the continent. "Face the mirror."

In the mirror, my nipples stared back at me, mocking me with their swollen erectness.

She made me watch as she settled the corset around my torso, then yanked the lace tight at the waist. I yelped. She smiled. An angel face hiding a devil inside. She pulled the rest of the laces tight, one by one, enclosing my ribcage in hot pink satin. I felt like Scarlett O'Hara getting ready for a barbecue. Except I'm pretty sure Scarlett's nipples were hidden under lace. Not mine, oh no. The corset went right up to the underside of my breasts, pushed them up and out, and displayed my nipples like two maraschino cherries on an ice cream sundae.

My waist looked unbelievably tiny. The corset did wonders for my posture, too. No matter how I tried, slouching was not an option. Or slumping or hiding. It was weirdly relaxing. The structure of the corset took charge. All I had to do was let go and not mind my nipples protruding in such a provocative way. The thought that I was only a couple hours away from Simon and Ethan definitely helped. They'd love this look. I could already feel Simon's tongue on my nipple, Ethan's hand on my ass...

Another camera click brought me back to myself. Heidi was going for the full frontal shot. She fluffed my hair around my head and told me to lick my lips. I channeled my inner porn star and gave my reflection a pouty air kiss. I posed and preened, loving the way I looked in the corset, like someone from a Wild West whorehouse. Heidi took photo after photo. She must have thought I was pretty sexy too, because her voice got husky.

"If Mr. Cowell hadn't left such specific instructions, I'd be all over you," she breathed in my ear. "I'd get those nipples so juicy, he'd come at the sight of you. I'd press you down and put my hand up your pussy and fuck you blind. But I'm not supposed to get you off, and I can tell right now you're ready to explode. Get your clothes on and get back to your seat. Now, before I change my mind." She slapped me on the ass and handed me my camisole.

Seriously, I don't know what's going on with airline security these days. I stopped caring when I felt silk against my sensitized nipples. Then the weight of the jacket settling on top, the buttons closing me in. It was like mainlining sexual heat straight through my nipples. In a hot haze, I made my way back to my seat. I hoped I wouldn't spontaneously combust before we landed in Salt Lake.

The rest of the flight passed like a dream. The sun set, the moon rose. All I thought about was getting to Simon and Ethan. Simon, master of my heart, and Ethan, master of us both.

Another driver picked me up at the airport, but this one seemed to be out of the loop. He didn't ask for my underwear. Good thing, because I had none left to sacrifice. He took me straight to the Salt Lake City Hilton. I'm not exactly the Hilton type, so I got all googly-eyed at the glass elevator and the bellboys dressed up like toy soldiers in a parade. My bright red stockings got some attention from the other hotel guests. Or maybe it was the heat in my cheeks and the way my breath kept speeding up. Every step I took aroused my enflamed nipples even further. But every step took me closer to Simon and Ethan.

My room was at the end of the hall. I couldn't wait to get inside. Maybe Simon would already be there. Maybe he'd be waiting naked in an armchair, cock erect, strong thighs spread. Maybe he'd toss me over his knees and spank me, just a little, before letting me come all over his lap. I'd been a good girl, hadn't I? I'd followed all the instructions.

But when I opened the door, Ethan Cowell's scowling face greeted me. Those ice blue eyes of his burned into mine. "What's this?"

He held up two manila folders in one hand, and a photo in the other. It was a close-up shot of my scowling face in the airplane bathroom. My mouth was open, obviously delivering some witty comeback to Heidi Bossypants.

"She could have warned me she was taking photos," I muttered.

"Deflecting blame, are you? Simon, what do you make of that?"

I glanced across the room to find Simon leaning against the desk, arms crossed, green eyes narrowed. The sight of him made my heart swell with joy, as always.

"She followed all the other instructions. We've got the underwear to prove it." Simon pointed to the manila envelopes. My hero.

Ethan nodded. "True. But I need an explanation for that outburst. Come in and take your jacket off, Dana. And the camisole."

I stepped into the room and Ethan closed the door behind me. I unbuttoned my jacket and dropped it on the floor. Just like that first day on the job with Simon...I knew he remembered it too, because he winked at me, then resumed his stern expression.

I stripped down to the corset. My nipples sat in all their erotic glory on the bed of hot pink leather.

"Stunning," said Ethan. "Just how I pictured." He came close and circled a thumb around each nipple. The warmth of his fingers, after all the impersonal stimulation of the camisole, brought tears to my eyes.

"Don't come," he warned.

I gritted my teeth together to stop any unruly orgasmic activity.

"Now, can you account for your behavior with Greta?"

Oh, so Heidi was a Greta. Close enough. "Just...me being me."

He chuckled, flicking his thumb against my nipple as if it were a lighter. But I was already on fire. "As good an explanation as any. Now off with the skirt. Simon, come help her."

Simon left his station by the desk and came over to me. My heart glowed at his nearness. I wanted him to kiss me, but he was all business and went straight to the zipper on the back of my skirt. He shimmied it down my hips and helped me step out of it. Ethan snapped one of the garters against the tender skin of my upper thigh. I shivered.

"You look magnificent. Do you know why we brought you here?" He stroked his hand along the wet crease between my legs. Behind me, Simon danced his fingertips over my bare ass cheeks.

"For the conference."

"Partially."

Two fingers slipped inside me and pressed.

"Oh, God." I clenched my thighs together.

"Legs apart! And don't come until I say so. I thought you'd learned to follow instructions, Dana. We've been so pleased with your performance that we wanted to do something special for you. But I don't know if you deserve it anymore. Not with the attitude you showed on the plane."

"She provoked me."

"Wrong answer." Two fingers became three. I saw stars. My knees started to buckle. But it didn't matter because Simon lifted me from behind and carried me to the bed. He tossed me across the bedspread. Before I could say, "WTF," Ethan and Simon had tied my wrists to the bedposts. Two against one. Was that fair? Did I care?

I struggled half-heartedly as Ethan stationed himself at the foot of the bed where he got a front-row view of my corseted, gartered, bound body. "We realized that all of our intimacies take place in the office. We have yet to enjoy ourselves in a proper bed," We thought we'd mark your three-month anniversary with a change of scene. But now that you've misbehaved, things have changed."

"But..."

"Shh." Simon ran his forefinger over my lips. "It's always your mouth that gets you in trouble, isn't it?"

I shut up, since I couldn't deny it.

"But since your overall job performance has been impeccable, your punishment will be a small one." Ethan nodded to Simon, who pulled a piece of cloth from his pocket and tied it over my mouth, knotting it behind my head. No more talking. Kind of a relief, really.

While Simon was gagging me, Ethan attached strips of cloth to my ankles and tied them to the post. Simon joined him at the foot of the bed, trailing a caressing hand the length of my body as he went. I was splayed in front of them like the salad bar at the Olive Garden.

"Now, I know how close you are to coming. But you must learn to restrain yourself. No orgasm until I say so," said Ethan.

I gave a silent groan. Could I do it? It helped that my legs were spread apart. Ethan had probably done that on purpose. He knew me so well. They both did, down to the dirtiest, most secret parts of my soul. Not to mention the most sensitive parts of my body.

Which they proceeded to demonstrate. It was as if they were showing off all the knowledge they'd acquired about me in the past three months. First they took their clothes off, which always turbo-charged my libido. Two strong, well-built men, my Simon with his perfect, straight cock, Ethan with his thick one. I nearly came at the sight of them as they approached my spread-eagled body.

While Simon nibbled the tender skin of my exposed breasts, Ethan kneeled next to me and tongued my inner thighs, right above the edge of the stockings. With his teeth he snapped the garters hard against my flesh. Heat scorched through me. I raised my hips, hoping for his mouth on my drenched pussy, but he laughed and shook his head.

"Haven't you learned any discipline yet? Maybe this will help." He stood between my legs and displayed a braided piece of cloth with a kind of silky fringe at the end. I watched, wide-eyed, as he tested it in the air. Whoosh, whoosh. The next whoosh came right down on my pussy. The contact was shocking. The sweet sting turned quickly to a pleasure so extreme, I shrieked behind the gag.

"If you weren't so swollen and aroused, I'd never dare use this on you." The swishing fringe came down again on my begging clit. "We decided a long plane ride would provide the perfect opportunity." Oh Ethan, senior partner, always thinking and planning.

Ethan snapped the tormenting fringe down on me again. My hips danced around, either trying to get close or get away, or both. Meantime, Simon held one nipple firmly in his mouth, the other locked between thumb and forefinger, and every time that cloth slapped my clit, he'd suck and squeeze, harder and harder. Excruciating pleasure raced through my veins like a drug.

When my breath came in ragged gasps, Ethan stopped and tested my scalding pussy. He felt me up with a skilled hand that knew just how far to push me. Simon licked my nipples, soothing like a mother cat. I purred and panted. Just like that, they reminded me how much I belonged to them, body and soul.

"You can take her mouth," said Ethan, with a decisive nod.

Simon's green eyes, dark the way they always were when he was turned on, blazed over me. He untied the gag, then positioned himself with his knees on either side of my chest. I was never so happy as when I got a taste of Simon's cock. I licked at it eagerly. He plunged into my mouth at the same moment Ethan whipped me again with the cloth. I shot

into another world where only we three existed, Simon in my mouth, Ethan working my pussy, all of us panting to the same primal rhythm. Simon came and I drank him down.

"My darling love," Simon told me in a rough voice. "You still don't know why you're here, do you?"

He pulled his cock from my mouth, and, bittersweet relief, the whipping down below stopped too. I heard Ethan get onto the bed.

"Three months?" My lips were swollen from Simon's thrusts.

"No."

"Conference."

Simon smiled and shook his head. He scooted down near Ethan, who kneeled between my thighs, his massive cock poised to enter me. Simon gave it a quick lick, which always turned me on. Then he fastened his mouth to my aching clit. Little spikes of pleasure shot through me. I started to soar, how could I stop it, I couldn't, I was too aroused, it wasn't my fault...

Ethan put the tip of his cock right at my entrance. "As our receptionist, you really ought to know the date. It's Valentine's Day, my lovely." He plunged in deep. "You can come now."

Well-trained receptionist that I was, I did as he instructed. I came and I came. I shattered into waves of light and heat and sound. I knew I was screaming their names. Ethan grunted as he pounded into me. Simon's mouth left my clit, replaced by rough and knowing fingers that wrung every last throb of pleasure from me. His other hand bunched my corseted nipples together. I came and came and came, images from the long trip's worth of stimulation flashing through my mind. Me bare-ass in the car. Strolling through the terminal in bright red stockings. Bending over the tiny airplane sink for the camera. My nipples swelling over the top of the corset. Simon's cock in my mouth, the fringed cloth whipping my pussy.

"Happy Valentine's Day," whispered Simon in my ear. "I adore you."

"Our way of saying thank you," panted Ethan, when he was done.

I smiled at them both, too limp from my bliss ride to say a word. But here's what I wanted to say. The pleasure is all mine, bosses. Thanks for hiring me. For employing me. Most of all, thanks for training me.

About the Author:

Juniper Bell's second book with Samhain, "Training the Receptionist," will be released on March 2. By then she hopes to be in Hawaii getting a much-needed break from the Alaska winter. For more, visit her web site at JuniperBell.com or her Samhain [author page](#).