



Owned by Stacy



Carmenica Diaz

Owned By Stacy
Carmenica Diaz
First published 2007.

Copyright © Carmenica Diaz 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Any resemblance to actual persons, either living or dead, or events are entirely coincidental



1. Discovered.

1.

I didn't *mean* to take the money, I really didn't.

It was just there and it was so tempting! My husband had been out of work for two weeks and even though he was confident in getting a job, I wasn't so sure that he would.

I knew Ron for what he was and knew he was lazy. He liked lying around the house during the day and drinking beer while watching TV sports of an evening. He had the beer belly to prove it.

We had been High School sweethearts, married and stayed in Cotters End where we had both grown up. It was comfortable as my parents and sister still lived here and I knew everyone.

There I was, working for my best friend, Stacy Cotleshaw, in her company and the money just fell into my lap.

Stacy was a sweetie or at least I thought so. She was almost ten years older than I – she was thirty five and I was almost twenty-six – and we had been friends since Stacy moved to Cotters End two years ago.

She was successful, owned a cookery and appliance supply company that served customers nationally and offered me a job as a sort of an administrative clerk. It was fun as it wasn't *really* work even though Stacy could be a little bossy sometimes.

I didn't mind and just did what she wanted; we were, after all, friends!

People used to say we were sisters as we were both blonde and curvy, although I think I have larger boobies.

Stacy wasn't married as, so she told me, had divorced her loser of a husband five years ago. She then went on to make it big with her business!

That got me thinking that I should divorce Ron. We had nothing in common, the sex was lousy and, maybe there was a bigger world out there than Cotters End.

And then I started thinking of money. We were in debt and then I saw the bag with the money just lying on the desk.

'Deposit that cash for me, Amy,' Stacy said breezily as she rushed into her office.

'Ok,' I called after her and I took the bag. It had three and a half thousand pounds in it!

And I took it!

For the life of me, I don't know why but I did!

Three and a half thousand pounds!

I paid off our credit cards and had a little left over for a pair of shoes. *I'll pay her back*, I told myself but deep inside, I hoped she wouldn't even miss the money.

Unfortunately, for me, she did.

2.

Three weeks later, disaster struck!

'Amy, please come into my office.'

Stacy's voice was not as friendly as it was usually and I wondered what had happened. Stupidly, I didn't even consider the money as I had just blotted the "*borrowing*" from my mind.

I was wearing a blouse and a mid-thigh length grey skirt with high heels, no stockings and I felt Stacy looking me up and down with a rather predatory look.

'Shut the door,' Stacy said, sitting back in her chair, hands on the desk in front of her.

'What's the...'

'Shut up!'

Flummoxed, I stopped and stared at her. Stacy was not smiling; in fact, her expression was cold and determined.

'Sit down,' Stacy ordered and I nervously did so.

She smiled thinly at me and shook her head.

'You've been very stupid, Amy.'

The penny dropped; the *money!*

'Ah...Stacy...'

‘Shut your mouth! You will speak when I allow you to do so! I have no patience with thieves!’

She knew!

Stacy coldly examined for a moment, playing with an elegant gold pen as she did so.

Finally, she spoke.

‘You stole from me, Amy,’ Stacy Said quietly.

‘No...I...’

‘If you persist in speaking without permission, I will immediately call the police!’

I snapped my mouth shut.

‘I assume you thought that as we were friends I wouldn’t do anything about your theft!’

Stricken, I opened my mouth but, after a glare from Stacy, instantly closed it.

‘You are really a little fool. Did you think I wouldn’t find out?’

‘Ah...’

‘Shut up!’

Stacy coldly examined me again and I shivered when I thought I saw a hate and disgust in her eyes.

‘You thought that as you were my friend, you could just steal from me? I really can’t believe it but you always were a stupid little airhead, always prancing around as if you were Paris Hilton! I only gave you this job because we were friends! Ordinarily, I would never hire someone like you! You’re lazy and amoral!’

Open mouthed, I stared at Stacy, hurt by her words and, yet, now somewhat afraid.

Paralysed, I watched her hand rest on the telephone.

‘I’ll call the police, you’ll be taken away to be charged and the released, pending your trial. You’ll only be sentenced for six to nine months but it should be a learning experience for you. Of course, everyone will know – your lazy husband, your parents, old friends from school, everyone. I’ll make sure the *Herald* gets some juicy photographs of you being arrested,’ Stacy added and I blinked at her obvious dislike of me. ‘You in handcuffs will look good on the front page.’

Staring at the floor, I blinked the coming tears away and wondered how I had been so stupid.

My life, as I knew it, was over! I would be in permanent disgrace and would bring terrible disgrace and humiliation to my parents and my sister.

I had been so stupid!

Stacy picked the telephone receiver up and I stared, horrified, unable to say or do anything. Stacy watched me and I was surprised to see a cold smile form on her pretty face.

‘There may be a way out of this,’ Stacy said after a moment.

‘Yes!’ I rushed. ‘Thank you! Please, I...’

‘Shut up, you little bitch!’

I immediately closed my mouth and waited, my heart pounding.

‘I’ll think about it,’ Stacy said, replacing the receiver. I could tell that an idea had occurred to her and I was instantly hopeful.

She stared thoughtfully at me, eyes looking me up and down.

‘You can go back out there and work. Don’t say anything to anyone...’

‘I won’t...I really won’t...thank you...’

‘And come back here at five when everyone has gone. I’ll decide then whether to call the cops or not.’

My heart sank as the glimmer of hope that had been raised, died.

She was just postponing it!

Stacy was still going to call the police!

‘There may be an alternative,’ Stacy said calmly, ‘but I need to think it through.’

Hope blossomed in my heart once again.

‘Get out! be here at five. One minute late and I’ll just call the police.’

I stood up and nervously walked to the office door, my hand slick with perspiration as I twisted the doorknob.

‘Stacy...’

‘Get out!’

I shut the door and tottered to my desk, sinking into my seat as I tried to still my beating heart.

‘You ok, Amy?’ Evelyn called from another desk. ‘You look pale.’

‘I...I think I’m coming down with something...’

‘Why don’t you go home? You don’t look well at all.’

Ordinarily, I would have seized the excuse and taken the rest of the day off but Stacy said to be at her office at five for the final judgement.

‘Ah...no, I’m fine,’ I said suddenly standing. ‘I just might go to the restroom and splash water on my face.’

After sitting in the toilet cubicle, silently crying, I stumbled out and stood in front of the mirror while I washed my hands.

My eyes were red and my face pale and after washing my face, I carefully reapplied my make-up.

Stacy has got me, I’m completely in her power.

Maybe, she’ll forgive me?

I shook my head to clear it of that foolish notion. The look of disgust, betrayal and hate in Stacy’s eyes convinced me that forgiveness would not be an option.

She’ll want to punish me somehow. Perhaps take my wages until I pay the money back.

So, I thought as bravely as I could muster, *I’ll have to work for nothing for a while. It would be worth it to spare everyone the shame and humiliation of my arrest.*

God, I’d die in prison!

I applied lip gloss and then studied my face in the mirror.

No, I won’t go to prison, I’ll do what every I can to avoid that!

I’ll do anything!

I didn't realise how prophetic those words would be!

3.

At five minutes to five, I looked around the empty office, stood up and stood in front of Stacy's closed office door.

At precisely five o'clock, I tentatively knocked.

'Come in.'

Stacy's voice sounded firm and imperious through the door and I nervously opened it.

Stacy was seated behind her desk, coat off and smoking a cigarette. It was unusual to see her smoking in the office but, as I usually wasn't around at this time of the day, thought it might be something she did everyday.

'Ah, my little thieving bitch,' Stacy causally announced and I flushed.

'Stacy...'

'Shut the fuck up! You will talk when I *say* you can talk! Now, shut the door and get in here!'

My hand trembled as I shut the door and I walked to the centre of the room. The visitor's chair was pushed into the far corner so I guessed that Stacy wanted me to remain standing.

Uncomfortably, I moved from foot to foot, trying to think of something to say.

'Stand still, for god sakes! Do you have ants in your knickers or something?'

For some reason, I blushed but remained motionless.

I picked at the fingernails of my left hand with the nails on my right hand and nervously waiting.

‘Stop that! Put your hands by your sides!’

Biting my lower lip, I waited.

‘I’ve given this matter a great deal of thought,’ Stacy said calmly, ‘and I have to admit the most obvious solution is to hand you over to the police. Of course, I’ll call the *Sweetwater Herald* just before I do.’

She smiled maliciously at me and I quaked inwardly at such calm malevolence.

‘However, there is an alternative. Are you willing to listen to an alternative?’

Not sure if I could speak or not, I simply nodded and Stacy smiled.

‘Good. You have taken three and half thousand pounds from me. I know your circumstances and know it would take you at least three months to repay me if I took all your wages. Probably closer to five months when you consider the interest I am losing.’

I swallowed and looked down, wanting to avoid her glittering eyes.

‘However, I am willing to forgo the money if you agree to one simple thing.’

Hopefully, I looked up.

‘If you agree to be my slave.’

Stacy said it so calmly I wondered, at first, if I misheard.

‘Whaa...?’

I think you heard, Amy,’ Stacy said mildly.

‘But...but what do...do you mean?’

‘I think it should be perfectly clear. You do know what the word “*slave*” means, don’t you?’ Stacy asked, her eyes mocking me.

‘Well, yes...of course...’

‘A slave is property, owned by someone else and has no rights, no ability to make decisions. All decisions are made by the owner. If you accept my offer and become my slave, I *will* be your owner!’

I gasped and stared unbelievably at Stacy.

‘But...’

‘Don’t think about it, Amy,’ Stacy said conversationally. ‘It is a simple choice. You either accept and offer yourself to me as my slave or you refuse. I will then call the police.’

‘But what will...will happen?’

‘That is of no concern to you. If you choose to enter slavery, you will not have to concern yourself with decisions. I will make them for you.’

The enormity of what she was saying hit me hard!

A slave!

‘You...you can’t be serious!’

‘Perfectly serious.’ Stacy reached for the telephone. ‘I guess I call the *Herald* and then the police?’

‘No! How...how long would I...I be...’

‘Until I say.’ Stacy looked at me steadily. ‘Everything is my decision. You have no say at all.’

‘But...but would you...you make me...do?’

‘Whatever I want,’ she said calmly. ‘I can guarantee you won’t enjoy all of the things I insist on but, then again,’ she laughed, ‘maybe you will.’

We stood in silence for a moment as Stacy allowed me time to think.

I didn’t want to go to prison and playing at being Stacy’s slave was just a game. Stacy would grow tired of it sooner or later.

Stacy drew a piece of paper from her desk drawer and place dit on the desk.

‘I’ve drawn up a contract, a *slave* contract for you to sign. Here,’ she said, offering me the document, ‘read it!’

My hands shook as I read the carefully typed document. It was really a confession and then an agreement to offer myself as compensation to Stacy. If Stacy accepted my offer, I would be her slave and owned by her.

If, at anytime I disobeyed my owner (those words sent a chill down my back), the police would be notified and I would be arrested for theft.

‘Make a decision,’ Stacy said, offering her gold pen.

‘Stacy,’ I tried, ‘I...I thought we were friends?’

Stacy laughed harshly.

‘Friends? Do friends steal from friends? When one friend gives another friend a job, doe sthat friend swan about and do nothing, just take the wages for as

little as possible? No, Amy, we're not friends and haven't been for a long time! In fact, I was going to fire you!

I gaped at her.

'But then,' she smiled cruelly, 'you stole the money, didn't you? Stupid little cow!'

Stacy tapped the document with her fingernail.

'That is your choice, Amy and you will get no sympathy from me! I mean everything I've said and what's more, that document is valid and accurate. You *will* be my slave and you *will* do everything I say! Or, face the consequences!'

I looked at the document and then back at those cold eyes.

What would she make me do?

I remembered one night when we had a little too much to drink, Stacy had put her arms around me and I had wondered then if she was gay or just bisexual.

Did she want me to do dirty things with her?

I know I should have been disgusted at the thought and, in a way, I was, but I was also a little aroused by the notion.

'Well?' Stacy snapped.

I put the document on the desk and took the pen in my shaky hand.

Slowly, I signed it and Stacy smiled.

She took the document, witnessed it, folded it and carefully put it in the drawer.

'You are my property now,' she said calmly. 'You understand the ramifications of disobeying me?'

‘Yes...Stacy...’

‘We’ll start right there! When we are alone, you will call me Miss Stacy.’

I flushed and the thought.

‘Do you understand, Amy?’ Stacy asked, almost conversationally.

‘Yes...Miss Stacy,’ I mumbled, face hot and Stacy smiled with great delight.

‘Excellent.’

She stood up and walked around to perch on the edge of her desk, arms folded.

‘Now, I want to see the goods. Take all your clothes off, Amy. You will place them on that chair.’

Her dark red painted fingernail pointed at the office chair in the corner.

Take my clothes off!

I looked at her, pleading with my eyes but there was no sympathy evident within those grey orbs. In fact, they were cold but with small flickers of amused enjoyment.

I swallowed and looked at the floor.

‘I see,’ Stacy said with a sigh, ‘you are disobeying me so quickly! What a pity.’

She leaned over to pick up the telephone.

‘No!’ I squealed. ‘No...Miss Stacy. Look, I’m taking them off!’

I anxiously kicked my high heels off and began to unbutton my blouse. Stacy leaned back, refolded her arms

and watched as I peeled the blouse off my shoulders revealing my white lace under wire bra.

Stacy gestured with her eyes at the chair and, after picking up my shoes, I walked over and placed the blouse and shoes on the chair in the corner.

Standing next to the chair, I began to unzip my skirt when Stacy pointed back at the centre of the office.

I saw her game then. Make me strip each article of clothing, walk to the chair and then back to remove another.

Sighing I walked back to the centre of the office, conscious of Stacy's eyes and unzipped my skirt. As I wasn't wearing pantyhose, I walked to the chair in my matching white lace bra and knickers, feeling very self-conscious.

'Good,' Stacy said and I detected amusement in her voice, 'you're one of those girls who like to have the bottoms match with the top.'

Face red, clad only in bra and knickers, I walked back to the centre of the office.

Hopeful that she would suddenly say it was a joke and that I didn't have to strip, I waited but Stacy said nothing, just stood there with arms folded and a wry smile on her face.

Sighing, I reached behind, unclipped the bra and hunched over as the bra cups fell away. Crossing my left arm in front of my breasts, I carried the bra to the chair and, face red hot walked back to the centre of the office once more.

‘Are you embarrassed?’ Stacy asked with a grin.

‘Ye...yes...Miss Stacy.’

‘Why? We’re both women. I have boobs as well, you know. Although, yours are larger. They’ll sag when in your mid thirties, I guess. Drop you arm so I can look at your nipples.’

The sudden command made me blush even more but I did what she instructed.

‘Now, cup your boobies in your hands and lift them up.’

Feeling silly, I held each breast and raised them up, almost as if I was offering them to her.

‘You definitely don’t need a Wonderbra, Amy,’ Stacy said with a giggle. ‘Right, you can stop feeling your titties and get your knickers off.’

Her harsh words made me grimace and I felt slightly nauseous.

However, knowing that I had no choice, that Stacy wanted to play her little game to humiliate me, I slipped my thumbs in the waistband of my knickers and peeled them down, and off.

Conscious that I was now completely naked, I walked to the chair, feeling light headed with shame, and dropped my panties on top of the pile of clothing.

Knowing there was no point, I didn’t try to cover my vulva or breasts with my hands and simply walked back to the centre of the room.

‘Hands on head!’ Stacy barked.

Heat exploded over my face as I raised my hands to my head, knowing how ridiculous I looked and feeling very vulnerable.

Stacy, arms still folded, pushed of the edge of the desk and circled me.

‘It seems,’ she said with a slight sneer, ‘that you are not a natural blonde, Amy.’

She looked at my bushy pubic hair and I swallowed, humiliation and shame coursing through me.

‘Are you naturally a brunette, Amy?’

‘Ah...y...yes...Miss Stacy,’ I answered, my voice shrill and nervous.

‘Did you think blondes have more fun? Don’t answer that. I am a natural blonde,’ she smirked, ‘my collars and cuffs match! Your pubic hair is very dark and quite bushy. Don’t you trim?’

‘Ah...it’s winter...Miss Stacy...’

‘So you trim for your swimsuit?’

‘Ah...yes...Miss Stacy,’ I mumbled.

‘I think pubic hair protruding from a swimsuit is totally gross! Completely disgusting!’

She walked around me and stood behind me.

‘Tight arse. Do you exercise, Amy?’

‘Not...not as much as...I should...Miss Stacy...’

‘At least you’re honest, well, as honest as a thief can be!’

She laughed and I hung my head with shame, my hands still on top of my heads and I felt very exposed.

Stacy walked around to the front again where she could see my face. I averted my eyes.

‘We’ll rectify the lack of exercise,’ Stacy said calmly, ‘I don’t want my slave carrying extra weight! That won’t do at all. Bend over and touch your toes!’

I recoiled with shock and was about to protest, to refuse when I saw Stacy place a warning hand on the telephone.

Swallowing the last of my dignity, I bent over.

To my shame, Stacy walked behind me again.

‘Feet apart. I want to look at your cunt and arse!’

Shocked by her crude words, I moved my legs apart and was conscious of Stacy standing directly behind me.

Knowing I was completely exposed made me hot with shame all over and I truly wanted to die.

‘Ooo!’

I jumped when I felt Stacy’s hand on my bottom.

‘Keep still!’

She slapped my left bottom cheek and I quivered with shame as she then prised my cheeks apart.

Now, I was totally exposed.

‘We have a *lot* to do,’ Stacy said, releasing my bottom cheeks and walking in front of me.

‘Stand up.’

Gratefully, I stood upright, hands still on my head and not knowing where to look.

‘Spread your labia.’

My jaw dropped but her eyes were cold. Suddenly, I wondered if she hated me, if all this time she had pretended to be my best friend.

Looking away, I moved my fingers down to my groin and parted my sex so the lush pink was wantonly displayed.

‘Look at me!’

I brought my eyes up and looked at Stacy’s smiling face as I stood before her, parting my sex.

‘You have a tidy pussy,’ she said, ‘not wrinkled or elongated lips. It will look attractive once all that awful hair has gone.’

Her eyes held mine for a moment.

‘Pull your hood up and show me your clitoris.’

I blinked, tears of shame threatening my eyes but I did what she demanded.

‘Is your clit sensitive?’

‘Ah...suppose...it’s normal...Miss Stacy,’ I mumbled.

‘Yes, well, I suppose we’ll see. You can get dressed, Amy.’

Gratefully, I almost ran to the corner of the office and the chair piled with my clothes. Stacy sat at her desk, writing something in a red leather bound notebook while I dressed.

Even when I was clothed again, I still felt naked when Stacy looked at me because of what she had seen, what she had made me do.

‘We will, for the time being, keep this between the two of us,’ Stacy said calmly. ‘In private, you will always remember how you should address me. If you don’t, your punishment will be swift. Disobey me at all and I will immediately turn you in. Is that understood?’

I nodded.

‘Yes, Miss Stacy,’ I whispered.

I felt strange – a little hot and almost light-headed – it was almost as if I was aroused but that couldn’t be possible.

Could it?

‘Tomorrow, I will have some tasks for you but you will continue to work here. Except,’ Stacy said with a cold smile, ‘you will work harder. No more swanning through the office, pretending to work just so you can avoid work! No, you will be surprisingly industrious from now on. I’m sure Evelyn and the other staff members will be pleasantly surprised by your efforts. Now, your husband is Ron?’

I nodded and she raised an eyebrow.

‘Yes, Miss Stacy,’ I quickly added.

‘I understand he’s out of work. We have a position driving our catering vans available. He would have to apply.’

She’s giving Ron a job?

I was surprised but delighted. Maybe this silly little game will work out.

Stacy laughed softly but it wasn’t really a pleasant sound.

‘Don’t think I’ve become nice! No, I think it will be good having your husband nearby so if you disobey me, he can witness your shameful arrest. I think I will insist on you being handcuffed! It will make a lovely photograph for the Sweetwater herald. Has your father recovered completely from his heart attack?’

Did this woman have no boundaries?

I saw the cruelty and maliciousness clearly in her grey eyes.

‘Ah...yes,’ I whispered, ‘Dad has recovered, Miss Stacy.’

‘It would be quite a shock though, to see his daughter arrested, wouldn’t it?’

I nodded dumbly, suddenly very afraid.

‘Follow my instructions and you will be able to spare your family from the shock and shame. I’m sure you want to spare them that, won’t you?’

I nodded again, unable to speak.

‘Right,’ Stacy said, smiling. ‘You can go, Amy and I’ll put your slavery document in a safe place. Get a good night’s sleep and be in on time for a change. Understood?’

‘Yes, Miss Stacy,’ I whispered, heads down.

‘Tell your husband he can telephone Evelyn to get an application form.’

I nodded and almost ran to the door, grateful to finally escape.