

Carmenica Diaz

The Possession Of Emma



Another FemDom classic
by Carmenica Diaz

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POSSESSION
OF
EMMA**

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1. Brianna

I parked my BMW in the reserved car space next to my husband's Mercedes. Stephen was in Edinburgh on business; he had flown late yesterday and would not be back until Monday afternoon. That meant I had today and the weekend to myself and, selfishly, I was looking forward to a lazy and comfortable time alone.

To be honest, our marriage had not been great lately but we accepted it as normal. Most marriages fade into a comfortable partnership and the passion dissipates. Marriages tend to falter and fall into ruts, becoming colder and colder. Truthfully, our work kept us together more than anything.

We own and operate a flourishing accountancy practice with many medium sized industrial clients. Stephen was a younger than I was and was brilliant at his work so after five years of toil – mostly by Stephen- the practice was thriving. Life was particularly comfortable for us and I had grown accustomed to life's small luxuries as well as the status.

'Good morning Mrs Carlingford,' Lillian, the receptionist called as I sailed past and I nodded. It doesn't pay to be friendly with the staff; they will attempt to take advantage of you.

'Mrs Carlingford,' Lillian called nervously, 'could I leave a little earlier this afternoon? I asked Mr Carlingford on Monday and he said it would be ok...'

‘Did he? I’m not so sure, Lillian, I’ll have to think about it. I must point out that office hours conclude at six.’

She looked at me sadly and I felt a glimmer of satisfaction. Leadership is not about being nice; it’s about being firm and guiding your employees onto the right path, no matter how uncomfortable that path may be for them.

The desk outside my office that was reserved for my secretary was empty, as Roseanne had left last Friday. She had been with me for just three months and I had to find another girl quickly.

Roseanne had been rather angry when you resigned, almost abusive. Staff can be rather impolite if one does not control their wilful tempers.

As for secretaries, they just don’t seem to stay any longer than two or three months. Stephen claimed I was too hard on them; almost nasty, but I thought that was rubbish.

‘Emma,’ Stephen had said to me, ‘good employees are hard to find. Why do you make life hell for those girls?’

‘They are not *girls*, Stephen,’ I declared firmly, ‘they are *women*! Women, who are paid to work, not to paint their nails on our time!’

They were secretaries, for goodness sake and not at all important! They flirt and bat their eyes at him and he goes to water – not me – I see right through them.

The morning flew as I worked through my appointments with clients, as well as tightening up staff standards. They tended to be a little sloppy on a Friday, some wanting to leave early and I put my foot down firmly. I do not understand why these people don't understand that they enter a contract of employment and they have obligations to work the exact time! How would they like it if I decided that I may shave their salaries, just because I felt like it?

The morning was not really that busy – truthfully, Stephen did most of the client work these days – so I felt rather relaxed and almost carefree at the thought of my solo weekend.

As was the case every Friday, I left the office at half-past eleven for my appointment at my health spa for my weekly massage.

It was something I looked forward to and had been attending hourly sessions for almost seven months. They were wonderful and I hadn't missed a weekly appointment in all that time.

Right on midday, I walked in and the smiling receptionist greeted me. I knew what she was up to. These young women can smell money and I knew she was just smiling to extract a generous tip. As *if!*

'Good afternoon, Mrs Carlingford. Brianna is on her way through.'

Brianna had massaged me for the past four months and she was very good, very good indeed. I always left relaxed and quite enjoyed chatting to her as she worked.

Brianna did not talk much about herself but I did know she was about twenty-six – eight years younger than I – and had graduated from University. Why she was massaging I didn't know – it seemed a strange career – but that was her business and I knew she was certainly very adequate. I couldn't care less about her life.

I looked up as she entered and smiled. Brianna was about my height but much slimmer, blonde with steel grey eyes. Her hair was shoulder length and I had decided to go blonde myself when I saw how attractive she appeared.

'Hello, Mrs Carlingford,' Brianna said respectfully and held the door open to her massage suite. Impeccably dressed in a crisp white uniform, her hair in a severe bun, she gave the impression of Teutonic efficiency.

'Brianna,' I smiled and walked into the change room attached to the suite.

'I'll get some tea while you're getting changed,' she said and I wondered if I saw something flicker in her eyes.

*Surely she didn't resent getting me a cup of tea?
Too bad if she does; I pay the bills!*

'Thank you Brianna; Earl Grey with a dash of milk.'

It is necessary to let these people know exactly who is in charge. Of course, I was always courteous with Brianna but still, she is just an employee – a person paid to provide a service.

I carefully removed my suit jacket, skirt, shoes and blouse. I peeled my tan pantyhose down and off and carefully hung my silk blouse on the hook. I also removed

my bra and knickers and slipped into the pink robe that opened down the back.

Brianna was rubbing some oil into her hands when I walked into the warm massage suite. Soft music was playing and candles flickered at various points around the room.

‘This is nice,’ I said, sipping the tea. ‘The candles are a nice touch.’

‘They’ll help you relax, Mrs Carlingford,’ Brianna said quickly, ‘you told me last week how stressful your job is.’

‘Yes, it is very stressful. I’m afraid the people one employs these days are nothing more than selfish idiots. Why, that idiotic receptionist Lillian wanted to slope off early, just because she has her sister’s engagement! This tea is very nice,’ I added, draining the cup.

I lay on the table and Brianna opened the robe as I positioned my head in the face hole on the table. ‘You have candles on the floor,’ I commented, looking down at the flickering flame.

‘It will give you something to look at.’ Brianna’s hands began to knead my shoulders and I sighed softly. ‘Have you found a replacement personal assistant yet?’ she asked as she massaged.

‘No,’ I said drowsily, ‘I haven’t looked properly yet. I’ll begin on Monday when Stephen returns. That feels nice.’

‘Good,’ Brianna said, her hands weaving slow patterns over my back. ‘Can you see the candles?’

‘Yes,’ I murmured, eyelids heavy.

‘Look at them. Do you see how the flames flickering?’

‘Yes...it’s...they’re beautiful...’

‘The flames flicker from side to side.’

‘I see that.’ I was feeling very relaxed and Brianna’s voice soothed me as it faded.

‘Flickering from side to side...side to side...side to side...’

‘There, all done,’ Brianna said with a sharp slap to my shoulder.

‘Huh? What? Oh...thanks.’

‘Time for your shower.’

I struggled to get up and wrapped the robe around me; my head was thick and my body weak and relaxed.

‘I’ll see you next Friday,’ I mumbled as I walked to the shower room where I had changed my clothes previously.

‘I might see you sooner than that,’ Brianna called after me with a giggle.

The shower was nice and I allowed the pinpricks of water to spray over me, careful not to wet my hair.

Brianna is very nice, I thought, a really nice person. I should try to be nice like Brianna.

Idly, I tugged at my pubic hair. I had planned to trim it last weekend but it was such a painstaking and boring task.

It's not summer, I thought, what does it matter if it's a bit unruly? Nobody but Stephen sees it and he doesn't look that close. If he does at all. I sighed at that – our sex life was miserable.

As I clipped my bra on and pulled my pantyhose on, I thought of how soft Brianna's hands were.

Brianna is nice, a really nice person.

Buttoning my blouse, I suddenly realised I hadn't put my knickers on and turned to look at the white panties on the chair. I always wore sensible underwear – none of that uncomfortable stuff the young girls wear – I *have* a husband! I don't have to dress like a tart! I'm sure they let those awful thong thingies poke out of their jeans – sluts!

I can't be bothered taking my tights off again, I thought and stuffed the knickers into my handbag. It never occurred to me that I could, if I wished, wear the knickers *over* my pantyhose.

The receptionist smiled at me. 'Feeling better, Mrs Carlingford?

'Yes, thank you, very relaxed.

'Brianna is a great therapist.'

'Brianna is a really nice person,' I said as I paid the account. 'What is Brianna's last name?' I suddenly asked.

The receptionist looked at me strangely, as she gave me the receipt. 'Dyson, it's Brianna Dyson.'

'She's a really nice person. Here, this is for you, have a few drinks tonight.'

The receptionist gaped at the money I gave her and beamed. ‘Thank you Mrs Carlingford. We’ll see you next Friday.’

Lillian looked warily at me as I walked slowly into the office. ‘There are no messages, Mrs Carlingford,’ she said stonily.

‘Thank you, Lillian.’ I stopped at the door. ‘Lillian, you can go early this afternoon.’

Lillian stared at me, unsure. ‘Are you sure? You said this morning...’

What was I saying?

‘I’m sure.’ The words slipped out and I blinked as I heard them escape from my lips.

‘Can I go at four?’

‘You can go anytime you like.’

‘Any time?’ Lillian gaped at me and I almost shook my head to clear it.

‘Yes. Have a nice weekend.’

Stephen called at one forty five as he had promised. He was so punctual and disciplined – an ideal husband. Perhaps it was because he was three years younger than I that he was a little respectful. It was nice; no matter the reason and somewhat appropriate.

‘Hello Emma,’ he said and I could tell he was pressed for time.

‘How is the audit going, darling?’

‘It’s very intense. We will be at it all weekend. What are your plans?’

‘A soak in the bath, television and other boring stuff.’

‘I see. We will be finished here a little earlier than I thought. I’ll be home Sunday evening if all goes according to plan.’

‘How lovely,’ I said, hiding my disappointment that I would only have two nights to myself.

‘I’ll see you then.’

And then the weirdness began.

At two o’clock, a strange sense of sexual arousal suddenly overwhelmed me. Warm and sensuous, it rippled through me and I clenched my thighs together in an attempt to control the wild feeling.

But the arousal stayed and throbbed through me. My nipples were hard and I sensed I was moist – no wet!

What’s happening? Talking to Stephen did this? Did the sound of his voice trigger some emotional response?

My breathing was ragged and my hand trembled as I pushed the file I had been reading to one side.

This is crazy!

It’ll go away, I told myself but insistent images of being fucked by a powerful man flooded my mind.

Bent over the desk, pantyhose down, his fat cock sawing in and out of me, humiliating me, owning me.

I crossed my legs and squeezed to try to stop the craving but that movement felt nice and I moaned softly.

Although I hadn't masturbated for some weeks, the urge to tickle my little clit was overpowering.

Stop this – bloody stop it! Get control, girl!

Resolving to ignore it, I stood and paced my office a few times, trying to control my breathing, clenching and unclenching my fists.

Relax, this must be hormonal. That's it, hormonal! It'll pass.

At half-past two, the desire doubled and I staggered a little against the desk. My pussy throbbed and I knew my clit had swollen, begging to be tickled.

I wanted to orgasm!

My mind clouded with lust and I licked my lips, wanting to kiss, to touch, and to feel hot skin against mine.

His rough hands hiked my skirt up around my waist, ripping my pantyhose down, twirling me around like a doll and pushing me face down on my desk,. Papers scattering, my breasts mashed against the timber as his cock pushed in, raping me, taking me as the slut I was!

As calmly as I could, I stumbled to the office door and closed it with shaking hands.

I must take control, I thought frantically, trying to push those forbidden images from my mind.

But it was too much!

Collapsing in my chair, I hiked my skirt up and cupped my pussy through the pantyhose. The cotton

panel was soaked! My wetness was flooding the nylon and I was trembling - mad with desire.

Without a second thought, I pulled the waistband of the pantyhose out with my left hand and thrust my right hand under it, parting my thighs as widely as I could.

God, I'm wet!

My fingers were immediately coated with my juices, the bushy pubic hair pushing against the palm of my hand.

Groaning with overpowering lust, I gently felt my throbbing clit in the forest of hair and rubbed it with my wet thumb.

What are you doing? You're frigging yourself in the office? Stop this!

My inner voice screamed silently but I ignored it and rubbed, my head lolling to one side, eyes clenched shut. I couldn't stop.

God, I need to come!

It felt wonderful and I slowly felt myself begin to build, the arousal deepening but the orgasm seemed to far way.

Suddenly, the telephone rang.

Jumping in shock, I quickly removed my hand and, pulling my skirt down, answered the phone.

'Yes?' I croaked.

It was Lillian.

'Your three o'clock appointment is here, Mrs Carlingford.'

Three o'clock? I don't have any appointment!

My eyes fell on my diary and I saw, written in my own writing, the name Brianna Dyson.

‘Ah...’

‘I’ll send her through?’

‘Ah...yes.’

I scrambled to make myself look presentable and opened the door with shaking fingers just as Brianna arrived.

She was dressed in jeans, white top and red leather jacket and carried an overnight bag in her hand. Her burgundy coloured leather handbag was over her shoulder and Brianna smiled knowingly.

‘Hello,’ she said, walking in and looking around.

‘What do you...’ I stuttered as she looked out the window.

‘Nice office. What’s that smell?’

I blushed furiously and opened my mouth to make some inane response when Brianna laughed and said, ‘never mind, I can guess. Shut the door.’

I wanted to know what she thought she was doing walking into *my* office as if she owned it!

But I didn’t.

Instead, I shut the door and I wondered why I did it so willingly.

Brianna calmly sat in *my* chair and smiled at me.

‘Just what do you think you are...’

‘Shut up,’ Brianna said serenely.

My mouth clamped shut and Brianna laughed.

‘You are completely under my control,’ Brianna said, taking my gold pen from the desk and examining it. ‘I used a drug to relax you and make you susceptible to my hypnotic commands, commands I implanted deep in your mind. Those years learning hypnotherapy and massage therapy finally paid off.’

I stared at her in shock, my stomach churning and Brianna giggled at my expression.

‘You don’t know whether it’s true or not, do you? You cannot disobey me, bitch! Let me prove it to you. Pull your skirt up and show me how wet I made you!’

No, I wanted to scream, no I refuse!

Instead, I pulled the hem of my skirt up to my waist, and blushing, stood in front of her.

Her eyes zeroed in on my crotch.

‘My, what a hairy growler,’ Brianna said conversationally, ‘you obviously haven’t considered waxing. How does your husband go down on you? It would be like munching the Amazon rainforest. The collar and the cuffs don’t match, do they? And so wet! Shite, I can smell you from here!’

Brianna put the gold pen down on the desk and smiled slyly at me as I stood in that humiliating position, displaying myself to this young woman.

What if someone comes?

I tried to lower the skirt but my own body disobeyed me and I continued to hold it up, ashamed at what I must look like.

‘Put that bloody forest away,’ Brianna said with an airy wave of her hand, ‘and sit there.’

Gratefully, I dropped my skirt and sat in the visitor’s chair.

Did she really control me?

‘I suppose this is really weird for you?’ Brianna said mildly. ‘I know,’ she smiled evilly, ‘let’s have a conversation. You can talk.’

‘What is bloody going on!’

‘Hey,’ she said calmly, ‘be nice. Don’t raise your voice to me or I may get angry. I don’t think you want to know what happens when I get angry, Emma.’

‘Please,’ I asked in a softer voice, *what is going on?*

‘Apart from you masturbating in your office like a loose slut?’

I flushed at her barb.

‘Is this how you spend your usual Friday afternoons? Frigging yourself in your office after my massage?’

‘No,’ I protested through gritted teeth, ‘it’s not.’

Brianna laughed, then the joy left her eyes and her expression was cruel and cold.

‘I’ll explain. I think you are a spoilt, selfish stuck-up bitch who thinks she is too good for anyone, just because she married some poor sod with money! I’ve had to put up with your airs and graces every Friday, pummelling your saggy fat body while you whine about how terrible people are!’

My jaw dropped and I tried to speak but the words wouldn't come.

'I sweated at uni,' Brianna continued, 'finally graduate and do you think I can get a job? I have a business degree and therapy diploma but nobody would even talk to me! Including you! So,' Brianna said, standing to look out the window, 'I've decided to take matters into my own hands.'

She turned and smiled coldly at me. 'Guess what you're going to do, Miss Hoity Toity!'

'What?' I croaked.

'Rhetorical question, you dumb bitch! Shut up!'

Brianna opened one of my desk drawers, idly poked through it and then smiled at me. Standing, with arms folded, she announced her intentions.

'You are going to hire me as your personal assistant!'

Shocked, I gaped at her and tried to protest but my mouth would not work.

Brianna laughed.

'I suppose you'd like to say a million things right now but unfortunately, I told you to shut up and so you can't talk! I bet your husband and most of the poor sods who work for you would love to be able to do that!'

She walked over and lowered her face to stare into mine.

'I control you, you fat slag! I ordered you not to wear knickers, to give Eloise a tip, to give your poor suffering receptionist the afternoon off! I also made you

horny! So horny you were probably playing with your hairy cunt when I arrived!’

I blinked at her in shock, her words cutting through me and she held my eyes as she smiled sardonically.

‘Listen to my instruction. Nod if you understand?’

I nodded and she grinned coldly.

‘Good. Here is my instruction. You can speak but you cannot lie. Now, were you playing with yourself? Did you have your fingers jammed up your cunt, you old slag?’

My face burned hotly.

‘Yes,’ I found myself answering, ‘yes I did.’

Brianna collapsed back into my chair with peals of laughter.

‘What a sight it must have been.’ The smile vanished and she stared coldly at me. ‘You’re aroused again, Emma, very aroused.’

The feelings washed over me and I whimpered, squeezing my thighs together to try to control my traitorous body.

‘Would you like to come?’

I nodded dumbly, face bright red and Brianna snapped, ‘say it, you useless bitch!’

‘Yes...oh yes...I want to come!’

Brianna giggled. ‘Here’s another piece of hot news, bitch! You can’t orgasm unless I tell you to come!’

Horrified, I stared at the young woman who now controlled me, who controlled my own body.

Was it possible? Was this nightmare possible?

‘But...why?’ I asked tearfully. ‘I understand why you want the job...but why...’

‘Why am I treating you like the old boiler you are? Why not?’ Brianna smiled thinly. ‘You think you’re so perfect, in your perfect little world but you’re not.’

I blinked at her as this monster stared coldly at me.

‘I was in love with Stephen – no, I’m still in love with him!’

She blinked quickly and I wondered if she was going to cry.

‘And he’s in love with me!’ Brianna declared firmly. ‘I know it. Yes, we had a wild affair and you were so caught up in your hoity-toity ways you didn’t even notice. What a dumb bitch! You should hear what he says about you but Stephen wouldn’t leave you because that would destroy his business!’

I almost reeled backwards at the shock.

Stephen had an affair with this woman? This woman that now controlled my body! It wasn’t possible!

Brianna smiled at my expression and her cold eyes watched me.

‘I’m going to get him back,’ Brianna said calmly. ‘I’m not going to stay your bloody personal assistant; I have plans! I think the worse bit of bad news for you is that I am a sadistic bitch who is fed up at overweight snobby sluts like you! We’re going to have so much fun working together.’

I felt my eyes prick with tears as the ramifications of what Brianna said sank home.

My husband had been unfaithful!

Brianna stood once again, walked around and stood against the desk with her arms folded, looking down at me.

‘A demonstration of my power is in order. Pull your skirt up and spread those fat thighs.’

Shamefully, I did – even though I tried to fight it – and displayed myself as lust swamped me.

My pantyhose was wet and sticky and I guessed my intimate aroma filled the room. ‘Show me how you play with yourself!’

She couldn't make me!

I tried to resist but my hands betrayed me and leapt down the front of my pantyhose.

As I panted and squirmed in the chair, my thumb relentlessly caressing my clit, small salty tears trickled down my face.

‘How sweet, you're upset, crying while you diddle your clit.’

My fingers worked and I was panting with lust and humiliation.

‘Don't orgasm,’ Brianna said calmly as she watched my shameful exhibition. ‘Do you have a car?’

I frantically nodded as I panted, my fingers making squishy noises in the room.

‘Stop! Lick your hand clean!’

A large tear plopped onto my leg as I licked and tasted myself.

‘Make yourself look presentable; we’re leaving. You drive the BMW, right?’

‘Yes,’ I whispered.

‘Give me the keys.’

Wordlessly, I rummaged in my bag and handed the keys to Brianna.

‘I’ll meet you in the garage in exactly fifteen minutes,’ Brianna snapped.

The door closed behind her and I wept as I sank into my chair.