

**Encounter: Paper Dom**  
**J.S. Wayne**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2013 J.S. Wayne

**Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

**Paper Dom**  
**by J.S. Wayne**

**Housekeeping wasn't a priority... until the house decided to keep *her*!**

## Paper Dom

“Oh, you have got to be fucking *kidding* me!”

I reached down and massaged my twisted right ankle. Folding my arms over my breasts, I glowered down at the scattered mess of folders and papers that had just melded itself with the rest of the disaster area I called an office. I couldn't remember why I had moved the doorstep directly in my walking path. Regardless of the reason, it had seemed like a better idea before I turned my ankle on it.

Kicking the small, dark gray gargoyle figurine aside with a swipe of the pointed toe of my boot, I limped over to the overstuffed dark leather couch and flopped down with a huff of about half pain and half irritation. I'd lose at least an hour getting all the pages of the report back together in some kind of cohesive order, and that was before I went through and started on the editing.

“Damn it,” I muttered. Having been up since three in the morning with yet another bout of insomnia, I was in no mood to attack the chore. As long as I had the report turned in by six p.m. I'd be fine. I stole a glance at the clock: 11:37. Plenty of time for a nap and to give my throbbing ankle a rest. With a sigh I sank back, stretching out full-length on the couch. The supple leather yielded to me like the parted lips of a lover.

The thought stirred another flare of irritation. I hadn't had a lover in far longer than I cared to recall, thanks in part to my workaholic ways and partially because the last man I'd been with had turned out to be a complete loser with no redeeming qualities other than the ability to locate my clitoris. If I'd been the only one his clever tongue serviced, I might have been able to overlook his chronic inability to hold a job or say no to a beer, joint, or party.

Finding him lapping the pussy of the office slut on my desk during a meeting break did not endear him to me. I think he would have liked to file

assault charges, but he didn't want to have to explain how he got marks in the shape of the base of a stiletto heel on his crotch, stomach, and chest. It had taken Graciela and two security guards to pull me off him, after which he slunk away with a muttered "Crazy bitch!"

Maybe it was time I thought about getting laid again, I mused. Flicking a look at the door, I determined I'd locked it. The ecologically friendly translucent paneling that formed the walls of my office wouldn't betray anything I decided to do as long as I kept my voice down. Spreading my legs, I stroked my finger over my clit through my powder-blue satin panties.

At first I mistook the shock that rocked the office for the simple thrill of sensation from my much-ignored nether regions. But it came again. And again.

*Earthquake.*

As a veteran of far too many Southern California tremblers, I recognized the violent bucking beneath my rump as the birthing pangs of a quake. I staggered to my feet and looked around frantically, trying to decide whether to hide under my desk or take shelter in the doorway. Before I could take more than a step, I noticed the papers in front of the door beginning to pile together in a very strange way.

I froze, eyes wide and jaw gaping, as the mass of printed wood pulp drew more detritus to itself. Coffee cups, magazine photos I'd clipped, bits and pieces of reports...

*Oh, no.*

The red folder I kept under a box beneath my desk tugged itself free and inched its way toward the ever-increasing pile, which had begun to assume oddly familiar proportions. I had never showed anyone the contents of the red folder, where I stashed all the dirty stories I wrote in my (nominally) free time. As the rest of the pile sorted and built itself into a vaguely humanoid form, the folder lunged forward and wedged itself into the groin of the figure. With a few

last rustles like the finishing folds an origami master uses to make a crane, the figure resolved itself into a recognizably male form.

Trust me. You couldn't possibly have mistaken the figure's gender. Its cock was nine inches long, thick but not frighteningly so, and erect as a skyscraper. His muscles were clearly defined, even if they had been sculpted from bits and fragments of paper. He looked perfectly capable of picking me up, carrying me to the couch, and doing whatever he wanted to me. Despite the strangeness of his appearance, my pussy clenched deliciously at the thought of this... being... having his way with me.

The multicolored paper wavered and assumed a uniform color, the swarthy skin tone of someone with Italian or possibly Greek blood in him. His hair lengthened and turned the deep black of ink on white paper. His deep set, hawkish eyes glinted pearl gray. I stole another glance at his cock.

Oh. My. *God*.

That mighty pillar no longer looked at all like paper, but like the hot, strong flesh I had fantasized about having buried in my body so many nights while I wrote my naughty fictions. My mouth watered, and I had to resist the urge not to sink to my knees and beg him to let me wrap my lips around his hard dick. What the hell was wrong with me? I'd never been the submissive type by any standard, but something about this creature radiated such confidence and power that something inside me rolled over and displayed its belly like a kitten surrendering to an elder.

"Who -- who are you?" I choked.

He shook his head. "My name, I think, does not matter." My knees threatened to buckle under the onslaught of his matter of fact tenor, layered with the lilting Romanate accent of Naples. "What matters is that you have been... how do you say? A pig of late." He glowered around the office at the discarded fast food containers, a coffee cup that had grown fur days previously, and assorted bric-a-brac I had tossed about. "Now you must be punished."

“Now wait a goddamn --”

Before the last syllable left my mouth he swept behind me, jerking me backwards so my stomach fell across his lap. His erection pressed into my belly as he raised my skirt with one hand to reveal my thong-covered ass.

“No, you don’t, you son of a --”

*Thwack!*

I squealed and wiggled against him. The motion seemed to inflame my assailant, because another stinging *thwack!* landed against the other cheek. My struggles made his cock stand even firmer against my navel, and I felt the first pulsing twitches of wetness oozing from between my thighs.

“These have to go.” Before I could ask what he meant, he reached down and tore my thong like wet tissue paper, leaving my most vulnerable parts open to his touch and gaze.

Another flurry of smacks sent delicious liquid fire to my core, and my pussy spasmed on the verge of an orgasm from the rough treatment. My breath came in hot, sharp pants with every blow, and something inside me snapped with the abrupt need to surrender to this entity.

The hand that wasn’t busy setting my ass cheeks alight reached lightly between my legs and stroked at my soaking slit. “Good. You are ready.”

With as little effort as I would employ to pick up a can of soda, he pulled me upright so my breasts pressed against his chest and maneuvered me so my opening was aligned precisely with the plum-sized head of his cock.

He gave a cry of triumph as I sank down, taking his whole length into my pussy, ripping my blouse and bra in one fluid movement. His palms engulfed my champagne-glass tits and the horrible, languid arousal thrummed through me hotter and brighter than ever. With a whimper I creamed on his rampant cock, my pussy slamming shut around him to pull him in deeper.

He raised up, grinding his hips against my own as his own orgasm hit. A wave of searing hot liquid washed my deepest parts, and I screamed as another climax tore me apart...

"Miranda!"

I cracked one eye open, confused. "Eh?" I asked wittily.

"Are you okay?" It was Jack, the mail room manager. "I came to see if you wanted lunch and it sounded like you were having a war." He gazed around the room pointedly. "Looks like there was a hell of a fight."

*If you only knew, Jack...* I shook my head in muzzy denial.

"Do you want some help picking up?"

My pussy thrilled deliciously at the sight of the mess. "No, thanks." I smiled. "I think I'm going to leave it for now. You never know what you might find."

**Click here to preview more books by J.S. Wayne:**

**<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=>**

**Use the code "JSWayneEncounters" for 10% off your next order of any title by J.S. Wayne!**