

Free Use Boss  
by Pan  
Part 1

Tabatha narrowed her eyes.

“Problem?” her new boss asked.

She honestly wasn’t sure where to start.

“To begin with…” she replied, in the low, threatening purr that had earned her fearsome reputation six-figure offer which had tempted her to Acuity in the first place. “To begin with, it’s completely misogynistic.”

Hana laughed. “Misogynistic? How so?”

The sight of Tabatha Price being taken aback was a rare one, and it didn’t last long.

“You can’t be serious,” she replied, her mouth curling into a grin.

“Talk me through it,” Hana said, leaning forward, a position which Tabatha couldn’t help but notice revealed a generous amount of cleavage.

“Well,” Tabatha said, doing nothing to hide the fact she thought she was dealing with an idiot. “It seems pretty self-explanatory. A Free Use policy, allowing male employees to use female employees for sex… I don’t how that could be considered anything *but* misogynistic.”

“Not at all,” Hana said with a grin. “I quite enjoy it.”

Tabatha couldn’t remember the last time she’d been surprised twice in a single conversation. Before she could stop herself, she’d yelped out a shocked response.

“You *enjoy* it?”

“Mmm-hmm,” her boss replied. “All those young men. So much energy. So much… stamina. My husband has nothing on them, I can tell you that.”

Tabatha took a moment to collect herself.

“You’re married?” she asked, after managing to calm down.

“Nine and a half years now,” Hana said, holding out her ring.

“And what the hell does ‘hubby’ think about your job?”

“What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him,” Hana replied, a mischievous gleam in her eyes. “But please, go on.”

“Go on?”

“You said misogyny was to begin with. It sounded like you have additional concerns about the Free Use policy?”

Tabatha closed her eyes and counted to ten. When she re-opened them, she was still standing in the same room, having the same impossible conversation with the same grinning lunatic.

This was not how she’d expected her first day to go.

“Secondly,” she drawled, “I’ve no interest in letting *any* man use me.”

“Oh?”

“No,” she said. “I’m gay.”

Now it was Hana’s turn to look taken aback. “Oh!” she said, biting her lip softly. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry. I had no idea.”

“*That’s* what bothers you?” Tabatha wanted to respond, but she held her tongue. For whatever reason, her objection to the rampant sexism of the policy hadn’t made an impact on her co-worker… but news of her sexual orientation had.

Getting out of her last contract so she could start with Acuity had required Tabatha to burn

more than a few bridges, but the offer had been too good to turn down.

While she was obviously never going to participate in the 'Free Use Policy' that Hana was so excited about...to keep her new job, there was a lot she'd be happy to overlook.

She'd just have to be sure not to tell her girlfriend about it. Sue was even more of a feminist than Tabatha was, and there was just no way she'd be able to overlook the love of her life working in a place that allowed such a thing.

After a moment of thought, Hana nodded her head. "I think we can make this work," she said with a smile.

"Make it work how?"

"Leave it with me," Hana said, putting her hand on her new employee's. "I'm sure I can find an outcome that everyone is happy with."

As her new boss walked away, Tabatha couldn't help but admire the sway of her hips. It was almost a pity that the Free Use Policy didn't encompass woman-on-woman action. She'd never cheat on Hana, of course...but the curvy Japanese woman she was now going to be working under was almost attractive enough to tempt her.

The black-haired young woman didn't get much done for the rest of the day. She was supervising a team of half a dozen sales people...no, *salesmen*. Everyone working under Tabatha was a man, and it immediately became clear that the Free Use Policy was the foremost thought on their minds as soon as they met her.

It was ridiculous. If she *had* been straight, and for some reason missing enough brain cells to agree to such an anti-feminist policy, how on earth did Acuity expect she would ever have gotten any work done?

As it was, she had to smile politely as each of her new underlings came into her office to introduce themselves, running their eyes up and down her body as they did.

Hana must have had a word with them, because none of them made a move. None of them so much as said anything she could've taken to HR. They just stared.

No, not stared. Ogled.

It was almost flattering. Though male attention held no interest for Tabatha, she was still quite proud of her body. Every day she dragged herself to either the gym or a yoga class, and the result was a body which was tight, firm, and extremely flexible.

And while her cleavage certainly couldn't compete with Hana's, Tabatha knew how corporate America worked – one didn't get ahead by hiding the gifts Mother Nature gave you. She'd dressed to impress; nothing slutty, but also nothing that diminished her C-cup breasts, or the ass which Sue often claimed was the main reason they were together.

You would never have guessed it from the cold look on Tabatha's face, but a small part of her preened whenever another of her new salesman's eyes stayed on her chest or butt for longer than was strictly appropriate.

By the end of the day, she'd done little more than meet her team and begin decorating her new workspace. When five o'clock hit, she was most of the way out of the door when Hana caught up with her, and the young woman couldn't help but notice her new boss's hair was considerably more mussed than it had been at the start of the day.

She couldn't really have...surely she didn't...

Tabatha shook it off. Hana was talking, and what the Asian woman had to say would determine whether or not she'd be returning tomorrow.

"...made an exception," Hana said, her voice breathy with excitement. "And so considering your situation, the CEO has agreed to reverse the policy."

Tabatha's eyebrow rose. "Wait. Reverse? You mean..."

An image of Hana's tussled hair between her new hire's legs flashed through Tabatha's mind.

"I mean, instead of male employees being able to use you, the Free Use Policy will apply to you in reverse. You'll be allowed to use any male employee you like."

In what was becoming an uncomfortable pattern, Tabatha was completely floored by her boss's words. "Wait. What?"

"That's right," she said with a smile. "You can use any of the guys on your team for sex, any time."

"But...I'm gay," Tabatha reminded the older woman. "So...why would I want to have sex with a guy?"

*Gay, and in a happy monogamous relationship*, she reminded herself. For some reason, since she'd entered the Acuity office, that fact had been surprisingly difficult to hold onto.

Hana laughed, a bubbly laugh that filled the hall. "Oh, honey," she said, putting her hand on Tabatha's shoulder. "No one's *that* gay."

The younger woman opened her mouth for a moment, then closed it. It wasn't worth it.

A policy which allowed her to use guys for sex was basically the same as no policy at all. It was a strange victory, but one that she'd happily take.

"What's the furthest you've ever gone with a guy?"

"Bobby Hamilton," Sue replied. The two women were curled up on the couch, watching Hulu's latest historical dramas. "Fifth grade. He felt me up behind the greenhouse."

Tabatha's mouth curled into a smile. "You had a *greenhouse*? Fan-cy!"

"Shut up," Sue replied, shoving her girlfriend with her shoulder.

"Felt up where?"

"I told you, behind the greenhouse."

"No, I mean...*where*?"

"Tits," Sue replied, pushing her chest forward. She was, Tabatha guessed, very slightly bustier than her new boss, though it was a toss-up.

"Over or under the clothes?"

"Under my shirt, over the bra."

"You had wearing a bra in fifth grade!?"

"I've basically had these since I left the womb," Sue said, looking down at her own chest with a sigh. "Why do you ask?"

"Just seems early to me. Maybe I was just a late bloomer."

"Not about that. About the guy thing."

"Oh," Tabatha said, avoiding her girlfriend's eyes. "Was just wondering."

She'd been at Acuity for the better part of a week, and for some reason...Hana's words kept echoing around her head.

No one's *that* gay.

"How about you?" Sue asked, pausing the television.

"Nothing," her girlfriend replied.

"*Nothing*?"

"Nada. Squat. Zilch. Zippo. Buck."

“Never even kissed a guy?”

“Never so much as held one’s hand. Romantically, I mean.”

“Huh,” Sue said. “I figured every lesbian was at least a little...y’know, curious.”

“Not me,” Tabatha responded honestly. She’d never felt so much as a flicker of interest in guys, and had always expected she never would.

Until she’d started at Acuity.

Another quote had been running through her head over the past few days: “Absolute power corrupts absolutely.” She’d had to write an essay on it during high-school; most people assumed it meant ‘everyone with power will be completely corrupted’, but the context had been a discourse about how harshly historians should judge church leaders from the past.

Not everyone with power is immediately corrupted, Tabatha knew that. But Lord Acton’s point had been that those with power *are* more likely to be corrupted, and so historians should poke and probe and examine their actions, fully expecting to find the worst.

As a lesbian in a man’s world, Tabatha had never seriously considered herself someone with ‘power’. Even as she’d risen through the ranks, crushing her rivals under her withering wit and cevestating stares, she’d still never viewed herself as having any real influence.

But now, with the Free Use Policy at her disposal...

There was something undeniably tempting about it. She looked out at her team, the young men under her. Not just as their manager, but also beholden to obey her every sexual command.

Not that she ever would, of course.

If the situation was reversed, none of them would have hesitated for a moment. If their lustful stares on the first day hadn’t made that clear enough, the way they treated Hana cemented it. Despite being the regional manager, despite being a direct descendent of the man who had originally founded Acuity, she knew exactly what they were doing.

At least three or four times a day, one of Tabatha’s staff would go into Hana’s office, close the door, and emerge half an hour later with a smug look on his face.

It was enough to make her sick. If Sue knew what was going on, she would’ve been furious.

Whenever it started to feel like it was too much, Tabatha would close her eyes and remember the money.

The money...and the power.

It was just curiosity, she told herself. It certainly wasn’t attraction; she was heading up one of the best sales teams in all of Acuity, and one didn’t become a top salesman by being a sweet and kind gentleman.

They were cocky bastards, each and every one of them. And Tabatha wouldn’t have it any other way: she wanted to be the best, and one only became the best by leading the best. On her first day, she’d affixed a Jack Welch quote to the wall: “The team with the best players wins.”

They were cocky bastards, and cocky bastards got ahead. It just also meant that they weren’t at all the kind of guys she would’ve been attracted to, if she was attracted to guys.

Which she wasn’t.

But there was something nice about knowing that she *did* have power over them. That at any moment, she could call any one of them into her office, tell him to lower his trousers. She could drop to her knees and take his member in her mouth.

Absolute power. It was almost an aphrodisiac.

Almost

“Okay,” Sue said with a wicked grin. “It’s been a while since we brought this out.”

The strap-on had been a gag gift. Sue’s best friend Denise, a lesbian she’d gone to college with, had bought it to celebrate Tabatha and Sue’s three-year anniversary.

Of course, like every sex-toy gift, it was impossible to tell exactly how ironically it had been given. When a lesbian bought another lesbian a ‘hilarious’ toy, there was a ninety percent chance it’d be used by the end of the month, and the odds leaned towards it earning a permanent spot in the rotation.

A thrill ran through Tabatha’s body at the sight of her beautiful, busty girlfriend sporting a big plastic dick.

“You like this?” Sue said, shifting her hips back and forth, causing her fake member to sway.

Tabatha couldn’t tear her eyes away from it. As if she’d lost control of her body, she fell to her knees in front of her girlfriend.

“Yeah, suck it,” Sue joked. “Suck it, bitch.”

Tabatha ignored the joke, and obeyed.

As she used one hand to take the toy into her mouth, Tabatha reached between her legs with the other. She came almost as soon as her girlfriend’s fake cock hit the back of her throat.

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“You’ve been here almost a month now,” Hana said, smiling across her desk at her latest hire. Tabatha tried to ignore the smell of sex that filled the room, tried not to notice the fact that her boss’s shirt-buttons were misaligned, and desperately tried not to remember the fact that her top salesman had been leaving Hana’s office as she’d entered.

“Mm-hmm,” Tabatha replied, distracted. It was all too easy to imagine what the two of them had been doing right before she entered.

It was an image that entered into her mind *far* too easily, at the most inconvenient of times. While she was sharing numbers with her team. Whenever she was alone with one of her salesmen.

When she gagged on her girlfriend’s strap-on at night.

“And so I just wanted to see if you had any questions. About me, or the company, or our expectations.”

“Expectations?” Tabatha asked, desperately grabbing onto the last word her boss had thrown out. It was all too easy to imagine herself inviting one of her staff members into her own office, closing the door, and doing what she was certain Hana did several times a day.

“Your sales are phenomenal,” Hana beamed. “I knew you’d be the perfect person to ride your team hard when we hired you.”

Tabatha bit her lip, trying not to let herself groan at the idea of riding her team hard.

“But if I’m being honest, I’m a little worried...”

“Mm?”

“Well, no, that’s too strong a word. Not worried. I just...how do I put this?”

Hana tilted her head to the side. Her long black hair shifted, revealing a hickey on the side of her neck.

Tabatha wondered how she explained *that* to her husband. She closed her eyes, trying not to imagine herself allowing her one of her salesmen to bite her neck, to chew it, to mark her...and then going home and hiding it from her girlfriend.

“I would be happier if I saw you using more positive reinforcement,” Hana said, choosing

her words carefully. “You’re very good at applying the stick, but let’s not neglect the carrot.”

Tabatha forced her eyes open. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, fear can only get you so far. At some point, you need to apply pleasure.”

“You’re suggesting I should pleasure my team?” the young woman replied, speaking just as deliberately as her boss had just a few moments earlier.

Undeterred by the dangerous tone that Tabatha had injected into her voice, Hana smiled in response, before getting up and moving to the small couch in the corner of her office.

The couch which Tabatha was sure was covered in all manner of stains.

“Come here,” she said gently, patting the empty space beside her. The short-haired woman cautiously stood up and joined her boss on the sofa.

“Not everything is a trap, or a threat. Not everyone is out to get you.”

“Okay...” Tabatha replied haltingly. “What are you...”

Without a word, Hana cut her off by leaning forward and meeting Tabatha’s mouth with her own. Too shocked to object, the young woman allowed her lips to part. Her mouth was filled with the scent of Hana’s breath, mixed with the strong smell of semen that seemed to constantly permeate her office...a smell that made Tabatha’s stomach growl.

As she felt her boss’s tongue slip past her lips, Tabatha pulled back.

“Hana,” she protested weakly. “This is...we shouldn’t...”

The Asian woman just smiled in response, allowing her employee to collect her thoughts.

“...you said the Free Use Policy wouldn’t apply to me,” Tabatha finally gulped, and the room was filled with the soft tinkle of Hana’s laugh.

“You’re so strong-willed,” she said, as if to herself. “Such a nice change. So...gay.”

“Yes,” Tabatha replied insistently. “I *am* gay.”

“Well then,” Hana said, reaching out and unbuttoning Tabatha’s blouse. “Let’s be gay...”

*Free Use Boss will conclude in Part 2*