

Discrete Operation

By Monsinne

Submitted: August 7, 2018

Updated: August 7, 2018

You know that situation where, if you give in to a scammer, well - they've got you even tighter. They know you'll capitulate, and they get even more dirt on you. It's like a vicious spiral. Angela Ziegler is about to learn all about it, unless she's smart enough to cut it off at the start. Is she? No. She's not.

Provided by Hentai Foundry.

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/Monsinne/30702/Discrete-Operation>

Chapter 1 - ¿Qué onda?

2

1 - ¿Qué onda?

Angela sighed in satisfaction. The blue light of the monitor flickered over her glistening face, and she licked her lips. *Even doctors need to have a break sometimes, right?* she thought.

Taking a sip from the glass of water resting perilously close to the edge of the computer desk, she returned it back a bit further away from the edge. Panties bunched about her ankles, and her skirt was entirely gone. Thrown and discarded somewhere across the room. She had aimed for her bed, but whether it had landed there or not, Angela was unsure. She pulled her underwear back up, and wriggled in the seat, holding herself up by the arms of the chair.

Beep!

A message in a box popped up on her screen. It wasn't from a program she recognised as being on her computer.

Booper: *It's not the most clever thing to have your work on the same computer you use for your porn, Doc.*

Angela froze. Her breath caught in her throat, and all of a sudden that familiar sensation of freezing, being caught out by a parent or an elder doing something wrong bubbled up.

Beep!

Booper: *Interesting stuff though.*

Blood pumped in her ears, as Angela moved the cursor slowly. She closed the box. It was probably just---

Beep!

Booper: *I'm trying to have a conversation here. Don't close the chat again. Understand?*

Angela: *Who is this?*

Her fingers trembled as she typed.

Booper: *Huh.*

As the last message came through, several things opened at once on Angela's computer. For one - her latest research article. It was clearly definable as hers, and anyone she worked with would know without a doubt. Next to it, some of the porn she had just finished watching. And then... a video of herself as her webcam turned on. Usually used for conference calls for business, right now it was positioned in a way that her flustered, scarlet face was visible. Along with her generous bare breasts, nipples still hard.

Booper: *Nice tits.*

Booper: *Don't worry, no one will know how much you love... wait, ew, dogs, seriously? Haha. What else is here?*

If Angela hadn't been blushing furiously already, she was now. Her browser history popped up in several new windows, videos starting to play. The sound of each blaring out of the speakers, mixing into an indistinguishable cacophony. With each window she closed, another two popped up.

Beep!

Booper: *Interesting fetishes, Doc. Do you like being choked too, or are you the one who chokes?*

clickclickclick. The mouse seemed to sing with the sound of it as Angela hurriedly closed every single tab and window. More videos of women being choked, or women choking other women popped up in the middle of her efforts. She recognised them from past nights.

Beep!

Booper: *Answer the question. Unless you want all this leaked.*

Booper: *...With the extra info that can be used to show it's you.*

Booper: *Obviously.*

The blinking cursor seemed to taunt Angela. Who was this? Her mind ran, and in the heat of the moment she found herself quite unable to think clearly. Half-formed thoughts coalesced before seeming

to drift away into a mist as she tried to reach out and grab them.

Booper: *Well?*

Ziegler: *choked*

A surge of adrenaline coursed through her. Hands shook, and her breath came out in long, shuddering heaves.

Booper: *Talk to you tomorrow. Be on at 7.*

Booper has gone offline.

Angela was left staring at her desktop. Her worried face illuminated by the soft light.

Eyes fluttered open softly as the light of the sun broke through the crack in her curtain, bathing her in its early rays. And then Angela bolted upright, a cool sweat breaking out. She fumbled for her phone, rolling over in the bed to reach the side table. Fingers latched onto it, and she pulled it over, swiping up. No notifications.

She went through her day in a daze. Everything seemed surreal. Voices called to her, and yet they seemed far away, her attention on something else. Doors and devices seemed slow and sluggish.

How would her interns react? Her peers? Those that she did business with here and abroad. Would it impact her relationships if her... if it were found out? Probably. It shouldn't. But Angela Ziegler was not a fool. People judged.

The day had seemed twice as long as any other day. She slipped out of her business heels, and enjoyed the softness of the lush carpet on her sore feet. Angela wasn't going to.

She glanced at the clock. 5.

No.

'Dinner!' she blurted out, abruptly. 'Need to make some dinner.' She moved over to the fridge, and swung the door open, peering in. 'Nothing.' Wasn't that always the way though? Angela sidled on over to her pantry, and looked in there. Nothing. She huffed, standing there, glaring in with hands on hips, and couldn't stop herself glancing over at the clock. 5:03.

'Back to the fridge.' With expectations lowered, Angela found something she would eat. Her fridge and pantry were often bare. With all her conferences, flights across country and the world, and long nights at different facilities - it seemed a bit wasteful to stock a fridge with a lot of food. 5:09.

She wasn't going to do it. Why should she?

After she had finished packing up the dishes in the dishwasher, and turned it on, she found herself leaning across the bench. Elbows flat against the marble surface, and her chin resting in her hands, wrists touching each other. 'Pff~' she muttered, blowing a free stray strands of blonde hair out of her eyes.

5:47.

5:48.

5:49.

'I better have a shower.' Angela nodded to herself, reinforcing her thought. There was a certain magic to a shower. The water washed away not only dirt and sweat, but the troubles of the day as well. Right down the drain, out of mind out of sight. Until you stepped out of the shower, and dried off and stepped into more clothes. As if there clothes had the weight and responsibility of your life attached to them, putting them back on grounded you once more. Of course, you could always put it off - walk around with just a towel, in a vain effort to escape the inevitability of returning to one's own responsibilities. But everyone always knew you never won. Not really. And Angela was no different today. She put her fresh clothes on, and immediately she felt the pull of the red LED lights on her clock on the other room. Peeking a head out of the bathroom, she looked down the hallway.

6:48.

Settling into the computer chair, she pulled herself closer to the desk. The computer whirred as it turned on, fans spinning to life. She wasn't waiting. She just needed to check on some files from work. And now was a good time. After all - Angela Ziegler was a name known throughout the world (a little pride dancing on her lips as she thought that). It seemed positively ridiculous that anyone would want to bribe or blackmail her. It was not as if she were a tycoon or a mogul or a CEO of a billion dollar corporation. She was just a doctor and a researcher.

6:58.

Legs pressed tightly against one another as Angela scrolled through the journal. It had been finished earlier today - and one of her peers had asked her to review before they would submit it to publishing, and--

6:59.

--she was more than happy to do so. Eyes whizzed across the screen, and several papers were strewn out to the left of her keyboard. References and information she needed to correctly review---

Beep!

Booper: *Hey.*

Angela froze. Like a deer caught in headlights. She realised how cliché that was, but wasn't able to stop the thought passing through her mind.

Ziegler is typing...

A few moments passed, and Angela pressed the backspace key several times. Hard. The indicator disappeared.

Booper: *Don't be shy. Say hi.*

Booper: *Or everyone gets to see what Angela likes to do in her free time.*

Ziegler: *hi*

Booper: *Where's your webcam?'*

Ziegler: *gone*

Booper: *Go get it. Plug it back in.*

Ziegler: *who is this?*

She waited for a reply. Nothing.

Ziegler: *hi?*

Booper: *Sorry, busy uploading files.*

Ziegler: *stop!*

Ziegler: *no!*

Ziegler: *ill go get it!*

Booper: *Good girl.*

Angela blushed furiously. The thought of her... fetishes... getting out into the world. It was heart-stopping. The webcam wasn't gone. Not really. She had just unplugged it. Waiting a few moments to seem like she would have been searching for it, she now held the plug in her fingers.

As if the person on the other screen could read her mind, a message popped up.

Booper: *If you be a good girl today, you won't hear from me again. I'll... let all this data disappear.*

Booper: *Turn your cam on.*

Ziegler: *how can i trust that?*

Booper: *Turn your cam on.*

Angela turned it on. What else was she going to do? Maybe... maybe they were telling the truth. If they weren't, would she be any worse off than now? Not really.

Ziegler: *what now?*

Booper: *Take your clothes off. Nice and slowly.*

Booper: *Do a little spin too, put on a show.*

Ziegler: *what do you want? money? research costs money, it doesnt make money*

Booper: *I want you to strip.*

The red light of the cam that indicated it was on taunted her. She sat in her chair, waiting. Pondering. She really did *not* want to do this. But she wanted very much for her sexual interests to *not* be made public to anyone. And right now, Angela was in the middle of a war. Between which one she wanted to happen *less*. And after a few minutes, she realised it was most assuredly the latter. Standing up, she pushed the chair away from her, and bent, pulling her pants down efficiently.

Booper: *Slow down! Strip. Not get undressed.*

She wanted to drive her fist through the monitor. Instead, she ran her fingers along the edge of her shirt, slowly rolling them up around the digits. Angela turned around slowly, giving the barest wiggle to her ass. Enough that she hoped would satisfy her blackmailer that she was 'stripping'. No new messages, so she surmised it was adequate. The shirt flew across the room. She hated how much her body was reacting to this. The surge of excitement that was beginning to pump in her ears.

A soft groan rumbled in her throat, and she hoped beyond hope that her microphone had not been hacked as well. And if it had... that she was quiet enough. Nipples. Hard. Sensitive. She needed... her arms disappeared behind her back as she did a little spin. Ass sticking out with panties clinging to their tight form. As she whirled about back to the camera, fingers fiddling with the clasp on her bra - she realised how much her breasts were pushed out, and spun about quickly, shame filling her even as her mound betwixt her thighs already starting to run slick with arousal and heat.

The bra fell to the floor. Her nipples were erect, sticking out, and Angela found it impossible to not run a hand over, hand groping the flesh, and fingers pressing against her nipples. She gave a soft little yelp, and looked back over to see the blinking message.

Booper: *Sit back down.*

She sat down, and covered her breasts by crossing her arms quickly. The sensual show ceased immediately.

Booper: *Pull your panties to the side.*

Booper: *And start rubbing yourself.*

Ziegler: *please let me stop i already striped*

Booper: *I'll help out. Here's something fun for you to watch.*

Angela's nostrils flared, and her toes curled. Her whole screen was taken up in an instant by a blonde woman, easily in her thirties, maybe forties. All fours, with a dog knot-deep inside the blonde's pussy. Heavy tits pressed down against the ground, and a male laugh off-screen was audible.

It was her favourite.

She had watched it many times, and right now, she felt her pussy tingling. Expecting fingers, waiting.

Eyes glanced upward at the cam, and back down to the flashing chat box in the left of the monitor's screen.

Booper: *What are you waiting for?*

Booper: *Finish the show and I'll leave you alone.*

Ziegler: *...do i hav youyr worsd?*

Booper: *Yes.*

It was all too much. Angela spread her legs, swinging one up so that it hung off the arm of the chair. Her hand was like a bolt, lightning jolting from it everywhere it grazed. Down, down, her hand moved, over her stomach, breath erratic and haggard already. Further down, her thighs shuddering. Angela felt her honeypot starting to drizzle.

Nibbling her lip, she tried to justify it to herself. She was a strong, independent, successful woman!

'Mmmhhhh!~' she gasped, breathily.

It was a known fact that interest in bedroom submission was increased in those that were independently successful in their career. She was---

'Nngg!' Angela's mouth hung open, her finger running across her love button. It felt very much like a button to her right now. Switching her into overdrive, her lustful hunger seeming to redouble and consume her thoughts. The sight of the video only spurred her on further. How many times had she watche--- 'ugg--hhfuck' --- watched it? And now... being forced to watch it. On camera.

Angela's left foot angled out, toes digging into the carpet and her heels pressing up against the wheel of her chair. Her free hand was joining the party, fingers splayed out either side of her clit, pushing down just enough that it pulled her folds back, baring her sensitive nub to greedy, groping digits. She wasted no time, and the tips of her index and middle finger found a new home there, rubbing vigorously.

'Mmy---ummm~! O--- oh... fuck!'

Beep!

Booper: *You make cute noises when you're jilling.*

Suddenly the reality of her situation hit home. Like a crashing wave against the shore. She clamped her legs shut, tightly. They could be *recording* this.

'OH FUCK ME,.... FUCK ME HARDER FUCKFUCK!'

The cries of the woman on-screen, being taken by the mutt filled Angela Ziegler's room. If she had been red before, now she was positively scarlet. Still, the rush of excitement was still coursing through her, the adrenaline palpable she feared, even from the other side of the connection. Her seat was wet, damp with her own cream.

Booper: *Don't stop. Cutie. Unless...?*

The threat hung in the air, and it did not need to be said.

With an odd mixture of reluctance and... Angela shook her head, trying to rid herself of the thought as she parted her legs once more, her wet, glistening flower open once more to the camera. She pulled a finger back, holding it above her clit, up, higher and higher, a string of her own honey linking the two.

Over towards her lips, tongue hanging out. She let it drip down on her open tongue, the taste of herself sending another surge of taboo pleasure coursing through her. It felt almost like she was riding lightning, everywhere her flesh touched little jolts of pleasure and excitement blossomed into existence.

Thighs pressed up hard against the arms of the chair. Cupping a breast with one hand, her fingers began to tease her nipples ever so softly, twisting and pulling. And down below, she couldn't help herself. Not as her eyes glazed over, glued to the screen. She imagined the beast right there... in front--- *'ugggggggh~!'*

Fingers ran with a deft touch across her reddened, swollen lips. Nails trailed along, the gentle caress of them almost enough to push her over the edge - but not quite.

Booper: *Choke yourself.*

Angela froze as the words came up. Instinctively, her hands curled up, and a nail scraped along her pussy lips. The sensation was almost overwhelming - more intense than what she had been doing just a moment ago. Her back arched in the chair and her tits pressed out, nipples jutting towards the roof and her hand disappeared in the generous amount of breast it was groping. The breath caught in her throat for a few moments, before she managed to regain her composure.

Ziegler: *do i haev 2??*

A bright red hand mark from where she had been kneading her own orbs seemed painted there as she typed with the one hand. Her other began to caress her petals, down, down slowly, then back up.

Teasingly slow. At the apex of each stroke, a thumb danced lightly over her nub, throat rumbling as pleasure surged through her, from toes right to head.

Booper: Yes.

'OH FUCK FUCK FUCK HE'S ---- GGG--- *inside* ME --- ALL--- NNG KNOT!'

Angela's chest rose and fell in harsh, sudden jerks as her hand moved upward. Forearm rested on her reddened breast, and her fingers wrapped around her throat.

Her legs bounced, pivoting on the balls of her feet, heels smashing down on the ground uncontrollably, as lust overtook her.

Booper: *Choke yourself HARD.*

'Y---nnf--- yessss~!' Angela Ziegler hissed. At some point, the fantasy, the exhilaration of doing something you shouldn't - it just becomes too much for the person to handle. And right at that moment, in the back of her scientific mind, Angela knew that for her, it was just then, when she squeezed tightly about her own throat, cutting off air and a little bit of dull, throbbing pain erupting.

Angela came.

She came *hard*.

Her hand was practically a blur, rubbing her love button as hard and as fast as she could physically manage. Fingers wrapped tighter about her throat. Couldn't breathe.

Thighs twitched, knees jerked about, smacking against each other. Her stomach undulated, back arched. The ceiling spun about, the fan above her turning into a grinning, smirking face.

'NNnffuuuckk~!' she gasped out. 'F---kkkknnkfuckfuck... nggg~!' The words came, barely. More a choked sputtering as her nails dug into her neck, threatening to draw blood. Her nethers spasmed, convulsing as several large squirts of liquid rushed out, painting her chair wet with her own honey.

The world continued to sway and roll about... the edges of her vision going dark, light, dark and light, light and dark, until she relinquished her grip, and air rushed back into her burning lungs. 'A--ahnn!' she whimpered. Her arm fell down to her side - but not before it rubbed against her overly-sensitive nipple, Angela's body twitching from the added stimulus.

Angela managed to pick her head up, and look toward the screen.

Booper: *Bye!*

Booper has disconnected.

She was left there, alone all of a sudden. Sitting in a chair, wet with her own nectar, clothes thrown about the room, drool running down her chin. And a fear of would this surface anywhere? Or would the hacker's word be kept? As the afterglow died down, shame grew quickly, eagerly taking its place and planting its reaching talons wherever they would take root within her mind.

I'm really happy with how this one came out. I did get a bit of help for the point of view of Angela, which helped immensely. Drop a comment, fave, watch, thumbsup etc if you enjoy it or my work. Cheers!