

The Flow of Business

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 10: Flowing)

Content warning: Cruelty, classism, bondage, watersports, degradation, and humiliation

“Business has a flow. If you cannot understand where the flow goes and determine when to follow it and when to direct it, you will drown or be cast out.”

Morgan despised giving this speech. The bull had far better things to do than to drone on about corporate jargon to dull-brained employees, mindlessly obedient managers, and shareholders that wanted to be deluded into thinking the rewards they reaped were due to innovation, intuition, and prodigious insight. Morgan didn't honestly care, though. Were it not for the moral panic that would ensue in the media, he'd happily admit that his corporation's success was purely through worker exploitation, tax exemptions, underhandedly-won government contracts, and driving competition out of business through taking short-term losses to undercut prices. It wasn't as if manufacturing companies could stop using metal or chemicals, after all; raw material sourcing and transportation wasn't going anywhere.

“I made this company successful because I know how people work. I know how the system works. And, most of all, I had the vision and strength to make the system work for *me*.”

While the bull hated giving this speech, he did enjoy the half-truths. He liked them for the same reasons he liked his personally-tailored Brioni suits and their white-gold thread. For anyone who didn't want to be bothered, they gave the air of respectability, success, and moral authority. Those that looked closer would see the sheen of immoral excess, but they would never see the full depths. That allowed Morgan to be in complete control. With enough money and power, he never had to work hard unless he wanted to. With enough money and power, the only flow that mattered in business was his. Everyone in the company knew that before long, and those who didn't like it were left with too incomplete information to manage to challenge him.

“Here at the home office, you'll learn to understand the flow of business. Efficiency means taking responsibility for your own direction and following the currents those ahead of you have shaped. Trust in my experience and learn how to read that flow, and you might show enough promise to face the trickier waters.”

The bright-eyed new hires applauded the CEO, every single one admiring the tall, muscular, broad-shouldered bovine even if one or two of them picked up on how boredom had drained his voice of almost any emotion. After all, It wasn't in many large corporations that the business's owner or most important officer made time for entry-level workers at all!

“...right then. Your packets should all have your designated orientation rooms and direct supervisor names. Off you go,” Morgan said, stepping away from the conference room podium and towards the door. His progress was stopped, however, by a star-struck dolphin girl in a cheap blazer and a tight, knee-length skirt. “...off you go,” he repeated.

“Sorry, sir! But my packet has two names for direct supervisors,” the dolphin chirped. “I don’t know who Mr. Mason Chiru is, but it says Mr. Morgan Rivend right above it!”

The bull took the open folder the girl offered, flipping it around to read it for himself. Looking over the job profile page, his smile stretched wide. It was not a kind smile. “Ah. So you are Aki,” Morgan rumbled. “Yes, you’ll eventually be overseen by Mr. Chiru. But you’ll be oriented personally by me. Please follow me.”

The silence of the two’s walk down the halls and towards an isolated elevator allowed each individual, CEO and new hire, time to think. Aki Lucia Skye, a dolphin girl fresh out of college with only four years experience living on the surface, marveled at how different this corporate culture was to the few aquatic companies she’d interned at in her kind’s natural environment. Morgan, however, was busy outlining the dolphin girl’s body in his head. She might’ve actually entertained sexual fantasies if it weren’t so obvious a fit for her; Morgan hadn’t requested his human resources officer to find someone with such specific bodily dimensions, psychological vulnerabilities, and cultural mismatches to have the girl be comfortable, after all. He wanted her to be accepting, not ecstatic.

Slipping into the elevator, Morgan slipped a small keycard into the awaiting slot, hitting the nearby button for the executive floor. Aki looked out of the elevator’s back, marveling at the sight of the city’s tall buildings and at how much further above them they began to rise. “So,” he said, eyes still facing the doors as the elevator climbed floor after floor, “you accepted the position of executive flow manager, yes?”

“Yes!” she said, spinning to look up to the bull’s horns. “I was a bit surprised a managerial position was entry level, but the nice man who interviewed me encouraged me to apply for it too.”

“It’s not managing people, if that concerns you,” he clarified. “It’s managing flow. Executive flow. You could say it is a necessary prerequisite to being my secretary.”

“Ooh, like a receptionist?”

“...heh. Sure. If you’re receptive to what I have to give.”

Aki nodded, not entirely understanding but happy to learn. It wouldn’t be long either, as Morgan was a busy bull and had better things to do. All he wanted was to get her settled so that yet another aspect of his days working at the office would be infinitely more entertaining. The silver doors slid open, the CEO beating a hasty path down the carpet and leaving the dolphin to jog in order to keep up, her thick tail waving its broad fin behind her in anxious bobs.

"M-master?" a young mouse yipped, standing up to attention behind a large desk. The bull didn't even give the girl and her pink skin-tight rubber one-piece dress any mind. He simply swung open the door to his executive suite and waved the dolphin in. Aki gave a shy wave to the strangely-dressed and blushing mouse. The mouse looked back with wide eyes before casting them away in shame, leaving the dolphin befuddled as she took her last few steps into Morgan's office.

The rear wall was completely glass, allowing an awe-inspiring view looking down upon the entire skyline of the bustling city. An immense desk made of mahogany with a top slab of marble fitted within the desk's rich wood framing screamed power, and Morgan's intent to stay the head of this company for the foreseeable future was clear. Rather than a desk-top label, the entire front of the desk had been coated in gold, etchings spelling out the bull's name. There wasn't any need for a title. Who would doubt he was in complete control.

"Alright, now undress," he said without hesitation.

"Undress? But, sir, isn't that rude on the surface?"

"For people who are meant to be seen and heard, yes. You, however, are about to occupy the role of executive flow manager. And remember what I said about the flow of business?"

Aki paused, then nodded. "You're right, sir! Sorry, I should trust your experience and show I can go with the flow!" Happily, she began to disrobe, secretly grateful for the chance to rid herself of such irritating clothes. Aquatic life had little conventions regarding them since they interfered with life more than they hid anything. So, casting aside even the thick panties and bra she'd learned to wear purely out of habit, she stood before the bull without a single care.

Morgan looked over her body with his physical eyes for the first time, but nothing had surprised him compared to the mental image he'd assembled on the trip here. Smooth, rubbery flesh that glistened in the sunlight, smooth, gradual curves that hid just how powerful and muscle-dense her body was, a tuck of flesh that hid pink flesh..."Spread your cunt."

"Sorry?"

"Take your fingers and spread open your cunt," he ordered.

Aki was beginning to feel a wash of shame over her face, something about all of this feeling demeaning despite how naturally she would have done so a mere four years ago. Still, he spoke with such certainty that she couldn't imagine refusing. She lowered her smooth fingers, digging into the tuck of flesh between her legs and spreading both directions. The bull leaned down, looking up into the exposed, moist hole. "More," he ordered, and she spread herself to an uncomfortable ache, grunting as the CEO eyed even the small opening to her urethra.

“Good. You’ll fit. Come here, slut,” he sighed, moving over to push his large, leather and velour chair out of the way of his desk and waving Aki to follow. She followed, her cheeks increasingly heated with an embarrassment she couldn’t understand. Surely, this was just how it worked, right? However, upon seeing what was waiting beneath Morgan’s desk, she realized just how wrong all of this felt.

Three pipes of different sizes stuck out from the floor, metal openings securely bolted there as some sort of intake. A thick rubber sheath was applied to the back of the desk’s base, and smaller leather and rubber bands lie unfastened on both side walls of the opening. Finally, at the very edge of the opening’s top, two steel shackles lie unlocked, waiting. After four years getting a business and international studies double major, this was not something Aki was prepared to immediately understand or anticipate her first professional workstation to be.

“Go ahead, slut,” he instructed dispassionately. “That’s your position. The big pipe goes up your asshole, the medium one in your cunt, and the small one up your asshole. Chop chop.”

Aki looked over her shoulder at the bull, who lazily reached down his pants and adjusted the large mass that bulged at his groin. Eventually, he looked up and met her eyes. “...what?” he said. “Do you seriously need me to explain this? I thought you were supposed to be a smart girl.”

The dolphin instinctively opened her mouth, trying to form some sort of excuse or protest. Surely, getting *magna cum laude* meant something...right? “What...am I supposed to do?”

Morgan sighed and slumped his large body down into the luxury seat, massaging his forehead and idly rubbing the polish on his horns. “...manage executive flow. Look, slut, Ako or whatever your name was, I’m a busy bull. I have to get a lot done, and my time, frankly, is worth a lot more than most people’s. So I hire people to take care of my needs for me and give me a little entertainment in the process.”

He leaned forward, looking the stunned, nude dolphin directly in the eyes. “When some normal person goes to the bathroom, they’re basically pissing nickels down the drain. When I have to go to the bathroom? It’s like pissing millions. It’s honestly worse than a natural disaster. So you’re here to prevent that.”

The bull reached out, forcing Aki down by the shoulders, letting her ogle the pants-bulge between his legs. “So when I’m having a meeting with other busy people, you’re going to be here. And when I need to let a stream lose, you’re going to manage the flow. You’ll thank me every time, too, because of how valuable my piss is to trust you with. You won’t say a word otherwise, though, because that’s not your job. You’ll drink my piss, thank me, and cum because of how much it pleases an aquatic slut like yourself to swim in my filth.” He huffed through his nostrils, warm air blowing over Aki’s scalp. “Does that make it clear? Or are you going to really quit on your first day and show the world you can’t even manage one executive’s basic workflow?”

Aki hardly was a stranger to kinky things or even sexual overtures. However, she had never felt so low and uncomfortable in her life. Her face burned with heat, eyes watering at the corners from the searing shame, arms trembling upon her thighs. "Y-yes, sir," the dolphin girl mumbled, "t-thank you for the opportunity." Slowly, she turned her head, backing up her body and lifting her tail and ass high. Only once she'd lined herself up with the pipes, one hand tugging an ass-cheek away while the other braced against the top edge of the desk, did she begin to lower herself.

"Sit," the bull ordered. Wincing, Aki lowered her other hand, gravity taking over as she worked to spread open her holes and squeeze her flesh over the rim of each metal tube. They felt cold, the controlled office air having apparently had at least a few days to make them uncomfortably icy compared to the warmth of her own body. It was only once she'd begun to cry out and squeak at the alien sensation of a pipe spreading open her urethra that the bull made any motion to help. The help he provided was to shove her forcefully down all the way, her ass squishing against the ground as the suddenly deep invasions into her body drove the breath out of her lungs.

As the dolphin wheezed, Morgan slipped the thick, curled tail into the rubber sheath and sealed it tight; the company boss wasn't satisfied until he saw the flesh bulge outwards with strained color at the tail-holder's edge. Then, he lifted her legs all the way up, slamming the shackles shut over her ankles and locking them closed. He tossed the key in a random drawer and adjusted her feet, the small dusk blue toes wiggling just over the top edge of the desk, in perfect range to tease and be seen by any visitors. Her hands were strapped to either side of the under-desk, and a small noose hanging from the top slipped over Aki's head. Finally, from out of one of the deeper desk drawers, the bull pulled out a heavy two-piece porcelain collar. It closed shut over the noose's loop and latched onto two bolts on the ceiling, leaving the dolphin girl's head entirely enshrined within a urinal bowl; at its angle, not a single drop would spill unless she managed to drown herself on multiple liters worth of urine.

Looking over his new installation, he sighed. "Good. That'll work. And in case you're wondering, while I would've included it anyway just to make sluts like you squirm, the tube up your cunt measures your fluid output," the CEO said. "If you show your dedication to me and the company and manage all of my piss like a good toilet, I'll consider promoting you. The cunt who's my sexual toy and secretary out there was in your position for quite a while, you know."

The dolphin's eyes might've lit up with promise at that revelation if they hadn't immediately locked on what flopped out from the bull's pants. Morgan had unzipped himself while he talked, dangling a thick slab of cockflesh in one hand as he pulled his chair up and brought himself into the desk. The pants still bulged with what must have been two massive balls, but the flaccid shaft that dangled closer and closer to her porcelain-bound face was large enough. Yet, despite how twisted and perverted her position was, it didn't harden one bit. That wasn't what she was there for, after all.

Instead, Morgan sighed in relief at having finally oriented his new urinal toy into her uncomfortable, shameful position. The large hole at his head seemed to take a breath too, but the acrid scent that hit Aki's senses let her know that it was a particularly wet exhale to come. A stream of rancid yellow spilled forth, splattering across her dark blue face, stinging her eyes just before they had time to close, and dribbling down the porcelain containment. Eventually, the dolphin willed her mouth to open, the flow washing over her tongue, down her long beak, and spilling down her throat. She swallowed, her beak and tongue moving to draw in all the fluid that had begun to pool at her mouth's edge; it didn't stop her early mistake from treating her neck and chin to a soggy piss-bath, the fluid soaking into her flesh.

Ten seconds passed, the bull smiling as the bladder he'd been keeping full specifically for this began to empty. The girl's gulps grew louder and more committed, her eyes wincing at the pungent flavor that stained every inch of her tongue. Every so often, he adjusted his aim to miss wide one direction or another, showering her bound, nude body in yellow fluid, urine coursing down her body in tiny collected streams. Aki's only available reaction was to gurgle between gulps, ounce after ounce pooling in the back of her throat and preventing any possible other response. Eventually, as he felt himself beginning to trail off, he aimed low, his cock's stream splattering and spilling over the dolphin's groin, painting her pipe-penetrated holes with his musky fluid and marking even those unimportant outlets as his.

When his own flow stopped, he withdrew a small piece of toilet paper from a drawer and cleaned off his tip. He tossed the moistened paper to slap over Aki's left tit, grinning as it clung and soaked into her body. The faint noise of fluid running down a drain advertised the dolphin as having either leaked an orgasm down the pipes, lost control of her own bladder in shame, or both. It didn't really matter which it was; Morgan felt good about it.

"...and your response?" he prompted.

Aki's mouth gasped open, coughing at drops of urine that had gone down the wrong way due to her inexperience. "Th-...thank you for your piss, Mr. Rivend."

"You've a lot to learn. That's a title respectable people call me. You heard the correct response from your urinal predecessor. Unless you're dumb in addition to being a slut?"

"...thank you for your piss...master."

"Good. And that's all you'll have to say to me until I deem you worthy for a promotion," he chuckled. "The only other person you deserve to talk to is your direct supervisor, Mason Chiru. He's my janitor, but he also makes sure none of my sluts clog. Treat him with respect."

"Yes, master," she replied, shuddering at the idea of being below even janitorial staff in her new profession as a piss-slut..

"...damn, you really are dumb," he laughed. "I said you only have one thing to say to me, and you already messed that up! Guess I was right to start you near the bottom...though now you're giving me ideas of lower positions I might be able to put you if you keep screwing up."

Aki's eyes rolled back, the dolphin's mind cursing herself out as she realized her mistake. The bull hardly cared. It wasn't as though he'd move her until she actually annoyed him or an opening appeared elsewhere in his perverse harem. Half of his instructions were purely to entertain him, after all. There wasn't even a mechanism in the pipes to measure her arousal; it just was fun watching a stupid slut try and arouse themselves at the thought of Morgan's liquid waste, watching them worship it as if it were pissed gold.

By the time Aki was debating whether she should apologize or not, Morgan already zipped himself up and left Aki to soak in his urine and scent. The carpet around the metal plates from which the pipes rose out of soaked from the loose drips that spilled off her smooth body, but it was an easy thing for his janitor to clean. If the dolphin was lucky, maybe she'd get to drink Mason's piss too. If she were truly irresistible, maybe she'd get fed his cum as well.

"Hey slut," the executive called to his secretary, the poor mouse popping up to her feet instantly at the sound of his hooves and voice. "Turn your toy up to high and follow me. I want your cunt soaked by the time we're in the limo. And bring your breath spray. If you end up drinking Peter's piss again while we're talking business, I don't want you smelling like him. Your mouth should always smell like my balls after the gym."

"Y-yes, master!" she gasped, hands reaching under the tight rubber one-piece dress and, with no panties to get in the way, easily flicked the vibrator lodged inside her sex to high. She squeaked, ears trembling as the buzzing noise began to echo about the large entry chamber, eyes wincing as she willed herself to run after the bull.

As the scent of the mouse's arousal filled the elevator, Morgan smiled. See, this was why he truly hated bullshit speeches. Half-truths were only so fun. It was when he could revel in his own superiority and speak perfectly honestly to submissive sluts that he truly felt alive. After all, what use was all the money in the world if you didn't ruin perfectly good lives to make your day just the slightest bit easier?