

A Working Day

by Abe Froman

The following story is a work of fiction. It contains scenes of an adult nature so if you are under 18, stop reading now. This story contains explicit sexual language and fantasies. If you are offended by such activities, do not read any further. This is purely a fantasy. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead is purely coincidental. The author is not responsible for any damage resulting from reading this work. It is written with thanks to the woman who is its inspiration, along with apologies to her for any lack of quality. Any of the story's faults are the authors.

This story may be reposted or archived provided the following conditions are met:

- 1. The story is not altered in any way*
- 2. The story contains my name and disclaimer*
- 3. You do not make money from the story*

Please send comments to froman.abe@gmail.com

Part 1: Morning

Michael Davis is just opening the front door from his house and stepping outside as his limousine pulls around to meet him. It's not stopped for a second before his driver his out to open his door. He smiles and says a quick hello and good morning. A warm smile on her red lips and a "Good morning, Sir," is his gift in return.

Denise, his driver, is dressed with a purpose. Her skirt is dangerously short and must have Lycra in it to grip her perfect ass that tight. Her smooth legs are perfectly displaying the pattern on her stockings. Her short black jacket barely covers her crisp white blouse, fitted to her curves perfectly. There are enough buttons on the blouse open to just show the top of the black lace bra offering up her perfect creamy breasts. They move just enough to be nearly hypnotic. He smiles. This girl knows how to dress for effect. His cock aches with the lust he feels.

As she closes his door and climbs into her own seat, his mind is suddenly drifting to the image of that skirt trying to stay in place as she drives. It must slide up around her hips; exposing whatever panties she might be wearing. Again, his cock aches.

He's soon distracted from that though by the personal video screen coming to life. Denise as per routine has started the DVD for him as soon as they get moving. He wonders if she ever bothers to look at what she's playing. The previous aching turns to an angry throb as they travel the next half hour to his office. The screen is felled with images of leather and lace clad women kissing, dancing, grinding against each other, massaging and finally fucking each other with urgent lust. It's a long drive.

Arriving at work, Denise opens his door with a very deep bend and smile. He's granted long and healthy look at her wonderfully full and young breasts, perfectly displayed.

He walks to his office, waving and smiling at the few employees who have arrived earlier than him

Now settled in his office, he scans the messages that arrived after his departure yesterday and plans a few items for the day. Perhaps half an hour later, he hears Vicki, his secretary, arrive and getting her own space ready, just steps outside his door. His mind drifts from his work for just a moment, wondering what she might be wearing today.

After about an hour, the intercom rings, and Vicki tells him a package has arrived for him by courier, and would he like her to bring it in. With a healthy touch of curiosity, he responds that that would be very kind of her.

She steps inside, opening the door after a soft knock. He catches himself taking in a deep breath upon seeing her – her slim and lean body is modelling a long skirt that seemed to cling to her curves and a fitted red sweater with a collar up to her neck but skin tight, hugging her firm breasts.

She smiles at him as he rises from behind his desk, admiring his perfectly fitted suit.

“Do you want it?”

“Yes, please.”

“Have you been good enough?” she starts to taunt him.

“Yes, I have.”

“Have you followed your instructions today?” A raised eyebrow accompanies her question.

“Yes, I have, Mistress.”

“Show me.”

He moves to the center of the office, and he removes his jacket, laying it over the corner of his desk.

“Stop there, and put your hands behind your neck.” The command is firm and efficient.

He obeys, and she moves closer. Her fingers move to his trousers, opening his belt, tugging down the zipper, reaching inside.

“Ooohh, it feels right.”

She continues and his pants are soon around his ankles, and he steps out of them at her command. She guides him out of his shoes as well. He now stands before her, under her control; exposed in black stockings, garter belt and bright pink thong panties. She reaches inside the front of his panties.

“And this lovely cock cage fits you perfectly, such a lovely bulge it gives. I bet it hurts quite a bit when your cock tries to get hard doesn’t it?”

“Yes, Mistress, it does.”

“I bet that happened a lot while watching the movie I chose for you, didn’t it?”

“Yes Mistress, it did.”

“Goody,” she replies, loving each second of the sexual torment she insists he endure. “And do you like being in these panties for me, slut? Dressed like a man on the outside, but like a little trampy whore underneath?”

“Yes, Mistress, I love it.”

“Good. Let’s open your package, shall we? I ordered it special for you, and I’m so glad it’s arrived.”

She tears into the package, giggling with glee, and in a minute she’s holding up his new toy before his eyes. It’s a large, seven-inch bright pink butt plug, with swirling ridges down its length. “Oh good, this is going to be so lovely in your little ass,” she’s clapping her hands together. “I bet you can’t wait to wear it for me.”

“Yes, Mistress, please let me fill up my ass with it for you,” he begs sincerely, “Please.”

“Oh, you will, my little girl, but not quite yet. I’ve got something else special for you. Take off your shirt and tie.”

He loosens the tie, placing it over the desk as well, and unbuttons and removes his shirt.

“Turn to face the window.”

He turns, his back to her, now dressed only in the panties and stockings, facing out across the city, never knowing who might be looking back. Her deft hands soon have his chest wrapped in a pink lace bra, matching his thong, and she slips large silicone breast forms inside the cups. Suddenly he carries D cup breasts on his frame.

“Now, turn back to face me. Show me your titties.”

He turns, his face red. He never quite gets used to his, being a man in women’s lingerie, so controlled by his secretary, his Mistress. He feels humiliated wearing the lingerie, the fake breasts, but he knows he does it for her pleasure, and that makes everything worthwhile. The feeling he senses from her when his obedience pleases her, arouses her, when the humiliation she forces upon him changes the tone of her voice in that way he loves, is the best feeling he’s ever known.

And that look is growing on her face now – that curve of her lips. “Good girl,” she says. “Bend over.”

He obeys, and he bend deeply forwards, his legs spread, until he can nearly grip his ankles – the thong splitting his ass cheeks, exposed to the window.

Her fingers are roaming over him, teasing him. She slaps on latex gloves, and he soon feels those fingers, now cold and wet with lubricant, probing his ass, testing it.

Suddenly she is pushing something into his tight opening – it’s so cold, it can’t be the new plug. It pops inside, only to be quickly followed by another. He’s allowed a moan, he knows from experience, but never a question. After the third is pushed inside, chilling him to the core, she speaks.

“Do you remember last week, slut, when you came for me in the ice cube tray? How much you had to give after saving it so long for me? I’ll bet you do.” The joy and pleasure is so evident in her voice that despite the discomfort he feels his cock throb in its cage. He did know, and she’d been having him build up more again – he hadn’t been allowed to cum in a week. “Well you’ve got your little cum-cubes stuffed inside your own ass right now. An ass full of cum that will soon melt inside you. What a slut you are.” Her voice stays just on the edge of gleeful laughter.

And then she guides the new plug inside. It’s wider than he’s been filled with before, and it aches and stretches him going in. She happily notes

that its ridges allow her to literally screw it into his ass. And with a final push, its widest point pops into him, and the toy is home.

“You may stand now, slut.”

He stood upright, and feels the plug so deep and full inside him – he feels it trap the torturing frozen cum in his ass. Will it be better or worse once it thaws? Knowing that his cum is sloshing around inside his own ass.

“Now, you may get back to work. Put back on your pants and your jacket. You may not be able to button your shirt over your new tits, so I’ll just take it with me. Oh and one more thing.”

She picks up his shoes where he’s left them, and tosses him a different pair. Four inch black heels.

“You’ll be wearing these too. Put them on.”

Feeling the plug with each step, he moves to step into them. He fights for his balance at first, but he is ashamed to realize he’s getting used to walking in heels. She leans down and as closes tiny locks on the buckling straps as she closes them tight.

“ Now get to work, slut – you’re going to have a trying and long lunch hour, so you’d better be productive. And looking like that, you’d better hope no one gets past my desk.”

With one more stroke over his satin-covered and steel trapped cock, she’s gone beyond the heavy wooden door. He pulls his trousers up past the heels, over her stockinged legs and over his plugged and full ass. He slides on his jacket, which now just serves to frame his lace-enclosed breasts.

It was nearly impossible to work. He felt his ass ache with each motion in his chair, and he was sure he could feel his own cum sloshing inside him. The fake breasts were constantly getting in his way as he tried to type or read reports. Worst of all, he knew exactly how he looked – taking time in his private washroom to soak in the humiliating image staring back from the mirror. He didn’t quite know if Vicki would let someone past her to see him this way. Each sound outside the door could be the end of his reputation.

He never felt more alive.

Part 2: Lunch

The hour of noon had arrived finally, and each minute that now ticked past seemed like an hour. But Michael knew better than to do anything but wait. He hadn't walked much, but his feet were very aware of the heels that trapped them. His ass had been plugged full for hours now, but it was not the kind of thing you got used to.

At about quarter after, the door to his office opened suddenly and without warning. He was frozen in his chair.

It was Miss Vicki with a wicked smile adorning her face.

"Nervous, slut? Worried someone snuck past while I was in the washroom?" She giggled at his predicament. "I'll bet you're wondering how many times I left to go to the washroom this morning – or did I just go for a walk and leave the door unguarded."

"Yes Mistress," was the only response he could muster.

"Well it is time for your special lunch." She locked the door to his office, which seemed a rather ominous sign after this morning, he thought.

"Remove the trousers and jacket, slut. I want to see those lovely panties and bra."

Inside of a minute, he was again standing in the middle of his office in lingerie and heels.

"Bend over, whore, and spread your legs."

Once he was in position, he felt her fingers over his legs, his ass and then teasing down to wiggle the plug stuffing him.

"Nice and full, slut? Nice and full of rubber and cum?"

"Yes Mistress."

"It's lunch time, slut. Are you hungry?" she changed the subject quickly.

"Yes Mistress, I am."

"Well, you'll eat soon enough, but we've got a few things to do first. Now, you know that you're my little slut, don't you?"

"Yes Mistress."

“You know that I own you completely. I can make you do anything for me, and that everything you are and that you’ve accomplished is really mine now. What you have is only what I’ve allowed you to keep. Think about that; don’t answer right away. Think about it. Then tell me.”

It was more than just obedience that made him run the thought through his mind. This morning had proved it for the hundredth time. If she wanted, she could expose him in this lingerie or in any of the other outfits he’d worn for her. Or she could share the many photos of his eager service. His life, his reputation and his career were in her hands.

“Yes Mistress, I know that I am yours completely.”

“Good. It’s good that you know it. Do you accept it?”

The feeling swelling through him made this answer easier. “Yes Mistress, I accept it, and I beg for it. I wouldn’t want to be anything but yours.”

“That is very good, slut; especially due to what I have planned for you today. I want you to remember what you’ve just told me through every minute.” Her look travelled through his eyes down deep into his soul.

“Now, on your knees, slut. Put your wrists behind your back, and keep your knees spread.”

He moves into position, and found it one that gave him yet again a new awareness of the plug. His bra-full of silicone breasts was pushed forwards. Behind him, she expertly locked his wrists in leather cuffs, trapping them together. As she pulled out a gag and showed it to him, he obediently opened his mouth for it. A small penis-shaped rubber object pushed between his teeth, and the leather strap secured behind his head locked it tight. She showed him his face now with a small mirror, and he noticed a silver ring flat against the leather of the gag. She set down the mirror and removed a large bright pink dildo from her bag. There was a gleam in her eye as she secured the base of it to his gag, and once again the mirror was raised to show it obscenely jutting from his face.

“One more piece of preparation, slut.”

And with that, she drew out the blindfold. Buckled on firmly, it plunged him completely in darkness. Without other sights to distract him, he was again very aware of how he must look.

The knock on the door jerked him out of his thoughts and his heart was pounding in his chest.

“Oh lovely, our guest is here.”

He heard Miss Vicki move to the door and open it. The gasp he heard was someone else’s.

“Shhh now love, we don’t want to give our little slut any clues,” Miss Vicki instructed.

She had finally done it. She’d shared his most closely guarded secret. She’d shared her possession with someone. He could barely think over the sound of his heart pounding and the buzzing in his head. But his aching cock trying to stiffen in its cage betrayed to himself how he really felt.

“Now, slut,” Miss Vicki continued, “you are going to be a good little girl for our guest, and make me proud. Aren’t you?”

He nodded, and felt his face redden with shame as he felt the toy cock locked to his face shake.

“Good girl.” Then Miss Vicki turned to her guest. “Go ahead love, explore her, have some fun.”

Strange hands were suddenly on his body, sliding over his face, his chest, under his face breasts to tease and tweak his nipples. They reached inside his panties and felt the cruel cage trapping his cock. They guided his body forwards, pushing his face to the carpet, and explored the base of the plug inside him.

“That plug is trapping cum in his ass, love. I won’t tell you whose it is.” Miss Vicki giggled and he heard another gasp from the unknown woman.

Then her fingers were on his face again, actually stroking the dildo locked to his gag harness.

“Do you want it?” Vicki asked her.

He could only assume she nodded, because the next thing he heard was his Mistress’s command to move onto his back. She recuffed his hands over his head to allow him to lie flat on the carpet. He knew it was coming, but he was still not fully prepared for the sensation of this unknown woman lowering herself over his body – his body dressed in pink panties and a stuffed bra, in heels and stockings. She lowered herself slowly. He felt her thighs against his arms, his chest. He smelled her more than anything. Then the pressure against his gag, and he knew. He ached to see this

mystery cunt filling itself with the dildo on his face. His own cock screamed to be set free, to be allowed to stand freely erect. But all he could do was lay there, feeling her using his face to please herself, smelling her arousal with the deep breaths he was forced to take through his nose. He did know better than to just lie there though, and he worked to please her as best he could. He moved his face with her thrusts, matching them, swirling and dancing the dildo inside her.

She couldn't stop herself soon, and low but building guttural moans were making their way from her. Her juices her gripping down the dildo, towards his face as she rode it. Miss Vicki was smiling and fingering herself as she watched.

He felt her fuck his face faster and faster, her urgency building with the volume of her moans. Finally, the moans erupted into a scream and she came wet and loud on top of him. She collapsed down, and for a few panicked seconds her position on his face blocked all breathing, but when she was able to roll off him, her nectar was left all over his face, drawn in to his nostrils strongly.

“Mmmm, that was so good to watch, love, I can only imagine how it felt.”

There was a mumbled response, likely all she could manage.

“Now, I want to show you something else,” and again there was that wicked joy in Vicki's voice. “Slut, get up for me, stand up.”

He worked his way up onto his legs, struggling a bit to balance blind on heels with his hands cuffed together before him.

“Pull down your panties, slut.”

Again he had to make due with cuffed hands as he slid the tiny bit of satin down his thighs and off over his heels. He felt her fingertips sliding over his caged manhood. She loved to taunt him, so it was a surprise when her fingers moved to free him of it.

“Back down on your knees, slut. Keep those legs spread.”

He slid back down the floor, feeling his high heels beneath the cheeks of his full ass as he spread his thighs wide, displaying his freed cock. It was clear now to Vicki's guest that he was kept completely shaved.

“Would you like to cum, slut? Would you like to show us how much of your cum you're keeping in those blue balls? Hmmm?”

He nodded, shaking the sticky dildo once more.

“Okay, my horny little slut. You can jerk your horny cock for us, while we watch. You’ve got five minutes to cum, but don’t cum without permission. You may nod to ask permission.”

With his wrists cuffed, his two hands worked in partnership. One stroking his needy prick, the other massaging his full balls. With the knowledge of his embarrassing position, the plug inside him, face breasts jiggling on his chest, and an audience of his Mistress and her guest, he didn’t need anywhere near the time allowed. Images from the whole week of his service filled his head, then his driver taunting him, the movie in the car, then having his face fucked in his office, leaving a sweet scent that still filled his senses. He was nodding urgently in two minutes.

“Ready to cum already, slut? Oh my, how hungry you must be.”

He knew better than to stop stroking, despite being so close to explosion, but it took all his will to hold back. He heard her shifting around him. Another surprise hit him, as her hands pulled his from his cock. Was she going to deny him? In seconds she freed them only to cuff them again behind his back. He was moaning around his gag. Frustration turned to pure joy as he now felt her firm grip replace his. She stroked him hard and tight, and his whole body was trembling.

“Cum now, slut, cum now. Cum hot and full for your Mistress. Show our guess how much jism you’re saving for me.”

The explosion started in an instant and kept coming. Spasm after spasm of his body ejected the thick cum in heavy ropes. His whole body savoured the sweet release. With a final grunt from behind the leather, he was spent, and he slumped so slightly.

With a shared wink to her guest, Vicki lifted the plate from between his thighs. Her expert hand had guided the thick cum into rows on the open sandwich. It stood out wonderfully on the slices of roast beef. The woman, wet again from his performance, had to slap her hand over her mouth to keep silent.

Vicki guided him to his feet and to the sofa. He was inches from the strange woman and he could sense the electricity. Her novice hands unbuckled his gag, the dildo still swaying from it, and his mouth was emptied. The penis gag slid out covered in his drool.

His hands still cuffed behind him, the guest slowly and lovingly fed him the sandwich. With his second bite, he was positive of where his cum had

gone, and once again felt an inner humiliation that he now recognized the taste so readily. He was starving, and ate eagerly. He was offered a mouthful of water to wash the last bite down, and licked his lips afterwards.

“Thank you, Mistress, thank you for allowing me to serve and feed.”

“You are welcome, slut. Now, one more thing,” she turned once more to her guest, “do you want to?”

Still blindfolded, he knew nothing of her response – just Miss Vicki’s reaction. “Okay slut, hands on your desk, and bend forward, back arched, legs spread.”

He felt his way there and complied.

The fingers that felt their way between his ass cheeks were tentative, still nervous, so he knew it was not Miss Vicki. He groaned as she pulled and twisted the plug from him. His face was red with further humiliation.

“See how open he is now?” Vicki explained, “He’s been stuffed with it all morning.”

And he did feel open. Open and exposed. But in minutes that feeling was over. Mistress explained for a new audience what exactly the cloudy ice cubes were as she pushed five more into him, and plugged him tight once more. The panties were slid back up his legs.

His goodbye kiss to Miss Vicki’s guest was carefully and lovingly placed to her sex. He could tell she was groomed, but not shaved. A minute later she was gone.

Alone again with Miss Vicki, he blinked in the bright light with the removal of the blindfold.

“You made me proud, slut, and you’ll be rewarded for it,” she said with a heartfelt smile. But for the rest of the day, you’ll still sit on your cum-filled and plugged ass, and work there with your nice tits. But clearly after lunch, you’re too shameful a whore to need any of your suit.”

And then she was gone with his clothes and he was alone with his thoughts. Alone behind a large oak desk in high heels, stockings and garters, a pink thong covering a plug screwing cum into his ass, carrying D cup breasts in pink lace on his chest. He was a whore. He was Miss Vicki’s whore.

And now he was exposed as that whore to another woman. A woman he might never know, but he'd be looking for that spark of knowing recognition in the eyes of every woman he'd meet from that day on.

He never felt more alive.

Part 3: Afternoon

After the high of his service, after the arousal of seeing and smelling his Mistress, after the mind-bending experience of being exposed as a feminized slut to some woman he didn't see, Michael Davis was coming back down to reality. Reality, but not normality.

He was sitting at his desk, trying to work at least, but his mind was constantly wandering. He was physically distracted by what he was (and wasn't wearing), not to mention that the plug filling his backside that trapped his now-thawed cum in his ass. Each fidgeting motion he made in a vain attempt to be comfortable refreshed the ache he felt with.

The few times he had gotten out from behind his desk to walk to a bookshelf he could feel his face flushing at wearing the panties, stuffed bra and heels, even though he was alone. He could just imagine how he looked. His blinds were open as well. Everyone seemed to look at "the view" of the city and not at the specifics, but he was quite a view himself right now for anyone who might care to focus.

He now knew that his secret was not something Miss Vicki was going to keep to herself anymore either. She had said from the beginning that it was all up to her and she'd finally done it. He trusted her, but it was now fully real that one more piece of control was out of his hands and into hers.

Even when he answered the phone he felt exposed. Would they know he was dressed in lingerie while he talked to them? Not just panties, but with stockings and garters, and bra full of realistic looking and jiggling silicone D-cups. The times he was speaking to women he found himself listening for the slightest tone of amusement.

He found it much easier to serve his Mistress in her presence. He could sense her power; he could feel not only that she commanded his obedience but also that it aroused her. It was like a feedback loop that fed his desire like electricity. But now, alone, he started to feel the real power of Miss Vicki's humiliation of him. He looked like a fool. He'd swallowed his own cum. He'd serviced a woman, but not with his tongue, but with the other end of a rubber cock that had filled his own mouth.

As if in answer to his own thoughts, the intercom chimed.

“Yes, Mistress?” he answered as he’d long ago been commanded, each time feeling the tinge of further humiliation he’d feel if the voice at the other end was a different receptionist – it was certainly not unknown for the ladies to fill in for each other should a washroom or cigarette break be required.

“Hello, my slut,” Miss Vicki’s voice sang in response, reassuring him and driving any doubt from his mind. He’d do anything for this woman. “I’ve had an interesting idea.”

“Yes, Mistress?” He hoped his nervous hesitation hadn’t been too obvious.

“You are very lucky as you have not only a lovely and wicked assistant as your Mistress but you are also surrounded by many other stunning women in your life.”

“Yes, I am Mistress, thank you.” After all, it was she who had hired not only Denise, his driver, but also both of the women on his household staff. She’d also had a very powerful voice in the hiring of the rest of his office staff. Michael knew she just loved to surround him with temptation. She loved to imagine how his cock would strain, either in tight panties or metal cages, as women so lovely as to be plucked from his dreams moved around him.

Even if he had been tempted, it would be tough explaining to one of them why he was wearing lingerie that day, or why his manhood was locked tight another, or who might have written “MINE” in permanent marker on his ass. So these beautiful women were kept at arms length even though some seemed to work very hard to tempt him into their skirts.

Did they know? He often wondered, but he was virtually sure they didn’t. Today’s experience reassured him in a bizarre way. Even though Mistress’s mystery guest had seemed excited to use him, her first reaction had been an audible gasp. He often worked to convince himself that he’d be able to see that reaction on the face of a woman who knew what was truly beneath his suit.

“Well,” Vicki continued, “I think you should find a way to express your appreciation of all these lovely and talented women in your employ, don’t you?”

“Yes, of course Mistress.”

“Good. I knew you’d feel that way, so it’s time I told you that you’re hosting a party for them. It’s tonight, by the way, and it’s at your house.”

Michael drew a deep breath, wondering how this was all going to end up.

“Not to worry, baby, I’ve taken care of everything.” He could practically hear the smile on her lips as she spoke. “However, I do think it would be a good idea for you to go home now and supervise the preparations. After all, the two lovely ladies caring for your home will be guests and shouldn’t have to work too hard. Besides, the Chippendales that you’ve hired as waiters will be getting there soon, and a chaperone might not be a bad idea.” Vicki giggled.

Of course, thought Michael, I’ll be providing studs for them to gaze at, while I’ll likely be in pink tights.

“So, now I want you to step out around in front of your desk, face the window, bent forward, hands on the desk, legs spread. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

He rushed into position. She might make him wait for a while but he had once experienced the result of not being in position in time and never wanted to again. So he waited, looking out over the city, wondering who might be looking back and a man in pink lingerie, plugged and waiting for the attention of his Mistress.

The door to his office opened and he said his silent prayer that it was her approaching. He heard her purr as her fingernails trailed over his exposed flesh. She stepped away and moved around him, taking in the view. More fears realized as he heard her taking photos. Why did they still build that shutter sound into digital cameras?

Her hand returned and moved between his shoulder blades and the pressure guided him down, until he was squashing the silicone breasts against the surface of his desk. She pulled the panties down over his ass and turned and tugged the plug slowly out of him. He felt the deep ache of the plug moving and grit his teeth as the sensation transformed into one of openness and emptiness. His body was holding a memory of his service to her. She pulled the panties back up.

“The cum is already started to ooze out of you, pet. Those panties are going to be quite a mess by the time you get home.” Her joy and shaming him was so evident. “You’re going to just toss them in the laundry this time, pet. Maybe your housekeeper will think you kept a souvenir from some tramp you fucked – when you’re really the tramp, aren’t you pet?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She tugged the silicone breasts out of his bra and slid them into a drawer in his desk and then guided his feet out of the heels, which also were given a home in his desk. “You can stand now, baby, and turn to me.” He quickly complied, and she deftly tugged the front of his panties down and re-locked his cock into its metal cage. “You may get dressed again, pet, but the bra, panties and stockings stay on until you get home. Once you’re home, I want you to check on the progress with Sara and Jessica, and then you can go to your bedroom and follow your instructions carefully. I’ll be there soon to assist for a bit, and of course to enjoy your generous party.”

Minutes later he was back in the limousine, with tightly attired Denise up front. She had found time while opening his door for him to offer up another generous gaze at her milky cleavage and offered a very joyful thanks for the gathering tonight. The metal cage hidden in his panties was cruelly containing another erection, as he had no option but to watch yet another erotic film that Miss Vicki had chosen for him. As the wheels crunched onto his driveway a very buxom blond was using her tongue to test the smoothness of the shave she’d given the pussy of redhead with matching figure that was currently held tight in chains.

Sending Denise to put away the car and relax until the party, he headed up into the house. He felt the sticky wet ooze of cum still making its way out of his ass and he was eager to get them off. He silently begged that a shower was included on his chore list.

Sara and Jessica, in their unofficial uniforms of snug, low-rise black trousers and form-fitting blouses (pink for Sara, a pale yellow on Jessica) greeting him deferentially. They had to turn away from three very fit servers to do it, and it was obvious these were the men from Chippendales. They oozed fitness and their chiselled faces seemed built for their confident smiles. *Well, at least I’m taller*, Michael thought.

It was clear that everything was under control. Just because his Mistress insisted that all his staff have long hair, a minimum C-cup chest and free and rewarded use of the house or company gym certainly didn’t mean they weren’t exemplary at their jobs. Excellent pay assisted in getting and keeping them happy. He quickly got out of their way and went to find out what wickedness he would next be enduring.

On his king size bed were two envelopes, numbered, both sealed. He tore open the first.

“I’m sure you’re having a wonderful day so far, slut, since I had to finger myself to orgasm twice just thinking of my plans for you. I’m

sure you made me proud. Now to business. You know you're hosting a party tonight, and a host needs to be properly prepared and attired.

"You will shower, since I'm sure you need to, my cum-filled slut. In addition to getting your fine body clean, you'll be making sure your cock and balls are completely hairless. The keys to free them for the shower are in the soap dish. After your shower, once your little Mike is locked back up, you'll find your party under-things in the bottom drawer of your bathroom vanity. I wonder if anyone looked there while dusting today?

"Once you are clean and in your proper things you can put on my favorite cologne and return to the bedroom to open the second letter. Hurry, pet."

He moved into his en-suite and stripped down, thankful to be free of the humiliating lingerie especially his stained, sticky panties. He shuddered as he tossed them into the laundry hamper. They were sure to be noticed and he'd be facing silent, knowing smiles for probably just the wrong reasons that Mistress has mentioned.

The shower was a dream. Being able to unlock his genitals and clean his body of the cum, sweat and some of the shame of the day was heaven. But heaven had to end, and he got to work with the razor and shaving cream, carefully removing the stubble that had returned since he was last prepared this way.

Once finished, he gave himself a final rinse and towelled off. The cage went back on and he opened the drawer. He sighed.

It was quite a selection. He'd love to see them on a woman. Panties—a thong of course, all lace and bright red. Matching red garter belt with black fishnet stockings. Last, but not least, was something Miss Vicki liked to call a titilizer. Tiny little adjustable nooses went around his nipples, holding them stiff and erect, and the tug of the chain between them added to the subtle torture. He noted with a rueful smile that this set also had little sterling silver handcuffs as extra adornment.

He got dressed, not failing to notice his growing skill in getting into women's lingerie. He pinched his nipples to force them erect and carefully added their jewellery. Over time the slight ache will turn to a constant throb and tingling; one that will never allow him to forget the decoration. He gave a couple of squirts with the cologne and moved back into the bedroom.

Living with “servants” in the house meant that even something like walking into his bedroom like this could be a recipe for humiliation. Could Sara have come in to dust or empty some garbage can? They respected his privacy very well when they knew he was home, but he could never know what harmless event would leave him red-faced and one of them aghast.

This moment of heart-stoppage went by, as many did, but he couldn't quite get used to them. The chain tugging at his nipples swayed as he walked to the bed and picked up the second envelope.

“Well done, pet. I can just imagine how lovely you look. You know that I love you clean and gleaming from the shower, and picturing that steel clad bulge in those pretty panties makes my mouth water.

“Tonight you will be the perfect host for us. You are to dress in an elegant pair of dress pants, a silk shirt and my favorite jacket. You will show grace and thanks for all the lovely women who provide so much service to the different parts of your life. You will be attentive to their every need, as you are to mine.

“Today at lunch, I surprised you. I wanted to see your reaction to have your secret shared without any preparation. The fear, the tightening of your muscles. I had to tell our guest a bit, but not too much I wanted to see her reaction as well. Oh, and in case you are wondering, she will not be here tonight. I'll give you just enough of a clue to know that she doesn't work for you.

“There are two ways that I enjoy your submission to me. You've seen me use them before with other toys or tasks. Sometimes I like to surprise you, shock you - seeing your face as you realize the size of a plug only as it goes into you.

“The other is to let you know early, to make you run your future humiliation through your mind for hours before it happens. Have you guessed yet? Tonight is the sequel to your lunch. After your party tonight, I'm going to take you up to your bedroom, strip you down to your lace and display your body how I choose. Maybe I'll use rope or maybe I'll just command you to hold perfectly still.

“Then I'm going to bring in one of your party guests. I already know which one - she doesn't

and neither will you until you see her open mouth at her boss in pretty panties.

"So, another reason to be good tonight, slut. You never know who you might need to treat you well later.

"Enjoy the anticipation, and I'll see you soon.

"Your Mistress, Vicki.

"p.s. you're hosting a lingerie party."

Oh God. It was working already. He could feel his face hot, picturing the women from the house, the office, searching their faces in his mind and placing on each one the expression of shock and amusement at seeing him like that.

He got dressed, his own clothes feeling so strange over the lingerie. With a deep breath he started back downstairs to check on preparations, and to try to acclimatize himself to acting normal in front of a group of women – one of whom would soon know his deepest secret. The chain swayed across his chest and the silk shirt. Jessica was the first of the two he saw, and she greeting him with a wide smile.

"You look very handsome, Sir."

"Thank you Jessica, but please, no 'Sir' tonight. I'm the host, and you're the guest. Just have fun, and let me know if I can do anything for you."

Another wide smile, so intoxicating, "You've got it, Sir... I mean, Michael."

From then on, things continued to get more challenging. The women from the lingerie company arrived, looking stunning themselves, and carrying a wide assortment of items that would look devastating on any of his anticipated guests.

When the guests arrived, it was like a flood of beauty. Mary Hart should have been filming them arrive, as each dress was more stunning, more clingy, and more perfectly suited to the woman wearing it than the last. There were push-ups, low cuts, deep backs, flowing fabrics, high slits and skirts so tight they reduced the wearer to tiny steps. His cock was constantly straining at its confinement. He tried to keep his eyes from tracing the curve of each bottom, or diving down each open neckline, but it was hopeless.

When they were all there, he was surrounded by the loveliness of ten women, all of them stunning, all in his employ one way or another. Sara and Jessica working here at the house, Denise his driver, Michelle and Andrea who kept his books, Colleen and Amanda who were the legal department and Joanne, Ally and Christina who made up the secretarial pool.

Throughout the evening he was always on his toes, making sure every drink was full, guiding the muscular servers around to wherever he sensed an empty plate. Those men might look more overtly like objects for the women's consumption, but he knew he was the real toy that evening. He didn't know which of them would be playing yet, but he would be their object.

He kept himself on his feet. There was much to do and coordinate and he didn't dare sit and make it just that much more obvious that his ankles were covered by stockings instead of socks.

Miss Vicki arrived last, looking as innocent as he'd ever seen her. Her dress was simple yet so perfectly fitted to her form it must have been tailored. Light, with soft flowers in a subtle off-tone pattern, it was cut just low enough to stir his heart with her breathing. Another result of its perfect hugging of her curves was that it was absolutely evident that she didn't have a stitch on under it. He forced himself to keep from staring at her all night.

The actual lingerie session was pure torture. The women actually modeled a few of the pieces for the gathering, and as the only man in the room he was a constant focus. He had tried to keep out of the way, but they pulled him forward, wanting to show their potential customers a man's reaction to the various tiny scraps of lace. His body ached due to the cage, the tilter and lust. Would he see one of these women standing over him wearing these things? Would he be wearing them?

He noticed Michelle, a rather shy knockout from accounting actually blush at being in the simultaneous presence of her boss and lingerie. Others, Denise most notably, would look to him and smile slowly as she would run her fingers over a particularly devastating piece. The remainder of the guests seemed to act as if it was a girls-only night out. There had been a few bottles of wine opened and emptied by this time, so laughter and emotions were running free.

His mind was a blur, imagining each of them in the various outfits and costumes. He would also catch Miss Vicki's eye, or seeing her particular attention on something, and not be able to tell if she wanted it for her or for him. When all was said and done and the women made their choices

and orders, he noted Vicki made sure to be heard ordering at least two items in his size.

The party ended too soon – and not soon enough. Each woman thanked him personally, often with a gentle kiss or a hug that risked expose the chain from his aching nipples. They would tell him that this was just one more reason they loved working for him, smiling and lingering near him, close enough that his buzzing senses were aware of each motion, each breath, each flick of the hair. He feared their touch but at the same time, after such a sexually charged night, he would have begged to feel their breasts squashed tight against him.

The caterers had cleaned and gone. Sara and Jessica were off to their own quarters. He made his way finally up to his room in dimly lit silence. He heard the sweet voice of his Mistress before he saw her.

“Strip down to just what I’ve given you.” Her voice was a throaty whisper.

In moments his trousers, shirt, jacket and shoes were discarded. He stood before her, eager and hungry, stripped down to panties and stockings and the teasing jewellery on his chest. Vickie pointed to heels waiting for him on the floor. He slid his feet, already aching, into them. Despite the three inches they added to his height he felt smaller.

She hadn’t changed her dress. He felt her power, and the innocence of her dress contrasted with her words and what he knew of her true nature. She toyed with the buttons at her neckline, teasing him further.

He received a wide and wicked smile from his Mistress as she began to move around him. Padded leather cuffs went around his wrists, locked together, and she guided them up over his head, pulling his bound wrists down towards his shoulder blades with his elbows out beside his head. She fed a chain from his wrist cuffs down between his legs and clipped it to the cage holding his cock. Any motion of his arms was cruelly translated directly along the chain.

A spreader bar trapped and held wide his ankles. It was even more difficult now to balance on the heels. With him very effectively immobilized, Miss Vicki took just a bit more time to apply a whorish blush and bright red lipstick. The tutilizer was removed and with a soft purr she massaged his aching nipples. As if they were not red enough, she added lipstick to them as well.

Miss Vicki had made sure months ago that he had a full-height mirror on a rolling stand. It was moved in front of him now. His body was tight and strained, the bulge in his panties obscene. Though the lace he could see the

steel of the cage. He looked so helpless, so controlled. While he drank in the humiliation, she wrote “SLAVE” across his forehead with the lipstick.

“Will you make me proud, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress, I will.” He could barely speak. The anticipation had done its job. His nervous tension seemed to give a haze to his vision and he was sure anyone in the room could hear his heart beating.

“Good, pet. You’ve got two people to make happy tonight.”

He didn’t get any answer out before she filled his painted lips with a white rubber ball gag. It pushed past his teeth and held his jaw wide. She helped him down to his knees but even with her support the chain from his wrists tugged at his balls. She smiled at his position and slapped his ass as she moved to the bedroom door. She took one look back over her shoulder to drink in the moment before she swung it open.

At first there was nothing, only the candlelight from his bedroom spilling out into the dark hallway. After a couple pounding heartbeats nervous steps carried her into view. Wearing what had to be his favorite outfit from the party—a pure white satin and lace busier with red laces along with matching white stockings, garters and even white stilettos—stood the previously meek Michelle.

Her auburn hair, nearly always in a bun at work, flowed down in soft waves over her shoulders. The deep tan of her smooth skin set off the lingerie perfectly. She was taking deep breaths, as her full D-cup breasts heaved in the tight embrace of the bustier. The bustier ended just high enough to display a diamond in her pierced navel.

There was shock and surprise in her eyes, but it didn’t last long. It seemed to be vaporized by lust and desire. He noticed now that in one hand she held a black leather crop and in the other an uncomfortably large looking pink rubber phallus.

“Beware the meek ones, slut. Still waters run deep,” Miss Vicki whispered and giggled in his ear.

The noise of the heavy door as Michelle slammed it shut behind her might have woken Sara and Jessica but Michael had much bigger worries at the moment.

THE END (at least for this day)