**Melissa's First Foray**

**by katie**

Melissa was working dutifully, even though most of the building had cleared out. The bosses were gone at least, leaving behind support staffers like herself. On this day before the long holiday weekend, that was a good thing for her. At least she knew that she would not have loads of work dumped onto her desk at the last minute like so many other Fridays.

As she entered data, almost mindlessly, she thought of the weekend ahead. Her games with her new boyfriend Johnny were getting more and more extreme and public. There was no doubt in her mind that she was his sub, maybe even his slave. He owned her body and soul. No other man had ever made her feel like he did. She knew, in her heart, that she would do anything he told her. She wondered what he might have in store for the long weekend and as she did, she felt a thrill move through her body.

Just then, the door to her cubicle pushed open and there stood Johnny. He was gorgeous, she thought as she flashed a huge smile at him. Johnny worked in the receiving department and his rugged looks were offset by the jeans and work boots, giving him a toughness that she desired.

“Hey Johnny, what’s up?”

“Well, I’m about to make your day, maybe your life,” he said with a smile, putting a duffel bag on her desk. “Your greatest dream is about to come true.”

Melissa must have looked puzzled so he came right out with it. “Remember that dream you told me about? The one where you walk the halls of work naked as a slave? Well, today’s the day.”

Melissa’s legs started to shake and her stomach was turning in knots. She shook her head no but the words would not come.

“Of course, you don’t have to,” he said. “But if you say no, we are finished.”

Melissa gasped and put her hand over her mouth. She could not bear to lose Johnny. “Please Johnny, I’ll do anything,” she said, coming around the desk and falling to her knees in front of him. “Please, not this.”

“Yes this, that is what I am asking for,” he said. “You say this is your fantasy and then you say you’ll do anything but not this. Are you my slave or not?”

In an instant, Melissa knew that she had no choice. She would do what he wanted.

“Yes Sir, I am your slave.”

Johnny let a smile escape but her head was bowed and she did not see it.

“Good, then let’s get started. Take off your clothes.”

Raising her head to look furtively at the doorway, Melissa got to her feet and slid out of her flats that she had been wearing. She pulled her pink blouse of her skirt and began unbuttoning it, her shaking fingers struggling with each one. Finally it was done and she pulled it off, revealing her pink lace bra that barely contained her round, full breasts. The bra was a 34C, he knew but her breasts were perfect even without it. That became evident as she shyly unclasped the bra and removed it, her breasts did not sag in the slightest. It was a marvel of physics, he thought.

Melissa wondered how far this was really going to go. As it was, it was pretty far as she now stood topless in her cube. Though she had a door, it was wide open though hardly anyone in her department was in. Those who were still here on this Friday occupied space on the other end of the floor. Down here there was just her and the bosses and they had all left for the weekend.

She saw that Johnny was getting annoyed at her stopping so she undid the clasp of her skirt and let it fall to the ground. She now wore just pink lace panties that matched the discarded bra. She had worn them for Johnny, hoping he would like them when they got together after dinner. She had never figured he would see them like this.

Johnny did like them but he had to finish the role as the dom and order her to take them off. If he could accomplish this today, their future together was limitless. He wondered if they both had the guts to pull off what he had in mind and whether they would get caught.

Finding a girl like Melissa was a gold mine for him. Johnny loved being dominant but struggled to find the right girl. When he first met Melissa, at a party to welcome another member of her department, warning bells went off in his head. He began to find reasons to see her, delivering packages to her floor when he could easily have pawned the job off on employees beneath him.

Johnny knew that finding a submissive girl was not that hard. There were hundreds of personal ads and Websites devoted to this stuff. But to find a girl as beautiful as Melissa who was really, wholeheartedly submissive was another thing entirely.

And Melissa sure was beautiful. Her hair was reddish brown and long and curly. Her face was narrow with green eyes that shined in the sunlight. Even in this office with the drab overhead lighting, her eyes sparkled. The freckles on her nose and cheeks, though faint, were perfect for her look.

Her body was equally gorgeous. Her skin was smooth and flawless. Her breasts were above average size but perfectly proportioned for her body. Her stomach was flat and concave and then her middle flared wonderfully at her hips, giving her the shape of a movie star. Her legs were long and shapely and gapped just right where they met. All in all, she was a perfect female specimen.

Until recently, she had rarely shown off her attributes, choosing shapeless pants and oversized shirts. Now, at his urging (not yet commands), she wore skirts and more form-fitting tops like today. He had yet to work on her choice of footwear, which tended towards ballet flats or sneaks.

Now she stood there, looking so beautiful in just her lace panties. He looked at them and motioned for them to be removed. Her face grimaced at the realization that he was going all the way with this and meekly pulled them down her long legs and off. Incredibly to both of them, she was naked in her office.

“Excellent,” he said. “Grab your clothes and put them in this bag.” He pushed an empty duffel bag towards her. Nervously she scooped up her clothes and shoes and put them in the bag. He took it, zipped it up and placed it at the door. She felt even more naked now that her clothes were out of her control.

“A few things to do before we walk.”

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He pulled the second duffel bag out.

“Put your hands behind your back.” Melissa did as commanded and was rewarded by him grabbing her arms together and tying them at the elbows. This had the desired effect of thrusting her breasts forward.

He then pulled a red ball with straps and clasps attached. “Open wide,” he said smiling. She did so and he slid the ball gag into her mouth. He tightened it behind her head and she was effectively muzzled.

“Now, while every slave should be barefoot and subservient at all times, that won’t work here today,” he said. “After all, what good is it if no one knows you are coming down the hall? So I brought these.”

Her eyes got wide when she saw the stiletto heels that had to measure six inches high. She wondered how she would be able to walk in them, especially with her arms tied behind her. Plus, she rarely walked in heels and was not used to it. This would be a very interesting walk in more ways than one.

He motioned for her to sit on the edge of her desk which she did with some effort. He knelt and she was embarrassed that he was level with her bare pussy which was spread and on complete display. He had asked her to shave it completely and she had done so just last weekend. Now it was left nothing to the imagination.

John took each foot lovingly, caressing it before sliding the shoe on and strapping it at the ankle. This effectively locked her into the shoes and there would be no escape from them unless he took them off or untied her.

Grabbing her under the shoulder, he helped her to her feet. She took some hesitant steps and felt like she was going to fall. Johnny helped steady her and then let go, leaving her to get her balance and stand upright. Finally she was good and steady.

“Good, let’s go.”

Melissa’s stomach did flips. She had hoped that Johnny was playing a game and would not force her to leave the privacy of her office. She now saw that he intended to go along with the whole thing. Her knees shook in fear but she took halting steps towards the door and, after peeking out the door, finally stepped out.

She could not believe that she was doing this, walking naked and bound through the halls of her work. Each step clacked off the hard wood as her heels had their desired impact. Anyone working could hear that someone was coming. Johnny hoped each person would look up from their desk to see who was passing and get a real eyeful.

They passed several cubicles with the doors closed and the lights off. They would be sorry when they hear what they missed, Johnny thinks with a smile. Finally they came upon a cube with an occupant.

“Stop at that doorway and turn towards, give a good show,” he whispered.

Melissa walked until she was centered in the doorway and stopped, turning so her front was completely on display. She knew that this cube belonged to Jerry, an account exec just hired by the company.

“Holy crap, what the hell,” he said.

“Keep walking,” Johnny whispered and Melissa gladly began to walk again. Jerry however was on his feet and rushed to the door.

“You can walk with us if you’d like,” Johnny said. Jerry did not ask a question but walked behind Melissa, her bare butt keeping his eyes busy.

At the next doorway, she did the same and Bob, another salesman, looked up and then back down before realizing what he was seeing. He also could not believe his eyes and came to the hallway, joining the procession.

This continued as they passed three more full cubicles before reaching the stairs. By this point, two men and a woman had joined the procession.

“Before we head upstairs, anyone want to touch Melissa?”

They group hesitated not sure how to react. “Melissa is okay with it, she wants you to touch her,” Johnny said. “Right Melissa?”

Melissa was humiliated but so turned on. She groaned beneath her gag but nodded and then said “yes” though it was garbled.

Bob stepped up and began to rub her breasts, tweaking her nipples which were achingly hard and pointing straight out. Jerry came over and slid his fingers over her bare vagina. She was stunned at the touch and moaned.

“Man, she’s soaking wet,” he said laughing.

The woman, Joan, a grandmom in her 50s, smiled and came over. “Figured she would be into it,” she said. “I could smell it from behind her.” She slid her fingers into Melissa who gasped at the intrusion, especially from another woman. “She is certainly enjoying herself.”

Joan continued to move her fingers in and out the poor girl’s sex and Melissa moved her body in time with the rubs. She was really turned on and was so close to cumming. As if he could sense that, Johnny stopped Joan, eliciting a moan of need from the bound girl.

“Not yet, I have something really good planned for that first orgasm,” he said. “Let’s go upstairs.”

He guided Melissa to the stairs and motioned to the others to not follow, though they kept their eyes glued on the girl’s bare ass (with that now glistening sex mound poking through) as she awkwardly navigated the steps.

Finally they got to the top of the steps and Melissa began the long walk down the corridor. There were even fewer people up here working and Melissa hoped that one in particular would not be there. Teresa, the office manager, did not like Melissa and treated her badly. She prayed that the woman would not see her like this.

Unfortunately, Teresa’s door was open and her light was on. Melissa stopped at the doorway as commanded and gave her nemesis a full on view of her nude body. The woman did not look up but Johnny whispered, “go in.”

Melissa groaned, causing Teresa to look up from her work. Her eyes got huge and she got to her feet. “What is the meaning of this?”

Johnny pushed Melissa so she was now leaning over Teresa’s desk, her face just inches from the woman.

“Well, Melissa here is a slut and since I know you don’t like her, I thought you would like to witness her greatest humiliation,” Johnny said.

He paused as the woman stared at him and then at the nude girl leaning over her desk. She did strongly dislike Melissa. Hated the cute ditzy broad act, how all of the men in the office got sloppy around her, how she could get away with anything. Teresa had to work to get where she was but Melissa could top her easily, thanks to looks and her girlishness.

“What do you have in mind John,” she said, taking a seat. Melissa’s breasts were thrust forward and were at eye-level.

“She’s going to cum right here, looking you in the eye, begging for your permission,” he said.

Both women gasped, though Melissa sounded a bit like a moan. For the masochistic girl, this was more than she could have ever imagined. Though she knew that she had descended into a new level of degradation she could nto deny the stirrings in her sex.

Johnny showed the large vibrator that he had pulled from his pocket to Teresa. Melissa could not see what he was doing but saw Teresa smile with her eyes wide open. She wondered what was in store for her.

“Spread your legs,” John commanded her. She did as she was told and spread her feet wider. Her hip was even with the desk and she leaned over further, her face just inches from Teresa.

BUZZZ, she heard the sound before she felt it but it still came as a shock.

AHHHH, she moaned beneath her gag as the vibrator came into contact with her pussy from behind. Her face was a riot of emotion as her eyes made contact with Teresa. There was humiliation mixed with pleasure and shame. She hated being made to cum in front of this woman, to be redued to this quivering mess of woman but she could not deny how good it felt.

Johnny played the vibrator up and down the girl’s bare sex, causing her to wiggle and moan. Like the obedient slave that she was becoming, her eyes remained open so she was treated to her enemy feasting on her naked body, watching her breasts jiggle up and down as she rode the vibrator.

Finally, after only a few minutes, the orgasm was building. She moaned loudly and was bucking the vibrator.

“Remember, you have to ask Teresa for permission to cum,” Johnny said.

Melissa groaned loudly but stopped grinding. She seemed embarrassed to ask and tried to stifle her orgasm. But Johnny continued his assault on her sex and he knew exactly how to play her.

“OHHHH GGGOODDD,” she moaned beneath her gag.

“PLEEEASSEE MAY I CUM?” she said, her words garbled beneath the gag.

Teresa smiled. “No, not yet.”

UGGGGH,” Melissa groaned as Johnny upped the pressure on her sex. “OH GOD,” she screamed into her gag. The vibrating went on for a few minutes, the only noise being the buzzing and the grunting of the nude girl as she tried to stifle her orgasm. She hated the woman and did not want to ask her again. But the feeling inside was too great and she had to swallow what was left of her pride and beg again.

“PLEASE MAY I CUM?”

“No.”

“AHHHH,” she cried out in anguish as the woman refused to allow her the release she so desired. She did not think it was possible but Johnny upped the pressure and the buzzing even further and she cried out in pleasure mixed with frustration.

“AH, AH, AH, AH,” she grunted in rhythm to the vibrator. Again she was ready to explode and begged.

“PLEASE TERESA, PLEASE MAAAM, MAY I PLEASE CUM?”

There was no answer and Melissa waited on the edge. Finally the woman nodded. “Yes, you may cum.”

Before the answer was out, Melissa’s body stiffened and she screamed in pleasure. Her words were unintelligible but there was no denying the pleasure she was feeling. Her eyes went in and out of focus but never left the sadistic leer from Teresa who had an evil smile on her face. Just then, Melissa saw the woman take out her cell phone and snap photos of her as she came.

Despite the shame, Melissa was having the most earth-shattering orgasm she had ever had. Her body shook, her mind seemed to go blank and she screamed unintelligibly. Finally, after minutes of bucking orgasm, it subsided and she collapsed onto the desk, her breasts pressing into a report that had been on the desk.

Finally Teresa spoke. “Get the slut out of here,” she said to Johnny. “I have work to finish.”

“Gladly,” he said, grabbing the exhausted girl by the hair and pulling her to her feet. “Thank Teresa for letting you cum.”

“Thank you,” she mumbled through her gag.

“Now, now, that’s not exactly heartfelt. Try again, on your knees,” he said.

The girl dropped to her knees and said “Thank you Teresa for letting me cum.”

“Get out of my sight,” she said, dismissing the nude girl with a wave. She turned her body and went back to work on the computer. Melissa felt like a piece of meat, a pet who needs to be dismissed.

She struggled to her feet in the high heels and followed behind Johnny. He led her out to the hallway and back to her cubicle, making the walk of shame past the cubes where the others had seen her earlier. Finally they reached the confines of her cube.

Johnny removed the ball gag and kissed her hard and deep on the lips. “You were amazing young one,” he said, his fingers sliding deep into her sex. She moaned in pleasure. “Thank you Sir.”

He abruptly removed his fingers to her disappointment and turned her around. He untied her elbows and let her get feeling back.

“Take those heels off and dress in the clothes in that bag.”

Gone was the bag containing her other clothes. She opened the bag to find a tube dress, one so short and narrow that she wondered if it would cover any part of her. She pulled it over her head and down, struggling to get it past her breasts and down over her hips to cover her sex and ass. She looked down and could clearly see her erect nipples poking through the material.

“OK, log off your computer and let’s go. I have a weekend planned for you.”