**Pretty Polly**

by Little Joe

**Part 1**  
Bob Masters looked up as Polly his secretary came in through the door. He smiled. He was glad he had chosen Polly as a secretary. Stunningly beautiful, she had short raven black hair and periwinkle blue eyes, a combination which he found irresistible. And she knew how to dress to please a man. She never put on a skirt if she could find a shorter one clean and neatly pressed in her wardrobe, she never wore a blouse unless the thinness of the material allowed a glimpse of the treasures beneath, she never wore pantyhose to so that her stocking tops could be glimpsed beneath her little skirt and she never wore underwear, although she never let anybody be aware of the fact (or so she thought).  
  
Bob loved the way his secretary dressed. And just to think, when she had first applied for the job six months earlier she had been a shy, dowdy little mousy creature. He had brought about the transformation himself, just by the power of suggestion, just by knowing how minds worked and knowing how to manipulate them. He knew how Polly's mind worked, he knew how to manipulate it - not by any crude hypnosis, but by gentle, but persuasive suggestion, by the power of his personality, by the correct choice of words, by making her hang on his every word, totally enraptured; he knew that at this very moment she would be sitting in her little office...  
  
Polly sat in her office willing her phone to ring, willing her boss to call her in. She just lived for the moments when she was with him, not that anything improper had ever occurred, but that didn't stop her fantasizing about it. One day her phone would ring, 'Polly can you come in for a moment,' a voice would say, she would go in and he would be standing there naked, his erect...  
  
Gosh! She closed her eyes; she could almost feel it in her mouth. She hitched up her little short skirt and opened her legs.  
  
Bob smiled again. She'd be having that fantasy now, the one he had implanted in her mind; it was a good time to call her in.  
  
Ring ring!  
  
Polly, aroused from her reverie, hastily pulled her hand away from between her legs and smoothed down her skirt.   
  
Bob looked up as Polly came in - as cool and as chic as ever, but of course the scent of her sex pervaded the air, he could tell that her juices had been flowing and knew that she had been enjoying that fantasy.   
  
Polly felt a trickle down the inside of her leg and blushed scarlet. The boss must never know! Never!  
  
Bob smiled his winning smile. The one that made Polly putty in his hands. An important client was coming and would have to be distracted. Polly would provide the distraction.  
  
"Polly," he said.  
  
"Yes Sir,"  
  
"Mr Kowalski will be coming today at ten, can you stay in the office to take notes and do what I tell you?"  
  
"Certainly Sir," Polly was enraptured!  
  
"He will want to look up something."  
  
"He will Sir?"  
  
"Yes Polly, he will want to see something very private and you must let him see what he wants to see."  
  
"Yes Sir, I will Sir!"  
  
"That's all Polly, but remember to let him see whatever he wants to see, no matter how private."  
  
"Yes Sir," and Polly left the room, the suggestion firmly planted in her brain.  
  
Chester Kowalski entered Bob Masters’s office on the alert. He would have to have his wits about him in this negotiation. He couldn't allow a moment's distraction. It was difficult to avoid distraction though; directly opposite him perched on a high stool, sat Masters' secretary, and she was a stunner. Chester did a double take; through the thin material of her white cotton blouse he was sure he could clearly make out her nipples, pink and hard, and surrounded by large dark areolas. He gulped and glanced down at her oh so short skirt. Her long shapely legs were kept demurely together, but he couldn't help wondering if she was wearing any underwear at all. The faint odour of sexually aroused woman drifted over to him. He gulped again. He must concentrate!  
  
It was so hard to concentrate though. He kept glancing at that short skirt, at those shapely legs. If only they would part for a second his curiosity would be assuaged.  
  
Polly saw the man's eyes glance down at her skirt. She had to let him look up something didn't she? Involuntarily she allowed her legs to open as she wondered what he wanted to look up.  
  
Chester's eyes opened wide. He had just got a glimpse but...! It was enough for him to know that she wasn't wearing any underwear and that her raven black hair was probably dyed!  
  
Polly saw the man gaping at her and smiled back. Of course! He wanted to see something very private. She had to show him something very private. She unconsciously crossed her legs, putting her right foot on her left knee as she wondered what on earth it was.  
  
Chester's eyes goggled! When she sat in that position she seemed totally unconscious of the fact that she was giving him a clear view right up her skirt. It was impossible not to look. He could clearly see the outer lips of her vagina, slightly parted, and the brown curly hairs that surrounded it.  
  
He gulped again. His concentration was gone. He signed the document in front of him.  
  
Polly stood up, smoothed down her skirt and led Mr Kowalski out. She was surprised that he hadn't asked to see anything private.  
  
"I hope you got to see everything you wanted to see," she said, "there's nothing else you wanted me to show you?"  
  
"Er... No..." Chester gulped and fled.  
  
Back in his office Bob Masters smiled. Chester had just signed away half his business. He looked down at his diary. An important conference was coming up and it was time to have some fun with Polly. He picked up his phone.  
  
Ring ring!  
  
Polly's heart gave a jump. He was ringing her. Her absolute devotion, not to say adoration, of her boss knew no bounds. She picked up the receiver, her hands trembling slightly.  
  
"Polly."  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Book the travel for the NIP conference next week will you."  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"And book for two. I need you to come with me."  
  
"Yes Sir," she could hardly keep the tremor out of her voice.  
  
"I need you to attend to my needs Polly, to do everything I ask, you can do that can't you Polly?"  
  
"Yes Sir!" She could hardly get the words out.  
  
Bob Masters smiled as he put the phone down. He knew exactly which fantasy that would trigger.  
  
Polly leant back in her chair, her eyes closed, imagining the scene in her hotel room. She was in the shower; her naked body was wet and shiny as the steamy hot water bounced off it. Her nipples were hard and erect. Her breasts were pink and shimmering as she heard his voice. She turned, and there he was admiring her as she stood there nude and glistening under the pounding water.  
  
"Polly!"  
  
She snatched her hand away from between her legs and looked at the figure of the boss framed in the doorway. Thank God she was hidden behind the desk and he can't have seen what she was doing! She smoothed her skirt down.  
  
"Yes Sir!"  
  
"Coffee Polly. Strong, black, no sugar!"  
  
She jumped up, "Yes Sir!". The order was always the same. She dashed off to the small kitchen area where it would be freshly prepared.  
  
Masters strolled over to her chair and looked at the large damp patch still clearly visible where Polly had been sitting. Yes, it was a good fantasy that one, and one he could put to good use later.

**Pretty Polly Part 2**

Masters and Polly arrived at the five star hotel where the conference was to be held.  
  
"Mr Masters five two four," said the bored girl on reception, "Miss Jones," she looked at Polly with a slight snigger, “Five two five."  
  
Polly's heart gave a little leap. They had adjoining rooms.  
  
Polly stood for real in the shower. It was even more sumptuous than in her fantasy. She let the water bounce off her skin which glowed pink with the heat and the power of the pressure shower. It felt good. It felt arousing. But of course he wouldn't really walk in and find her naked. She closed her eyes and fantasized.  
  
"Oops sorry!"  
  
She snatched her hand from between her legs as she heard his voice. She spun round and opened her eyes.  
  
"Polly," he spoke from within her bedroom, out of sight.  
  
Oh My God! Had he really seen her in the shower, with nothing on, with her hand between her legs? He would never say if he had of course, but the thought filled her at one and the same time with excruciating embarrassment and excruciating sexual arousal!  
  
She picked up a towel, wrapped it round herself and walked out into the bedroom.  
  
"It's all right Polly. I didn't see anything. I promise," but of course those few words told her he had.  
  
That thought, and the fact that she was naked under the towel, made her tingle all over with desire, made her tingle between the legs so much that she could barely keep her hands to herself.  
  
"Now Polly," Masters went on. He seemed oblivious of Polly's state of mind, oblivious of the fact she was naked under the towel. But of course he wasn't. He had wanted her in this state. A state where her mind would be totally focussed on him, a state where she would be open to his every suggestion.  
  
"Now Polly."  
  
"Yes Sir," she hung on his every word.  
  
"Tonight I have an important dinner with clients."  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"And you'll cause such a stir when you come in. You'll find that exciting won't you Polly?"  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Arousing even. You'll feel something stirring deep inside you when I introduce you, won't you Polly?"  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Now tonight Polly, I need you to be the centre of attention. I need to show you off. You'll like that won't you Polly?"  
  
"Yes Sir," her responses seemed almost mechanical.  
  
"You need to show them the real Polly, all of Polly, Polly stripped to the bare essentials. You need to show them what you're made of. You can do that can't you Polly."  
  
"Yes Sir," her mind was fixed only on his voice, his voice that told her what to do, the voice that made her tingle all over, the voice that had to be obeyed, the voice that made her...  
  
"Excuse me Sir," she blurted out, "I have to go and..." and she dashed back to the bathroom.  
  
Sitting naked on the side of the bath she heard him leave the room. She gave a big sigh and opened her legs. She was desperately in need of relief and was going to make sure she got it.  
  
Later that day a large parcel arrived for her. As she started to open it her boss knocked on the adjoining door. Her heart gave a little leap, as it always did at the thought of seeing him.  
  
"It's arrived, I see," he said.  
  
She opened it up. It was her dress for the evening.  
  
"I knew you'd love it," he said, and of course she instantly did!  
  
It was long, it was sleek, it was beautiful, and it was completely open down the whole of one side. Well not completely open. It was held in place on the left side by a running cord which ran from the top to the bottom, leaving a two inch gap all the way down. The wearer would not be able to wear any underwear (not that Polly ever did), and anybody who saw her in it would know she wasn't wearing underwear.  
  
She was thrilled by it and ran into the bathroom to try it on. It fitted perfectly. The running cord up the side was tied off in a bow at the top, and by pulling the cord tight the dress clung to the body like a second skin, showing off all the voluptuous curves, and seemingly staying up by magic! Of course a strip of bare flesh two inches wide was visible all the way down the left side. Enough to be tantalising, enough to give a suggestion of Polly's charms, but no more!  
  
"Remember, Polly," said Masters, "I want them to see the real Polly tonight. I want you to show them what you're made of! You will enjoy coming, won't you Polly? You will enjoy coming."  
  
Polly nodded. Her conscious mind was still admiring the dress, but his was the voice that had to be obeyed and the words sank deep into her subconscious.  
  
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Polly admired herself naked in the bathroom mirror. She was going to be completely naked under that dress and she wanted to make sure it showed her curves off to perfection. And she had curves in abundance. Her full breasts were beautifully rounded and were firm enough to stand out without support. Around her erect nipples her large areolas were dark and prominent. She was slim, but not skinny, slim enough though for her pubic mound to be nicely rounded and show off her vaginal lips and neatly trimmed pubic hair. Her bottom was perfectly shaped, not too big, but prominent enough to accentuate the curves of her hips and thighs. Her legs were long and slender. She was, all told, a vision of naked loveliness.  
  
She put on the dress, drawing the supporting cord tight so that it clung to her. She ran her finger down the strip of bare skin at the side. It would be obvious to anyone that she was wearing nothing underneath. The cord was tied with a bow at the top. She smiled at herself in the mirror. She would be a sensation when she entered the dining room. She was!  
  
The Boss was seated at the table in the private dining room that he had specially reserved. Polly looked at his four guests. They looked back at her in that dress and their eyes nearly popped out.  
  
Polly felt a sudden surge of excitement at the thought that she was arousing these men. Her skin tingled and she felt a tell-tale warming between her legs. She smiled sweetly and sat down.  
  
"Polly, let me introduce you," said Bob, and as each of the anonymous suits were introduced she felt her skin tingle more, she felt as if fingers rubbed sensuously down her spine and she felt something stirring deep inside just as her boss had suggested. As each name was mentioned she felt as if a cock, a large firm cock, went strongly and purposefully up between her legs.  
  
Bob Masters watched her face flush at each introduction, and her mouth open in surprise. He knew the power of suggestion, and he knew exactly what was happening to her.  
  
Introductions over, the feeling subsided, but relief was only temporary.  
  
"Raymond was asking about you," said Masters, "tell him a bit about yourself, Polly."  
  
Polly gasped again, for as soon as she started to speak she felt as if Raymond's cock was up her. It was the same whenever she spoke to each man. Each cock in turn went in and out. Her sexual arousal was acute. Her sex burned with desire and her body ached for relief. And she knew what she had to do to get relief. She had to show them what she was made over, she had to show them the real Polly, she had to show them everything.  
  
Her hand started to fiddle with the bow on her dress. It would be so simple. Just stand up and pull on the bow. The slinky, sensuous dress would fall to the ground and relief would be hers.  
  
But she couldn’t do it. She couldn't strip naked in front of these men. She just couldn't do it.  
  
And yet. And yet. Cocks went in and cocks went out and the urge grew stronger and stronger until it became irresistible.  
  
Masters watched, smiling with satisfaction as he saw the hand fiddling more and more with the bow. He knew the climax to the evening would not be long in coming.  
  
At last Polly could bear it no longer. She stood up. Her hand went to the bow. She took hold of the end of the cord. She pulled.  
  
The men watched, mouths agape as Polly was revealed in all her naked glory.  
  
For Polly relief came at once. She felt as if each cock went in and out in turn. Her muscles spasmed, her back arched, her breath came quick and shallow, the sweat trickled down over her firm breasts and her rock hard nipples.  
  
Polly was enjoying coming.  
  
"Polly!"  
  
Relief had come to Polly at last and she looked over at Masters, her mouth open wide.  
  
"Polly," he said, "Get back to your room at once. You should be ashamed of yourself."  
  
Not even stopping to pick up her dress, she turned and ran.  
  
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Polly lay on her bed naked. Her wet face, scarlet with embarrassment, was buried in the pillow. Waves of shame and humiliation swept over her. What had she done!  
  
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Back in the dining room Masters received the congratulations of his fellow diners.  
  
He thought of Polly back in her room. She had been told to be ashamed of herself and he knew her shame would know no bounds.  
  
He smiled to himself. Life could really be fun sometimes.