**What a mistake!**

by Flashharry

Keira Jones had it all. Beauty, brains and a decent job. She sought no boyfriend as at the age of 20 she didn’t see the need yet. She had long ginger hair, down to her waist, a small, but pert pair of breasts and legs – well, they just didn’t seem to end.
She dressed well, as a personal secretary should and lorded it a bit over the other admin staff as she was the boss’s secretary. Life was good, she’d even just moved into her own apartment. The deposit cleaned her out a bit, but she’d build her bank balances again and the fact she owned a place at her age was a real sign of progress.
Then the email popped up on her screen. “My office, 3pm. Mark”
It wasn’t that unusual. Sometimes Mark, her boss, would have an urgent proposal to put forward to a client and Keira was the one he turned to.
The hours did roll round a little slowly though – usually urgent messages meant attendance within the hour not mid-afternoon.
Time rolled round and 3pm saw Keira in Mark’s office.
“How’s the new home?” he asked
“A bit bare, but mine, thanks”
“Big deposit”
“Yeah, banks aren’t so trusting now”
Mark leaned back in his chair. “I know what you’ve been doing, Keira”
Keira sank into the chair she was in. Was this it?
“I can call the police, or we can find a way to work through this.”
Images flashed through her mind – her parent’s disgust, jail, being homeless……..
Mark stood.
“When my expenses are claimed, aren’t they supposed to go into MY bank account Keira? Did you think I wouldn’t know because I had too much money?”
Keira groaned.
“I have all the proof on three different memory sticks and the printed version is on my desk. Do you want to dispute anything?”
Keira just slumped.
“So what do you want? Police? Jail? Dismissal? – Or will you want to work something out?”
Keira’s head lifted slightly. “Work it out how?”
“I’m selling out in five years, retiring. I offer you a challenge – I control what you wear, when you wear, if you wear until then. If you manage to do it, the company is yours, just so long as I get my stipend.
“You’ll tell me how to dress?” said Keira somewhat incredulously.
“And when to undress, but of course, there’s always the police option?”
“How far does this go?” Keira asked timidly?
“There are no limits to what I say you wear and when – the only restrictions are practical ones, like avoiding you getting locked up.”
Keira just nodded – she knew she had no option. Besides which, the prize of the company was one worth going for.
Mark put a sheet of paper in front of her. As she read it, she saw she’d be admitting guilt to the thefts, but also it said she agreed to dress however her boss asked her to. At the end, it clearly said he’d sell the company to her for a nominal fee.
She signed.
“Excellent, now we know where we both stand.” Said Mark chirpily.
Keira, get that bra off and don’t wear one again till this is over” he said.
Keira went to move to the Ladies……”Oh no – right here young lady. Don’t cover up, I’m going to enjoy my time.”

**What a mistake! 2**

Keira grimaced a little as she slid her bra straps down her arms and under her short sleeves. She knew well that things were going to get embarrassing, but she hoped she’d have a chance to chat about it and establish a few limits before it went too far.
She pulled the bra down her last sleeve and passed it to Mark. She wasn’t too busty, so maybe it wouldn’t be too noticeable, but she also knew five years was a long time.
“Thank you. Now the knickers.”
“But you only said bra……”
“I said what I want, where I want, in front of whom I want, now get it done thief!”
The last word hit hard and a tear welled in one eye. Her rather costly black lace knickers followed into Mark’s hand.
“I’m sure I’ve paid for these, so don’t mind if I keep them will you?”
“Rules” he continued.
“If I can’t tell where your nipples are, the material is too thick.
Skirts are mid-thigh or above.
Heels are a minimum of 4”.
Blouses are never to be buttoned above nipple level.
And that’s just a start”
Keira breathed. It didn’t seem too bad so far.
“I’ll be fair, but demanding, and if there’s any hint of shyness left in you by the end of this, you’ll lose.
I won’t tell anyone of your misdemeanours, but only that you have accepted a challenge.@
“Can my parents be spared this?”
“No one will be spared the sight of you dressed as I want you. If you want to change your mind, I’ll give you a week to do so”
Keira was then taken to the main secretarial office, sans underwear. She could almost feel the eyes searching for her nipples as Mark explained the challenge she had taken on. He did add that he and only he controlled her dress sense and if anyone were to ridicule Keira, maybe they should realise she’d be the boss in time.
As she settled at her station – a little offset from the main pool, she thought she might get away with it. On the other hand, the paper she signed had left a lot of leeway.
As she got back into her emails, the worries slipped away and though being knicker less felt odd somehow, it wasn’t impossible.
The afternoon went quietly.
Office 5pm please, pinged the email
As the other staff left, Keira felt nervous.
Once they’d gone, she tapped the door and then she heard the rest of it. Her clothing wasn’t her own. Mark reckoned he’d been taken for so much money, he owned her clothes. Actually, he was probably right! He told her he wanted a key within 48 hours to her apartment and a spare key to her car.
Numbly she nodded.
“Take your skirt off,” He said, “shred it.”
Nervously she pulled it down and looked towards the office shredder. It was brutal. Nothing came back from there.
Bit by bit she inched it through the blades. “Now make that the last time I ever see you with pubic hair”.
It wasn’t going to be easy was it?

**What a mistake! 3**

Keira stood in Mark’s office, dressed as she was in just shoes at blouse. She wondered what was next. Would he keep her overtime? Did he want sex?
All of a sudden, she knew.
“Right, thanks, you can go home now.”
“But I’m naked from the waist down?”
“Oh are you? Should have bought your own clothes. Now please leave the office as I’m closing.”
Keira knew better that to argue. Her car was close to the door, so no problem that end, but she was a good 100m away from her apartment when she parked up in her own spot. All sorts of people were about, from her neighbours to passing teens as they lounged around putting the world to rights and kicking the odd ball around. As she pulled in to her car park area, she couldn’t decide what to do. Did she wait in the car, pretending to be on her mobile phone or make a run for it?
The phone won, and she watched the goings on around her home. Finally, she made a run for it. The stairs were easy and if it hadn’t been for a door opening down her corridor, she’d have been comfortable. As it was, she didn’t know if she’d been seen or not.
It was just past 8pm when the mobile dinged. Message! “Get naked”.
30 seconds later, with her top still on, the doorbell went. Fright hit her, but she knew the two were connected and ripped off the blouse so hard she lost a few buttons.
Standing at the door was Mark. “Shall we go for a drive?” he asked.
“Come in, I haven’t shaved yet. Give me half an hour…..”
Keira nodded him in and plied him with a drink. “Now, how much would like shaved? Legs? Pussy? Head?”
Mark shuddered to life – head she said? It was one of his all-time fantasies. To keep this gorgeous young thing bald for years was beyond his dreams. He bit his tongue and told her to do her pussy.
Once done, she knew she’d not get clothing, so started towards Mark’s car.
Mark’s plans were for a drive thru, with Keira naked of course. As they neared the chicken diner, Keira bit her lip. Her best friend Sherry worked the drive-thru counter. Her secret was about to start leaking out.
As they neared the drive-thru, Keira asked if they could stop. Mark pulled over. As she explained, the term was a long one and was she to be exposed to her family and friends straight away? She said she accepted it’d happen over time, but the first night was terrifying.
Mark sat quietly, then agreed. “Yes, I’ve pushed too hard too soon. You get out and go home, I’ll do the same.”
“Don’t be silly, I can’t do that,” Kiera pleaded, “We are over a mile from home.”
“Then you have two choices Kiera, walk or let’s do this.”
Beaten, Kiera told him to drive on.
As Sherry looked at her through the car windows, she wished she could shrivel up, but no such luck and her exposure was complete.
The following text “wtf” from her best friend really didn’t help.
As she lay down to sleep, her mind was ticking. Somehow she had to take charge of this or it was going to really finish her.