Mistress makes Office Sissyâ??s fantasy come true

Description

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The email notification pinged and I glanced around the office. Everyone seemed focused on their own work so the coast was clear, for now.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. A single message

â??Choose three.â?•

A link to the Anne Summers website followed.

My fingers trembled as I clicked the link and my phone screen filled with lacey girly lingerie.

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I had to choose. Fast.

I was just about to complete the purchase when I heard

â??Whatâ??s that, then?â?•

The voice ame from directly over my shoulder. I hadnâ??t heard their approach.
I fumbled to close the window

â??Come and have a look at what our colleague here is orderingâ?•

It was a quiet command, but it carried. And the others gathered round ,
My world shrunk to the space around my desk.

â??A bodysuit, stockings, and aâ?¦ oh my.â?•

She said

â??A pink PVC skirt. Express delivery, tooâ?¦.Scheduled for this afternoon.â?•

She looked at me, her gaze stripping me more effectively than any hands could.

â??Looks like it is arrivingâ?¦ nowâ?•

A parcel arrived on my desk..

â??Open it,â?• another voice said

With shaking hands, I pulled the items from the bag. The black lace felt flimsy and potent. The stockings whispered against the plastic. The pink skirt shone obscenely

â??Model them,â?• someone said

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In front of everyone I peeled off my sensible trousers, my shirt, my boxers and stepped into the stockings, rolling them up my legs, the lace top hugging my thighs.
The sensation was, silky, shameful and so, so arousing.

The bodysuit came next. I managed to fasten it, the lace clinging to my chest and stomach, framing my already hardening cock. Finally, the skirt. It was even shorter than it looked online, the PVC barely covered the lace-clad curve of my ass.
As I cuaght a glimpse of myself refected in a computer moniter.
An excitement rose within me I couldnâ??t suppress.

â??Turn around.â?• The voice said â??And get on your knees.â?•

I kept my eyes downcast and focused on the scuff marks on the manâ??s expensive leather shoes.

I saw his hands go to his belt. The clink of the buckle, the zip of his fly.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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