

Sissy's secret. Black lace beneath my slick grey suit

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It was nearly ten oâ??clock. I was hunched over the conference table, trying to finalise a proposal that needed submitting tomorrow , but my thoughts werenâ??t on profit margins; they were on the secret life I hid beneath my slate-gray suit

I adjusted my collar. Even the silk tie felt restrictive tonight. But underneath I wore lace. It was a secret thrill, a delicious friction against my skin that kept me half-hard all day. Black lace panties felt so good against my hip. As zoned in on the sensation I heard a voice,

â??Still burning the midnight oil?â?•

It was one of the partners. He was holding a tumbler of scotch, his tie loosened, the top button of his shirt undone to reveal a hint of salt-and-pepper chest hair. He looked imposing, dangerous, and entirely too perceptive.

His eyes raked I me, not with the usual critical assessment of an employee, but with something hungrier.

â??Youâ??ve been distracted lately,â?• He said, â?? I notice little things.â?•

â??Iâ??m sorry, sir,â?• I whispered,

â??But I alsoâ?!. â?? He said, as his gaze moved down towards my hidden pant lineâ?• know why youâ??re distracted.â?•

I froze. He knows. Panic clawed at my throat. Had I left a browser window open? Was I walking differently? I opened my mouth to deny it, but his hand moved.

It happened fast. His palm connected with my ass cheekâ??a stinging smack that made the lace tighten against me, my hips and my now rock hard cock.

He stepped closer, pinning me against the edge of the heavy mahogany table.

â??Donâ??t play coyâ?• I saw the receipt in your email trash. Size medium. Cute little things,â?• â??I bet youâ??re wearing them right now, arenâ??t you?

I couldnâ??t speak. actually knew. And the terrifying part wasnâ??t the fear of losing my jobâ??it was the way my cock was twitching in those very panties, thickening at his dominance, at the exposure of my deepest shame and delicious, seductive sense of total submission



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