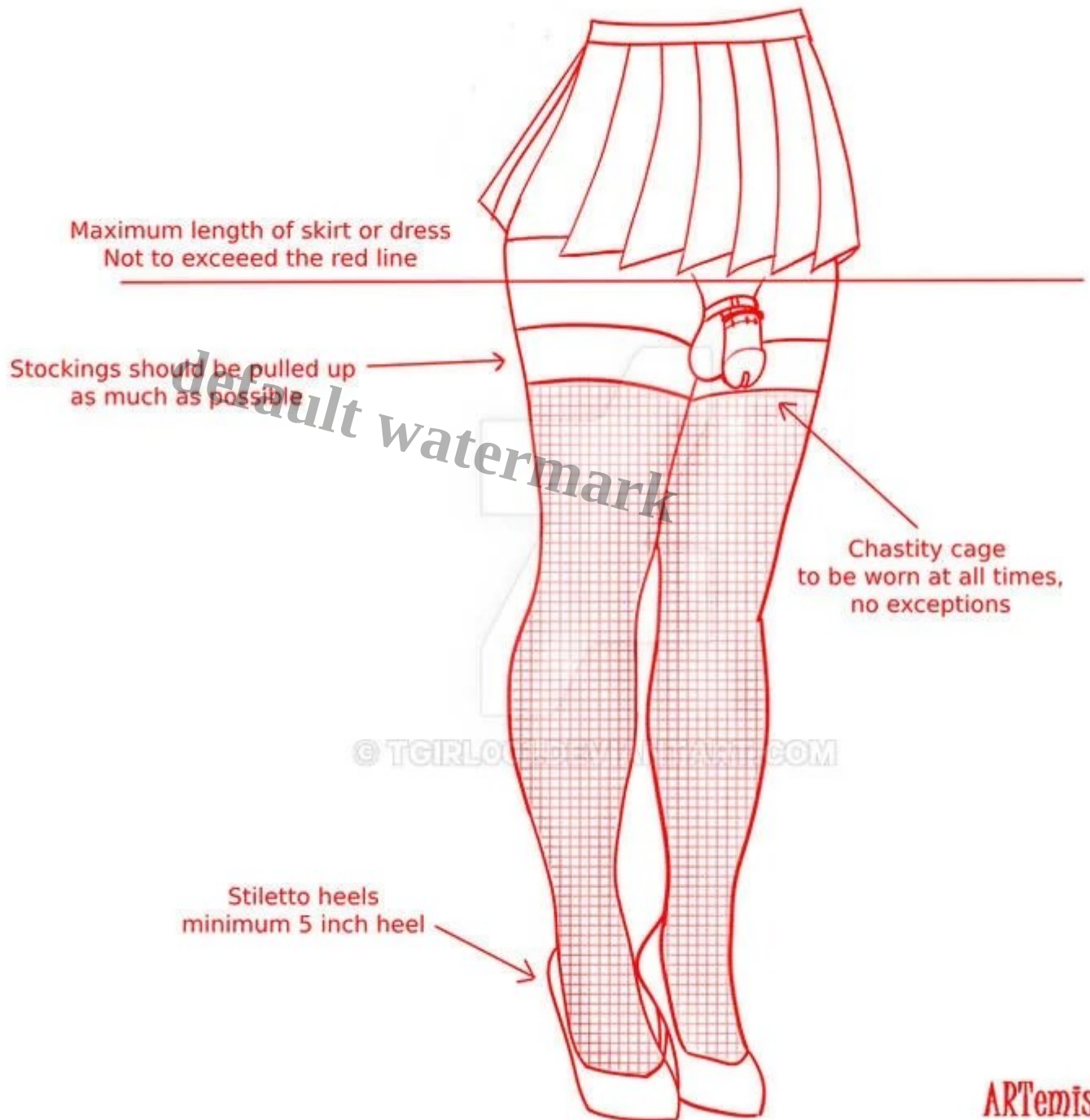


Secret office sissy is summoned to see the boss.

Description

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A butt plug sat on the desk. Polished and shiny and distinctly out of place. In the office.

“Close the door” came the voice

. My boss.

“I have a proposition,” she said. Her blouse was silk, and unbuttoned more than usual—more than enough to show a generous amount of ample cleavage.

“I saw you wearing them. I saw the lace of pink thong just above the waistband of your jeans the other day.”

My face went hot.

“I’m not here to humiliate you,” She said, “.. well, not in a bad way..” I’m here to offer you something. A new role.

She picked up the plug.

“This is a smart device. Synced to my computer, my phone, my tablet. When I type the name you’ll feel it.” A vibration. And you’ll cum. Into to my office. Sophia.

“Now the outfit,” she said.

She produced a hot pink negligee translucent and very short.

“You’ll change in the private bathroom. There’s a pair of hot pink heels inside and slip in the plug.”

I went into the bathroom, unbuttoned my shirt and let it fall.

The negligee slid over my shoulders, it fit perfectly.

As did the heels and the little silver plug.

I returned to the office. And presented myself, nervously.

“Good girl,” She said,

Her hand slid under my negligee and up my leg, fingertips tracing the inside of my thigh as she reached into her desk drawer and pulled out something else that made my breath catch, again—a pair of panties. pale pink, beautiful and lace-edged.

“Step in,” She said.

I did as I was told and she slid the panties up my thighs. She adjusted them carefully, her knuckles brushing against me in ways that made my hips twitch. When they were in place, she smoothed the negligee back down and leaned back to admire her work.

“But there’s one more thing.”

She picked up her phone. Typed something. And a moment later—

The plug didn't just buzz. It thrummed, a delicious low, steady vibration that traveled up spine and into my belly and made my cock twitch.

It was like a finger pressed against my g spot. Rhythmic and insistent and deeply, devoutly delicious .

Every time I type your name, She said, you'll feel this.

She typed again. Longer this time.

The vibration shifted faster, a staccato flutter that made my nipples tighten against the fabric of the negligé and pulled a whimper from deep in my chest.

My thighs pressed together. The lace there was already damp.

Your first task is to come here. Legs spread. Ready for inspection. Do you understand?

Yes I said. And assumed the position as she began to run her manicured hand again up the inside of my trembling thigh

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1. Uncategorized

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