

## BACK TO WORK

Jim was escorted to where his own office used to be, the other secretaries' laughter still accompanying his every step. The sign with his name next to door had been removed. After they had entered, she placed him on one of the uncomfortable visitors' chairs by unshackling his ballet boots and having him force his legs through the wooden armrests. She then fastened the cuffs back on, thereby securing Jim on the seat. Jim was grunting in discomfort as she playfully hopped on the desk that had been his for so long and slowly took her heels off.



"Wow Boss, you look absolutely sick with all this stuff! I knew you were a pervy little man when I first saw you at my job interview. I guess people like you always give off that vibe. But this is... hilarious! So, this is what you like, being all tied up and gagged, sealed into latex and with your dick locked away in a small steel tube? It must be quite the expensive arrangement for you to get into this situation. I mean, the amount of your fortune going to me from now on, every single day I'm taking care of you, is insane! Anyway, nice of the Agency to lend you back to your own employees, after all we got a lot to do! As you can see, nothing has changed, the girls here are still wearing the dress code you've established for us. I bet that's still to your liking, telling from that desperate twitching down there between your legs!"



“So, according to your profile, you always fantasized of being the footslave to a bunch of women constantly wearing nylons and leather high heels... Seems you’re lucky! Sure, you probably would enjoy this more if you could actually do anything about your trapped cock and swollen blue balls... I still can’t get behind that. Why would you want to be kept chaste and without orgasm 24/7 while you’re constantly teased by your biggest fetish?” She pressed her nylon-covered foot on his nose and with his neck held in place by the posture collar and his mouth gagged and sealed all airtight, he had no choice than to breath through his nose and deeply inhale her intoxicating scent. “Anyway, it’s really not my job to judge you. It’s my job to make you throb tears of frustration in your cage! So why don’t you just sniff my pantyhosed feet while I give you balls a nice and thorough nylon-massage?”

