

Bring Your Master To Work Day Part Two

Elle gave Master Dylan a guided tour of the office while Megan got Team TORA together for the next funtivity. Mostly this consisted of her trying to explain various office functions while calmly tolerating him sticking a finger in her mouth, reaching a hand up her dress. Or down her dress. It didn't take long – the office wasn't that big, and Elle wasn't hot enough to distract him for that long. (She was one of the plainest girls in the office – a 7 at best, as the guys said.)

Luckily, Team TORA was prepped and ready for their task, and was more than ready to go by the time Elle lead him back, using his finger up her pussy like a leash to guide him. The whole office was gathered for this one, as it was a participatory event.

“Welcome back, Master. Now it's time for a game we call Tits or Ass. Have you played before, or do you need me to explain the rules?” Megan announced. She felt stupid asking, but really, if there was a man who'd ever played this, Dylan was he.

“You know, I don't think I have,” Dylan said. He didn't address the question to Megan, as he was instantly distracted by the flesh parade before him.

“All right, well it's pretty easy. Each of our TORA team members are going to come before you one by one, and the girls are going to take a vote on whether they think you'll be drawn more to their titties or their ass, quickly and anonymous tallying the votes using an app our IT specialist Casie developed.

“Then, you say which one you think is better, and I'll reveal the girls' vote. If you agree with the majority, that employee is awarded one day of PTO!” The girls ooohed, as Desiree the HR manager was notoriously stingy with leave.

They stopped looking so impressed upon hearing the rest of the prize description. “That's right, a bonus day of PTO that she will use at Master's behest, to wait on him hand and foot for the entire day, in whatever manner he chooses!”

The crowd was kind of quiet at that. After all, it was one thing to honor this preposterous holiday in the office, where they were paid to put up with difficult clients and budget shortages and coworkers' gropy masters. But to take it outside the office... they'd be just as depraved and slutty as Desiree. For a day, anyway.

Although, as Megan reminded the sullen gathering, it was <I>paid</I> time off, so technically they still got paid to deal with it. This mollified them, if only a little.

“So, any questions before we get started, Master Dylan?”

“Yeah, just one. Uh... why are they wearing those leather gimp masks?”

Megan nodded. “Ah, of course. Some of our employees have never been modeled or been judged on their bodies in competition before, so we thought we'd allow them some semblance of anonymity. You know, for modesty.” <I>And it's on theme, you Philistine</I>, Megan thought. It really bothered her to have her creativity go unappreciated.

“Well, that makes sense,” the man conceded, “though it probably doesn't help the black girl or that Indian chick.”

<I>Right,</I> Megan realized far too late. <I>I'll have to apologize to Pavani and Keira later.</I>

With that, the competition began.

Team TORA had been hand-chosen from the office staff selecting for girls who, at least as near as she could tell, had similarly attractive tops and bottoms. Tiffani with her runner's body, tiny tight ass and barely B cup boobs riding high. Monica the intern, the quintessential college hottie with her gym-sculpted butt and perfect little sorostitute tits (also sculpted, but on the company health care plan). Gina in accounting, with her hourglass figure, tiny waist and impressive thigh gap between stupefying breasts and a butt that Megan could hardly believe of a white girl.

Even having helped hand-pick the participants, she wasn't certain who was who. After all, what she thought was Tiffani could as easily be petite Jessica the receptionist. It didn't really matter. Dylan agreed with the mob's verdict more often than not, and Megan made sure to take detailed notes, per his instructions. (Initially, she'd just been noting the ones who needed the PTO, but he said he wanted a spreadsheet tracking votes, his guess, accuracy, the whole kit and caboodle.)

In the end, it was a stupid game, but once the group got past the worst of the awkwardness, it made for some fun. For the guessers, at least. Most of the TORA girls were turned so beet red in embarrassment (and/or arousal) that Megan couldn't help feel sorry for them. Pavani nearly passed out, she was so self-conscious.

Dylan definitely enjoyed himself regardless; in fact, he told Megan to fudge the results on a couple girls and give them the PTO anyway. "I mean, this tasty little bitch's booty is dynamite, sure, but I think the crowd convinced me that those titties are really where it's at." The girl – Daphne? hard to tell with the mask – laughed politely, and Megan obediently altered the results.

A while later it was winding down, the losers heading back to the restroom to dress and return to their theme day work attire, the winners shedding their masks in front of the office per Master's orders so he could inspect his bounty. They glared at Megan for having the rules changed on them suddenly, and she shrugged helplessly as Dylan speculated when he might be able to spare a day for them to serve.

Then, Desiree returned with his coffee. She was still naked from the waist down, her blouse only barely concealing the fact that she wasn't wearing panties. It had been almost two hours.

"Your coffee, Master." The HR managed walked right up to her master, striking a deep curtsy and holding it. Everyone could see her bare butt like that, the slut, but did she even blush? Well, yes, but not nearly enough for the woman who'd put them all in this awkward situation.

Dylan brushed Courtney off his lap like an insect as he glared at his slave. "Where the hell have you been? There's a coffee shop not three blocks from here. I was starting to think you ran away, wanted your freedom or something."

"Oh no, Master, nothing as stupid and selfish as that," Desiree insisted fervently, either too embarrassed or too submissive to make eye contact with anyone present.

"Well then? Your knees are dirty as hell – you trip and spill it? Like six times?" He folded his arms across his chest.

"It is a story that I would not want to bore you with, Master." Her legs trembled at holding the pose, but he didn't seem to notice or care.

"What? Two fuckin' hours for lukewarm coffee from a dirty slut, I damn well better get a story out of it."

Desiree nodded, and then sunk down to a kneeling position. She didn't quite sit down, keeping her butt several inches clear of her feet, so that her posture looked more like one of

pleading and less like one of respite. Megan could hardly believe at what a closet skank her supervisor was.

“You see, I went to the coffee shop, just like you told me. Only... they wouldn’t serve me. They told me I was making the other customers uncomfortable, and that I needed to leave.”

“Why was that?”

“Master?” Desiree looked puzzled by such an obvious question. “Because I am half naked. Like a slut.”

“Well aren’t you one? Don’t go getting high on mighty on me, Des.”

“You’re so right, of course,” she agreed reflexively. “So, because I looked like the slut that I am, they made me leave. I begged, but they wouldn’t listen. They had to drag me out, and threatened to call the police if I returned.”

She ignored Dylan’s laugh as she went on. “I think they may have called them anyway, because as I was on my way back to my car to go to another coffee shop where I could use the drive-through, I was stopped by a police officer.”

“Oh gosh, how’d you talk your way out of getting busted?” asked Two. Master gave her an annoyed look, then with a gesture commanded her to put her thumb in her mouth and suck on it like a toddler. She did, sullenly.

Desiree answered anyway. “I made up a lie about why I didn’t have my skirt. I don’t think the office believed me. Either way, he said it was a crime and I had to be taken in. Can’t let naked women walk the streets, he said. So... I begged, again.”

Big surprise that this dumb slut’s first resort always seemed to be desperate pleading. “Only then, I guess he liked seeing me on my knees, because he said he knew a way I could get out of it. I knew what he meant, and I didn’t want to delay your coffee by my getting arrested, so... I followed him into an alley and sucked his dick.”

Her lips quivered; Megan could only imagine having to do something so degrading, much less tell all of her coworkers about it. Of course, she wouldn’t ever put herself in that position by serving a master in the first place. Because she wasn’t a total fucking dolt.

“So yeah, I blew him, and he pulled out and came on my titties.” Megan hadn’t noticed that stain on her blouse, but she saw it now, a mostly dry little off-white on the white. “Then he said I could go, but if I didn’t get out of there quickly, next time it’d take more than a blowjob. So I thanked him, and then I ran to my car and got in and drove to the coffee shop on Lincoln Avenue and there was an accident that slowed me down and that’s why it’s lukewarm. Master.”

Evidently, Dylan had no more pity for his slave than Megan had for her boss. (<I>Man, his slave had underlings... just imagine if they ever found a way to exploit that</I>, Megan thought for a moment before returning her attention to Master Dylan.) “So you fucked up, is what you’re saying. Damn, you’re out giving away free blowjobs and it doesn’t occur to you to offer one to the barista to get me my damn coffee?”

“It was a woman,” Desiree protested feebly.

“Oh, right, I forgot how much women hate oral sex,” he said sarcastically. “All right, that’s it. For one, you’ve lost your blouse privileges. For two, just to make sure you take my point, you’re going to go around to each and every woman here and offer to eat them out to completion in your office. I don’t wanna see you hanging out at any of our futilities until you’ve reached out to everyone.”

Desiree gasped, but her shock was fast overwhelmed by her obedience. Her numb fingers fumbled at buttons until her blouse was undone, and then dropped it on the floor.

As one, the office gasped in shock at what was beneath. Not at Desiree's body, which all had known was absolutely top notch. But at what was on it. Her entire back was a mess of tattoos, all of which were very impressively drawn and colored designs featuring a woman who was unmistakably Desiree. And in all of them, she was nude and engaged in some form of sex act.

In fact, as Megan – and the rest of the office – pored over this living kama sutra, all of them were of some sort of submissive nature. On her left shoulder she was bent over in the downward facing dog position, a man embedded in her sex. There were several angles of her kneeling to give a blowjob, including a side view where her eyes looked up at an unseen recipient in search of approval and another where she was fingering herself. They were incredibly detailed and vividly colored, each flowing into the next so that it was just a panorama of Desiree being a sex slave.

There was a long silence as everyone moved around to get a good look. It was Desiree who broke it by looking up at Vicki and asking, in a soft voice, "Vicki, do you want me to go down on you in my office?"

Vicki blushed and shook her head; then she asked Crystal, who scowled in disgust. After that, Marie just took the HR supervisor's hand and pulled her off towards the HR nook. Megan just frowned at the lack of professional discretion.

"Well, I suppose that's really the perfect segue into our next futility..."

The lunch was nothing impressive on its own, just cold finger sandwiches, a veggie tray and myriad snacks. For the sole arrival on Bring Your Master To Work Day, however, it must've seemed pretty special.

Megan and the luncheon team had made sure to have a low-mess lunch so that the girls could participate in the accompanying activity. Megan had forgotten until just before it started that Desiree had been the one to suggest it, which made sense now.

A slutty tattoo contest.

Each girl had half an hour to use the art supplies sitting around the break room to design one. (It was strange to think in years past, these same art supplies had been a way to amuse the daughters of employees on Bring Your Daughter day.)

Then when time was up, each girl sat on Master's lap and showed him what she'd come up with. Master would pick his three favorites. The girls who designed them would get to decide who had to actually get it inked on them.

The person whose design Master liked least would have to get all three of the best designs on them. Every woman present shuddered at the thought of it.

"I thought you said there was no reason to fucking worry, because there was no way any masters would show up to this thing," Patty hissed at Megan in a low tone as she sketched out her design.

"How was I supposed to know! Like you were so sure we'd have a line out the door of everybody's masters showing up. Besides, this whole thing was that skank Desiree's idea!"

"Well Desiree wasn't the one who put me on the cherry relay race team either, now was she?!" (That event was one of the last of the day – the girls had to pick up and carry a cherry using only their pussies and carry it across the room and deposit it in a cup. Megan didn't even

think it was possible, frankly, though Monica the intern said her sorority had done it as a hazing thing.)

“Sorry, OK? Everybody had to be part of something. Desiree’s orders.”

“Yeah, well you tell Desiree I’m not thrilled about the prospect of eating a bunch of cunt cherries.”

(Oh, that was the incentive – the losing team had to eat all the cherries.)

Needless to say, the girls outdid themselves with their designs. There wasn’t a single one Megan wouldn’t have been mortified to have emblazoned on herself. She was glad she didn’t have to participate herself – she was just there to organize and assist.

And to sit on Dylan’s lap while he waited and hand feed him his lunch while he felt her up. He got bread crumbs all down her top as he ate, then made Bobbi lick them clean when he was done. At least she only licked the exposed portion, and not her entire titties. (Weird to think she’d once thought of her titties as “breasts”.)

Once all the designs were submitted, Dylan looked them over for a couple minutes. “All right, I think I’m ready to name my three winners, so they can name their losers. Though I just want to say, you’re all losers in my book.” Dylan laughed; the girls chimed in halfheartedly a moment later.

“In third place, we have ‘Slutty Trump Stamp’! Come on down, artist!” It was Four, actually – just a simple set of block letters that read just that. Megan had thought it was a shoe-in for dead last given the lack of creativity and artistic rendering, but as Master put it, “Sometimes it’s good to just come right out and say what you mean. Art can be interpretive; this is nice and literal.”

“In second place, we have... ‘Winking Big Titty Girl’! Where ya at, Winking Big Titty Girl – aha, there you are.” This time it was actually Patty who came forward, looking immensely relieved even as she blushed at holding up her design. It featured a woman with a cartoonishly thin waist and a set of tits that no bra could possibly hold. Like he said, it was topped off by a brightly smiling face that was winking, like her super-jugs were some kind of secret she was letting the viewer in on. Patty had even framed the drawing with a woman’s back, so it was clear from the scale employed that the tattoo would be waist to neck on its recipient.

“And finally, our winner – Own Me Girl!” Nobody was surprised at this – sassy little Grace in her pigtails smiled the obnoxious smile that had been smiled by every obnoxious asshole who’d known they’d won before the contest was over throughout history.

Megan couldn’t blame her, though – her design was incredible, even if it was perverse as hell. She’d drawn a woman, then on her hands and ankles there was a tattoo of shackles and chains. The figure was posed with legs crossed at the knees, hands clasped pleadingly, and the tattoos lined up so that the chain on one wrist meshed up with the chain on the other, and likewise at the ankles.

Whoever had it, they’d never be able to wear anything but full-length pants and long sleeve tops ever again. Or just throw their self-respect out the window.

Master ordered the girls to applaud the winners, a command which they gamely obeyed. “Now, starting with third place, you tell us who you want to brand? Who gets to wear the Slutty Tramp Stamp?”

“And I <I>have</I> to pick someone? I can’t just do a pass?” Four asked.

“Nope, sorry – I don’t make up funtivity rules.”

“All right.” She looked around, and not a person there could make eye contact with her. It was like waiting for the teacher to call on someone when no one had done the reading. Everyone just tried to be invisible. “I choose Gina .”

There was a collective sigh of relief – except from Gina. “What the hell, Gail!”

“It’s actually Four now,” Four replied, “and I had to pick somebody. And I remembered how you used to make all those jokes about me behind my back, started that whole ‘Four the Whale’ nickname. Serves you right, Gina.”

“Anyways,” Dylan interjected over their quibbling, “next up, Big Titty Winker. Who gets to be blessed with this masterpiece, darlin’?”

“Her.” Patty didn’t hesitate for an instant. She was pointing right at Megan.

The junior HR representative froze in place as the rest of her life flashed by in an instant. Never being able to wear a swimsuit again. Never making love with the lights on. Doctors gaping at it while they gave her check-ups. Her parents finding out that she was a total whore, with the ink to prove it.

“Sorry, sexy HR lady is off limits,” Dylan said. There was a collective grumbling, but Megan couldn’t hear it over all the blood suddenly rushing to her cunt.

This man, her master (for the day, anyway), had saved her from that fate. The most horrifying prospect she’d ever been faced with, and he protected her.

Surely that earned him a little extra servitude, right? Megan saw herself on his bed, doggy style, waving her ass at him to seduce him to stick his cock in her pussy. Or her ass. Whatever Master wanted. He deserved either, surely, just for this. It didn’t matter to her that she wasn’t attracted to him – he just deserved her worshipful servitude.

A little of it, anyway. Megan had no intention of going full Desiree and throwing her whole life away.

Megan didn’t even overhear Patty’s brief, petulant outburst about the unfairness of it, or Master telling her that for back-talking, she’d volunteered to get it put on herself instead. Megan didn’t notice the baleful glare Patty directed at her; noticing that wasn’t going to do a damn thing to make Master happier.

She tugged her neckline down and the hem of her skirt up, for good measure.

“Now our last little masterpiece, why don’t you tell us who you’ve chosen, and why you’re choosing them,” she heard him say. Slowly, she was coming out of that intense moment of blissful subservience, though she wondered what all stray desires had followed her back.

“Is there anyone else off limits?” Grace asked timidly, wary of making the same mistake Patty had, of earning the same consequence.

“Just the HR gals – I’ll take care of inking my own bitch,” he said with a chuckle.

For half a second Megan thought he was referring to her instead of Desiree, and she tried her best to turn her lustful groan of delight – *my own bitch* – into the clearing of her throat. A couple women nearby eyed her askance, but then went right back to avoiding Grace’s notice.

“Then... I guess I’ll do Gretchen. Everybody always says how we look alike, and it always takes new hires like a month to tell us apart even when we’re not trying so... this’ll finally be a way to separate us.”

“What... but... you... we...” Gretchen stammered, her own pretty pig-tailed face draining of color.

“You’ve been copying my style for too long, Gretchen – look at it this way, I’m helping you stand out.” Grace shrugged.

Dylan applauded her decision, and soon the whole gathering joined in. Even Patty, Gina and Gretchen. Master obviously wanted them to, after all, so they cheered on their own humiliating fates.

“Okey doke – now don’t think I forgot about the last bit,” Dylan said as it quieted down. Indeed, at him saying so, it went totally silent. Everyone had just sort of hoped he’d forgotten the last place “prize”.

He paced back and forth, looking around between all the drawings. Finally, he settled on one in particular, a picture ostensibly of a red flower. The artist, Courtney, even had an art minor, Megan was pretty sure.

“This stupid thing, I gotta say, is the pretty clear loser. I mean, a flower? What are we, like, eighteen years old, getting our first tramp stamps to make daddy mad? Come on.”

The girls were quiet, looking amongst one another and masking their confusion. Could he not see it? How could anyone miss it? Especially someone who’d already had sex at least twice today, and seen or touched the pussies of close to half the girls in the office.

Courtney took a moment to speak up; it was difficult to challenge Master’s decision. (Megan could hardly imagine the stress of such a thing.) “Um, Master Dylan? It’s... it’s a yonic flower.”

“So? Who cares whether it’s a tulip or chrysanthemum or a fuckin’ yonic? It’s not <I>slutty</I>.”

Courtney cleared her throat, her voice cracking twice as she pressed on, desperate to avoid her proscribed punishment. “No, Master. Yonic means resembling the female vagina. Like phallic, for penises. It’s, um, inspired by the work of Georgia O’Keeffe. I... I understand if you don’t see it that way.”

The man paused, rubbing his chin and giving it a second look. Slowly but surely, a boyish grin broke out on his face. “Well I’ll be goddamned, babe! It sure is – what’s that word, yonic? Yeah, damn straight! I take that back, this is fuckin’ art! Tell ya what, just for that, no loser! Well, other than those three cunts,” he said, inclining his head to Patty, Gina and Gretchen.

As one, the girls fell all over themselves cooing and pawing at him and kissing him and thanking Master for his kindness. It was like a tornado of girls, swirling around him to give thanks for his mercy and good taste. Megan sort of got swept up in it all, literally getting dizzy as she ran her fingers across Master’s shoulders and chest.

No, not her master. Desiree’s.

Semantics, really.

She excused herself to the hallway, where she fell back against the wall and lifted her skirt, her fingers going right at her steaming wet pussy as she bucked and quivered and moaned. No one seemed to hear her though, or at least no one came out to intervene.

Well, one person did.

“Can I eat that for you?” Desiree asked, licking her lips.

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