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# **Working From Home**

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**a Pink Skirt Press story**

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**This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.**

**If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.**

**Enjoy.**

**“You’re fired. Pack your shit and go home.”**

**David blinked, not quite sure he’d heard his boss right. He started to speak, but his boss repeated himself and then pointed to the door behind David.**

**He remained at a loss for words as he dragged himself back to his desk. His coworkers whispered, but he wasn’t listening; he was too focused on how he was going to explain this to Kayla. He’d just moved in with her little over a week ago, and now he’d been fired. It wasn’t necessarily the end of the world—he did have a good bit of savings—but still, this would not go over well.**

**To say she was the breadwinner in their relationship was an understatement. She made almost three times what he did and had worked her ass off for it. There was even a possible promotion in her near-future.**

**David hadn’t been at his job for long—five, six months maybe, barely enough time to personalize his desk, which made packing up quick work.**

**“You got laid off?” Kayla pulled him in for a hug. “I’m so sorry to hear that, babe.”**

**David frowned. He hated lying to her, but telling her the truth—that he’d been fired over a stupid mistake, and the same one that had gotten him fired from his previous job—would have been worse.**

**“I’m okay,” he assured her. “Good thing we just paid rent.”**

**“Take a day or two to relax, but don’t wait too long to start searching, okay?”**

**David laughed. “Darn, I was hoping to be a kept boyfriend.”**

**Kayla smiled and returned the chuckle. “Maybe if I get that promotion. But what I don’t want is a slacker boyfriend, okay?”**

**“Yes ma’am.”**

David had heard of the term “funemployed” before, and while he could see why having no job to worry about would be nice, not having any money coming in would take away any joy there was.

That was, of course, until he woke up the next morning and felt the freedom of sleeping in.

Normally his alarm clock would’ve gone off three hours earlier. He would’ve had to crawl out of bed, get dressed, and sit in an hour or so of traffic to clock in at a job he hated.

Instead he got to sleep in. It felt really good.

Kayla had long since left for work. He was surprised she hadn’t woken him before she’d left.

After a quick breakfast, David got comfortable on the couch and turned on the TV.

When Kayla got home that night, he was in the exact same spot.

“Good day at work?” he asked, though he didn’t bother to look up from the screen.

She gave him a kiss on the forehead before going into the bedroom. When his stomach started rumbling not long after, he went into the bedroom to find her sprawled out on the bed in her work clothes.

“Kayla?”

“I’m awake. She sat up. “What is it, David?”

“Dinner?”

She frowned. “Just... order something. I’m too tired.”

He shrugged. “Okay.”

This routine persisted for several days. David would sleep in, lounge about, and play video games or watch TV. Kayla would come home late, mutter

something about being tired, and then go to bed without him.

On the third day, she'd had enough. After coming home from work at a reasonable hour for the first time all week, seeing David on the couch with the apartment a mess finally wore down her patience.

"David, what the fuck?"

"What's up?" he said, eyes still glued to the TV.

She grabbed the remote and turned it off.

"I was watching th—"

"You remember what I told you when you came home after getting laid off?"

He scratched his chin. "Yeah?"

Kayla gestured at the living room and the kitchen. "This place is a fucking mess. I told you I didn't want my boyfriend to be a slacker. You're one bong hit away from being exactly that. Have you applied to any jobs?"

"Babe, I'm sorry."

Kayla closed her eyes and took a deep, centering breath. When she spoke again, the anger was gone from her tone.

"David, you have to understand how I feel. I'm working my ass off every day—"

"It shows. You have a great ass."

She tried not to smile, but couldn't stop herself. "Don't change the subject. I love you, babe. I'm working this hard for us. Put yourself in my shoes. How would you feel coming home after multiple ten-hour days to see me in my underwear, watching TV, and the apartment a mess? The sink is overflowing with plates and the trash needs to be taken out."

"I'll take care of that."



**“What about jobs? Have you applied to any?”**

**David got up and hugged her. “Hey, I’m sorry. I really am. This got out of hand. I promise I’ll clean the place up some tomorrow and I’ll start looking for work.”**

**She looked up at him. “Promise?”**

**He nodded. “I promise.”**

**“Make sure you also take a shower. Actually no, wait. Come on, we’re showering together.”**

**David made good on his promise, and while he wasn’t able to find a full-time job, he was able to find some contract work doing odd jobs from home. Though it brought in some money, it wasn’t a steady paycheck with benefits.**

**“Hey, David?”**

**“What time is it?” He rolled over forced his eyes open.**

**“Little before seven,” Kayla said. “Can you do the laundry for me today? I left some instructions.”**

**“Sure,” he mumbled, rolling back over.**

**She kissed his forehead. “Love you.”**

**“Love you too.”**

**When he woke up a couple hours later, David wasn’t quite sure if that had really happened. Kayla was gone, her side of the bed neatly made as it always was. He wandered toward the kitchen, but stopped when he saw the piece of paper taped to the slatted doors covering their washer and dryer unit.**

He squinted and tried to read the instructions, but quickly gave up and decided to take another gander after having some coffee.

“She wants me to do her laundry?” He scratched his head as he read over the note again. David had enough trouble doing his own laundry. He’d hoped that moving in with Kayla would take that chore away from him.

Their apartment had two closets: a walk-in and a regular one. Kayla had fully taken over the walk-in, so when David moved in, she’d made room for him in the secondary closet. He didn’t have a whole lot of clothes, so it wasn’t a problem.

He'd only stepped foot into her closet once before, and that had been with her, so going in alone felt strange. There were rows upon rows of skirts, dresses, tops, pants, and shorts, as well as a dresser full of her underwear and her more casual attire. A shoe rack nearly as tall as he was stood against the back wall containing mostly high heels, but also some sandals and running shoes.

She’d already sorted her laundry for him, so he grabbed the closest basket. The hamper fell over, spilling her underwear and bras on the floor. He scooped the undergarments back into their hamper.

All but one.

David held the lacy thong up in front of him. Despite the sheer fabric and revealing shape, the thong had an unassuming, almost dull gray color to it. It was so very light and stretchy. He wondered if—

“Oh no you don’t,” he said to himself. “Don’t you dare wonder if you could even feel it on you.”

A little thrum of pleasure pulsed low in his abdomen, and looking down, David saw that he had a little bit of an erection going.

He tossed the panties into the hamper and stormed out of the closet. “Nope! Nope! Nope!”

He booted up his computer, put his headphones on, and tried to distract himself. It worked for about an hour, but the thoughts were too hard to

ignore and he found himself glancing over at the bedroom.

“Am I really going to...?” He rubbed at his face and sighed. He’d heard that thongs could be rather comfortable. “Fuck.”

He got up and returned to the closet, picking up the thong and fingering the delicate fabric. What was the harm? They were going to go into the wash anyway...

“Fuck,” he sighed again.

David tossed his shorts and underwear onto the bed and held the thong out in front of him. Then he closed his eyes and put it on.

They were so very soft on his skin. It was as if he wasn’t wearing anything at all. It actually felt pretty...

“Oh shit,” he muttered as he saw his hard cock distending the fabric. He pulled the material aside to keep it from getting stretched and then bit his lower lip, walked into the bathroom, and began to jerk off.

It had been a long time since he’d had that good of an orgasm from wanking it. Normally it was very anticlimactic, but this time, he was left breathless. He couldn’t believe what had just happened. It wasn’t that he was starved for sex—he and Kayla had just gone at it the other night—so why did this turn him on so much?

Was it the taboo aspect of it? Where did the thrill come from?

He shook the thoughts from his head, stripped off the panties, and returned them to the hamper, burying them deep inside the rest of her underwear. Then he grabbed one of the other hampers to start with.

But the next day, David found himself thinking about Kayla’s lingerie again.

He couldn’t deny how strangely wonderful it had felt, how amazing his orgasm was, and he found himself wondering about what else Kayla had. He knew she had a plethora of lingerie—he’d seen it on her during the eight or so months they’d been dating. Just the other day, she’d been wearing pantyhose.

Pantyhose was something he was familiar with. She'd worn stockings plenty of times during sex, and the fabric felt so wonderful on her legs he could only imagine what it would feel like on his.

"No, no, no, you fucking dumbass." He whacked himself on the forehead with the heel of his palm. "What the fuck are you thinking? You're a dude. Dudes don't go around wearing their girlfriend's lingerie!"

He looked in the direction of the bedroom. Yeah, but it felt really good.

He dug around until he found the gray thong from the day before as well as a pair of pantyhose. The nylon was even lighter and delicate than the lace; he'd never felt anything quite like it. Then, before he could stop himself, David stripped, slipped Kayla's panties back on, and started working the pantyhose.

They caressed his legs in a gentle hug he felt with every movement. He rubbed his thighs together.

"Oh fuck. What the fuck. How the..."

His cock bulged fat in the pantyhose, begging to be released, yet the nylon pinned it against his body. A wet patch seeped through.

"Oh fuck!" David nearly tore the pantyhose off, but quickly composed himself. Carefully he rolled the pantyhose off his legs and returned it, and the panties, back to the bottom of the hamper.

He put his clothes back on, returned to the living room, and tried to forget about what had just happened.

Days passed and the weekend finally rolled around. So far he'd been good about not getting into his girlfriend's underwear, at least not in the literal sense. They'd decided to spend that weekend visiting her family. It was the first time he'd left the apartment since getting "laid off," and he figured some time away would help clear his brain.

But it didn't. His thoughts constantly drifted back to Kayla's closet and the seemingly endless possibilities it contained. So much of it was unexplored; there were all those drawers that needed to be open and examined. What

**else did she have in there?**

**For once, David was happy it was Monday.**

**He was up and out of bed almost immediately after Kayla left for work. After a quick breakfast, he showered, and still naked, he headed for her closet.**

**He went with a different combination this time: a pair of black panties and colored pantyhose that made his legs look a little tan. It was hard to really see the effect, since his leg hair obscured most of it.**

**Maybe I could...**

**No, that would give away too much. He could only imagine how Kayla would react to seeing him with shaved legs. No way would she buy the excuse that he'd become a competitive swimmer.**

**Just like before, his cock fought against the sheer pantyhose. He put a tissue in there, hoping it would soak up any leaks, but all it really did was tickle him. Then he put on a pair of pants and sat down at his desk.**

**He couldn't get much work done. The pantyhose and panties constantly reminded him of their presence. It didn't take very long for him to free his cock from its nylon cage and masturbate and just when he thought he couldn't top the orgasm wearing panties for the first time had given him, he came so hard he nearly made a mess on his computer desk.**

**The relief was short. After maybe twenty minutes, he was hard again. Not wanting to give in so easily, he fought it until he couldn't even listen to whatever music was coming out his computer speakers.**

**After a couple hours, and multiple orgasms, he'd had enough. As good as it felt, he decided not to attempt to beat the record for most times jerked off in a twenty-four-hour period.**

**He returned the items to the hamper and sat back down on the couch, only to get a text from Kayla a few minutes later.**

**We need to talk.**

David's heart sank and the blood drained from his face. His mind raced at a million miles an hour. Had she figured it out? How? Had he not put it away? Had he stained something without realizing it?

Then she sent another text: Have you applied for any jobs? Heard back from anything?

"What the fuck, Kayla?" he said aloud. "You nearly gave me a heart attack."

He replied, saying that while he'd applied, he still hadn't heard back, and that in the meantime he'd continue to take odd jobs and work on his portfolio. Then he tossed his phone onto the couch and attempted to bring his heartrate back to normal.

He managed to go a full day before the curiosity grew too strong for him to ignore.

Standing naked in Kayla's closet, David surveyed the entirety of her wardrobe. He fingered through short pencil skirts and body-hugging dresses until he found the sparkly club dress she'd worn for her friend's bachelorette party.

He was as clean as could be. He wouldn't leave a trace.

"I can't fucking believe I've let myself do this."

He pulled on a pair of panties from her hamper, bright red with a floral lace pattern, and slipped into a pair of dark stockings he was so happy to find in one of her drawers. His leg hair was just barely noticeable, and he felt a little thrum in his cock.

Despite his practically sedentary lifestyle, David had been blessed with a thin frame, and since Kayla was just as tall as he was, her clothes fit, though he did lack her lovely curves. The skirt was a simple affair, something short and tight, a cheap piece of stretchy black fabric that did nothing to hide his hardening cock.

The bra was a mystery to him. How Kayla could put them on and take them off so easily was something he'd never understand. Nor did he understand

why he'd decided to put one on—it wasn't like he had any breasts.

The blouse he chose for this momentous occasion was cream-colored and made from a shiny fabric that might have been silk. It was soft and smooth, and fortunately didn't tear when he slipped his arms into it.

He tucked the shirt in, and turning to find the full-length mirror, he spotted the racks of shoes.

David chewed his lip as he scanned the shelves and grabbed the first pair that called out to him: glittering silver pumps. He held them before him like they were the Holy Grail, and the memory of when Kayla had worn them sparked in his mind.

She'd looked good. Damn good.

David was only an inch or two taller than Kayla, and since he didn't really know anything about women's footwear, he hoped that their near similar height meant they took a similar size of shoe.

And they did fit—barely. The stockings helped, providing a pseudo-slick surface to aid in getting his heel into the... well, the heel. But they were tight. He might get a minute or two out of the heels before his feet started to cramp.

His life flashed before his eyes as he nearly toppled over upon standing. Thankfully her dresser was within arm's reach, and David steadied himself. He felt like a baby giraffe learning to walk on those long, lanky legs of theirs. He clung to the dresser for a few moments until his body adjusted and he got used to his shifted center of gravity.

He caught his reflection in the mirror. From the neck down he looked... sexy. The stockings really brought out the shape of his legs, enhanced by his sexy footwear. His ass wasn't too bad, either.

A pleasurable pulse nearly felled him. The wave of pleasure that emanated from his nethers was unlike any he'd felt before. His cock fought against the fabric, trying desperately hard to break through. Even his vision went momentarily blurry.



**When things cleared up and he regained his composure, David looked at his appearance once more, focusing instead above his shoulders. A thought crept into his mind.**

**You know, a little makeup and you could...**

**Another pulse of pleasure, another enticing wave of bliss.**

**A voice in his head screamed something, but David was already in the bathroom, digging through Kayla's makeup collection to find one thing.**

**There was something amazingly thrilling about uncapping and twisting the tube of lipstick. The red pigment called to him, begging him to tint his lips that vibrant, seductive shade.**

**The applicator hovered there, centimeters from his lips as he stared at his reflection.**

**The outcome wasn't the best. It was uneven, wobbly, a far cry from the crisp, clean lines of a seasoned pro. But the effect wasn't the least bit diminished, and the sight of himself with bright red lips in that attire pushed David over the edge.**

**His knees buckled as cum leaked out of his cock. He managed to free it just in time for it to erupt, sending hot streaks across the counter. His head swam as he continued jerking, his own lusty moans filling his ears.**

**After what felt like an eternity, it was over. His balls were drained, but the pleasure still lingered as he stared at himself, eyes glazed. When his mind came back down from the clouds, David took in the scene.**

**"Oh, fuck."**

**Panic replaced bliss as he kicked off Kayla's heels and removed her skirt and panties. It wasn't just a drop or two of precum this time—they were thoroughly soaked.**

**He filled the sink with cold water and placed the panties in there to soak. Stripping off the top, he wrestled for a moment with the bra before tossing them both onto the ground to deal with later, along with the stockings.**

David hadn't been this focused since his college finals. He was so zeroed in that after managing to get his cum out of Kayla's panties and skirt and returning the rest of the clothes to their rightful places, he realized he'd completely forgotten about the lipstick.

"Fucking hell," he said as he dug around for the makeup-removing wipes. The scenario played in his mind of Kayla coming home to see him watching TV or playing video games while wearing bright red lipstick.

"Yeah, let's not have that happen."

It came off without a problem and he buried the spent wipes at the bottom of the little trashcan in the bathroom.

Then, acting as if none of this ever happened, he got dressed and went back out to the living room, hoping to forget about one of the best orgasms he'd ever had.

"Never again. Never. Again."

"How'd the interview go?" Kayla asked as she joined David on the couch. She was still in her work attire: a blouse, a skirt and a blazer.

David looked her up and down. She looked pretty damn good in it, and he wondered if—

No, you're not going to.

"It went pretty well," he said. "It was done through video chat. The company has locations all over the place, so I might be working from home."

"Lucky bastard," she laughed. "Hey, so I've got some cool news. My company is sending me on a business trip."

"Oh, that's awesome!"

"Yeah, my supervisor straight-up told me that if I do well, I'll be a shoo-in

for the promotion.”

“Oh, fuck yeah!” He hugged her.

“David, this is going to sound weird, but...” She took his hands in hers.

“Does my success and income bother you? Like, do you feel—”

“Kayla, let me stop you there. I know what you’re about to say. No, I’m not one of those guys who feel emasculated when their girlfriend is more successful than they are. I think it’s actually pretty hot.”

She smiled, but couldn’t stop herself from giggling. “You think so? Well, I’m glad to hear it. Because you might get your wish at being a kept man.”

The next day, David found himself online shopping. It was normal for him to browse the latest tech and see if any video games were on sale, but today he couldn’t get the thought of Kayla being gone for a couple days out of his mind, and even though he’d sworn to never dress in her clothes again, he found himself shopping for a wig.

There was a wide variety available, even more so on the ridiculously cheap side. It never occurred to him that there was a market for essentially one-time use wigs for Halloween or convention cosplay.

He settled on a wavy, shoulder-length blonde wig that set him back a measly fifteen bucks. The reviews were scathing, talking about how cheap and poorly-made it was, but for what he needed it for, it would be perfect.

The wig arrived the day Kayla left for her trip, but David had promised himself to wait until the following day to dress up. There was irony in there somewhere—breaking his vow to never dress up again, only to follow through with a promise to wait a day before he did.

He barely got any sleep. His mind raced with ideas and potential outfit combinations. He debated just how far he was willing to go, and if it would truly be the last time.

After a thorough shower and a wank to clear his mind, David stepped into

Kayla's closet and began the transformation. There were countless combinations, but in the end, he settled on a pink blouse, gray skirt, dark pantyhose, and black heels. While he was very much fond of Kayla's raven hair, there was just something about blondes that always turned David on.

The heels went on much easier than the previous pair had, and David found himself walking about the bedroom with ease after a few practice struts, Kayla's pantyhose restraining his semi-erect cock.

But that all fell apart the moment he donned the wig.

Even lacking makeup to hide his masculinity, David still saw some semblance of a woman staring back through his reflection. This time she wasn't so flat-chested—David had stuffed Kayla's bra with some socks—but he couldn't help but wonder what having real breasts felt like.

The pantyhose could only hold back his cock for so long. It pressed out, tenting the front of his skirt. Knowing full well what happened last time, and considering what he planned to do next, David freed his cock and jerked off while staring at his reflection.

While it wasn't nearly as pleasurable as it was the last time, the act did temporarily satisfy his lust. With his cock soft and tucked neatly back in his panties, David sat down at Kayla's vanity and got to work.

Having only researched makeup application briefly, his goal was to not come out of the process looking like a clown. He kept things minimal, applying some concealer to hide his beard shadow, blush to accentuate his cheeks, and some dark eye shadow. No way was he going to attempt eyeliner, and while he loved the idea of fake eyelashes, he decided to just go with some mascara. The attempt was pitiful, but he managed to get some curl to his eyelashes.

To finalize his makeover, instead of bright red, David painted his lips hot pink. The result was more than what he'd bargained for, and despite his amateurish—at best—makeup job, what stared back at him in the mirror was most definitely a bimbo crossdresser. He had no aspirations of passing as an actual woman, but he was hotter than he imagined he'd be.

“Like, oh my god.” He stood and admired himself from all angles. Then he

faced the mirror and did his best bimbo impression. “I look, like, so hot.”

His cock hardened instantly, and before he could gain any kind of control over the urge, he’d pulled it free to stroke it. His body quivered with the ensuing orgasm, and with most of the day still ahead of him, David put his cock back in his panties and went to the living room.

It was exceedingly difficult to work in this attire. Every article of clothing reminded him of its presence—the tight-fitting bra, the gentle caress of the pantyhose, the delicate fabric of the panties. By the time he decided enough was enough, he had jerked himself raw and would very much be sore the next day, and in more places than one.

Now Kayla was due back any minute. He had triple-checked the entirety of the apartment and was certain he had left no clues. Her clothes were back in their original spots, he had emptied the trash can in the bathroom, and there were no stray strands of blonde hair or stains left behind. His wig was the only piece left.

True to the reviews, in just two days of wear, the wig had started to fall apart. It had been in the best shape to begin with upon arrival, but even so, David found it difficult to part with.

He finally did say goodbye, and when he had returned to the apartment after taking out the trash, Kayla was there waiting for him.

She smiled. “Did you have fun while I was away?”

“Yeah, I had a couple dozen people come by for a rager.”

They shared a laugh, though Kayla’s smile lingered.

Hours later, the doorbell rang. When David looked outside, several packages, all addressed to Kayla, sat on their doorstep. He brought them inside and texted Kayla.

Oh good, they came! she replied.

He inspected the packages. Some were from a department store Kayla frequented, but another had come from a mystery retailer. He wondered if she had gotten the promotion and celebrated with some online shopping.

He got his answer when she came home.

“They’re presents for you.” Kayla grinned. “Open them.”

“But they’re addressed to you.”

“That’s ‘cause I ordered them, silly. Open them.”

He opened the heaviest package and his heart sank. Inside was a shoe box, and inside that shoebox was a pair of black patent platform heels with an ankle strap.

“You ordered me women’s shoes?” he said, trying his best to mask his fear with confusion.

Kayla motioned to the other boxes.

The largest contained a variety of clothing: a pair of miniskirts, a couple blouses, some stockings, and a dress. A smaller box contained a few pairs of lingerie, and the last box contained a wig. Not a cheap, one-use wig, though—a quality one, blonde, chest-length, layered, and full.

David’s composure shattered. “What... What’s—”

“They’re for you, David. So you can stop wearing mine.” Her tone was plain, matter-of-fact, even.

“I don’t—”

“Don’t lie to me, David. I know you’ve worn my clothes. You did a good job hiding it, but not good enough.”

“You’re not—”

“Oh, don’t let my tone fool you. I’m pretty upset. I’m mad that you tried to hide it, that you lied and did this all behind my back. I love you, David, and

the secrecy hurt.”

“I panicked. I thought—”

“You thought if you came clean I’d break up with you, didn’t you?” She sighed. “I had an ex who used to dress up. He was honest with me from early on. I let him do it, and we had fun together, but then he started cheating on me with men he met online and I ended it.”

“I’m sorry.”

Kayla hugged him. “I’m sorry too. You know you can be open and honest with me, right?”

“How did you...” He gestured to the packages.

“Little things, innocent on their own. One of my pantyhose had a run that wasn’t there before. Dents in the carpet from high heels. Your scent on one of my blouses. Before I left for my trip, I hid a camera in my closet, and that confirmed it.”

David practically fell into his chair, his throat tight. “I, I’m so sorry, Kayla. I don’t know where it came from. One day I was just... curious.”

“Babe, it’s okay. I understand, trust me. I’m upset, sure, and while I wish you had told me about this instead of me finding out on my own, I’m not going anywhere. I still love you.”

“You do?”

She leaned forward and kissed him. “Of course.”

“David, wake up.”

He rolled over. “What time is it?”

“6:15.”

“Why so early?”



**“So you can get ready.”**

**With some coxing, Kayla managed to get David out of bed.**

**“Are we going somewhere?” he asked, still half-asleep.**

**“No, I’m going to dress you up today.”**

**Whatever sleep he still had in him vanished. Now fully awake, he froze in place. “What did you say?”**

**Kayla smiled. “It was something I never got to do for my ex. I want to help you get ready, do your makeup so you look good today.”**

**David bit his lip. He couldn’t deny that this was something he’d wanted ever since his first attempt to put on lipstick. To have Kayla do it, someone skilled at it... he could only imagine how he’d look.**

**She had him strip naked. “Now David, before we go any further with this, there is something you need to promise me.”**

**“Anything.”**

**Kayla bit her lip. “You can’t masturbate. You have to go the day without jerking off.”**

**“What? Really?”**

**“Yes. If you can, then I’ll reward you.”**

**David nodded. He could do that, right? He could control himself. “I promise.”**

**“Good! Let’s get you dressed.”**

**The difference was night and day. Kayla did a superb job. David actually looked passable.**

**She smiled. “I can tell you’re enjoying this.”**

**David was rock-hard and he hadn’t even gotten dressed yet. All Kayla had**

done so far was apply his makeup and wig. How was he going to go all day without masturbating?!

His outfit consisted of tan pantyhose, a black bra and panties, a gray pinstriped miniskirt, and a black silk blouse. He kept having to pull the skirt down to stop it from showing off his upper thighs, which made Kayla laugh.

“All right, one last thing before I go: your name.”

“My name?”

“Well, yeah, I can’t call you ‘David’ when you’re looking like that. How about...” She tapped on her chin as she looked him up and down. “Oh! I know. Daphne.”

“Daphne?”

“Yes, your girl name shall be Daphne.”

David wanted to protest, but the thought of having a girl name just turned him on so much. His cock throbbed and strained against the fabric containing it.

Kayla placed her hand on his bulge and rubbed it, making him shudder. “Now be a good girl, Daphne. No masturbation.” She looked at her watch. “Time to get going!”

She made her way toward the front door, stopping just before leaving the bedroom to double back and give him a kiss.

“Love you.”

“Love you too,” he said as she walked out the door.

“Fuck,” he muttered once she’d left. He caught sight of himself in the mirror. He looked good. Damn good. His cock throbbed again, and this time, he felt a little wetness in his panties.

He made his way to his desk and started working, so very thankful that his

**new job didn't require daily video meetings.**

**He only made it halfway through the day before he couldn't take it anymore. The pleasure had fogged his mind, making it impossible to focus on his work. He whipped out his cock and jerked off at his desk.**

**How is she even going to know? he thought.**

**With the deed done and his mind cleared, he was able to focus, though the relief didn't last long.**

**"How was work today, Daphne?" Kayla said as she entered the apartment.**

**"It was... fine?" David said, still getting used to his girl name.**

**She grinned. "Were you a good girl for me?"**

**David nodded and smiled.**

**Her grin vanished and she pointed at his crotch. "Lift that skirt."**

**David swallowed, but obeyed. He lifted his skirt and saw the stain. His heart sank. How? He was so careful!**

**Kayla shook her head. "Couldn't control yourself, could you?" She sighed. "Well, I was going to give you a blowjob tonight, but you couldn't keep your promise."**

**"Babe, I'm sorry. It was so hard."**

**"Don't babe me, Daphne. No excuses. Maybe tomorrow you'll do better."**

**The following day, try as he might, David—or rather, Daphne—couldn't make it through the day. She made it a little bit further than she had before, but all it took was a shift in the seat for her cock to brush past the inside of her skirt and set her off.**

On the third day, Kayla had David not dress up. But when she came home, she didn't do so empty-handed.

"What is that?" He pointed to her shopping bag.

Kayla reached in, and his jaw dropped when she pulled out a French maid costume. "I swung by one of those year-round Halloween stores. I saw it on my way to work and figured you could use more... discipline." Then she reached into the bag and pulled out a razor and a chastity cage.

"What the fuck?"

"You couldn't control yourself, so I figured this would help with your... urges."

"I'm not wearing that."

"David, if you wear this for me, not only will I give you the most amazing blowjob you've ever had, but I'll even let you fuck me on the couch."

David's eyes widened and he took the chastity cage from her. It was white and made of a soft, smooth plastic. "Why the maid outfit?"

"Because I would like for Daphne to clean the apartment."

David weighed his options. Chastity sounded uncomfortable, but at the same time, he couldn't deny that it also sounded hot. The denial was something new he'd never before considered might be pleasurable. It had been some time since Kayla gave him a blowjob, and she was so very good at them. Plus he really did want to see what it would be like to wear the nylons with hairless legs.

"Fine, okay. I'll do it."

Kayla practically jumped for joy. "You're going to love it, I know," she said as she hugged him. "Now get in the shower and get that body silky-smooth."

The chastity cage didn't seem all that bad at first. It was lightweight and didn't pinch anywhere, and it had a hole so that David could relieve himself. But that all changed once he slipped the white stockings on. The sensation of

the nylon against his hairless legs was on an entirely different level. Now he understood why Kayla had made him wear the cage.

It wasn't painful, it was just... aggravating. Not even five minutes after he'd put the cage on, David knew this was going to be one of the most difficult days he'd ever had. He might end up driving down to a hardware store to get some bolt cutters to free himself.

The maid outfit was embarrassing, to say the least. Kayla must've bought the sluttiest one she could find, because not only did the skirt stop halfway down his thigh, but with the addition of a frilly white petticoat, it bulged out to leave nothing to the imagination. His ass was in full view the moment he bent over.

She went a little overboard with the makeup, and with his wig up in a bun, she made David—or Daphne—look more like a porn star than a house cleaner. Then again, with an outfit like that, maybe that was what Kayla wanted.

“Daphne, you are to clean the apartment. I want it spotless. I'd like all the dishes done and put away, and laundry done and folded. Understand?”

David frowned. “Yeah.”

Kayla waved her finger. “That's not how a maid responds to her mistress.”

David raised an eyebrow, then rolled his eyes. He curtsied. “Yes, mistress.”

She clapped her hands and gave David a quick kiss. “You look so wonderful, Daphne! Have fun!” She put the key to his chastity cage in her purse and left.

David watched the door and mumbled some curses. Then he lifted the hem of his dress and stared down at the outline of the cage through his panties.

“What have I gotten myself into?” he sighed, then started cleaning.

David—Daphne—found the chastity cage to be rather... encouraging. She'd thought it would make cleaning the apartment profoundly difficult, but the constant reminder helped her to focus on her tasks at hand.

**That didn't mean it was easy, though.**

**At random times, something—a twist of her body, her legs brushing against themselves, a breeze blowing under her skirt—would set her off. Thrice she came, but there was no relief. Cum dripped out of the tip of her cock, but it only exacerbated her lust, intense pleasure mounting inside her and begging for release.**

**She was extraordinarily vulnerable in this state. She would do just about anything to get the cage off. Even after completing all her tasks, she kept on cleaning, knowing the moment she stopped, she would be faced with all her pent-up desire.**

**When Kayla finally came home, Daphne threw herself on her knees in front of her, begging her for release.**

**“Oh my god, Daphne, you are soaking wet!”**

**Daphne quivered as Kayla stuck her hand under the hem of her dress.**

**“Please,” Daphne whispered. “Please release me.”**

**Kayla nodded. “I will if you did a good job.”**

**Daphne teetered behind Kayla as she inspected the apartment. The place was indeed thoroughly clean and she'd completed all of Kayla's tasks.**

**“Good job, Daphne.” Kayla smiled and removed the key from her purse. “As promised.”**

**David didn't care if he was still dressed like a slutty maid. He was a dam ready to burst, and hearing that click and feeling the cage come off was damn near the greatest thing to ever happen to him.**

**That moment was eclipsed only a second later when Kayla wrapped her lips around his cock.**

**“Hey, David,” Kayla whispered. “I have an idea I want to run by you.”**

When he finally managed to get his eyes open, he saw her sitting on the edge of the bed right next to him, gently combing her fingers through his hair.

“What is it?”

“A challenge... of sorts.”

“Oh?” He sat up and tried to blink away the grogginess.

She chewed on her finger. “I would like for you to tidy up the apartment again, though in addition to that, have dinner ready for me when I get home.”

David laid back down. “Do I have to wear that maid outfit again?”

“No, I want to dress you up like a housewife today. Although...”

He squinted. “What?”

Kayla kissed him. “I want you to wear the chastity device again.”

David frowned and opened his mouth to speak, but Kayla interjected. “If you do this, I’ll have another present for you. Better than a blowjob. I’ve heard guys online say it’s the best thing they’ve ever felt.”

“What is it?”

“I can’t tell you, it’s a surprise. But I know you’ll love it.”

He sat up and swung his legs off the side of the bed. He looked over at her and smiled. “I can tell this is really exciting for you, and I want you to be happy.”

Kayla frowned. “Babe, you don’t have to do it. I’m not making you. If you don’t like it, tell me and we’ll stop. I just thought after last night...”

He cut her off with a hug. He couldn’t refute the evidence. As challenging as it was to make it through the day, there was something... liberating about wearing the cage. Like the way it helped him focus; he had never been so productive. He could only imagine what else he could get done. The



apartment hadn't gotten all that dirty, so he would have a lot of time to work on personal things.

"Let's do it," he said. "I accept your challenge."

Kayla hugged him back. "Thank you. I promise you'll love it."

This time, David did his own makeup. While it didn't come out as professional as when Kayla had done it, he did look far better than when he'd first applied it, which felt like forever ago.

"We need to get you some more heels," Kayla said as David slipped into the black patent pumps.

David didn't say no.

The dress was sky-blue and left nothing to the imagination. Sleeveless, it showed off what little curves he had, as well as the outline of the chastity cage. To improve upon the look, Kayla supplied some bright red acrylic nails, bracelets, an anklet, and some large clip-on earrings.

"I think this may be my best work yet." Kayla clapped her hands. "Daphne, you look simply ravishing. A total trophy wife, even though you lack the fake breasts." She winked. "Though we can fix that."

"Wait, what?"

Kayla giggled to herself as she grabbed her things. "Remember, have dinner ready when I get home and you'll get your present. Love you!"

Daphne sighed and glanced down at her cage. She could feel the pressure building inside her already like thunder from a distant storm. She tried not to think about what Kayla had said just before leaving, but the image buzzed around her mind like a fly: Kayla gluing large fake breasts to her chest, the weight of them pulling her forward.

Her cock pulsed in its cage, already dripping precum. Deeper down the rabbit hole she went: padding for her hips and ass, maybe even a fake vagina to cover her locked cock.

Daphne couldn't even make it an hour before cumming, and just like the day before, no relief came from the act. It just made things... well, not worse, but problematic.

By the time she started getting dinner ready, Daphne had to change out her panties. The pair she started the day with were soaked through with cum.

If Kayla asked her to wear the cage again, she'd say no. Or would she? Daphne couldn't deny the underlying thrill of at being of being at Kayla's mercy, that she held the key to her salvation, her... release. She would do anything to get free, but at the same time, it just felt so... good. Like a high without the need for drugs.

An erotic bliss.

Daphne was filling the wine glasses with an unsteady hand when the door to the apartment opened. She just about dropped the bottle from excitement.

"Oh my god, it smells amazing in here!" Kayla practically ran into the kitchen.

Daphne surveyed the spread. Not even she could believe she'd pulled it off. When was the last time David had cooked anything this elaborate?

"Welcome home." Daphne curtsied, but didn't realize until afterward.

Kayla gave her a big kiss. "I'm sure you're starving."

The food was just as delicious as it looked, and just as Daphne was about to start doing the dishes, Kayla grabbed her hand and led her into the bedroom.

"Are you ready for your present?"

She didn't wait for a response before reaching under the bed. A moment later, she placed the sealed package on the bed and opened it.

Daphne's jaw dropped as Kayla removed the strap-on harness. The leather was hot pink, and attached to the front was a long, realistic-looking dildo.

**“Whatcha think? You want to give it a go?”**

**This must’ve been her plan from the get-go. Daphne was so full of pent-up lust and desire that she was as moldable as clay. But even if she were sober as a priest, even if she was David, she would’ve given it some serious consideration. She knew the prostate was the male G-spot, and if it was as satisfying as what she’d read about online, then she could only imagine what it would feel like in her current state.**

**“Care to... warm me up?” Kayla said, stroking her new cock.**

**Daphne smiled, got down on her knees, and wrapped her lips around it. She’d have been lying if she’d said she hadn’t been dying to try sucking a cock. It was the cage; the effect it had was greater than she could have imagined. It opened her mind to all sorts of things, all sorts of fantasies.**

**“Oh, Daphne, you’re doing so good.”**

**Kayla placed her hand on the back of Daphne’s head and eased her deeper and deeper until the whole thing filled her mouth. Daphne’s own cock pulsed and thrummed. Her panties were completely soaked again.**

**“Hands and knees, slut.” Kayla’s tone was soft, yet commanding. Daphne obeyed without question.**

**She climbed onto the bed and Kayla lifted the back of her dress. She squeezed and played with Daphne’s ass, giving it a couple playful spanks before pulling her panties down.**

**“Daphne! You’re soaking wet! You naughty, naughty girl!”**

**After a surprisingly pleasant warm up with her fingers, Kayla slipped the dildo in and rocked Daphne’s world.**

**“You don’t have to keep wearing the chastity cage,” Kayla said as she glanced over at David sharing her vanity. He wore nothing but hot pink lace panties, through which the outline of his cage was visible. His skin was silky smooth, not a strand of hair in sight. “But honestly, it’s super-hot.”**

He smiled. “Definitely not something I can wear twenty-four-seven, plus it makes sex so much better. Almost like keeping it confined makes using it much more... gratifying?”

“And the job is going well?”

“Oh, yeah. It’s pretty nice that they never need to video chat, just the occasional phone call.”

“Babe, that’s so hot. That you’re dressed like that and they don’t even realize it!”

David laughed. “Definitely something I discovered quickly.”

She kissed him on the head. “I have to get going. Send me a pic of your outfit, okay?”

“Will do.”

The morning went by quickly. Repeat wearing of the chastity cage had helped David—or rather, Daphne—develop some resistance to its power, but she was far from impervious to it.

Then the doorbell rang.

When it turned out to just be a delivery, Daphne waited a minute before bringing the boxes inside. They were pretty heavy and all addressed to “Daphne.” She texted Kayla.

I couldn’t help myself. Open them up and put them on. Facetime me when you’re done.

Daphne’s heart was ready to burst out of her chest by the time she finished opening the last package. She surveyed the contents on the table: hot pink high heels, a pink mini-dress, a rhinestone choker, a pair of massive fake breasts, and a thick dildo with a suction base.

The breasts came with glue pre-applied, and the moment they went on, Daphne came again. Once her mind came back down from the clouds, she giggled as they bounced. After switching out her panties for a dry pair and

putting the oh-so-revealing dress on, she Facetimed Kayla.

“I’m so glad you went with pink lipstick today, otherwise I would’ve had you change that too!”

“This dress is insane.” Daphne propped her phone up and took a step back. It was a body-hugging tube of a dress, hot pink with strips of sparkling silver rhinestones. It left her shoulders and neck exposed and just barely covered her ass. The heels had an inch platform on them, effectively turning Daphne into a bimbo Barbie doll.

“Oh, you look so wonderful! I wish I was there right now. Can’t wait to come home to that!”

“I can’t believe you got me these fake breasts. They must’ve been so expensive!”

“They look amazing on you, and you’d be surprised what you can find for cheap online! I assume you also saw the dildo?”

“Yeah, is that for your strap-on? It looks big.”

“No, that is for your desk. It’s got a suction base, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Then go ahead and stick it to your desk and start sucking on it for me.”

Daphne went over to the kitchen table and grabbed the dildo. “You want me to do what?”

“I guess you really are a bimbo!” Kayla laughed. “Stick it to your desk and give it a nice blowjob for me. I want to see you suck on it.”

She looked down at the dildo in her hand. It did look rather tasty. Once she realized that her mouth was watering, Daphne gave in. She stuck the dildo to the desk and went to town.

“Oh, babe, I wish I was right there, fucking you from behind while you sucked on that. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Daphne moaned and wet her panties. Cum dripped down the inside of her leg. If her cock weren't locked up, it would already be in her hands.

"That's enough, Daphne." Kayla's tone was again calm but commanding.

Daphne hesitated, but relented. She pulled her head back and let the cock fall out of her mouth.

"Very good. Now, I would like for you to restrain yourself from sucking on it again until I get home, but I know that sometimes the urge is too strong. Have fun, Daphne, and enjoy the rest of your day. Love you!"

The call ended and Daphne's eyes returned to the cock, now shiny and slick with her saliva. She removed it from the surface of the desk and slipped it back into her mouth, leaning back in her chair as she savored it.

"There's my beautiful Barbie doll!" Kayla said as she entered the apartment. "Sorry I'm home so late, I... uh... ran a few errands." She lifted half a dozen shopping bags and smiled. "Before you ask, no, they aren't all for you. Some are for me."

Daphne giggled, wondering what Kayla purchased for her. But before she could put any real thought into it, Kayla took her hand and whisked her away into the bedroom.

Kayla sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her skirt up. "Oh, babe, I'm so fucking wet right now. I want your tongue."

Daphne obediently dropped to her knees and positioned her head between Kayla's thighs. Despite her twinge of disappointment that there wasn't a cock there, Daphne was only too happy to oblige her; she knew that this was one of Kayla's favorite things.

After her third orgasm, Kayla barely had the breath to tell Daphne to stop. "Babe, that was... amazing. But now it's your turn."

Kayla managed to get to her feet and step into the strap-on harness. Wanting to get right into it, she squeezed and ample amount of lube and

politely requested Daphne to lay on her back.

“I’ve got something very special in mind, since today is a very special day.”

Daphne managed to lift her head up high enough to see past her large fake breasts to see Kayla taking off the necklace that held the key to her chastity cage. There was a little click, and Daphne’s eyes widened as her cock sprung free.

Before she could revel in the liberation, Kayla took Daphne’s cock in her hand and stroked.

Then she slid the strap-on in, and Daphne’s moans filled the bedroom.

The sensation was so wonderful, so powerful, that Daphne just about came instantly. Her hips bucked as cum spurted out during the most satisfying orgasm she’d had since she started crossdressing. It left her mind empty, and she stared up at the ceiling and at the clouds beyond as her body melted away into the bed.

“David, you there?” Kayla’s voice was soft, distant. “Earth to David.”

He blinked and looked over at her. She had laid down on the bed beside him. “Hey.”

“Did that feel good?”

David nodded, a big, stupid grin on his face. Kayla couldn’t help but laugh. She combed her fingers through his blonde wig. “So, I’ve got some big news.”

David sat up. “Did you get that promotion?”

“Yes!” Kayla sat up and hugged him. “And it’s more than I thought. So much more! They’re sending me up to corporate in the city, but the best part is we can get that house!”

“Babe, that is so awesome. I’m so happy for you!”

They embraced and shared a passionate kiss.



**Kayla smiled. “You know, a house is much bigger than an apartment.” Her eyes met David’s. “We’re probably going to need a full-time housekeeper.”**

**David returned the smile. “I think I know someone.”**

## **AFTERWORD**

**Thank you for reading Working From Home, I hope you enjoyed it!**

**For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena**