

Ever since I was a boy

I've wanted with all my might

to be what one type of woman

calls "Mister Right"























You better  
NOT come  
without  
permission!



"Yes  
Mistress!"







































WOW!





I didn't  
have any  
trouble



**"Finding Mister Right",**



DID I.  
Honey?



"No  
Mistress!"





























Is my  
kitchen  
clean?



"Yes  
Mistress!"







How  
about the  
bathroom?



"Yes  
Mistress!"







Did you wash  
the FLOORS  
in the  
kitchen  
and the  
bathroom?



"Yes  
Mistress!"







Is the  
laundry  
and the  
ironing  
done?



"Yes  
Mistress!"







And you  
dusted the  
entire house?



"Yes  
Mistress!"

























"Mistress?"








WHAT,  
Honey?






"Please  
let me come  
this time?  
Please?"





"You've made  
me do this  
every night  
this week  
without  
allowing  
me to COME,



A photograph of a man and a woman in a living room. The man is shirtless and kneeling, looking down. The woman is sitting on a couch, wearing a red tank top and black shorts, looking at the man. The room has patterned wallpaper and green curtains.

and then  
locked me  
back up in my  
chastity cage,  
Mistress!"





I SURE  
did!





And you  
LET me!





DIDN'T  
you,  
Honey?



"Yes  
Mistress!"

























**The End**

And so that's the story  
of ANOTHER sexually  
frustrating night,





living in  
submissive  
BLISS



as HER  
Mister  
Right!

















