

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,



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



I SURE
did!



And you
LET me!



DIDN'T
you,
Honey?

"Yes
Mistress!"

















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



living in
submissive
BLISS



as HER
Mister
Right!











