



# Office Chastity

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## 1. Doing Time at *Rogue*

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‘Any new ideas?’ Nerida asked, peering at us over her very fashionable red framed glasses.

I wasn’t sure Nerida actually *needed* glasses but the eyewear gave her a trendy, edgy look while exuding the appearance of intellectual power.

There was no doubt, that as editor of *Rogue* magazine, she was street smart and ambitious but Nerida Clarke was also sexily beautiful.

She also ruled the editorial team with a firm hand. Some said she was the niece of the owner, a multi-billionaire who never bothered to darken the doors of *Rogue*. That rumour had a life of its own, but it was enough to make us all fear her a little more. If it were true and Richard Wolcott was her uncle, he, was the most feared man in British business with a media conglomerate that sprawled over the globe.

Chelsea Evans, the new articles reporter raised a tentative hand.

‘I saw an item on celibacy,’ she said softly, brushing her dark hair back as the thick locks fell forward. She also wore glasses but hers were the basic black rimmed glasses so I assumed she really needed them.

She was, in my opinion, very cute. In fact, she reminded me of a young Kate Bush. Perhaps, it was the long dark hair that hung down to almost to the small of her back or even the full red lips and doe like eyes that reinforced the similarity to the singer.

She was younger than I was and dressed in almost conservative clothes. Still, I always imagined there was more to her than Chelsea revealed.

‘Celibacy?’ Nerida asked, raising a sceptical eyebrow.

‘Yes,’ Chelsea rushed, ‘as an alternative to an experimental sex life...some people are choosing celibacy in the modern world...’

‘My dear Chelsea,’ Nerida said in her condescending boarding school accent, ‘this is a *bloke’s* magazine! All *blokes* care about is lager, cars and shagging!’

‘Except when they’re wanking over the latest copy of *Rogue!*’ Sarah interjected.

The group tittered and glanced at me, the only male on the team.

Yes, that’s right! *Rogue* is a soft-core pornographic magazine for men but I’m the only bloke on the staff! I don’t understand why and when I raised it with Nerida she had attempted to explain.

‘You’ve watched *Sex in the City?*’

‘Ah, no, not actually...’

She sighed.

‘It’s rather a splendid idea, Travis, to keep up with what is hot in the popular world!’

‘It’s a *bird’s* TV show,’ I protested. ‘And it’s over, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, it is, so you do know *some* things!’ she pounced. ‘So who would *write* a bird’s TV show?’

‘Women?’ I ventured.

‘Wrong!’ Nerida said triumphantly. ‘Gay men!’

I frowned at her, wondering if she was pulling my leg. The women were continually teasing me and it was difficult to tell sometimes what was fact and what was mere female fiction.

‘Gay men? Why?’

‘Who better to understand shoes, fashion and the desire for big dicks as well as being repulsed by hairy backs?’

*Fashion? Shoes? Big dicks? Hairy backs? What was going on in that TV show? Maybe I should have watched it!*

‘It’s bleeding *obvious*, Travis! Jesus, get with the program!’

I was none the wiser but, here I was, the only bloke on the editorial team of *Rogue* and still unsure why that was!

Chelsea shrank back into her seat and stared at her clipboard after Nerida’s rebuff. I felt vaguely sorry for her but I wasn’t about to put myself in the line of fire. Nerida could be quite cutting when she wanted to be.

A glance at Chelsea told me she would be fine as there was no sign of tears. In fact, her eyes glittered and I wondered if those same eyes had a touch of violet about them.

‘What about,’ Sarah suggested, ‘the top ten lingerie models of all time?’

Sarah Franklin was black as ebony and was quite tall. She and Nerida seemed to share a friendship and Sarah was always selected to focus on some of the kinky elements of our sex articles.

You know the type of articles - *best knots to tie her up for kinky fun, rubber is a way of life* and other stuff!

‘Not bad,’ Nerida said. ‘We’d need pics, of course.’

‘Of course,’ Sarah agreed. ‘I have the agency compiling a list. Hey,’ Sarah suddenly said, ‘I’ve got a better idea. Why don’t we get the

readers to *vote* for their top lingerie models? We then publish the pics and the fave list in the next issue. The blokes that read our magazine will have their tongues hanging out, ready to wank off at the next issue. Bound to get circulation up.'

'Not bad at all, Sarah,' Nerida said and Sarah beamed at us.

Penny scowled at her while I pretended to be busy writing something. It did not pay to get involved in disagreements between women. They argued and fought in a way I did not understand.

Assistant Features Editor, Penny Waters had been at *Rogue* the longest except for Lucy Manson, the Advertising Manager.

'You handle it,' Nerida decreed.

'No problem, Nerida,' Sarah said airily. 'I'll get right on it. You can count on me.'

'I know that,' Nerida said, scribbling notes and Sarah beamed triumphantly at us all.

I looked at Sarah from the corner of my eye and wondered how she wore such short, sexy skirts without showing the top of her pantyhose or, even, her knickers.

Tall, black, with big tits, Sarah was a straight man's fantasy! I had often wondered if she had a boyfriend. He would have to be a special bloke as Sarah displayed a certain arrogant disdain towards me. The thought had occurred to me that, maybe, Sarah was gay but I quickly dismissed that. It would be such a waste!

'Any other ideas?' Nerida said, looking around and I prayed she wouldn't call on me.

*No such luck!*

'How about a story on Viagra, Travis?'

The girls giggled at that and I felt my face go slightly red.

‘Viagra?’ I asked stupidly.

‘Yes, it’s an important issue amongst men,’ Nerida said busily. ‘You’re the obvious one to write about it.’

I flushed again as all of the women including Chelsea chuckled.

‘Why is that?’ I demanded angrily.

‘Because you’re a bloke!’ Nerida pointed out. ‘You know how bloke’s equipment works!’

‘Does your equipment work, Travis?’ Simone asked innocently and I scowled at her.

‘Maybe you’ll get some free samples when you’re researching,’ Sarah said with a wink. ‘Might be handy for a Saturday night?’

‘Help you load up, as it were,’ Simone said and then burst into laughter along with all of the other women. Even Nerida had a slight smile.

‘Ha ha,’ I muttered, face hot.

‘You do about a thousand words on the different types of Viagra. Make sure you end it with saying that *Rogue* is better than Viagra as the magazine is bound to get the rods stiff!’

The girls chuckled again as, face red-hot, I scribbled in my pad.

‘You know, Chelsea,’ Sarah said and everyone watched to see what Sarah would do to the new girl, ‘you can just picture it.’

‘P...picture what?’ Chelsea said uncertainly.

‘All those blokes getting their copy of *Rogue* so they can get their Rogers out and wank themselves silly while looking at the pics!’

Chelsea flushed and looked away.

‘You don’t think, Chelsea,’ Sarah said relentlessly, ‘that our readers actually read the articles?’

‘That’s why,’ Nerida said, swiftly nipping Sarah’s attack in the bud, ‘why we must keep the articles short!’

‘Yes, the articles are just an interlude between wanks! I bet,’ Sarah said with a smirk, ‘that sales of tissues go up when *Rogue* is released!’

Everyone smirked at that and Nerida looked over at Lucy, the advertising manager.

‘Have you approached tissue companies for advertisements, Lucy?’

‘Yes, Nerida,’ Lucy said calmly, ‘I have. No luck, I’m afraid. They don’t want to make the obvious connection. However, we’ve got the launch of the new lager.’

There was no argument, as Lucy was the only one Sarah dared not attack. Lucy was the one who brought the add revenue in so was vital to the success of *Rogue*! Reporters could be picked up anywhere while effective advertising executives were rare, especially females on a male soft-core magazine!

‘Any other story ideas?’ Nerida asked and then looked at Simone. ‘Simone, what do you have for the *Female Perspective*?’

The *Female Perspective* was a monthly column, written by Simone Jacobs, which deemed to give the female viewpoint on such weighty matters as foreplay, toys in bed, hygiene. The women enjoyed contributing to the column and playing with the minds of the poor male readers.

‘Waxing,’ Simone said with a sly smile.

Nerida raised an eyebrow.

‘Explain.’

I thought it would be good to pitch the idea of blokes getting their backs and hairy chests waxed...'

'Great idea,' Penny interjected. 'I had a date with a hairy bloke once! Once he took his shirt off, I did a runner!'

'Use that,' Nerida pounced, pointing her pen at Penny, 'use it as a real perspective.'

'Got it,' Simone said with a smile to Penny.

'What about their balls?' Sarah asked and I silently winced at the thought. 'I mean,' Sarah eagerly went on, 'if we get Brazilians for them, why can't they get waxed for us?'

'Good point,' Nerida said. 'Simone, why not suggest that blokes are likely to get more blowjobs if they're waxed?'

'Great idea!' Simone said, scribbling and I sighed as I pictured nerdy, desperate blokes who read *Rogue* queuing up to get their privates waxed.

Those bloody poor punters, manipulated by a gang of bitchy, malicious females!

'Is it painful?' Chelsea asked with interest.

'Who cares,' Sarah said. 'Though, I'd like to watch some poor bloke get his back, crack and sac waxed!'

They all laughed and I stared woodenly at the floor.

'Are you waxed, Travis?' Sarah teased and all the women looked at me. 'All your blokey bits smooth?'

I ignored her and kept my eyes down.

Thankfully, I was saved by Lucy.

'I like that idea,' she said. 'I can get some male waxing salons to buy space near *that* story!'

‘Bloody brilliant, Lucy,’ Nerida said. ‘Now, what’s the kinky story for this month?’

Everyone looked at Sarah who smiled.

‘Chastity?’

‘Huh?’

‘Male chastity belts.’

‘You’re joking,’ Penny exclaimed.

‘Do I joke, Penny?’ Sarah said coolly and Penny glanced away.

‘Male chastity belts?’ Simone said. ‘How do they work?’

‘There are many different types but the idea is to restrict a blokes orgasm!’

‘It does sound interesting, Sarah,’ Nerida said slowly, ‘but why would blokes *want* to restrict orgasms?’

‘They don’t!’

‘I’m lost. Enlighten me.’

‘It’s all about domination,’ Sarah said calmly and I noticed that she had the attention of all the women.

They looked upon Sarah as the goddess of kink and I had to admit she was a font of knowledge on any fetish!

‘*Female* domination,’ Sarah said. ‘Many blokes like the idea of the woman dominating them. They’re known as sub-males...’