

At Your Service

I know every one envies me. "Wow Leslie you have it made," they tell me. Particularly the men. "A gorgeous wife who is a successful advertising executive.' They envy the fact that I stay at home, I mean what is the point of me working forty hours a week to earn only a tenth of what Helen brings home. And that is before her multiple bonuses. I notice that most women are not so much envious as a contemptuous of my 'house husband' position. But I don't care about that. What worries me is the fact that Helen has a voracious appetite for sex. She expects me to pleasure her every morning and at least once a night.

If you saw her with her long legs and curvy figure, her cute school girl face and black hair you would say, hey what's the problem? But expecting to perform all the time takes it out of you.

Which brings me to my anxiety. What does my horny wife get up to in office hours - or out of office hours? Executives like she can work very late. How do I know she isn't getting seconds with some other man?

Exactly. I don't. Until I had the chance to find out.

2.

We were at one of her business parties and as usual Helen was swarming around with the other big shots and I was left with the wives. I don't mind chatting about cooking and learning new tips for cleaning but I do get bored with all the talk about the latest fashions. I mean, honestly, who is interested in where a hemline should be this season - unless the girl has lovely legs! That was when I met Veronica.

Now Veronica is a little intimidating. Not so much because she has a permanent sneer and a ready line in caustic put downs but because she is six foot tall in the spiky heels she always wears. I am only 5' 4" and for some reason she thinks this is incredibly amusing. She entertains the other wives by patting me on the head and teasing me. They think it is hilarious.

"Do you make souffl s little Lesley?" She would ask. I would ignore the 'little' reference and the titters from the other ladies.

"Of course," I would say proudly.

"And do you wear an apron?"

"Only when I'm wearing a nice shirt," I replied, wasn't that obvious?

Veronica found this entertaining for some reason and I became the butt of her one liners from that moment on. It was like the school bully homing on you simply because you are small. I was desperate for Helen to come and rescue me but she was surrounded by her colleagues.

One of the wives was jabbering on about the lingerie her husband buys her if she has pleased him. Of course Veronica was down on me in seconds, "oh Lesley tell us what lingerie Helen buys you when you have been good."

That was it. I turned my back on their laughter and went out onto the cool balcony overlooking the city. The night air felt good on my stingingly hot cheeks.

My only company was a small insect stuck on a spider's web. I felt sorry for it. The web was strewn across the decorative plants. Stupidly every time the insect got free it moved further in towards the centre of the web. I was about to pluck it to safety and save it from itself when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Veronica. She held out a glass of wine. "I'm sorry Lesley. I guess I went too far."

"You did!" I insisted hoping for a more grovelling apology.

"Let's be friends." She clinked my glass and smiled down at me.

I smiled back and soon we were chatting away like old friends. Veronica was in charge of personnel at the offices and enjoyed her power. She admitted that sometimes she didn't know when to stop. I forgave her, quite taken by her sharing her worries about her bullying with me. I quickly found myself revealing my worst fear about Helen.

"How do I know", I asked hoping that she would be able to provide me with an answer, "that Helen does not cheat on me?"

She looked back at my glamorous wife laughing with the men and nodded. "She is certainly surrounded by temptation. Those successful well paid hunks would turn the head of many women."

"Thanks!" I said ironically. "I was hoping you would put my mind at rest."

She called across to one of the tallest men, "Hey George come over here. We have a problem."

My stomach turned over. I tried to tell her not to share my concerns with anyone but it was too late. George was with us in a second. He gave Veronica a kiss as she said:

"Lesley here is Helen's wife and he is a very suspicious husband."

George grinned down at me and I felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"Its not really a problem ..." I began.

George cut across me, "yeh, I would be worried to if my Veronica, she's my wife by the way, was alone in the office with those wolves. Thankfully we work together so I can keep an eye on her."

Veronica grinned, "and I an eye on you."

George prodded me with a finger almost knocking me over, "say why not get a job there. Then you could see what she gets up to."

Veronica laughed at me. "Poor little Lesley's skills only run to making soufflÇs and doing the ironing.'

George laughed at me and I blushed. She was going back to her horrible self.

"Say," George said, "we use shit loads of temp girls upstairs. Why not have boys," he looked at me and caught himself, "I mean men doing that?"

Veronica sniggered, "men! As if men would type and answer phones with a silly smile on their faces."

"Just an idea," George mused.

Veronica eyed me up and down, "on the other hand I could do with a boy to fetch my coffee." Then she laughed and buried her head in to her husband's shoulder.

I tried to ignore her bullying. "If I were present with her then obviously she wouldn't misbehave. It is like Schrodinger's cat. The observer affects the experiment...."

Veronica laughed, "isn't he a dear. Can stop a conversation from forty yards! Tell us about your ironing."

I was fuming. I looked up at her and narrowed my eyes but she was passionately kissing George. It was as if she was getting hot from tormenting me.

I shrugged, "I wouldn't mind the work," I said, "I don't see this great male female divide in the work place."

"A house husband wouldn't," Veronica giggled before patting me on the head. "Oh don't mind me I am only teasing you."

"Anyway, she would recognise me, and as I was trying to explain to you ..."

George took a sip of his beer. "You could disguise yourself."

I thought about that until Veronica cut in with a huge laugh, "yes, as a man!"

George roared. I stood up as tall as I could and gave Veronica a cold stare.

I was about to tell her what I thought of her when George stopped laughing.

"Listen Lesley, I know this sounds mad. But it could be a real bit of fun. Veronica here used to work in make up in the movie business. She can make any woman look like a young pretty girl. Why not disguise yourself as a female secretary?"

Now I was livid.

"I am not going that far!"

Veronica eyed me evilly making me shiver. She closed the patio doors shutting out the noise of the party. "George is right."

"No he isn't!" I spat defiantly.

Veronica shook her head, "I didn't think you'd be brave enough."

George nodded. "It would take the courage of a real man to carry that one off."

"Not a house husband like Lesley here," Veronica added.

There was an awful sparkle in both their eyes. I felt as if I was being herded towards an elephant trap but could not find a way back. "I am brave enough," I found myself declaring, "its just that ..." I stopped short, thinking of a reason, any excuse, not to go ahead with this.

George stood to one side of me and Veronica the other. I felt like a little child being pressurised by older naughty children. "In a week you would know whether Helen cheats or not. And that would be it."

"It would never work," I said desperately. "I could never look like a girl."

George slapped me on my back, "that's settled then. On Monday morning drive around to our house. Veronica will work her magic and then we can find out if it will work."

With that they retreated back in the party and I was left alone on the

balcony my jaw hanging open. Oh hell!

3.

So that was how I ended up at their home. Naked after a hot shower, shiny after the closest body shave you could imagine and sitting in a white towelling robe before a mirror.

Veronica was amazingly skilled. Within ten minutes she had made me up with flattering shape adjusting blushers, mascara, the works.

A short curly blond wig was pushed over my head until it settled tightly into position and we both looked at the result.

"George," she called downstairs.

George came thumping up the stairs to us. "Wow."

I must admit that the result was extraordinary. I looked like a wide eyed young girl.

"What do you think?" Veronica asked awaiting my praise.

"Its very nice," I began, finally able to extricate myself from the situation, "but ..."

"Exactly!" George exclaimed. "Continue and we will see the finished result."

I stood up, "But I ..."

George had raced back downstairs. Veronica guided me over to a full length mirror. "A basque first."

"Veronica, If you don't mind I would oooh" I squealed. She had ripped the towelling robe from me. I hurriedly put my hands over my privates.

"Don't worry dear," she said as she rummaged through her drawers, "I have seen plenty of cocks in my time. Though none that small."

She spoke without any sign of a smile. She must have been getting so used to putting me down that she was no longer aware that she doing it. I

blushed hotly.

I found myself speechless. She was so forceful and manipulative. I hated wearing make up. I felt so sissyish. The blond wig tickled my cheeks. I felt ridiculous.

The basque was not a success until she had stuck two boobs on my smooth chest. "I knew all these props from my films would come in handy one day."

The basque and falsies helped form a bit of a female figure on me.

I accepted the white panties gratefully though she was disappointed at the result. "How can such a small cock produce such a large, unsightly shape?"

"Yes - it won't work," I said breathily ignoring her constant put downs on my size. "Let's give this a miss."

"No. The dress might hide it."

The stockings were dark American tan, the shoes had a three inch heel. The short sleeveless dress was black and had a slight rollover at the neck. Now I felt stupid and humiliated.

She called George back and they had me pose for them. I could tell they weren't happy. At last I thought, they would give up on this crazy idea and let me go home.

"That bulge," George said thoughtfully looking at my groin.

Veronica nodded. "It's the only thing that gives it away. He needs a gaffe, but I don't have one."

"Maybe something else would do?" George said thoughtfully.

"Maybe it would," Veronica answered a little too quickly.

If I didn't know any better I would have said that they had rehearsed that little speech. But they could not have, could they.

"Hang in for a second," George said. He left the room for only a few

moments before returning with small metallic cylindrical object with a clasp and small lock.

"Lie on the bed and lift up you dress he commanded.

"Now listen to me," I said but Veronica was already guiding me back to the bed.

She plonked me down so I was sitting on the edge. She then pushed my shoulders making me lie on my back with my high heeled feet still on the floor. I closed my eyes as you do at the dentists when you just do not want to see what is going to happen next.

She pulled up my dress and I felt as if I would die of shame. My panties were pulled down and I felt the cylinder slip icily around my cock. I heard a lock catch and I sat up. What had they done?

I looked down to see that my dick had vanished. A curling small tube of metal ran back between my legs.

"What do you think?" Veronica asked, once again looking for praise.

I was too terrified for words. "What have you done," I managed to stammer out. "Where's my"

"Locked safely away," George said proudly. "Stand her up."

Stand 'her' up. Her! And why not ask me to stand?

Veronica pulled up my little knickers which this time settled smoothly around my groin without any tell tale bulges. The dress was pulled down and lay flat at the front.

I stood on my heels.

"Brilliant." Veronica laughed.

I fingered the front of my dress over my captured penis. "But how do I get it off?"

George shook his head. "Don't worry about that. It will help with your

disguise."

"But I..."

"Try speaking more breathily," Veronica mused.

"What?" I went to push my hands into my pockets but of course there weren't any. Instead I found myself fluttering the pink varnished nails in her direction before putting my hands on the hips of my dress. "Now I think we need to get a few facts straight.."

Veronica gave me that withering sneer. "Listen Samantha ..."

"Samantha!" I shuffled in my heels.

George laughed. "Nice name."

She put her finger under my chin and tilted my head back. I felt collywobbles in my stomach. She was so daunting. "Now George and I are here to help you. If you don't want any help then fine. But unless you speak as I have directed you we will not listen to you. Now try again. Nice and breathy and raise the pitch a little. But not too much!"

"I want you both ..."

She tilted my chin back harshly, her eyes glaring. If I wanted to say anything I had better say it on her terms. The bitch!

I swallowed, my chin still on her finger. I dared not move. I cleared my throat and tried a breathy lighter tone, "all I am saying is that I am grateful for your help. Its just that I think we are going too far and ..."

Veronica turned to George and raised her eyebrows. "What do you think?"

George nodded, "I think it's very effective. I think she is stunning."

Veronica grabbed a small black shoulder bag. "You'll need this for your make up. Don't worry about money. George here will sort you out if you need anything. Or else come to see me on the tenth floor."

They guided me back down stairs to their chauffer driven car. They did not

stop speaking for a moment and I didn't have a moment to protest.

"The driver will take you into the offices." Veronica said quickly.

"Report to reception and ask for personnel," George said, "tell them you are Samantha Norton. They will be expecting you."

Expecting me? But how could they have known this would work? How could it already be planned?

I had a fleeting memory of the insect on the spiders web the previous evening, before I was hustled into the car, flashing stockings and panties.

George grabbed Veronica around the waist; "we'll follow you in about an hours time. We have a few things to sort out." I watched them kiss passionately as the car swooped away down the drive. Through the rear window I saw them hurrying back in to their house tearing at their clothes.

I sat in my short dress on the cold rear seat. I felt incredibly vulnerable in a short sleeveless dress, looking as cute as this.

"Uhm excuse me driver," I said.

"Yes miss?"

I wriggled forwards on to the edge of the seat. I used my new breathy higher pitched tone. "There's been a little mistake and I must go home. I wont be going into work today. My address is ..."

"I have been given my instructions Miss. Sorry. I am to deliver you to reception."

Deliver me? Was I only a package?

I coughed theatrically. "Aren't you supposed to obey instructions driver?" I said haughtily.

"I am Miss." And with that he pushed a button and a glass screen rose between us .

The bastard! I was trapped in the back seat dressed as a girl being

'delivered' as he put it to an office block in the city and there was nothing I could do about it.

4.

The receptionist had directed me up to the forth floor where another girl, sexily blond, with the shortest of skirts met me with a huge relaxed smile. "You must be Samantha."

I tugged at the bottom of my dress. It constantly felt like it was riding up over my smooth stockings.

"Yes." I was now getting used to my new voice. As no one looked twice at me I suppose the disguise was working. I was beginning to feel more confident. Perhaps I would be able to spy on my wife. I would know once and for all whether she was cheating on me.

"I'm Tracey and am I glad to see you!"

I saw that she had a large white badge over her right boob that read 'Tracey' in large print with a motto just beneath I in smaller letters: 'at your service.' I wish such a sexy girl was at my service.

She led me down a swish, wide corridor with carpet so deep I had to be very careful in my heels. If my hemline was high then it was nothing compared with Tracey's, which barely hung below her gorgeous bottom. I felt a stirring down below but obviously it was not going to get any bigger. It pushed at its entrapment before finally giving up.

She led me into a small room with a table a few chairs and a coffee machine. "This is our kitchen. Not much is it. All the managers get to eat upstairs. Coffee?"

"Please." I felt so self-conscious. I noticed girls dressed as sexily as we moving briskly up and down the corridor carrying reports or trays of coffee. I could hear phones going. The place had a quiet efficient buzz to it. Non of the girls stopped to chat.

"At least you're with Miss Veronica," Tracey said. "She is the nicest of the managers."

"The nicest!" I spoke in my normal voice and quickly pretended to clear my throat before adopting the higher more breathy tone. "She seems quite severe!"

Tracey smiled, "Miss Veronica has never punished any secretary without good reason." She leaned closer to me. "Which is more than I can say for any of the others."

Suddenly a dark shadow filled the doorway. A really huge man in a suit. "Where's my sales report bitch!"

Tracey smiled but her eyes showed genuine fear. "Please sir I have been told to look after Samantha here until ..."

"Samantha?" the brute cast his eyes hungrily over my body and legs. He reached out and grabbed my bare arm, twisting me around so sharply I stumbled on my heels. "Nice arse too. Who's this bitch been allocated to?"

Tracey swallowed hard, "please sir, Miss Veronica is handling her."

I could feel my face and arms flushing red. I kept my eyes closed. Never had I been so humiliated.

He twisted me back and my eyes opened to look up at him.

"Get her allocated to sales resources." He eyed me intently making me hold my breath, "You'd like to be under my direction wouldn't you bitch?"

I didn't know what to say.

He then laughed. "I love them when they first get here. You're going to be real fun." His awful smile dropped from his face as he glared at Tracey.

"You get that report on my desk in thirty minutes and then bend over it. Stay there until I have dealt with you." He released my arm and gave me a final up and down lusty glare. "Miss Veronica hey? We'll see about that."

And then he was gone. I heard Tracey sigh with relief. "I thought I was in

big trouble there for a moment."

She handed me my coffee and I sat on one of the chairs. My legs had become too weak to hold me. "But, but," I stammered, "he told you to bend over his desk. Surely you are going to report him?"

Tracey laughed. "The worst I'll get is a paddling. Maybe only a spanking. If I complained God knows what I'd get." She wriggled on her chair apparently quite content that some brute was going to spank her bottom.

"I love your dress," she cooed.

"But you can't let a man just beat you. This is the twenty first century."

She looked at me quizzically, her cup caught half way to her lips. "Miss Veronica has explained about ..." she trailed off with her question, looking away.

"About?"

Another shadow at the door. My mouth hung open. It was my wife Helen. She looked a million dollars in her neat trouser suit. She looked troubled, much sterner than I had seen her at home. I was caught in two minds. To hide my face or reveal myself and ask Helen if the brute had ever tried to spank her.

"What's happening Tracey?"

Tracey stood up, slightly cowed. The same smile and fearful eyes. "Please Miss Helen I have been asked to look after the new girl here ..."

"Coffee is to be taken at eleven o'clock you lazy slut."

I had never heard my wife spit out words in such a hideous manner before.

Tracey's eyes widened. "Please Miss I was asked to look after"

"You can look after her at your desk can't you? Lazy bitch. Can't you girls think of anything for yourselves?"

Tracey put her hands to her mouth. I thought for a moment she was going

to cry. "Please Miss Helen, I am so stupid not to have thought of that."

Helen turned her fierce glare in my direction. "Haven't you been told to stand when a manager enters a room?"

I looked to Tracey who flipped her fingers upwards. I understood immediately. I rose to my heels. The only certainty I felt was that Helen had not recognised me. But then why should she with me dressed as I was. "Insolent bitch," she spat at me. "That's your first lesson. Now both of you get back to reception where you belong."

"Yes Miss Helen." Tracey said eagerly dashing passed her.

I fled after her, feeling the red hot stare from my wife on my back.

At reception Tracey giggled with relief, "You are a lucky little madam. That's twice you have escaped a penalty from a manager."

I sat in a chair behind reception grateful to hide my exposed legs from the world. "Penalty?"

"Sure. God knows what she would have done with me if I had not stood. The lady managers can be the worst." She leaned closer to me and whispered, "They all think they have something to prove in front of the men. That they can keep us under the thumb just as well as any man. So watch out."

An hour later George and Veronica emerged from the lift. They held hands, kissed.

I waited for either of them to say something to me, but they ignored me.

George went down the corridor to a door near the end. Veronica then shuffled through her mail. "Any messages bitch?"

Tracey smiled, "no Miss Veronica. But please let me remind you of the lunchtime meeting."

Veronica nodded and without even looking at me said, "follow me

Samantha."

She moved down the corridor in the direction of the coffee machine.

I had to race in my heels to keep up with her. "Veronica," I tried.

Veronica shuffled the envelopes and without looking at me spoke quietly, "Miss Veronica when we are in work."

"Yes Miss Veronica," I tried. It felt humbling addressing a friend of the family in that compliant manner. "It's just that I have changed my mind. If you could get your chauffeur to take me..."

She turned into an office with me following like a skipping puppy. "Close the door behind you bitch."

Bitch! I stopped in the doorway of a richly furnished and neatly designed office. A huge window overlooked the city.

She hung her coat on a stand and sat behind a large desk. She fired up her computer. "I did say close the door Samantha."

I stepped in and closed the door. Obviously the word 'bitch' had escaped her lips without her realising what she had said. I mean, if the girls around here are content with acting like sluts who can be beaten on command, then even I would refer to them as bitches.

I sat in a chair the opposite side of the desk.

She opened her letters and again without even looking at me spoke with her quiet authority. "Don't remember asking you to sit."

I felt awkward. I didn't want her to get the better of me. I wanted some respect. At the same time I had a strong urge to apologise and stand up.

"Are you still sitting little Sammi?"

Little Sammi!!!

I stood up back onto my heels, which were now making my feet ache.

"Please Veronica, Miss Veronica," I corrected myself. I didn't want to be

picked up on anything before I had a chance to finish it.

"Did I give you permission to speak?"

Permission to speak? "Well, I, I , er ..."

"So keep your mouth shut." Her pc had come to life and she checked through her e-mail.

I stood silently before her, self consciously wriggling in my short dress. What do girls do with their hands! Without pockets they become a self conscious distraction. Constantly fluttering around the hips of the dress. The first chance I had I would leave. If I had any money I could go now and catch a bus or a train. Even dressed as I was that would be less humiliating than staying here.

It was a good five minutes before she finished and sat back in her chair as if she was finally ready for me. I of course had just stood there like a fidgeting school girl until she did so. She tapped her pen against her screen.

"I have already had a request from sales for you to join them. Obviously you have been throwing yourself at every manager you have met!"

What! "Look Veronica I think ..."

"Silence." Her voice was firm but never raised. "I'll put him straight." She spoke the words as she typed them out: "find your own cunt please Mr Brown." She pressed a button and seemed to look pleased with herself. She turned to me with a grin. "That will sort him out! I found you and I will keep you. Got that?"

Now was the time for me to make my stand. I put my hands on my hips, feeling the suspender belt through the dress and raised my chin. "I think we need to understand a few things here," before sarcastically adding, "Miss Veronica,"

Veronica laughed. "Oh little Sammi you are going to be fun. I hate them

when they just cower with the first simple telling off. But there again I have never had to break in a man before." She laughed again. "Well someone who is new to being a girl."

She stood up and walked around the desk to me. She was so big and menacing. I felt my knees knock. "Now then little Sammi, if you are to work in your wife's office you will obviously have to know the rules of this organisation."

She seemed to tower over me. I felt so weak and vulnerable in my short dress and exposed arms. "Please Miss Veronica, I found myself whining, "I just don't want to do this any more."

She smiled slyly, "oh don't give in so quickly little Sammi. Lets have some fight from you. I do like a good fight. Don't you?"

I hated fighting. I stepped back from her. If I have a problem with a shop I ask Helen to go along and sort it out on her day off. I always lose arguments.

She grabbed my bare arm as tightly as that horrible man, I now knew as Mister Brown, had in the coffee room. She forced me over to the full length cupboards and opened one of them. "I think you should fight a little harder tramp. People will walk all over you if you don't stand up to them. You don't want people walking all over you do you?"

"No Miss Veronica." I was alarmed at the way she could so casually drag me from one point in her office to another.

The cupboard was full of stationary but also some items that chilled my heart. She took a pair of leather wrist cuffs off a hook and fastened one around my right wrist. I passively let her do this. She then span me around and brought both arms behind my back. Belatedly I struggled but it was too late. I heard clasps being clinked firmly into position. Now I was scared out of my wits. Here I was dressed as sexy office girl already feeling vulnerable and exposed, now I had my hands secured behind my back.

I felt like crying. "Please Miss Veronica .."

"Now, now Sammi. No speaking unless spoken to. Let me see where should we start with a new girl?"

On the rear wall of the open cupboard was a collection of canes, crops and other instruments. She selected a paddle. "This should do it."

She led me back to her desk with me stumbling in my heels, my wrists anchored at the small of my back. "Please Miss Veronica let me go. I want to go home."

She stopped in her tracks and looked down at me. "Oh? Are you talking again little one?"

I bit my lipsticked lip. What was I supposed to reply?

"Pout your lips for me dear."

I pouted my lips, feeling ridiculous.

"Very good. Now you keep them like that until told to speak." She smiled, "in fact I think you can stay like that through out your stay here."

She then led me back to the chair behind her desk and flopped down into it. She gave my arm a tug and I collapsed easily over her, a mess of kicking heels with a load of squealing.

She arranged me over her lap so that my bottom was up high and my forehead on the carpet. My heels kicked helplessly out in space.

She tugged up my skirt and I groaned, "oh no, no, no."

"Gosh this is tight isn't it," she laughed. "No wonder you are so much in demand from the men upstairs."

Finally she had the dress up over my hips. She took hold of my panties and squeezed them down over my bottom and down my thighs.

This just could not be happening. I tried desperately not to cry but I was so shamed and helpless.

"I trust that you are still pouting down there."

I pouted immediately even though I knew that my blond wig had cascaded around my face hiding my lips from her. But this was not time to be disobedient, even if Veronica could not see me.

The first whack was just plain shock. I didn't feel anything. I was too staggered to feel anything. Even the second and third might have been dealt out to someone else. But the whacks continued fluently and effortlessly. Pretty soon the pain was intense and I was squealing like a girl.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack ...

The tears came quickly. I had been ready to cry since she had cuffed me making me feel so helpless. "Please Miss Veronica no more. It stings. Ouch!"

I heard her laughing. "My, my. Still talking? What a little chatterbox you are."

Whack, whack, whack, hack.

The hits continued without a break. I squealed and cried out. But I did not speak any more words. But if I could not say anything how could I say that I had learned my lesson?

Whack, whack, whack, whack.

Suddenly they stopped. I heard her breathing heavily from her exertions.

It was over finally it over. The tears rolled down my face matting my hair.

I felt her take hold of my hips and edge me forward. "We just need to get you over a bit more for the next part."

The next part!

Now my face was fully on the floor and my legs were sticking out parallel with the floor.

"I remind you again Little Sammi not to say anything.

Whack, whack, whack, whack.

This time she was beating the tops of my thighs. Now I sobbed like a child. I desperately wanted to tell her that I would do anything she asked if she would just please stop the beating.

Whack, whack, whack, whack.

Oh God.

Suddenly it stopped. "Time for a rest don't you think little Sammi?"

I held my breath. The tears had washed over my forehead and all over my face. Should I speak?

"I asked you a question, so you may reply. But keep your reply short and polite."

A rest! "Yes please Miss Veronica."

"And would you like to sit in my lap for a bit?"

Anything to get out of this situation. "Yes please Miss Veronica."

She helped me get shakily to my feet and then tugged my sore backside into her lap. She manoeuvred me around so that her arm was around me, supporting me. My legs were sat over her, my heels not quite touching the floor. My thighs burned. My shackled hands were locked into place by her arm around me.

She lifted up a tissue and held it to my nose. "Big blow."

I blew into it with her squeezing my nose rhythmically like mother with a child. "There, there. That's it. My you are in a state aren't you." She took some more tissues and dabbed at my face. "You were asked another question. I said, you are in a right state aren't you?"

"Yes Miss Veronica," I sobbed as she dabbed at my eyes.

"So now then Little Sammi, I asked you whether you were prepared to

stand up to the managers here or whether you will let them walk all over you."

I was not really paying her much attention. My bottom and thighs burned. The tears would not stop. I just wanted to go home. "Yes Miss Veronica."

"So you are prepared to fight?"

I stopped sniffing and looked at her wondering what to reply.

"Good girl," she announced. "Stand up for yourself. With that she pulled me to my feet and made to drag me back over her lap. Oh God anything other than that.

"Stop, please Miss Veronica."

She squeezed my arm spitefully. "But you are ready to fight back aren't you?"

I shook my head feeling my hair, damp from my tears, tickle my face.

"I can't hear you. Are you going to fight?"

"No Miss Veronica."

She seemed shocked. "You mean you are going to let the managers walk all over you? Do what they want with you?"

I hesitated long enough to feel her give me a brutish tug downwards.

"Yes Miss Veronica. They can walk all over me. I will do what they want."

She pulled me so that I was once again sat in her lap. "Now do you think that you have learned your lesson yet?"

"Oh yes definitely, yes Miss Veronica."

"Such enthusiasm. I like that. Now working here is a very rewarding career for a young girl."

I made to interrupt her; I was not a young girl! But she hushed me and continued:

"Just think, most days your biggest problem is knowing whether to empty the dishwasher or fill the washing machine. Should you tackle the ironing before you vacuum the house. Here you are very important."

"Am I?" I sniffed.

"Of course," she laughed. "How could we managers function without you girls working hard for us? We need you."

"I had not seen it like that," I sniffed. Of course Helen appreciated my housework but here I was part of the big machine. I sat up straight feeling proud.

"Now we if managers find that we have to devote some time on you girls to help you see the error of your ways, remember," she held me tight, "we are taking time out of our important schedules just for you."

My bottom felt more warm than stinging now. I wriggled on her lap. I liked her when she was sweet and helpful. "I hope you don't expect me to be grateful for what you have just done to me," I smiled.

My smile fell away like broken bottles. Her eyes were suddenly glowing with rage. I coughed and spluttered: "Of course I can see that you may see it that way. You think, ah, there is a girl who has been naughty and has to be helped ..."

I ran out of words and she sat rigidly straight. Her eyes unbearable.

I tried again, "I suppose it does encourage me not to get on the wrong side of you. I can see the benefits."

"Of what?" she demanded coldly.

"Of my, er your, you know .." I floundered, "my spanking," I whispered.

"I cannot hear you girl."

I cleared my throat and said loudly, "my spanking Miss Veronica."

"I hope so!" She said doubtfully, "I hope so for your sake." She opened a

drawer and took out a badge like the one I saw Tracey wearing. It said Sammi in large letters and had the motto 'at your service' beneath it. Oh no. Oh God. Don't pin that on me!

She did. 'Sammi, at your service.'

5.

Minutes later I was helping Tracey make coffee for a sales meeting. My bottom felt warm and even pleasant now. My penis was held hard which was a problem when you are surrounded by sexily attired, beautiful, submissive girls. There were so many of them. The marks on my wrists from the cuffs had died away.

"I hope Miss Veronica wasn't too hard on you," Tracey said pouring the boiling water into the pot. "She isn't too bad really. You could have had worse."

"We just had a few words," I replied in my best breathy girl voice.

Karen giggled cutely. "Of course. And perhaps a few spanks?"

I wriggled and blushed. How did she know?

Karen leaned over and kissed my cheek in a sisterly fashion. I gasped. I could easily fall in love with such a gorgeous girl. "Don't worry, Sammi, my manager used a cane on me. On my very first day! Still, I certainly learned quickly." She giggled as if amused by the memory. Suddenly her face darkened. "Don't get me wrong. I am of course very grateful that he was so firm with me from the outset."

"I'm sure," I said. I felt dreadful. Did every girl in the office know that I had been spanked? My mouth fell open. And all the managers? Including Helen my wife. I shut my eyes against the fears of the world.

Through the day I soon learned to keep my head down and my mouth closed. If a manager demands something you obey him as quickly as you can. I saw one poor girl bent over a desk and slapped about her thighs with

a ruler. All because she didn't rush to the managers office quickly enough.

I kept my head down, a smile on my face when addressed and did my typing very carefully.

I saw very little of Helen. She seemed very busy, constantly hurtling around the offices. She was not the kind woman I knew from home. She rarely raised her voice at me no matter how disappointed she was with my chores. Yet here the girls were in terror of her. One poor girl dropped all her notes when Helen simply glared at her.

But there was no sign of her flirting with the men here. And why should they. As lovely as Helen was most men would be captivated by the submissive obedient cuties 'at their service'.

At the end of the day Veronica whisked me away from the office and back to her house.

I showered and gratefully changed into my men's clothes. She led me briskly back to the car reminding me that Helen would be home soon. I asked her for the key.

She pushed me into my car with, "oh we'll sort it out tomorrow. But make sure you are here by eight. Otherwise I wont be able to release you. Now hurry or you will have to explain to your wife where you have been."

6.

I made it home only minutes before Helen burst in. She gave me her usual peck on the cheek, slumped on the sofa and held out her hand. Of no! I usually waited with a glass of something cool for her when she got home. In my panic my domestic routine had slipped totally from my mind.

She laughed when she saw me racing back. "Silly little house husband, you had forgotten hadn't you."

I poured her a wine from the fridge and sat next to her for my cuddle, "yes dear. I have had quite a day."

She pulled my head onto her shoulder; "now don't bother me with your domestic trials tribulations. I have had a hard day in the office." She took a sip of her drink and looked around. "Lesley? Have you vacuumed the lounge?"

"Er no. I have been too busy."

"Too busy? The DVD's have not been put away from last night! And look there is my cup from this morning still out."

I raced around the room, tidying it.

"What have you been doing? I fled into the kitchen with her following on my heels. My heart was in my mouth.

"Lesley!" She shouted.

I looked around at the dirty dishes and the unkempt kitchen. "I am sorry, really I am Helen. Its just that ..."

"It's a tip!"

"Yes dear." I was in fast motion clearing the kitchen.

"And where is my dinner?"

I loaded the dishwasher and froze. I had to think. "Its something quick tonight dear."

She humphed and put her glass down. She had never been so angry with me before. She had never needed to be cross with me in the past. I was very efficient around the house. Then she took me in her arms and hugged me.

"Its alright. It doesn't matter. I am in a hot, horny mood tonight. I am hungry for my little man."

She bit my neck and my penis grew only to be ensnared in its belt. "Owch", I squealed.

She laughed, "did I bite you too hard? Come on upstairs I'll sort you out.

You can do the dishes later."

Oh no. My restraint made intercourse impossible. "I have a bit of a head ache right now dear."

"Nonsense," she squeezed me in her arms. "Nothing I can't blow away? Hey?" She pinched my arse.

I wriggled free my penis burning in its confinement. "Sorry Helen. Maybe later".

She slapped my arse, "You bet big boy! I love it when you play hard to get and I have to chase you around the house."

She returned to the sitting room and I sighed with relief. First thing in the morning I would be at that bitch Veronica's, house to get this stupid contraption removed. Right now though I had an evening that promised to be a nightmare. How could I hide the chastity belt from my wife? She was always so raunchy. I dare not let her discover it. How would I ever explain it?

I made a pasta dish with some chicken and a tomato sauce. Fortunately I had the meal on the table within thirty minutes so she never had the opportunity to berate me.

I ate in silence as she kept making horny suggestions to me, while rubbing her stockinged foot against my leg. "Perhaps you can put that policeman's uniform on tonight."

"Yes dear," I was horror struck.

I had to stay away from my hot wife. For the next two hours I remained tidying up the kitchen. Then I did the ironing. Anything to keep me out of the sitting room and away from my turned on wife.

Then I raced upstairs with a quickly shouted, 'good night dear'. I changed and leaped into bed.

I pretended to be asleep when seconds later Helen entered. "Where is my

little policeman with his night stick? Oh." She saw me asleep and heard my snoring. "Pretending to be asleep is it?" She laughed. She leaped on top of me and I felt the air squeezed from my lungs.

"Helen please you are hurting me!"

She was livid. She took hold of the back of my hair and gave it a painful twist. "Listen! There is no point in keeping a dog at home and when you need it, it lies in bed pretending to be asleep."

A dog! I felt tears welling into my eyes.

She softened, "oh little Lesley. I didn't mean it." She held me tight. "It's just that I do want you so. I need it. I really do."

"I am just not up to it tonight," I lied my prick exploding from her physical attention.

"Maybe I am being selfish. I'll see you tomorrow morning then."

"Yes, good idea." I lied.

Soon she was in bed cuddling up to me. My dick was on fire. Whenever she tried to put her hand on my groin I moved it away. She rubbed her self up against my backside desperate to get off.

"Oh hell Lesley you know I need a man's dick inside me!" She screamed in frustration.

"Yes dear."

"Even a dildo doesn't do the trick for me. There has to be a man on the end of it."

"Yes dear."

She pinched my arse wickedly. "Tomorrow then"

"Owch. Yes dear. Tomorrow morning."

I bit the bed sheets in my own sexual frustration, my own fear and trepidation. Tomorrow morning Helen would be in an even worse state of

sexual need!

7.

By the time I heard her moving around upstairs I had half dressed and laid out her breakfast stuff on the table. I had ironed one of her favourite trouser suits and hung it on a hanger on a chair near her bed. I had performed my chores as silently as I could, desperate not to disturb her.

She preferred ankle length stockings with her trouser suits along with a silk teddy. Just laying out her sexy clothes stirred my penis. I was desperate to have its metal prison removed.

"Lesley?" She shouted down, "get your arse back into this bed I need a fuck and I need it now."

I stood trembling at the bottom of the stairs. I had carried my clothes out of the bedroom on tiptoe and was dressing furiously. "Sorry dear. It will have to be tonight." I called back.

"What!" She thundered. "Are you cheating on me! Is that why you are not ..."

I fled for the door, pulling my unbuttoned shirt around me. "I have to go early to the shops today. Dear, I will see you tonight."

I reached the car as the bedroom window opened. "Lesley I need you!"

Had she no shame in the open street? I saw lights coming on in the other houses. I climbed into the car. It was still only seven o'clock. I drove away not daring to look back.

I knew Helen could only come with a man inside her. Not even the best dildo would do anything except frustrate her. Normally she would require me to service her twice in the night and at least once in the morning. She would be in an agony of need.

Just wait until I see George and Veronica. Their stupid plans had led to this. Now I would sort them out!

At Your Service. By Deborah Ford. Part two.

In part one Lesley is turned into Samantha an office girl in order that he can spy on his sex mad wife Helen. Veronica and George may have ulterior motives for helping him and have locked him a way in a chastity belt. Now he races to their home to confront them: remove this chastity belt or else!

1.

Veronica was sympathetic. "Now you sit there and tell me all about it."

George was unsympathetic, "little sissy! He's almost crying."

"George," she snapped at him.

I sat on their sofa and being as brave as possible and told them what had happened.

"I can't satisfy my wife. You must get this awful thing off me!"

Veronica sighed.

George shrugged, "well that's sort of difficult. We've left the key in the office."

Veronica cut in, "so hurry along and get yourself changed. Then we can all go into the office and get it."

This was too much! "I have had enough of your crazy schemes. Look at the mess I'm in!"

"Now, now," she tapped my knee, "you must try not to get too emotional."

"Just how horny does your wife get Lesley?" George asked.

"That's none of your business!"

He shrugged. "Ok. It's just that if she only needs it a couple of times a month then you don't have a problem."

"A couple of times a day is more like it!" I shouted.

He and Veronica exchanged an eyebrows raised expression and then he

smiled. "Well that's different then. By tonight she will be gasping for it."

"I would appreciate it if you weren't so rude about my wife."

Veronica took my hand, "I thought a dress again for today. A yellow one as it is a nice sunny day."

I pulled my hand from hers. "No way. You two go in, get the key and bring it back!"

"I don't think I like your attitude young lady!" Veronica sneered. "We are only trying to help you spy on your wife."

"Yeh," George said, "and look at the thanks we get. Anyway we'll be late home tonight, Veronica has a meeting with the sales people. You'll have to go in and get it yourself."

They headed for the door, "We'll see you there."

George laughed, "can't wait for the sissy to explain to Helen why he is at the offices."

Veronica nodded and said in a silly sissy voice, "hello darling I am just here to spy on you."

Oh god. The thought of facing Helen in her present mood filled me with trepidation. She will demand that I make love to her immediately. If they don't let me out of this confinement all will be lost. "I think you should bring the key home to me!"

"No way," George asserted. "In fact you only get it if you turn up in the yellow dress. I am not bringing it back."

Veronica nodded. "Yes, ungrateful little madam. The key can stay hidden until Samantha comes in and asks nicely for it."

The door closed I was trapped. I felt the room spin. Trapped in this stupid belt. It was too tight up against my prick to be cut free by a hacksaw. Perhaps I could go to a lock smith and ask him to pick the lock. Yuck. The thought of being spread eagled on a table with a man between my legs

filled me with nausea.

The door opened and Veronica darted in, "forgot my bag."

"Please Veronica. Won't you get the key for me?"

"Can you imagine me going back on my word?"

"No," I swallowed.

"So what's it going to be?" She asked, already knowing the answer.

2.

Half an hour later I sat with Tracey on the reception desk. The yellow dress was strappy so I had to wear a scarf to hide my Adams apple. The stockings were pale and the high heeled shoes were a matching yellow. I felt like a gay canary.

I had ridden in the front with the chauffeur while Veronica and George made love in the back. It was very embarrassing. The chauffeur just looked me up and down with lust while I could hear the tell tale rhythmic thumping sound of two people 'at it' behind my seat.

I kept my eyes firmly on the road and my fingers at the hem of my silly yellow dress. One sudden move and the stocking tops would be visible.

Then when we reached Veronica's office she shushed me as if I were just an office girl while she went through her mail.

"Oh no!" She said. "One of the sales staff has gone sick. I will have to fill in."

"Can I help?" I asked.

She looked daggers at me. "Keep your mouth shut until you are replying to a direct instruction."

I bit my pink lipsticked lips but her eyes made me cower until I whispered, "yes Miss Veronica."

There was something about this place, something about the clothes that I

wore that changed my views. I was never the most masculine of men, I knew that, but I always despised gays who dressed as women and acted like women. Yet here I was not just dressed as a woman but acting very girly in a sexy outfit.

She went back to her mail. "Your lock will have to wait. I need to get going."

She headed for the door.

"But Miss Veronica my ..."

She opened the door and there were two managers in the corridor.

Veronica turned to me and said very loudly, "yes Sammi what is it?"

The two managers looked at me and I felt my knees go weak. "You know Miss Veronica ," I whispered nodding towards the floor.

"No I don't Sammi. Spit it out."

I blushed red and fell silent.

"Right. Join Tracey at reception, you can't do much damage there."

The two managers laughed at me and my cheeks grew red hot.

"I'll see you later this afternoon."

Tracey was very sweet and showed me how to answer the phone and sort the mail in to piles for the managers.

I saw the name George Richards on a few and asked whether I could take them up to him.

Tracey laughed, "you've heard about his reputation already have you."

"Uhm, well,..."

She leaned closer, "yes it really is that big," she giggled. The phone went and she answered it smartly. "Yes Sammi you take them up to him and try

your luck. Fifth floor and ask Katie." With that she turned her attention to the caller.

I picked up the letters and tugging down my hem headed for the lift.

Katie was a bubbly red head sat behind a reception desk like ours just outside the lift doors. Perhaps all the floors had a reception desk and girl.

She read my badge: 'Sammi, at you service. She cooed, "oh you are the new girl. How are you finding us Sammi?"

I was not in the mood for small talk. "I'm after George Richards."

"Aren't we all," she giggled, "but don't worry he gets around to each of us regularly enough."

"Oh," I smiled trying to feel pleased at the way George saw himself as a rooster in a hen house. "Actually I am only bringing up his mail."

She wrinkled her nose and giggled, "that's my trick sometimes. Good luck. Third door on the left."

Just my luck. When George said I could enter I found him with my wife Helen. They were analysing some reports. He looked surprised to see me.

"Your mail, Mister Richards."

My wife barely gave me a glance. After all I was just another girl here.

He took them from me, "great. Yeh, thanks." He came around the desk and guided me back to the door. "Yeh, thanks Sammi."

As he opened the door I whispered, "the key."

"Ah thing is," he said loudly making my wife look at us, "it's with Miss Veronica. Wait until she gets back and then we can sort it out."

With that he patted my bottom and closed the door in my face.

Really! He patted my bottom. The so called rooster of the hen house patted my bottom. Then he closed the door in my face!

"Hey gorgeous!"

I yowled as my bottom was pinched. It was the dreaded mister Brown I had met in the girls coffee room on my first morning. Oh no. I made to leave but he grabbed my arm.

"Hey what's the hurry?"

His dark eyes were glinting with good laughter.

"Very busy sir, please."

"Good. I think you girls should be kept busy. Keep you out of mischief."

Patronising bastard! "Yes Mister Brown."

He hovered around me and I felt his sheer size next to me. I was so delicate and vulnerable.

"Why don't you come in for a quick bit of dictation," he rested his hand gently on my bottom and squeezed.

I was so frightened, "please Mister Brown, Miss Veronica says that I must stay at the reception desk downstairs."

"Then why are you up here you naughty girl?" he laughed, his hand firmly caressing my backside as if he owned it. Had feminism or the twenty first century never reached here?

I closed my eyes, it is difficult to think when you are dressed like this standing next to a lusty man, "I er, well, I was told to bring up these letters."

"Oh?" he was teasing me. "And by whom?"

He gave my bottom a hefty squeeze, "ooh. Uhm" I could not say one of the managers because he might ask them. "Er Tracey, Mister Brown, sir."

He wandered behind me gently patting my bottom. This was outrageous. But I had to stand there and take it until he had finished with me. "So Miss Veronica commands you to stay at reception but you obey Tracey another

scatty office girl like you, and leave reception."

"Oh," that was not how I intended it to sound. "Please sir, she was very busy and I thought"

He laughed. "You thought! Heaven save us from secretaries who think. Where would we end up?"

He now had one hand on each cheek of my bottom cheeks and leaned his head over my shoulder. "So you disobey a manager and obey a secretary?"

How could I think straight when he was doing that? It was disgusting having a man fondle me like this. Yet something was stirring. I was so randy after being denied release for a couple of days that I felt excited down below.

"Did you hear me Sammi?"

I opened my eyes. "Oh yes. Sorry. Yes sir." I looked back over my shoulder as the massaging continued. "Er, what was the question again?" My mind was a complete blank.

Ouch! He had slapped my arse really hard. I rounded on him fuming and he easily took both my wrists, holding them out from my body leaving me to writhe entertainingly before him.

"Well, I think I shall have to have a word with Miss Veronica about your behaviour, shan't I?"

"You can do as you please," I pouted coming to a rest. Resisting a man as strong as he when you are wearing high heels is totally futile.

"I will," he said calmly, "so I'll expect to see you later today at my pleasure."

The words chilled me to my heart. I knew that Miss Veronica would protect me from the brute but my knees felt like jelly.

"Run along Sammi, see you later."

He released me, slapping my arse so hard I was sent careering along the thick carpet. I struggled to keep my balance on the high yellow heels. I heard his laughter even as the lift doors closed and my cheeks burned red hot.

I was furious. No man was going to treat me like that. The bastard.

I actually stamped my foot as the doors opened before Tracey.

She winced, "didn't go too well then? Never mind, Mister Richards is very popular. Try again tomorrow."

I sat on the chair next to her and quietly fumed at the indignities I was facing.

3.

Fortunately Tracey was very sweet and supportive and at the mid morning coffee break told me that all men are pigs really and I should not let it bother me. We were talking about two separate actions of course. She thought that George had spurned me but I knew that the horrible Mister Brown had tried to take advantage of his position of power over a junior girl. He deserved a comeuppance.

We were joined in the tiny coffee area by some of the other girls. All of them seemed pretty pleased with themselves. We ran out of chairs and Katie suggested that Annie should sit on the counter but Annie just giggled and announced that she had just been spanked and could not sit down.

She said it so proudly and all the girls giggled. What sort of sluts were they? The girls wanted to know who had punished her, whether it was harsh or nice.

I listened with open mouthed astonishment. Annie gave us, in great detail, the events surrounding her spanking. Apparently the manager had turned her over his lap before the other girls in the accounts section.

Katie whoooed, "oh I would give anything to be spanked like that!"

The others sniggered.

Tracey was particularly excited by it all, "oh and listen girls Samantha here has had her first spanking."

I could not believe that she had told them.

The girls squealed at me to tell them what had happened.

My cheeks flushed and I let the blond wig hide as much of my red face as possible. "It was nothing really just a few light swats."

Katie patted my knee sympathetically; "it's always like that the first time. But don't worry they get harder later."

She spoke as if I should be thrilled by that revelation.

"Mind you," Tracey warned, "you must not deliberately seek a punishment."

The girls shook their heads.

One pointed out to me, "if the managers think you are seeking punishment then they are ten times harsher on you! You could be caned, and that is not very nice."

Tracey shivered, "or you could end up as one of their kittens."

Kittens? This was an insane world.

Then a bell rang and we returned to our posts. I must say I was grateful to sit in silence away from the madness I was hearing.

4.

By lunch time of this second day my feet were aching and I longed to remove my heels. As I reached down to undo the straps Tracey gasped.

"Oh no Sammi don't let anyone see you half dressed without permission. That would be the cane for sure!"

So I sat back in the chair, bending my feet this way and that to help relieve

the ache.

We had lunch in the coffee room, all jammed together. It would have been exhilaratingly sexy, being crushed up amongst all these sexy girls, but the cruel chastity container thwarted any idea of erection.

I wondered where the managers ate and decided that it would be a million times bigger than this little space. We were given salad sandwiches that left you hungrier after you had eaten them, along with a small pot of yoghurt.

A girl with the badge of 'Mitzi, at your service,' bragged about her morning, "of course he is taking me away with him this weekend."

The girls listened with rapt attention. It seemed the manager in question had beaten her with his belt until she cried and then taken pity on her. He had promised her a holiday in the south for a couple of days.

When we were returning to the reception desk I mentioned to Tracey that some managers obviously had hearts after all and she laughed:

"Oh Samantha, many of the managers are married. He was only saying that to keep her sweet. Sometimes we do get taken away for a holiday but all they want is one thing all the time." She shivered and giggled, "and I love it!"

She was as big a slut as the others.

Later that afternoon Helen marched through and I held my breath. Her cheeks were flushed. I knew that look. She needed sex. It made my penis stir, even in its rigid restrictions.

She yelled at Tracey for having her hair out of place, though I thought it was immaculate. Then she had a go at me for being too slow in standing when she approached us. She was in a foul mood.

She wagged her finger at me, "You are heading for a warmed up arse young lady."

"Yes Miss Helen," I said. I knew that her rage was brought on by her sexual needs being left unsatisfied. I felt a little sorry for her.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" She peered closely.

I dropped my head. "I don't think so Miss Helen."

"Don't you look away from me! Your eyes!" She laughed. "You look just like my ...er .."

I held my breath.

"It doesn't matter. You don't have any relations with the surname Oak do you Little Sammi?"

"I don't think so."

"You could be the twin sister of my .. er, a relative."

"No I don't know anyone from this city," I swallowed.

She smiled and walked away. Tracey and I made to sit down but she returned, smile gone. We leapt back to our heels.

"Don't you think you should refer to me as Miss Helen, Sammi?"

My head swam. "Yes Miss Helen, sorry Miss Helen."

Helen pursed her lips, her cheeks darkened. "I think a few strokes might straighten you out!"

"Oh please Miss Helen," I stammered.

Tracey moved closer to me, "please Miss Helen, Miss Veronica has stipulated that only she should punish Samantha."

Helen was livid, "And who is she to change the damned rules?"

Tracey shrank away.

Helen glared at me. "You! Upstairs! Sixth floor! Room 607! Now!"

The 'now' rang in my ears as I headed for the lift. As the doors closed I saw my wife as furious as I had ever seen her. Tracey had backed up to the

wall, eyes wide with fear. Thankfully the lift doors closed before I heard any more.

5.

Room 607 was neat and femininely decorated. Helen had a large panoramic view of the city like Veronica's. If a person's importance is judged by the size of their office then my guess was that Helen was pretty high up the ladder of this company. I really admired her and felt proud for her.

On her desk was her diary. That could give me clues as to whether or not she was cheating. Dare I open it? I had been there a good five minutes. I felt sorry for poor Tracey who was getting a roasting from her downstairs. I felt sure that Helen would not carry out her threat of beating me. In all the time I had known her I had never seen her being cruel.

The door crashed open and slammed shut. I took one look at her and suddenly I did not feel so secure.

"So that stuck up tart from Personnel thinks she can keep a girl to herself does she?"

My tummy turned over. "Please Miss Helen I didn't mean to .."

"Shut that hole in your head." She pulled open a large double cupboard and I saw the same array of punishment equipment I had seen in Miss Veronica's cupboard.

Oh no, no. Please.

She pulled out a long cane. "Bend over my desk you little bitch."

Should I explain to her who I was? Tell her why there so much resemblance between me and her husband?

The slice on the back of my thigh sent me reeling towards her almighty desk. Another painful push in the back and I was sprawled across it.

"Ooof"

"Stay there bitch." She slapped the cane down next to me. I was scared witless. I would not move until she gave me permission.

She picked up the phone. "David? It's me Helen. I have a little bitch here from Personnel section and Miss Veronica is saying that she is the only one who can punish her. Yeh. No. The slut on reception told me. Tracey. I've spanked her. Tracey has had it coming for a while. Eh? No. I don't know. It's just what the two bitches have told me. Miss Veronica is out until later today. Yes the little madam was insolent to me. Yes, to my face. She got up far too slowly when I came near them. Refused, absolutely refused to refer to me as Miss Helen. Yes. Yes, I am sure. Six strokes of the cane. I thought I'd be lenient. Yeh, great. I'll wait."

She slammed the phone down and leaped from her chair. The mix of sexual frustration, indignation and rage were stirring her up into a hell hound.

"Please Miss Helen I am sorry .."

"Keep it shut. Our lawyer is getting back to us. He knows the ins and outs of all the contracts. With a bit of luck next time I enter a room you'll be on your feet so fast people will think you have a spring shoved up your arse!"

Oh dear. Should I explain who I am? Tell her that I thought she was cheating on me. I closed my eyes. That would be suicidal given my present predicament.

I heard her mouth off about Miss Veronica when the phone went. I held my breath as she grabbed it.

6.

I tried sitting on the edge of the seat in reception. But the six stings had covered my entire backside. Of course I was not allowed to stand and had to keep that silly pouting smile on my lips. I wriggled for the umpteenth time.

Tracey was considerate, "there is a cushion in the photocopying room you could use."

I smiled at her and winced as my bottom settled again on the seat. "I just want to stand."

"I know," she nodded, "but you can't. They are horrible sometimes aren't they?"

The phone call in Helen's office had been to say that I had not signed any contract of employment. The man my wife referred to as David actually came down with some sheaths of papers. He explained to my wife that it was imperative that I sign them or else there could be insurance and legal problems. All employees must agree to the conditions of the firm.

I made the mistake of protesting. All I wanted to do was explain that I was only here for a few days. I wished I had kept my mouth shut. Mister Woods, as I had to call him, though my wife could call him David, set about me quickly with a paddle. 'Don't you speak unless spoken to!'

All the time my wife Helen was saying, "do you see what I mean? Have you ever come across such a disagreeable, naughty, office girl?"

Mister Woods beat me with great enthusiasm pointing out that 'she'll learn fast enough. Even the stupidest of girls learns her place within a few days.'

After the paddling from Mister woods and then the canning from Helen I was very docile. I quickly signed the forms where Mister Woods pointed and apologised profusely for my errant behaviour.

I had never been so pleased to hear the words, 'you can go.'

So here I sat on my sore bottom desperate not to upset any of the other

managers waiting anxiously for the return of Miss Veronica.

When Miss Veronica appeared through the lift doors I had never felt so relieved in all my life.

"Follow me," she said heading for her door, her coat sailing behind her like a cape.

Once in her office she threw her stuff on to the desk told me to keep my 'stupid trap shut', (very nice!), and poured herself a gin and tonic from her fridge.

"What a day!" She slumped in her chair with her eyes closed.

Humph! She should have been in my shoes!

"Miss Veronica?" I said sarcastically. "What about me? I have had quite a day too."

She gave me her knee trembling glare forcing me to look away. "Listen you little madam. Don't bother me with your day's trials and tribulations. All you have had to do is sit on your fat arse at reception with that tramp Tracey! If sharpening pencils is too taxing for you then you could never do what I have just done."

I folded my arms. As soon as she released me from this chastity container I would tell her exactly what I thought of her.

She turned to her computer to check her mail, "some of us have been busy earning the money that pays your wages!"

Really! I wanted to tell her how hard the girls worked here but I knew I would be wasting my time.

She flicked at her screen and stopped at one of her messages. She did a double take and gasped. "What on earth! You have been caned by Helen?"

Her mouth fell open as she turned back to me.

I shrugged and shuffled in my heels. "It was all a bit of a misunderstanding

Miss Veronica. You see..."

She giggled and took a sip of her drink. "Well how appropriate don't you think? Your wife finally gives you the beating you deserve. And I suppose you just bent over and accepted it like the other tramps here?"

"Well no, not exactly. I did try to explain but..."

Miss Veronica laughed, "but that made it worse so you simply did as you were told like a little girl."

I flushed and looked away. It wasn't quite like that. Well I suppose it was really.

"Please Miss Veronica what else could I do?"

She turned back to her monitor shaking her head. "You're as tarty as the rest of them."

I wish I could do something with my hands. They felt so ludicrous flapping about me. Why don't dresses have pockets?

She laughed again, "so Mister Woods has been exercising his right hand on your backside. My you have been a busy little girl!"

There was nothing funny about any of this!

"And what's this? Mister Brown says," she read it to herself her jaw falling open again. She was not laughing now

She leaped from her chair and raced around to me. "What were you doing upstairs?"

"I, er, I ... I thought I would go and see George, I mean Mister Richards."

"What did I tell you?"

I bowed my head, "to stay at reception Miss Veronica."

"Oooh I have a good mind to send you up to Mister Brown so that he can deal with you right now!"

"Oh no, please, please. Please Miss Veronica."

My pleading amused her no end. She walked about me eyeing me up and down. "It could teach you a lesson couldn't it?"

I felt tears warming my eyes. "Please Miss Veronica all I want is to get free of this horrible chastity belt and get these humiliating clothes off and go home to my wife."

"Perhaps you don't deserve it."

"Oh please Miss Veronica I am so sorry. Please just let me go."

"Perhaps I should call down Miss Helen for you to explain the entire story to her. That should be fun. Especially when she sees her husband dressed as a tramp of an office girl. And that she has beaten his arse. And that he is here to spy on her."

"Oh don't do that, please let me go."

She walked behind me making me feel vulnerable and exposed in my short yellow dress.

"I think I have you just where I want you."

I closed my eyes. I was in a nightmare. I was that insect walking the wrong way along the web. Totally unable to turn around.

The phone rang, saving me from any further humiliations under Miss Veronicas sadistic teasing. But then the situation worsened:

"Yes? Oh, yes!" She turned to look me full in the eyes with a grin that buckled my knees. "Yes. Mister Brown funnily enough she is right before me at the moment."

Mister Brown! I put my hands up to my mouth. My eyes kept pleading with Miss Veronica.

"Oh I don't know what she was doing up there. Naughty little minx. You are offering to punish her? That is very kind of you. I am somewhat busy at

the moment."

I stepped up to her desk my hands clutched together at my boobs, pleading with her.

"Just one moment," she put her hand over the mouth piece. "Now little Sammi I think I need a bit of payback from you for your disobedience. Don't you?"

"Anything, but please don't send me upstairs to him."

She took her hand from over the mouth piece, "I'll get back to you Mister Brown. No, no, you are not interfering. I am very grateful to you. Speak to you later."

She put the phone down and I guess I knew how the insect felt when he saw himself trapped with the spider.

"Now Samantha. You will pick up the phone and call Helen as Lesley and tell her that you have to stay away for a few days. Lets say you have a dying aunt. Ok?"

"But please Miss Veronica you don't know how randy she is right now and ..."

"Now what was that nice Mister Brown's number?" She picked up the phone and I snatched it from her.

"Ooh," she laughed, "the kitten turns."

I did not like the mention of the word 'kitten'. I knew it had another meaning in these offices and I also knew I did not want to know any more about it.

She told me Helen's number and I dialled it.

As you can imagine the conversation did not go well.

"Surely you can have me once before you go on your journey?" She demanded, breathing heavily.

