



Scene 1: Another Day at the Office

A cold autumn wind whistled through the waking streets. Ms. Rachel Sinclair walked briskly to the office as she did every weekday morning. She was late again; she confirmed glancing nervously at her watch for the umpteenth time. Dragging her sore ass out of bed and to the office every morning had become a chore. She wasn't sure how much more she could take. Just the thought of being in that office for the next twelve to thirteen hours filled her with dread.

Taking a deep breath slightly unsteady on her high-heels, she paused briefly to close her eyes desperately trying to push away the panic attack and nausea that was welling up inside.

The problem was not her job. She had an executive level position, higher than average salary, not as much as the other company cronies, but still good enough for her little luxuries, and, up until a few months ago, she enjoyed her work. Becoming the Vice-President in charge of marketing in a rising firm exploring a lucrative niche market had been her dream come true. She worked hard and put in long hours on her own time to get where she was; she knew her position in upper management was well deserved, even if that cretin did not.

Approaching the heavy glass double doors, she blinked furiously and rubbed her wet eyes with a tissue to stop the tears from welling up. She would not let him get to her! 'That bastard is not going to spoil my day today,' she consoled herself. 'I worked on this proposal until three this morning and the board is going to love it. I just know it!' She was proud of her work on the latest advertising venture into Asian markets. She had personally created the idea and translated the English copy into Japanese. For a brief moment, she picked up her pace with a surge of confidence, only to falter a few steps later upon viewing words written in gold above the office doors: Goodwell Industries. 'Who am I kidding?' She sighed deflated. 'He's the boss and there's no avoiding him.'

She could just quit, but having strived so hard for so long to achieve what she had always dreamed of was just too difficult to pass up. Not to mention the new German roadster she purchased last week, another dream come true.

A strong breeze blew her jacket open instantly snapping her out of her melancholy. 'Damn!' she cursed, her anger at the weather a mere manifestation of the frustration she felt. Her despair the result of seemingly never ending sexual harassment and behind the back sidelining she could barely endure.

The brisk cold caused a shiver and her nipples to grow strained against her sheer blouse. A catcall from somewhere above told her the scene hadn't gone unnoticed. Sighing heavily she huddled her jacket closer. It didn't help matters that she had to wear such a flimsy silk blouse and tight skirt just because that asshole made it company policy for women -- secretaries and vice-presidents alike.



Scene 2: The 9 O'clock Board Meeting

"Yeek!" she yelped, surprised by the sudden violation. She snapped around to slap away his hand, her cheeks flushed red from embarrassment. Ms. Sinclair glared at the offender while those seated around the table sniggered with mild amusement. Mr. Gordon Goodwell, her boss, was grinning from ear to ear. "Hey, sweet thing! Why don't you be a good lil' girl and get us some more coffee, honey bunch!" He announced. "The men," He smirked at the other board members, "have some work to do."

She barely got out a single word about the new marketing project she had created for the company. Usually he would at least let her reach the end of her report before the leers and jeers began. She started to protest only to be met with a dismissive wave of Mr. Goodwell's hand. "Don't worry your pretty lil' head about the project, darlin'. Leave the thinking to us. After you get our coffee, you can sit over there and look pretty for us," He said with a lusty grin. "Oh, and why don't you let that hair down, sugar? There's no need to be so uptight around here. We want to see how sexy you can look."

She gazed hopefully around the table for some sign of support, but was confronted with jeering eyes and a few pink faces.

Sighing dejectedly, she walked slowly to the coffee pot. The scene seemed to repeat itself every board meeting. Once again, she would have to sit quietly biting her upper lip while Goodwell took all the credit for her proposal. The last time, he even had his secretary write over her name on the report cover and type his in. Ever since he took over Goodwell Industries from his father, she had been constantly humiliated and degraded just for being "a lil' woman."

"Oh, and Rachel, honey," He called after her. "Nice to see you keeping up with the company dress code. Lets us get a good look at that sexy butt wriggling around under that tight skirt!" He joked to the audible amusement of the others. "Panties are optional, gentlemen! Company policy, you know." Scattered chuckling and a few murmurs at her expense could be heard around the room. "No wonder daddy hired you, sweet cheeks. These morning meetings are so much more interesting with you to entertain us," He added a final insult.

Her stomach churned in knots. She was fuming inside, struggling to swallow the bitter anger his words created. She tried to tune him out by concentrating on pouring coffee, but even the coffee pot trembled in her unsteady hands. Things had been much better before he came. She had a promising career, but more importantly, she had the respect of the board and the company president. Not now, though. She was the twentieth floor 'cute ass,' as he liked to call her, eye candy for him and his 'yes men' cronies.



Scene 3: Later That Morning

Without his little group of sycophants around to entertain, Mr. Goodwell was a little easier to talk to, if only because it gave him a chance to steal the ideas of his underlings. Rachel hoped he would hear out her ideas about a budget increase for an on-going project that would certainly increase overseas revenue. She knocked and entered timidly after the usual 'What is it, babe?' wasn't heard through the office door.

About to leave the budget proposal on his desk, something a little strange in the top drawer caught her eye. "Wait a minute, Rachel," She mused to herself. "Is that what I think it is? No... it can't be!"

She turned her head twice to make sure the coast was clear and walked around to the other side for a better look. Her jaw dropped. "Oh, my!" She whispered. "It is!" To her right, the LCD screen was fully covered by a picture of Mr. Gordon Goodwell himself, his lips wrapped around the biggest cock she had ever seen!

Bewildered, she covered her mouth with her hand, stifling a gasp. Then she remembered the drawer and pulled it fully open. The grotesquely large sex toy slid to the left revealing a stack of magazines and photos showing men entwined with each other's muscular bodies, sucking cock or taking it all in from behind. For a few moments she just stood there staring, searching her thoughts.

Leafing through several editions of Boner Stud, she picked up September's issue of Tranny Trans, the magazine third from the top. Her red lips began to show a thin smirk. If life were a cartoon, a light bulb would have snapped on above her head.

"Why, Gordo, my little man... Is this why you're such a bastard?" She pondered quietly aloud. "Are you jealous that I'm a beautiful woman and you're not?" She couldn't help but to giggle softly. "Gordon Goodwell, company president and sissy little cocksucker! This is too good to be true, Rachel!" Her eyes twinkled with her own amusement. "I wonder just what else we have in here," She added, rifling through his drawers and cupboards.



Scene 4: Hello Miss Goodwell!

Waiting for 'Mr. Panties are Optional' was so much fun. Not a drawer or cabinet was left unexplored. Under all the magazines, Rachel discovered lipstick, dildos, lacy lingerie, and heaps of Polaroids showing 'sissy pants' himself all dressed up like a two-bit whore. His PC files were even more interesting. She found tons of stuff in his 'confidential' files, including some self-made videos of the starlet himself dressed in pink lingerie sucking on the big black dildo.

"Oh my Gawsh!" She shrieked, clicking the right mouse button. A late-night scene in Gordon's office began to play on the three by three inch movie panel. Gordon was bent over at the waist gripping his desk with both hands, frilly pink panties down around his high-heeled ankles. "You like to be called Rachel, huh?" Said Jimmy Smith, the college intern from accounting. "Yes, oh yes... call me Rachel, daddy!" Gordon squealed with glee. "Well, Rachel, I got something here to make you feel like a girl!" Jimmy stroked his cock with some slippery lube.

"Hold all my calls, darlin'. I don't want to be disturbed for the whole afternoon. Got it, sweetie?" Rachel jumped at his voice in the hall and clicked the movie closed. She didn't want any distractions for what would happen next.

Everything she discovered was strewn around the room. She had been overwhelmed by the sheer amount and diversity of porn he managed to secret in his office. Finding herself strangely aroused by it all and feeling a bit warm, she had earlier loosened her own clothes at let down her hair, just as Mr. Goodwell demanded earlier that day.

"Yes, sir. You won't be disturbed, Mr. Goodwell," Answered Sherry Singleton, his secretary. "But, Mr. Goodwell, Ms. Sinclair." She was cut off by Gordon's dismissive hand waving in the air. "No interruptions!" He called out reaching for the doorknob.

Rachel slid into the sofa, crossed her legs, and let her glasses casually twirl between two fingers. Confidently striding through the door, he stopped abruptly like he had just walked into a brick wall at full speed, his eyes wide in disbelief. The blood drained from his face and pooled at his feet.

"Why hello, you sexy little thing!" She cooed sweetly. The look on Gordon's face was priceless. She smiled a wicked smile letting the situation fully wrap around his head. "Its not very nice to keep a lady waiting, Gordon Goodwell. Do come in and close the door behind you, honey bunch." She demanded.

In shock, he stammered, "Wha... what... what are you doing in here?" His eyes quickly darted to the left and right in desperate terror. Everywhere he looked was another magazine, another Polaroid, another tube of lipstick. His expression quietly went from shock to dismay.

"Aw, poor thing... I wish you should see the way you look right now, sweet cheeks. Too bad we don't have your Polaroid camera. I'd love to get a shot of that face right now," She reveled in her newfound authority and power. "Looks like you and I are going to have a little chat today, Mr. Gordon... Or perhaps we need to find something more appropriate to call you... Little Miss Sissy Slut maybe? Definitely not Rachel!" She was just toying him now, enveloped by her own delight and the fear stricken face of her boss. "You have so many names for the woman around here... Isn't that right, lil' candy ass?" She licked her lips and rubbed her thighs together. "You like it when I let my hair down, don't you, sugar bottom?"



Scene 5: The Trap

"You've got quite a little collection here!" She exclaimed, smiling sweetly with a glint in her eye. She stood slowly adjusting her skirt and grabbed the big black dildo. "Looks like the secretaries... well, just about everybody for that matter, except maybe Jimmy Smith, will have something very, very interesting to gossip about today." She announced, turning toward the door.

"No! Please... no!" Gordon squeaked. "Whatever you want, Ms. Sinclair... I'll give you anything... Anything! Just name it. Please don't tell anyone, please! Not ma... ma... my father! My wife!" He begged on his knees.

Rachel paused for effect. Bracing her hand on her hip, she pretended to consider his offer.

"Nah, not after all your demeaning insults and ass grabbing you've put us women through. I think it'll be much more fun letting the girls in on your little secret, Mr. Fancy Pants!" She said, resuming her walk toward the door, the incriminating rubber toy playfully swaggering in the air.

Sweat ran down his face and dampened his starched white collar. His voice was shrill. His lips quivered. "I'll do anything, Ms. Sincalire, please... anything! I know I've treated you badly, and... and... and I'm sorry! You're just... just so beautiful, Rachel!"

She smirked for an instant so only she could tell, and then turned to leer down at the whiny little man cowering at her feet. "Sorry!?! You'll be sorry when everyone knows your secret! And don't you dare call me that again!" She scolded. "You will address me as Ms. Sinclair at all times! Not Rachel... Not honey pants... Not sweet lips..." The look of sheer terror on his face was precious. She closed her eyes and wished this moment could last forever. The feeling that rushed through her every vein was like nothing she had ever felt. She couldn't believe it, but her thighs were tingling and crotch getting moist.

"Well, I shouldn't give you an ounce of compassion, but I'll tell you what... Since panties are optional, Miss Gordon... Let's see if you're keeping in line with the company dress code and I'll reconsider my options! She said, savoring every second.

Thankful for the momentary respite, he fumbled briefly with his fly and quickly jerked his pants down to the floor. Rachel couldn't help but giggle out loud. "Good girl!" She cooed. "Perhaps Ms. Singleton would like to come in to see Miss Pink Panties too!" She couldn't help but to prolong the torture. It was just too satisfying.

"No! Puh... please, Ms. Sinclair, please!?" Gordon gulped.

"You're not only a dirty little porno pervert. You're a pink sissy boy too!" She laughed.

His face turned crimson red, the thought of Ms. Singleton entering the room and the realization that his fate had just been sealed finally sunk in.



Scene 6: Now For the Really Fun Part

Rachel couldn't resist touching herself. The whole affair was just too much to handle. She thought about the morning walk to work and the wretched feelings that caused her eyes to tear. The board meeting and pouring ten cups of coffee was still fresh in her mind. Now, she could only imagine the feelings surging through Gordon. She wished they were ten times worse than what she felt only a few hours earlier.

One thing had led to another and Gordon was becoming quite the little sissy boy before Rachel's twinkling eyes. First, the pink panties oh so sweet. Next, a lacy bra and matching petticoat. Finally, a heavy smear of slut red lipstick. "That will get those pretty lips ready for some cocksucking," She had told him. It was working out better than she had dared hope. Gordon, or Miss Pink Panties as she now called him, was readily agreeing to anything she demanded. With the threat of exposure hanging over him, he was caught on a slippery slope, slowly but surely being drawn deeper and deeper into her trap.

She stifled a slight moan from escaping her wet lips. As delicious as the tingling sensations coursing through her body were, she carefully maintained a stern expression and authoritarian demeanor. Her first thought upon discovering Gordon's perverted collection had been simple revenge; she would just expose the asshole for what he really is. Now, though, seeing him on his knees obediently smearing lipstick all over his face, the fear unmistakable in his eyes, her revenge wouldn't be so hasty. The possibilities that developed were so much sweeter and delicious. This wouldn't end anytime soon. Rachel would see to that. This could become a permanent arrangement.

"Good girl!" She mocked out loud. "Now that you've put on your pretty lipstick, why don't you slip into a nice short dress. It is company policy for all females, remember?" She teased him relentlessly. "Oh my, Miss Pink Panties... Who would have thought that you could be such a pretty little thing? I bet you're getting all hot and bothered right now standing there in your girly things. Slut!" She taunted, sliding her fingers deeper discreetly between her legs.

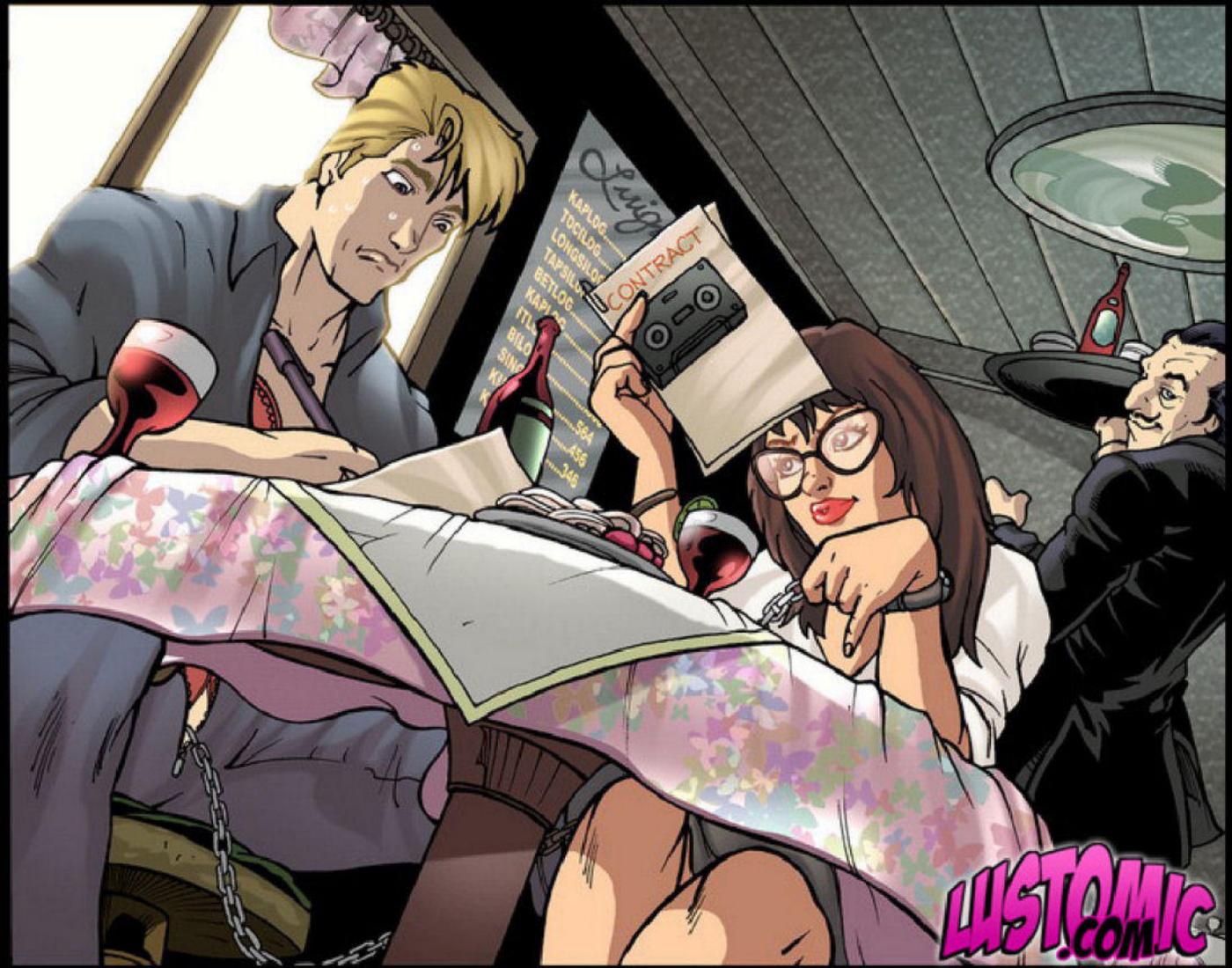
He was obviously aroused on one hand. There was little the thin pink material could do to hide the bulge growing within. Yet he was confused and scared on the other hand. This was something he had always dreamed about, but now that it was real it wasn't fun and playful like he imagined. Rachel was serious, and exposure could ruin his life. His wife, the job, the expensive cars, the weekends at the Framptons in their beach house, the clothes, the expensive dinners at La Clique all could be gone if Daddy found out about this.

Rachel slapped his face lightly with the end of the thick dildo snapping Gordon out of his thoughts. "Such a big toy you like to play with, darlin'!" She giggled. "I wonder if it fits!"

"Please, Ms. Sinclair... I only use that to su... to suck!" Gordon pleaded.

"Oh, you might get to suck it when I'm done, sweet cheeks!" Rachel taunted him. "Now, put on those pretty high-heels over there and prance your sissy self over to the desk, bitch!"

Gordon could only stare in terror, his hand slipped slightly smearing the lipstick.



Scene 8: An Offer He Can't Refuse

Gordon shifted nervously in his chair, still sore from Rachel's attentions earlier that afternoon. "Well... I'm waiting! Are you going to sign it or do I have to send this tape to channel 8? Just imagine the morning stock report!" She let her words sink in a moment, and then gave the chain a sharp tug.

"Rachel... um, I mean Ms. Sinclair... this is totally outrageous! I can't sign over the entire company to you. My daddy made me the CEO and president! That's my name on the door of the building for heaven's sake! Yeow, please!" Gordon shrieked at another sudden yank on the leash.

"That's your father's name on the building," She scolded. "I'm sure he wouldn't want it, and the company's reputation ruined when I send this tape in!"

Rachel was actually going through with it. Before dinner, she made Gordon type out a seventeen page contract agreement that detailed the turn over of company ownership, revenue, stocks, and all assets to Rachel Sinclair, and identified her as sole president and CEO of Goodwell Industries. Her graduate degree in business law finally paid off. "You can't do this to me," he moaned.

"Really? Well, you don't have to sign anything you don't want to, sugar lumps," She teased. "Hmm... Now, where did I put that essay you wrote this afternoon? Did I leave it on Ms. Singleton's desk before we left? You know how she likes to work late. No... I've got it, I left it with the briefing papers for tomorrow morning's board meeting."

"Ok, ok... you win! You'll pay for this, Ms. Sinclair," Gordon seethed. "I want everything destroyed once I've signed, Okay? Yikes!" His words were cut short when his cock was practically yanked straight out of his pants this time.

"Shame on you, Miss Pink Panties. I don't think you can tell me what to do any longer. At least not when I've got this tape of you enjoying my dildo and shrieking like a little girl. Oh, no... these, my little sweet candy ass, are going in a very safe place for a very long time." Rachel beamed with self-confidence.

The waiter stole a curious glance at the commotion only to walk away chuckling loudly. He must have seen Gordon's pink bra poking out from under his shirt. Gordon looked up nervously and noticed other patrons glancing over. His eyes fell to the table in utter defeat and his signature was scribbled across the dotted line.

Gleefully, Rachel grabbed the signed contract and pointed out a small print clause at the bottom. She had done some tweaking after Gordon finished typing. "I'll be managing your salary and living expenses from now on. Just enough for new clothes, cosmetics, and high-heels. Real sexy stuff... You know, company policy and all," She whispered. "You won't need very much to eat. Maybe some rice cakes and carrot sticks for lunch. We want to keep that girlish figure nice and tight, don't we? The board, after all, needs to be entertained!" She smirked, watching the color of his face drain to pale white. "You see, darlin' you're going to work as my new secretary. But don't worry your pretty lil' head... it'll be our secret!" She winked conspiratorially. "No one will ever know..."

His eyes pleaded with Rachel, but he knew better than to protest.



Scene 9: A New Girl at the Office

The inter-office memo stated that Mr. Gordon Goodwell had stepped down as company president to pursue his lifelong dream of living with the monkeys of Mumbabumbu, and that Rachel Sinclair had been chosen as his successor. There was a small blurb about the shake-up in the business section of the city newspaper. Gordon would be staying on for a few weeks to pass his business savvy onto Ms. Sinclair. Moral in the office hallways was at an all time high. Mr. Goodwell was not well liked or respected, by men and women alike. Under his leadership, last quarter's earnings report was dismal and stock shares plummeted to all time lows. Shares had risen four points in the day's trading just with the announcement of his leaving, and company personnel holding profit sharing contracts were delighted. Even Grantforth Goodwell III, the company's founder, phoned Ms. Sinclair to congratulate her. Gordon answered the call like a good secretary should.

Behind closed doors, Rachel kept her new secretary busy by humiliating him the way he once humiliated her. Relinquishing his office to Rachel, he now occupied a tiny desk by the door. He still came to work every morning in business suit and tie, but would later change into whatever Rachel set out for him. Rachel had so much fun ringing up the company charge accounts with new clothes for Gordon. The hemlines kept getting shorter and shorter and the heels higher and higher. His bottom had grown sore from constant slaps, smacks, and pinches. Between meetings and deals that would turn the company fortune around, she delighted seeing Gordon bend at the waist in short skirts and struggle to do the most simplest of tasks with those extra long false nails he was learning to manicure. Monday was blue nail polish, Tuesday pink, Wednesday silver...

It wasn't long before Ms. Singleton caught on to what was happening in Ms. Sinclair's office. She used to eavesdrop on every conversation Mr. Goodwell had through the intercom. One day she just decided to walk in after hearing Rachel say: "Oh, Miss Pink Panties, fetch me my morning coffee, you know how I take it... And then I'm going to take you!" Sherry was barely able to breath, laughter consumed her, when she witnessed Gordon Goodwell bent over the desk with a large black rod thrusting deep into his body. Rachel gave her a twenty thousand dollar raise and put her in charge of Gordon's secretarial training. Before he could go home, Ms. Singleton finished each lesson by reminding him of his new life with the same dildo he once kept hidden in the top drawer.

Humiliated wasn't the appropriate word. This was much worse than his friendly teasing, so he called it, had been toward the women employees. His whole life had been taken away. He still couldn't believe he had been tricked into signing that contract. None of that mattered now anyway. Contract or no contract there was no way out. She couldn't possibly keep this up forever, he consoled himself wishfully. He still had offshore accounts and shares in other companies Rachel overlooked. He would escape this and tell the board he had been blackmailed. Those photos and tapes are fakes!

"Am I going to wait all morning for my coffee, sugar smacks?" Rachel's sharp tone interrupted Gordon's wishful thinking. Confused and disgusted with himself, he teetered over on high-heels to his former desk, carefully balancing the coffee cup. Ms. Sinclair's name plaque mocked him.

"Just set it down, honey," Rachel said, smiling in amusement. "Yes, Ms. Sinclair." He replied in his best high pitched shrill. "You know, sweetums... others are beginning to wonder why they never see you leave this office." Rachel continued. "I don't think we can keep this up much longer. I think it's time."

"Um... what? Time for what, Ms. Sinclair?" he stammered, squirming uncomfortably from the unforgiving corset squeezing his waist.

"Sit down and take a memo for office circulation," She ordered, ignoring his query. Gordon sat with a worried look on his face. "Take this down..." She started between sips of hot coffee "November 15th. Mr. Gordon Goodwell has rethought his life's ambition and has now decided that the best way to contribute to the firm would be to serve as a personal assistant to Ms. Rachel Sinclair, the CEO and President. This was a difficult decision to make, but Mr. Goodwell no longer feels the need to hide his secret desires to be a woman. He would now like to be officially known as Miss Pink Panties, or Miss P.P. for short." Rachel laughed out loud at her own joke.

"I... I can't, Ms. Sinclair? Ms. Singleton? Please!" Gordon babbled. "I just can't be seen like this! We agreed..." Gordon panicked. "You have no choice, young lady!" Rachel snapped. "Ms. Singleton and I have decided you are much more productive for this company as a girl. We all know you never did anything for it as a man! Now run along like a good lil' girl and type that up," Rachel dismissed any further protests with her hand. "I'll expect it to be distributed company wide before the morning's meeting."



Scene 10: There's Going to be Some Changes Around Here

"I trust all of you have received this morning's memo about my new secretary?" Rachel quizzed the assembled board and didn't wait for a reply. "There will be some long overdue changes now that I'm the boss, gentlemen," she stated, tugging the chain in her hand a few times. Miss Pink Panties followed the leash and obediently stepped forward with a notepad at the ready, now the center of everyone's attention. "You all know Miss Pink Panties," she said, pausing to fully appreciate the nervous giggles and hushed tones heard around the room. "Gentlemen, if you want to keep your jobs," she went on, "I'm going to require your assistance to make Miss P.P. here feel more like a girl. More on that later. It's painfully obvious she has been secretly jealous of me for being a beautiful woman. This jealousy is the reason for her previous indiscriminate and lewd behavior." Rachel looked around the room at open mouths. "I'm sure none of you approved of that treatment." Her query was met by a murmur of incoherent sounds and a few cleared throats. "One good turn deserves another I always say. I can have secrets too. My secret is Miss Pink Panties here has been taking feminine hormones for several weeks now without her knowledge," Rachel announced, smiling at her own devilishness. "Did you take your vitamin C this morning, honey?" She tugged again at the chain.

"What! Tho… those are hor… He yelled.

"Shut up, slut!" Rachel cut her off in mid protest. "You're a sissy boy now. A lot like a girl, but not quite a woman," she giggled. "Now, remember your place!" Miss Pink Panties, bit her upper lip and stared at the floor unable to make any eye contact with her former golf buddies. "As I was saying, it's intolerable to treat women the way Mr. Gordon Goodwell did. If I ever catch any of you treating the female employees in this company like that, you will be terminated!" She soaked in the shocked looks staring back at her.

"Now, gentlemen, since Miss Pink Panties is not really a girl, and never will be, I think he, I mean she deserves the same kind of treatment I was afforded not too long ago. Don't you agree?" She let her words hang for a moment. All eyes were fixed on the chain dangling from under Miss Pink Panty's short skirt. "Mr. Rodslittle, how about you? How do you like your coffee again? It was two creams and one sugar, correct?"

"Uh… ahem, yes," Mr. Rodslittle cleared his throat. "Can you get me some coffee, please, Gord… I mean Miss Pink Panties?" the Director of Finance said tentatively from the far end of the table.

Gordon felt hot daggers of shame rip through his flesh. It was the first time anyone other than Ms. Sinclair or Ms. Singleton had used that name, a name he had grown to loath. Rachel smiled, but then corrected Mr. Rodslittle. "No, no… that's not how you tell this slut to fetch coffee!" She gave the chain a hard pull and Miss Pink Panties almost fell over, struggling to maintain balance on the new platform heels Ms. Sinclair picked out that day. Rachel slipped her hand up Miss Pink Panty's skirt and felt her quivering skin through sheer pink panties. "Be a good lil' girl and make yourself useful. After you get the entire board coffee just the way they like it, sit over there and look pretty for us," she said, glancing at the board members. "These morning meetings will be so much fun with you around to entertain us…"



"Oh, you're such a klutz, Miss Pinkie! Get those sweet cheeks of yours in gear or we'll be late!" Rachel exclaimed, exasperated with her awkward assistant.

Gordon Goodwell had acquired a nice little collection of nicknames since losing the family business, and all his dignity to Rachel Sinclair several months ago. Miss Pinkpanties, as her corporate identification card now read, was usually used for more formal occasions like client and board meetings. Ms. Sinclair did without such formality in the office or at her new three-level city loft where Pinkie spent several hours each day polishing hardwood floors and ironing clothes on her off time. Pinkie, or Miss Pinkie, was Rachel's new favorite. Rachel knew she hated it, but there was nothing she could do now. Miss Panties was another, first blurted out by Ms. Singleton, after which Rachel and she giggled in hysterics between sips of their morning coffee. Miss Panties just cringed and gritted her teeth adding another sugar to Ms. Singleton's cup on demand. Roger Broomble in shipping & receiving had taken to calling her "sugar plum," generally followed by a swift pat on her bottom. Katie McCaulley in advertising preferred "hot bottom." Ms. McCaulley delighted in interrogating Miss Pinkie about her wardrobe interrupting her daily trips to fetch Ms. Sinclair's inter-office mail.

"My my, hot bottom... those shoes are to die for! You must tell me where you got them," Katie would smile seeing Pinkie teetering by in her latest pair of stiletto high heels.

It made her stomach churn, but Miss Pinkpanties would dutifully reply with full details -- where she got them, how many pairs she tried on, how well they coordinate with her outfit, whether they were on sale or if a matching purse was available.

"Yes Miss Sinclair... right away, Miss Sinclair," Pinkpanties huffed, hurriedly gathering an unmanageable stack of papers in her hands.

She just couldn't quite get a grip on all the slippery file folders. They were slipping out of her hands and falling all over the floor at her feet. Holding onto much of anything proved quite difficult. Rachel insisted that Pinkie maintain perfectly manicured, very long fingernails with three appointments at the manicurist each week.

"It's all about how you look, sweetie, not about how easy it is to use your hands," she explained on more than a few occasions. "I never said being pretty was going to be easy, did I?"

"Miss Panties! Are you ready yet!" Rachel chided from the door, impatiently glancing at her Cartier diamond wristwatch.

"Yes Miss Sinclair... coming Miss Sinclair," Pinkpanties sputtered distractedly.

Panties was finally getting the better of the errant files when another one slid off the top of the stack. She lunged forward in haste to catch the run-away sheath of papers and all the others went down in a single fluid motion. Papers went sprawling in every direction on the slick marble foyer. Her sudden forward motion proved too much for her decidedly low-cut dress to handle. Both bulbous breasts popped out from under their hiding place.

"Damn, damn, damn..." she muttered, straining to grab some paper with one hand and tuck herself back inside the dress with the other.

"What is taking so long... Just look at what you've done, doll!" Rachel exclaimed, "Quickly now or we'll be late," she sighed, glaring disapprovingly at her disheveled secretary, "My clients have flown all the way from Japan. The least you can do is carry my papers across town without so much nonsense!"

Rachel rarely lost her temper with Miss Pinkie. She recalled the moments when Gordon Goodwell's face turned fire red and some insubordinate had to endure fifteen minutes of nonsensical spit showered screaming. She wouldn't give Pinkie the satisfaction of letting her know she had triggered a nerve. It was much more fun, and satisfying, to endlessly humiliate her underling.

"Finally!" Rachel declared after Panties gathered up her mess, "Here, darlin' sling this pretty purse on and let's go," she continued, adding a hot pink handbag to her assistant's burden.



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Pinkpanties' too short hemline and carelessly stuffed breasts didn't escape notice in the crowded uptown hotel lobby. Desperately clinging to her paperwork, she instinctively tried delicately to pull her skirt down a centimeter or two, which proved impossible. She nervously glanced about as yet another group of men passed by, their eyes either ogling her tightly wrapped behind or openly staring at her ample cleavage, or both. Wondering if her panties were on display, she gulped and tugged yet again at the hemline in vain. Over the past few months, this new life had become routine at the office, but Rachel's insistence on taking her out in public was often too much for Panties to get used to. This time it would be quick and soon they'd be secluded in the elevator and on their way to a private room. The weekly afternoon trips to the department store and hours of trying on new g-strings, high heels, and lipstick were more than Pinkie could stand. Rachel never passed up an opportunity to tell Gordon Goodwell's story to a curious salesgirl.

"You look very nice, sweetie. Stop fidgeting with yourself. Just look at how these gentlemen are checking you out!" Rachel complimented loud enough for the bystanders to overhear, her right hand reaching around to smooth out Panties' dress from behind, "Who would have thought that Mr. Gordon Goodwell could become such a pretty little thing and turn guy's heads like that," she smirked.

Pinkie turned two shades of crimson red. The self-conscious tugging of her hemline had drawn her dress low enough to reveal half a stiff nipple and draw even more attention from the crowd. Rachel loved it when Panties got herself into more trouble. She smiled at the others near the lift. Pinkie bit her lower lip and closed her eyes wishing she was somewhere else, somewhere safe. Hearing her former name in public sent shivers down her spine and memories of what once was flooding into her mind. She opened her eyes to look at the floor hoping the busy lift had arrived, but her immediate attention was quickly diverted to the tent poles forming in the gentleman's pants.

"Oh my, sweetie... are we checking out the fellas? Good girl!" Rachel teased.

Some of the men turned quickly in embarrassment and shot their hands in their pants pockets.

"If you're ever lookin' for some extra work, just give me a call, darlin'," one man said looking at Rachel and slipping a business card under the lip of Panties' pink purse.

"She may just need some extra work!" Rachel replied to Pinkie's astonishment, "Thank the gentleman, Miss Pinkpanties."

"Tha... thank you, sir," Panties said, struggling to swallow the uncomfortable lump in her throat.

Ding the lift chimed. Startled but relieved, Pinkpanties hurried in after her boss still tugging at her hemline and almost letting the purse slip off her shoulder. The doors slid shut and she took a deep breath to calm her embarrassment.



"Ah, Kato-san! Good afternoon... So nice to see you!" Rachel greeted the robust oriental man when the suite's door opened.

Still lightly gripping Rachel's hand, Mr. Kato's attention, and that of the other three gentlemen in the room, was firmly fixed on the pretty blonde standing next to her.

"I trust your flight was comfortable, Kato-san," Rachel quizzed rhetorically. "Please, gentlemen, allow me to introduce my lovely new assistant, Miss Pinkpanties," she added, winking and turning to give Mr. Kato a better view of the demure girl behind her.

Panties felt hot in the skimpy clothes and very uncomfortable. She tried unsuccessfully to hide behind the mass of papers in her quivering hands. Nervously glancing in no particular direction, she felt violated by the lusty leers from the glassy eyed men standing in the room. She shifted side-to-side teetering in the extra high heels Rachel picked out for the meeting. Her recognition of the men assembled in the room was unmistakable making matters worse.

The year previous, these same men were sitting in the top floor conference room at Goodwell Industries and the company president, Gordon Goodwell, was laughing at the paperwork spread out on the table.

"Your company isn't even listed on the Nikkei index, for chriss sake. Is it even a company?" Gordon laughed to his cronies, "You expect us to sign this deal? I'm afraid you've wasted a long trip over here," Goodwell half pushed the papers back and slung his feet on the table.

"This is guaranteed, Gordon-san. You've seen the figures and production output. We stand to make millions! A fool would turn down this offer!" Mr. Kato exclaimed storming out of the conference room.

"Please, ladies... do come in!" Mr. Kato stopped staring long enough to say, "We are very pleased to meet you and your lovely assistant," he added, unable to peel his eyes away from Panties' abundant cleavage, "It is a shame we were not able to do business last year, but at least I see that Goodwell Industries is now in more capable hands, Ms. Sinclair."

Pinkpanties could hardly stem the rising panic boiling inside. There was no way to be sure that Rachel had told the men from Sikko Manufacturing her little secret. None of them glinted any recognition at first glance. To make the situation more unbearable, the evident thirsting attention she was receiving from all eyes in the room was intolerable. She had never experienced such a nasty look-over, even during the worst situations Rachel created. It was as if she was nothing more than an object for their amusement. In the office the men had playfully ogled her, stealing a few quickies up her skirt now and then, but nothing as terrifying as this. These men were like animals, predators hunting prey. She shivered uncontrollably and whispered to Rachel.

"puh... please... can we go?"

"Nonsense! Mr. Kato and his associates here have graciously agreed to meet us and give us this opportunity to showcase our services and expertise. Don't worry about them dear," Rachel grinned conspiratorially, "Like most men, they're just admiring a pretty little girl like you, sweetie."

"But... I'm not really... and I've met..." Pinkpanties stammered barely able to control her anxiety.

"Oh hush! You will do as you're told," Rachel chided.



"This one is cute, no?" one of the men sniggered while the others laughed.

Pinkpanties stood awkwardly, knees shaking, clutching the small handbag near her crotch trying to hide her emerging erection. No! Not again, she thought. The medicine Rachel had given her was tingling her cock and causing it to stiffen. There was little the thin tight dress material could do to conceal it. Eyes downcast, she blushed as another man made another rude comment getting closer to her. Ms. Sinclair was busy with the others making small talk and laying out the papers Panties had carried over on the table. She paid no attention to Pinkie and her worsening situation nearby. The other two men in the room not involved in the direct negotiations drew closer and stripped Pinkie naked with their eyes. She swallowed hard in unanswered desperation.

"Please help me!" she squeaked silently.

Her eyes darted over to Rachel, her only protector, by now fully engrossed in the discussions, arms waving animatedly to make a point. There was no rescue. The months of transformation had made Pinkie incapable of doing much of anything on her own. She was completely dependant on Rachel. For a moment she thought about a quick escape out the door, down the elevator and back to the office. That would mean walking sixty-eight blocks dressed like a two-dollar whore in heels already wearing out her legs. A taxi, even a city bus was out of the question. Pinkie wasn't allowed to carry money of any kind. Her minimum wage salary went into a special bank account Ms. Sinclair had established. The money was used to pay for Pinkie's one room studio apartment and a subscription to Glamour magazine.

"Yikes!" Pinkie screeched, half leaping out of her heels.

A cold hand had suddenly slipped up Pinkie's skirt from behind. The hand's masculine grip tightened around her balls and squeezed. Her involuntary erection went full blast and poked straight out as if it was trying to pierce the thin material clinging to it. "Ah ha! I was right! She is a he all right, Juto-san!" the grabbing man declared, "Here, feel for yourself!"

Juto-san, noticing Pinkie's obvious problem, smirked. He took full hold of her stiff member through the dress and pressed his lips to Pinkie's ear.

"Ah, good little bitch!" he whispered hungrily, "You taste good, little girl!" he added, sticking his tongue down Pinkie's ear canal.

Mr. Kato, dropping a few ice cubes into a glass and pouring himself a Scotch, witnessed the scene with intent interest from his vantage point at the room's mini bar. He decided Pinkie was more interesting than Ms. Sinclair's business proposal, as she hoped would be the case. Kato copped a good long feel for himself and grinned from ear to ear.

"Ms. Sinclair! Your promises are true. She is just what you described! Our business together will be very mutually beneficial!" he laughed loudly.

Pinkpanties gripped her skirt hem tightly trying to push the offending hand out from between her legs and ward off the other two men now groping her body. Her eyes wide in terror, she searched the room for some sign of help. The realization of her role in the proceedings suddenly overwhelmed and sickened her. Similar enticements were not uncommon in the world of corporate negotiations. Gordon Goodwell himself had both benefited from and arranged such dealmakers on numerous occasions.

Rachel looked up briefly from the paperwork and winked at Mr. Kato. She cast a weak smile at Pinkie, which did little to relieve her growing desperation. Some of the finer points in the contract were being discussed in detail. The businessmen not consuming Pinkie argued over a few one-sided clauses that would result in Goodwell Industries reaping fifty one percent of the merged venture. Rachel anticipated their hesitancy and she smiled broadly at Pinkie.

"Well, gentlemen..." Rachel said leaning back in her chair, "...There is little point in arguing over small things. Let's take a break. I'm sure you'd like to unwind a little after such a long journey."



"Come over here, honey buns," Rachel called from across the room.

Peals of laughter followed Pinkpanties as she rushed to stand by Rachel's side. For a brief moment she felt safe.

"Oh, thank you... thank you, Ms. Sinclair," Panties whispered, adding a long exhale to relieve her pent up tension.

Rachel smiled back, a mischievous glint in her eye. She brushed her hand over Pinkie's protruding structure and giggled.

"All this attention is getting you hot and bothered," Rachel pouted her lips as if speaking to a small child, "Poor thing. You're just ready to burst through your pretty dress, aren't you?" she added, pushing aside a few strands of blonde hair that had fallen in front of Pinkie's face.

Rachel turned her attention back to the men, now standing in a close group all eyeing the worried secretary. Panties' eyes darted to and fro, her hands unable to conceal the hard problem under her dress.

"Gentlemen, we are all adults here. You didn't think I brought along Miss Pinkpanties for her note taking skills, did you?" Rachel laughed, "I think you'll find Goodwell Industries to be very generous on many levels. I wouldn't be much of a hostess if I didn't make all of you as comfortable as possible. Miss Pinkie here will be more than happy to assist in your relaxation, won't you sweetie?"

"Puh... please, Ms. Rach... I mean Ms. Sinclair," Pinkpanties stuttered fearing her mistake in words, but not as much as the fear caused by Rachel's invitation.

Rachel's right hand swooshed through the air and landed square on Pinkie's blushing cheek. The blow snapped Pinkie to attention and her eyes became moist. There was no need to emphasize the error she had made with words.

"Now, sashay your little bottom over to the bar and make drinks for these gentlemen," Ms. Sinclair ordered, adding another slap to Pinkie's rear as she teetered away. "I do apologize for her behavior, gentlemen. I'm sure you can appreciate the value of good discipline in the work force."

"You know well, Ms. Sinclair... we are Japanese and our traditions are built on discipline. I like your style... and your taste in employees!" Kato replied, accepting another glass of Scotch from Pinkie's trembling hand.

Once all the men had a full glass, Rachel stood and grabbed Pinkie's wrist tugging her into the adjacent bedroom. The men followed. Rachel stood behind Miss Panties running her hand gently along the curves of Panties' waist and hips as if showing off a visual aid during a board meeting.

"You can see that she is very happy to meet all of you. I could barely tear her away from the dressing room this morning. She spent hours fussing with her make-up to look her best for tonight," Rachel added, her hand gingerly toying with Pinkpanties' breast and tweaking her nipple to illustrate the point. "Just look under her skirt and you'll see just how delighted she really is."

Panties went into another panic; her eyes wide in shock, that sickening feeling in her stomach began to twist her gut. She stood riveted to the spot, too frightened to move a muscle. Mr. Kato eagerly stooped down and peeled away Pinkies' dress and along with it her last remaining hope the inevitable could be avoided.

"Now there's an offer I cannot refuse!" Kato exclaimed excitedly. Written across the back of her panties were the words: Fuck Me in neat red embroidered girlish script.



Rachel stepped aside leaving Pinkie standing alone at the center of the closing ring surrounding her. Ms. Sinclair smiled as she watched the men encircle Pinkie, their hands groping her body violating her personal space. One man gripped her upper arm with vice like force. Pinkpanties protested a weak squeak and struggled to move away. The manhandling was too much to resist, her arms were pinned by strong hands. She felt the rough skin of more hands on the tender flesh of her inner thigh through silk stockings. The hands were spreading her legs apart and exploring her most sensitive areas.

Gordon Goodwell knew the men wouldn't stop. It wasn't that long ago he was chasing Julie Newberry around the conference room table after hours one Thursday night.

"I know you want it, sugar lips. Don't be such a tease," Gordon had whispered in Julie's ear after pinning her spread eagle on the table. "You do want that raise, don't you, honey?"

One of the men suddenly looked over at Rachel, a confused expression on his face.

"Oh, don't worry about it Taka-san. Her panties will keep things neatly tucked away. It won't give you any problems... I promise." Rachel beamed, answering his query without the question having to be asked.

Satisfied, Mr. Taka turned back and eagerly slipped his hands into Pinkies' low cut dress and popped out a round fleshy breast to toy with. His lips encircled her pink spot like a suction cup and his teeth began lightly chewing on her nipple. The flickering of his tongue on the very tip sent tingled waves on a direct course to her groin. She still had needs, especially after months of enforced chastity. Rachel had ensured there were no unnecessary accidents during Gordon's transition. The measures were needed to make sure Pinkie would perform her best at times like these. Pinkie was overcome by loathing and sexual excitement, not sure which feeling was strongest or worse. Fluid began to drip from her member staining the front of her pink panties with a round dark spot.

"Oh, and ah..." Rachel began, motioning to Pinkie's purse, "She's brought a few of her favorite toys along too. Darling, why don't show them your little party favors!"

Panties relinquished the purse and a tear edged down her cheek.



"No! Oh Please!" Pinkie exclaimed in one last effort of resistance.

She watched with wide eyes as the contents of her bag were yanked from within.

"Ah yes... naughty girl like naughty things!" Mr. Kato said, fondling a fleshy colored phallic shaped device, "You have many surprises, don't you, little girl?"

"Yesss, Kato-san... and another surprise right here," Mr. Taka announced reaching between Pinkie's crotch from behind.

The other men emptied the purse and put its contents on display for all to see: a short chain leash, collar, ring gag, and some more interesting equipment.

"Give me that!" Mr. Taka half shouted in excitement as he reached for the ring gag.

Rachel giggled merrily as she watched the scene unfold. The men were behaving like children unwrapping a birthday present. All men are like little boys when they have toys to play with, she mused, watching the scene unfold better than she'd planned. Before Pinkie could seal her lips, the ring gag was jammed between her teeth forcing her mouth into a perfect o shaped circle. Rachel noted the masculine force with which the leather collar was strapped and buckled around Pinkie's neck. That'll be uncomfortable, she grinned, casually sipping her drink. Handcuffs snapped around each wrist forcing Pinkie's arms behind her back. Pinkie's struggling was barely evident during the frenzy. These guys are good, she thought. I can't imagine what they must get into in Japan. No wonder old Gordo liked to travel to Tokyo so much.

Rachel finished her drink and decided to make another. The open jawed unintelligible squeals coming from Pinkie's gaping mouth filled the room. She could hear the sound of zippers being jerked down and heavy panting. Rumors of Gordon's after-hours activities had always buzzed in the office hallways, even more so now that he had become Miss Pinkpanties. Prior indiscretions quickly became public knowledge and subtly Gordon paid for each one as his daily humiliation continued unabatedly. He would pay not so subtly this evening. Revenge, Rachel thought, was best served long and hard. She pondered back to the cold fall day this whole bizarre arrangement began. Her hand reached behind her and she gave herself a feel pretending it was Gordon's meaty paw patting her bottom in the conference room. She blurted out an audible laugh and sauntered back to the center of activity, drink in hand.



Several unyielding tugs at the cuffs and Pinkie knew there was nothing she could do but succumb to the aggressive attentions. She had given up the vocal protests; none were answered or cared about. All that frantic huffing and puffing seemed only to spur the men on. She was roughly hoisted face down on the bed arranged in the perfect position to afford easy access to all entrance points. The men worked precisely, an obvious Japanese attention to detail, adjusting her ring gag to ensure unimpeded entry. A few pillows raised her hips to just the right height. Once Pinkie was firmly in the correct position, the salivating pack undressed. From her hindered vantage point all Panties could see were engorged male members and flabby guts spilling out over dress pants as belts were unbuckled and trousers dropped to the floor.

"You've got sweet lips, little girl," Mr. Kato hissed, his hands pulling on Pinkie's ears. "I've got something more sweet right here!" he laughed.

From behind, Mr. Taka took hold of Pinkie's panties and yanked them down nearly tearing the delicate silk fabric from her body. His rigid tool was dripping with excitement, a few drops landed on Panties' exposed flesh. Panties jerked to one side trying to avoid another dripping, but a hard open palm strike of Taka's masculine hand on her left cheek said otherwise. Panties squealed through the ring gag and they all laughed.

"Going someplace, little bitch," Taka asked to the delight of the audience and added another sound slap for effect.

Rachel noticed that Pinkie's pink lacy bra had disappeared, stuffed into a pocket no doubt to become someone's souvenir of the evening's activities. She'd be punished later for losing it, Rachel smiled.

Keeping with Japanese tradition, the senior members would take the first stab at their corporate incentive. Much chatter was thrown around the room and although Rachel didn't speak fluent Japanese, she had a good idea what they were talking about. While Kato and Taka adjusted position, the other men busily stroked themselves patiently waiting their turn.

Rachel took the opportunity to feel her own excitement growing between her legs. Her arousal the product of Gordon's latest predicament, not from any thought of the men around her. She found them to be less than tasteful and regarded their activities as shameless. That, however, made it all the worse for Gordon, which was the point. She'd not only get to witness Gordon's ultimate humiliation, but Miss Pinkpanties would seal a deal that would almost double earnings for the fiscal year.

Mr. Kato held his member at its base and playfully slapped Pinkie's cheek, leaving behind a trace of his fluid. He squeezed his fleshy tool and pushed out a little more sticking just the tip into Pinkie's open mouth. The sour taste made her gag, but nobody noticed. Her eyes opened in wide circles when Kato grabbed her head from behind. He pulled hard and thrust his pelvis in one motion to squeeze his bulbous head through the tight ring. Another deliberate yank and he was all the way in, his prickly sack bounced off of Pinkie's chin and his floppy stomach rested on her forehead. The warm probe reached to the very back of Pinkie's throat evoking a gag reflex. It withdrew suddenly, Pinkie inhaled deeply catching her breath before it shot back in and produced another retch, another breathless cough. Kato's moistened gut coated her face with a thin covering of sweat. The ring gag was tight around him. It became tighter with each quickening stroke, her mouth arousing his excitement to even greater hardness. Pinkie's jaw ached, but Kato maintained the cruel pace to match his level of his stimulation slowing the fervent pitch only when he wanted to extend his pleasure.

"Kato-san... how does she feel?" one of the spectators asked in Japanese, his own dripping bulb stiffening from quick strokes.

Kato grunted a reply and tightened his grip on Pinkie's ears.



Pinkie could hardly catch her breath. Kato's engorged member filled her mouth as his gut smothered her nose with each thrust forward. Every muscle in her body tensed in unison feeling the intense pressure building from behind. Taka's implement was unrelenting. He gripped Pinkie's tender thighs in strong hands and jerked her back to meet his rigid cock, its slick head popped inside her painfully. His body went forward and with it the entire intrusion shot inside Pinkie until his scratchy crotch hair tickled her fleshy bottom. Taka was abnormally large for a man of oriental descent. The sudden thrust of his inflated tool nearly tore Pinkie in two, or so she believed, the pain intense. Taka pulled back, groaned while tightening his grip around Pinkie's waist and pushed all the way back inside. The process was repeated. He quickened the pace and then slowed. Pinkie's inaudible squeals and struggling produced added vibrations in her oral cavity still being explored by Kato. This only served to intensify his pleasure and caused him to work harder, his cock reaching further back into Pinkie's throat to take full advantage of her vibrations.

Beads of sweat dripped from Taka's nose and plopped on Pinkie's ass. His rhythm imitated that of Kato until both men were in sync pushing and pulling in unison. Pinkie recognized the signs. Their members twitched and muscles stiffened.

"Ah, yes... little bitch! That's it... that's it," Kato moaned.

Taka sucked air between clenched teeth taking his pace up another notch. Kato was first. Suddenly, the onslaught in Pinkie's mouth stopped briefly, he pushed all the way back and tugged sharply on the leash. The first explosion coated Pinkie's throat in salty fluid. She coughed and twisted trying to gasp a breath while the liquid slid down into her stomach. A moment later another eruption spewed Kato's juice on her tongue. His release was timed and disciplined to give maximum enjoyment. Taka was getting ready from behind, his muscles flexing to resist his urge to the last possible moment. It was as if Taka's erection was a tube of toothpaste and someone just stepped on it. He went off in one forceful blow, his warm semen felt by Pinkie from the inside. His sticky mess followed him when he withdrew, it dripped down Pinkie's crack and collected between her legs. Taka took a deep breath and slapped Pinkie's bottom leaving a dark pink handprint on her white skin. He laughed out loud.

"Nice," Taka hissed.

The other two men, now feverishly stroking their excitement, wasted no time in replacing Kato and Taka at both ends. Pinkie barely had enough time to suck in a few needed breaths before she was entered roughly in front once more. She didn't know what tasted worse, the men's belly sweat or their musky sex fluid. This time, the two men decided to switch positions half way through their course. Pinkie got a taste of her own ass and whatever was left over by Taka when the man from behind stuck his member in her mouth. They switched back and forth a few times until they too were ready to release their pent up desires. The man in front pulled out of Pinkie and stroked himself hurriedly until his mess shot out in streams all over Pinkie's face. His fluid stung her right eye and dripped down the side of her face carried by her now tearing eyes. The man from behind also decided to withdraw and left his seed on Pinkie's bare back.

Rachel watched intently fascinated as they used Pinkie over and over again. She toyed secretly with her own excitement. Her face however betrayed nothing but small gasps of pleasure exhaled from her lips. It was already late and Rachel lost count of the number of times the men released. How long can they keep this up, she wondered. It was more than she hoped for when planning the meeting.



Still breathless from his activity, Kato sat with Rachel sipping coffee. The other men continued the foray unashamedly in the nearby bedroom.

"I believe we have a deal, Miss Sinclair," Kato announced.

Yes! Rachel congratulated herself. Kato scribbled his signature on several of the documents.

"It is a pleasure to finally do business with Goodwell Industries, Miss Sinclair," Kato said handing back the signed papers, "And a pleasure to meet your assistant," he added with a wink.

"I'm sure you will find many benefits through our arrangement, Kato-san," Rachel beamed.

"I look forward to these benefits, Miss Sinclair, and to a long and prosperous future between our companies," Kato said.

"I really must be going, Kato-san," Rachel advised, collecting the signed documents.

Pinkie finally relaxed as best she could when she heard Rachel's excuse to leave. She could hardly wait to have the cuffs, now digging into her skin, removed and get back to her one room apartment to shower this night out of her memory. Rachel made no movement toward her. Instead she began walking to the door. No! Please! Pinkie could only speak to herself, her mouth was still being used.

"My attorneys will prepare all the necessary follow-up documents, Kato-san. Again, it was a pleasure to do business with you. I'll send a car around in the morning to collect Miss Pinkpanties. Please feel free to indulge as long as you like this evening, Kato-san... but I do need her to be ready for work on Monday morning, of course," Rachel concluded.

"Of course, Miss Sinclair. Do not worry. We will take good care of Mr. Gordon Goodwell," Kato replied.

Pinkie's eyes went wide. Rachel shut the door behind her.



Scene 1: Another Day at the Office

Barely balanced wearing ankle boots with thin stiletto heels, Miss Goodwell precariously backed into the boss' office pushing her pretty round bottom through the door first, extra careful not to let the tray she held topple to the floor. The snug sheer white top clung so taut to her upper body it did more to emphasize the frilly pink bra sequestered within than conceal it. Harvey in Accounting greeted Miss Pinkpanties with a grin from ear to ear and a morning compliment.

"Well hello there, Miss Pinky! I love a girl that's not afraid to show off her assets!"

His attentions turned Pinky's face a bright shade of pink that practically matched her bra, as they usually did each morning. She could only swallow the humiliation and mutter a meek reply.

"Thank you, sir."

As she strutted to the coffee room the short pleated swing skirt did nothing to hide the matching pink panties underneath. It swayed without effort with every movement allowing a flirty glimpse of her privates with each agonizing step down the long hallway. Harvey called after her.

"Oh yesss," he hissed, "... I could add up those assets all day long!"

"Your coffee, Ms. Sinclair," Pinky announced in the high pitched girly squeal she'd been practicing while balancing the tray and herself teetering atop the thin high heels.

"Good girl. Put it over there on the table," Rachel replied peering up from the mass of papers spread over her large executive desk.

Rachel watched her secretary step carefully on the plush office carpet and bend at the waist as she placed the tray on the coffee table. Not a movement escaped Rachel's attention and a mistake would certainly result in punishment. Under her watchful eyes, the hot coffee pot and condiments were placed on the side table with the utmost of care. Dark red welts were still slightly visible on Miss Pinky's lily white bottom from the last time she fumbled the tray sending the sugar bowl straight to the carpet.

"Beautifully done, Pinky honey! Perfect!" Rachel congratulated herself more than Pinky. "You've come so far... nicely bent at the waist so very femininely just the way I instructed you. Show me your seams, doll."

Pinky turned so her back faced the boss. She ran one hand smoothly up the back of her left leg to show off the perfectly vertical thin seam that ran from her boot top to the end of the pink garter strap that held the stocking firmly in place.

"Wonderful!" Rachel giggled.

She always giggled when pondering the fate of Gordon Goodwell, the once loud mouthed skirt-chasing President of the company turned sissy secretary pouring coffee for the new boss each morning in highest of high heels. When Pinky finished the coffee routine, she'd retreat into the hall and assume her position at the small desk outside of the President's office to await the next round of the breakfast routine. The persistent Rachel had for that long time



Scene 2: Career Development

"Thank you, princess," Rachel smirked. "That'll be all for now."

Rachel waved a dismissive hand. Pinky obliged with the mandatory curtsy, an act that never failed to embarrass her, especially when others were visiting Rachel's office. The full move, as was driven into Pinky daily, was to lift her skirt with both hands as she dipped so the frilly pink panties underneath were clearly visible.

"Hold for one second... count it off -- one-one thousand -- and say thank you, Madam President," Rachel had repeated over and over until the instinct came naturally.

Miss Goodwell finished the routine and carefully spun around to exit. Rachel stopped her mid step.

"Oh Gordon, dear... you're turning into such a nice little office girl..."

Rachel delighted in using Pinky's old name now and then just to get that reaction out of her -- The slight stutter in her step and gulp of her Adams's apple clearly visible through her throat, the one male trait that his pink panties couldn't conceal.

"Um, tha... thank you, Madam Rachel," Pinky reacted slightly confused.

"But..." Rachel continued. "There's always a but, dear! Being the perfect little office tart that you are just isn't enough for you I'm afraid. I think it's time we changed your portfolio!" Rachel said as if thinking out loud. "Your bills are adding up rather quickly... Shoes, cosmetics, wardrobe, a fresh pair of undies everyday, not to mention those hose. Don't worry, honey, every working girl has similar problems, especially the ones earning minimum wage."

Pinky's mind was spinning like a child's top. She was just getting accustomed to her new life as a secretary and deal-maker, not that either was an easy adjustment, but now Rachel had something else in mind. Pinky didn't receive a pay check like everyone else at the company. In theory she earned minimum wage for each hour worked, but the hours, kept diligently in the books by Harvey down the hall, were used to pay for her upkeep -- clothing, make-up, her special body slenderizing diet to keep her pretty and petite. Grinning at Pinky's obvious discomfort, Rachel continued.

"I'm sorry to say that the things you do here at the office are just not enough to cover those necessities," She teased, not really being sorry at all, but delighting in the desperation written all over Pinky's bright red face.

"Please, Miss Sinclair... please don't throw me out!" Pinkpanties whispered on the verge of tears. "You know that I'll do anything... anything, just don't throw me out! What did I do wrong? How did I displease you?"

A single tear ran down her face taking a streak of wet black mascara with it. Pinky fell to her knees and began to sob.

"Pinky! Big girls don't cry," Rachel halfheartedly sang the line like the Frankie Valle tune. "Behave yourself or I will throw you out on the streets! Better yet... I'll invite Kato-san to take you on as his new assistant! You remember our Japanese friend, don't you? Now, now..." Rachel replied sternly. "Behave yourself! If you run those pretty stockings of yours, I'll will have Kato-san come over and take you home for the weekend, or maybe forever!"

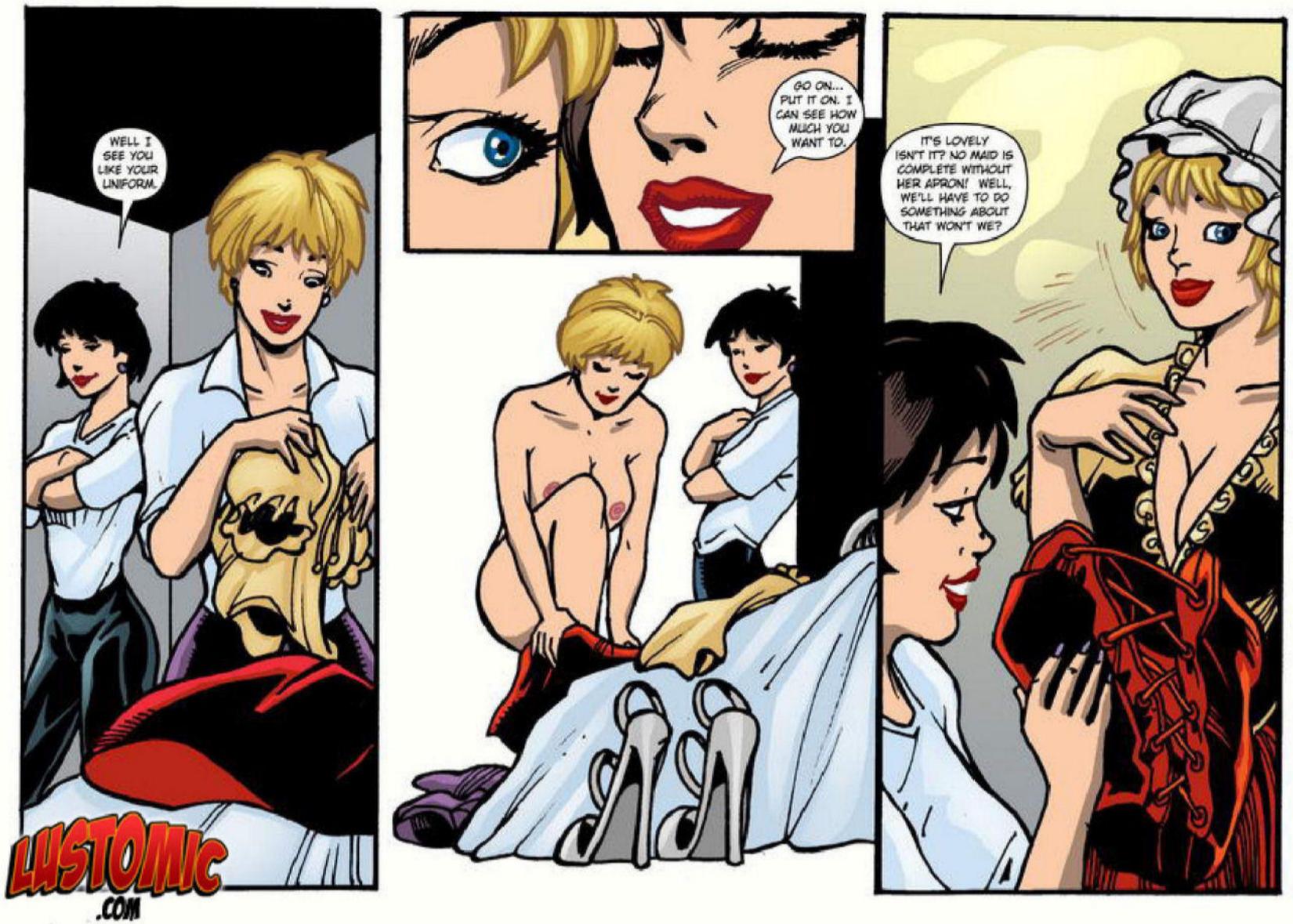
Rachel crossed her arms, looking as angry as she could despite her desire to burst out laughing at the sight of the trembling girly boy on the floor.

"No... please NO!" Pinkpanties whimpered, her hands quickly reached back to cover her ass, subconsciously recalling the vigorous workout she received from the Japanese visitors.

Memories of Kato-san and his colleagues lingered painfully in Pinky's mind. She hoped that the occasion wouldn't be repeated anytime soon, if ever. Since that evening she wasn't able to eat anything that contained milk; it reminded her too vividly of the thick white fluid that dripped down her chin and throat. The vile taste she never wished to sample again.

"Well then, my little pretty lass... Just what are we going to do with you?" Rachel nodded thoughtfully allowing Pinky a few moments to regain some level of composure.

Rachel, of course, didn't require permission to move on to the next step. She just liked toying with Pinky and witnessing her former boss tremble with fear, which only reinforced Pinky's total dependency on her, and utter submission.



Scene 3: Pinky's Place

Pinky was more than slightly taken with the black dress laid out across the slick satin duvet covering the bed. She couldn't resist the urge to brush the back of her hand over the smooth shiny fabric. Her palm then caressed the stark white ruffled trim surrounding the deep plunging neckline and short sleeves. Her index finger traced similar satin ruffles around the hemline; the dress' length would barely cover up her garter strap snaps. A steel boned pink corset with attached garters, stiff white maid's cap, white apron, and arm length white satin gloves lay next to the dress in perfect order. Black patent court shoes with stiletto heels measuring at least five inches tall were placed on the floor below the dress. Pinky indeed loved the outfit, but hated herself for loving it so much.

"Well, well... I see you like your new uniform, honey buns!" Rachel surprised Pinky while standing in the open doorway.

Rachel smiled warmly noticing the yearning in Pinky's eyes when she gazed at the long black sheer nylons Rachel held in her right hand. Gordon's transition was fascinating; fascinating like a college science experiment. Not long ago, Gordon was getting fitted for fifteen hundred dollar Italian designer suits. His new desire to slip into sheer stockings and brush his hand on the soft satin dress made Rachel smile; the smile of a winner's satisfaction. There wasn't any possibility Miss Pinkpanties could ever go back to the way things were. Not only did Rachel succeed in taking over an entire corporation, she took over another person's entire life. The power made her stomach flutter and, at times, fueled the moistness of arousal between her legs.

"Go on, darling... Slip it on! I know how much you want to!" Rachel encouraged her new house servant, taking note of the stiffness that caused Miss Pinky's skirt to tent.

The ride to Rachel's place was fraught with impending doom. Miss Pinkpanties couldn't control her emotions, something the higher dose of vitamins Rachel had been administering daily most likely encouraged. There were always side effects.

"You'd better not smear your pretty mascara with those tears, little Pinky," Rachel chided, delighting in the earnest sniffles emanating from the back seat.

The slightest threat made Pinky's mind race at full speed thinking about the very real possibility of abandonment. In her current state, there was no way she could survive on her own. Her total reliance on Rachel, and her new position as administrative assistant to the company president was complete. Rachel never gave Pinky a full explanation of things to come. It was much better to let her suffer a little and make up her own mind to behave rather than having to constantly punish her physically, although there were certainly enough instances for that as well.

Rachel had renovated the small former pantry off the large chef's kitchen into servant's quarters. A secret door built to look like the paneled wall it was set into wouldn't reveal its existence when closed. The perfect place to lock away her little maid when not needed for some menial task. All four walls were painted a soft pink and contrasted nicely with the more vibrant pink, almost fuchsia, satin sheet set on the twin bed. There were no windows. A small white table and soft padded stool sat in front of a well lit mirror hung on the wall opposite the bed. The matching double door wardrobe almost filled the remaining space leaving just enough room for Pinky to change. A heavy solid wood door with two dead bolt locks only operable from the kitchen side would seal the fate of any room occupant once closed. The tiny room was quite a contrast to Mr. Gordon Goodwell's master bedroom suite at the family estate. His four person Jacuzzi tub in the master bath next to the marble covered glass enclosed shower was larger than the room he currently found himself occupying.

Pinky slid the slippery material over her smooth skin and wiggled a few times to adjust its fit. Rachel smiled witnessing the scene. Pinky was so anxious to get dressed she nearly toppled over when straining her arms behind her back to get the zipper pulled all the way up. Long, arm length satin gloves were stretched over her arms well past the elbows. She carefully arched each foot when trying on the black patent court shoes with five inch stiletto heels. A fleeting glance in the full length mirror couldn't be helped. Pinky allowed a small moan to escape while peering at the pretty girl peeking back at her. She twirled like a prom queen left and right to admire the dress from all angles. The pleated skirt rose with each twirl allowing a glimpse of Pinky's stocking tops to be revealed. With the maid's cap pinned in place, she wrapped the white satin apron around her waist only to find the strings were too short! She gave Rachel a helpless look with her eyes -- A look that made Rachel giggle as if a kitten had just lost a ball or yarn under the sofa.

"It's lovely isn't it?" Rachel asked. "No maid is complete without her apron! Well, we'll have to do something about that won't we?"

Rachel retrieved the stiffly boned satin waist cincher from the bed and held it up to Pinky's waist.

"Hold it right there, darling," she whispered into Pinky's ear.



Scene 4: Made a Maid

It was much more difficult to maintain balance in her new work shoes than the four inch high heels she usually wore to the office. Rachel's incessant tugging and pulling from behind didn't make standing in them any easier. As the corset was pulled tighter, breathing became more difficult and labored. When Pinky thought the cruel device couldn't cinch any further Rachel instructed her to take a deep breath and release. On the release, Rachel went through once more pulling the laces with her high heel pressed in the small of Pinky's back. The next breath was barely able to fill her lungs. Pinky felt light headed and saw small stars dancing in her field of vision.

"You'll grow used to it, my pretty little maid," Rachel cooed. "Remember... if you feel faint try to brace yourself before your fall. I wouldn't want you to break a nail." Rachel tied the strings of the satin apron around Pinky's waist. The four inch reduction the cincher resulted in easily allowed Rachel to tie the apron around Pinky's waist into a big pretty bow. The waist cincher was unforgiving. Pinky panicked, her mind raced incoherently, and each breath was more difficult than the last.

"Uhhh... Miss... Miss Rachel!" Pinkpanties exhaled with exhaustion. "It's too tight!"

"But it's the only way you'll be able to wear that lovely apron, darling." Rachel explained, grabbing Pinky's tiny waist from both sides with both hands and forcing her to look square in the reflection. "Do you see yourself in the mirror? Look at how lovely you look!"

"Uuuuhhh..." Pinky mumbled unable to secure a good lung full of air.

Her upper body felt strange and constricted; unnatural but beautiful. The diet Rachel prescribed had already reduced Gordon's waist by three inches over the past few months. Thanks to the corset, Pinky measurements were a perfectly lithe 34-22-34. Pinky reached for the dresser top to stable her figure before she fell to the floor.

"Concentrate, Pinky," Rachel instructed. "You're just making it worse by gasping for air! Slow breaths. Come on, girl. Relax and take short breaths."

Rachel lovingly caressed Pinky's flushed face trying to calm her struggle. Whispering hotly into Pinky's ear while admiring the new curves in the mirror, Rachel continued to explain Pinky's latest predicament.

"Today we've started your waist training, honey. From here on you'll only be allowed out of the cincher to bathe once in the A.M. and again at night after your chores are complete. I'd like to see that waist go down at least one inch per month until we get to a perfect 19 inches! Won't that be sexy?"

Pinky began to relax, but only slightly. She wasn't sure what was worse, her present inability to breathe or the thought of having that cincher on twenty-four a day for months. Rachel removed a thick leather strip from the dresser and fastened it tightly around Pinky's neck. It was a collar with a large steel ring in front and heavy buckle in back. The collar's width forced Pinky's head into the ideal formal posture, faced front, eyes straight ahead. Movement from side to side was difficult at best and lowering the chin was impossible.

"During the day, you'll continue to work at the office as my assistant. After work and during the weekends, however, you will call me Mistress, and this is what you'll be," Rachel said turning Pinky to face the mirror again.

Pinkpanties gasped, not for air this time, but in sheer amazement. Staring back at her was a beautifully crafted creature femininely bound form dressed in black silk, leather and lace. Locked around her neck was a collar with the letters 'M A I D' embroidered in large silver hued thick thread.

"Oh my!" Pinky exhaled.



Scene 5: A Little Punishment Goes A Long Way

It only took few hours into her assigned tasks to make Pinkpanties realize that being a maid was hard work. As if balancing in the impossibly high heels wasn't hard enough on her feet, each short breath she took reminded her of the painful garment tied to her waist. The simple task of polishing fine silverware quickly became a burden almost too much to bear. It was a short lived relief to get down off those stilettos and scrub the marble hallway floor until her knees began to ache from the unforgiving surface. The slightest mistake was rewarded with several swift swats of Rachel's long braided leather crop. No matter where Pinky teetered off to Rachel was right behind her for the onset of her new duties. Missing a spot was not accepted in Rachel's house and Pinky's brilliantly pink criss-crossed raw bottom was a testament to Rachel's thoroughness.

"Do it like a girl would, Miss Pinkpanties! More femininely!" Rachel scolded her maid when Pinky's mannerisms were appearing to be too masculine.

Pinky wondered how she would ever be able to accomplish the list of items on Rachel's to-do list, work a full ten hour day at the office, and still have time to dress up in the different outfits she had to wear each day, not to mention getting her eye shadow and mascara correctly applied with each change in outfits. Pinky had learned the skill of getting her lips set just right with liner and filler, but still had difficulty with her eyes. Before, she had some extra time in the morning to get it right, but with the added responsibility of housework, those extra few moments had disappeared. Pinky's day began well before the sun shined. Bathing, removing and replacing the corset, dressing, washing the dishes and delivering Rachel's newspaper, coffee and light breakfast in bed precisely at 7:00 am was more than most people did all day. Pinky's day was just beginning, however. While Rachel enjoyed her meal and perused the paper, Pinky was in the adjacent bath drawing a hot tub and laying out fresh imported towels with matching robe.

Rachel tugged at Pinky's hand while walking into the bathroom naked ready for her morning soak.

"Use that, my little maid," Rachel instructed, pointing to a nearby sea sponge on the tub ledge. "Lightly scrub my skin... and don't miss a spot!"

With trepid hands, Pinky started at Rachel's feet working her way up one leg and then the other. Pinky's breathing got heavy straining the tight cincher and her crotch began to tingle.

"What is that!?" Rachel snapped.

Miss Pinkpanties panties had a large, rather unfeminine, protrusion clearly evident under the thin satin skirt. Rachel reached a soapy hand under Pinky's hem line and jerked down her panties to allow the stiff pole to fling free from its lacey confines. Her touch on this most sensitive area sent chills down Pinky's back and made her face blush a crimson red. Rachel leaped from the tub and took Pinky's sack in her right hand squeezing hard. Pinky's shoes barely touched the floor as Rachel tugged, squeezed again, and lead her downstairs into the living room.

"On that sofa, now!" Rachel raised her voiced.

Pinky's knees were weak and she shook from fear. It was unusual for Rachel to show any emotion other than her teasing, slightly haughty demeanor when around Pinky. The sudden change to anger almost brought Pinky to tears. Those special vitamins must have been exaggerating her emotions again. Pinky thought she could hear her knees knock together as her legs uncontrollably shook. The slick, still sudsy figure of Rachel sat down next to her. Rachel used her index finger to grab the ring in Pinky's collar. She yanked Pinky forward onto her lap. Pinky's ever enraging organ slipped between Rachel's slippery thighs.

"I'm going to punish you for thinking such naughty thoughts, Little Miss Prissy!" Rachel spoke as if speaking to a dog that just soiled a new carpet. "No maid of mine will get that thing hard while attending to me! Maybe we'll just have to take that little thing away from you!"

"Nooooo! Puh... Please, Miss Rachel!" Pinky squealed in protest.

It was all that was left of Gordon Goodwell, and the one thing that Pinky desperately wanted to retain. Rachel didn't have any real plans for its removal, but the threat was always nicely kept in her arsenal available to use whenever Pinky did something unusually disgraceful. A threat was far more effective at bringing about real behavior changes than a simple leather riding crop could ever do. Both were equally fun, however, for Rachel anyway. Rachel squeezed her thighs like a vice and gripped Pinky's quivering organ. It felt good, but she wished it soft, anything to allow her to hold onto it.

"You'd better not make a mess down there, little girl... OR ELSE!" Rachel chided.

A whoosh went through the air and before Pinky could utter any coherent reply she felt the built up force of a thick wooden paddle strike her exposed bottom flesh. Thwaaap!

"Eeeeeee... Owwww," Pinky spit.

Whoosh! Thwaaap! Whoosh! Thwaaap!

Rachel didn't bother to desensitize Pinky's bottom. The full force of paddle over head was brought to bear on the same spot over and over. Miss Pinkpanties squirmed, but each movement only resulted in her clamped toy rubbing Rachel's soapy skin furthering her arousal as the paddle furthered her torment.

"Whack! Whack! Whack!"

"Aaaaaahhhhhh" Pinkpanties screamed again, gritting her teeth.

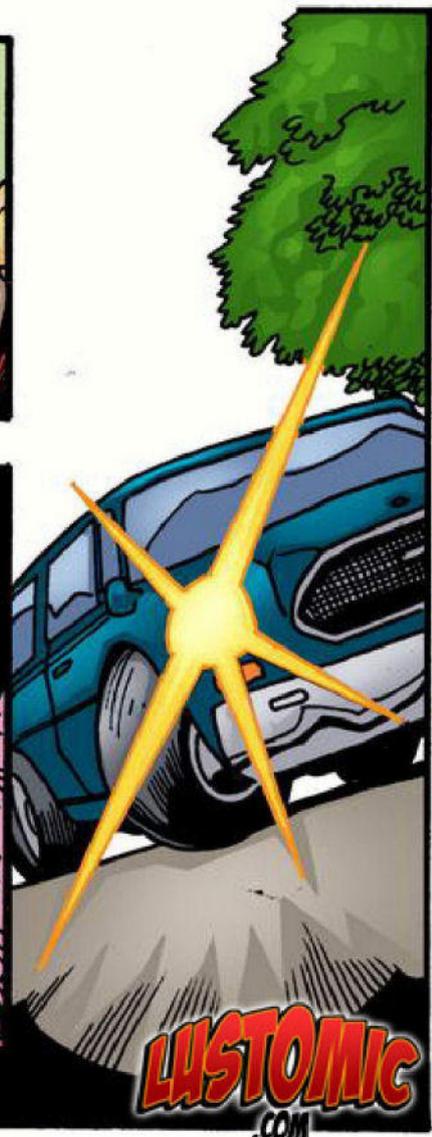
So focused on preventing her thing from spurting all over Rachel's inner thigh, absorbing the pain of the paddle, and willing her hardness to flaccidity her emotions got the best of her. Something was going to break and Pinky prayed it wouldn't be her orgasm. Instead of semen splooging forth, Pinky began to cry uncontrollably. Tear after tear streaked her mascara. Sniffles were barely audible above the sharp sound of wood hitting skin.

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!"

"Puh... Please, Miss Rachel... Please stop!" Pinky blurted out half snorting her words through the mucus filling her nostrils. "I'm a girl! I'm a girl!" She sucked breathlessly through her nose. "I will focus on my feminine duties!"

Rachel smiled. Pure honesty and total subservience was pouring out of Pinky's quivering lips. Just the reaction Rachel was looking for. The more times Rachel could break her, the better off she would be, and more useful as a secretary and maid. Content, Rachel shoved the limp lump of crying flesh off her lap. Pinky curled into a ball sobbing. Her hardness had gone soft.

"Be a good girl then, Pinky, and go fix yourself. You haven't even started on the list I left for you on the fridge!"



Scene 6: Proper Training

As each moment passed, the soreness left by the paddle slowly dissipated, but the mark left in her mind would never fade. Pinky wasn't able to look at Rachel while she assisted dressing her Mistress in the plush bedroom. A freshly laundered set of feminine under things was presented for inspection. Passing the test, Rachel allowed Pinky to clasp the small hooks on the shimmering sky blue lace trimmed bra holding back Rachel's round breasts. Matching panties were slipped up Rachel's powdered legs and adjusted carefully into position. The simplest of tasks were a struggle for Pinky, partly due to the overbearing corset and thick posture collar, but more to do with the urge to get erect that being so close and intimate to such a beautiful woman evoked.

"How do they look?" Rachel teased, caressing each breast to give Pinky a good view.

"You look beautiful as always, Mistress," Pinky murmured with only a lightning quick glance at the two fleshy globes being bounced around in front of her eyes.

Rachel delighted in the tease. Pinky's earlier transgression in the bathroom hadn't really angered her. It was flattering that her sissy couldn't control her arousal, but she'd never let Pinky know that. This was simply a game to see how much Pinky could concentrate on keeping her naughty thoughts in check and the last remnant of masculinity well behaved. It was much more important for Pinky to learn to think with her head rather than her pea brain.

Stepping into a long sheer dress, Rachel admired herself in the mirror. Pinky's eyes were glued to the floor as she zipped the dress up from behind. Rachel's body was smothered in a sheer clinging fabric transparent enough just to reveal the hint of the lingerie within. When she moved the dress moved with her as if a second skin had been sprayed on her flesh. Miss Pinky's satin gloved hands were the perfect instruments to smooth and adjust Rachel's dress so it fit perfectly in all the right places.

Rachel sat behind her well lit vanity. Pinky watched only the reflection in the mirror admiring Rachel's ability to apply cosmetics as if second nature. The same process was a struggle for Pinky. Rachel seemed to be using the colorful creams, powders and pencils as if she could do it in her sleep. Her lips were traced and sealed, foundation set, and smoky eyes brushed lightly followed by a thick coat of mascara. Large hoop earrings went in each ear to frame Rachel's ever more angelic face. These were the same earrings Rachel wore to work a few months ago. Gordon Goodwell had assaulted her following a mid-morning board meeting.

"I like your earrings, honey pants," Gordon snickered. "Good to hold onto for the ride!"

Pinky closed her eyes thinking about the remark and gulped ashamedly. If he had just kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be standing in Rachel's bedroom in high heels and a maid's uniform actually admiring the way a woman did her make-up. Pinky hated herself for the past and was confused about the present. She wanted to so desperately to hate the feminine things she seemed to be growing so attracted to lately.

"Is Mistress Rachel going out?" Pinky quizzed humbly, hoping for a slight reprieve in her daily chores.

Rachel didn't answer. She gave Pinky a slight coy smirk.

"Gather up everything here..." Rachel said waving her hand around the bedroom where several frilly garments laid crumpled on the floor. "...it all needs hand washing in the basement sink. You'll find a few more items down there as well. Very carefully! When you're finished with that get back to your list. I want everything done no later than three p.m. Do you understand?"

Pinky nodded obediently, still restricted in movement by the posture collar.

"I've invited some friends over this evening and I want everything just perfect... Including you, honey pants!"

Pinky gulped.



Scene 7: The Party

Pinky was just finishing the hallway dusting with an oversized hot pink feather duster when the door bell chimed startling her.

"Answer the door!" Rachel commanded from the living room setting fire to the last candle on the coffee table.

Rachel and Pinky spent some quality time one-on-one earlier in the afternoon going over some finer points of service -- polishing crystal glassware, opening and pouring champagne correctly, and offering finger food politely to guests.

"Yes Mistress. Right away, Mistress." Pinkpanties hurried to open the front door, her stiletto heels echoed off the marble foyer.

"Why, hello there!" A very pretty blonde woman said standing in the entry with a grin from ear to ear. "What do we have here?"

Pinkpanties reacted with instinct from her training by grabbing both sides of her skirt and bowed an exaggerated curtsy as the woman strode inside. Another attractive woman followed her in.

"Welcome to the Sinclair Residence, ma'am. May I take your coat, ma'am?" Pinky announced as if she had been rehearsing the line, which she had.

The taller woman with long flowing auburn hair reached out to touch Pinky's collar and feel the raised lettering on it. She laughed.

"What a pretty little maid!" She giggled. "What's your name, sweetie?"

Miss Pinky replied another rehearsed response: "I am Miss Pinkpanties Goodwell, at your service, ma'am,"

Pinky offered another curtsy, the required action anytime another person addressed her.

"Goodwell?" a male voice called out from just beyond the open front door. "Any relation to the Goodwells of Goodwell Enterprises?"

"Um... no, sir. No relation, sir." Pinky stammered struggling to hide the pink flushness in her face.

She forgot her obligatory curtsy to the gentleman.

"No relation, huh?" the tall handsome man questioned sarcastically. "Let's have a look!"

The man pushed Pinky against the wall and started to raise her skirt with his left hand when Rachel appeared from the living room.

"Oh no! Please, sir!" Pinky blurted out pushing the curious hand away.

Before greeting her guests, Rachel strode up to Pinky, cocked her arm and delivered a strike to Pinky's left cheek with her palm. The crack of the slap was loud, heightened by the hard surfaces surrounding them.

"How dare you push one of my guests away, Miss Pinkpanties!" Rachel said glaring into Pinky's eyes. "I'm so sorry about that. You must be Brad. I'm Rachel Sinclair."

"Very nice to meet such a beautiful lady, Ms. Sinclair." Brad said smoothly while offering his hand to Rachel.

"Oh thank you," Rachel blushed. "I heard that you were handsome, but I have to say you're simply gorgeous!"

"Isn't he?" Amy, the blonde woman, chimed in.

"Now, now, ladies," Brad was full of himself. "You're all too kind."

"Pinky! Champagne for my guests... now!" Rachel ordered Pinky out of her momentary recovery from the face slap.

Pinky teetered off down the long hallway and into the kitchen.



Scene 8: Party On!

Following some air kisses and hugs in the entry, Rachel led her guests into the living room for introductions and small talk. Amy, Rachel's sorority sister from the university, introduced her tall, beautiful friend, Michelle. Pinky appeared from the kitchen with a round silver tray carefully balanced on her left palm. Everyone in the room regarded her waiting for the accident to happen that would send the four tall crystal flutes falling to the floor. Pinky concentrated with every fiber in her body to make her way around the circle of conversation and offer a drink to each person, starting with Brad.

"Hey Pinky Goodwell! Ladies first!" Brad teased Pinky, but took a glass from the tray anyway.

"She's not very well behaved, is she, Rachel?" Amy asked while taking her champagne. "Well, he... oops, I mean she is still learning." Rachel giggled.

The group shared Rachel's amusement with lighthearted laughter. Michelle reached around behind Pinky while she was leaning slightly forward to deliver the drink. Her hand found its way up just past Pinky's stocking top and felt the bulge that was taped back between Pinky's legs sequestered in smooth satin panties.

"She's just full of surprises, isn't she?" Michelle exclaimed.

The group giggled once more. Pinky's face, still flushed from the scene in the hallway, turned a brighter shade of pink as it seemed all attention was on her. Each movement was as if in slow motion while four sets of eyes took note of every action. Pinky turned to exit to the kitchen where some solitude could be found, but was interrupted.

"Where do you think you're going, Miss Pinky?" Rachel stopped her mid-stride. "Brad, would you like to rest your feet?"

"Sounds good, Rachel," Brad replied, sipping his flute.

Rachel snapped her fingers at Pinky and pointed to the floor at Brad's feet. Horrified, Pinky slowly got down on hands and knees and offered her back to the handsome man.

"Seems we found something she's good at!" Amy laughed.

Finally the group went on to other topics of conversation enjoying the rest of their drinks ignoring the hunched maid beneath Brad's loafers. Pinky felt like she was no longer present in the room, but wanted desperately to adjust her increasingly cramped posture. She knew better than to move a muscle.

"More champagne," Rachel ordered. "And bring out the hors-d'ourves you prepared.

Pinky began to rise from the floor, but Brad's right shoe found its way up the back of her skirt. He used the sole to slap Pinky's ass.

"Don't take too long, Goodwell. My feet are already getting tired!" Brad said, pushing Pinky forward with his foot.

Another round of champagne was followed by a round of finger sandwiches followed by another round of drinks. In between trips to the kitchen, Pinky took up her foot rest position under Brad's feet. The group chatted for several hours while the champagne took effect. Rachel couldn't help but feel a twinge between her legs as she watched Amy hand feed Michelle, their arms wrapped around one another. Brad was uncomfortably adjusting his obvious arousal at the scene as well; each movement caused his feet to slip around on Pinky's smooth satin back. Before long, Amy was on top of Michelle roughly pushing her tongue past Michelle's full lips. They locked in a long French kiss. Rachel, ever more hot and bothered, strode over and slid onto the couch next to Brad. She propped her own feet on the remaining space on Pinky's back.

"Hi, handsome," Rachel cooed in Brad's ear, reaching her hand down to trace the outline bulging through his pants.

Brad returned the compliment and ran his strong hands all over Rachel's sheer dress along her thighs squeezing her soft flesh. Amy and Michelle were half undressed, their tops thrown to the side. Michelle gingerly bit Amy's right nipple rolling it between her teeth. Amy breathed hard running her fingers through Michelle's flowing locks. Brad kicked at Pinky's side and she rolled out from under his feet. He and Rachel were now exploring each other's mouths with tongues flickering amidst an excited flow of saliva. Pinky stood quietly, silver tray in hand, watching the sexual orgy unfold before her. She couldn't help it. Her skirt began to rise again. The tape securing her organ failed to prevent the lapse in judgment. She only hoped Rachel was otherwise too occupied to notice the mistake. Brad and Rachel continued their explorations taking a small breather to look over at Amy and Michelle, now fully undressed and using fingers to probe each other's sweet spot.

"Get over here, bitch!" Brad stood while gripping his belt. "Unzip me!"

Pinky moved over to him.

"On your knees, bitch!" Brad reprimanded and shoved Pinky to the floor using her shoulders.

Brad's cock nearly poked Pinky's left eye when it flung free from his trousers. The satin gloves made it difficult to undo his belt and slip his pants down, but she worked at it hard until the task was done. Now half undressed, Brad turned to point his erection at Rachel.

"Oh my! It's so big!" Rachel said taking his engorged organ into her hands.

Rachel used her fingers to feel Brad's sack while watching Pinky from the corner of her eye. She made her fingers into a circle and slowly began stroking the thickness in front of her. He released a long relaxed breath of air and tilted his head back.

"Wait just a sec, hon," Rachel whispered. "Make me a seat, Pinky!"

Rachel grabbed the ring of Pinky's collar and led her on hands and knees over to Brad's position. She sat down on Pinky's back and took the inflated toy inside her mouth. Brad lightly gripped Rachel's head as she pulsed back and forth over his long tool.

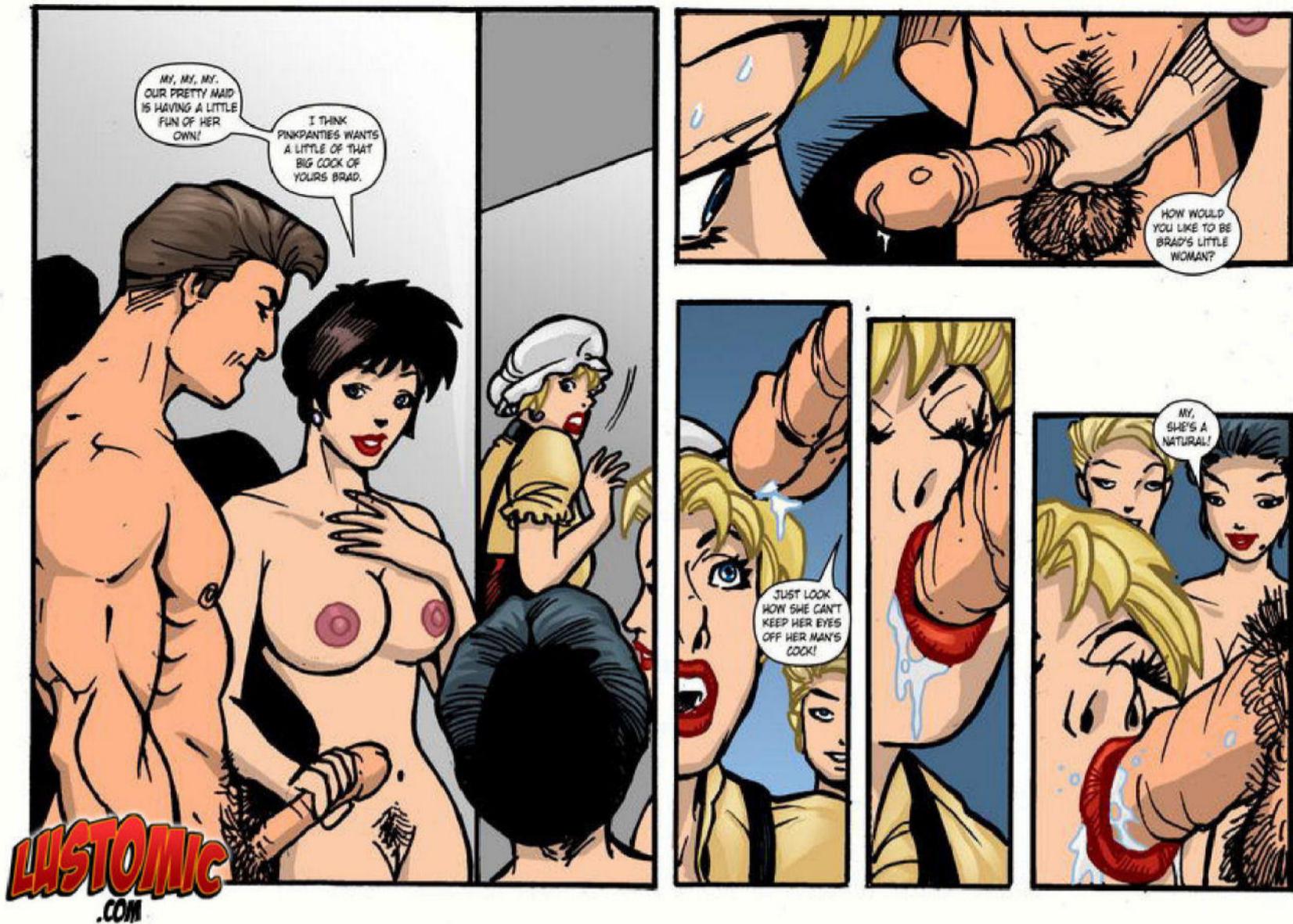
"Nice earrings, honey. Good to hold onto for the ride!" Brad announced.

Pinky couldn't help letting out an audible gasp noting Brad's comment. Rachel slapped her bottom.

"Quiet down there!" She admonished while looking up at Brad with a big smile.

Rachel gobbled up and down Brad's cock causing his legs to twitch and his pulse to race. She rose off Pinky and threw her dress over her extended arms. Brad pinned her on the sofa, her ass raised allowing for easy access from behind. Pinky maintained her furniture like position, but strained her eyes to get a look at her Mistress being taken from the rear.

"Oh God, YES!" Rachel moaned as Brad's head found its way into her willing asshole.



Scene 9: A Sudden Change

Brad was thrusting in and out, his hands holding onto Rachel's waist tightly. Rachel kept one eye open, an eye to spy Pinky's reaction to the scene. She gasped and moaned, but noted Pinky's left hand sneaking down to touch her aroused hardness. Amidst Michelle's exasperations while Amy licked her feverishly and Brad's grunts to Rachel's moans, Pinky felt her self-attentions might go unnoticed. She started to stroke the slick head, moistened by the fluid drips she couldn't control.

The room fell silent.

"My, my, my," Rachel broke the silence. "Just what are you up to, Miss Pinky? Having a little fun of your own! Is that what you think you're here for!?"

"Ahh... um... no, Mistress!" Pinky mumbled trying to hide her erection under her skirt.

Rachel used the pointy toe of her stiletto sandal to fling back Pinky's skirt up over her back. Exposed, Pinky tried to cover herself with one hand.

"Stand up, Miss Gordon! Let's all see what you're hiding there!" Rachel announced.

Amy and Michelle quietly giggled whispering sweetly into each other's ears.

"I think Pinkpanties wants a little of that big cock of yours, Brad. She'll have to clean it first, of course!" Rachel smiled.

Brad pulled out of Rachel, his member slick with excited fluids. Pinky shied away at first recalling the earlier exercise with the visiting Japanese businessmen, but knew what was coming next. Avoiding it was impossible. She propped herself up on her knees and waited for the inevitable.

"Are you a dirty girl, Miss Pretty?" Brad teased. "Oops, I mean Miss Pinky. Or should I say Gordon?"

Pinky's face drained from pink to pale white. Rachel got behind Brad and pushed him toward the cowering maid. His shaft slipped into Pinky's mouth with little effort. She was too exhausted and too embarrassed to put up any struggle. Any resistance would only lead to further punishment or worse, expulsion, or worse yet making Rachel's threats of castration come true. Pinky swallowed her pride, what was left of it, and the sour, salty taste that coated Brad's thick cock. The repulsion flooded back into her mouth, the all too familiar desire to choke and gag and rid her senses of the foul thing invading her head. At least Kato-san and his cohorts weren't as large as Brad was. Pinky felt like a Thanksgiving turkey, her mouth was stuffed full.

"No earrings, huh?" Brad grunted. "I'll just grab those ears of yours! And watch the teeth, bitch!"

Pinky hardly had to put any effort into it. Brad was so overly excited from his anal romp with Rachel, he used Pinky's head like an inflatable doll with a permanently agape plastic mouth. The flavor of Rachel was forced deep inside Pinky's palette coating her taste buds as Brad's rod penetrated to the back of her throat. It was all Pinky could do not to suffocate on the invading marauder. The girls watched Brad use Pinky with excited interest and remarked on the events much like announcers at a figure skating competition.

"Oh look at her twirl that tongue!" Michelle whispered.

"Mmm... yes, it's like she's a natural!" Amy agreed.

"Hardly natural, but she's getting better!" Rachel added and they shared a giggle.

Brad was obviously ready, his heavy breathing and clinched hips said so. He slowed the pace a little to get in the last few pleasurable sensations Pinky's mouth could offer. With a sudden jerk to Pinky's head Brad's member went so deep inside that Pinky's bottom lip pressed against Brad's sack. One shutter of Brad's muscular legs was followed by a groan and then Pinky gurgled, choked and violently attempted to release Brad's grip. He kept her face right where it was until everything had been drained.

"Eat it all up, cum slut!" Brad seethed, still panting like an oversexed dog.

"Good girl, Pinky!" Rachel encouraged.

Pinkpanties sat motionless when Brad withdrew; several tears had ruined her mascara again. With thumb and forefinger Brad squeezed his half erect member from bottom to top forcing the last few drops of his seed to the tip. He used Pinky's left cheek to wipe it on.



Scene 10: A New Life?

A few hours later, after the four party goers enjoyed a frothy hot tub and the last bottle of champagne, Brad redressed and was escorted to the door by Rachel. Pinky wasn't far behind. Relieved he was finally about to go, Pinky sighed in great anticipation of a few hours of rest in her fluffy satin bed. Amy and Michelle were safely tucked away in the guest bedroom for the night. Pinky presented Brad's overcoat and he used her assistance to slip into it. Then he grabbed her wrist and tugged her body behind him as if protecting a small child from danger.

"I really enjoyed myself tonight, Brad," Rachel whispered with a schoolgirl's grin. "I'm sure that you'll take good care of my sassy little miss here."

Rachel offered her lips for him to kiss goodnight and got a last feel of his manhood now back in its usual home. She turned to Pinky with a stern glare.

"You will do anything Brad wants you to do, understand, Pinky? He's agreed to assist with teaching you to be more like a girl. Every girl dreams about a big strong man like Brad. I'm sure you'll be very happy. From now on, you'll keep his bed warm at night waiting to be his little feminine receptacle to his large manhood. But... I'll expect to see you in the office at the usual time on Monday morning. Don't worry sweetie, you'll be back here for weekend chores. It'll give Brad and me some more time to get to know each other a little more intimately."

"Thanks, babe," Brad said, reinforcing his grip around Pinky's wrist. "I'll take real good care of your girl here. Mind if I introduce her to some friends?"

"Oh no... not at all," Rachel replied.

Pinky's stomach turned, partly from the foul liquid still in her gullet and partly from the prospect of having to meet more men. Like any decent gentleman, Brad opened the door to his cherry red Corvette to allow Pinky to slide inside. He hopped in the driver's seat and fired up the motor. Before grabbing the gear shift he unzipped his fly and yanked on Pinky's collar. She fell face forward into his lap and onto his reenergized tool.

"Oh yeah, I'm going to like this drive home," Brad said slapping the vehicle into reverse gear.

THE END