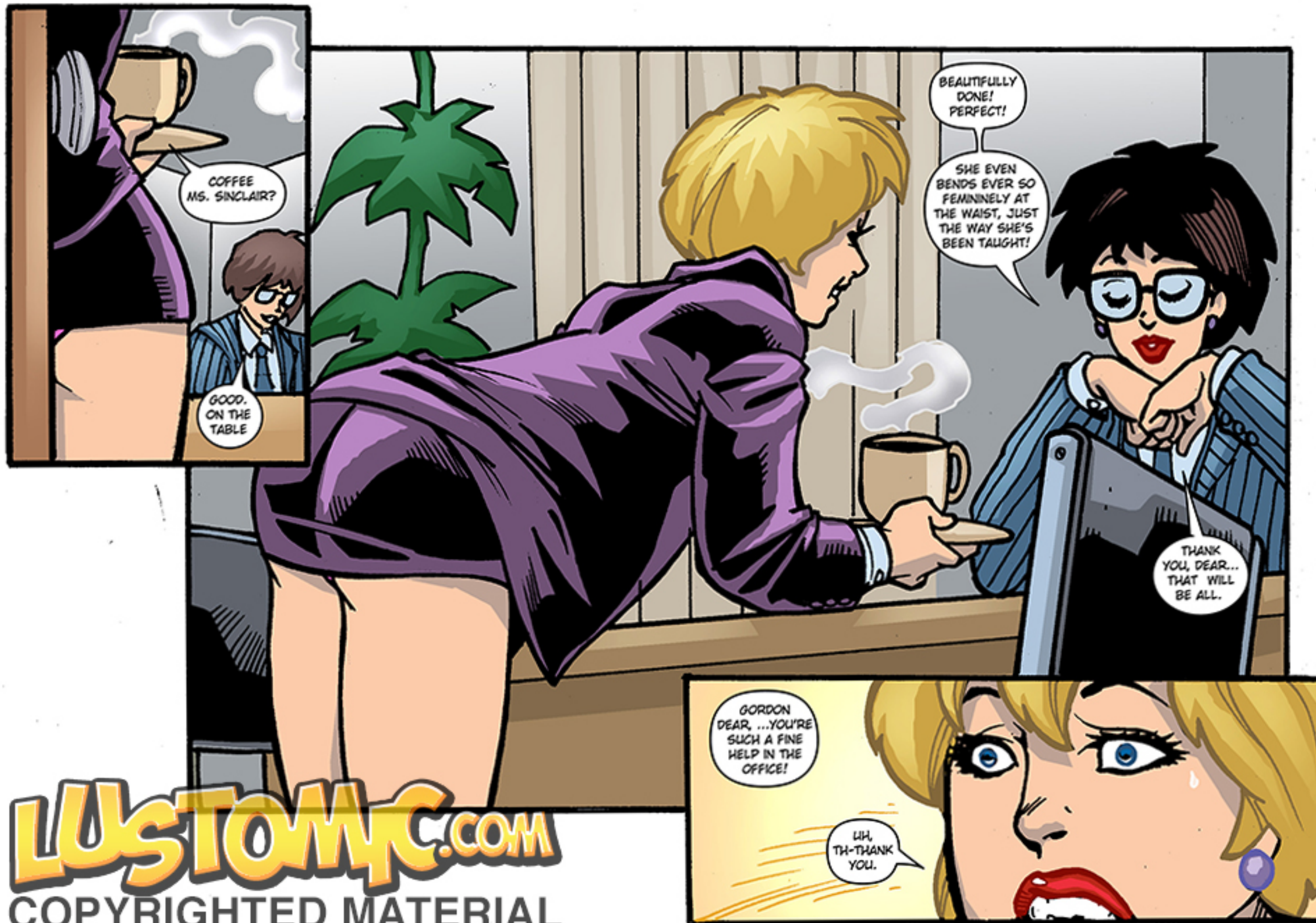


B2B: Boss to Bimbo III Made To Sissymaid

Story by Michelle Young



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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 feminine-ly 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 meet and greet members of the board and any other appointment Rachel had for that day. She hardly thought of herself as Gordon anymore, so well trained was she in her present role as private secretary and personal assistant to Rachel Sinclair, the new CEO of Goodwell Enterprises.

Career Development



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"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 have Kato-san come over and take you home for the weekend, or maybe forever!"

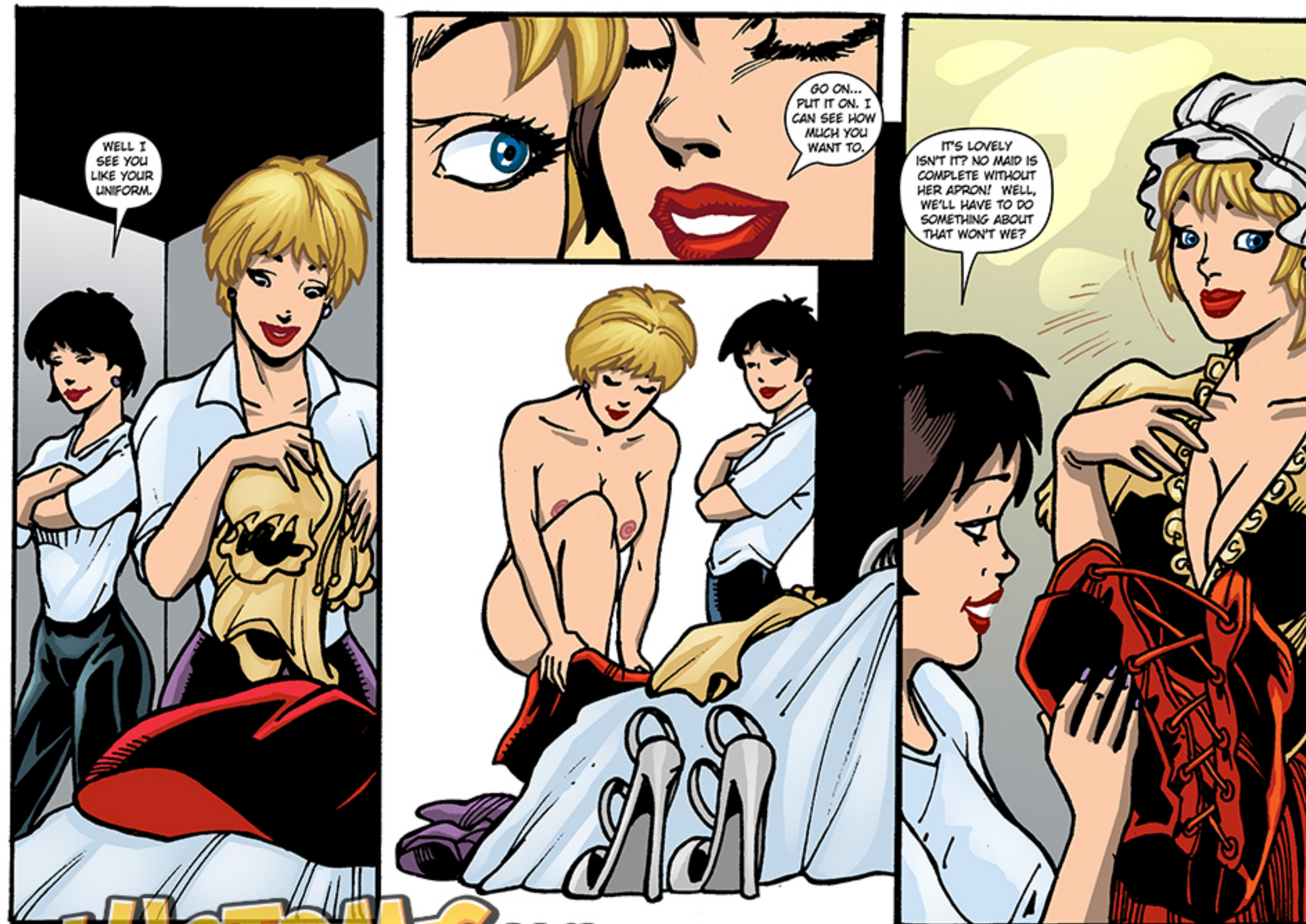
Rachel crossed her arms, looking as angry as she could despite her desire to burst out laughing at the sight of the trembling girly boy on the floor.

"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.

Pinky's Place



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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.

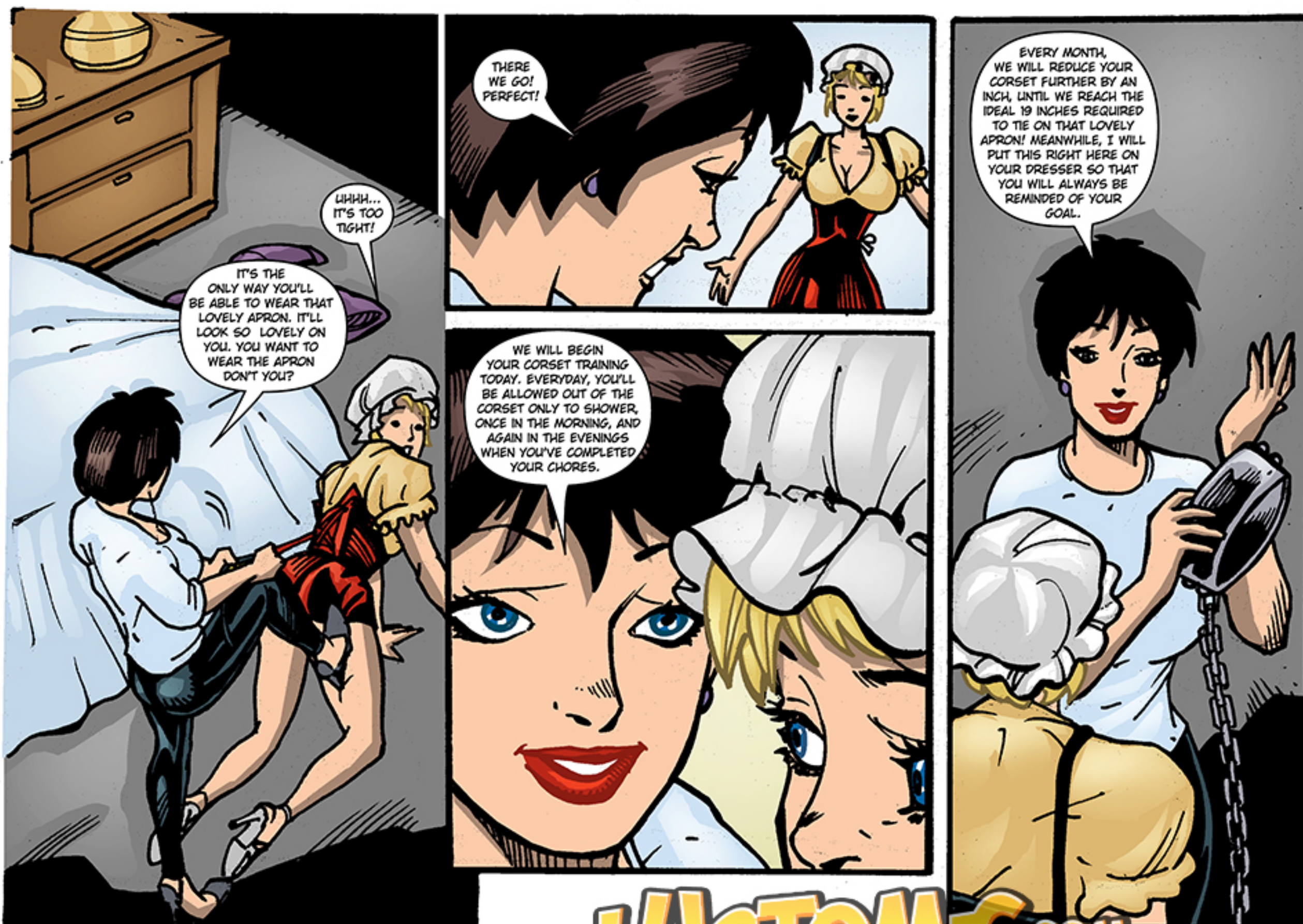
Rachel had renovated the small former pantry off the large chef's kitchen into servant's quarters. A secret door built to look like the paneled wall it was set into wouldn't reveal its existence when closed. The perfect place to lock away her little maid when not needed for some menial task. All four 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.

Made a Maid



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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's 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?"

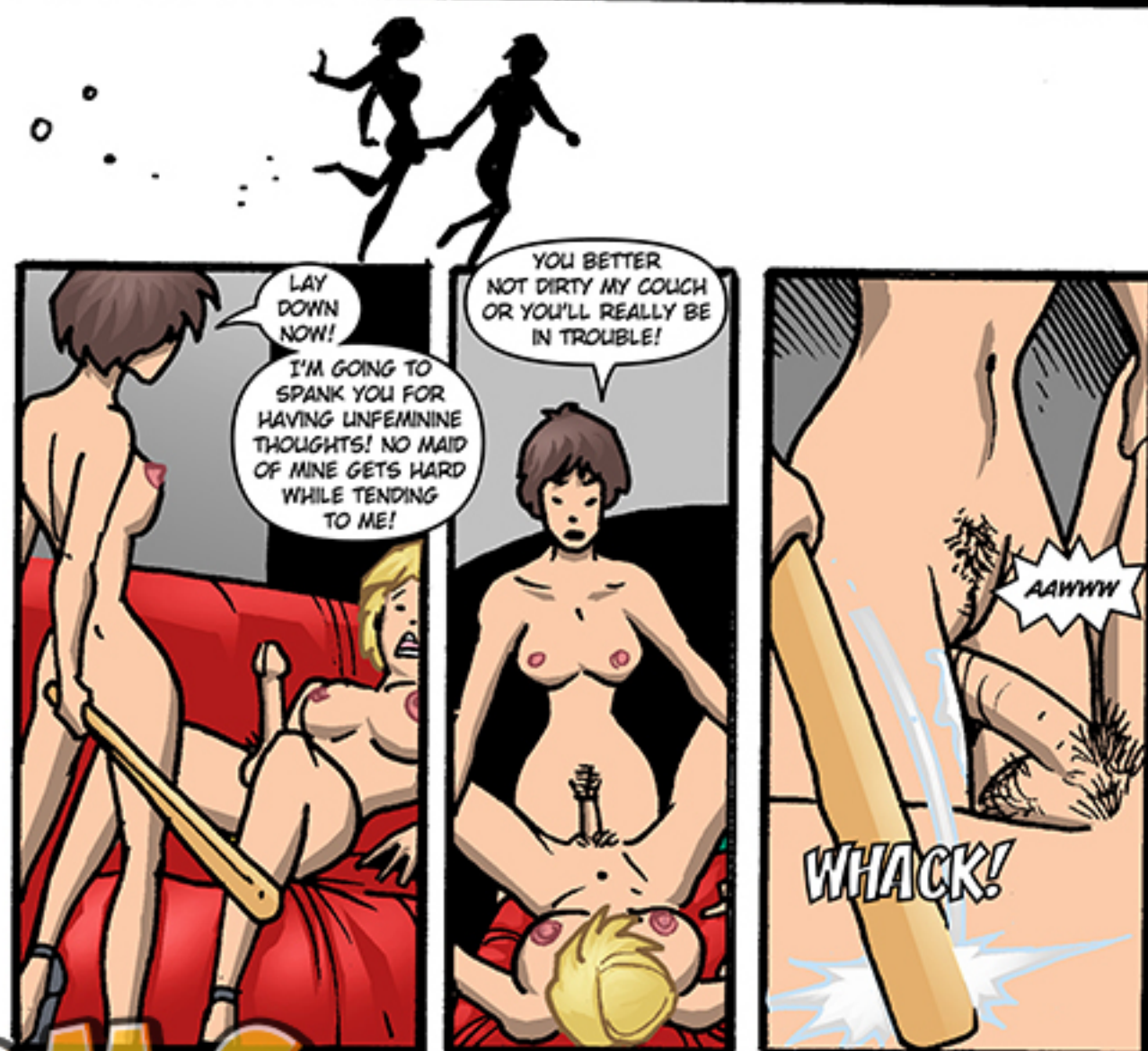
Pinky began to relax, but only slightly. She wasn't sure what was worse, her present inability to breathe or the thought of having that cincher on twenty-fours a day for months. Rachel removed a thick leather strip from the dresser and fastened it tightly around Pinky's neck. It was a collar with a large 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.

A Little Punishment Goes A Long Way



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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.

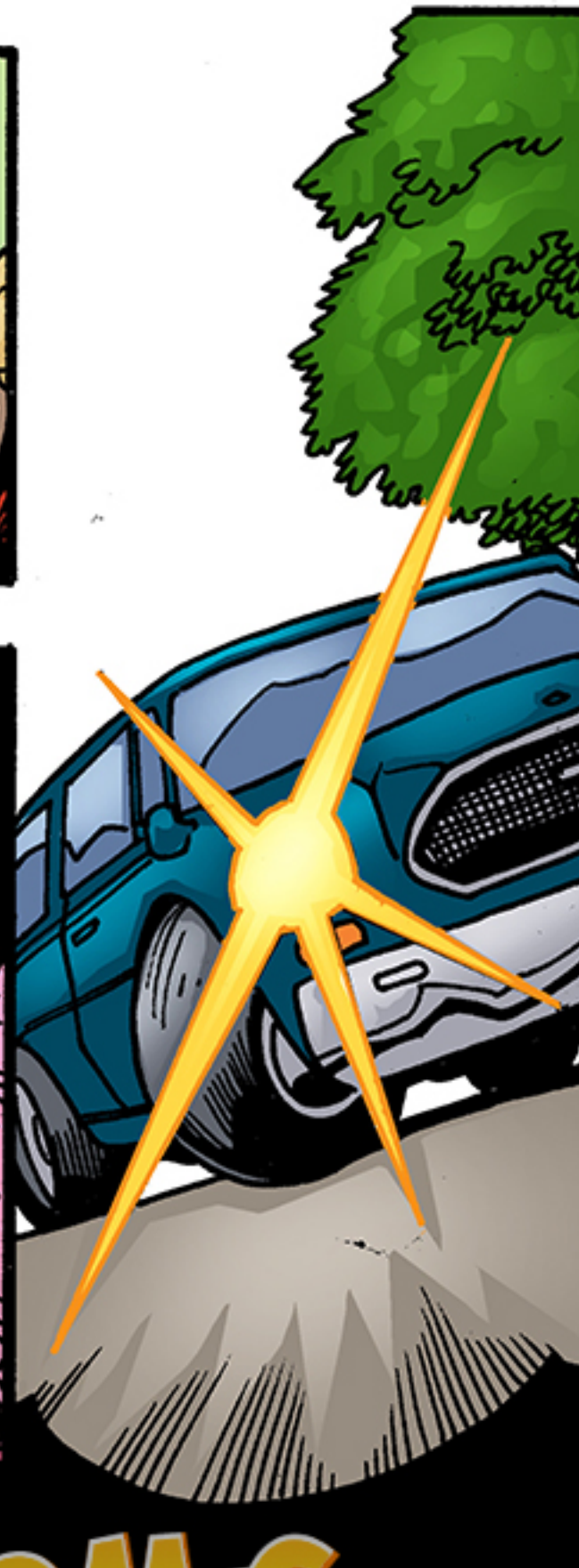
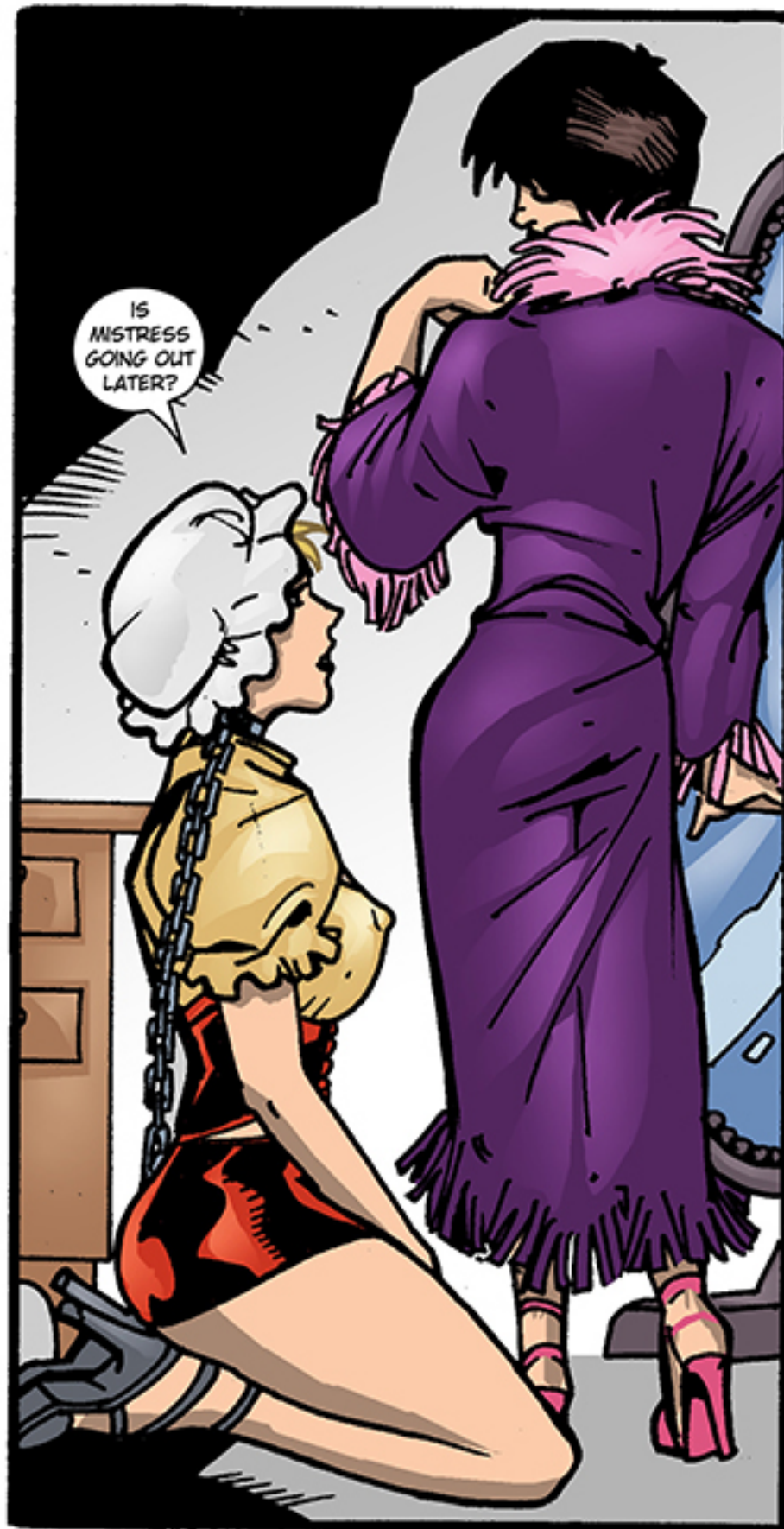
"Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!"

"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!"

Proper Training



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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 brazier 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.

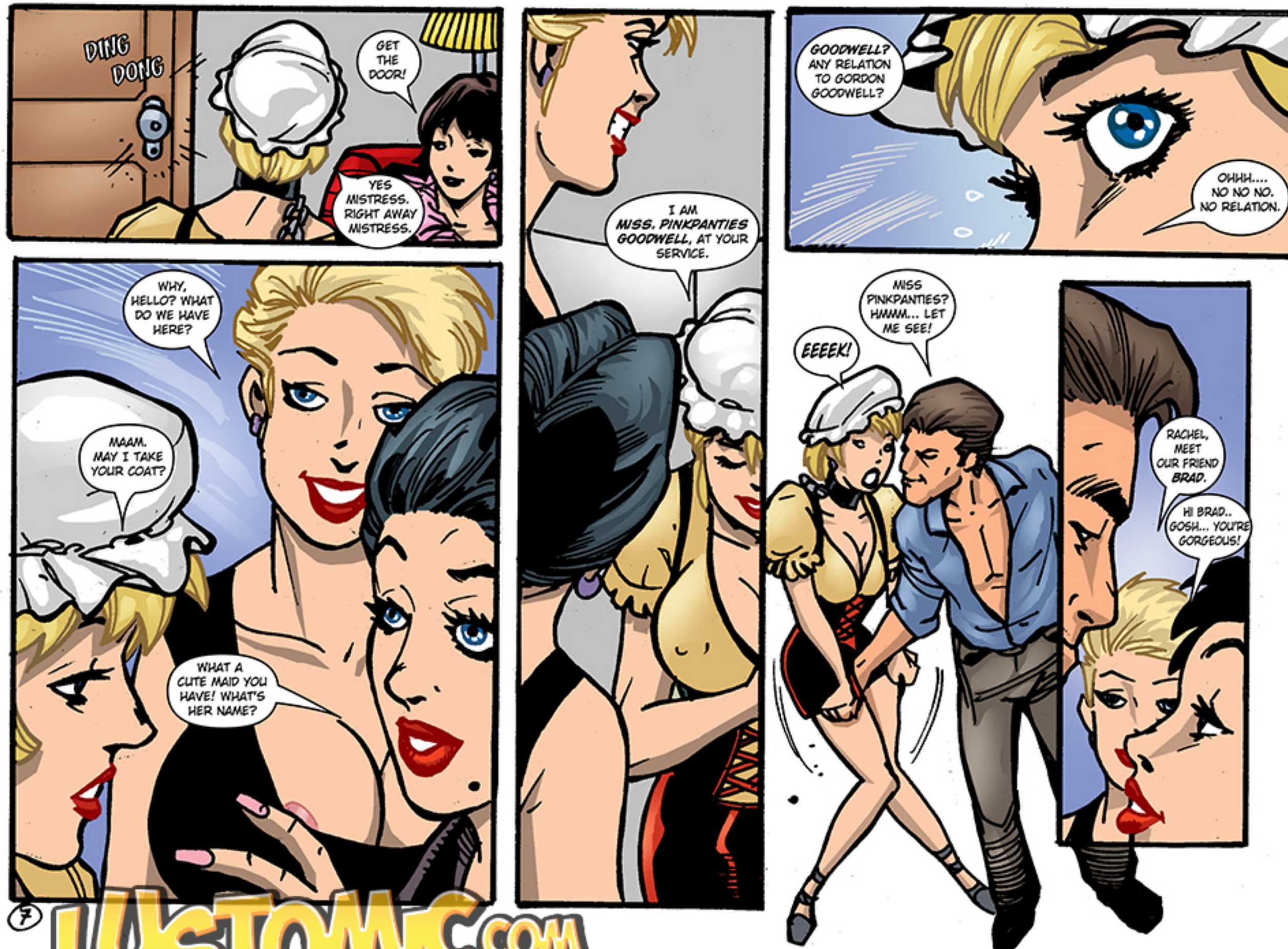
"Gather up everything here..." Rachel said waving her hand around the bedroom where several frilly garments laid crumpled on the floor. "...it all needs hand washing in the basement sink. You'll find a few more items down there as well. Very carefully! When you're finished with that get back to your 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

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!"

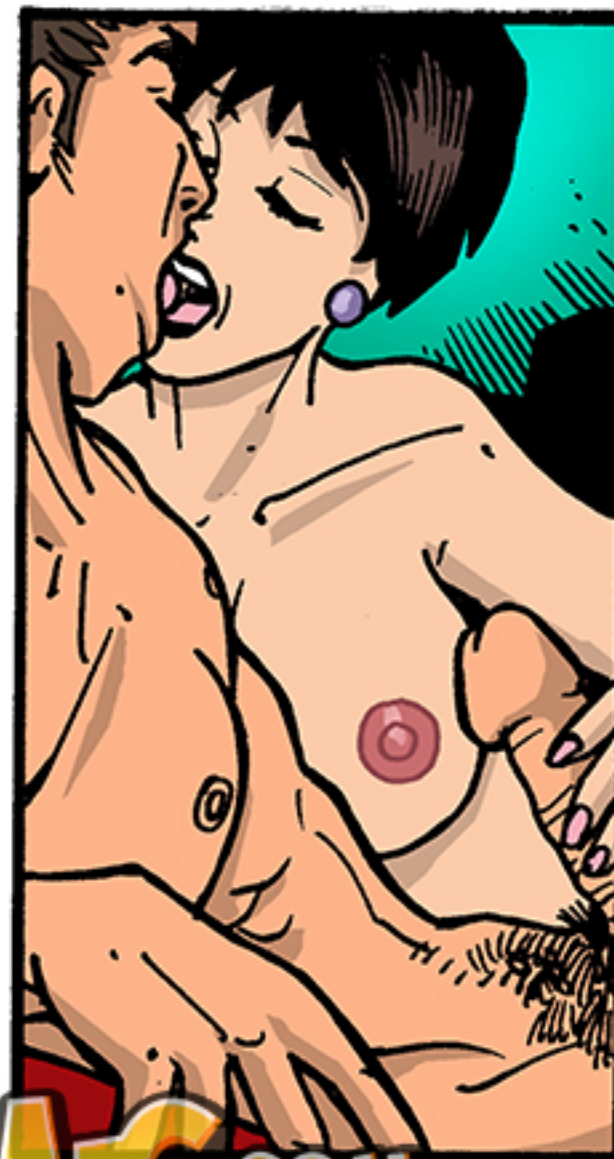
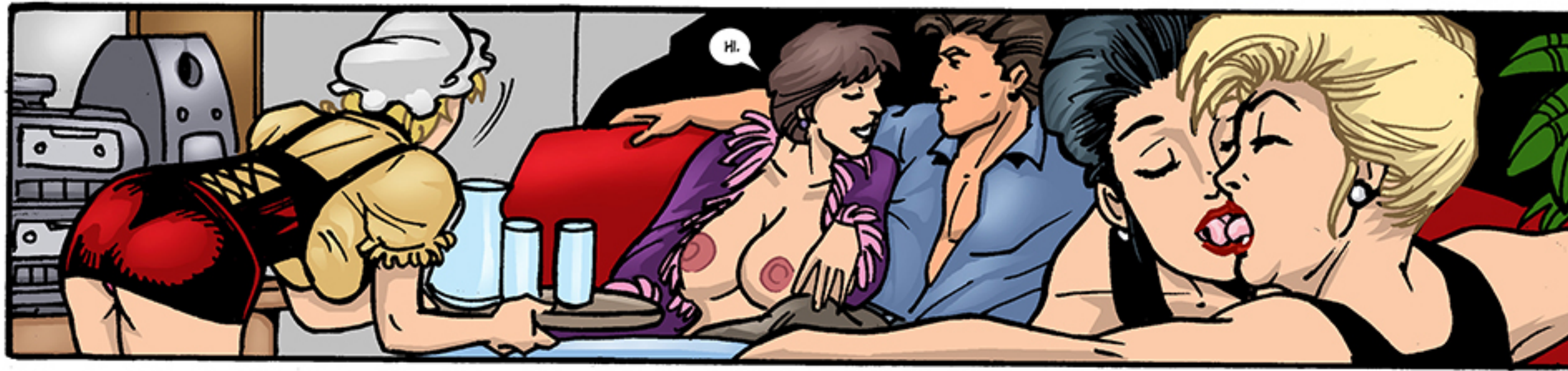
"Isn't he?" Amy, the blonde woman, chimed in.

"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.

Party On!



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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'ouvres 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.

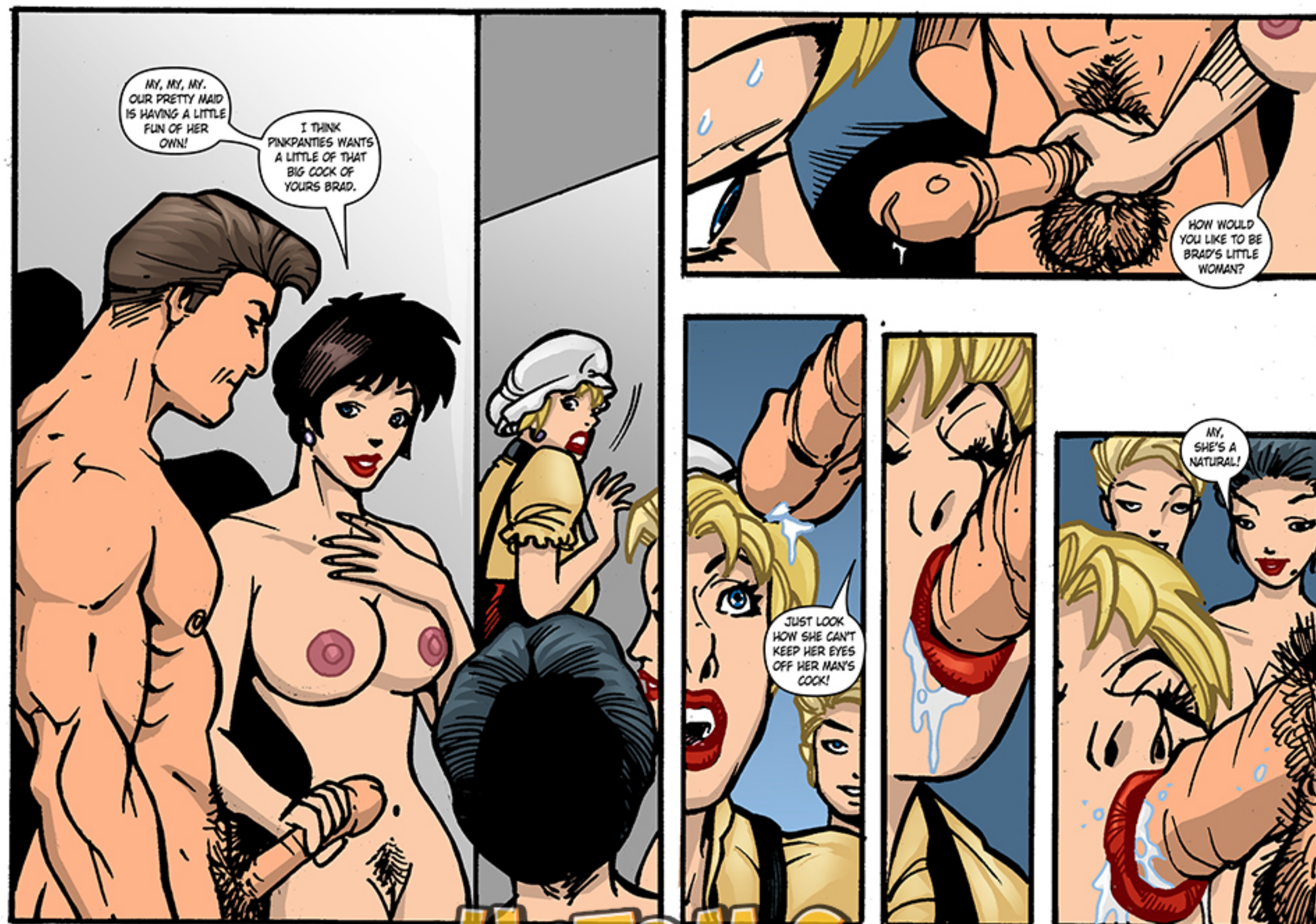
Pinky couldn't help letting out an audible gasp noting Brad's comment. Rachel slapped her bottom.

"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.

A Sudden Change



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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.

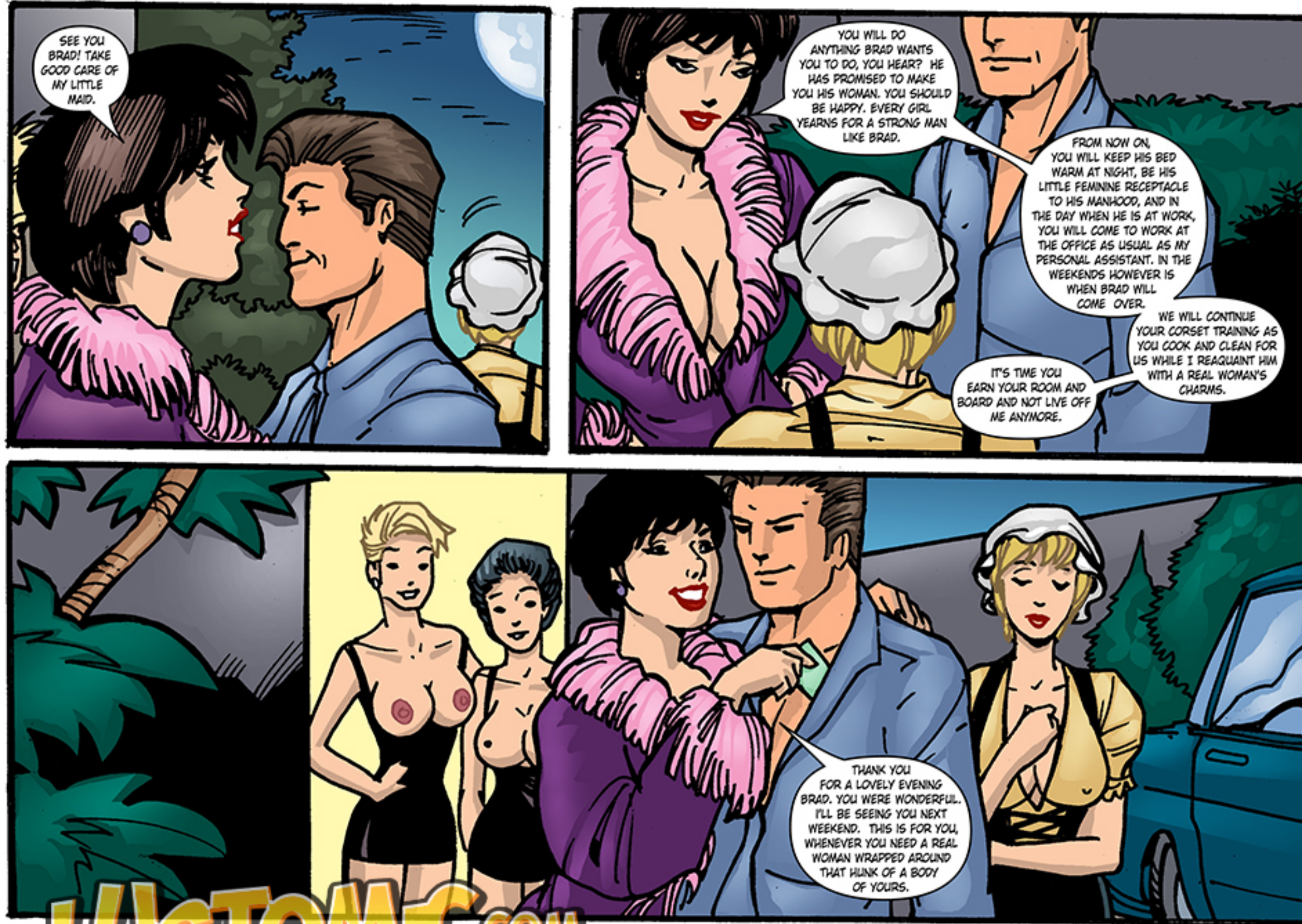
Brad was obviously ready, his heavy breathing and clinched hips said so. He slowed the pace a little to get in the last few pleasurable sensations Pinky's mouth could offer. With a sudden jerk to Pinky's head Brad's member went so deep inside that Pinky's bottom lip pressed against Brad's sack. One shutter 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.

A New Life



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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 school-girl'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