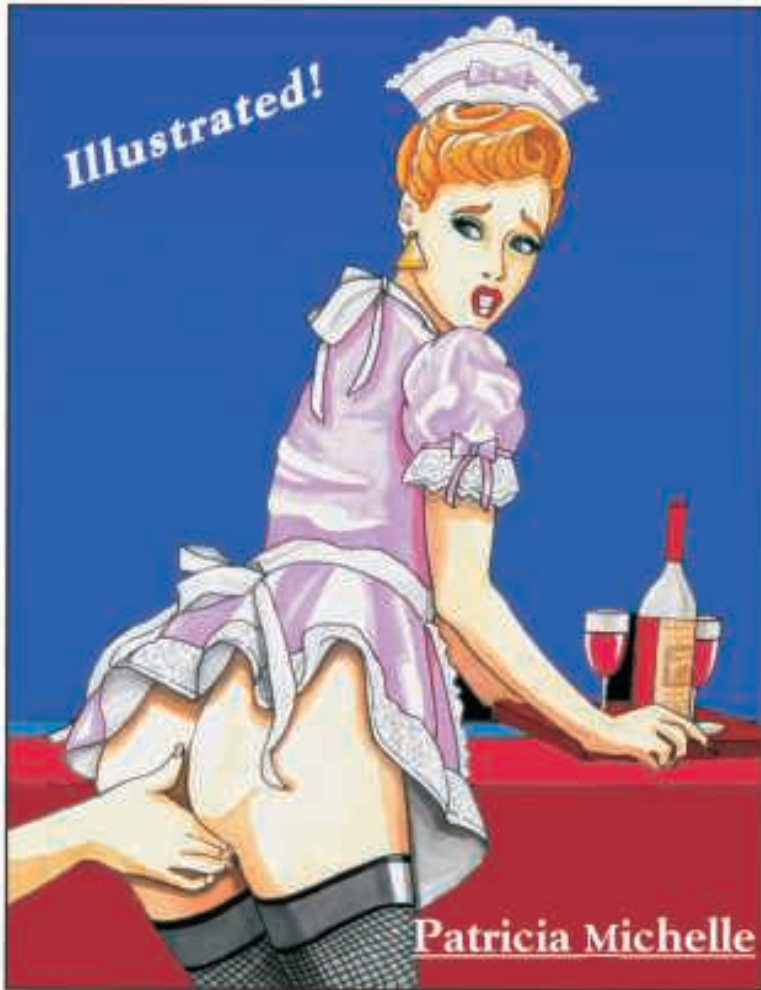


FEMINIZED AT THE OFFICE.

Book 2



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Feminized At The Office

By Patricia Michelle

PART 2

Chapter-42 Sampling the wares.

After my welcome spanking I put on a fashion show with each outfit bringing, hoots, howls and hysterical laughing. I wanted to cry, it was humiliating. Everyone laughing at their ex-boss. But I couldn't, I was too busy flashing my ass, showing off my tits and, of course, smiling as if I were enjoying myself.

When they all sat down to dinner Mistress Green ordered me, where else, under the table. She ex-

plained the heel and toe method to them suggesting that they simply experiment and that they get pumps with the sharpest, pointed toes and heels and have steel toes and heels put on them.

“Ms. Conover said she’ll respond a lot faster to them and they’re especially useful if you feel her slacking off,” she added.

Well by the time I’d serviced all five of them not only was my ass hurting even more, so were my sides. I was simply hurting everywhere but so thankful it was over until, to my intense dismay, she said, “We haven’t had our coffee and desert yet so round you go again.”

Chapter-43 Laying down the law.

Finally they were finished, and as I stood in front of them Mistress Green handed me a pink notebook.

“This is your Bimbo/Slut Praise & Fault book. Whenever one of us notices you’re not acting as you’re expected to you’ll hand her your book so she can make a note of it. However we will also make note if you do something that merits praise. Each Saturday, as at the institute, your weekly performance will be evaluated. To avoid being punished all day Sunday all you have to do is have less faults than the previous week. You will be punished if you repeat a fault twice in a week as obviously you weren’t trying hard to correct yourself. Now, we do want to be fair. So, for each compliment or praise you receive you’ll be allowed twenty minutes of free time on Sunday. There are also bonus points you can earn. For example if a man lewdly comments on your tits, ass, legs or makes an especially off color

remark on you you'll receive forty minutes of free time. A full hour if he pinches or pats your ass or tries to run his hand up your legs. And a whole two hours if we see you've given him a noticeable hard on. Now, doesn't that sound fair?" she asked.

Fair? Not by a damn sight, I thought as I meekly and excitedly said, "Oh yes Ma'am. That sounds very fair."

Chapter-43 A sympathetic ear.

Ms. Graham, the accountant, asked if she could put me to bed. It seemed I wasn't going to be allowed to do anything on my own.

When we got to my room, that the previous owners had turned into a little girl's room I nearly gagged. I couldn't believe this was to be my room. It was all done in pinks, the daintiest furniture meant for the littlest of girls. Everything was either heavily ruffled or dripping in lace. In the cent, to my disbelief, was the frilliest canopy bed that barely looked big enough for a ten year old. With high sides that obviously slid up it more resembled a crib. That's where I was supposed to sleep, they had to be kidding?

My mortified thoughts were interrupted as Ms. Graham suddenly ordered me to bend over a chair. Oh no, not another spanking! I thought, as my panties were pulled down. To my surprise I felt a cooling, soothing lotion being rubbed in which immediately lessened my poor, abused behind.

"I really thought the girls overdid spanking you, poor thing. I hope this feels better," she said.

“Oh yes, thank you ever so much, Ms. Graham,” I said, sincerely grateful.

“I just want to caution you. Sally, in particular, is just waiting for you to screw up, even a little, so she can punish and humiliate you. Obviously she really has it in for you. So try your hardest, especially around her, to act like the dumbest bimbo or the sluttiest slut that you can. I really don’t like the thought of how much they could abuse you if they really wanted,” she said.

“Thank you so much Ms. Graham. I really appreciate you warning me,” I said, and meant it. Thinking I’ve actually found a sympathetic ear and a friend. And I desperately needed one. I was too dumb to realize she was simply playing, “the good cop” to Mistress Green’s “bad cop.” I was being played and I hadn’t a clue until much later, then, of course, it was really too late.

Chapter-44 My first day back at the office.

When I came down to breakfast to start my first day back at the office I was dressed in my bimbo version of a business attire. Which the girls, as I expected, couldn’t help laughing hysterically.

“Oh my god, that’s what she’s going to wear to the office? Are any men coming today? I think we’re talking serious hard-on territory here,” Ms. Parker grinned.

“Unfortunately not today, but she’ll get her chance later this week,” Ms. Clark assured her. I prayed that she was just trying to scare me.

I left early with Ms. Parker and Mills. My instructions from Ms. Clark was that I was to tutor them and teach them everything I knew about making trades and money for their clients. Which I did until about fifteen minutes before the market opened. But, I'd decided I wasn't going to teach them everything. I had my secrets on how I really made money and they weren't going to get those.

At 9:15 I was called into Ms. Clark's office.

"You wondered how I could guarantee that you would make money for your new clients, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am, I did," I said, still not believing she could.

"What I've set down for you are daily goals which you will meet, or else. Your goals depend on how high, or low, the market goes. If the market is up, but by less than a hundred points you must enhance each client's portfolio by one percent, or \$100,000. If it's up between 100 and 200 points your goal is two percent. If it's up between 200 and 400 your goal is three percent. To be fair if the market is down less than 1—points you may not lose more than one percent, and so on. Oh yes, that goes for insuring that Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills meet those goals as well," she dictated.

My god, I was not only to meet those goals but make sure they met them as well! How the hell was she going to guarantee that I did that?

To my horror moment later I found out when she asked Sally, or Mistress Green, to send Henry in.

What walked in was this mammoth black guy dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, complete with

glossy, knee high, black boots. Jesus, he had to be six foot five and weigh 250 or 260.



“This is Henry. I hired him to serve several needs, one of which, is as our chauffeur. He’ll also keep the girls, shall we say, well serviced in ways you obviously can’t. The other position he’ll fill is to oversee you when Sally is tied up,” she said, turning me deathly pale as I looked over to see him grinning in a not friendly manner at me. It was more predatory.

“Now here’s what’s going to happen when you miss a goal. You’re going to go over to him and in your greediest, sexiest voice ask him if you can suck his cock. Oh yes, if you ever miss a goal two days in a row he’s going to bend you over my desk, and while all the girls watch, he’s going to give your ass

a real reaming out. You're still a virgin there and I know he can't wait to get at you," she smirked.

I was on the verge of passing out in sheer terror and came damn close when she said, "Henry show Bimbo Cherrie what she can look forward to."

I stood there transfixed as he pulled his fly down and out popped a cock the like that I thought never existed in size. And yet as I watched it began to grow and grow. Honest to god I'd never seen a cock that huge, not even in a porno flick.

"Just slightly over eleven inches and trust me, hard as wood. Imagine all that down your throat as he pumps gallons down it. Well, the market's about to open I think it's time for you to start making money for your clients. Oh yes, if either girl fails to meet their goals she, or both, get to decide how you'll be disciplined," she added.

All I could think of as I frantically began watching the markets and making trades was that massive cock and me sucking on it, or worse, being bent over her desk and getting my ass fucked. She was right she had the perfect incentive for me to meet the goals that she'd set.

Chapter-44 How in God's name can I concentrate?

I'd been delegated to a meager work station in the corner while Ms. Parker and Mills had large, sumptuous work areas, expensive desks, oriental rugs and comfortable looking leather chairs.

In contrast I had a desk and a secretaries' chair both in fluffy, pink rug under it. In front of me were

three computer screens. The main one with my ten million dollar client's portfolios and smaller screens showing me Ms. Parker's and Ms. Mill's accounts.

It was almost impossible to monitor what amounted to eight client portfolios at the same time. I couldn't take my eyes off the screens for even a few seconds.

Then to make matters even more impossible I heard one of them snap her fingers. When I turned to look I saw Ms. Parker spreading her legs. Jesus, she wants me to service her pussy now? With the market off it's highs and heading down.

When I hesitated she barked, "Get your dumb ass over here and bring your Praise & Fault book."

Before I crawled under her desk she said, "Write down today's date and time. Then write, 'Hesitated to respond to a direct order-ten faults. Not smiling-five faults. Now get under my desk and give me a quickie.'"

Which I did thankful that she only wanted a quickie.

But then I heard her ask, "Do you want one too, Marion?"

"Might as well," she said, snapping her fingers.

When I finally got back to my computer I was panicked as a lot of stocks were losing big time. It took a while but I finally got everything back to at least level. Then when I was just starting to make everyone money I heard this over the intercom from Mistress Green, "Bimbo Cherrie report to Ms. Carter for shoe cleaning."

So once again I was interrupted. This time to lick the dust and dirt off Ms. Carter's shoes after she'd returned from a meeting.

I won't go into every minute of my day, but the constant interruptions were driving me crazy. Three of the women decided to eat in for lunch so I found myself under the conference table licking pussies.

Then just after I got back to my desk Mistress Green came in holding a cane and for no reason, other than to impress on me who the boss was gave me five with it.

But the most humiliating interruption came when over the intercom I heard, "Bimbo Cherrie report to Henry for boot cleaning."

So there I was on my hand and knees licking clean the black, chauffer's boots while he grinned down at me.

Chapter-45 The market closes, but the day isn't over.

I was never so glad to see the market close. It was down 85 points, and while my clients lost money it didn't go over one percent, thank god. But when I glanced at Ms. Parker and Ms. Mill's portfolio had lost more than one percent I was horrified. Even though it was down only 1.04%. I prayed that she'd pass on such a meager overage.

I breathed a big sigh of relief when I got home. Which certainly didn't last long.

"Don't think that just because you're home there'll be any slacking off. Change into the outfit I

laid out on your bed and report back to me in twenty minutes,” Mistress Green ordered.

I tore up to my room and undressed as fast as I could. Obviously she planned to humiliate me as much as she could for what I saw on the bed was a sleeveless top with cutouts for my tits. I put it on, what else could I do? Next to it was a long, black leather skirt. It was, as I expected, cut out in back. In front a zipper ran the full length and I had to really struggle to close it. When I did I realized what I was wearing is what they call a hobble skirt. When I tried walking I could barely put one foot in front of the other!

Miserably I saw two other items on the bed. Big, silver bells and, of course, I knew where they went as I clipped them to the rings on my nipples.

Looking at my watch I panicked. I had two minutes to get back downstairs and I could barely walk. When I minced into the living room they all exploded in raucous laughter as I knew they would.

“Oh god, I love it. Is that a slut, or what?” Ms. Parker exclaimed.

“And don’t you just love her bells? Don’t you think she should always wear them?” Ms. Mills giggled.

“Absolutely, I totally agree,” Mistress Green said, then to me added, “You’re twenty seconds later. Ankles, you disobedient slut. One spank for every second you were late.”

I wanted to scream how unfair it was. She had to see I could barely walk. Twenty spanks later I realized she undoubtedly knew I couldn’t make it in time. She was just looking for an excuse to punish me.

Ordered to stand in front of them, as they leisurely sat with drinks, Ms. Clark sternly said, "I have here your daily performance review, and it's not good. You've been marked three times for not smiling. Do you have any excuse?"

"N-No Ma'am," I was forced to say, even though how could anyone keep smiling when they spent part of their day licking shoes, pussies or being spanked for no reason.

"It's your call Sally, you're in charge of the Slut," Ms. Carter said.

"Oh, I think being gagged for the next 48 hours should do the trick, don't you slut?"

Horried at the thought all I could get out was, "Y-Yes Mistress Green."

"And I have just the perfect gag for you, I'm sure you'll enjoy it," she gloated.

"Now it also seems you allowed Ms. Parker's clients to lose more than the allowable loss by .04 percent?" Ms. Clark said.

"Y-Yes Ma'am, but, please, that's only..."

"What it is, is inexcusable. Connie, what do you think is a suitable punishment?" she asked.

After a minute of thought her eyes suddenly lit up.

"I know. Go over to Henry, get down on your knees and beg him to allow you to kiss his ass eight, no, sixteen times. Long, eager kisses and use your tongue. This time Henry will keep his pants on. The next time you'll pull them down. When you're finished be sure to thank him," she proclaimed to the hearty applause of everyone.

There wasn't anything I could do. I wanted with all my heart to scream I wouldn't do it, but, of course, I knew I'd only be making it worse. So there I was, on my knees, kissing and tonguing his ass. It was disgusting, humiliating. The only small salvation was he kept his pants on. I firmly resolved to never let Ms. Parker's clients exceed their loss limit again.

When I finished the degrading task to a thunderous round of applause and laughter Ms. Clark said, "Time for dinner ladies," then to me added, "You know where you belong, get there."

My poor tongue was dragging by the time they finally finished their dinner. Then yanked out from under the table by Mistress Green I was ordered to open my mouth.

When she approached me and I saw what she had in her hand I couldn't stop myself from pleading.

"Oh n-no, oh p-please, not that," I begged, staring in horror at the penis gag she was holding.

"Very well, I'll give you a choice. This one, or this one," she said, holding up one that was twice as huge.

"Well?" she demanded to know.

I was defeated, I was going to have one or the other crammed in my mouth. Just one look at her determined expression and I knew it.

"T-The first," I sobbed.

"Open up," she ordered, "no that's not even close. Get that mouth open as much as you can."

I swear I stretched my mouth open as far as I thought it would go. Yet when she had it barely in it

was actually forcing my mouth even wider! Then even before it was barely half way in I started gagging. She waited until I got control of my breathing then crammed it all the way in, tightly cinching, then locking the straps behind my head.

“This is just a warning of what you’ll be doing if you ever fail to meet a single goal at the office. Think of this, what’s in your mouth is a measly five inches. Henry’s cock, once you’ve kissed, licked and sucked on, will be more than twice that size. It’ll undoubtedly go half way down your throat, then you’ll really be gagging. Especially when he starts shooting gob and gob down it,” she smirked, then added, “You can thank Ms. Clark for your special warning gag. She said it’s worked perfectly in the past and always insures that the men she’s used it on do everything possible to meet the goals she’s set for them. Isn’t that nice of her? Nod you thanks,” she ordered, and miserably I did. Looking up to see her grinning.

Then too Mistress Green added to my duties at the office. She thought it a waste of valuable time for everyone to have to get up and get their own coffee, so from then on I was to get their coffee for them.

I was sure she was just thinking of additional things for me to do just so she could have the satisfaction of watching me suck Henry’s dick. God, did she have it in for me!

Chapter-46 New humiliations.

Naturally new humiliations awaited me at the office, both large and small, heaped on me during the week by Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills.

On my first day back when I raised my hand to ask permission to go the ladies room Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills called me over to their desks.

“Being away from your desk, for any length of time, means you’re not being productive, wouldn’t you agree?” Ms. Mills asked.

Well, that made sense so I said, “Yes, Ms. Mills.”

“Therefore we feel we need to establish some parameters for when you wish to go to the ladies room. First off, obviously you’re a lady. So from now on you will ask if you can go to the Bimbo’s Stall. It’s the last one that’s painted pink. Now, when you raise your hand you’ll ask, ‘Can Bimbo Cherrie please have permission to visit the Bimbo’s Stall?’ Then one of us will ask if have to do tinkles or poopies, only ladies pee and shit, understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Mills,” I cringed.

“Very well. First we’d like you to walk as fast as you can to your Bimbo Stall and back. Ready, go,” she ordered.

When I got back, out of breath, she said, “Try again and do it faster.”

So off I went and came back as fast as my corset, heels and tight skirt would let me, breathing hard, totally out of breath.

“Much better, it took you a minute to go and come back. So when you receive permission to do tinkles you’ll have one minute to get there and back, three minutes to tinkles and another three minutes to fix your hair, gloss your lips, rouge your cheeks, powder and check your seams. A total of exactly seven minutes. You’ll receive a demerit for each second you’re late, plus other demerits if you fail to

pass inspection. When you have to do poopies we'll give you an additional two minutes," she dictated.

If they were trying to humiliate me, and I could tell by their gloating smiles and chuckles, they were doing a good job. And there was more when I made it my Bimbo Stall. Instead of a regular toilet there was a pink porcelain potty, the same as I'd had to use at the institute.

But that was nothing compared to the humiliation I suffered that Thursday morning. I was gotten up even earlier than usual. "This is an important day at the company. So we need to get you dressed extra slutty today," Mistress Green declared, which started with teasing my hair into that just fucked, big hair look, which I absolutely hated.

When I was dressed and saw myself I truly didn't want to go to the office. Not wearing the tightest, white satin, short sleeved blouse that I was made to unbutton until my braless breasts were in constant danger of popping out at any moment. The red, patent leather, below the knees skirt was so tight I could barely put one foot in front of the other. On my legs were trashy, fishnet, seamed stockings and on my feet the impossible to walk in ankle busting, three inch platform soles with eight inch heels. A wide, cheap, plastic yellow belt showed off my figure, and my ass. To my dismay there were two guys in the elevator who stood in the back and I burned with shame as I knew my ass was giving them a real show.

"C-could I ask why today is so important, Mistress Green?" I asked, not having any idea, but figuring it wasn't going to be good.

When she told me my worst fears were confirmed.



“There are representatives coming for a meeting at nine. We want to buy some expensive software they have. We need a distraction and you’re going to be it. We’re sure they won’t be able to concentrate with you wagging your ass in front of them, showing off your tits and giving them your best, ‘Oh please fuck me looks,” she grinned.

“M-Men?” was all I could gulp, just imaging my worst nightmare.

“Yes, three of them. You’ll be the receptionist today, and we’ll be watching your performance, and it better be good or I’m going to have Henry unzip his pants and you’ll be sucking your first cock,” she warned.

I dreaded their arrival, but precisely at nine three guys in business suits walked in.

“Good morning gentlemen, My name is Cherrie Creams and I’m here to service your any needs,” I lisped in my sexiest, bimbo voice, and I swear they started salivating on the spot.

“You’ll service our any needs?” one of them asked, staring hungrily at my about to fall out tits.

“Oh yes sir, absolutely anything (I emphasized, hating myself) that needs your immediate attention, just give me a little wave,” I said, strutting back to my desk, stopping to bend way over to adjust my stockings, fluttering my eyes and licking my lips.

Sitting down I adjusted my tits, crossed my legs wide and started lewdly on a pencil.

It was degrading I wanted to die, but I also didn’t want to end up sucking Henry’s monster cock.

Fortunately my clients came up on the computer screen in front of me so I was able to keep track of them.

Apparently I became too involved with them as the hone suddenly buzzed. When I picked it up Mistress Green angrily said, “They’re losing interest. Get up and ask them if there’s anyway you can be of service to them while they wait. When you get back get those damn legs of yours spread. I want to see them glued to your crotch.”



I was never so thankful when Ms. Clark came out and took them back to the conference room.

Twenty minutes later as I was busy making some big trades the phone rang. It was Ms. Clark.

“Come into the conference room and serve the gentlemen coffee. We’ve reached an impasse, they’re being difficult. Make sure when you come in you act like a slut in heat. When you serve coffee rub up against their legs and plant those tits and ass right in their face,” she ordered.

Oh god, she couldn’t have picked a worse time and the one thing I didn’t want to do was rub up against a bunch of horny guys. But, of course, I did. It was disgusting, but before I was dismissed I had all three foaming at the mouth.

A half hour later, as they were leaving, one of them came over and whispered, “We’ll all be seeing you later Cherrie.”

Before I could wonder what the hell that was all about Ms. Carter came over and giving me a big hug said, “You were absolutely perfect, just what I needed to beat them down in price. I’ll see that Sally gives you a big reward.”

Chapter-47 My first weekend, Friday

On Friday all the girls had dates except for Ms. Mills.

“Henry will tend to your needs tonight Marion, just don’t wear him out, I’ll need him after you,” Ms. Carter said. I couldn’t help be jealous. He was not only obviously going to fuck Ms. Mills but Ms. Carter as well. Something I’d thought I’d be doing the minute I first saw her. Boy, I couldn’t have been more wrong. Now, I didn’t even have a dick anymore.

I spent a hectic time running and fetching this and that helping them get ready. At one point Ms. Parker laughingly said, "Wouldn't she make a great maid?"

"Yes, she would. In face, you, come with me," Mistress Green ordered.

Twenty minutes later when she brought me back in the girls couldn't contain their laughter. For she'd in fact dressed me as a maid. She'd found the shortest, black satin skirt she had, which barely covered my ass. Then had added three petticoats that made it stick almost straight out. The top was a bustier, much too small for me and my big tits. They, and my nipples, stuck out like twin headlights.

Then she added a frilly, white, tea apron and there I was, a maid.

"There she is girls, your new maid. Of course one of the most important duties of a maid is to answer the door," she proclaimed.

"Oh god, you mean have her greet all our dates at the door, like that?" Ms. Parker chuckled.

"What better way to heat up a date than to give them some tempting eye candy?" Mistress Green laughed, then to me said, "When the doorbell rings you'll answer it, take them into the living room and entertain them until we come down. Just keep showing your tits and ass in their faces. If that doesn't heat them up they're undoubtedly dead. Oh I've got just the greatest idea. When we come down and if we see you've given any of them a hard-on we'll give you an hour of free time on Sunday. One hour for each stiff prick we see poking through their pants. What do you think, girls?"

Naturally they all thought it was a great idea. God, I hated her!

Well, I guess I did heat them up, they literally followed my ass and tits where ever I went and had them absolutely drooling. I hated it, imagine what they would have thought if they knew they were foaming at the mouth over a guy?

When the girls came down to collect their dates I saw Mistress Green looking closely at their crotches, then walked over to me.

“I don’t see a single hard-on in any of their pants. Tomorrow night, when our dates come, if I don’t see at least one dick sticking through a pair of pants you’ll wish Sunday never comes,” she angrily warned me.

I was made to wait up until all of them got back. Then had to listen to them talk about what studs their dates were, and in detail, that I didn’t want to hear, who got royally fucked, where, for how long and went on and on comparing their date’s cocks.

The more they talked the more my cock uselessly twitched as I imagined I was the one they were raving about. But then I remembered, I no longer had a cock, I had a pussy.

Chapter-48 My first weekend, Saturday

I dreaded waking up on Saturday as I knew what to expect, and Mistress Green had me up bright and early.

“Rise and shine Bimbo, its work day for you,” she said cheerfully, as I was ordered to put myself into a pin, rubber body suit. Once I zipped it up it was ex-

cruciatingly tight. And the steel stayed, rubber corset she laced me into made it so much tighter. Pink, rubber gloves sealed me in neck to toe.

Taking out the bizarre, torture boots she said, "God, I love these. I can't imagine anyone actually trying to walk in them. But then you've had lots of practice, haven't you?" she smirked.

"Yes, Mistress Green," I replied, although it was impossible to call what I did in them as walking. Each step was a study in balancing, always on the brink of tripping, falling and breaking an ankle.

The only good thing, I thought in relief I suppose, is that they now weighed just five pounds each. That is until she said, "Just imagine, you'll be in them all day. Now, where to start? Oh, I know the grass need cutting. Then you can wash and wax all our cars. Hold out your left wrist."

When I did she clipped my watch back on and fiddled with it. "I've set it so it will buzz at five minutes to each hour. You then have five minutes to rest, kneeling. Other than that if I once see you standing or not working you'll spend all day tomorrow as you are now. Only you'll be worked even harder," she threatened.

I didn't know how I could be worked any harder. It was still early morning and sweat was pouring down me as I struggled pushing a hand mower cutting the grass.

By mi-morning the torture boots, which weighed only five pounds felt like they weighed a ton. With hardly any muscles left in my arms it got so I could only push the mower ahead a few inches at a time. I desperately wanted to stop and rest, but whenever I looked up at the house there she was watching me

like a hawk, smiling and obviously enjoying my struggles.

Not one to simply watch she walked down to me.

“Having difficulties, are we? I think a few more Saturdays mowing the lawn and there won’t be a muscle left on you. You’ll be nothing but all tits and ass,” she smirked, then to my surprise asked, in a concerned voice, “Are you getting tired, you seem to be slowing down.”

Thinking she was actually going to take pity on me I gratefully said, “Oh yes, Mistress Green, I really am.”

“I’ll tell you what. There’s an hour before lunch. If you don’t finish by then we’ll all sit and watch you kissing Henry’s crotch. Perhaps that will help re-energize you,” she gloated, seeing my shocked expression.

I’d been tricked! I actually thought she was going to take pity on me. I should have known better.

I finished, but just by minutes. She gave me a disappointed look as I crawled under the table licking pussies. I was actually relieved, at least I was off my feet.

I don’t know which was worse. Mowing the lawn all morning or spending all afternoon washing and waxing everyone’s cars. It wasn’t as exhausting but the afternoon sun was hot and I felt trapped in a sweltering sauna. I did get to kneel a lot which was a relief.

So I worked away washing and waxing all five of their cars. I was so thankful when I was finally finishing up on the last one, hoping that once I fin-

ished 'd be allowed out of the stifling body suit and torture boots.

Hearing a rumble I saw Henry drive up in his Hummer. "Good, just in time, you'll do mine as well and it better shine like new. If I see one spec of dirt on it I'm going to drag your fat ass behind the garage and you're going to get a mouthful of cock. Understood?" he demanded to know.

"Y-Yes M-Master Henry, Sir," I quaked.

It took me another three hours to do the damn Hummer. When he inspected it he found the tiniest smudge mark n one of the lug nuts. I cowered in fear as he pointed to it. Then nearly fainted in relief when he said, "I'll let it go this time. Next time you get a mouth full of cock, agreed?"

"Yes M-Master Henry, Sir," I said, not believing I'd just agreed to suck his cock if he found a smudge mark, however miniscule, the next time. But I wasn't thinking ahead, I was only thinking about agreeing to anything to get me out of sucking his cock today.

Chapter-49, My first weekend review

Mistress Green finally let me our of the rubber suit I'd been sealed into all day and the horrible boots. I was so exhausted, my legs so weak, I literally fell into the bubble bath she had waiting for me. Nothing ever felt so wonderful and she let me soak for nearly an hour!

Once dressed I was dressed in the maids uniform, weighed and measured then taken down to the living room and told to stand in the middle.

While they sat comfortably around me with drinks in their hands.

“I’ve compiled every one’s notes on your performance. You garnered twenty-five Bimbo and twenty-two slut demerits, for a total of forty-seven demerits for the week. You will improve the following week. If not those demerits will translate to additional days added to your contract. Do you understand?” Ms. Clark sternly asked.

“Y-Yes Ma’am, Bimbo/Slut Cherrie understands,” I replied, feeling like a naughty schoolgirl standing there.

“I note that you increased your client’s portfolios by 1.11%. While Ms. Parker and Mills increased their client’s portfolios by 1.27%. Obviously you’re tutoring them well,” she remarked. And although she meant it as a compliment my professional ego took a real blow. I didn’t understand how they could out perform me. After all I was the expert.

“Now, do you think we’ve cured you of not smiling?” she asked.

Remembering the awful two days with a penis gag crammed in my mouth I smiled my biggest smile and said, “Oh yes, Ma’am, I’m completely cured.

“On the whole we are reasonably satisfied with how we expect a Bimbo/Slut to act. Although there are a few areas you need to improve on and be reminded of. Gloria has complained that on two occasions it took you over six minutes when you gave her a quickie. And on Thursday Marion notes that her afternoon quickie took you almost seven minutes. Do you have any excuse?” she demanded to know.

“N-No Ma’am,” I had to say, although I had a very good excuse. I’d just given Ms. Graham, Ms. Clark and Mistress Green quickies, one right after the other and by the time I got to Ms. Mills I could barely move my tongue.

“Tomorrow Sally I definitely think she needs some corrective training in this area,” she said.

“Right, I have just the remedy,” Mistress Green assured her, giving me the nastiest look. I could tell, just by her look, that I wasn’t going to enjoy her remedy.

“Now then Henry has a complaint about you not cleaning his boots properly,” she said.

Just his name turned my legs to jelly. I hated being forced to lick any guy’s boots. It was so degrading. But, especially his. All he had to say was, “I want them licked till they look like new, or you know what you’re going to get,” and I licked them clean not once, but twice. Fearfully looking for the tiniest spec I might have missed. So I couldn’t imagine what his complaint would be.

“He says you keep forgetting to lick clean the soles of his boots and leaving specs of dirt on the floor. You were trained to lick the soles as well, weren’t you?” she asked.

Actually I wasn’t. Either they forgot or they assumed I’d know that licking boots and shoes included the soles as well. In any case I was in a dilemma. If I said “No” I was contradicting her, and I wasn’t allowed to ever do that.

So miserably I said, “Yes Ma’am, I was.” Knowing I’d be licking everyone’s dirty soles from now on. The thought disgusted me.

Tomorrow you'll report to Henry and whatever footwear needs cleaning you'll clean them, understand?" she demanded to know.

"Yes Ma'am," I replied, absolutely dreading the thought.

"Now on a happier note you were quite instrumental in helping us secure a dirt cheap price for our new software. So Sally, I feel that merits a full two hours of free time for her tomorrow," she declared.



“Well, I wasn’t there. What did she do that was so great?” she asked, clearly annoyed at the thought of giving me any free time.

“Oh, you’ll have to listen to this. I taped them when I left the room,” she said, turning on a tape recorder.

“Jesus, did you see that bimbo at reception? I swear all she had on her mind was fucking one of us,” one voice said.

“I think she was all in for fucking all of us, and god have you ever seen a pair of tits like hers?” a second voice chuckled.

“Or her ass, I swear it’s the biggest one I’ve ever seen! And those lips. I can just see them wrapped around my cock sucking away. She obviously needs it bad,” another laughed.

“Now here’s what really sealed the deal,” Ms. Clark proclaimed, pressing the play button.

“I have to say Ma’am that is the sexiest receptionist I’ve ever laid eyes on,” a voice said.

“Unfortunately we’ve made no headway trying to tone down that slutty, bimbo look. I suppose she was coming on to you?” Ms. Clark asked.

“Well, yes Ma’am, all of us,” another voice admitted.

“I’m afraid what she wanted was to suck your cocks. We caught her doing just that last week in the men’s room. If you come back be sure not to head for the men’s room as I’m sure she’ll be right behind you,” Ms. Clark warned.

“Ah, we will need to come back, won’t we guys? Just, ah, to make sure the software is up and running right,” a third voice said.

“Oh my god, we have to watch that! Can we set up cameras,” Ms. Mills excitedly asked.

Seeing my stricken face Ms. Clark said, “Oh, don’t worry Cherrie, I’m not going to make you give them blow jobs. When they come back I’ll tell them we had to fire you. Unless you’d really like to give them all blow jobs?”

“Oh no Ma’am, I really wouldn’t, honest to god,” I said, so relieved I nearly fainted.

“Well, I guess that does merit two hours of free time,” Mistress Green said, grudgingly.

That night I was once again dressed as a maid and told to greet their dates at the door and keep them entertained.

“Remember, I want to see at least one hard on poking thru a pair of pants when we come down. I’ll even give you an extra half hour off if one of them is my date,” she said.

It was just before I went downstairs that Ms. Graham came up to me. “You know if you don’t give at least one of our dates a hard on that Sally is going to make your life a living hell tomorrow,” she said.

“I-I know, but I tried as best I could last night,” I said despondently.

“Well, I think I know a sure fire way. Let’s just pull this neckline down like this,” she said.

“B-But my boobs are sure to fall out the minute I bend over even a little,” I protested, as she pulled it down to my nipples.

“Yes, exactly. Just make sure they both pop out and right in their face. Trust me, that’ll either get their dicks stiff or they’ll have heart attacks. Do it at

least a couple times and you'll have their dicks so stiff the poor things will be in pain. You'll really be heating them up for us," she assured me.

"Now whip off those skirts and panties, she ordered, and still in a disbelieving daze over purposefully letting by boobs fall out I handed them to her. She left with them and didn't return for at least thirty minutes.

"Right, now put these panties on," she ordered, handing me a pair. They felt funny, definitely not the ones I'd been wearing. The skirt and petticoat felt different as well. When I asked what she'd done she said, "I shortened them five inches in back."

Dumbfounded I asked why she'd done that. In response she had me turn my back to the mirror and bend over.

"Now look back at the mirror," she giggled.

When I did I thought my heart was going to stop. Bending over fully revealed my pantied ass. But it was even worse. The panties, while black and edged in ruffles were sheer, and the worst part was the heart shaped cutout!

"Oh -nooo," I moaned.

"Oh yes. If your tits flopping out don't get them stiff your ass certainly will. Now stay still while I spritz it with perfume. Every time you bend over I want to see your ass in their faces just inches from their noses. The perfume will drive them crazy, and a perfumed ass will probably cause a stroke," she chuckled.

When the doorbell rang I went to answer it filled with dread at how I was shortly to be making a degrading spectacle of myself in front of four guys.

They were all ruggedly handsome, athletic types my age. I so wished I could trade places as I bent over to serve one guy his drink and purposefully let both my tits pop out inches from his face. I swear he was going to have a heart attack. Then I heard a chorus of gasps behind me as the others saw my half naked, heart shaped ass presented to them.

“Oh, I’m so sorry sir. My top is just too small for my titties I guess,” I pretended to stammer as I made a display of trying to stuff them back in. They “accidentally” popped out again a few minutes later, and then the most awful thing happened. I felt one of the bastards trying to grope my ass!

“Oh sir, t-that’s most naughty,” I said, trying my hardest not to break into tears. Especially when moments later I just managed to keep one of them from feeling me up.

By the time the girls came down I’d accomplished what I set out to do. All four of them had raging hard ons. I certainly wasn’t proud of myself, but when the girls saw the state their dates were in they were ecstatic.

“My goodness, you certainly have outdone yourself. What did you do, promise them all blow jobs later,” Mistress Green snidely asked.

“N-No Mistress Green,” I sobbed, then couldn’t help myself, I started crying and ran to the kitchen.

The girls followed me and asked what I was crying about.

“O-One of them p-pinched my ass, and another tried to feel me up,” I sobbed.

If I expected them to be outraged or get even a little sympathy from them I didn't get it. Just the opposite.

"Oh my god, you really outdid yourself. Did it hurt when you got pinched?" Mistress Green asked, as if she were concerned.

"Well, no, not really," I had to admit.

"Well then, no harm, no foul," she declared with a chuckle. No harm, no foul! I'd just had my ass pinched and had just managed to fend off being felt off and all she had to say was it was no big deal. I was a guy and another guy had just pinched my ass. Admittedly he didn't know I was a guy, but I knew. Then I remembered, I wasn't a guy anymore, I just continued to think like one.

"Did the guy who tried to feel you up get to your pussy?" Ms. Parker asked.

"N-No, not that far," I said, thanking my lucky stars.

"Boy, would he have been in for a shock," Ms. Mills, and everyone else, laughed.

"Well girls, our slut Maid has really put on a show. Four stiff dicks. One pinched ass and one attempted feel. I think that deserves a reward," Mistress Green said.

"How about a half hour of free time for each stiff dick, and a half hour each for the pinched ass and trying to cop a feel," Ms. Parker suggested, and they all agreed laughing themselves silly.

"And next week if you can get one of them to give your titties a good squeeze we'll give you a whole hour off," Mistress Green laughed, thinking that was hysterical. Then turning to me said, with a mean

smile, "You may have earned some free time tomorrow. But hopefully you're not going to enjoy it too much in your new corset and heels."

I'd totally forgotten about Sundays being my day to get accustomed to a tighter corset and higher heel. So I woke up with more a sense of dread than relishing the free time I'd been given.

I couldn't help gasping as she tightened the laces of a new corset over and over until she'd achieved a twenty-two inch waist.

"How does that feel Slut?" she asked.

"It's sooo tight, like I'm crushed in a vice," I moaned.

"Oh goodie, think of all day in it. Now I can't wait to get you in your new heels and watching you actually trying to walk in them," she gloated, squeezing my feet into a pair of seven inch heels. They arched my poor feet so severely it felt like I was just barely standing on my toes.

I could see she was thoroughly enjoying my terrified expression as I tried just standing in them. All I could take was the tiniest, mincing steps.

"You have fifteen minutes to get downstairs then it's one spank for every second you're late," she declared, knowing full well it would take me longer than that. And it did for which she gleefully spanked me thirty-two times.

"What is she going to do on her free time?" Ms. Mills asked.

“Well according to the training manual you never give a Bimbo/Slut more than two hours of free time at one time. Any more and you’re in danger of them actually starting to think, and we can’t have that, can we?” I was asked.

“N-No Mistress Green,” I meekly replied.

“So, I’ve scheduled her for two hours of free time in the morning, two in the afternoon and one hour in the evening. But first some corrective training regarding your quickies for the girls is in order. For which I’ve bought there,” she said, taking a pair of wicked looking spurs out of a box.

“While we have breakfast you’ll fasten the spurs on my feet and give me the fastest quickie you can. When I push you away you’ll remove the spurs and put them on the next girl. You’ll be timed and your goal will be a four minute quickie. You’ll receive the same corrective training at lunch and dinner. I think a good spurring will provide you with just the right incentive to improve, don’t you?” she asked.

“Y-Yes Mistress G-Green,” I said nervously, staring in dread at the menacing spurs.

God, did I try. I tongued as fast as I thought I could ever go. But I was wrong. All she had to do was apply the spurs to me a couple of times and magically my tongue worked even faster. She’d been right, they provided the perfect, albeit painful, incentive.

I trembled fearfully every time I strapped the spurs to the next pair of feet. Yet despite frantically licking for all I was worth it was never good enough to avoid the punishing jabbing of the spurs urging me to even greater efforts.

They compared notes when I finally finished.

“The best you were able to give one of us a quickie was four minutes and forty-nine seconds. So we’ll simply continue until you can give us all four minute quickies. Now, report to Henry you have some soles to catch up on,” she ordered. Something I definitely didn’t want to do, but obviously I had no choice.

When I finally managed to teeter to Henry’s room he opened a closet door. Inside I could see half a dozen pair of shoes, two pair of motorcycle boots and his chauffer boots. I was appalled at the boots in particular. It looked like he had walked through mud in them as they were caked in dried mud.

“You’ll lick clan all the shoes and boots till they’re like new, and I don’t want to see a speck of dirt on the floor. Now put your arms behind you,” he ordered.

When I did he tied my wrist together.

“I’ll be gone a couple of hours so I want to make sure you don’t cheat. Have fun licking away slut,” he laughed.

So I licked and ate dried, caked mud for the next three hours and was just finishing when he came back.

“Don’t forget these,” he said, nudging several large clumps of dirt at me. Then he put his boot on top of my head and pushed until I’d eaten all the dirt on the floor.

A few weeks ago if anyone had told me I’d be eating dirt in front of a black guy I’d have told them they were crazy. God, how far I’d sunk. And even further when he demanded that I, “thank” him for the privilege of licking clean all his shoe and boots.

Chapter-50 Finally some free time, sort of.

When I finally minced treacherously back to Mistress Green sitting by the pool, she said, "Before you can have any free time you need to practice in your heels. Which you'll do by walking around the pool. Your goal is to walk once around the pool without stumbling, tripping, stopping or, heaven forbid, falling in the pool."

So I began my trek around the pool and before I was half way around it I'd already stumbled and tripped half a dozen times. Just barely avoiding falling into the pool. I must have walked around it twenty times before I finally made it without stumbling, tripping or stopping.

My poor feet and legs hurt so I just collapsed in the chaise lounge Mistress Green permitted me to sit in. You can't believe how great it felt to just lie there. But, of course, Mistress Green couldn't leave that alone.

"I've thought about how you can spend your free time. As all bimbos love doing their nails that's what you'll do for the next two hours. Here's some nail polish. Change the color and once they're dry change them to the next color. A perfect, mindless way to pass the time, wouldn't you agree?" she snickered.

"Yes Mistress Green," I answered miserably.

"Now then, when you hear this bell," she said, picking up a tiny gold bell, "You immediately stand and walk around the pool six times. We just have to get you up to speed in your new heels," she laughed.

Painting my nails over and over, as she'd stated, was indeed mindless. But reclining in the chaise lounge was heaven.

When my two hours of free time in the morning were up it coincided with lunch and once again I was under their table strapping the fearsome spurs on their feet as I feverishly licked as fast as humanly possible. But, naturally, it was never fast enough.

With lunch thankfully over I was told I could I could lay in the chaise lounge again. When I did I was hand a trashy, Victorian, romance novel, "The Ravishment of Emily."

"You'll read the first six chapters, and don't think you can cheat as I'll quiz you later. I'm sure you'll enjoy it, it's just your speed," she gloated.

God, what a wretched, sappy story. I enjoyed reading mystery novels, now here I was reading about a girl being ravished by a captain in the British army. But, at least, I was off my feet and those murderous heels.

Part way through it the girls came out to play tennis. The court was right in front of me so I occasionally snuck a peek. Before I'd ben turned into a Bimbo/Slut I'd been a pretty good tennis player, so watching them I was so envious. I wished I could be out there playing.

As I was just finishing the last chapter a tennis ball flew my way.

"Fetch the ball bimbo and bring it back," I was ordered. Which I did the best I could staggering in the frightful heels and gasping for breath from the crushing corset.

“Hey, I’ve got a brilliant idea, our slutty maid here can be our ball girl,” Mistress Green chuckled, and when they all agree she said, “You just kneel by the net and when we tell you to, ‘fetch’ you go, get the ball and bring it back.”

I found it demeaning every time I was told to, “go fetch.” Like I was their dog or something. But they got a big kick out of it at my expense naturally.

“You know when I had a dog I trained him to ‘fetch’ too. Maybe instead of a maid she might make a better house pet. We could train he to heel and stay and do all kinds of tricks. I think we should really think about it,” she laughed, thinking the idea was hilarious. I just prayed she wasn’t serious. I never knew, she was so intent on humiliating me just as I had humiliated her.

When they thankful finished their game they all sat on the patio having drinks. I was afraid I knew what was to come next and it did. While they relaxed, chatting among themselves, I went from one to the other unlacing their sneakers and licked their sweaty feet.

After a while they changed into their bathing suits and went for a swim, then came out to sun bathe. They all wore the most revealing two piece suits which was causing my poor pussy to become painfully distressed.

And it only got worse when Ms. Parker told me to undo her top and carefully remove her bottom.

Then I had to do all of them including Ms. Carter who’d come out to join them.

By now my pussy was painfully and uselessly twitching at the sight of five gorgeous, naked women.

None of them gave any thought of the effect they were having on me. It was just more reminder that they'd completely forgotten I was really a man.

Then it got even worse as I wet from one to the other rubbing their incredible bodies with suntan lotion. It was pure torture rubbing lotion on their legs, then their breasts and when they turned over their asses.

Yet I wasn't finished.

"Over here slut, it's lickies time," Mistress Green ordered, spreading her legs.

"Relax me with a nice, slow lick," she instructed, which I did thankful she hadn't called for the spurs.

As I licked away I grew more than a little alarmed at their conversation. Laughingly they were debating the merits of turning me into maid or the house pet.

I expected Ms. Carter to put a halt to all this nonsense of turning me into the house pet. Instead, to my shock, all she said was, "Well, you can't have it both ways you know."

"I don't see why not. She could be our pet maid," Ms. Mills giggled.

"Well, whatever. Just as long as it doesn't interfere with her performance at the office," I heard Ms. Carter say dismissively.

That evening despite them all urging me on relentlessly with their spurs I not only didn't improve the best quickie I gave was 9 seconds longer than my best effort.

Naturally they were all quite upset with me. I wanted to scream, "What do you expect I've been licking your damn pussies all day!" But, of course, I didn't.

“Well, I guess we’ll just have to get a set of spurs for use in the office as well,” Mistress Green said, just daring me to object.

“Y-Yes Mistress Green,” I moaned miserably, to her obvious enjoyment.

However she was far from finished with her favorite past time, humiliating me. I still had an hour of free time in the evening and, of course, I had no say in how to spend it. But, naturally, she did.

I couldn’t believe it when she said I could watch a movie. God, what a relief.

“I’m sure you’ll love it, it’s just your speed. Shirley Temple in, ‘The Good Ship Lollipop.’” she said with the biggest grin.

“Now, the question is should you stand to watch the movie, or should I let you sit?” she pondered.

“Oh please Mistress Green, please let me sit,” I begged. My feet hurt so bad and my waist felt positively crushed.

“Oh my, are the heels and corset bothering you?” she asked, knowing damn well the agony they were causing me.

“Yes Mistress Green, a lot,” I admitted.

“Very well, you may sit. However your corset and heel training will continue on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the next few weeks. We simply must get you walking in higher heels to show off your legs and you need a more sensational figure so you’ll have all the men drooling, don’t you?” she asked, and in defeat I said, “Yes Mistress Green.”

Chapter-51 Not a good month.

My first month as a Bimbo/Slut went from bad to worse to sort of better. At the office I was in a continual state of panic, desperate to make my daily goal of increasing my client's investments by at least one percent. Every day, as the market closed, I broke into a sweat, then relief washed over me as I made my quota, but always just barely.

I wouldn't have been in a state of such constant panic if the girls weren't so demanding. At critical times I was ordered to give one, or all of them, quickies. Which was especially arduous as they now had a set of spurs at the office. Or one of them would come in and I'd to stop to lick clean their shoes.

Or I could spend time as the receptionist shamelessly flaunting my tits and ass whenever men were in the lobby.

And even though I tried so desperately hard to please Mistress Green she took obvious delight in spanking or caning me for the least offense, and often for no reason whatsoever.

Once home it got no better. As they treated me more and more as their maid. The five of them ran me ragged fetching this or doing that. Then there were the nights they had dates. Those were the worst.

I never will get over degrading myself purposefully showing off my tits and ass for their dates. Just a short while ago I would have been one of them. My tongue hanging out, drooling at the sight of a shameless, slutty maid throwing her tits and ass in my face. Now I was desperate to give them hard ons before the girls came down to join them.

The good part, I guess, is that I got a half hour of free time for every date who's dick was ready to tear through their pants.

And they actually awarded me four whole hours of free time when I was finally able to give them a quickie in under four minutes. I was so relieved thinking that meant they'd no longer be using the spurs on me. Until, to my disbelief, Mistress Green said, "If she can give us a four minute quickie I see no reason why her next goal shouldn't be a three minute quickie. What do you think girls?"

God, I hated her!

With each new week I was getting closer and closer to not meeting my daily quota. While to my astonishment Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills kept increasing the amount of money they were making for my old clients.

Ms. Parker actually went over two percent one day and we all went out for drinks to celebrate. Five smartly dress women and one Bimbo/Slut, me. In the crowded bar I got pinched three times which everyone thought hysterical, except me. I was mortified and broke into tears.

"Well, what do you expect? Look at how you're dressed. Every guy in the place has their eyes glued to your tits and ass," Mistress Green gloated.

Chapter-52 My contract gets extended, and it's my fault.

The one thing I always kept in mind was that this nightmare wouldn't last forever. I'd signed a one year contract and when it was up no more Bimbo,

no more Slut, no more humiliation or being punished for no reason. The company would be back on it's feet financially. Then I'd fire all of them, relishing most of all firing that sadistic bitch, Sally Green. I swear I couldn't wait.

By the end of three weeks I only had forty-nine more to go. But then I totally fucked up.

One morning Mistress Green came in looking upset. "Your new clients have been pestering us to meet their new financial advisor and we can't put it off any longer. They're coming this morning at ten. So you'll have to masquerade as the drab, efficient, plain jane financial nerd they're expecting to see. Which means we have some serious toning down to do," she proclaimed.

First she loosened my corset, letting it out several inches. Then a bra that almost totally flattened my breasts. After covering up my slutty makeup so that it looked as if I weren't wearing any at all my hair was put up in a tight bun. When I saw myself it was almost as bad as being dressed as a Bimbo/Slut only just the exact opposite.

"Now let's review how you're expected to act in front of these very high powered, wealthy women. What's your name?" she asked.

"It-It's Mary Jones," I replied, cringing.

"In the presence of the women you will always address them as 'Ma'am.' You will not be argumentative, question anything they say or ever contradict them. You will agree with anything they say. Later you can voice your objection to me. You will be polite, speak respectfully, never interrupt them and never raise your voice. Am I understood?" she demanded to know.

“Yes Mistress Green,” I quaked.

I was on pins and needles when they arrived. Ushered into the conference room they took one look at me and one of them, looking down her nose at me, said, “this is the person handling my investments?”

“Yes Ma’am, Ms. Jones is quite competent as you can tell by how up your portfolio is,” Ms. Clark said.

Once settled I began to review each of their portfolios. I never liked to be questioned, after all I was the genius broker, and I did try as hard as I could to hold my tongue.

Unfortunately I forgot myself and started arguing with one woman over a stock that was barely losing money. Then I did it again with another woman over a stupid question she asked. Completely forgetting my explicit instructions in how I was to conduct myself and the meeting grew rather heated.

Fortunately Ms. Clark, making apologies, soothed things over by reminding them that they were all making money, while shooting me a murderous look. And if looks could kill the one Mistress Green gave me and I’d be dead. I knew I was in big trouble.

As I stood in front of Ms. Clark at her desk with Mistress Green next to her I was already quaking in my little heels.

“You were warned to be on our best behavior, weren’t you? Sally was explicit that under no circumstances were you to argue, contradict or question anything the ladies said, wasn’t she?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes Ma’am, b-but I”

“Now, you disregarded everything you were told not to do. For that I’m adding twenty-five days per woman to your contract. That’s a 100 days you’ve just stupidly added,” she declared.

“You were also told not to raise your voice, to speak disrespectfully and not to interrupt any of the women. Yes or No?” she barked.

“Y-Yes Ma’am.”

“Then you’ve just added another forty days to your contract.”

“B-But it’s not in my contract that you can add to it,” I blurted out.

In response she got the contract I’d signed and told me to read Article seventeen out loud.

As I did my heart sank. It read, “If said employee fails to adhere to the guidelines and rules governing said contract the employer has the right to extend her contract by any number of days said employer deems appropriate.”

“You’ve just added another week for questioning me. Your contract has now officially been extended by four months and two weeks. Do you have anything further to say?” she asked.

“N-No Ma’am,” I replied, cursing myself for my stupidity.

Chapter-53 I suck my first cock.

After the disastrous meeting I redoubled my efforts to act precisely like the dumb, sexy Bimbo/Slut they expected me to act like.

Unfortunately I found I couldn't concentrate on two things at once. My management of my clients suffered to such a degree that at the end of one day I was terrified to see that one of the accounts had actually lost money. No much, barely a quarter of a percent.

Reviewing that days results Ms. Clark tsked, tsked, "Oh my, you actually allowed Mrs. Grant to lose money."

"Please Ma'am, It really was only a little," I pleaded.

To my relief she said, "Well, we'll settle this when we get home."

I was hoping against hope that she'd decide to be lenient with me just this once.

"Sally, your Bimbo/Slut lost one of her clients money today," she said, when we got home.

"Oh goody, I think Henry's here, I'll give him a call. I'm sure he'll be excited in more ways than one," she said, then turning to me sarcastically added, "Aren't you sooo excited. You're getting to suck your first cock."

"No, I won't suck his cock god damn it. It's disgusting, and nothing you can do can make me," I hollered back. I swear there was no way I was going to suck his cock!

When Henry arrived Mistress Green said, "Well Henry, this is your lucky day. The Slut refuses to suck your cock so instead you get to fuck her. Bend her over that chair and I'll pry her ass cheeks apart."

I fought as best I could but I quickly found myself bent over a chair with my cheeks being forcibly pried apart and my ass being lubricated.

When I felt his monster of a cock trying to make entry I couldn't help it, I screamed, "No, no, no, I'll suck his cock. Oh god, please!"

"You'll get down on your knees, unzip his pants, take his cock out and plead with him to let you suck his cock, you swear?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, I swear!"

Whispering in my ear she hissed, "When he's finished getting his rocks off I'll ask him if you were any good. If he says, 'No' I'll have him invite his entire soccer team over tomorrow and you won't have one dick to suck, you'll have thirteen. So you'd better suck like your life depended on it. Am I understood?"

Y-Yes, I-I understand," I replied, terrified at the thought of sucking thirteen dicks.

And so I did. Kneeling I unzipped his fly and took out the monster. Which, to my dismay, actually grew bigger as I handled it.

I was huge I honest to god didn't think I could get it in my mouth. As I struggled he obviously grew impatient.

"Sally, would you lend me your cane. I think the slut needs some prompting," he said, and a moment later he wacked me with it so painfully my mouth opened to scream. But before I could he crammed all eleven inches into my mouth and down my throat.

I sucked for all I was worth. Only partly because of her threat. I sucked as hard as I could because I

just wanted it to be over as fast as I could make it. I also sucked like a man, well Bimbo/Slut, possessed because I was gagging on it and just gasping to take a breath.

“Alright bitch, here it comes!” he screamed, and then he unloaded. God! I thought he’d never stop. I swallowed as fast as I could but it was never fast enough as gobs of his stuff started foaming out of my mouth. I was gasping for air, drooling swallowing and sucking for all I was worth all at the same time.

Finally, when I swear I’d gulped down a gallon on cum he was finished, and mistakenly I thought I was too.

“You sloppy slut, you’ve gotten it all over my shoes and the floor. Lick it up,” he ordered.

What I’d just been forced to do was disgusting enough, now I was licking it off his shoes and then the floor.

As I did Mistress Green asked, “Well Henry, how did the slut do?”

“If this was her first time you’d never know it. She sucked as if she’s done it for years. Like a vacuum cleaner, I’ve never had a better suck off,” he declared to my undying relief.

Chapter-54 Demoted.

When I finally had all his disgusting stuff licked up Ms. Clark said she wanted to speak to me privately in the room she used as an office in the house.

“Well, did you enjoy that?” she asked.

“Oh god no, it was horrible, disgusting Ms. Clark.”

“Good. I find it’s an excellent incentive to meet your daily quota, don’t you?”

“Yes Ms. Clark,” I shuddered.

“so every time you miss your daily quota you know what you’ll be doing. And you know what’s going to happen when you miss your quota twice in one week? Henry’s going to bend you over and ram that monster of his up your ass, isn’t that right?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark, I-I know,” I said, praying that it would never happen.

I swore I’d never suck his dick again so over the next month I watched my client’s investments with a feverish devotion. And I was able to improve each of them at least by a little.

But regardless of how I improved their investments Ms. Mills and Ms. Parker were easily beating me. Which I honestly couldn’t understand.

Regardless the month wasn’t all roses. I was now being tortured in the seven inch heels and having my corset taken in an agonizing further inch not just Sundays but Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, even to the office.

Once home they treated me as nothing more than their maid. It almost got so that I dreaded leaving the office.

It was towards the end of the month that was my downfall. Two of my clients I foolishly allowed to lose money on the same day. What happened is that I fell asleep and the market closed down. I couldn’t help

it as the night before I was made to wait up for two of the girls until they came back from their dates. And they didn't get in until after two in the morning.

I was petrified and scared shitless when Ms. Clark informed everyone.

"You can't imagine how I've waited for this. You spent the last two years trying to fuck me and now you're the one who's going to get fucked," Mistress Green gloated.

Bent over a chair with my hands with my hands and ankles tied to it I wailed and sobbed hysterically pleading with them not to let him fuck me.

"Too late, Henry's on his way and he says he's already stiff as a board," she grinned wickedly.

"There just might be an alternative. Let's go in the other room and discuss it," Ms. Clark said.

When they came back she said, "Marion and Barbara have pointed out that while they are averaging nearly a two percent daily increase in their client's portfolios, you are struggling to average even 1.1%. They've concluded that while their expertise as brokers continues to increase you appear to have leveled off."

I couldn't believe what she was saying. That they were now better than I was. Me, the expert, who had trained them. But I couldn't deny the figures. They were easily beating me. Still I didn't know where she was going with this. But I soon found out, and her solution left me humiliated to the core.

I was to be demoted. They would take over my accounts while I assumed the small accounts I'd had originally.

“What’s even better from your standpoint is that one of the accounts has decided to cash in. so you’ll only have three accounts to manage. And you won’t be held to their high standard of nearly two percent per day, but just 1.5% which they feel is at the level you might be able to manage,” she said so condescendingly it made me feel totally inadequate.

Chapter-55 I’m not even a broker anymore.

Humiliating as it was to be demoted even with just three accounts I was stressed out as ever. Now instead of just making sure I made one percent my goals was now 1.5%. It seemed impossible to me yet Ms. Mills and Parker had actually easily exceeded it. For the life of me I couldn’t figure out how they were doing it. And there was no way I would admit that they really were better than me.

It was when Mistress Green earned her broker’s license that continued my slide on the way even further down. Although I didn’t realize it at the time.

I fully expected that when she started working full time as a broker tht I’d be the one to train her, as I’d done with Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills.

So what was left of my ego took a humiliating hit when Ms. Clark announced that Ms. Parker and Mills, as the top earners, would train her. That’s how low in their eyes that I’d sunk.

It truly did shatter my ego and self confidence and my work began to really suffer. I began questioning my decisions, growing ever more hesitant. Consequently my clients began to lose money more

and more. And, of course, every time it happened I had to suck Henry's cock.

I thought I'd hit rock bottom, but not quite. Called into Ms. Clark's office she said we needed to have a heart to heart.

"You're not doing well are you, Cherrie?" she asked.

"No Ms. Clark, I just don't seem to have that killer instinct that I once had. I'm really sorry," I said, expecting the worst.

"I know you hate sucking Henry's cock, don't you?"

"Oh yes, it, it's disgusting."

"Well, I'm afraid the way you're going you know what's going to happen next, don't you?" she asked.

"Y-Yes," I shuttered, almost feeling that monstrous thing being rammed up my ass.

"The girls have told me how impressed they've been with the maid duties they've assigned you. They even gave you two hours of free time on Saturday," she commented.

"Yes Ma'am, they did. I was, ah, very appreciative," I said, wondering where this was going.

And got even more confused when she said, "Marion and Barbara have told me that Sally is doing so well that she's ready to handle her own accounts. We've discussed this and we feel it's best for all concerned that she take over your accounts and that you assume more full time duties as their maid."

Which shocked me speechless. I was to go from big time broker to full time maid. She couldn't be serious!

"The problem is that since the girls kindly set your goals so low your clients have noticed a decrease in their profits. So if you continue handling their accounts I would have to set your goals at what they were achieving. Namely a daily increase of 1.98%. Do you think you can attain that goal on a daily basis?" she asked.

"No Ma'am, I really don't think I could," I had to admit.

"Of course your position as their maid could very well be temporary if Sally doesn't match the same goal. And then you'd be put back on their accounts," she added, which to me made all the difference. There was no way she could meet that goal, then I'd be soon back to being a broker again.

"Well then, that's settled, although you understand your need for additional training, duties and attire," she said, which sounded logical so foolishly I agreed.

Chapter-56 I didn't think anything could be worse than being a Bimbo/Slut, but I was wrong.

That night everyone congratulated me on the decision I'd made.

"I think you'll make just the greatest maid," Ms. Graham said, giving me a big hug. I suppose she was trying to be friendly and encouraging. But my ego felt crushed more than ever. I didn't want to

make just the greatest maid. All I wanted was to be a guy again.

“Yes, I’m sure she will once we get her back from The Institute,” Mistress Green remarked. Which so shocked me that I couldn’t help blurting out, “T-The I-Institute?” It was the last place I wanted to go.

“Of course, as I’m sure you’re aware they have an excellent, and very thorough, maid training program. And I understand that you did agree with Ms. Clark that you would need additional training. Or was I misinformed?”

“N-No Mistress Green, I agreed I would need additional training,” I had to admit.

“Get a good nights sleep, you leave for The Institute tomorrow,” she grinned wolfishly at me.

As soon as I arrived the next morning I was taken to a room and stripped down to just corset, stockings and heels by the two assistants who’d overseen my Bimbo/Slut training, Ms. Worth and Ms. Host.

Minutes later I was standing in front of Ms. Connors in her office and the one person I truly dreaded seeing, Ms. Stern.

However, to my surprise, there were two other “girls” I was stood next to. I call them girls but seeing their chastised pussies I realized they’d once been men, like me. Which felt like a distant memory.

“Well, I’ll have to say I half expected to see the three of you back. You, Mitzi, a total failure as a junior secretary I understand,” she said to the “girl” on my left.

“And you, Bambi, a total failure as a simple sales girl, weren’t you? And then there’s Bimbo/Slut

Cherrie. A total failure as a stock broker, aren't you?" she demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Connors," I replied, and in all honesty I did feel like a total failure.

"As total failures the only option left is to turn you into the hardest working maids a woman could ever ask for. Even Bimbo/Sluts as dumb as you are can be trained as lowly maids and servant girls to carry out the simplest, most menial tasks that won't tax your little brains," she said scornfully.

"Fortunately I see that your Mistresses have signed you up for the advanced maid program. Which only takes, on average, two months," she stated.

Two months! I'd thought a week, maybe two. How long does it take to teach us how to clean for god's sake, I thought. But I quickly found out.

"You'll take classes in domestic chores. Washing, ironing and folding plus hand washing intimates. You'll also be taking classes in beautician skills, where you'll learn how to give manicures, pedicures, shave legs, underarms, trim pussies and comb hair," she went on. Trim pussies? She had to be kidding.

"You all know how to massage feet, but you'll be taking additional classes in shoulder, neck and back massage, massaging women's asses and, of course, breast massages," she said. Even at the mention of massaging a woman's ass and breasts my poor, trapped pussy, deprived of any release, started twitching uselessly. I couldn't imagine the torment I'd suffer.

"Naturally you'll take classes in enhanced pleasuring techniques. And then, as you're in the

advanced maid program you'll be taking a class in furniture, which all women find very valuable," she said, leaving us no idea what she was talking about.

First, however, will be to change your names. Cherrie, Mitzi and Bambi are simply too sexy for lowly maids. One of the forms you signed upon arrival was a legal name change. You, Mitzi, are now legally Nellie brown. You, Bambi, are now Fannie Brown, and you, Cherrie are now Phoebe Brown," she declared.

What the hell? I'd gone from Martin to Bimbo/Slut Cherries and now my name is Phoebe Brown!

"Now then, The Institute takes their philosophy regarding servants and maids from the British upper class. Who regard servants and maids as the lowest status on the social ladder. Specifically they regard them as non-persons. As such they're looked at more as possessions and property. Which will become clearer as we make the necessary changes to your status as servants," she proclaimed.

"You, Nellie, are now the possession and thus to consider yourself owned by Margaret Manders."

"You, Fannie, are now the possession and thus to consider yourself owned by Gloria and Monica Jessup," she informed her, then turning to me said, "And you Phoebe, let's see, you are now the possession and thus to consider yourself owned by Sterling Investing and Partners. Now when I point to you step forward, state your name and who you are owned by. And since you are classed as a non-person you will acknowledge this by never referring to yourself in the first person, but rather in the third

person. Therefore when you step forward you will begin by stating, 'The maid's name is..'" she dictated.

I knew none of us wanted to do as she demanded. It was just too degrading to acknowledge that we were classed as non-persons, to be thought of as nothing more than a possession and that we were to consider ourselves owned. But what choice did we have? I'd only ever gotten five strokes with the cane, I couldn't imagine what ten would feel like.

So when she pointed to me I stepped forward and hanging my head in shame said, "The maid's name is Phoebe Brown and she's owned by Sterling Investing and Partners."

"Now before we take you to the salon to rid you of your sexed up, Slutty/Bimbo looks here are a few rules that lowly servants, which is what you now are, will live by," she barked.

"Rule one. You will never look directly at anyone above you. Which, of course, means everyone.

Whether standing, walking, sitting or talking your heads will always be bowed, your eyes fixed on the tips of your toes. You will never, ever raise your heads, is that understood?" she demanded to know.

Naturally we all answered, "Yes Ms. Stern," but I couldn't help wondering if she really meant never raising our heads. That just seemed frankly impossible.

"Rule two. Lowly servants never speak to their betters except to respond at mandatory times.

Your vocabulary will consist solely of these responses;

"Yes or No."

"Mistress, Madame, Ma'am, Sir or Master."

“The maid understands.”

“The maid thanks you.”

“The maid thanks you for your generous compliment.”

“The maid thanks you for permission to..” then repeat word for word what you’ve been given permission to do.”

“The maid is so sorry she doesn’t know,” and, “The maid has no excuse.” Whenever you’re forced to say you have no excuse you will immediately bend over, raise your skirts and grab your ankles so you can be punished.”

You may ask a question but only if it pertains to a chore. Do so by raising your hand and saying, ‘Please Mistress, or other, the maid has a question.’ However a warning, if the question is judged frivolous you’ll immediately be gagged the rest of the day, after you’ll had your face slapped.”

“By the end of the day you will have memorized your entire vocabulary. After that utter one word not in your vocabulary and you’ll be gagged till the same time the following day, after your mouth has been liberally soaped,” she said.

Oh God, this actually sounded so much worse than being trained as a Bimbo/Slut!

Chapter-57 The Makeover over, I can’t believe it’s me.

Arriving at the salon we were each put into a beautician’s chair and handed a can of soda and or-

dered to drink it. The next thing I knew I was out like a light.

Some time later I felt my face being slapped.

“Rise and shine Phoebe and take a look at the new you,” Ms. Stern was telling me.

When I was turned to a mirror I was in for a real shock. It took a real effort to convince myself it was really me. The dumb, sexy Bimbo/Slut look had vanished. In it's place was a rather non-descript, plain jane person staring back at me. No gaudy eye make up, just a slight hint of blue. No sexy, red lips, instead no lipstick at all. My trashy, blonde, over-sexed bimbo hairstyle was gone. I was now a drab brunette with bangs and my hair done in two braids.

Turned away from the mirror I was confronted by Ms. Conover, Ms. Stern and her two young assistants.

“Excellent, she turned out perfectly. Not attractive for anyone to really notice her. The perfect plain jane maid,” Ms. Conover remarked, then added something I didn't understand, “Now how old does she look?”

Why did she wonder how old I was? I was twenty-five, I knew that. Although as a Bimbo/Slut most people thought I must be twenty or twenty-one.

“I think she looks about eighteen,” Ms. Stern said.

“I agree. I'll have the paper work made out along with a legal, birth certificate stating that she's eighteen. That way her owners can get several more years of work out of her before she'll probably want

to trade her in for a younger one or assign her permanently to the laundry room or as a bathroom

cleaning maid,” Ms. Conover state, to my disbelieving ears. I couldn’t believe I had just been reduced in age to eighteen and for the most humiliating reason. So that my owner could get more years of work out of me. I was furious, but just barely remembered to keep my mouth shut. This was all just too degrading. To them I wasn’t even a person!

Chapter-58 Weighed, measure and uniformed.

Still in shock I was stood on scales and weighed and measured.

Ms. Stern had a fit when her assistant announced that my waist, corseted, was twenty-two inches and I was only in seven inch heels.

“You mean after several months your waist still isn’t twenty-one inches, and you’re only in seven inch heels?” she thundered.

“Y-Yes Ms. Stern,” I answered nervously, fearing what was to come.

“New corset, lace it down to twenty-one inches, get a pair of eight inch heels on her. Four hours a day, then add two hours each week,” she dictated.

I couldn’t help the dread I felt as I saw them approaching with the most fearsome looking corset. It took two of them yanking as hard on the laces as they could to get me down to twenty-one inches. I wanted desperately to beg and plead with tem that I couldn’t bear it, but that all that escaped were tor-

tured, whimpering moans with each yank. Which, of course, they paid no attention to at all.

And oh god, the heels! I'd just been getting to the point of wearing seven inch heels all day, now my poor feet were being forced into eight inch heels. You wouldn't think one inch would cause such instant misery, but they did. I couldn't believe how severely they arched my feet. Just standing in them my legs were trembling from the effort. I was afraid just to take a step in them.

Twenty minutes later we were all dressed identically, even to our hairstyles. From over-sexed, Bimbo/Slut to drab, plain jane maid. For I was wearing a grey maid's uniform with three-quarter length sleeves with stiff, white cuffs that matched the stiff, collar and maid's cap. The skirt fell unfashionably just over the knees with black stockings on my legs. Over the uniform was a plain, bibbed apron. Grey gloves encased my hands. The only things you couldn't miss were my corseted waist and the extreme high heels on my feet.

As we stood there Ms. Stern asked one of her assistants if our identity collars were ready. Apparently they were, what the hell an identity collar was.

I was handed a silver collar about two inches wide from which dangled a circular tag.

"Read the tag out loud to make sure everything is correct," I was ordered.

I couldn't believe what was on the tag and that I was going to be made to wear it. I couldn't help a sob escape as I said, "It-It reads, 'Phoebe Brown. Age 18. Servant girl and maid. Owners-Sterling Investing & Partners. If lost contact Ms. Carter at 202/822-2346. Reward for safe return.'"

“Everything seems to be correct, now put it on,” she ordered. Which I dearly didn’t want to do. To think I was to wear this. It was just to degrading. But, or course, I put it on. When I heard a click I immediately thought it was much too tight.

“Oh p-please Ms. Stern, it, it’s too tight,” I couldn’t help blurting out.

“It’s purposefully tight so you never forget your status in life. Now, where’s the lock?” she asked.

“This is a new version, it’s self locking,” her assistant said.

“And the key?”

“Oh, there’s no key with this never version,” I heard her say to my disbelieve. I was not only wearing a degrading collar, but there was no way to remove it!

Chapter-59 Learning The Rules

“Before you start your first class there are a few basic rules on how servants and lowly maids are to conduct themselves. You already know you are never, under any circumstance, to raise you head and actually look at anyone above you. You have also learned the entire extent of your vocabulary.

Next when standing you are not to fidget. You are not to move so much as a toe or finger. As a non-person until you’re needed you’re just a piece of furniture.

Lastly you will learn the basics of curtsying to all those above you. It’s the perfect symbolic gesture of obedience and reminder of your lowly status. To be-

gin grasp your skirts daintily with only your thumbs and forefingers. As you curtsy you will raise your skirts precisely half way between the hem and your waist. Your curtsy will be graceful, one second down, hold one second, one second up. Any faster, or slower, and you'll be caned. You'll learn several curtsy rules, but the one to remember for now is you always curtsy before and after you speak. You will now practice. My assistants will stand behind you and for the slightest error will cane the backs of your legs or spank your hands. When they're finished practicing take them to their first class and introduce them to Mistress Darkly," she instructed.

Chapter-60 I thought I could never be more scared, my mistake.

I honest to god thought I'd collapse practicing my curtsy. Can you imagine trying to curtsy in eight inch heels, crushed mercilessly in a corset, having the backs of your legs caned or your hands spanked for the most miniscule error?

We were a sobbing mess when taken into a traditional looking classroom and told to stand in front of three desks. I never thought anyone could scare me more than Mistress Stern did, but just one glance at the woman who entered proved me wrong.

"My name is Mistress Darkly, however you'll simply address me as 'Mistress' as you will all women from now on. Is that understood?" she barked.

"Y-Yes Mistress," we all responded nervously.

"You'll find I have a zero tolerance policy. Once I tell you something you'll do it or suffer the conse-

quences. When you were trained as Bimbo/Sluts the worst one in each class was punished. The same goes in our Advanced Maid program only you'll be punished double. Now here are additional rules you'll strictly abide by. I will say a rule then ask if you understand. After that if you break any rule you'll instantly be punished. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress the maid understands," we replied.

"Lowly servants girls never do anything without permission. You don't eat, drink, pee or shit without permission. Once assigned to a room and to a task you do not leave that room. When you finish a task you'll stand on the servant's pedestal you'll find in each room. You may stand there for five minutes or five hours. Do you understand?" she demanded to know.

Of course we all said we did.

"You are not allowed to sit anywhere in the house except your room and then you must have permission. When given permission to rest you do so kneeling with your hands behind you staring straight down at the floor. Do you understand?" she barked, and, of course, we all said we did. Oh man, this was getting worse and worse.

Chapter-61 Domestic training

"Now as it's only mid morning we'll start you in on learning all the domestic chores you'll be expected to carry out. And since you're in the Advanced Maid Program it will include a measure of what we call Enhanced Obedience Training so by the time you graduate you'll instantly perform any

task you're ordered to instantly regardless of how demeaning or degrading you find it. First, however, you need to be put in your domestic work uniforms," she proclaimed.

I was so relieved when my corset was loosened an inch and I was put back in seven inch heels. But my relief was short lived once I was dressed. The dress was made of the heaviest coarsest wool with skirts that came down to my ankles. The sleeves, collar and cuffs were extremely, suffocatingly tight. Under the skirt were longer petticoats, unbelievably made of heavy canvas with heavy wool stocking on my legs. A full length heavy, white, rubber pinafore apron and tight, rubber gloves came next.

I hadn't done anything but stand there and I was already, hot, perspiring and miserable.

"Are you comfortable girls?" she asked with a smirk.

"No, Mistress Darkly," we had to admit.

"Excellent. We've found the more uncomfortable you are the faster you'll want to do your chores," she said cheerfully.

I can't begin to describe how awful the next hours were. Utterly exhausting, humiliating and so degrading I wanted to cry, but I wasn't even given time to do that.

Taken to the end of a long hallway we were ordered to kneel with our elbows on the floor. In front of each of us was a large bucket with soapy water and two large brushes that had wide straps. Which were put on my hands and buckled so tight I knew I'd never be able to remove them. Not only that each had to weigh at least ten pounds!

“All floor scrubbing is done on your knees with elbows touching the floor at all times. Once you start scrubbing you’ll do so as fast as you can. The last one to finish gets ten with the cane and your efforts will be inspected. Begin,” she barked.

God, it must have taken me a good two hours to work my way to the end of the hallway. By the time I finished I was exhausted, bathed in sweat and itching horribly from the heavy course uniform, my knees and elbows were killing me, not able to lift either hand off the floor if I could even try.

“Now I’ll inspect your efforts. Follow me,” she ordered and thinking I was to walk behind her I started to stand.

“Nobody gave you permission to stand,” she thundered, actually stomping on my poor hands.

So I crawled behind her until we came to a spot that I’d missed.

“You missed this spot, get down and lick it clean,” she ordered, and when I hesitated, shocked at what she was ordering me to do I felt her boot on my head mashing it to the floor.

What could I do but lick the floor and a dozen other spots she pointed to that I’d missed. It was unbearably degrading, as I’m sure it was meant to be. I didn’t think it could get any worse, but, of course, it did.

I was then taken to a huge bathroom. “You have one hour to clean the floors, sink, tub and toilet, inside and out. At the end you will, naturally lick clean anything you missed including the toilet. Have fun,” she smirked.

I worked at a feverish pitch, but all too soon the hour was up. Then I had to lick clean every spot I'd missed. I had to lick dozen of spots on the floor, I had to lick the mirror, the inside of the tub and worst of all the inside of the toilet. Absolutely disgusting.

We then learned precisely how to dust, vacuum and polish and clean windows. At least it wasn't as bad as licking toilets at least. I prayed that the day would come to an end. We'd been worked for hours without a single break and I was beyond exhaustion and hadn't been fed all day. Yet we were then taught how to serve. I was drooling over the food I served, but didn't dare touch a morsel. The sight and smell was driving me crazy.

Chapter -62 How did I make it through the first week?

I was so thankful when Mistress Darkly finally allowed us to eat.

"Girl One, get over here and kneel," she ordered me. When I did I couldn't believe what she did. She shoveled table scraps onto a plate, set it on the floor in front of me and said, "Eat up, then lick the plate spotless. Oh yes, no hands, you'll get your gloves dirty."

She actually wanted me to get down and eat without using my hands. This was just going too Far! I simply refused.

"Apparently you're not hungry. Perhaps tomorrow you'll be," she said, snatching the plate away.

The following day when she set the plate down, degrading as it was, I didn't hesitate.

I honestly don't know how I lived through the first week. Gotten up at five in the morning we attended classes and were then worked purposefully to exhaustion.

When Fannie, formerly Bambi, forgot herself and begged Mistress Darkly to please give us a chance to rest, even a little, to my disbelief, she said, "You're only being worked sixteen hours a day. Next week, when you start working what we consider a standard day's work of eighteen hours, seven days a week, you'll be allowed a full ten minutes to rest on your knees every two hours. And every so often we'll work you twenty hours a day just to keep you on your toes."

My initial thought that this might take, at most, a couple weeks were quickly dashed that first week. The classes and chores we were taught, and expected to do to perfection, seemed endless.

We attended beautician skills class in which we eventually learned to give manicure and pedicures, filing, buffing, painting and polishing nails and toes. We learned to shave legs, underarms and even behinds. But hardest on my poor pussy was learning how to carefully trim, comb and perfume a woman's pussy. Imagine a few months ago all I thought about was getting my cock into the incredible pussy my nose was just inches away from. Now I was carefully learning to trim pussies that I'd die to get my cock into, but I didn't have a cock any more. I had my own pussy that kept uselessly trying to become excited.

Then there was massage class and over the weeks I became proficient at neck, shoulder and back rugs, massaging legs and feet. All of which apparently I was quite good at as I kept being praised on my, “talented hands.” But then it got really hard, pardon the pun, on my pussy as I was taught how to massage a woman’s ass. And I just couldn’t stop my pussy from hurting so when I was trained in how to give breast massages.

But perhaps hardest of all was learning my duties as a chambermaid. I was first taught how to dress and undress a woman. Which doesn’t sound all that difficult except for the edict that I was to do so without daring to ever touch her bare skin. I learned the hard way as every time I did I had to hold my hands out to be spanked with a steel ruler. Then I learned how to attend a woman as she bathed. I was to kneel on all fours next to the tub where she would use me to place a drink, book, sponge or soap holder. Basically as she bathed I was to be her side table which I obviously found utterly humiliating. But it was nothing compared to, what I thought at the time, was the most horrible class of all!

Chapter-63 Turned into furniture.

I discovered what was worse than being treated as a piece of furniture in the bathroom, when Mistress Darkly announced one morning that we were to spend the rest of the week learning to become furniture for our Mistresses.

“Your Mistress may, at times, be in a situation where she has need of a table, footrest, ashtray,

desk or chair that is not readily available. So you will simply act as a substitute,” she declared.

I had no idea what she was talking about, how could we act as substitute furniture? But we soon found out and I’m sure Nellie and Fannie were as mortified and disbelieving as I was.

“Now when I snap my fingers and say, ‘chair’ you instantly get down on all fours keeping your backs absolutely stiff and level,” she barked, and to my shock the three of them simply sat on us and just started conversing amongst themselves.

At first the one sitting on me wasn’t that heavy. However as fifteen minutes grew to twenty and then thirty I really began to feel her weight. When I moved a hand to get better balance I let out a sudden, painful yelp when she stamped on my hand with her heel.

“Stop fidgeting and straighten that back, you’re sagging,” she said, prompting me with a sharp crack to my bottom with her cane. By forty-five minutes I was trembling from the effort and was infinitely relieved when she declared it was time for lunch.”

I foolishly thought they were actually going to feed us lunch. I should have known better. We were led into the dining room and thought it strange that there were no chairs. She arranged us evenly around the table and when satisfied said, “When I say, ‘chair’ and snap my fingers twice you’ll kneel with your asses sticking straight up as high as they’ll go. Heads on the floor with your elbow touching your knees.”

When we assumed the demanded position cushions were placed on our asses and they simply sat down on them. Then proceeded to have a leisurely

lunch using us as their chairs. It was much more bearable they sitting on our backs, still as an hour passed it became increasingly difficult to stay perfectly still. Yet when I dared fidget or shift even in some small way the one sitting on me didn't hesitate to crack my ass with her cane.

That, unfortunately, was just the start of training us as furniture. Every day for the rest of the week we were used as nothing but furniture. Most nerve-wracking was being made into a coffee table where they put their food and drinks. I was warned not to dare spill one drop of their drinks, which was really impossible and, naturally, suffered when I did.

Over the weeks time I was turned into a footrest that they rested their feet on as they watched television or just read a book. I was often used as an ash-tray which was placed on top of my head. Or as a place to put their purses. Not returning to get them for what seemed like hours.

Eventually they came back. Chuckling, Mistress Darkly said, "They all really do make excellent furniture, don't they? Especially Girl number one."

Oh no, she was talking about me!

"I'm thinking we should call her owner and suggest that since she's not doing nearly as well being trained as a maid that she'd be more useful just as a useful piece of furniture."

I heard her but I just believe for a minute that she was really serious. However when I heard her dial her phone the ensuring conversation left me in no doubt that she was dead serious. It was obvious that she was talking to Ms. Clark.

“How’s she doing? In most classes she’d doing about average, some slightly above. Yes, I realize that’s not up to your expectations. However for the past week she’s been in furniture class. Yes, the class where she learns the value of being used as furniture, and I must say she’s been doing really quite well. So much so that I would suggest advancing her training in this area, dropping the rest of her classes and returning her to you to be used full time as a valuable addition to your furniture. Oh, she can be turned into several different chairs, a coffee or dining table, foot rest, and of course an ashtray if any of you smoke. In the advanced class I’m suggesting she could be sued as a coat hanger, a table or floor lamp or even a personal urinal so you wouldn’t be bothered stopping what you’re doing and wasting time going to a bathroom,” I heard her say, which was when I grew truly scared. My god, a urinal?

After what seemed like forever, as if Ms. Clark was discussing it with the other women, Mistress Darkly finally said, “Oh, I see, you’ve taken a vote and you’d like to temporarily hold off for the moment to hear if she’d improved any. I think her next lesson should undoubtedly decide it for you. Yes, I’ll let you know how she does.”

“I nearly fainted in relief, deciding that it didn’t matter what the net lesson was I would excel at it if it killed me.

Chapter-64 A Two Minute Quickie, No, its not possible!

I breathed a little sigh of relief when she announced on Monday that the following week would be taken up learning Advanced Pleasuring Techniques. More pussy and ass licking I figured. Well, at least it wasn't another degrading week being turned into furniture or cleaning and licking toilets.

"First, let's get your trainers in. Tongues out!" she ordered, and for the first time in months my studs were taken out only, to my alarm, to be replaced with ones so heavy I could barely move my tongue!

"You, girl one. I understand your Mistresses have been trying to train you to give them what they call a three minute quickie," she asked.

"Yth Mthess Frathy," I could barely get out.

"And how close have you come?"

"Free mnuths and tenth seconths,"

"Three minutes and ten seconds? Much too slow for a quickie. None of you will graduate until you can give your Mistresses a quickie in under two minutes," she declared.

Oh god, she had to be kidding! I don't think any amount of spurring or caning could get me to give a quickie in under two minutes. I cringed when I thought of how I'd suffer just trying.

Told to bend over and hold my head still a stiff collar with straps on each side was tightly buckled on me.

"Girl One get over here and kneel between the legs of your trainer," she ordered me.

Which I did, but after several seconds I was shocked to realize I was kneeling between the legs of an incredibly life like doll of all things with an equally life like pussy that my mouth was sealed to after the straps on my collar were buckled around the doll's legs. I was puzzled when I felt something being clipped to my own pussy.

"Now then this exercise is designed to enhance your technique, stamina and speed. When you stick your tongue in your trainer's pussy you'll feel a sensor at the top, middle and bottom. When you hear a buzzer sound you simply touch them in order. Top and bottom then bottom to top within three seconds without missing one. If you do your trainer will give you a reminder, like this," she said and I suddenly yelped and would have bolted upright if I could have when my pussy received a healthy shock.

"You can begin now, you'll stop when you here the buzzer again," I heard her say as a buzzer went off.

It really wasn't all that difficult and I didn't even get shocked once. But I was at it for what seemed forever when the buzzer finally sounded again. Mercifully I was allowed to relax as best I could for what felt like ten minutes when I heard her return and saw her do some adjusting to the doll.

"Your trainer has been reset so that you will have to complete one cycle every two seconds," she declared.

When the buzzer went off obviously I had to quicken my pace, but I was also alarmed that the sensors were now a bit further away and I had to really stretch my tongue to reach them. This time I must have been shocked four or five times. My

tongue just collapsed when the buzzer but after a much too short rest I couldn't believe it when she again reset the doll. I was told I now had just one second to complete a cycle with the sensors even further away! I wanted to beg and plead as I knew I just couldn't keep up but the buzzer sounded and almost immediately I was shocked to desperate action. I went as fast as I could humanly go but it seemed like my poor pussy was being zapped every few seconds.

I was never so grateful than when I was unstrapped from that damn torture doll.

Thankfully they had us doing light chores the rest of the day. Although I had to do them with the damn corset unbearably tightened and in eight inch heels.

We then were decked out in our serving maid uniforms and practiced serving them their meals.

When they finished to my surprise the ungodly heavy studs in my tongue were replaced with the regular, so much lighter, ones.

"Now lets see what improvement you've made after a morning with your trainers," she said, and took out a stopwatch.

I couldn't believe how fast my tongue was able to go and when pushed away she said, "Two minutes and thirty-two seconds. You see what you can do with a little encouragement. So every other day you'll practice on your trainer and I'm sure in just no time you'll break the two minute barrier."

I actually began to half believe her. Although I couldn't help wondering why not every day. Unfortunately we all found out the following day.

Chapter-65 Stroke, Suck & Gulp

The next day didn't start out good at all. My arms were forced behind me and a single glove was worked up them and then tightly lace pulling my shoulders aching back. Then a high collar was laced on me so tight I couldn't move my head in any direction even a fraction. Then made to kneel my ankles were strapped together and the end of the glove clipped to them. So in the span of just moments we were all kneeling totally immobilized.

I real feeling of foreboding came over me. What the hell was coming that we all had to be strapped up, not able to move even an inch?

"Girl One, I understand from your owners that you've sucked a Master Henry's cock, is that correct?" she asked me.

"Y-Yes Mistress Darkly," I replied, oh please don't tell me where this was leading!

"And am I also correct that even your first time sucking cock he was amazed that you did it like a pro, just as if you were born to it?"

"Yes Mistress Darkly," I had to admit. Of course I had to do the best I possibly could. It was either that or get fucked in the ass. What else could I do?

"You, Girl Two, you've also sucked a cock?"

"Yes Mistress Darkly," she answered miserably, as did Girl Three.

"Oh my, why that's really excellent. So now we can go on to Advanced Cock Sucking," she announced cheerfully, as poles with, I'd say, medium

sized cocks attached to them were wheeled in front of each of us and adjusted level with our mouths.

Naturally I knew what came next. The cock was in my mouth and straps from my collar to the post were cinched so I couldn't dislodge it.



“This exercise is called the stroke, suck and gulp. For the next thirty minutes all you have to do is stroke, and by that I mean the entire length when sucking maintaining maximum pressure at all times. Now, just a warning. Your training cock is highly sensitive. If it senses you're not stroking it's

full length, or if you fail to maintain maximum sucking pressure t all times it will grow by one inch. If it reaches it's full size of ten inches before thirty minutes is up it will discharge a pint of cum which you will gulp down without spilling a drop. If it does discharge and if even one drop dribbles out the exercise simply repeats itself. You can begin now," she said.

I guess I was still thinking about what she'd just said because all of a sudden the damn thing grew!

Enough thinking. I started stroking and sucking for all I was worth. Which seemed to do the trick.

But after I don't know how long I'd been at it I was getting fatigued and gave it a half hearted suck. My mistake, the thing grew again. And yet again when I failed to keep sucking as hard as I could. Desperately I stroked and sucked giving it my best as I was close to gagging. Yet despite how hard I tried I suddenly heard a bing and cum started gushing down my throat. So much and so fast I just couldn't swallow fast enough and it started dribbling out of my mouth.

I knelt there swallowing gob and gob when it finally stopped. God, I was so relieved. But about five minutes later there was another bing and I started sucking and stroking, what else could I do? My whole existence was centered solely of stroking and sucking I had no time to think of anything else. But my best efforts weren't good enough for after hearing another bing I was forced to gulp down an even greater amount of cum. Jesus, I thought it would never stop!

Chapter-66 What it'll take to get a passing grade.

I kept having to stroke, suck and gulp for the next three days. Then after that one day they alternated. Every other day I was frantically licking pussy, the next day I was stroking, sucking and gulping. This went on for two weeks then after I'd been strapped kneeling fully expecting another cock to be wheeled in front of me, she said, "I think you're all far enough along to practice on the real thing. Ms. Worth, would you bring them in now?"

What we saw were just the torsos of four males wearing only the tightest of shorts.

"Your owners will undoubtedly have you sucking their dates or guests cocks. But, as I'm sure you're aware of, cocks come in a variety of sizes and shapes. And so that you'll never disappoint any of them we have six different cocks for you to practice on.

Cocks, as I'm sure you also know, come in different lengths. Up to now the biggest cock you've sucked has been a little over nine inches. But, they do come much bigger. Pull down the first ones shorts and get him stiff, will you Ann?" I heard her ask.

I watched as his shorts were pulled down and she started jerking him off. As she did my eyes got bigger and bigger in disbelief as it grew and grew. God, it seemed never to stop growing.

"We call this one Big Dick. It's a full twelve inches when stiff. You'll be expected to accommodate it's entire twelve inches before you graduate," she proclaimed.

Oh my god, I was already choking and gagging on “just” a nine inch cock. No, twelve inches just wasn’t possible!

“Now a lot of dicks aren’t that long but some are a lot wider. So, you’ll practice also on this one. We call it The Cucumber,” she said, pulling down the next pair of shorts, and as one of her assistants started jacking him off I, frankly, went into shock.

“The Cucumber is two-and-a-half times the normal diameter of a cock. I’m sure you’re thinking you could never get it in your mouth, but we have a special training device we utilize to help you get it in,” she said.

As I was thinking how I was ever going to get in my mouth she went on to the next crotch. “Most cocks stick straight out when stiff, but not all. Many are curved like this one that we call The Banana, and as I watched it grew and grew curving up at an impossible angle. I couldn’t for the life of me figure out how you could distort yourself to ever get it in your mouth.

“Now then when a man’s cock cums the amount can vary greatly. To date the most you’ve ever gulped has been twelve ounces. Obviously then you need to be trained to accommodate much more substantial loads of cum. Notice the testicles on this one, we call it The Big Gobs. You can see how huge they are. When it cums it normally shoots off a full twenty-four ounces. In order to receive a passing grade you need to be able to gulp all twenty-four ounces without once gagging, retching, drooling or dripping so much as a single drop,” she declared.

Chapter-67 Practice, Practice, Practice

“Let’s see, this morning Girl One will practice on Big Dick. Girl Two on The Banana and Girl Three on Big Gobs,” she said.

Jesus, I was already gagging on a nine inch cock and barely able to get it all in. Twelve inches simply wasn’t possible. No way.

As I thought I could hardly get a little more than nine inches in me before I started gagging and hyperventilating. After an hour of trying she said, “Don’t be disappointed none of our students could take it all in on their first tries. But we have something that I know will be a big gulp. Open wide please,” she ordered.

When I did she shoved a dildo gag into my mouth. I was shocked, of course, but thankful it wasn’t anywhere near what I’d spent the last hour trying to get in my mouth. What was strange is that a rubber tube was sticking out in front and at the end appeared to be a squeeze ball. I was only briefly puzzled when she began pumping on it and suddenly, to my shock, it began to swell and grow in my mouth.

With each pump it grew a little more and I started to panic as it soon reached the limit of what I’d ever been able to take. Yet she pumped twice more and I couldn’t help gagging over and over.

“There now I’ve pumped it up to nine-and-a-half inches. Calm down and breath thru your nose,”

she instructed, as I was being dressed to perform light duties the rest of the day. By now I was in eight inch heels and unbearably corseted twelve hours a day. Still I was thankful for a day of light

chores. And after a couple hours I'd finally stopped gagging and was breathing fairly normally.

Which was when one of her assistants came up and said, "Mistress Darkly said it's time to pump you up."

She then squeezed the bulb just twice, but immediately I started gagging all over again. She ignored my panicked, pleading expression casually commenting, "It's now ten inches. If you haven't stopped gagging in, say, an hour I think she'll say that's enough for today."

Unfortunately at the end of an hour I had stopped gagging, so she pumped the damn thing up to ten-and-a-half inches.

That's how it went every day for the next four days as it was gradually pumped all the way up to a full twelve inches. I couldn't believe I had a twelve inch cock in my mouth and had actually stopped gagging.

Then Big Dick was brought out as a test. I was able to suck, stroke and gulp everything down.

"That was really quite excellent. You're the first one able to pass the Big Dick test. Obviously, you were born to suck cocks. I think she's ready to go on to The Cucumber," she instructed, patting me on the head, saying, "Good Girl." I knew better than to protest. I wasn't born to suck cocks, I wanted to scream. Christ it was disgusting, but what could I do?

I won't go into every miserable detail, but by the end of two weeks I could suck, stroke and gulp loads of cum even from Big Gobs. Although I had to practice over and over as I just couldn't gulp and

swallow the enormous load that filled my mouth and shot down my throat without some dripping out.

Chapter-68 Final Exam

“Having successfully passed all your classes you will now undergo a final exam. It will purposefully not be easy, and you will only be given two chances to pass it. If you fail we have authorization to put you up for sale. The first part is meant to test your obedience. The slightest hesitation to obey any order and you flunk. We’ll start with Girl One,” she dictated.

“Before you can graduate we want to insure your Mistresses and owners that whatever you’re ordered to do you won’t think to hesitate to do as ordered. What occurs when you hesitate even a fraction of a second to obey an order?” she asked.

“I-It means that Maid Phoebe has been thinking,” I answered.

“You have been conditioned, hopefully, that a mere servant is not, at any time, expected to think, haven’t you?” she demanded to sternly know.

“Y-Yes Mistress Darkly,” I said, getting more and more nervous by the moment.

“We’ll see. Julie is placing a dog dish in front of you which has dog food in it. Crawl over to it and with your hands behind your back eat everything in it, lick it clean, pick it up in your mouth and show it to her. You have five minutes, starting now!” she said.

The idea of eating dog food was repulsive, yet I didn’t dare hesitate a second to crawl over, eat every

disgusting thing in the bowl, lick it clean and hold it up by my teeth to show Mistress Worth.

They gave me a passing grade and in relief I thought my test was over. My mistake.

“Mistress Stern has just come in from her morning ride and need her boots licked clean and they’re caked with mud, hay and undoubtedly some horse dung mixed in. Lick them clean until they look like new and swallow everything you lick. You have twenty minutes, starting now,” she proclaimed.

I licked, ate and swallowed as fast as I possibly could. It didn’t taste good, it was hard not retching as some of it tasted horrible, but I managed to accomplish the task with only seconds to spare.

When I finally finished I sneaked a peek and found that I hadn’t just degraded myself in front of the school staff, but half a dozen other women I’d never seen before.

“What’s the most number of spanks she’s ever gotten?” Mistress Darkly asked her assistants.

“We gave her forty about two weeks ago,” Mistress Worth said.

“Did that hurt Girl One?” she asked.

“Oh yes, terribly,” I shuttered, cringing at the painful memory.

Dropping the wooden paddle, that I’d become so painfully familiar with, on the floor she said, “For your next test all you have to do is crawl over to the paddle, pick it up with your teeth, crawl to the first woman on the left, present the paddle to her and ask her to please give you twelve spanks as hard as she can. When she has you’ll politely thanks her for spanking you and present the paddle to the next

woman and so on until you've received seventy-two spanks. After each spank count and say, 'thank you for spanking me.'

Oh god, seventy-two spanks I thought in terror as I never-the-less picked up the paddle in my mouth and crawled over to the first woman.

When the last finished spanking me I was sobbing and crying my eyes out even as I thanked her.

"Jesus, was this one ever actually a man? In your wildest dreams could you ever conceive of a real man eating dog food" she asked, contemptuously.

"Or licking and eating mud, hay and even clumps of horse dung?" another commented scathingly.

"I invited you all here so you can see for yourselves what we can accomplish with cheating, abusive domineering husbands or, like this one, thinking he was god's gift to women in the office. They can be trained, conditioned and transformed into anything you want. Here are some photos of him, well her, after we turned her into a brainless, sexy, Bimbo/Slut for all the women in the office. What they've decided now that she's become useless as the office is to turn her into a maid. They're even considering turning her into a house pet or just use as furniture."

"Now, I think her final test you'll really enjoy." She said, then to me added, "It's quickie time girl, four women to give quickies to. That means all four within eight minutes. One second over and you flunk, starting now."

The most two minute quickies I'd ever given at one time had been three so my poor tongue was re-

ally laboring by the time I'd finished giving the last woman her quickie.

"That was really quite excellent. Four quickies in seven minutes and fifty-three seconds. You see how valuable a Bimbo/Slut or a maid can be ladies?" she asked.

"This one isn't for sale is she? Honest to god I'd pay top dollar," one woman proclaimed.

"It all depends on her last test. Ann, bring them in if you will," she asked her assistant.

Chapter-69 One Last Chance.

When I saw who was being brought in my face fell and I swear my heart stopped. Lined up facing we were Big Dick, The Banana, Big Gobs and The Cucumber.

"For your final test all you have to do is suck, stroke and gulp all of them, one after the other. If a single drop dribbles out, if we hear you gagging just once and if you don't do all within fifteen minutes you flunk. Start with Big Dick," she ordered.

How far had I sunk? Sucking, stroking and gulping four dicks in front of all those women. I tried my best, I honestly did, until I got to The cucumber. For the longest time I couldn't even get it into my mouth. Then when I finally did I had the hardest time sucking and stroking the monster getting the damn thing to spurt. And when it did I tried my best but always ended up gagging on it. And it happened again, I gagged, purely reflex, I couldn't stop it.

"Oh my, you have problems not gagging of the cucumber. So, I'm afraid, you just flunked. If you

want I'll have Julie give you extra tutoring on The Cucumber. Then you'll have one last chance. If you flunk again I'll strongly recommend to your owners that they put you up for sale," she declared.

"Yes, thank you Mistress Darkly," I said. And I would really try, but to be honest, I never took her threat of actually selling me seriously.

So I spent the next week being tutored by Ms. Julie. She had my mouth pried painfully open with that damn appliance for hours. Then, several times a day sucking and stroking The Cucumber. I finally managed to get the monster all the way in me, or rather down my throat, but I continued to have problems gulping it down as fast as it came. But finally I succeeded and I was given one last chance.

To say I was nervous would be an understatement. One last chance to suck that monster off without spilling even the tiniest drop. God, I almost didn't do it. I swallowed more disgusting gobs of cum down my throat than I thought humanly possible. I came so dangerously close. A drop was on my lip about to drop but at the last moment I managed to lick it off. Then there was a thunderous round of applause.

When I looked up to see where it had come from I just wanted to crawl in a hole and die. There was Ms. Carter applauding, with a very satisfied yet disgusted look on her face. As if she really couldn't believe how far I'd really sunk. And next to her Mistress Green laughing her head off, nearly falling off her chair.

Chapter-70 Graduation And I'm sure Things Will Change, Stupid Me.

On graduation day we were all lined up ready to go on stage. I was dressed, or undressed, in a French maid's uniform that made me positively cringe. My tits were showing as was my ass. I stood, still a bit wobbly, in eight inch heels.

As I was standing there Mistress Green came up to me with a gloating look on her face.

"Let's see, first you were Stephen, then you were a Bimbo/Slut named Cherrie, and now you're going to graduate as Phoebe the cock sucking, dog food eating maid. Do have that about right?" she snickered.

"Y-Yes Mistress Green," I sobbed.

"God, I love it! I can't wait to get the two of you back to out home," she laughed.

The two of us, what was she talking about, I wondered. But it all became clear as Nellie was brought over.

"We purchased Nellie, there's really too much work and demand for just one maid's attention.

We're sure the two of you will work out just fine," Ms. Carter said.

If I thought, and prayed, that life was going to get at least a bit easier I was, naturally, sadly mistaken.

The first thing they did was to introduce us to a battle axe of a woman. She was taller than even Ms. Carter, had to weight close to 200 pounds and looked meaner than hell.

"This is Ms. Crump, our new housekeeper, who you will address as, 'Housekeeper' as she'll be di-

rectly supervising you from now on. What your duties will be, your work schedule, how you'll dress plus give out any rewards or punishments she feels are merited. Ms. Crump you have a free hand to deal with the maids, Henry and Robert, the new gardener in any manner you decide is best," she declared, which sent chills up my spine.

Then to Nellie she added, "I've reviewed all your grades and evaluations. This one graduated the top of her class so she'll naturally be the senior maid. While this one barely graduated. So she'll be your junior maid. The senior maid will attend to our more personal and intimate needs plus any light chores that need doing."

"This one," she said looking at me scornfully, "you can use for the more menial chores, such as cleaning all the toilets, scrubbing the floors, beating rugs, washing window, washing and waxing all the cars and so on. Oh yes, Ms. Crump don't forget the special duties I discussed with you concerning the junior maid. I think they'll perfectly suit her position. Of course as the junior maid she can be worked a lot harder and longer than the senior maid."

I swear I nearly died when I heard that, but really wanted to when Mistress Green added, "She'll also attend to any needs Henry and Robert have. Henry does think she's good for at least one thing anyway."

And, naturally, I knew just what that was. Sucking his cock, at the least, and now the gardener.

"Oh yes, I almost forgot their graduation presents. For you Nellie we have these comfortable, three inch high heels to do you work in," she said.

“R-Really, just three inches? Oh thank you, thank you, Ma’am,” Nellie gushed, not believing her luck.

“And, of course, we have a special pair of shoes for you too, Phoebe,” she said to me.

Oh, thank god, I thought, believing I too was going to get out of these torturous high heels finally.

However what she took out of an unusually large shoe box caused me to nearly faint in dismay.

What she held up, grinning triumphantly at me, were a pair of knee high ballet boots!

“Sit and hold your feet out sweetie. Do you remember, a long time ago, I told you I couldn’t wait to see you in a pair of these?” she asked as she fit first one foot and then the other into them and began tightly lacing them up. When she finished she attached a padlock to the strap on top.

“Y-Yes, I remember Mistress Green. Please don’t put them on me. I’ll never be able to walk in them, I begged.

“Well, you don’t really need to stand or walk in these cleaning toilets, or scrubbing floors or sucking Henry’s cock and the gardener’s, do you?” she laughed.

“N-No, Mistress Green,” I replied miserably.

“Nellie, stand her up, I can’t wait to see her trying to walk in them.” She gloated.

I was right, I couldn’t even stand in them, let alone walk!

Chapter 71- Could it possibly get any worse?

“Let’s show them to their rooms in the maid’s quarters,” she declared to the housekeeper, and with the laughing smile she gave me I knew it couldn’t be good.

I couldn’t walk so I actually had to crawl behind them. God, how degrading.

When we got to the maid’s quarters she opened the door to a very nicely, albeit totally feminine room. It had a bed that looked more comfortable than any I’d slept in, and couldn’t wait to lie down on it. The room also had wall to wall carpeting, a well stuffed easy chair, books on shelves and even a stereo!

“This will be your room, Nellie,” Mistress Green informed her.

“My room, really, it’s so nice. But where is Phoebe’s room?” she asked.

“Through this door,” she grinned, and when I saw it I knew way she had the biggest smile on her face.

My face fell as I looked in at the room, barely bigger than a walk-in closet. It was almost completely bare, no décor at all. The floor was bare. The furniture consisted of a single bed that had the thinnest of mattresses. There was a straight backed steel chair with no arms, a closet and a full length mirror. That was all.

“Would you like a room like Nellie’s, Phoebe?” Mistress Green asked.

“Oh yes, Mistress Green,” I pleaded.

“Well girl all you have to do is earn it by achieving certain goals. Your first goal is walking in your nice boots. Not just a few minutes or hours, but all day as you do your chores,” she grinned.

Oh my god, I thought, that’s just not possible!

“Second, Ms. Crump will be inspecting your work and tasks you’ve been assigned at the end of each day. Your goal will be to earn 50 ‘Perfects’ from Ms. Crump. Your last goal will be to earn 50 ‘Excellent’s’ from servicing Henry and the new gardener. Which you will do each day when they get off work,” she said triumphantly. Then whispered in my ear, “Isn’t revenge a bitch.”

Hearing what goals I had to meet to be promoted from Junior Maid and get out of this wretched room I just gave up all hope. There simply was no way I could attain even the first goal.

Chapter 72-Worked to the bone, By Nellie!

When the Mistress left the housekeeper said to Nellie, “While I set the chores and duties each day you will be in charge of seeing that the Junior Maid performs hers as perfectly as possible and within the time specified for each.”

“And as an incentive I’ve decided that if you can get her to meet all the goals the Mistress has set for her if you can do it by the end of three months I’ll promote you to Head Maid. As Head Maid you’ll be allowed two hours of free time each day, plus a half day off on Sundays. You’ll also receive a salary which, when you accompany any of the Mistresses when they go shopping, you can spend it on any-

thing you want, with their approval, of course. Lastly as Head Maid you'll be allowed a television and may watch approved shows one hour a day," she said, then watched as she handed her a cane, adding, "You may need this."

Oh my god, here I was thinking I would not only get sympathy from Nellie for my cruel plight, but maybe the two of us could even conspire to run away. Those thoughts were instantly dashed when I saw the determined look on her face.

Life for me went even further downhill with Nellie in charge of me.

My daily routine never varied. I was gotten up at the ungodly hour of five o'clock.

"Stand up!" she ordered me. When I was finally able to do so in the cruel boots my feet were locked in, she barked, "Now walk!"

I managed three tentative steps before losing my balance and falling. I got no pity from her as she picked up the cane and slashed my poor behind ordering me back up and to walk. She'd repeat this at least a half dozen times during every day. Gradually, painfully I improve, but it was never enough for her.

Each day I learned I had a different chore to perform. As it was Monday it was scrub the floors day. Ordered to hold my hands up, one at a time, large, heavy scrub brushes were strapped to them. Then as I held my head up a mouth gag was strapped on me and tightly buckled. To my disbelief a huge sponge was attached to it.

Crawling behind her I was taken to the front hallway where a bucket of soapy water awaited me.

“Now start scrubbing and the floors better shine like new or this is what you’ll get,” she threatened, holding up the cane menacingly.

There was nothing I could do but start scrubbing away. Every hour or so she’d come by to check my progress.

“Faster! (slash), scrub harder! (slash),” she’d shout at me, pushing my head down into the bucket.

The only break I got, if you could call it that, was “under the table” duty going from one Mistress to the next as they sat, chatted and had their breakfast and then again their supper.

Unfortunately Nellie hadn’t forgotten lunch. But not for me. Instead I was back under a different table sucking Henry’s and then the gardener’s dicks.

“You might as well do something useful at lunch. Maybe if you try real hard you’ll get an ‘Excellent.’ You always were better than me at sucking dicks,” she said heartlessly.

I couldn’t believe it but the gardener actually did give me an, ‘Excellent.’

“Isn’t that great. Now you only have 49 more to go. You can try again when they get off work. I’ll also ask them if they’d like their dicks sucked off tonight as they watch the game.”

God, she had no mercy, all she could think of was that I was her key to being promoted to the easier life as Head Maid.

You’d have thought that might be the worst day. Well, you’d be wrong. Tuesday was bathroom and toilet cleaning day. All five bathrooms. I can’t tell you how degrading it was with the sponge attached

to my mouth gag with my head in the toilets scrubbing them.

Chapter 73- Three months later, and I can't believe it.

I really didn't know how I got through those first three months. Nellie was brutally determined that I would meet all the goals Mistress Green on me. But I did, even to walking in those hated boots. I couldn't wait to get to my new room.

I got a new room, but it was nothing like Nellie's. It was only slightly larger than the miserable one I'd just spent three months in. This one did have a window and instead of a steel chair there was a wooden one with a tiny pillow. I did get a stereo and even one hour of free time a day.

"What, you think you deserve a room like the Head Maids?" she asked, when she saw the disappointment etched on my face.

"If you don't like it you can always have your old one back," she smirked.

"Oh no, Mistress Green, I-I really like my new room," I swore.

"I thought you would," she laughed.

I was still worked to the bone, but at least I did it standing and walking in those wretched boots.

Chapter 74-I'm saved! Sort of.

My promotion to Maid made life just slightly better. But as each month went by I saw no hope of

advancing to a better life. After all Nellie was Head Maid so there was no hope of being promoted. I became so despondent. Mistress Green was getting her revenge, in spades.

Strangely I was beginning to get some sympathy for my plight from the most unexpected source.

Seeing me suffering, worked like a dog and being punished for the slightest fault, usually by a gleeful Mistress Green, Ms. Parker spoke up one day.

“Really Sally, you don’t have to be so mean to Phoebe, the poor thing is obviously trying her hardest.”

“I agree, why don’t you let up on her, even a little,” Ms. Mills added.

“She’s getting everything she deserves,” Mistress Green proclaimed.

A couple weeks later I was summoned to Ms. Parker’s room, where I also found Ms. Mills.

“We’d like to know why you’re still taking all that abuse from Sally. Do you really want to continue being abused as a lowly maid, worked to the bone, wearing those awful boots, punished at the drop of a hat?” I was asked.

“Oh god no, it’s horrible. But my contract...”

“Your contract was up a couple of months ago,” Ms. Mills stated.

“W-What! My contract was up m-months ago?” I said, totally shocked.

“Sally was supposed to tell you, obviously she didn’t. So, you’re free to go anytime.”

“I can’t believe it. But what am I going to do? I have no money and I-I look like this,” I asked, look-

ing down at my huge, giggling tits. "I could never go back to looking like, well, you know."

"As to money, she obviously didn't tell you about the \$5,000 bonus Ms. Carter said you earned," Ms. Mills said, leaving me stunned. That bitch, was all I could think, wondering how long she'd planned to just let me go on as I was if I didn't know what I now did.

"As to going back to what you were, I don't mean to be cruel, but you do know that's quite impossible," Ms. Parker said, sympathetically.

"I-I know," I said, just wanting to sit down and cry.

"Well Diane and I would like to offer you a proposal. You see she and I plan to leave and start our own brokerage firm. And what we need is a combination secretary/receptionist. And we know you have the experience to handle both functions," she said.

"We couldn't pay you much to start, as much above minimum wage as we could afford. But there would be no more punishing, you'd work reasonable hours, and, unless there are male client or supplier meetings scheduled we would want you dressed and made up more conservatively. And you can throw away those horrid boots," she added.

"I-I don't know what to say, but, of course I'd love to join you, I said, happier than I ever remembered being since the day the devious Ms. Carter walked into my life and stole my business.

"We're glad you're excited by our offer. However there are a few things you'd have to agree to," Ms. Mills said.

Oh-oh, here it comes, I thought.

“First we’d like to change your name. We just think Phoebe is, well, too domestic sounding and not feminine enough. We’ve thought about it and we both feel a great name for you would be Stephanie Marie Meyers. Meyers being my mother’s maiden name,” Ms. Mills added.

“Well, it’s a whole lot better than Phoebe, or Candy,” I admitted.

“Great, so that’s settled. Then there’s the matter of your age. It’s just that with all the, ah, changes you no longer look twenty-seven. Once we get you dressed more conservatively we can decide. Now, while we can’t pay you much to start Diane and I have rented a house with a lot of rooms. We’ll offer you one rent free in exchange for a few hours a week of doing some chores, say ten to twelve hours a week. Oh yes, you wouldn’t have to wear a maid’s uniform. Although we’d like you to if say we’re having a dinner party. Agreed?” she asked.

“Well yes, I think you’ve really being very generous,” I said.

“Super! Now there are just a couple of things we’d like you to agree to, although it’s perfectly alright if you don’t. The first we think would be a great asset in acquiring new clients, that is male clients. If we feel their sitting on the fence whether to hire us or not we think one of your great blow jobs would really seal the deal,” Ms. Mills said.

“We know you probably don’t care for being made to do that, but Henry just raves about how great you are. So what Jill and I are willing to offer is a bonus of \$50 for every blow job, whether it seals the deal or not. And if it does the bonus goes up to \$100,

plus we all dress up and go out and celebrate,” Ms. Parker added.

Despite all appearances to the contrary, somewhere, deep down, I was still a straight, heterosexual guy, well guy/girl I guess you’d say. And obviously I detested sucking guy’s dicks. I was only good at it because the alternative was Henry fucking me in the ass. But the girls were so nice about it I felt I should agree as doing my part in the success of the firm.

“Now there’s one other thing we’d really like you to do, and it’s admittedly selfish on our part, and honestly you don’t have to do it if you don’t want to,” Ms. Mills said.

“Just name it and I promise I’ll do it,” I said foolishly, so taken up with the thought of a new life away from that sadistic bitch that I’d do anything to get away.

“You see, Diane and I don’t think we could live without your quickies...”

“Or those lickies that seem to go on forever. I swear they’re almost better than sex,” Ms. Parker gushed.

“Oh please say ‘yes’ Stephanie. We promise not to be too demanding,” Diane just about begged.

Well, what could I say? First she’d used my new name, that I thought I really liked. Then I couldn’t help how they made me feel when they said I was ‘the best.’

“It would be my pleasure,” I said and meant it.



Chapter 75-Three months later.

I'm sitting at my desk in the lobby of the new firm of Mills & Parker. As I take out my compact to touch up my make up I can't believe it's really me.

I no longer look like a slut or a maid. Miss Jill and Miss Diane, which they said is less formal, to-

tally transformed me. My make up is very understated with soft pink eye shadow and lips. Which match my pink nails that, thank god, now extend just a quarter inch past my fingertips. I'm now back to being a blonde with my hair, during office hours, done in a cute paige boy with a darling pink bow. Which they said makes me look more professional. My pearl drop earrings were a gift from Miss Jill and Diane after going under the conference table and sucking a new client's dick until the poor guy shakily signed on the dotted line.

I'm wearing a pink suit that I really love. Both girls think pink is "my color." The pencil skirt falls over my knees. The jacket is collarless and has big gold buttons. Under it is a white, satin blouse with a big, pussycat bow that partially hides my big tits. What's totally new to me is that the girls insist I wear a bra to stop them from giggling and bouncing which they feel is unprofessional.

Sheer, glamorous hose are on my legs with pink, satin pumps with bows on each toe and five inch heels that really hurt. After months in eight inch heels and then those damn boots anything less than eight inches is pretty painful after a few hours. But the girls flatly state they don't want to see their receptionist/secretary wearing hooker shoes. Although they've said they really prefer me in four inch heels, or lower, which I'm afraid may take forever.

What's great is I no longer have to sit with my legs spread, or bending over to show off my tits. They insist I sit with knees tightly together, and absolutely no sucking on my middle finger. Which is harder to remember doing than I expected. They did keep one of my Bimbo/Slut outfits and heels for

whenever a new, prospective male client is coming in. When that occurs now I find it so amusing to drive them up a wall spreading my legs, showing off my tits and ass. I can't stop laughing whenever I take them to the conference room and the poor guy's pecker is about to burst through his pants.

We all had a good laugh at his expense when we celebrated that night.

Chapter 76-Just a couple of flies in the ointment.

When I left the clutches of Ms. Clark and that bitch I asked for the key so I could unlock the steel ring around my pussy.

"Oh that, I have no idea what happened to that. I haven't seen it in months," she laughed in my face, as we both knew she was lying.

Then there was another problem that ended up with me getting a real pussy, sort of. I had to get a physical for the health insurance they'd signed me up for. The obvious problem would become apparent when asked to disrobe.

The solution was the most realistic pussy,, complete with a curly, blonde patch that was glued on. Naturally the one remaining vestige of my manhood disappeared, leaving me depressed and really down in the dumps for weeks.

The girls hated to see me so depressed and one night said they had a surprise which they were sure would cheer me up. I was asked to take off my panties and lay across Ms. Diane's lap.

When I did I felt Ms. Jill paring my cheeks and then was shocked when I felt her inserting something.

“Oh please, w-what are you doing?” I asked in alarm.

“Just stay calm. This isn’t going to hurt at all, she said, as I felt some object gently being inserted. I did get alarmed as it kept getting bigger and bigger, then it suddenly just popped in.

“There, now stand up and walk around a bit,” I was instructed.

When I did I suddenly felt, at first the strangest sensation, like balls bouncing and clicking together that was making my pussy get more and more excited.

Finally I couldn’t help the gasp that escaped me as my pussy got so stiffly excited I almost couldn’t bear it.

“Oh my god, w-what is it?” I asked breathlessly.

“It’s called a Girly Pleasure Wand. At the tip are three steel balls that bang against your prostate. That’s what is obviously making you so excited. The faster you walk or wiggle the more excited you’ll get. It’s for whenever you feel you need a pick me up,” Ms. Diane smiled.

From then on whenever I felt I needed a pick me up all I had to do was wiggle in my seat. The only frustrating thing was excited as my pussy would get it wasn’t ever quite enough to get me over the brink, sort of speak.

Seeing my frustration and knowing what was causing it they solved it just after my second ean of month performance review.

“Diane and I feel you’re really doing a great job, Stephanie. We’re really quite pleased. So we’d like to give you a reward for your excellent work.”

“Are you ready for your reward, Stephanie?” Ms. Jill asked.

“Oh yes, thank you so much,” I said, assuming she’d hand me an envelope with money in it, or a nice piece of jewelry. So I was mystified when Jill said, “Great, so please kneel in front of me. Yes, that’s it. Now spread your knees as far as you can while tightly crossing your ankles. Good, now lean forward and put your hands on my knees and don’t under any circumstances remove them.”

I did as directed although still bewildered. I then saw her pick up what looked like a TV remote that had several buttons and a dial on it. When she pressed a button and turned the dial I got the shock of my life. The Girly Pleasure Wand started vibrating and as she turned the dial more the vibrating increased. It seemed like in just seconds my pussy was quaveringly stiffly erect and excited.

“Oh my god, oh my god,” was all I could gasp.

“Now then Stephanie, I hope you’re enjoying your reward. Just one rule, you must tell us immediately when you feel your pussy is going to do cummies,” Ms. Diane warned, as Ms. Jill pressed another button and instantly I felt it beginning to wiggle inside me.

“Oh, oh, m-my pussy is going to do cummies,” I instantly blurted out.

“Not so fast, sweetie,” she said, turning it almost off to my intense dismay, “Diane and I are going to torment you just like you do when you give us one of your ever so long lickies.”

And true to their word for the next twenty minutes or so they tormented me beyond believe. Bringing right up to the brink then turning it down. Each time I announced I was going to do cummies I grew more and more desperate.

Finally they took pity on me. "What do you think, it's only been twenty minutes and Stephanie loves torturing us for an hour, sometimes more?" Jill asked.

"I think let's let her do cummies, but next time it's going to be thrity minutes, or more," Diane giggled.

"Very well, you may do cummies for us now," Jill said, pushing all the buttons at once and turning the dial all the way up.

When I exploded into my panties I swear I'd never cum with such intensity, and after months being denied any release I thought I'd never stop filling my panties. I nearly fainted with the last drop to escape me.

"We're so happy that you enjoyed your reward Stephanie. Now, we'd let you have this," she said, holding up the remote, "but we're afraid you'd over use it. Therefore so that it becomes something you look forward to at the end of each month, and as long as me continue to give you an excellent at your performance review, always striving to improve you can look forward to being well rewarded. Of course you can earn a special reward whenever you help us bring an especially big, new client on board," she said.

Well I did my best to keep improving each month after that, and even got rewarded several times.

Let's just say I always gave it my all when they announced a big, prospective account was coming in.

Epilogue

Well, it's been a year now that I got out of the clutches of the devious Ms. Carter and that sadistic bitch. And, I'll have to say life is good. The girls treat me very nicely. But it's a bit deflating when I think about it. So many months ago I was president of my own high flying brokerage firm. Now, I'll all the way back working in a brokerage firm, but not as president, but as the secretary/receptionist.

So far I've been given two raises, and this Christmas they surprised me with my very own car. Although not a Mercedes as Ms. Jill drives, or a BMW such as Ms. Diane has. Or a Jaguar that I once tooled around in. No, they bought me a used VW Beetle in my color, pink. I can't drive it as I don't have a license yet. Which I'm studying up for.

As opposed to what I've been through life is great. Or as good as it's probably going to get.

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