



Office Toy

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Office Toy

In accordance with new local and Federal regulations, all male employees must reapply for their current positions. Please keep in mind, there is no guarantee that you will be rehired for your current job (or any position). If you have a handler, we will require her written permission to employ you as well.

Alex stared down at his phone as he sat in the empty waiting area. At first, he expected there to be a bunch of guys seated around, waiting for permission to go speak with Stephanie Page, their small company's new CEO. Then again, he had noticed something else over the last couple of weeks. One by one, the male employees had started to resign or simply disappear. They stopped coming in to work.

Page's assistant, a young woman with blonde hair and purple streaks, sat behind her desk and continued to type out some message. When he had first arrived here, she glanced at him like he had gotten lost or something. But then he stammered out his explanation about how he needed to reinterview, and this cunning smile stretched across her lips. He didn't understand what it meant, not exactly, but he had seen that smile quite a bit lately.

Ever since the new President had taken over, things had changed. Granted, he had been able to discern the shifts in the political winds, but now things were speeding up. Before, once the Female Supremacists had taken over Congress, they started to pass one initiative after another. The old President, however, had vetoed most of those new regulations. But he lost.

Cortez had taken over, and now society was changing at a much, much faster pace.

Then again, this was a smaller city. From what he understood, things had been going badly for the boys in pretty much every major metropolis. Women had taken over. For decades, small groups of women had argued for more equality. Then they got sick of it, and they started to demand supremacy; this clarion call worked, it seemed. The female half of the population had unified, they had coaxed a small group of men to join them, and now they seemed to be utterly unstoppable.

Alex had watched them. He had studied their confidence and their different lines of argument. At first, he had thought they would fail. Female supremacy? It sounded awful and far too much like other political movements from American history. And yet, the same women had been able to win one election after another. Not only that, he remembered how Cortez had trounced the previous President at the debates. As a communications specialist, Alex had marveled at her calm poise and dignity. While the former President had floundered and struggled to make his points, Cortez had easily defeated every single one of his counterpoints. She had taken the initiative and defeated him easily.

Frankly, it had been better.

By the end of the night, Alex himself had started to wonder if maybe female supremacy should be the future. Maybe the male half of the population had enjoyed control of society for way too long. Because really, across virtually every community, men had always been in charge. Sure, there were bright spots for feminism; an occasional woman might become a CEO, a state representative or a senator. And yet, the vast majority of leadership positions were always held by men. There wasn't anything coming close to equality.

And when women talked about any of this, they were labeled as "bitches" or "feminazis." They were compared to Nazis because they wanted equal pay? Because they wanted fair representation? Really? For decades, economists had pointed to the realities that women made significantly less than men for the same work. Guys refused to listen. They refused to pay any attention. This was just one issue, but they spiraled together, swirling into this miasma of determination and rage.

But now the women had won, Alex saw.

The proof was right there on his cell phone as he stared down at the email he had received from HR.

His heart pounded faster, especially when he thought about what he was going to say.

Most of the guys who had disappeared already from their company had been married or they were dating.

As he waited patiently, Alex was tempted to go over to one of the government new sites. Specifically, he could read up about how

Congress was debating some kind of Handler Initiative. Basically, every male would receive a guardian. It might be a sister, a cousin, a girlfriend, a wife, or maybe just a female friend. Theoretically, it could even be an employer...

As a single guy, Alex wasn't going to let anything like that happen. In order to maintain his independence, he needed to keep his job.

"I can do this," he whispered.

"Did you say something, Alex?" asked the assistant.

He jerked his head up right away, gulped, and said, "No." Strictly speaking, he was taller and broader than the young woman seated behind the desk. Not only that, she was just an assistant. He had more experience, he was a bit older, and he should have had her respect. This girl looked like she was probably still back in college.

College. Alex clung to the idea that he still had his degree. He graduated two years ago, exactly one semester after his alma mater decided that it would no longer accept male students. Even the boys who had been halfway through their degrees had been expelled. The president of the college had made an announcement, deciding that, "Our institution is no longer appropriate for our male student population. As such, we will help them transfer to other, more suitable colleges." From what Alex understood, that never happened. The boys were simply no longer allowed to attend, and their credits were declared invalid.

Like so many others, he had gone online, typed out his outrage, clicked out of that tab his phone, and focused on the rest of his life. Maybe if Alex and the other men had fought harder, this wouldn't have happened.

And yet, he could see other effects of the Female Supremacy movement all around him. Crime had already started to drop, the economy had stabilized, and there was a new sense of energy and excitement in the air. He didn't feel it, not personally, but he could see the certainty and resolve on the women's faces around him. For the first time in this nation's history, these women were going to be given every opportunity that males had unconsciously enjoyed for so long.

His fingers tightened into fists, and he felt like he was supposed to fight. Of course, there had been riots, but those were quickly suppressed.

Instead, Alex decided to focus on his own career. If he went to a protest or started writing things online, he knew that they could come back to him. That's why he stayed quiet. That's what he needed to focus on, keeping his job. He could become a political activist later.

Later, he would definitely do it later.

For now, he had to focus.

Seemingly out of nowhere, the assistant glanced back at him, "Young man, you can go in now."

Young man. He didn't like that phrasing, especially because this girl was obviously younger. His chest tightened, and he rose to his feet. He stowed his phone in his pocket, held onto the folder with his resumes, and he headed toward the set of double doors.

"You're welcome," the assistant said snidely.

"Oh, sorry. Thank you," he replied. He kept his head bowed down, the young woman smirked and shook her head, like she didn't understand why a boy would even be allowed in the office in the first place. Keeping his head down, Alex stepped across the threshold as he faced a much more intimidating opponent.

Stephanie Page, their young and enthusiastic CEO.

Before, this office had belonged to Randall Kite. Apparently, there had been some drama in the boardroom, he had been fired, and Stephanie Page had been hired. She was young for a CEO, still in her thirties. Despite her status and authority, she was gorgeous. She had bright blue eyes, clear skin, a small nose, and straight blonde hair that seemed to turn with the curves of her shoulders. Not only that, she knew how to dress. She could exude the sense of femininity, competence, and predatory hunger all at the same time. It seemed to be effortless.

Or maybe all of that was just Alex's imagination. Maybe she was just dressed like any other business leader, but he couldn't tell the difference any longer.

"Hello, Alex," she said with a smile that could have been warm or wolfish. "Have a seat." She sat behind her large desk, and she motioned for him to sit down in front of her.

When he met her eyes, his chest tightened again. His heart was kicking, and his rib cage seemed to have shrunk. "Good afternoon," he said as he rushed forward. He started to sit down, wondered if maybe he should offer to shake her hand, but then he didn't know how awkward that would look. Instead, he fell into his seat, and she studied him.

Her eyes were bright and vividly blue. He tried to match her gaze, but his focus kept sliding back down toward her desk. She had her laptop, a stapler, some pens, and a few random sheets of paper.

Working hard to find his voice, he tried to ask, "Would you like to see my resume?" He had several copies for this eventuality. His voice cracked and scratched once, so he coughed and tried again. This time, he managed to actually ask, "Would you like to see my resume? I have a couple of them."

She didn't answer immediately. Instead, she seemed to focus on something else. Without meaning to, he imagined himself as a quivering mouse staring up at a hungry cat. But in that moment, she didn't pounce. She didn't grab him or pick him up by his tail. She didn't drop him down into her mouth. Even so he already knew that if he darted the left, her paw would come down, blocking his escape. The same thing would happen if he tried to run to the right. He was trapped, and it was only his fear that entertained her.

No, that's not how this works. She's a CEO, a businesswoman, and she wants to make the best choice. I need to convince her that I know what I'm doing. As those words streamed through his head, he couldn't help but think about some of the comments and articles he had seen online. There were titles like, "Are Males Really Capable of Success in the Office? This New Research Might Surprise You." Then there was the seemingly endless parade of women online who derisively discussed "male capability," as they tried to suss out where men belonged in society.

Whenever the guys tried to argue back, their comments mysteriously disappeared or if you believe in conspiracy theories,

their Internet connections were suddenly blocked or simply throttled. They weren't able to keep up.

Confidence and at ease with her position, Stephanie leaned back. "Tell me about yourself, Alex."

"Well, my name is Alex Banks, and I have been working here as a communications specialist for two years. During that time, I have been able to increase our social engagement by--"

Before he could finish, Stephanie started to chuckle like he had said something funny. She still had her eyes on him. It wasn't like her gaze had drifted back to her laptop or her phone, but she had no problem interrupting him, "No, that's not what I meant. I want to know about you, boy. Tell me about yourself."

Boy? Had she really just called him a boy? He bristled, but then he wondered if it had been his imagination. More importantly, he wondered what would happen if he called her on it. In an instant, he imagined her smirking and saying something like, "I didn't say anything like that. Besides, do you boys really need to be that sensitive? Just relax. Not a big deal." She could minimize anything he said. Besides, she was the freaking CEO, so it wasn't like he could contradict her, not really.

This was her domain.

The aristocracy may have been abolished, but he still felt like a peasant in front of a queen.

Alex took another breath and decided to ask, "Well, what would you like to know? I'm an open book." There. He sounded confident, and she seemed amused. That was a good sign, right?

"Tell me about your personality. How do you get along with other people?"

Okay, he could do this. "I like to think that I'm pretty flexible. I also try really hard to be a team player."

"How do you feel about taking direction?"

"I have mostly been working on my own. As you know, I have pretty much been the entirety of our communications team, But I do work with the different departments as they focus their messaging."

"You won't be doing that anymore," she said.

"I won't?"

"Assuming we decide to keep you on in any capacity, you definitely won't be working as our communications specialist."

"What would I be doing then?" Alex asked, only to hear the door open behind him. He froze up for a second, his shoulders tightened, and he had the sense that he was about to be outnumbered.

He was right.

Stephanie wore a big smile as she stood up for her visitor, and Alex tentatively turned around. He tried to keep his expression neutral, but now he saw the newcomer: Jessica Renée. She had long, wavy brown hair, matching eyes, and a vulpine set of features. She was gorgeous, especially in the snug, black pants and white blouse with her dark gray vest. She practically skipped forward, only then her gaze dropped down to Alex, and she paused for a moment.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Am I interrupting?"

"No, babe. We were just doing the interview for Alex here. Isn't that right, young man?"

Babe?

He coughed again as he worked to find his voice, "That's right."

"I can head out if you want," Jessica said.

"Would you like to stay?" In that instant, Alex tightened his fingers again, and he silently pleaded with her. *Don't stay. You don't want to be here. You have something better to do. This is hard enough with one woman. I don't need to deal with you as well. Please. Just leave...*

Jessica shrugged, "Yeah, I think this could be a lot of fun. You sure you don't mind if I sit in?" Obviously, that question was aimed at Stephanie, not Alex.

"Not at all," replied the CEO.

Jessica practically skipped forward, and her dark tresses bounced against her shoulder. If Alex had noticed her out on the street, he would have had a hard time not staring. Now, she sat there on the edge of the desk, pulling her feet up as she perched in front of him. In the meantime, Stephanie leaned back again.

For a second, he wanted to ask about the relationship, but he quickly stifled that question. It was unprofessional. More importantly,

these women wouldn't share any specific details with him. As far as they were concerned, he was just a boy.

Hoping to take the initiative, he looked back at his boss, and he asked Stephanie, "You were saying that I wasn't interviewing to be a communications specialist?" For as long as he worked at the company, he had handled their press releases, social media presence, and occasionally fielding questions from bloggers and journalists. What else could he do?

"That's right. In fact, I'm thinking that maybe we want to have an Office Boy."

Office Boy?

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Basically," Jessica interjected, "We want a boy who can run around, fetch coffee, make copies, and basically just look cute for us. I'm sure there will be some *other* services you would be required to provide." She glanced back at Stephanie, and both of the women grinned.

"I, I'm not sure I can do that..."

Stephanie leaned forward, pressed her elbows down against her chest, and she touched her fingertips together as she considered him. "Alex, do you have a handler?"

"No," he said uncertainly. Technically, that wasn't supposed to be any of their business, but he had to answer, and he didn't have time to come up with a better response.

"So this job is really important to you," Jessica said. "You need a paycheck if you want to keep your independence as a boy. Is that it?"

"I guess," he said. Under her sharp gaze, he didn't know exactly what to say. He hated the idea that he be intimidated, but he recognized inferior status as a male in this office. More importantly, this was a job interview. If he messed it up, he could lose everything.

"Jessica, let him breathe. Give him the chance to answer," Stephanie said.

Not at all chastised, Jessica flipped her hair back over her shoulder, and she cocked her head to the side as she watched him.

Stephanie continued, "I'm sorry. But I'm sure you know what girlfriends can be like, right?"

"I guess," he said, doing his best to sound noncommittal and diplomatic at the same time.

"So tell me, what makes you right for the Office Boy position?" Stephanie asked seriously.

"I like to think of myself as agreeable, flexible, and willing to work hard." There. He said it.

The two women glanced back and forth at one another. Jessica leaned down, and she whispered something to Stephanie. The CEO smiled and chuckled. Then she reached up, and she swatted Jessica's shoulder. "You're bad," she said playfully before returning her attention to Alex. "Tell me, can you be discreet?"

"Yes," he said quickly. "In fact, as a communications specialist, I have consistently been able to divide our proprietary information from our public face." He was about to say more, but Jessica slid off of the edge of the desk, and she walked over to Stephanie.

Stephanie turned her attention away from him, and she inclined her head. Then she reached up, and she brushed her fingers along the side of Jessica's face as this young woman leaned down. In the next moment, their lips were touching. They just barely kissed for a moment, and Alex shifted nervously in his seat. He didn't know what he was supposed to do: get up? Leave? But he hadn't been dismissed, and he didn't want to ruin his interview. This would be his only real chance to keep a job, he knew.

All across the city and all across the nation, young men were in similar positions as they tried to maintain some precarious hold on a professional life. Deep down, his insides still shook with frustration at the idea of getting demoted to "Office Boy," but he could deal with those feelings later. For right now, he had to impress these women...not that they were paying any attention to him.

As Alex watched, he tried to deny his own feelings even as he felt the erection press up against the inside of his pants. Grateful to be seated, he stared just above their heads, yet he couldn't help but watch as these women continued to make out. They pressed her lips together, harder now, and Stephanie casually reached up and started stroking her girlfriend. At first, her palm slid along the snug, clinging fabric of Jessica's pants. She rubbed Jessica's thigh before

her knuckles brushed up toward her crotch, and she started massaging her girlfriend right there in front of him.

Jessica smirked and started to pull away, but Stephanie was insistent. Her hand slipped up, and now she held the back of Jessica's head. At the same time, she kept massaging her right between her legs.

The long-haired girl kept her eyes closed, and her bottom lip trembled as the pleasure raced through her. Alex didn't want to watch this, yet it was so enticing. It reminded him of one class he had taken back in high school. The room had been divided with half of the class on one side in their desks, and the other half on the other side. The two groups faced one another, and there had been this day when Kelsey, probably the hottest girl in the whole class, had been seated across from him in this little red dress, and she had parted her knees. He could see up her skirt! He knew he wasn't supposed to check out the curves of her thighs or the slender lines of her panties, but he hadn't been able to stop sneaking glances.

And now Jessica started to whimper. She started to moan as the pleasure raced through her body, and Stephanie finally released her.

"Can you keep something like this to yourself?" Stephanie asked casually as she turned back to him.

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied immediately.

Ma'am? Alex didn't think he had ever used that honorific ever. But now, he deferred to these females as his superiors.

"Good boy," she said. "Of course, discretion isn't the only quality we are interested in."

"Can you be properly deferential?" Jessica interjected.

"I, I don't know what that means," he said.

"It's really quite simple," Stephanie replied.

Practically purring, Jessica leaned forward. She had retaken her spot on the edge of the desk, and now she leaned down. When he glanced up, he saw the hint of her cleavage, and he tried to get his shaft to cooperate, yet that tension remained right between his legs. He started to readjust, and his hard cock rubbed against his boxers. Jessica seemed to know exactly what he was experiencing, and her eyes shined with amusement. "Basically, can you have a

good attitude? As a boy, you need to be supportive of your female superiors. Can you do that?"

"My female superiors?"

"That's right. The Office Boy is going to be the lowest-ranked position at this firm." When Stephanie made this point, she made it sound inevitable.

"When everyone outranks you, that means everyone is your boss and you have to be a good boy for them. Can you do that?" Jessica asked, it was obvious that she reveled in those words.

As Alex glanced back from Jessica to Stephanie, he knew that these young women had probably endured a lot of sexism. Guys probably told her to smile. Even when the men around had been nominally respectful, the same boys had probably checked out their chests and asses. Sure, the guys tried not to be obvious about it. They tried to be reasonable, but the women still knew what was going on. They could feel that male gaze as they walked between cubicles or simply down the street.

"Yes," he said. "I can do that. I promise."

"He promises," Jessica said with an amused smirk. At the same time, he recognized the sarcasm dripping from each word.

"Don't be mean," Stephanie chided her. "That said, Jessica is right. I have talked to a lot of boys, and they're very good at making promises, but it's always hard to tell whether or not they really mean what they're saying. So, I'd like to give you a little test. Or you good with that?"

Because this was an interview and he had no power, he nodded. "Yes. Absolutely." He tried to inject more confidence than he really possessed to those words. Maybe he succeeded, but he probably didn't.

Before Stephanie could say anything, Jessica gave him a command. "Stand up."

His brows creased, but he couldn't mess this up. He rose to his feet.

"Good. Now, get down on your knees and beg us for a job."

"Beg?" He repeated that word like it came from a foreign language.

"It's not so hard," Jessica said. "You're a boy. I'm sure you're going to get used to it."

Again, the muscles along his body tightened, and he experienced this fight or flight reaction. He didn't know whether he wished to attack or flee. Either way, he had to suppress those animalistic instincts. He wanted this job. No, he needed this job.

That's why he pushed his chair back, and he lowered himself down onto his knees. At this point, he told himself that it didn't really matter. It wasn't like anyone else was watching. Besides, he had seen the way the other female employees had smirked at him. No one here really respected him. They saw him as just some errand boy, someone who hadn't yet been picked up by a sister, girlfriend, or wife. Inevitably, they knew that they outnumbered him, and they knew that they had every advantage.

He was no threat.

Pushing down the anger that rushed through his body, Alex gulped and he said, "Please. Please, I'm begging for this job. Please, I need a position. I can't lose my paycheck."

"Not bad," Stephanie said.

"He could have done better," Jessica said with another little flip of her hair.

"Can I get up?" Alex asked after several seconds.

"Absolutely," Stephanie replied.

Exhaling with relief, he rose to his feet and sat down. He glanced at his knees and saw some of the dust along his slacks. He chose to ignore it and instead sat there with his back straight as he waited for the next part of the interview. Alex hoped that would be the hardest part since he had no idea what these women could do.

Back in his seat, Alex braced himself.

"So we have a couple of hypotheticals for you," Stephanie said.

"Do we really have to do these?" Jessica asked, sounding bratty.

"Yes, we do," replied the CEO. "And if you keep interrupting me, you're going to be punished."

Alex tightened up and really, really wished he could watch something like that. He had begged. And it was all Jessica's fault!

"Back to the interview," Stephanie said. "From now on, because you want to be appropriately deferential, how will you address every woman here?"

This one was easy in theory, but he still had to say the words. More importantly, he understood that he would need to actually follow through. "I would refer to every woman as Ma'am," he told her.

"Very good," Stephanie said. "And as an employee here, what would you be?"

"The Office Boy?" he answered uncertainly.

"That would be your job title," Stephanie acknowledged. "But what would you be?"

The sounded like some ancient riddle or something. Even so, he started to answer, stopped himself, and then he realized what they both expected to hear. They were female supremacists, after all. They were probably members of the party. They believed in this ideology, so he had to tell them exactly what they wished to hear. Dipping his head down, he told them, "I would be your inferior."

"He's smarter than I thought," Jessica said.

"And let's say Jessica and I both gave you a command. Let's say I told you to go get my coffee, but she had some copies that she wanted you to make. Which one would you do first?"

"Well, Ma'am, you are the CEO, so I would follow your instructions first?"

"He doesn't sound like he's certain," Jessica pointed out.

Stephanie considered him, and Alex felt the temptation to start talking again. As a man, his voice had been an advantage throughout his life. His tones were naturally deeper, and people throughout society had instinctively listened to him. But now, he knew that if he spoke, it would be a mistake. He had to be quiet. He had to listen deferentially as he learned from his superiors.

"That's the right answer," Stephanie said. "And if necessary, you can always ask."

"And if you mess it up, we can spank you," Jessica said.

Before he stopped himself, he asked, "What?"

"We can spank you," Stephanie said, only her gaze hardened now like she didn't appreciate this question. "Is that going to be a problem?"

He didn't answer quickly enough.

Jessica got there first, and he wasn't going to interrupt, "I don't think he likes the idea of getting spanked. He thinks he's too good for corporal punishment."

"No, that's not what I think at all," he said.

"Are you contradicting me, boy?" Jessica demanded. She stared down at him, and this hard smirk touched the corners of her mouth as she studied him with this cold focus.

"No, Ma'am."

"Alex, if you aren't comfortable getting spanked, then maybe we should end this interview right now."

"No, I'm just saying that it won't be necessary. I swear, I will do whatever you say."

"You're going to be a very obedient boy? Is that it?"

...*A very obedient boy.* Those words echoed inside of his head because they made him sound like a dog.

I'm a boy, and I want to keep my job. If I want to stay employed, then I have to do whatever these women say. I can do this. Come on. I can do this, he told himself. *It's not a big deal. I will just tell them whatever they want to hear. That's it.*

Those words offered some consolation, but he still struggled to get the words out, "Yes. I can do it."

"Say it."

"I will be a very obedient boy," he told them. He tried to think of this as a presentation or a performance. They were his audience, so he had to satisfy them one way or another.

"I don't think he's going to be able to handle a spanking," Jessica said. "Maybe we need to test him."

"I don't think that's necessary," he replied.

"Yeah, but I don't think we really care what you think," Jessica said naughtily.

For just a moment, he wanted to stand up. He didn't know what he would do, but that desire remained. It flared along his body and down his spine.

"Jessica's right," Stephanie told him. His stomach started to sink. "To be honest, I don't want to waste your time. Our Office Boy

is going to need to be punished from time to time. To be honest, I think it's an inevitability."

"What if I don't mess up?" Alex asked.

The two women glanced back at one another before they both burst out laughing. Heat gathered along his neck and his cheeks as the embarrassment clawed at him. Second by second, Alex tried to think of the right thing to say, only he didn't know how to get them to stop. Unfortunately, he couldn't make them take him seriously!

Finally satisfied, Stephanie wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. "That's really sweet," she said. Then she leveled her gaze on him, and maybe she seemed to understand just how embarrassed he had become. "I'm sure you would have really good intentions, Alex. That said, you're a boy, I'm pretty sure you would mess up one way or another."

He expected her to say something about how everyone messes up at some point, but she stopped. As far as she was concerned, boys messed up, so they would need to be punished.

"Can I do it?" Jessica asked if she turned back to the CEO.

Very clearly, she meant that she wanted to spank him.

Alex turned back to Stephanie, and she smiled, but she started to shake her head. That was when Jessica slipped off of the edge of her desk, she sauntered around it, and then she leaned down. She started to whisper something to Stephanie. The CEO began to blush. Yes, she was often very calm and certain in negotiations, but now this alluring smile stretched across her lips.

"I still don't think it would be a good idea..." Stephanie answered, but then Jessica ran her fingers through Stephanie's sleek, blonde hair. She tilted her head back, and then Jessica leaned down, and they were kissing again.

Feeling like he was intruding, Alex wished he could retreat, but this was his job interview! If he ran away, he knew he wouldn't get another chance. They were making out again, and he saw Jessica's arm move, like her hand just slipped under Stephanie's skirt.

The CEO didn't tell him to leave; she didn't dismiss him, so he had to sit there as they touched and teased one another.

Then Jessica pulled back, and Stephanie's eyes blazed for a moment.

Looking cute and coquettish, the dark-haired girl asked, "Can I do it? Can I spank him? Please?" Stephanie still seemed to waver, but Jessica straightened her back and said, "You know it's going to happen eventually. We might as well test him right now."

Stephanie's eyes narrowed slightly as she considered this idea. "Do it," she said.

Alex flashed back at the CEO, and he had to ask, "You can't be serious?" Uncertainty rang through his voice even as he tried to turn those words into some bold declaration.

Working now, Jessica stepped over to the side of the desk, and then she motioned for him to rise. Without thinking about it, he obeyed. Then she opened one of the drawers, and she took out a couple of items. She placed them on the desktop, all while Alex watched. He stood there, dumbfounded as he saw her set out a pair of handcuffs, a collar, and a leash.

"You never know," Jessica said, her eyes twinkling with mischievous delight.

Alex started to take a step back, but Jessica wagged her finger from side to side. "Unless you want to quit right now, you should pull down your pants and lean over the side of this desk right now." He hesitated, so she prompted him, "What's it going to be? What are you going to do, boy?"

Right away, Alex glanced back at Stephanie, but the CEO seemed completely at ease with what was going on around her.

In some ways, this was completely logical. These women had craved control, and now they had it. Just as importantly, they intended to demonstrate how their newfound power and authority could be corrupted. He hated that idea, but then his hand dropped down to the buckle on his belt. He started to open it, and then the tension around his waist disappeared.

By her command, he pulled down his pants. He revealed that the black of his shining, silk boxers, and that's when Jessica strode forward with the collar raised. She stepped into his personal space, slipped the collar around his neck, tightened it, and locked it on. He heard the click as the clasp engaged. "You're not taking it off without

a key," she promised. He hadn't inspected it. He didn't know how the clasp or buckle worked, and yet he believed her. As a sickening sense of dread coursed through his body, she put her hand on the back of his skull, and she bent forward.

His elbows hit a solid desktop, and now she grabbed his ass. "You don't get underwear," Jessica told him. "Instead, you're just going to be a good boy, which means I get to do this."

In the next moment, she yanked down his boxers, exposing his buttocks. He told himself that he didn't really care about this. Yes, it was humiliating, but was it worse than wearing a collar like a dog? He didn't have a good answer, but she stroked his backside, and he hated how this beautiful girl could humiliate, intimidate, and attract him all at the same time. Jessica was gorgeous. There was something about the way her hair moved, so sleek and wavy. Not only that, she exuded the easy command of a young woman who knew she would win no matter what.

His breathing stopped for a second as he froze up when she drew her hand away. He braced himself.

Jessica waited several seconds, and then she struck. She brought her hand down hard and fast once, twice, three times in quick succession.

He let out a little squeak of protest, but it wasn't any kind of coherent argument; the women didn't know exactly what he had in mind.

"Are you willing to face this kind of penalty every time you make a mistake or mess up at work?" Stephanie asked. She seemed genuinely curious, like she was wondering how far they could push this boy.

"Yes," he said quickly.

"What if you need another set of spankings?" Jessica teased. She sounded so playful even as she brought her hand down hard and fast. She struck six times. He counted, enduring one blast of pain after another. Deep down, he reminded himself that this wasn't supposed to sting. Spankings were for children, yet his skin turned a bright shade of scarlet, and the heat gathered along the curves of his buttocks until she stopped. Then she stroked him, and he let out the subtle groan of dismay.

"Touching you was like playing a musical instrument," she said. "It's fun seeing what kinds of sounds I can get you to make."

"I think he's proven his point," Stephanie said. "This boy can handle a spanking."

"What about nudity? Can he handle nudity?"

"But that's not part of the job," Alex insisted.

Jessica contradicted him, "Are you sure about that?"

He turned back to the CEO again. Stephanie was supposed to be rational and reasonable, yet the corners of her mouth rose. Maybe she wouldn't have engaged in these activities on her own, but Jessica was here. And even if Jessica was a subordinate, she obviously knew exactly how to bring out the boss's worst instincts.

With her eyes shining, Jessica looked right at him, and she ordered, "Strip."

Again and again, he told himself that he could leave. It was a simple idea, and it should have been easy, but he knew that he would have to find a handler. If he wished to maintain any veneer of independence or freedom under the new regime, then he had to keep this job.

Reluctantly, he pulled off his shoes and socks. He yanked off his boxers and pants. Then he took off his shirt. Once he was naked, he gulped, and he reached up for the collar, but Jessica's hand shot out and struck along the curves of his backside. Another chilled pain hit him as she struck and laughed, "Nice try. Then again, it might be fun to watch you try to take off your collar."

"No, I don't want to be disobedient or misbehave," he said. At the same time, he glanced down at his cock. Yes, he was still hard. Despite the spanking, the glowing ember of arousal still sat there, right between his legs.

"Try to remove your collar, boy," Stephanie said.

Reluctantly, he reached up, and he already knew what he would find. Yes, there was the clasp near the nape of his neck, only he also discerned the keyhole. He hated this, but he tried to pull. He tried to tug. He searched for some lever, button, or release as these women watched.

"Not bad, but let's see what else you can do," Jessica said. Then she pulled herself back up onto the desk, she crossed her legs,

and she kicked off her right shoe. She wasn't wearing any socks, and the high heel hit the floor. She wiggled her toes, and the red shine of her nail polish held his attention.

"Occasionally, we are going to have pretty hard days, which means we might want a foot massage. Can you handle that, boy?" Jessica inquired.

His shoulders bunched, his fingers tightened, and his muscles locked up all along his appendages. Even so, he gulped and told the truth, "Yes. I can handle that." He had come this far. He couldn't stop now!

"Good," Jessica said. "Begin."

He glanced over at Stephanie, the CEO nodded, so he got down on his knees right in front of her. He hated being naked. In fact, his heart hammered a little faster now. Even though the women weren't saying anything, his body reacted. He reached up, and he started to massage her. He started by stroking her ankle, gliding his fingers down along her heel, over the arch of her foot, then to her toes. Once there, he gently pinched down, pressing the path of his fingers to her big toe, and then he started to work his way down.

"Oh, that feels nice," she said. "That's really nice. Keep it up, boy." She closed her eyes, let her head loll back, and she relaxed into the sensations.

Stephanie watched this, and her eyes narrowed. Maybe she didn't appreciate this boy stimulating her girlfriend like that. That's why she wanted to make it even more humiliating for him. Perhaps she was suddenly determined break him. "Use your mouth, Alex."

He jerked his hands away, and he looked up at the CEO. He could barely see her from his spot on the floor, but he gulped, he searched for some kind of protest. No, he couldn't.

Jessica took that opportunity to pick up the leash and attach it to his collar. Then she tugged, just enough to get his attention.

"When the boss gives you an order, you will obey her."

It sounded so simple, so obvious, and then she tugged again. He experienced the tension right there around his neck. Within seconds, he leaned forward, and he latched on. He started sucking on her big toe, and that's when she laughed. "You have to do more than just suck. Use your tongue. Show me what you can do. You're

supposed to be a smart boy, aren't you? I mean, you're smart for a boy." She made that distinction like it was the only possible explanation.

Obediently, he licked. He slid his tongue along the curves of her big toe. He sucked and moved his mouth along her curves. Then he worked his way down to the next toe and the one after that. He kissed, sucked, nuzzled, licked, and worshiped her. He did everything he could.

Alex had never been in a situation like this before. Yes, he had seen girls at the beach, and maybe he admired everything about them. He knew that a woman could be beautiful in terms of her eyes, her nose, her lips, her cheeks, her hair, her neck, her shoulders, her breasts, the sleek lines of her stomach, the curves of her hips, the toned musculature of her legs, and the perfect angles of her feet. Even so, he had never, ever envisioned himself down on his knees, not like this!

"Very good," Jessica said.

Maybe he was hoping to hide from the humiliation. Maybe that's why he shut his eyes. Of course, in doing so, he made himself very, very vulnerable.

Jessica and Stephanie must have exchanged some signal. Maybe it was a glance. Perhaps it was something more elaborate. Either way, they stayed silent as they communicated.

The brunette continued playfully, "Very good. That's right. Keep licking. Keep using your mouth. You know what you need to do, don't you? You're just like all of the other boys. Even if you were in charge before, you know who you're supposed to be. You know what you're supposed to be. You're beneath us. Take your pick. You can be a second-class citizen, a pet, a slave, a plaything, a toy. Whether you're property or not, you know that you belong to us. You know that you have to do whatever we say. Isn't that right?"

Fortunately, his mouth was occupied, and she seemed to purr along every syllable. He took this as permission to keep his eyes shut and to remain quiet. She was a woman, and she enjoyed hearing the sound of her own voice as she lectured him. As far as Jessica was concerned, she was teaching him.

"Good. Very good. That's right. Keep licking. Just like that. Yes. Yes!"

That's when he realized she was enjoying this more than he had expected. Did it stimulate her? Did it excite her?

In the next moment, Stephanie grabbed his wrists, pulled his hands behind his back, and she cuffed him. Then she grabbed the leash, and she pulled him back up onto his feet. She bent him over the desk, and she called out, "Let's see how you feel about maintenance spankings."

Adorably naïve, he called out, "What is that?"

Her hand flew down. She spanked his right butt cheek, then his left. She brought her hand down hard and fast. She savored the clap each time she connected.

"This is a maintenance spanking," she said with more enthusiasm than he expected. In that moment, she sounded more like Jessica. Then again, this boy didn't recognize his mistake. He had pleased her girlfriend. Of course, there would be consequences...

She struck again and again, bringing her arm down in a blur. Instinctively, he tried to block her, but she held the chains between his handcuffs. She made sure his arms remained out of reach while she disciplined him. "A maintenance spanking is pretty straightforward. Basically, we believe the boys get out of line sometimes, so it makes sense to punish them preemptively. That way, they always remember who they are."

He tried not to cry out. He failed.

Then she finally released him, and then she quickly strode back over to Jessica. They started kissing and making out. With his hands locked behind his back, Alex couldn't do anything. He was collared, leashed, and cuffed. He felt utterly trapped and completely helpless. Worse, Jessica still held onto the end of his leash, meaning that he couldn't just get up and walk away.

"I want you to pleasure me," Stephanie said to Jessica.

"Happily," replied the brunette. "But you know, I'm thinking maybe he could be of use."

"What do you mean?" Stephanie asked, her eyes narrowing slightly. She spoke carefully, like she didn't really trust herself in this

situation.

"I go down on you, like normal, but this time I get to feel a tongue...his tongue." Suddenly, Jessica sounded nervous, like she wasn't sure this proposal could possibly work. And yet, she still had to ask.

That's when Alex made a guess. He figured that Stephanie was always in charge. She had the power in their relationship. She was the boss, financially and romantically. Maybe she never went down on Jessica. But now, they had an Office Boy...

"I like it," Stephanie said. Then she brushed the back of her hand along Jessica's cheek and down her neck. There, she took a firm grip, and she said simply, "Strip for me."

Alex watched, shocked that something like this could actually happen. But then, Jessica stood up, she straightened her back, and she pulled off her vest, her blouse, revealing her bra beneath. She would get completely naked in front of him!

With his hands cuffed behind his back, he wished he could touch himself. He wanted to slide his fingers along the underside of his cock. He needed to wrap his fingers around his shaft and to embrace that hot pulse of satisfaction.

"You don't get an orgasm," Stephanie said. She made it sound like an offhand comment. As far as she was concerned, it wasn't a big deal.

His brows creased with frustration, so the CEO laughed at him. "Don't make any mistakes. Don't mess this up, or you will get a real spanking."

He gulped, horrified at how intimidating those simple words could make him feel. It wasn't fair. He was supposed to be a man. He was supposed to be powerful. And yet, the world had changed, so now he had to deal with it.

In that moment, he seriously couldn't decide whether or not he was cursed or lucky. He watched as Jessica stripped off her bra, and now she was down to her panties. Hers were sleek and gray, simple cotton, nothing elaborate. Even so, that simple pair of underwear still looked amazing on her.

Then she pulled them off, and she glanced back at Stephanie.

The CEO pulled off her own panties. She kicked them off without removing her blouse or her skirt. Then she pointed to Jessica, and the young woman lowered herself down onto the carpet a few feet away. She spread her legs, and that's when Stephanie straddled her face. She leaned down, and she slowly started to ride her girlfriend. She pressed her sex down against Jessica's eager mouth.

Still cuffed, still leashed, still right there down on his knees, Alex watched all of this, entranced.

Wrapping the leash, Stephanie grinned at him. Her cheeks were flushed now, and she was about to speak, but her bottom lip trembled, and she let out this gasp of animalistic satisfaction. That wasn't an orgasm, but she was close. Even so, she could take her time. She could climax again and again because she had this beautiful girl down on her back and this hapless boy under her power.

"Service her," Stephanie commanded.

Obediently, Alex scooted forward on his knees. Then, with his hands still cuffed behind his back, he wasn't sure what he was doing.

"Do a good job, and maybe we can count this as part of the interview," Stephanie said, her eyes sparkling.

He gulped, nodded, and he lowered himself down onto his chest. He mostly fell, but then he scooted forward, shifting his knees as he tried to slither forward like a snake. It was humiliating, and Stephanie laughed at him again, but Jessica was still licking obediently.

Finally, he got his head between her legs. Jessica had her knees raised into the air, and Alex started to lick.

In a moment, Stephanie actually let out a little squeal of delight, probably because Jessica had been surprised, and the sensations seemed to flare through the brunette's body, up into her tongue, all the way to the CEO's wet sex.

For his part, Alex focused. He didn't see any other choice. He couldn't mess up, not now, not after everything he had done. He had stripped, been restrained, and now he was getting used. He understood this deep within his psyche, so he had to keep going. His tongue darted and played along Jessica's pussy. This was the girl

who wanted to spank him, who intended to humiliate him again and again.

Worse, Alex understood that this wouldn't stop. Each day, she would enjoy playing with him. Her feline instincts would come out, and she would want to see him quiver like a little mouse.

Although he knew all of this, he still focused on her pleasure. He licked, swiping his tongue up-and-down along her sex. He lapped at her pussy like an eager dog, and he knew that he was sacrificing more and more of his dignity, but he had to! He needed to get her to hire him.

Jessica squirmed. She tensed her toes, lifted her heels higher into the air, and she panted even as she continued to lick her own girlfriend. She worshiped Stephanie.

For her part, the CEO basked in the sensations. This was new. This was bright and intense. Of course, they had joked once or twice about picking up some boy and turning him into a slave. But now they had Alex, the Office Boy. She didn't need to tell him right away that he would be hired. Better yet, she didn't need to inform him that he would continue to wear that collar. At work, he could be leashed. Maybe he would be cuffed. Maybe not. She hadn't decided. Of course, there could be plenty of punishments for any number of infractions.

He was going to have to work very, very hard.

Office Boy? It was more like he could become the Office Toy.

She chuckled, and then Jessica raised her head, slid her tongue deeper into her opening, and the CEO panted. Her body tensed, and her legs tightened against Jessica cheeks as the pleasure pulsed through her body. More. She craved more.

So, so, so much more!

Right then, Stephanie clenched her fingers, and she fought hard not to let the next orgasm roll through her body. She knew those next sensations would morph into this tsunami, and she would lose herself. Not only that, she would be completely exhausted.

Beneath her, Jessica tensed. She just climaxed once. Stephanie wondered if he could make her do it again. Probably. Jessica could be very, very sensitive.

With the desires pulsing through her, Stephanie managed to hold out for another couple of seconds or maybe it was another couple of minutes. Either way, she couldn't tell! She threw her head back, she thrust out with her chest, and she gasped, panting and finally screaming at the top of her lungs. The noises ricocheted against the walls, and she threw herself off of Jessica.

"Faster," Jessica demanded. It was clear she wished she could say more, but she put her hand on the back of his head, and Alex tried to obey. His tongue darted up and down, left and right. He worked those teasing, stimulating little patterns until Jessica finally curled her toes again, she lifted her heels, and she cried out, just as Stephanie had done.

Then she pushed him away. She was done. She was satisfied.

Stephanie leaned against her desk. She crossed her arms over her chest, and that's when she said simply, "Sit up."

He squirmed around, rolled onto his side, and then he pushed himself up.

Jessica gripped his leash, and she cocked her head to the side. For her part, Jessica seemed completely disoriented, like she was ready to fall asleep.

"I have made a decision," Stephanie announced. "Would you like to know what it is?"

After everything he had done, Alex nodded. "Yes, Ma'am. What, what have you decided?"

"We're putting you on probation." She found the key to his cuffs, loosened them, and then she removed the leash. "You stay in the collar, you obey anything any woman tells you to do, and then we will revisit your situation in a week. Now go."

He started to reach down for his clothes, but she called out, "You won't need those."

His eyes widened, but he wasn't going to mess up the interview at the very last moment. Obediently, he rushed out of the room and closed the doors behind him. Stephanie reached down and stroked Jessica's cheek again; both of these women burst out laughing. They were going to have a lot of fun with that boy. For now,

Stephanie lowered herself down onto the carpet, she reached out, and she pulled Jessica onto her chest.

The End