

## THE OFFICE SLUT

Sam's throat tightened as he hesitantly knocked on his boss's door hoping that she wouldn't hear him; and hoping against hope he could come up with a good excuse for turning away. All hope died.

"Yes. You may enter." Her deliberate, authoritative voice always sent chills down Sam's spine whenever she spoke. It was too late he thought, as his sweaty palm grasped the brass door handle and gave it a yank downward.

"Sam." She looked at him hard over her black-rimmed glasses. "Have a seat. We need to have a little chat about your job performance."

"Yes Ms. Mandrake." He already knew. He could tell by the irritated tone in her voice.

"Do you know why I sent for you?"

"No ma'am," he lied, feeling the beads of perspiration beginning to gather around his forehead and underarms.

"I think you know exactly why you are here Sam. Don't lie to me."  
Verushka Mandrake, head of *The Mandrake Institute for Disciplinary Studies*, pushed back her saddle & chrome leather chair, stood up from behind her enormous mahogany desk, walked around to the other side, and leaned against a corner edge.

Sam looked down. It was too much for him seeing her long lean shapely legs cross and uncross beneath her black leather pencil skirt. He found himself unable to control his sexual thoughts and tried to imagine what color her panties were. He gazed quickly at the outline of her full shapely breasts, nestled inside a lace bra, that were all too apparent beneath her red silk blouse. Then he glanced at her tasteful high heels.

Funny, he thought, how most men seemed to love women who wear six-inch-plus platform stilettos that they could barely walk in. Ms. Mandrake's pumps, in comparison, were businesslike. He suddenly had this great desire to take them off and rub her feet. Sam slowly felt a stirring in his crotch and....

"I think you know EXACTLY why I have summoned you to my office. As you are well aware of by now, I have a zero tolerance policy for sexual harassment and insubordination. You are familiar with my protocols I presume?"

“Yes ma’am.” Sam mumbled.

“This is the 3rd negative report against your improper behavior in less than a year.” Reading from a four page document that she held in her hand, Sam’s boss continued:

”On Sept 5th you rubbed up against (name withheld) and said quote: *‘I’d really like to stick it in you.’*

On Dec 21st at the office Christmas party you tied a sprig of Mistletoe around your exposed penis, and drunkenly asked if any female employees would like to *‘kiss you UNDER THE MISTLETOE?!’*

On March 17th of this year, you snuck up behind a female employee (name withheld), grabbed her breasts and loudly proclaimed that you wanted to go on a *‘melon diet.’*

Do not deny any of this; there are too many witnesses. I have at least 18 signatures from various employees who will corroborate your lewd and lascivious acts. Well, What do you have to say for yourself”?

“Yes ma’am...I’m sorry.” Sam averted his eyes in shame...looking for a hole to crawl into.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it. Until I decide otherwise, I am putting you on probation indefinitely and docking your salary. From now on you will report directly to me daily. I will give you instructions on how you may be of service to me. That is if you still want to keep your job. Do you Sam?”

Sam felt like a six year old being scolded by his mother. He hunched his shoulders and tried to make himself as small as possible. “Yes, Ms. Mandrake, I want to keep my job. Please, I will do anything you ask.”

What he really wanted was to just be in her presence, smelling her delightful perfumed scent as it delicately radiated from her body. He envisioned himself lying naked at her feet while she sat at her desk doing work.

Sam’s boss stood up from the edge of the desk, and walked over to her closet. Opening the door, she reached for a garment bag. Unzipping it carefully, she lifted out a starched black & white apron, a voluminous black & white frilly skirt, and some other items that were folded in a bag slung over the hanger.

“Take off your clothes and put these on,” she suddenly commanded, thrusting the unusual clothing at Sam.

“Yes, ma’am.” Sam wanted to run away but once again found his crotch stirring at what she commanded. He stripped naked and felt ashamed yet aroused at his growing erection. He knew she was observing him thoroughly, which made his embarrassment greater.

“Let me see how you look.” She nodded her approval while helping him put on a few accessories; finally tying the apron sash into a nice big bow.

Sam stood before his employer utterly humiliated. She had dressed him in a sissy-maid’s outfit. All frills, ruffles, bows, lace, and lots of fancy fabric. But he was totally naked underneath this degrading uniform.

Walking back over to the desk, Ms. Mandrake crossed and uncrossed her legs again; her breasts heaved as she spoke:

“I am hosting a dinner party for twenty people at my country estate this weekend. Your new duties as my servant are as follows: You will wear this sissy maid’s outfit that I have provided for you. You will cater to all the needs & whims of my guests. You will be used and abused for their (and of course my) amusement. You will be treated as a filthy sex-object and as the perfect OFFICE SLUT that you have so clearly demonstrated again and again in the workplace. Is that understood?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Sam replied, already feeling the breeze tickle his groin from under his ruffled skirt.

“In the meantime, OFFICE SLUT, I want you to prepare for your duties this weekend by vacuuming the entire office carpet. Now!”

“Now?” Sam asked gulping. Terrified. “But...but, everyone is still at their cubicle...and no one has gone home yet...they’re all in the office. Here. Now.”

“That’s right. Exactly.” Ms. Mandrake smiled wickedly. “This is the point. I want ALL my employees to see you for the OFFICE SLUT that you are. Now get to work cleaning. You are dismissed. Shut my door on your way out.”

How to escape? How to escape? This was all Sam thought as he obediently followed her orders. He stood outside the closed door feeling abandoned; and time stood still.

It was too late. Within minutes, all the employees in the office, some stopping mid key-stroke, some with phone in hand mid-conversation, others poised with pen raised, or coffee mug, froze slack-jawed at the ridiculous spectacle before them.

As the OFFICE SLUT bent down to plug in the vacuum cord, his ruffled sissy skirt bounced up to expose his naked buttocks underneath. The female employees were the first to giggle, which gave way to loud chuckling. Then everyone in the room, males and females alike were all doubled over in side-splitting laughter.

Some of the women whom Sam had previously sexually harassed, strolled over to him, lifted his frilly sissy skirt, and began taking photos with their cell phones. "Hey girly-girl whacha got under there? Oooh, not much I see. Guess you won't be able to stick it in will you?" Not being able to contain their sadistic pleasure, they groped his nakedness hard.

Redfaced and totally humiliated, the OFFICE SLUT silently began vacuuming the carpet as the other employees continued to torment him. His thoughts were no longer focused on how he could sexually harass his female colleagues. He was indeed beginning to learn his lesson. But In three days time however, he knew he was going to be used and abused for others' amusement. Sam dreaded what he feared would become the worst weekend of his life. His fears were just beginning.....

Ms. V. Mandrake, head of *The Mandrake Institute for Disciplinary Studies* was already planning Sam's humiliations for the next six months. To be continued.....