

# CORPORATE COMPANION PROGRAM

Volume 2

Cynthia's Rebellion



*Cynthia, how are you doing today?*

*Fine Mr. Devereaux, how was your weekend sir?*

*Had a great round at the club Saturday took 250 off Smith and Klein both. There was this great waitress after as well I swear her rack was better than yours.*

*Blushing nervously, that's nice I guess sir. Is there anything you need?*

*Yes bring in my coffee and be ready to take notes there are some things we need to go over.*

*Right away sir.*

*...and send a memo to Cathy Clark if she misses tomorrows deadline I will find someone else who can actually do her job. In fact tell her if she misses it I will replace her with that guy from finance she filed that false claim about.*

*Very well sir, if that's all Mr. Devereaux I'll get right on these items.*

*One last thing Cindy, I received an email Friday from the profile office for the Sadie Hawkins App. Care to explain Miss Farmer?*

*Well sir, I know we're supposed to sign up for the program but when I saw the questionnaire for the profile... well I don't think you're aware of just what they ask us sir. In fact I'm not sure that some of the things on the form can even be asked legally sir. I know the program is mandatory but I just can't be involved in something so blatantly well just um intrusive I guess.*

*You do realize Cindy that laws have changed in the last few years and things that would have created legal difficulties under the old repressive laws are no longer an issue today.*

*Yes sir, I know it's different now but still this just seems over the line sir, I mean it's so personal and everyone would be able to see it.*

*Here's the thing, I'm not going to give you an exemption and the program is, as you know, mandatory so you need to go up today after the end of your duties and complete your profile. I won't give you more time since you didn't use what I gave you Friday.*

*I'm sorry Mr. Devereaux sir, but I really need you to give me that exemption or if you can't sir could you tell me who I should talk to about it.*

*Cindy you're sure you just can't do this.*

*Yes sir, I'm really not trying to be difficult sir and I know there were some things back when I just started that I was just silly about. She still didn't think it was right that he could pat her ass or rub her shoulders. This is different though sir, this profile they want us to fill out is more like some menu for prostitutes than it is like some kind of reputable dating service sir.*

*Well I hadn't realized how important this was to you I'm going to call down to HR and get you an appointment to see Jenkins this afternoon about the waiver. In the mean time go ahead and take care of what we talked about and if you could finish up the analysis your working on as well that would be great.*

*Thank you sir, I'll get right on it. This means a lot to me sir I'm really grateful.*

*That's fine Cindy go on you've got a lot on your plate.*

She couldn't believe how lucky she had been. She'd been afraid that Mr. Devereaux would explode when she refused to go do the profile. Especially considering the liberties that he routinely took with her, but she had been working hard to show him how useful she could be, how much of the routine work load she could do for him and finally it was paying off.



*Wait Mr. Jenkins there must be some kind of misunderstanding I'm Cynthia Farmer. Mr. Devereaux sent me down to get an exemption for the new Corporate Companion Program.*

*No misunderstanding Miss Farmer, Mr. Devereaux sent you down to complete your separation processing for failure to comply with the new mandatory program.*

*Really I'm being fired but he didn't say anything about losing my job.*

*Are you telling me that you're willing to participate in the CCP, if so I can call your boss and see if he's willing to take you back.*

*No I'm not, I can't do that but I thought I could get an exemption.*

*Exemptions are only for certain specific cases and I don't want to is certainly not one of them Miss Farmer. Now if you could sign here and here, very good. Now I need your company ID, your locker key and do you have any other company property on you?*

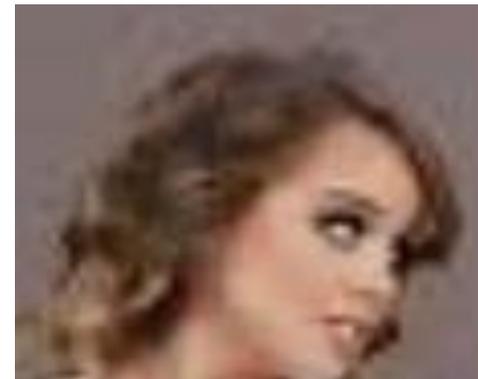
*No, I don't have anything. My god I just lost my job and it had taken months to land this in the first place what in the world was I going to do now.*

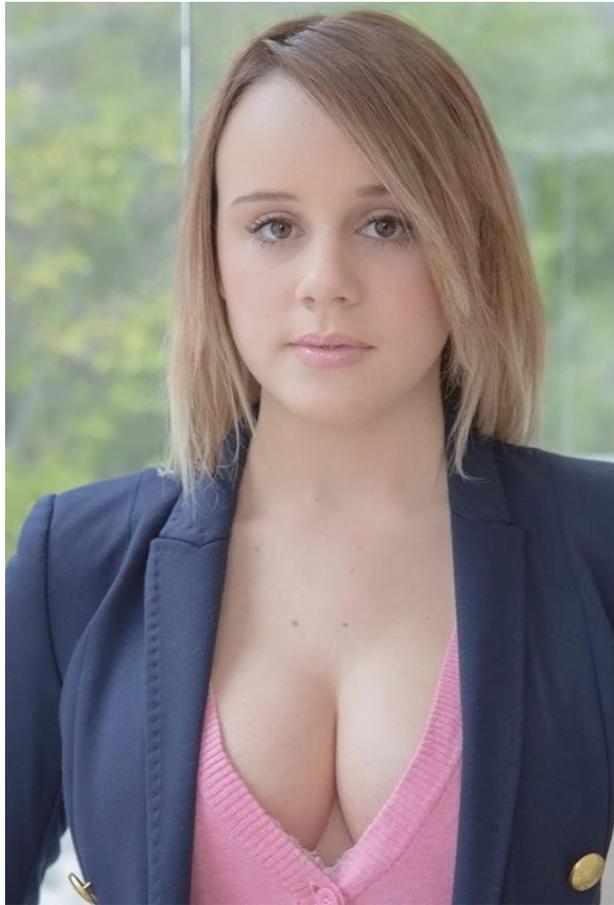
*Very good Miss Farmer almost done now, do you have any personal items up at your work station or in your locker?*

*Yes in my locker, Mr. Devereaux didn't allow any personal items in the office.*

*Ok, he handed her an envelope, this is your severance and Officer Mendez will escort you to your locker and then out of the building.*

She stood out on the sidewalk a few minutes later now unemployed. She couldn't even make sense of all the thoughts swirling around in her head. How had this happened, what would she do, where would she... oh god it was all just a confused blur and a great knotted ball of anxiety that began to overwhelm as she sank to sit forlornly on dirty concrete.





It had taken her more than a month just to get this job interview, she hadn't believed how tight things had gotten in the job market since she landed her old job at Sindan. It hadn't been easy then but with her assets she had been able to at least get interviews before.

*Miss Farmer?*

Yes?

*Mr. Horowitz will see you now.*

She walked into the plush office and waited nervously unsure if she should sit or not.

*Miss Farmer you can go ahead and have a seat. It says here that you were last employed at Sindan Corporation. I'd like to know why you aren't still working for them.*

*Well sir there were some new policies that prevented me from being able to continue my employment with them.*

*So you have a problem with following company policy?*

*No sir, I never had any difficulties with the company prior to a new program they instituted.*

*So if we were to hire you here at Eden's Apple you would only follow the rules that suited you.*

*No sir, I understand that the rules and regulations apply to everyone and I have always complied with my employers policies.*

*And yet you don't work for Sindan anymore Miss Farmer. You seem to be telling me one thing and yet your employment history and your explanation for it seem to be saying something else. Would you care to explain?*





*Yes Mr. Horowitz. The policy in question wasn't a part of my employment, it didn't apply to how our duties were performed or my work appearance or anything like that. It was a dating App that I would have to use for social activities on my own time. The company didn't give me very much time of my own in the first place and I was OK with that sir, I worked the overtime that I was assigned whether it was paid or not and I stayed until my assignments were complete. So anyway this program was intrusive and was going to take away the few hours a week that I was allowed to myself.*

*You're sure that was the only reason?*

*Yes sir.*

*Well that's interesting because we talked to your former employer, in fact I talked to a Mr. Devereaux , who I believe was your direct supervisor at Sindan, and he had a slightly different version.*

*Her face fell, but sir it's the truth...*

*His upheld hand stopped her, I'm sure that it is at least part of the truth. However I'm told there was also complaints about having to reveal common dating practices and other innocuous information.*

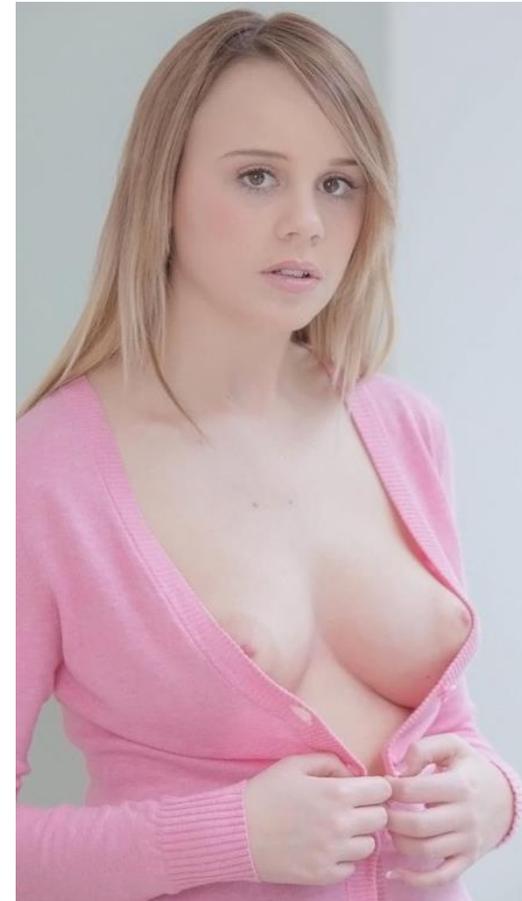
*In fact Mr. Devereaux said that the real problem was that you just weren't a team player.*

*It's not true sir I always went along with what Mr. Devereaux wanted.*

*Let's see stand up Cindy, it is Cindy right and take off that jacket.*

*Yes sir, what's going on why...*

*Shh, just seeing if you really are willing to follow policy and put yourself out there for the team. Keep going Cindy you can open up the sweater too and show me those assets you think are worth me hiring you.*





*That's right sweetheart let me get a good look at the goods.*

*Please Mr. Horowitz is this really necessary, I swear I'll do a really good job for you if you hire me. I'll put in as many hours as it takes and my work will be flawless. You could hire me on a probationary basis sir just so I could prove to you how valuable I could be.*

*Cindy you're showing me just how valuable you could be right now. Surely you must realize how important it is that appearance of the items in my office are top quality and pleasing both functionally and aesthetically. You want to be one of the items in my office so naturally I have to see how pleasing you are to the eye, don't you agree?*

*Yes sir, but please I wouldn't be exposed in your office so isn't this more than I need to show.*

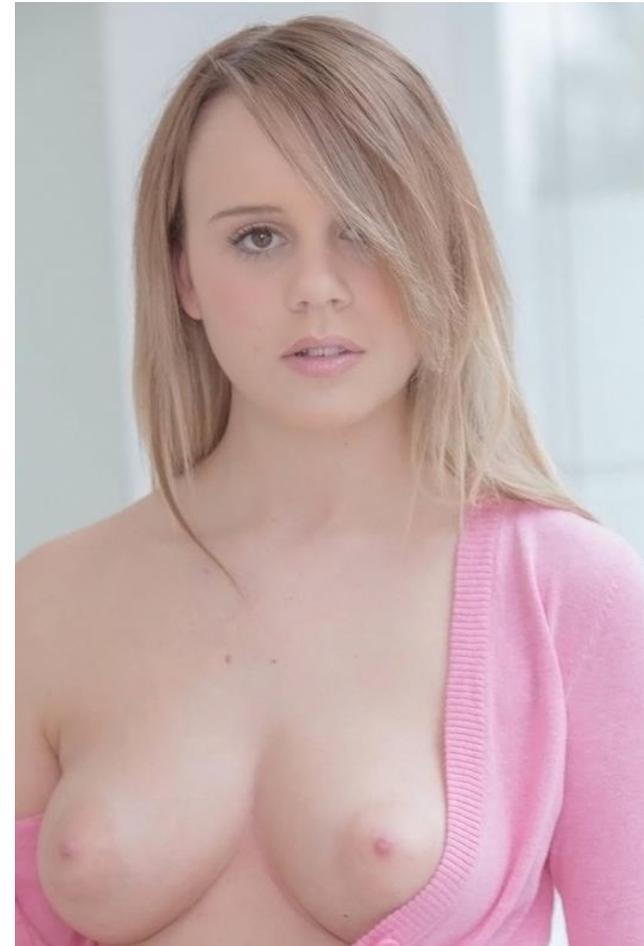
*Cindy how in the world did Mr. Devereaux put up with your incessant arguing and complaining for as long as he did? I think that I am quite capable of deciding how far things need to go in an interview and just what qualities you need to show that you possess for the job.*

*Yes sir, I'm sorry I'm really not trying to argue but this just makes me feel so cheap.*

*Cindy you are cheap in the vast scheme of things and maybe it's time that you admitted that to yourself, now go ahead and lose the skirt. You know the door is right over there sweetheart, feel free to use it if your just not up to the demands of employment here at Eden's Apple.*

*No, I mean no sir, I really need this job.*

*Then continue I don't have all day to spend on you.*





*Good girl Cindy, see if you just put some effort into it even you could be a positive force in the workplace. He held up his phone, you don't have any objection to me taking a picture do you "Miss Farmer."*

*Is it absolutely... no sir if you need a picture than go ahead.*

*See Cindy, he snapped the shot, it's all just a matter of perspective. Once you see your true place in the work force and are willing to comply with the rules that govern the behavior of someone at your level, you have many more options.*

*Now give me your cell number.*

*Wh... Uh yes sir right away.*

*Good girl. OK there, I've sent you the picture Cindy it's really for your benefit after all. Whenever you get confused, when the temptation to start putting what you want and think is proper above the requirements of the company you should look at this picture and remember what your primary assets are. In short sweetheart take a good long look at it and see yourself the way the company does.*

*Now I'm afraid with your previous employment history we're just not going to be able to use you Miss Farmer. However Mr. Devereaux did give me this list of establishments where he thought your employment outlook might be better. He handed her a list: Boobies R uS, Uranus Lounge, CHERRY sexual harassment pub.*

*She started to pull her skirt up. No Cindy, I'm afraid I don't have anymore time to waste on you just take your clothes into the outer office you can get dressed there.*

*Well go on girl you're dismissed.*



It had been three weeks since the disastrous interview at Eden's Apple and she had been on the verge of breaking down and going to one of the strip clubs on that odious list that Horowitz had given her. She was ashamed that she had let him make her expose and demean herself that way. She should have known that Devereaux would have put the word out, that Sindan would never allow someone that had refused to knuckle under like she had to get a decent job with another firm.

Thankfully she had remembered Patrick someone she had gone to high school with. She hadn't known him particularly well but one of her friends had dated him for awhile and she had mentioned once that he had opened up an Irish Pub here in the city. She had called Carol who had settled for one of the shit kickers and lived on a ranch out in Wyoming now and gotten the name of the Pub. She had gone in and Patrick had been more than willing to give her a job, with a hearty sure luv and you'll make a right proper barmaid.

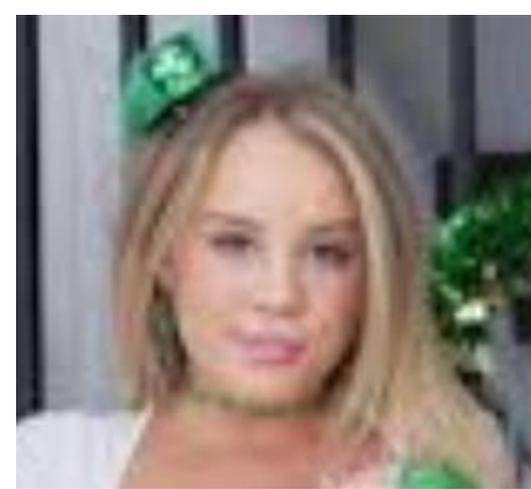
She'd been at it for a week now there was more touching than she thought proper and the outfits were certainly skimpier than she had expected. Still it was honest work and a job where she could keep her self respect.



Tonight was a big party at the Pub and Patrick had all hands on deck for it. He had been pretty mysterious about it so I still didn't know exactly what it was all about, but he said the tips would be good. At a meeting just before the party was scheduled to start he called all of the barmaids together and told us that if everything went well tonight this could bring in a whole new source of upscale clientele for the Pub, so we should be extra friendly tonight and cut the customers a little more slack if they maybe got a extra handsy. He said it to everyone but I couldn't escape the feeling that that last part was aimed at me.

Finally everything was ready, we had put out some extra decorations and Patrick procured these cheesy little hats for all of us to wear. Then one of the bouncers came out with a tray of beers and passed one out to each of us.

*OK girls here's to us and a little more of the green, he rubbed his fingers together to signify that money was the green he talking about this time, for this fine establishment and all of you as well. Drink up and get ready to party, keep the glasses full and the customers happy.*



Patrick motioned the bartender Shawn over, *listen boyo the customers are going to be buying the lasses drinks so make sure there harmless we don't want anyone's performance suffering. On the other hand you give Cindy the straight stuff the first four and if she starts to sober up too much you hit her again and here,* he handed him three pills, *you grind these up and put them in her first three.*

*Listen Patrick Cindy seems OK and I won't be giving her any roofies or some such.*

*No no Shawn, it's just some ecstasy, we just want the lass a little loose and accommodating. Let me tell you about Cindy, she's a user Shawn used to look down her nose at me in high school and got herself fired with her too good for everybody holier than thou attitude. Now here she is asking me for a job just like we were best buddies in the old days. I'm not trying*

*to settle a score here Shawn, you see the lass is the reason these suits are coming to the Pub tonight and if she gets a little friendly with them they'll keep coming back, so help yourself and the rest of us OK?*

*OK Patrick, I won't claim it sits easy with me but you've never lied before so I'll do as you ask.*

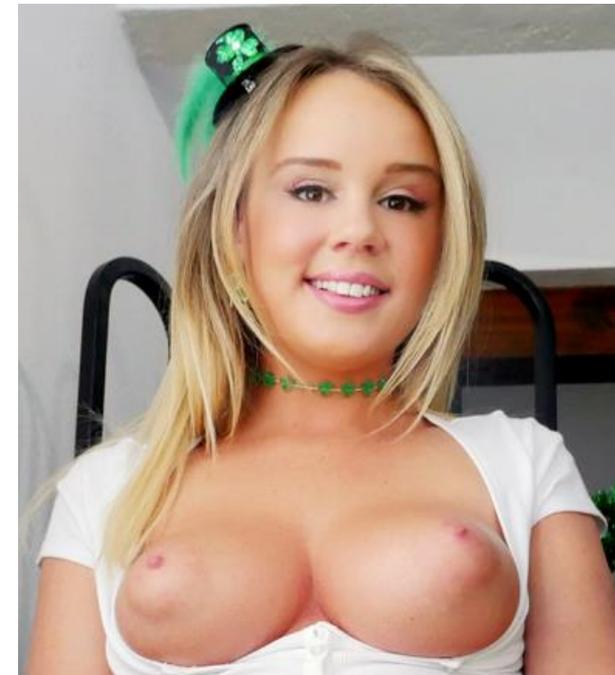
Cindy was feeling quite, well she didn't know quite what she was feeling. She knew she was a little sloppy from all the drinks and she felt warm almost, well it must just be the alcohol.

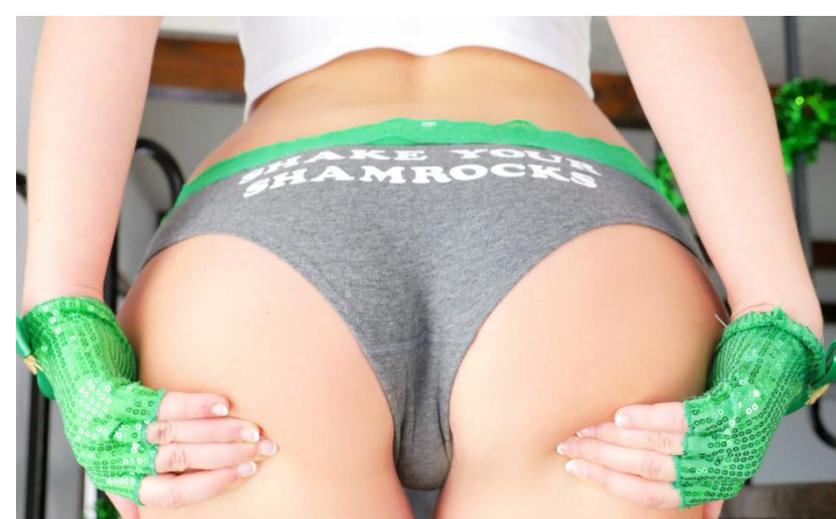
*Well girls Patrick called from the front it's time to be a little more up front with our fine patrons tonight.*

At first she couldn't believe it as the other barmaids began to pop their breasts out of the tops and serve with them fully exposed, *Angie what's going on,* she slurred to the girl next to her.

*Weren't you paying attention sweetie,* the older woman Patrick had briefed for this replied, *the boss told us all that we'd be showing the upper stories to the lads tonight so they'd want to come back in the future, happens all the time dearie just keep smiling.* She reached over and pulled down Cindy's top using it to frame her assets.

*Hey, oh well if everybody else is.* Besides she thought as she registered a flash of heat in her groin, it feels kind of hot I think I'm getting horny how weird is that.





She couldn't remember when she had lost the fuzzy little green skirt, but every time she started to worry about what was going on it always seemed that Angie was right there to reassure her. Besides all the other girls were showing off the shake your shamrocks panties that Patrick had provided them with too.

Angie motioned Shirley over and whispered in her ear, she grinned back at Angie and nodded. *Shirley has a dare for you Cindy.*

*Oh yeah, sure thing Shirley, what is it.*

*She says you're too chicken to pull your panties up into your pussy. Without any preamble Shirley did just that.*

*Hey I don't know that's pretty well uh,*

*See Shirley I told you she wouldn't do it.*

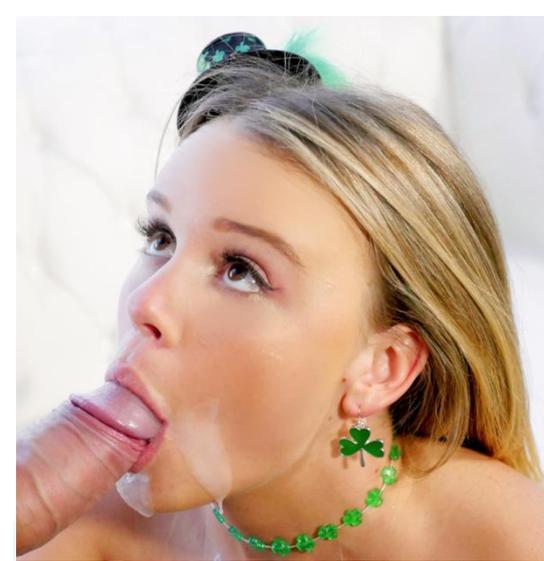
*No wait, Cindy giggled nervously she couldn't wrap her mind around what she was about to do, but hell she couldn't wrap her mind around anything through the alcohol generated fog besides she could feel another pulse of heat in her groin at the idea. So not giving herself anymore time to think about it she reached down and followed the other girls example. See I told you I could do it, she slurred out again not even noticing the quiet that had descended on the Pub and all the guys staring hungrily at the two girls.*

*Come on Cindy, Angie grabbed her by the arm and led toward the door to one of the side rooms that Patrick had for smaller groups to rent when they wanted to have a private party while the Pub was open.*

*Here drink this and cool down for a minute you look all hot and bothered.*

*Angie left the room and walked up to Patrick. I gave her the beer with the 2 shots of whisky mixed into it and 2 more ecstasy at this point she'll never even notice. I'll check on her in 5 to make she drank it and then we should be able to start sending the guys in.*





*Cindy, sweetie, you look so hot, Angie peeled the rest of her clothes off, one of the guys really liked you and you look like you could really use him. She gave the glistening pussy a quick rub it's moistness evidence that the drugs were fully kicked in. Angie snapped an ampoule of smelling salts under her nose. She was gratified to see Cindy perk up and lose the outward signs of her inebriation.*

*That's a girl she whispered as the guy walked into the room. Just go with Cindy and have a good time. She guided her mouth onto the hard cock and than stepped back as Cindy fell into the rhythm of the blow job.*

*She looked up a shy smile on her face at odds with the cum spattering it and her breasts, that was fun Angie but I think I need to go home.*

*No baby the fun has just started, she motioned the next man forward from the open door, see Cindy everybody likes you tonight and wants to help out with your needs.*

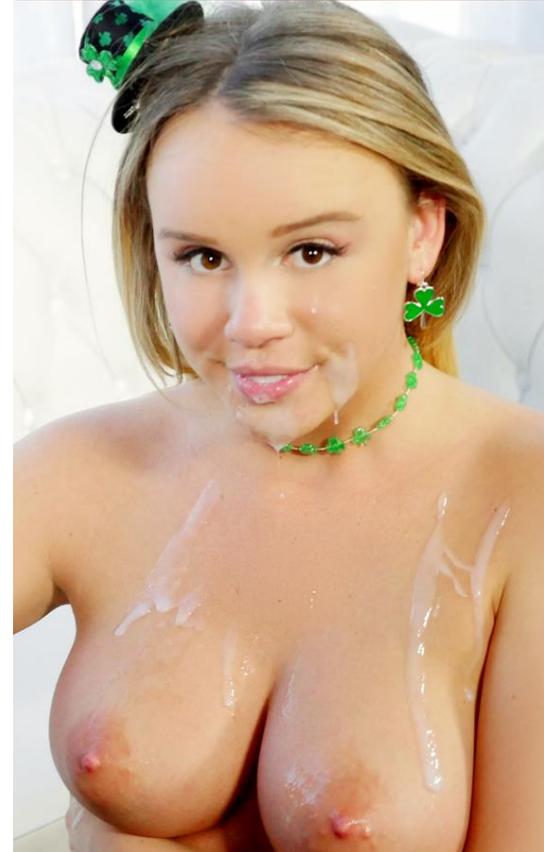
*Your sure it's OK, I think maybe this is wrong.*

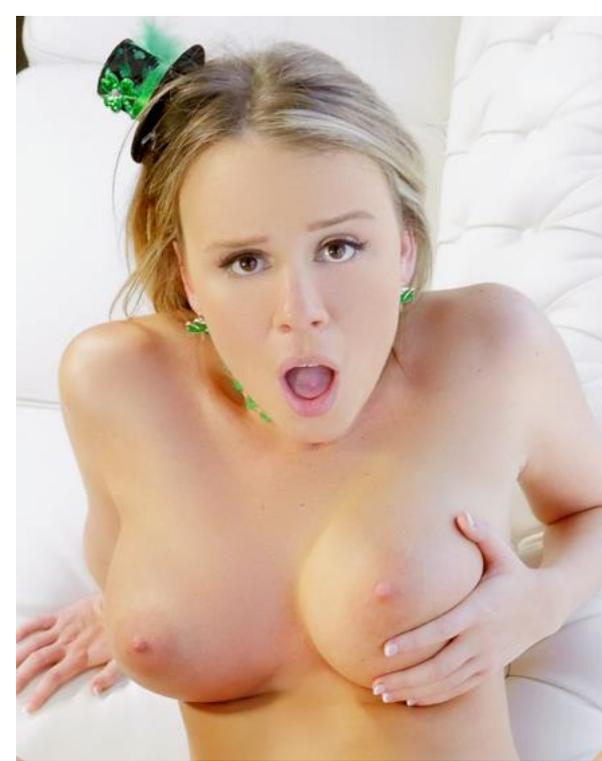
*Angie smiled some sadistic streak in her getting off as youngster's morals tried to assert themselves through the drunken fog, yes sweetie everything is fine, in fact it's better than fine your going to have the time of your life.*

*She stepped out and addressed the line of guys waiting their turn, go easy the first time and just blow jobs once she is more into it you can get rougher and start fucking her but you wait for my say so. Does everyone understand?*

*A chorus of assents greeted her question.*

*She stepped to the end of the line, Patrick said she knows you guys from work? They nodded. OK you need to wait too, don't go in till I give you the OK, don't worry it won't take long and she'll be so lost in the sex it be anything goes. Speaking of which all of you her ass is off limits Patrick insists nothing which might contradict the story of a long night of consensual sex with a girl that just couldn't be satisfied.*





Later after the alcohol and drugs burned off the moans and sexual bliss were replaced by looks of shock and horror as she began to recognize the guys that were fucking her. The realization of what she had done and how long it had been going on came as she finally began to register the growing soreness in both her face and her crotch.

As her current partner finished and left the room she looked over and saw a smiling Angie in the corner. *How could you let them do this to me?*

*Let them, baby I couldn't have stopped you with a crowbar. My hats off to you Cindy I've never seen a slut use up so many guys in one session before.*

*Oh shit, this can't be happening and I knew that guy, where are my clothes.*

*The parties over fellas, Angie closed the door, here you go sweetie.*

Cindy took her clothes and quickly dressed then rushed out the back way refusing to talk to anyone, even ignoring Patrick when he tried to talk her as she rushed through the bar.





Devereaux sat in his office looking at the picture Patrick had emailed him as he spoke to him on the phone.

*Yes I'm looking at it right now, it looks like little Cindy's halo got a little smudged last night.*

*That it did Mr. Devereaux and she already called to quit so that's the end of it.*

*It couldn't have gone better Patrick if she hadn't quit I'd have had to have you fire her anyway her barmaid days are over.*

*About the trade then will the boys keep coming even though she's not here anymore.*

*As long as a couple of those barmaids are willing to be friendly Patrick, you'll have to beat them off with a stick. That's all anybody's been talking about around here today, even the guys that didn't participate in the Cindy entertainment are raving about it.*

*That's good to hear mate, guess we're through, come around the Pub sometime and I'm sure I can find a barmaid to be friendly with you.*

Devereaux hung up the phone and smiled.

*Janice come in here and take a memo.*

*Direct it to the SH App profile office...*



She had spent 3 weeks hunting for some kind of waitressing or barmaid job without any luck after the humiliating fiasco at Patrick's Pub. She was going to be out on the street soon and the box of Mac&Cheese last night had been the last. This was all running through her head as she walked down the dirty street rife with homeless begging for change toward the derelict structure that housed the strip club.

When she saw the faded pictures advertising the scantily clad women that could be found inside she nearly turned around and headed the other way but as if on cue her empty stomach rumbled so she gritted her teeth and headed inside.

*A big brutish looking bruiser stopped her just inside the door, what you want white girl.*

*I uh, she stuttered nervously at the giant, I have an appointment with uh Mr. Ecklund.*

*Well go on in don't be hanging out here and keeping the man waiting.*

*She entered the office in back plastering a weak smile on her face. Mr. Ecklund I'm Cynthia Farmer we talked on the phone.*

*Well get in here girl time is money and I don't have enough of either to be wasting them.*

*Yes sir, she sat in a rickety chair in front of the old scarred desk.*

*So you want to dance here?*

*Yes sir, I need the job.*

*All the girls need the job honey, I'm not running a charity. We'll see about your qualifications in a minute, here's the terms and they aren't negotiable. I get half your tips off the top, you provide all your own costumes, makeup and accessories. You turn tricks that's on your own I don't provide any security, clean up or condoms. You use one of the private rooms it's a \$20 and you have to be on time for your sets on the stage. You charge at least \$20 for a lap dance and I get half, you call in sick, don't show or come in late and you can be fired on the spot. You start any trouble with a customer and you can be fired on the spot. If one of the marks get's out of line you wait for a bouncer to come take care of it.*

*You still want the job honey?*

*Yes sir, I still have to eat.*



*Well, come on girl I told you I don't have all day stand up and lose the dress.*

*Can I have a minute I knew I would...*

*He cut her off, you know this is a strip joint right stop wasting my time or take a hike.*

*Wait no here, she pushed out a confused jumble of words that made absolutely no sense as she jumped up from the chair and grabbed the bottom of her dress.*

*He watched silently as the dress crept up revealing her panties and then she hesitated. Keep going girl I'm about to lose my patience here and your about to fail your audition. The dress came on up and was discarded, he could tell she didn't like this one bit but he had to give her credit she kept that smile plastered on her face the whole time. Girl couldn't make it as a stripper he thought unless she could act at least a little bit.*

*OK the rack is good and your in good shape so you should do fine.*

*Thank you sir does that mean I have the job? She started to reach for the dress on the chair.*

*No let me see the rest of it.*



*But sir, the club is only topless.*

*Only topless out front the boys expect to see everything if they pay for a private, now let's see the rest.*

*Oh god she thought I shouldn't be doing this, but the gnawing emptiness in her stomach was telling her otherwise. Yes sir I didn't realize.*

*Now you know get on with it.*



The hands hooked in her panties when he stopped her, *wait a second turn around and show me that ass.*

*OK now go ahead.*

She continued around until she was facing him again and then slid the last flimsy piece of cloth off and now she was showing him everything. *Is this good sir?*

*Good enough I think I can give you a position here.* Normally he would have collected an introductory blow job at this point but the girl was ready to bolt he thought. Besides he promised Devereaux that he'd hire her if she came in so he couldn't take a chance on scaring her off now and disappointing a friend.

*You start at 5 tomorrow bring a couple outfits and remember the conditions of employment I gave you. Now let's see Cindy huh, OK your stage name is Sin. That should be easy enough to remember now get the hell out of my office and stop wasting my time.*

Cindy left the office as her new boss picked up the phone to call his friend and give him the news.





She'd been working at the club for a couple of weeks now and she was miserable and still hungry. By the time Ecklund got his half she barely had any left to eat. She'd always thought her landlord Mr. Roper was a nice guy but not so much anymore since the only way he had been willing to give her the extra 2 weeks to come up with the rent had involved his hands and mouth all over her tits. Shit she thought see what's happening to me, she would never have thought of her breasts as tits before but 2 weeks in a strip club and her vocabulary definitely wasn't the same anymore.

*Come on baby the mark said get a move on I ain't paying for another song if you waste this one and I better see it all with what your charging me for this.*

*Just watch and enjoy hon, it's better if I go slow for you. It's sure better for me anyway if I go slow she thought the less time I spend on your lap the better I like it. That was another problem there were supposed to be limits on how far the guys could go, unless you were using one of the private rooms to turn tricks like a lot of the other girls did, but it seemed like the bouncers were getting slower and slower coming and stopping things.*

*Get a move on sweetheart.*

*OK hon, don't worry if I go to slow I'll give you the next one, no charge.* She wasn't supposed to do that but she found herself

getting distracted more and more all the time. It worried her some but she knew it was just her mind trying to pretend that she wasn't really doing this, that she hadn't been reduced to showing her body to strangers to feed herself. Most of the girls seemed to get off at to some degree on having all the men out in the club so obviously wanting them but for her it was just embarrassing and tedious. She knew she was going to have to go further tonight than she had been, she had finally come up with enough to pay the rent yesterday when Sally Rides, really Gertrude had lent her the balance but she had to make enough tonight to pay her back and still have enough left over to eat tomorrow.

*Sin get your ass out here your up next, the voice floated in from the main room.*

*Shit sorry Mr. here's your money back,* hell she would still have to pay for the room even though she no longer had the money from the private dance but she shuddered at the thought of a customer complaint, those never went well for the girl involved.



She quickly hustled out and up onto the stage making it just as the music started, she hadn't even had time to change into a costume so it wasn't much of a strip show as her bra came off and that was it. She danced topless for most of the two song set teasing them with the strap of her thong sliding it up and down her ass then finally finished sitting with the none too solid lace panel her only modesty

*Give it up for Sin folks and up next is Lacey.*

*Hi hon, she greeted a patron who tried to pull her aside.*

*How about a lap dance sweetie, his gaze locked on her bare tits.*

*Sorry hon but I'm doing a special show in the VIP lounge in a few minutes how about if Tawny helps you out, she gestured at one of the other strippers circulating in the room while resisting the urge to cover her breasts.*

*Never mind sweetie maybe later huh?*

*Sure thing hon I'll keep an eye out for you after my next set on the stage.*

*Looking forward to it, always up for a little Sin if you know what I mean. He laughed as she walked away in love with his own lame joke.*

She almost let her smile slip as she walked away not truly believing even now that she was going to do this but she just couldn't see any other way to come up with the money she needed. Mr. Ecklund didn't worry about being restricted to topless only in the VIP lounge just like the private rooms. She steeled herself, stop thinking about it she told herself you've got to pay off Gertrude and there's no other way and it's just this one time after I catch up the stage and a few lap dances should be enough to get me by and I can stay out of the VIP room until I find a real job.





She stepped into the middle of the small stage in the VIP lounge not even bothering to put the bra back on after all this show certainly wasn't about the stripping part.

*Gentlemen let me introduce Sin she's a new girl and this is her first time performing in the VIP lounge so sit back and enjoy the show knowing you're the very first to see it. Ecklund seldom did any MC work anymore but he wasn't about to miss this one, he still hadn't sampled any of this one's favors and he was not happy about it but it wouldn't be long after tonight.*

She stood with her hips cocked and a sassy smile on her face then slowly shed her panties. Slowly sliding down until she was sitting on the stage she hesitated but before it became to noticeable forced herself to pickup the dildo that was waiting for her. Think of something else she commanded herself as she began to lick the large phallus. Food that wouldn't be hard the way her stomach was complaining, yes after shift she would have enough to splurge tonight a burger oh god, she almost drooled onto the dildo, she could go to that stand a couple of blocks from her place and get a double bacon and cheese burger.



Trying to look sexy she moved the black monster down between her legs and began to slide it in. Shit she hoped they thought the grimace she couldn't keep off her face was sexual excitement instead of the pain that really caused it. How could she have forgotten to lube before doing this, the spit from licking it was helping but it wasn't enough the dry spots on the rubber abrading the dry surface of her vagina.

Just this once she kept chanting to herself just this once. Finally it was over she had slowly worked herself with the fake cock until she pretended to have an orgasm. At least she had been able to rub her clit enough during the show to produce some lube naturally and ease the pain otherwise she didn't think she'd have been able to make it through.





*Mr. Ecklund, Gertrude said you wanted to see me.*

*Oh Sin yeah we need to settle up for the VIP show and I want to discuss the next one. How much did you get in tips?*

*Almost \$400 sir.*

*OK my half is 2 the covers brought in a G you get 10% so that means you owe me a hundred.*

*Yes sir, she reluctantly handed over the money. She owed Gertrude \$250 so that would leave her with \$50. She really shouldn't, but after the half to the house and room charges she still had over \$50 from the rest of her night, so she was going to go get that burger.*

*Now Sin about your next show we'll give a day to let the buzz build with the marks then I want you and Lacey to put on a lesbo show.*

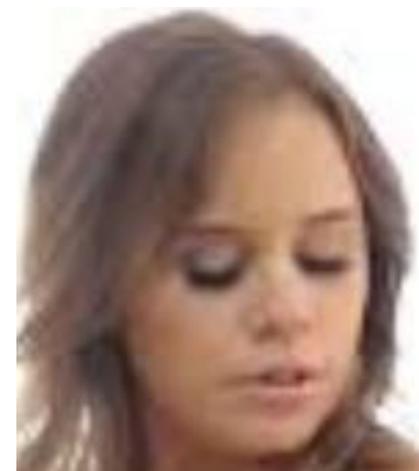
*The words broke through her daydream about the food. Excuse me I'm sorry Mr. Ecklund I didn't catch that what did you say. He repeated himself, no sir I don't need to work the VIP lounge anymore this was just a one time thing sir.*

*Listen girl you'll work whatever room I tell you to or you can try and find someplace else to dance.*

*No sir I need to dance here but just on the main stage.*

*That's it girl your out of here no slut is going to tell me in my place where they're going to dance and what kind of show they'll do. Get out.*

Shocked she stumbled out of the club. Gertrude caught her in the lot and she made it home with just over a hundred all thoughts of the burger gone.





*Cindy can I have a word with you?*

*Um I'm kinda busy right now Mr. Roper maybe we could talk some other time.*

*I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist Miss Farmer the rent is due again and you don't even have a job do you?*

*I've been looking really hard Mr. Roper and I'm sure I'll have one in a few days at the most.*

*That's great but I can't just let you stay for free.*



*I, well I guess if it's the only way come inside and you can play with my breasts.*

*That was all well and good when you had a job but I can't accept sexual favors in lieu of rent so now that your unemployed, well I'm sorry but you need to be out by tomorrow morning.*

*But Mr. Roper please, I don't have anywhere else to go you're putting me out on the street.*

*I know and I feel bad about it but I'm not running a charity so if you can't pay you can't stay.*

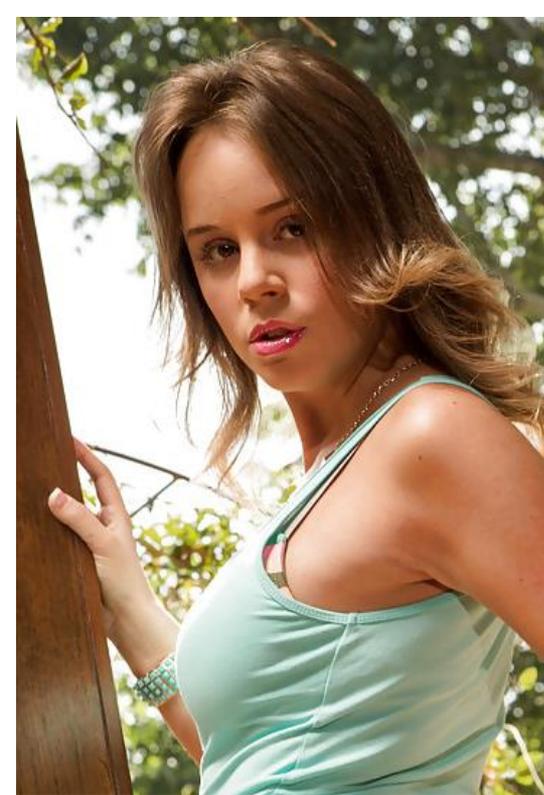
He was watching her the next morning as she hauled out the couple of boxes that held mostly clothes and were everything that she owned in the world. *Is that it?*

*Yes everything is out.*

She picked up one box and carried it out of the courtyard to the sidewalk in front of the building.

Roper picked up the other box and followed the girl out to the sidewalk sitting it down on the one she had carried. *Here look I really do feel bad about this Cindy so here, he handed her a slip of paper, call these people their looking for a live in domestic it will keep you off the street.*

Later he called Devereaux, *I gave her the number just like you wanted. It's been a pleasure doing business keep me in mind if you need to do this again.*



*Cynthia please come here I need a word with you.*

*Yes sir Mr. Lowell what can I do for you sir.*

*You've been with us for 2 weeks now is that correct.*

*Yes sir.*

*Do you find the situation satisfactory?*

*Yes sir. Except for the leers when you think I'm not looking she thought.*

*Mrs. Lowell is concerned Cynthia she says that you don't seem very comfortable here and fears that you may have a negative impact on the children.*

*I'm sorry sir, please tell Mrs. Lowell that I will be more upbeat in my demeanor from now on, she searched frantically for something this position was too good to lose leers and all. Um it was just um... somethings that happened before I came into your employ sir. I just need to stop dwelling on them and everything will be fine.*

*I'm pleased to hear it Cynthia but they say that actions speak louder than words dear why don't you show me that things will be different from now on, that you will be more accommodating and open.*

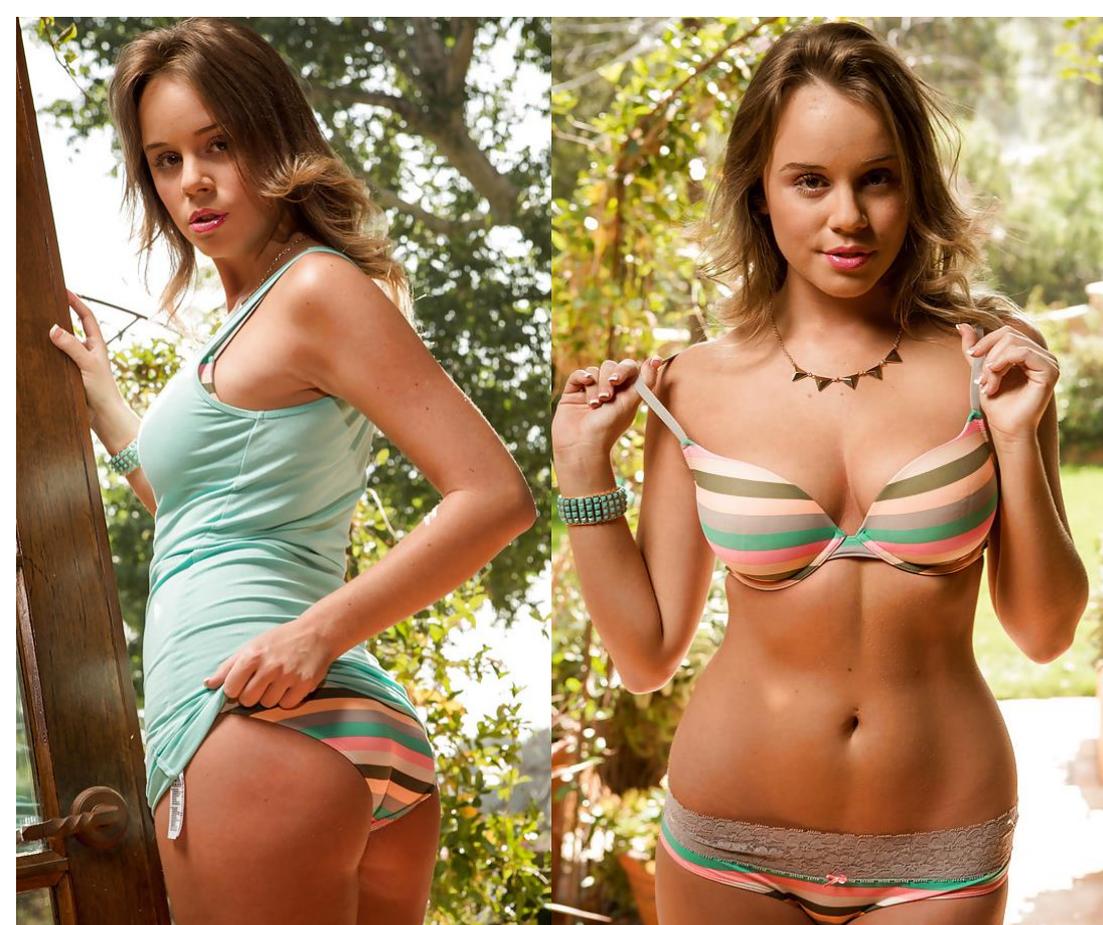
*Sir I'm not sure what you want. What am I going to do he wants me to let him, I can't but I don't have anyplace else to go.*

*Cynthia don't play stupid with me you know exactly what I mean and you know where the door is.*

This was it, she thought about what it would mean to be out on the street, jerking as his impatient spur broke into her thoughts and despair.

*Perhaps your not capable of fitting in here you may go and pack your things.*

*No sir I am, I understand.*



*She reached down and pulled her dress up showing him her ass. At his narrow smile she went ahead and pulled the dress off completely. This is what you want isn't it sir to get a clearer picture of just who I am?*

*Yes Cynthia you began to show your potential but don't stop now I must insist on full disclosure, there can be no secrets between us if you wish to remain in this house.*

*Yes sir, she reached up and began to slip the straps of her bra off plastering the stripper smile back on her face. It's OK she told herself, it will just be like having Mr. Lowell for a boyfriend.*

*Very good Cynthia, I'm glad to see you have all the makings of a positive addition to the household.*

*I'm sure I can provide you with what is required to fulfill my duties sir.*

*Very good but don't forget your manners, I expect polite acknowledgement when you are paid a compliment.*

*Sorry sir, I will remember to be polite and respectful.*

*See that you do.*

She paused again, absorbed by the fact that it wasn't enough that she make herself available to him but she was also required to be grateful, no not just be grateful but to show her gratitude for being allowed to submit to his carnal needs.

He waved impatiently and she resumed her act. Pretending she was back at the club she continued to remove clothes.



*Very nice Cynthia see how much better our relationship is when you stop trying to hide yourself from me. I always thought you were concealing a very intriguing package and I am glad to see that I was correct.*

*Thank you sir. She desperately wanted to stop now but resigned to what was coming knew it would be better for her if she went and serviced him without forcing him to make her. Since she was going to end up blowing him either way might as well get the most out of it.*

*Crawling across the floor, why was it that guys always wanted you to crawl, is there something that I can give some help with sir? She asked running her hand over the bulge and chanting in her mind, he's just your new boyfriend, he's just your new boyfriend*

*Yes Cynthia it would be appropriate for you to provide me some relief, after all you are responsible for my state.*

*Thank you sir, I'm glad you find me appealing.*

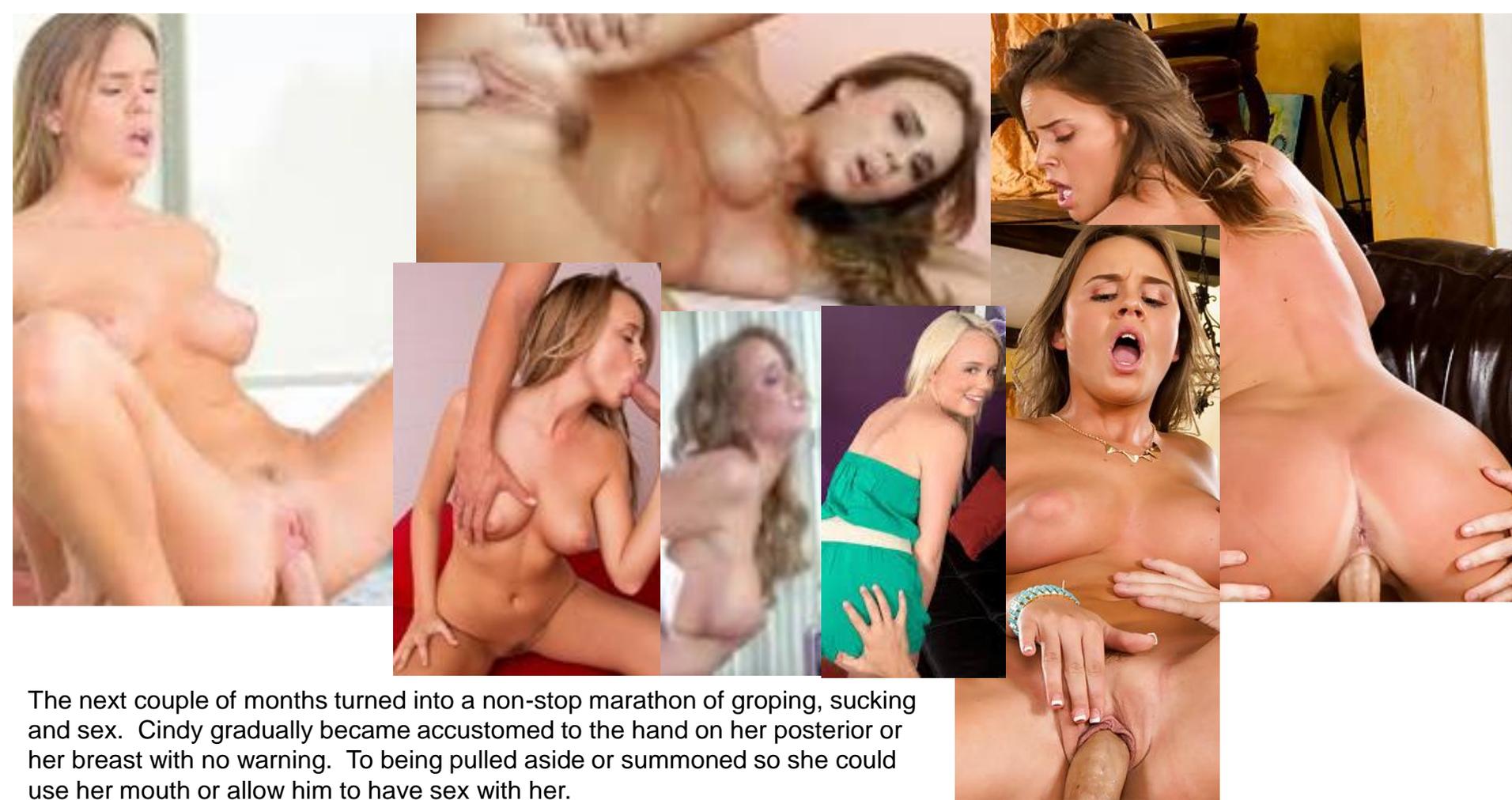
*Enough talk Miss Farmer get on with it.*

Without another word she uncovered him and completed what she thought was a satisfactory blow job. She wondered if she could get away with spitting when he finished but swallowed knowing already how her making a mess on the floor would be received.

*Thank you Cynthia that will be all.*

Her face reddened in shame as he casually dismissed her like the menial she was shattering her illusion of a liaison with her boyfriend.

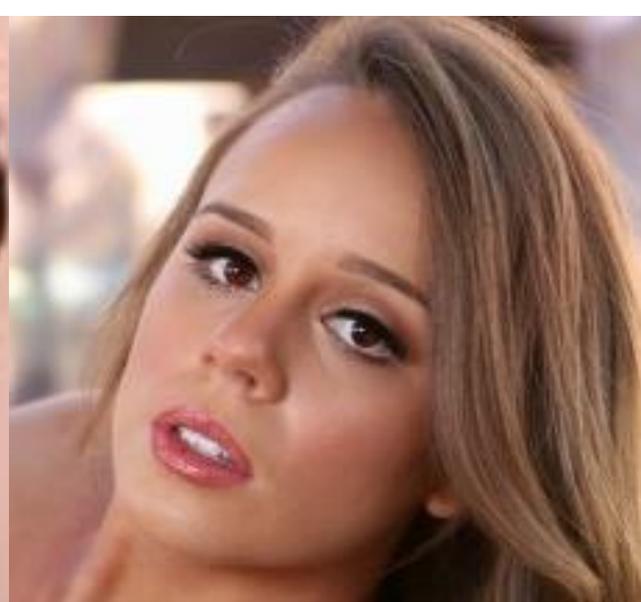




The next couple of months turned into a non-stop marathon of groping, sucking and sex. Cindy gradually became accustomed to the hand on her posterior or her breast with no warning. To being pulled aside or summoned so she could use her mouth or allow him to have sex with her.

Mrs. Lowell had even walked in on them a few times but she didn't care that he was having it on with the house staff, hell once she had even complimented her sort of, telling him that this one was certainly prettier than the last one.

A few days ago he had begun to hint about her still holding back on him and his finger began to spend a lot of time wandering over the rosebud of her ass as they were coupling, she still shied away from calling it fucking trying to hang onto the pretense that this was a mutual relationship. Last night he had finally forced that finger in and flat out said that it was time for her to make herself completely available to him.



*There Cynthia this isn't so bad, I'm so surprised considering how open you are with others that no one had ever been here before.*

*No sir, she groaned, you're the first.*

*Well you are certainly taking to it like a pro.*

*Thank... you sir.*

*Well I am sure you had as much fun as I did, he said as he finished, but I'm afraid I have some bad news for you Cynthia.*

*Bad news sir?*

*Yes I'm afraid Mrs. Lowell needs your position for someone else so we will be releasing you.*

*But sir I've done everything you wanted what more can...*

*Oh it isn't you, but it is out of my hands. Don't worry you have the rest of the day to make arrangements you don't have to be out of your space until tomorrow morning. Now that will be all.*

He left leaving her lying there stunned with his seed dribbling out of her sore asshole.



Devereaux sat looking at the picture Lowell had sent over to him when the phone rang. *Devereaux here is that you Lowell.*

*It is did you get the pictures I sent?*

*Yes, I must say my little Cindy is looking a lot less um... prudish these days.*

*Well it is done and you owe me big for this one. You know it was very hard to let her go just as we were beginning to explore her full potential.*

*I know my little Cindy is quite the catch but if it wasn't for me old man she wouldn't even be a blip on your radar.*

*True enough and I did my part Devereaux. Come by in the morning at 8 and she will just be leaving.*

*Good enough by this time she should have no place left to go but the streets.*

*Yes and as you can see she has become accustomed to providing service where service is required.*

*Yes, yes I can take it from here Lowell.*

He hung up and leaned back grinning broadly.



She was approaching the gate as the limo pulled up, the gate opened and it started up the drive only to stop next to her. The window rolled down and a familiar face looked up at her. *Miss Farmer what are you doing here, do you know the Lowells?*

*She gestured to her box, I was employed by them sir but they have let me go. Mr. Devereaux sir, is there any chance that I could get my old job back sir.*

*I don't know Cindy, you know Leslie from the pool has been acting as my secretary for the last month or so and the requirement to join the Corporate Companion Program still stands.*

*Sir I made a terrible mistake please let me...*

He cut her off, *I am expected by Mr. Lowell, Cindy. Show up at the office tomorrow morning and I'll think about it.*

*Thank you Mr. Devereaux just give me another chance sir and you won't be disappointed.*

*Tomorrow Cindy.* With that the car went on up to the house and she trudged out onto the sidewalk.

She made her way several miles to the homeless shelter that the gardener had told her about. Sitting outside on the sidewalk waiting for it to open for the evening.

The night was horrible she was in a room full of people on cots trying to sleep and afraid to fall asleep at the same time. Her dress was soiled from the attempts of 2 extremely smelly men to grope her before one of the attendants spotted it and threw them out.





She was perched on the edge of his desk when Devereaux walked into his office the next morning. *Thank you for seeing me sir.*

He pulled her off of the desk, *you will stand in my presence unless I direct you otherwise understood?*

*Yes sir what ever you want sir.*

*Interesting that you should put it that way Cindy if I take you back things will be different than they were before.*

*Yes sir, I know now that my performance as your secretary was substandard sir and I swear that will not happen again.*

*No more complaints about inappropriate touching.*

*No sir you should feel free to put your hands wherever you want.*

*You will go up immediately and complete your Sadie Hawkins App profile .*

*Yes sir.*

*You will have no room for anymore mistakes a single unsatisfactory date can be grounds for dismissal.*

*I promise sir no one will have any reason to complain about my performance.*

He spun her around and started pulling off her dress, *then I guess we should celebrate your return to the company.*

*Yes sir, I am completely at your service.*

# The End

