**Jenny the Product Tester**

by Brummie

Jenny and John decided that, as their money worries were still with them, Jenny should try to find a little job to supplement their income. A big problem as Jenny had the IQ of a rocking horse and no work experience but she got the evening paper and began reading the small ads. There seemed a great many people seeking girls for 'modeling' assignments but Jenny dismissed them as she thought her shyness would be a problem to her showing herself off. She eventually came across an advert for part time 'Product testers'. John explained that the job required a team of people to give their opinions on a variety of new products before they were committed to being sold to the public, a sort of market research. Jenny thought she could do that and so applied and was thrilled when she was accepted for the post.

On Jenny's first day she joined a group of five other 'testers' and spent the morning tasting, smelling or trying out different products and then giving her reasons for liking or disliking them. Lunch was taken in the canteen and as usual Jenny's appearance caused quite a stir. Today she had worn one of her light summer dresses that showed off her figure perfectly. Jenny was still not aware of the effect her dress choices had on men (and women, some of who envied her and some who hated her). The dress was tight at the hips, showing off her fantastic derriere. The hem revealed her fine slender carves and sometimes outdoors it would billow up revealing her nylon clad knees, sometimes her thighs and every once in a while, deep joy, high enough to expose a stocking top. But the main focus for attention was her magnificent chest. Large, high and firm, it was wonderful at rest but it really came into it's own when Jenny was on the move. People stopped to watch as she walked down the street, admiring her bouncing twins and if Jenny could ever be persuaded to break into a jog traffic came to a halt. Her nipples and large light brown areolas where also extraordinarily sensitive and seemed to spring to attention at the slightest opportunity. Her low cut summer dresses were very popular with her male co- workers who often tried to walk closely past her when she was sitting down in a bid to see if they could be the first to identify the colour of her panties by looking down her dress. On a couple of occasions she had bent down in front of a male teammate and unknowingly revealed a vertigo inducing valley of soft pink flesh only to stand and saunter off oblivious to the strangulated expression and the expanding trouser bursting bulge that she had caused. The body was topped by a main of long blonde hair framing a sweet sexy innocent face. (Innocent? Innocent? She's had more things up her arse than Liberace and been naked in public more times than Lassie the fucking Wonder dog, who writes this crap).

It was here that Giles Stern, the Head of the Product Testing teams, first spied Jenny. He was tall, in his late forties with black hair and a goatee beard that many thought gave him the dangerous, devilish look, which he cultivated. He was an arrogant man and aloof with staff. He also thought he was god's gift to women and as soon as he spotted Jenny he made a beeline for her. Over the following days he took any chance he could to approach Jenny and launch into a boorish speech extolling his own virtues fully expecting her to fall into his arms. Jenny wasn't interested; she loved John and told Giles so. He seemed to take no notice and kept pestering her any chance he got. It all came to a head late one day as Jenny was heading home. She had stopped at the water cooler and was bending to fill her cup. Giles came up behind her and pinched her bum hard. Jenny shrieked and turning round slapped his face with a real humdinger. Giles staggered back shocked, then recovering, pulled himself up to his full height and started forward. Jenny cowered; sure he was going to strike her when out of a nearby door came the rest of her Product Testing team. Seeing them, Giles hesitated. As they swept past Jenny joined the group and headed for the exit. Giles Stern stood glowering at their retreating backs, watching them go while slowly rubbing his cheek. Under his breath he rasped 'Just you wait, girl'. 'I'll make you regret that, see if I don't'.

Jenny had a rotten night, sick with worry. You don't go slapping the boss and keep your job she thought so when she next arrived for work she was surprised when no one chided her; She wasn't called in and sacked. No one mentioned a thing. 'Perhaps Mr. Stern was so ashamed of himself he won't sack me' she thought.

A week passed before Jenny again saw Giles Stern. He was some way off unloading a cardboard box from of the boot of his car. He didn't see her as he went into the office. Jenny went to her normal work place and the day continued as usual. At about 2 O'clock her supervisor came to her and said they were short handed in one of the teams so she'd been re-assigned and was to report to room 101. She was surprised, Room 101 was the subject of much discussion amongst the staff as it had the title of 'Special Projects' on the door and very few people were ever allowed in. This was quite a feather in Jenny's cap and she felt very pleased with herself.

When she arrived there was a team of five women she hadn't seen before but this time headed up by two supervisors. Mrs. Payne and Miss Bynder. They called Jenny forward and introduced her to the team who sat and looked at her expectantly. Appraising her. Jenny had worn one of her prettiest summer dresses that day and looked even more stunning than usual. 'OK team we're testing clothes today but our usual model hasn't turned up so Jenny has agreed to stand in'. This was news to Jenny. 'I don't know how to model' she whined. 'Don't be a silly, you wear what we tell you and we'll show you what to do' said Mrs. Payne. 'OK Jenny go into the next room and change into the first outfit. You'll find it on the table in there'. Off she went and came back in another summer dress that she paraded round. The team studied, felt and checked it out. Jenny was asked various questions about the feel and comfort of it which she answered as best she could.

Jenny was beginning to think this wasn't to bad when after the first few dresses she was handed a lacy slip with matching Bra and panties from a cardboard box. 'Oh yes we test clothes of all sorts here' Miss Bynder told her when she queried the underclothes. 'Now get changed quick girl, we haven't got all day and there's still more to get through. You're being well paid for this job, don't make me have to report you'. Jenny knew that if she did get reported she would certainly lose her job after the run in with Mr. Stern and she couldn't afford that. Jenny got changed quickly. She had to strip naked to swap into the new lingerie and she tried to hide as much of herself as she could from Miss Bynder who she thought was studying her body to closely as she changed. Jenny didn't think it suspicious when the bra fitted surprisingly well (Rocking Horse remember). Out she went again in front of the team who approached as usual and began running their hands over the material and commenting on the quality.

After modeling several more variations of underwear the next change was a different style again. This time an even smaller matching bra and panty set, which Jenny would have hesitated to wear in front of her husband let alone seven strangers. The half-cup lacy see-through bra only just covered her nipples and the panties were nothing more than two triangles connected by string. Jenny was mortified and was just about to object when Miss Bynder gave her a sharp look and said 'Come on girl'.' You've not got anything we haven't all got'. 'We're all girls here now get changed and get out there'.

Jenny stood nervously in front of the team who stared open mouthed and drooling at the near naked vision of loveliness encased in the tiny lace combination. Only Mrs. Payne and Miss Bynder came to her this time. They commented on the fit and Jenny said 'Yes it's quite comfortable if a little chilly'. Then Mrs. Payne dipped two of her fingers into the front of the bra cup to feel the material between her fingers and thumb. She seemed oblivious to the fact that Jenny's nipple was trapped between her fingers and was being squeezed between them while also being teased as the thumb rubbed the material back and forth. 'Er.. Mrs. Payne you've got my...'. 'Quiet' snapped Mrs. Payne. 'Can't you see I'm working here'? Chastised Jenny pouted and meekly remained silent. Mrs. Payne turned to Miss Bynder while continuing to rub both the bra and Jenny's flesh and chatted for a few seconds. Jenny meanwhile started to fidget as her sensitive areola and nipple became more and more aroused. Miss Bynder saw what was happening and as Jenny had been instructed to remain silent decided to join the fun with the other bra cup. The two of them then spent a couple of minutes testing and commenting on the material while Jenny's nipples were squeezed and rubbed. By the time they stopped the results of their ministrations were poking sharply through the front of the bra and Jenny's face had taken on a decidedly pink flush.

'Now for the panties'. 'The fit looks ok. 'Do they feel comfortable to you girl'? Asked Mrs. Payne. 'Oh yes ' said Jenny breathily. 'Lets see shall we. Spread your legs wider' she ordered. Jenny moved her legs 3 inches wider.' No, no, this wide' said Mrs. Payne kicking her foot until Jenny's ankles were two feet apart. Then she gripped the top of the front of the panties and pulled up. The material dragged through Jenny's crotch over her pussy causing her to gasp. Miss Bynder immediately saw this and moving behind Jenny, took hold of the rear of the panties. With a wink to Mrs. Payne she pulled up and dragged the material back between Jenny's legs, over her vagina and also her rectum this time. A tug of war then started as first the front and then the back was pulled. The material of the panties continued to graze over Jenny's sensitive pussy and asshole as it sawed back and forth between her legs, all the time getting narrower and narrower. Eventually the material was pulled so deeply between Jenny's vaginal lips that they hung down either side. The thin line of the panties was so tight that it rubbed directly against Jenny's clitoris, which was pulled from its little hood and stimulated unmercifully. Jenny's eyes closed and her breathing was becoming laboured when suddenly the pulling stopped. Both supervisors stepped away and left Jenny with her legs wide apart and the panties bunched between her labia and the cheeks of her butt. She realised the erotic impulses had stopped and opened her eyes to see everyone in the room smirking and staring at her. She flushed bright red, feeling like she had been caught masturbating in public, pulled the panties out of her vagina and was about to rush back to the changing room when Mrs. Payne grabbed her by her arm and stopped her.

Miss Bynder brought the cardboard box out of the room and set it down. 'OK Jenny just a couple more outfits to test'. The next bra was the smallest yet. Quarter cup at most and the panties nothing more than a thong. Miss Bynder snapped the clasp on the bra Jenny was wearing and whipped it off before she could stop her. Jenny automatically threw her arms up covering her bare bosom, which drew a frown from Mrs. Payne. 'Look don't make this difficult, put your arms down now, girl' she ordered. Jenny slowly complied and exposed her heavy globes to the entire team. They'd all suspected that they were spectacular but now they had the proof. They were perfect, large, high and firm without any sign of sagging. The team of women seemed, to Jenny, to be staring hungrily at her body. She felt quite disturbed by the attention. Her nipples and areolas were still dark and erect and pointed straight out from the round loveliness of Jenny's huge breasts. Mrs. Payne then wrapped the bra around Jenny's waist and threading her arms through raising it until it rested directly beneath Jenny's tits. The bra was so small that it left three quarters of Jenny's breasts uncovered. While Jenny stared; astounded at her exposed bosom Miss Bynder stepped behind her and pulled down her panties. Jenny shrieked and her arms flew to cover her naked shaven pussy from view. 'Look girl, this is the last warning. Stop getting in the way or I'll put a rope on you'. Feeling small and alone Jenny slowly moved her arms away so the entire team got its first clear look at her uncovered slit. It was still red and the lips swollen with excitement from the panty tug of war. There may also have been a slight sign of moisture. They seemed even more eager and strained forward to get a better view of her exposed assets. Miss Bynder grabbed her right ankle and lifted her leg to help her into the panties. The most obvious effect of this for Jenny was that, with her legs being spread, her pussy was now completely unguarded and starting to open up before the audience. The panties were raised up her legs until they snuggled between her legs and with a smirk Miss Bynder gave then an extra hitch jamming them tight into Jenny's crotch. Her swollen and excited pussy lips were now outlined and obvious through the thin material.

Mrs. Payne moved behind Jenny and said 'Now team as you can see this model leaves the wearer almost completely exposed'. Jenny shuddered at being reminded of the amount of breast flesh she had on display. Mrs. Payne then reached round Jenny and placed her hands beneath her big round boobs and started to bounce them up and down while explaining to the team that the bra offered uplift without hindering access to the majority of the wearer's bosom. She demonstrated even further by tweaking and twirling Jenny's nipples. Jenny shuddered at the stimulation; the team shuddered at the sight. If there'd been some starting blocks they'd have been in them. 'Turn sideways girl' said Mrs. Payne. Jenny turned through 90 degrees and Mrs. Payne pointed out how Jenny's mammaries were now held up by the bra and were practically being presented to her partner. She nodded to Miss Bynder who moved forward and grasped Jenny's tits, gave them a teasing squeeze and her nipples a sharp upward pull. Jenny pulled back from the assault on her nipples but she was held by Mrs. Payne. 'Right, turn again girl'. Jenny nervously turned and faced away from the team. With the exception of the thong strap her back view was totally naked. She was exposing a long slender back, fantastic legs and luscious derriere to the leering gaze of the team of women. Mrs. Payne explained that the thong design offered no coverage what so ever and almost total access at the back. She and Miss Bynder reached down and each laid a hand on Jenny's butt cheeks stroking gently. She pushed on Jenny's shoulders and bent her forward. 'As you can see no protection at all'. SMACK!. SMACK!. She and Miss Bynder double-teamed Jenny again and simultaneously gave her a stinging slap on either butt cheek. 'Ouch' Jenny squealed jumping up and covering her bum with her hands.

'Ok team, your turn'. It might as well have been a race because all five of them leapt forward trying to be the first to get their hands on the merchandise. Jenny found herself surrounded as each team member wanted to touch the scraps of material she was wearing. Jenny tried to fend off as many probing hands as she could but as one hand was pushed away from her bottom another grasped her breast and squeezed. She pushed the tit squeezer away as another set of fingers stroked the front of the thong , right over her pussy. Jenny was able to keep most of the hands away until one woman, who was standing behind her, grabbed her wrists and saying 'Is there enough freedom of movement in this dear' dragged her arms upward over her head. The others saw this, and given a free hand, used them to grasp every part of Jenny they could. Two hands grasped her left boob, two hands her right, hands had seized each of her buttocks and another pushed down the front of the panties. The woman holding her arms kept up the pressure as the others squeezed and fondled Jenny's mammaries and bottom. The woman working Jenny's left breast encircled the base of the tit entirely and pushed up until the nipple was nearly level with Jenny's chin. She looked into Jenny's eyes and with a wink, opened her mouth wide, and inched forward. Jenny could see her intension, but was completely powerless to stop her. The mouth advanced agonisingly slowly until Jenny gasped as her nipple and areola were engulfed in the warm wetness. A soft sucking sent pleasure coursing through Jenny's mammary. The hand down her panties cupped her mound and gently ran a finger between her hairless pussy lips. Jenny groaned. She was being forcibly aroused again. The finger at her vagina slipped inside her and after a few seconds being worked around became covered with juice. It then withdrew and proceeded to softly circle Jenny's clitoris slowly driving her nuts. She had closed her eyes and was just about to surrender herself to the sensations when Mrs. Payne stepped in saying. 'Ok team, playtime's over'.

Jenny was released and left gasping on the edge of orgasm yet again. She flopped down.' Stand up straight girl'. Snapped Mrs. Payne. 'Right Lets get to the last few items'. 'This is one of the more exotic combinations we get asked to test now and again, and consists of a few more parts than usual' 'I'm sure you're going to find this one very interesting team'. The first items produced from the box appeared to be four flat strips of material with buckles. Jenny stood in an erotic daze as her arms were grabbed and stretched out sideways. The first two panels were wrapped around her wrists like cuffs and buckled up tight. 'OK? Not to tight? 'Err...', 'Well ..', 'good then we'll continue' interrupted Mrs. Payne'. The next two went around Jenny's arms just above her elbows. Again tight but not cutting off the circulation. Jenny noticed that all the cuffs had small rings attached and also some sort of clips. 'What sort of a weirdo wears underwear like this', she thought? The next two items were dark nylon stockings, which the two supervisors helped smooth up Jenny's legs, accompanied by much stroking of her feet, carves, and lithe supple thighs. The stockings were then attached to a black lace suspender belt, which was clipped round her waist. A pair of shiny black high-heeled shoes put on her feet. The last act was to add another two cloth cuffs that were buckled around her ankles.

Jenny was still in a daze of erotic sensations when suddenly her quarter cup bra was unclipped and unceremoniously dragged off. She squealed and automatically clasped her arms over her naked bosom. 'Right that's the last straw' said Mrs. Payne crossly. She strode behind Jenny and grabbing both wrists pulled them together behind her back. 'Snap!', one of the clips was used to connect the two cuffs at Jenny's wrists locking them together. 'Snap!' the elbow cuffs were joined. 'And while I'm here we'll just have these shall we' Mrs. Payne said as, with a flourish, she grabbed the back of Jenny's thong and tore them from her body.

Jenny now stood naked in front of the team of women with her arms restrained behind her back. Her elbows, being pulled together, had pushed forward and emphasized her magnificent breasts even more. They were covered with red finger marks and were now totally unprotected and exposed to everyone. Her damp, bare pussy also showed evidence of her aroused state. Her worst nightmare was coming true. She was naked, exposed and bound in front of a group of strangers with no one to help or cover her. This day couldn't get any worse. (Oh yer, Wanna bet?).

'Well team, what do you think of that'. Demanded Mrs. Payne. 'She looks like a slut' snapped one of the women nastily. Jenny was appalled. In her own mind she had always thought of herself as a good girl. The public nudity she'd endured had always been accidental and not her fault. (apart from the times it was deliberately arranged by her husband or best friend Ashley). The numerous penetrations of her ass and vagina, or the facials she had taken, had either been for medical reasons (so they said) or perpetrated on her when she had been handcuffed, tied, shackled or generally restrained in some way, or on one occasion drugged. To be called a slut was unfair. She felt humiliated and close to tears. In her shocked state she didn't notice Miss Bynder take the opportunity to kneel down and click the ankle cuffs together.

They returned to the game of dress the dolly. Next came a bra, in black again, which looked like it was wet. 'Some sort of rubber' said Mrs. Payne when asked by a team member. The strapless bra was then fitted around Jenny's chest with much tugging and pulling. It wasn't really built for a girl of Jenny's proportions and it took a lot of erotic pushing and pulling, lifting and separating, squeezing and shoving to position her mammaries just right before stretching it enough to clip it closed at the back. The bra had one more surprise in store. It had holes cut in the front, right in the middle of each cup, and they were directly positioned over Jenny's nipples, which poked through a little. A look passed between the supervisors and Mrs. Payne moved behind Jenny and gripped her upper arms. Miss Bynder then seized a nipple between a finger and thumb and while Jenny was held immobile spent thirty seconds pulling and twisting until she was satisfied the whole of Jenny's big swollen areolas were pulled right through the hole. She repeated the treatment on Jenny's other nipple. The constant teasing of Jenny's nipples had kept them fully erect and they pointed straight out at the team. The last item was a pair of panties in the same wet look material. They joined at the sides with Velcro so even though Jenny's legs were shackled they could still be shoved between them and joined together at each side of her waist. Jenny was surprised because they were different from the others. They almost completely covered her buttocks. Nothing like the tiny scraps of material she had been forced to wear up to then.

'Anything else in there to test, Miss Bynder?' said Mrs. Payne. Well there's just these' she said holding up a couple of straps with buckles. Moving behind Jenny Miss Bynder buckled a leather blindfold round her forehead before pulling it down till it covered her eyes. 'Can you see anything, girl', 'No', replied Jenny her voice trembling. This was taking on a more ominous feeling that she was more used to getting around a boy scouts troupe. 'Are we done yet?' Said Jenny in a quivering voice. 'Nearly, just this last little item, open wide'. Jenny felt a round object pressed against her mouth and, realizing it was a gag, compressed her lips together shaking her head. 'Oh dear' said Miss Bynder, 'Mrs. Payne if you will'. She grabbed a handful of hair behind Jenny's head and tugged back and down. Jenny's head snapped back, her mouth flew open, and Miss Bynder pressed the rubber ball home then buckled it behind her head. Perfect teamwork. It was as if they'd done this before.

The two supervisors moved apart leaving Jenny standing alone in front of the team. She had voluntarily (mostly) allowed her-self to be restrained, blindfolded, gagged and dressed in rubber bra and pants, stockings, suspender belt and high heels. A dream in bondage that could have come straight from a top quality porn movie. Jenny waited apprehensively fully expecting, and maybe secretly hoping for, the same rush of grasping, probing hands as before and to be given a through going over particularly as there was no way she could defend herself now. She was amazed and somewhat relieved to hear Mrs. Payne say 'Well team that about wraps it up for today, you can go now'. Jenny could only listen to the sounds of the other team members collected their things and heading out. The door closed and Jenny waited expectantly for her restraints to be removed. She was frantic to get out of these disgusting fetish like clothes quickly as she wanted to get home to John so he could do something about this itch she felt between her legs.

Nothing happened. . . .

Then nothing happened some more

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Jenny waited in the silence slowly turning her head trying to catch any sound. 'Mmmmmm' she moaned. What was wrong? What were they waiting for? Surely they hadn't left her alone. How was she going to explain this to anyone who found her?

Then she heard the door open and Jenny listened as the sound of footsteps slowly approached her. 'Thank you ladies. You've completed phase one of my plan admirably'. Suddenly the blindfold was snatched from her head and blinking in the light she looked up into an unmistakable cruel smiling face. 'Well, well, Mrs. Richards' said Giles Stern. 'We meet again'.

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Fade to black. Over the theme from Dick Barton an announcer intones...'Will Jenny escape her fate?' (will she bollocks). 'Will Jenny get what's coming to her?' (Do bears shit in the woods, does Rose Kennedy have a black dress, Is the Pope ... Enough already) 'For the answers to these questions and many more tune in next month, same Biker time, same Biker channel'.

To be continued....

Jenny the Product Tester. Part 2.

Warning. If you prefer a story where Jenny's dress blows up and shows her knickers to a boy scout. This is not for you. This gets a little heavy toward the end but I've tried to stick to the unwritten rules for Jenny stories. You have been warned. Brummie

Now your appetite has been whetted onward...

Our story so far Jenny's up shit creek.

Giles Stern stared down into the eyes of Jenny Richards hoping to see the fear he liked to inspire in women. All he saw was a slight nervousness. Jenny was becoming resigned to this sort of thing. She wondered if other women ended up handcuffed or tied-up half as often as she seemed to.

Not satisfied with what he saw Stern began to speak. 'Your first mistake Mrs. Richards was rejecting me when I could have offered you so much. (Fancies himself doesn't he. Arrogant sod). Your second was striking me. But your biggest mistake was to strike the Lord High Grand Master of the Whips and Chains Society. (Him again if you hadn't twigged). This didn't really have the desired effect on Jenny that he'd hoped for. If you'd mentioned Sadomasochism to Jenny she'd probably think it was running in the 3.30 at Kempton. 'Now you will pay for your actions' he continued. 'Ladies, if you will complete her preparations, we'll move on to phase two'.

Jenny watched him move to the other side of the room, collecting a straight- backed wooden chair on the way. He carefully placed it in just the required position and removed his jacket. After placing it on the chair back he turned to stare at Jenny as he rolled up his shirtsleeves. She was in the hands of Mrs. Payne and her partner Miss Bynder. The cuffs at her wrists and elbows were unclipped but before she could struggle out of their grasp her arms were bent up until her left wrist cuff could be joined to her right elbow cuff and vice versa. Jenny found her arms were held even more immobile but now crossing the middle of her back.

Stern sat down and gestured to the Ladies. Standing on either side of Jenny, they seized one of her nipples each, which were protruding at least two inches from the holes in the rubber bra she had been forced into, and started leading her towards her fate. Jenny's ankles were still hobbled together so she was forced to take fast little steps to save herself from falling. She was led to stand at the side of Stern when Miss Bynder gave her a push. She would have screamed but for the rubber ball in her mouth. As she toppled, Mrs. Payne, who had moved to the other side of Stern, caught her and Jenny was slowly lowered across Stern's lap. Miss Bynder reached up from Jenny's ankles and gripped two tabs on either side of Jenny's rubber panties. Jenny had hoped that they would provide her with some protection from what she knew was inevitably coming. With a jerk Miss Bynder ripped the two Velcro panels aside exposing Jenny's ass to the air and leaving her in just a rubber thong. Once Stern had maneuvered her body to the perfect position both Ladies knelt down. Mrs. Payne took hold of a fistful of Jenny's hair while Miss Bynder gripped her ankles making sure that no matter how much she bucked and writhed she couldn't dislodge herself from Sterns lap.

'Right ladies, let's begin phase two of the punishment shall we'. Said Stern ominously.

Stern gazed down at possibly the eighth wonder of the modern world. Jenny was blessed with a picture perfect peach-shaped posterior (blimey alliteration, been at the dictionary have we). Giles Stern flexed his fingers like a pianist getting ready for a recital. Well he intended to play a tune on Jenny but he wasn't going to be using a piano that's for sure. He didn't immediately start wailing away at the nearest piece of flesh. In his arrogance Stern considered himself to be an artist. A connoisseur of the art. Any loutish brute could administer pain he thought. His preferred method was to take his time, slowly extracting the maximum of satisfaction from each blow. He wanted his victim to become sexually excited as well as receive punishment. The combining of the two was part of his plan.

Miss Bynder watched her boss begin in his usual style. She had seen him perfect it over the last few years as he'd practiced on various women at the Whip and Chains Society dungeon where she and Mrs. Payne were Sterns best dominatrix. His first act was to bend his head and place a feather light kiss on Jenny's left cheek. Then he continued by stroking Jenny's backside and thighs above her stocking tops, starting to build the tension. Jenny knew it was coming but Stern kept her on tenterhooks as he still softly caressed her sculptured yielding globular hemispheres. Jenny was trembling in anticipation awaiting the first strike. Stern raised his right hand and with the memory of Jenny's slap to his cheek giving extra impetuous to his arm crashed the first blow down on her right buttock cheek. 'Mmmmmmmm' groaned Jenny through her gag.

She expected the slaps to rain down now but Stern did nothing. He waited, gauging the effect of his blow. Watching the slowly growing red mark on Jenny's flesh. A perfect five-fingered handprint rapidly appeared on Jenny's arse. He returned to slowly stroking her thighs as Jenny absorbed the impact. Stern didn't use tools. He thought paddles, canes and crops to be impersonal. He preferred a more 'hands on' method. All the more exciting to feel the effect of flesh on flesh. He felt the heat in Jenny's butt start to grow. He felt his own member start to grow.

Slowly the redness spread as Stern's blows covered the whole of Jenny's bottom and thighs. Each blow carefully targeted. Jenny moaned and groaned at each impact as Stern continued spanking her. SLAP!. Her left cheek rippled at the impact. Stern varied the time between each spank. His member grew. Once he spent two minutes just gently stroking Jenny's ass and stocking clad legs tempting her to hope the torment was over before crashing a particularly stinging slap to the inside of her left thigh. Jenny could feel a bulge pressing into her stomach. 'Either he's pleased to see me or he's got a canoe in his pocket' she thought. (Lord Flashheart rules, Woof!). 'Mmmmmm' groaned Jenny as eventually, with an extra hard swipe he delivered the final slashing blow to her right buttock cheek. In the half hour he had been spanking her he had only delivered twenty blows but they were twenty corkers.

Stern sat back. Phase two was now complete. Just phase three to go and Jenny's punishment would be complete.

It should be explained at this point. In the tiny, self-absorbed mind of Giles Stern every women desired him. He was the boss and women were there to do his bidding. In actuality the opposite was true outside of the Society. Inside he was in his own world. It had taken him a week to set-up the scheme to punish Jenny for her 'crimes'. Booking the 'Special Projects' room they were in, for the afternoon, securing the various pieces of underwear Jenny had been coerced into wearing. Collecting the fetish gear that now adorned her body and arranging for the five women in the team plus his two lieutenants to attend.

Phase one of Jenny's punishment was to pay her back for snubbing his advances. The team of seven women had been instructed to publicly expose Jenny, humiliate her and bring her as close to orgasm as possible without letting her climax. Then bind her in readiness for the next step.

In Sterns mind Jenny was humiliated, but, while not relishing the nudity or exposure, she had twice been erotically stimulated to with-in an ace of coming, so, in her mind, a fair swap.

Phase two was for the slap to his face. Stern had returned the blow twenty fold. He thought Jenny's almost constant moaning was in torment but we know that in reality Jenny secretly got quite turned on by a good spanking (See Jenny at the Spa). Stern may have been a small-minded, arrogant misogynist, but by Christ, the guy could spank for England. Jenny had been moaning with growing erotic excitement and she wished Stern had carried on warming her ass and not stopped when he did.

Phase three was, to Stern's twisted mind, the most insidious part of his plan. Jenny's slap to his face was as nothing compared to the slap to his dignity and so required special retribution. In Stern world he could change the way someone thought and so he was hoping to turn Jenny to the dark side of S & M. (One day you will call me master, Obewan). He thought he could connect pain and sexual excitement in her mind and lead her to become one of his harem in the Society. (What a twat, I'm beginning to hate this guy and I invented the fucker. Don't worry folks he gets his comeuppance at the end). Unfortunately for him if you mentioned psychological domination or submissiveness to Jenny she would probably think they were running second and third to Sadomasochism in that race at Kempton, so the chance of his plan working was zero.

Jenny's breathing had slowed. The spanking had started her up the climb to orgasm but the pause for me to explain all this stuff to you, the reader, had allowed her to rest and calm herself. 'OK start phase three ladies, bring her back to the boil'. Commanded Stern.

Miss Bynder was a superb dominatrix but she also had one other attribute much prized by her clients. She possessed a tongue of prodigious length and dexterity. She could nearly reach her own eye with it. She released the clip holding Jenny's ankles together and gently prized her legs apart. Moving forward between them she reached up to Jenny's blushing pink ass and moved the thong from between her cheeks and to the side. Then with a hand prizing apart each cheek she extended her prehensile tongue as far as she could and prepared to strike.

Mrs. Payne meanwhile had reached for the clasp at Jenny's back. She released it and the stretched bra sprang apart and shot off like a released rubber band. Turning on her back she raised Jenny slightly and wormed her way under her shoulders until Jenny's head rested between her breasts. This meant that her head rested between Jenny's tits and for a second she thought she'd gone deaf. Jenny's breasts were a sight to behold. The rubber bra had compressed the flesh but extended the nipples so that they looked like two German First World War helmets. Two round domes with two-inch purple spikes rising from the middle. Mrs. Payne waited ready for what she knew was coming. Jenny's body suddenly stiffened and started to rise. Mrs. Payne grabbed the huge globular tits before her and pressed them together.

The cause of Jenny's reaction was the invasion of her asshole by the four-inch tongue of Miss Bynder who had driven forward and penetrated Jenny's butt. Back and forth she plunged her tongue in and out while holding on to her Jenny's bucking body. Mrs. Payne pressed Jenny's tits together harder until the extended nipples touched. She then opened her lips wide and stuffed as much of the nipples, areolas and tit flesh as she could into her mouth. Gently bringing her teeth together she began to softly gnaw on Jenny's areolas.

Giles Stern watched carefully as his lieutenants worked on Jenny's body. His plan required that the girls only brought her back up just short of orgasm. The next step would push her over into his world. It only took thirty seconds of his girl's attentions to build Jenny back up again. 'Stop' ordered Stern. Mrs. Payne froze and stopped worrying Jenny's tits but remained with them stuffed in her mouth. Miss Bynder withdrew her tongue from Jenny's asshole and sat back on her haunches. Stern produced an efficient looking vibrator from his pocket. He gently inserted it into Jenny's, now very well lubricated vagina, and replaced the thong to keep it in place.

'OK girls lets do it' he said. 'Here's your reward for crossing me Mrs. Richards'. On the final word he flicked the switch on the vibrator, which hummed busily into life. Jenny's body jerked as she felt the effect deep in her pussy. At the same time Mrs. Payne renewed her attack on Jenny's tits, now massaging them with her hands as well as chewing on the areolas in her mouth. Her tongue joined the attack lashing back and forth over Jenny's captive nipples.

Stern and Miss Bynder joined forces, and like rail workers driving a spike, started to rain down fast, hard alternate slaps on Jenny's buttocks. Stern SLAP left. Miss Bynder SLAP right. SLAP left. SLAP right, left, right, left, right. It took less than ten seconds for the combined assault on all of Jenny's senses to drive her over the top into a mind-blowing orgasm. 'Mmmmmmmm'. The burning of her ass cheeks, the deep vibration in her cunt and the stimulation of her breasts combined to push her into the biggest explosion of pure pleasure her body had ever endured. The spanking, vibrating and tit mauling continued keeping her at the apex of exquisite pain and pleasure. Her moans filled the air as the mind numbing bliss continued to pervade her whole body.

Gradually her climax subsided and the assault halted. Jenny's sweat covered, limp body shivered with aftershocks as Stern switched off the vibrator and slowly extracted it from her pussy. The room was silent for many seconds. The only sound the rasping of Jenny's breath as she breathed through her nose.

'On the table with her please ladies' said Stern. Jenny was lifted from Sterns lap and half dragged half carried to an office desk nearby. They laid her dazed body face up on the table with her ass on the edge. Her bound arms made her unmoving upper body bow, forcing her red and excited boobs toward the ceiling. Mrs. Payne then pulled the Velcro sides of the rubber panties Jenny was wearing and snatched then away. 'Right Mrs. Richards, you've had your pleasure, now it's my turn. Spread her girls'. He commanded. They seized an ankle each and dragged Jenny's legs in opposite directions. Stern had unzipped himself and dragged out his dick. He approached the unresponsive form looking down at her wide-open pussy readying himself for the final act in his plan. His final act of domination. He would prove his superiority and turn poor Jenny into his submissive slave.

The room filled with a cacophony of noise as the Fire Alarm blazed into life. Stern stood stunned with his dick in his hand. What the hell was going on? Did he have time to complete his grand scheme? His balls were ready to explode. He was so near it would only take seconds but he hesitated caught between his desire to prove his ultimate mastery over the girl who humiliated him and his need for flight. His basic cowardice kicked in and he turned and ran for the door leaving Jenny and the girls to their fate. (What a swine. I'm really mad now I'm going to stick it to this asshole real good by the end you see if I don't).

Luckily the girl's were made of sterner stuff. They lifted Jenny up and freed her arms. Then slapping her face gently to revive her somewhat they led her out into the corridor. They didn't want to be seen leading a naked blonde out of the building, there would be to many questions, so they pushed a still dazed Jenny in the direction of the front door, turned and legged it toward the rear of the building.

Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air. The running women rounded a corner to find Giles Stern writhing on the floor clutching his groin. He'd been running and, at the same time, trying to stuff his still erect member back in his pants, while groaning with a severe case of blue balls. He thought he had accomplished it and savagely dragged his zipper skyward only to find his dick still in the way. The teeth had chewed through an inch of flesh before stopping. (There. Told you I get the bastard. But wait, there's more). Both girls, remembering how he'd fled and left them, ran past him laughing.

Meanwhile Jenny was staggering down the corridor toward the exit. She reached up and undid the buckles behind her head and spat the gag from her mouth. Seeing the front doors she headed toward them just as the building sprinklers activated. The water cascaded down on poor Jenny although the cold liquid hitting her scarlet bottom felt quite nice.

The talk in the canteen for the next two weeks would be dominated by everyone's first impressions when they saw the blonde with the big hooters (as she was known to most of the men) emerge into the light. What had she been doing, and more importantly, who had she been doing it with, when the fire drill had interrupted them. The rumors would spread and were given even more credence when Giles Stern didn't return to work, even after 2 weeks off sick.

As Jenny exited the building she saw all the other people who had responded to the fire drill and gave a little scream. This had the exact opposite effect to the one she wanted as every one of the hundred or so heads swung round to stare at the source of the noise. They all saw Jenny's magnificent naked body, in nothing more than black stockings and suspenders, dripping wet, glistening in the sunlight. If one of the women from her original team hadn't rushed up and thrown a coat round her there would have been a riot.

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Jenny was driven home and luckily John was still out at work so she had time to recover and prepare herself without having to explain to him why she was returning from work practically naked. After a long hot bath she would greet John as if nothing had happened. Jenny assumed that if she had had to tell him about her ordeal he would have gone looking for Stern and beaten the crap out of him. (Of course we know he might also have shaken him by the hand but Jenny didn't know that). She also thought she was fortunate that John didn't comment when she spent the whole evening standing up. She'd looked at herself in the mirror and thought 'The last time I saw an arse that red it was attached to the back of a baboon').

Later that night Jenny lay on her side in bed, staring at the face of her peacefully sleeping husband, mulling over the events of the day. On the down side she'd been stripped, displayed, soaked, and humiliated in public. But on the other hand she'd been masturbated to within an ace of climax, twice, spanked by a master of the art, and forced to endure the greatest orgasmic pleasure her body had ever experienced. So just another ordinary day in Jenny world then.

She remembered when she had returned home. She had quickly discarded the few items she was still wearing before scrubbing herself to get rid of the odd rubber smell. Later she'd thrown the shoes, stockings and suspender belt in the trash but after some thought she kept the other items.

The six clothe cuffs that had been secured around her wrists, upper arms and ankles were now hidden at the bottom of her underwear drawer. 'Perhaps I'll model them for John one day' she thought impishly, 'if he's good that is'.

Jenny had only closed her eyes for a couple of minutes when her lips bent in a small smile. She'd just remembered it was John's birthday in a couple of weeks, lucky man. With a contented purr she drifted off to sleep the sleep of the innocent and of the incredibly sexually sated.

Epilogue.

Jenny didn't know it but she wasn't the last person to leave the company building that day. That honour had gone to Mr. Albert Black, a security guard. Albert usually worked the front desk, greeting and checking employees and visitors into the building each morning. He would often see Jenny and the twins bouncing merrily towards him at the start of the working day. He, like all the male employees, had instantly fallen in lust with her and this was only helped by Jenny's sweet beaming smile and cherry 'Hello' each morning. On the fateful day Albert had been asked to do some over-time in the control room and to monitor the security CCTV cameras. Imagine his delight when the first image he saw from the newly installed high-definition camera in room 101 was Jenny dressed in only a slip. He'd immediately whacked (pun intended) a new tape in the video machine and set it going. He was even more amazed when Jenny kept disappearing and re-appearing in ever-smaller items of underwear and it wasn't long before he was busily playing with his joystick. (and another pun intended). He zoomed in and out trying to catch as much detail as he could and he was lucky to be filming a close up of Jenny's backside when she was bent over and double handed by the two supervisors. (There's few frames he'll be playing in slo-mo for years to come). He became somewhat concerned when Jenny was restrained and fondled by five of the women but, hey, he's a guy so he let them have their fun. His Joystick was being given a real work out by now. (As is mine actually, please forgive the wobbly writing. Oh the old ones are the best).

He was surprised when Giles Stern entered the room. Just like practically every other person in the company Albert hated Giles Stern. No one should be able to talk to him like that and he'd sworn that one day he'd get even. He grew even more concerned as the scene played out and Jenny was spanked and brought to orgasm but it was only when it became clear that Stern was about to commit the ultimate violation of Albert's dream girl that he hit the Fire alarm. He watched as they all left the building and then went to make sure Jenny was safe. He watched as she staggered out of the front door into the light before returning to the control room.

He left work later that day, whistling a merry tune, with a padded envelope in his pocket. The tape was going to keep him warm during many a long winter's night he was sure. The other reason for his happiness was the fact that he'd made sure to get as many clear shots of the face of Giles Stern on the tape as possible. In a short while he'd write an anonymous letter to Mr. Stern demanding a small fortune to keep the tape from being sent to the cops or published on the net. Albert Black would get his wish. He'd get his revenge on Giles Stern. He'd bleed the bastard dry before he was finished.

Two weeks later Giles Stern sat on his sofa in his tiny apartment stony faced and deeply depressed. He had received a letter from work telling him he'd been sacked for gross breach of security procedures when it was discovered he'd signed in seven unknown females without authorization. He could still remember the laughter of the nurses when he'd staggered into the outpatients with his dick, deflated and bleeding copiously, trapped in the teeth of his fly zipper. He'd nearly screamed the place down when a ham-fisted doctor hadn't bothered with anesthetic when freeing his member and inserting sixteen stitches. He had also, after his lieutenants had told how he had fled leaving them to burn, been black balled from the Whips and Chains Society. In a normal club this involves members placing either a white ball, for acceptance, or a black ball, for rejection, in a bag and if any of the balls are found to be black the application is refused. In an S & M club they tended to take a more literal view of black balling so Giles Sterns groin injuries were even worse than they had been. The final straw was the padded envelope lying by his side. It had arrived that morning. His life was in tatters. All this trouble because he'd pinched a girl's bum. Giles Stern had never felt so alone in his life.