Laura’s New Job

I

Laura brushed out her thick brown hair and pulled it back into sensible

ponytail. It fell to the middle of her back. She wiggled into her last

good pair of nude pantyhose. She had on a sensible bra and panties. She

slipped on her burgundy sweater dress and a pair of sensible black pumps

with a four-inch heel. She checked herself in the mirror, touched up her

lip-gloss, and headed out for her second job interview with Mr. Karl

Straus.

Laura was surprised that she had gotten the second interview. She had

worked at a small specialty store at the mall that sold leotards, tights,

and some lingerie. The mall owner raised the rent, and the storeowner

closed the place. Laura was unemployed. At nineteen, sharing a small

apartment with a friend, Laura needed a job quickly. It was her month to

pay the rent.

Laura had gone to the job fair at the local Ramada. She wore a

conservative navy skirt and a pale blue blouse. She circulated around the

various tables, filling out applications and submitting her resume. Most

of human resources people at the tables gave her brief interviews and

thanked her for her interest. After two hours of this, she took a break

for lunch, and went back. Her first stop was at Mr. Straus table.

She was a bit surprised that Mr. Straus expressed interest. Karl

Straus ran a very, very exclusive antiques and art shop. None of the items

had prices on them; it was the type of place where, if you had to ask the

price, you couldn't afford the item. Karl Straus had been in business in

town for ten years and had been successful. His help was knowledgeable and

intelligent. Laura was surprised that he would consider a nineteen-year

old woman. He interviewed her for thirty minutes, and requested a second

interview at the shop one week later, at six pm. Laura jumped at the

chance.

Laura arrived ten minutes early. She was ushered, by the secretary, to

Mr. Straus's office. She waited quietly and sipped some water. After a

few minutes, Mr. Straus emerged from his office proper and guided her to a

seat opposite his desk. He instructed the secretary that he was not to be

disturbed. Then he smiled, read her resume a bit, and began.

"Now, Laura," said Karl Straus, "the job is very simple, really. You

dress the way you are now, in a business sort of style. Your job will be

to greet the customers. You must be polite and considerate at all times.

If a customer becomes nasty, you refer them to one of my salespeople or to

myself. Understood?"

"Yes, Mr. Straus."

"You will be required to greet the customer and offer them wine, coffee,

or tea. We keep a selection of three reds and three whites, as well as

four premium teas and coffee. You will also be required to keep the cups,

saucers, and utensils clean. Can you handle that?"

"Yes, Mr. Straus," answered Laura politely. She really wanted, and

needed, this job. "So, I will be, in effect, a sort of high class receptionist?"

"Yes, that is the idea," said Mr. Straus. "Of course, if you manage to

make a sale, you will get full commission. And I am willing to train you

as a salesperson if we have an opening. Otherwise, your function is to

guide the customer to the salesperson and let them make the sale.

Understood?"

Laura nodded. She was pretty certain she could handle this. And she

knew that some of this material was really expensive. The commission, if

she did make a sale, would come in handy.

"Now," said Karl Straus, lowering his tone of voice, "there is one other

duty the job requires."

"Yes?" asked Laura. She did want the job.

"Once every other week or so," continued Karl, his voice low but his

manner very businesslike, "I will require you, after the store has closed

and the other employees have left, to come into my office and undress. You

will get naked. Then I will spank you. It will not be harsh, but it will

leave you with a red bottom."

Laura blinked and gulped. "A spanking, Mr. Straus? Well, I am not so

sure." Laura had not been spanked since she was a little girl.

"Yes," continued Karl, not changing his tone of voice at all. "Why do

you think the job pays so well? One would hardly pay a receptionist, even

a very pretty and classy one such as yourself, all that money for just,

well, being a receptionist."

"But a spanking? Really, Mr. Straus!"

"Yes, a spanking, and a bit of touch-feely." Karl continued on. "You

see, it is something I enjoy immensely, but my wife will not permit me to

spank her. She disapproves. But she does not object to my hiring, and

spanking, a young receptionist as long as I do not have sex with her. And,

of course, it must be discrete. Are you interested? You may take a week

to think the job offer over if you wish."

Laura smiled, thanked Karl Straus, and asked for a few days to consider

it. She went home, laughing inside and barely able to contain herself. A

spanking! No wonder the job paid as well as it did. But she needed the

money, and she could start saving for a new car on the salary paid by Karl

Strauss alone. After two days, she stopped at the store and informed Karl

she would accept the position. The agreed on a start date, and Karl

advanced her some money to buy some nice clothing.

II

Laura started work ten days after her interview. She liked the job.

She liked greeting the customers, engaging in small talk, and serving them

a beverage. Then she would point them in the direction of a salesperson.

The store was doing well. She had not yet made a sale herself, but she was

encouraged to try by both Karl and the sales personnel. And the computer

database, which had listings and requested pricings of all paintings,

sculptures, and other objects of art was easy to manipulate. Laura was

enjoying herself.

It was late Wednesday afternoon, and Laura had been on the job a little

more than two weeks. Karl Straus asked her to stay after closing and

report to the office after she locked the door. By five-fifteen, all of

the staff had gone home for the evening. Laura locked the doors and headed

for Mr. Straus's office.

"Well, then," said Mr. Straus, smiling as she entered, "it's time for

that little extra activity I am paying you for. Since this is your first

time, I will go a little easy on you. Undress, please."

Laura took a deep breath and presented her back to Karl Straus. She was

wearing a sweater dress; he had to unzip it. As Laura first stepped out of

her shoes, and then her dress, she noticed Karl was placing a selection of

paddles and straps on his desk. He smiled up at her standing there in her

bra, panty, and pantyhose and said, "Ah, lovely!"

Laura continued to undress. She felt a bit silly, but she had agreed.

She decided to wait to see how she felt after the spanking. She could

always quit tomorrow. When she was nude, she stood and faced Mr. Straus.

"You are lovely," said Mr. Straus, as he gave each nipple a little

tweak. "This won't be so terrible. You are indulging my fetish, which is

a bit of humiliation. Now, get on all fours."

Laura got on all fours. Just when she hit the floor, Karl gave her two

solid swats on each cheek with his hand. Laura jumped. He gave her one

more on each cheek and then rubbed.

"Not too bad, is it?" he enquired.

"Your hand hurts," said Laura.

Karl responded by giving her a solid whack on each cheek with his hand,

and then picked up a small leather strap. He gave her a few whacks with

the strap and then rested it on the small of her back.

"You've done this before, haven't you?" he asked. "The strap stings a

bit. But we can try other implements until you find one you like."

"No, Mr. Straus, I haven't," said Laura, squirming. "The strap is not

too bad, though."

Karl gave her a few more with the strap, smiling as the girl shivered.

He put the strap down, picked up the paddle, and rubbed it over her mound.

He was delighted when she gasped and squirmed. Then he gave her a few with

the paddle.

"You see?" he said. "Not too terrible, is it? Let's get you into a

different position and then we will try another tool."

Karl had Laura stand up. He gave her two whacks with the paddle, as she

was standing, and then a rub while he had her hold her hands on her head.

He pinched her nipples and then had her lean on the desk with her legs

spread. He picked up another strap, this one a little larger, and began to

rub it over the insides of her thighs.

"You see?" he said, as he tickled her mound a bit with his fingers. "I

do so enjoy this little fetish. A little spank and a little play never

hurt anyone. Let's try this a bit."

Laura squirmed when she felt the nipple pinches, squirmed more when he

rubbed her thighs, and then gasped and wiggled when he played. But she

jumped and shouted when he smacked her backside with the strap.

Laura really didn't know how many she got or how long she was spanked.

She squirmed, gasped, and wiggled with each swat from the strap. Karl was

pleased with the nice red glow on her bottom, the jiggle of her breasts,

and the way she squirmed when he touched her. He especially liked the way

she would pick up a foot after each swat.

Karl Straus decided a few more with the strap, a bit of a play on the

mound and then he would stop. He gave the girl five more, teased her mound

with his fingers, and then had her stand in front of the desk with her

hands on her head, legs slightly spread. Perhaps she would make it all the

way to the cane someday.

"You see," said Karl, teasing her nipples a bit, "I do enjoy this so.

It isn't all that terrible, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Laura replied, while curling her toes.

"We can try other implements at another session," said Karl, as he

traced a line with his fingers down her tummy and over her mound. He

inserted a finger and teased a bit, very satisfied with the fact that the

girl rose to her toes when he played down there. "Also, we could try

different positions. And I could put balm on your bottom, which prolongs

the sting. Interested?"

Laura managed to sputter a "Yes, Mr. Straus." It was hard for her to

keep control with his finger swirling inside of her.

Karl pulled out his finger and got the girl some water. The two talked

while she drank it. Then Laura got dressed. They left the shop together,

Karl going to his car and Laura catching the bus.

Laura could not stop smiling all the way back to her apartment. That

was fun. Sure, it stung. But she was so aroused. She decided to keep the

job. And she was looking forward to her next session.