Mandy's New Job - Part 1

**Little Joe**

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Mandy's New Job

For Mandy the job was the dream of a lifetime come true. She had actually landed a job. Not the usual temping job, but a real job, she was to be PA to one of the most renowned authors of the age, the famous Tessa McDonald; scourge of the mediocre, scourge also of her PA’s if her reputation was anything to go by. But Mandy didn’t mind that. She was working for a real author; she’d get to meet real literary people; she’d get to meet publishers. It was so exciting, and the money wasn’t bad either. Indeed the money was bloody good. Much more than she’d expected on a three month temporary contract. People told her that Tessa was a harridan. But Mandy didn’t mind that, she was Church of England herself, but she knew that it took all sorts.

Tessa looked approvingly at Mandy. At twenty-three years old Mandy was slightly taller than average, of slim build with short almost black hair and an attractive, if not exactly pretty face. Her eyes were brown, but her nose was perhaps a little too pert for her to be really attractive. Tessa looked at her with satisfaction. She particularly liked the way she stood with her mouth slightly open all the time, as if perennial surprised by what was going on. It was, Tessa thought, a sure sign of gullibility, and that was just what Tessa was looking for.

Tessa’s office was big and sumptuous, at the back of her large house out in the country. Tessa sat behind a big oak desk, her computer in front of her. She was a woman still in her mid-thirties, who had obviously had some talent to progress so far in such a short time. She power dressed in smart suits and wore her hair up in a severe fashion. She was a woman who was used to power. She was a woman who enjoyed exercising power. She made it quite plain to Mandy from the first day that she paid well because she expected total loyalty and total service. Mistakes were not to be tolerated if Mandy wished to keep her job.

And Mandy did try. She did try very hard. She did her best, even though her best wasn’t always very good. And Tessa was very demanding. Mandy was to do everything a PA would normally do, and much more. Not just keep her diary, or arrange her travel or answer the phone, or make sure her post got dealt with. She was expected to run little errands, take the dog for a walk, make the tea (one spoonful of Lapsang Souchong and one slice of lemon in a china cup) and iron her underwear if necessary. Indeed she seemed to be a PA and personal slave all rolled into one.

It was not surprising therefore that little mistakes did sometimes happen - like that fateful Monday morning when she had been there just four weeks. She had arranged a flight and accommodation for Tessa to Paris for the weekend. She handed over the details, the flight, the hotel, the taxi. – all booked according to instructions, but Tessa looked at them and shrieked.

“What have you done, wretched girl?” she cried flinging the flight schedule back at her. Mandy stared back at the itinerary in disbelief. She’d booked Tessa in tourist class rather than business class. She apologised profusely; she rushed out; she was on the phone in seconds and some little time later all was rectified.

But Tessa was not to be mollified. Mandy had made a mistake. She was not to be trusted. How could she keep her on? She was only on a temporary contract - so Tessa said.

“Take your shoes and stockings off girl!” she snapped.

“What!”

“Are you deaf or something? Take your shoes and stockings off and give them to me!”

“But why?”

“Because I say so. Because you’re stupid and make stupid mistakes. And stupid people have to be punished.”

Mandy stood there in blank surprise, her mouth open even wider than usual. What was poor Mandy to do? This job was her dream of a lifetime. She couldn’t lose it just because of one silly mistake. And, well, taking her shoes and stockings off wasn’t much. Tessa must be right, she thought, Tessa was so clever. She put her teeth over her bottom lip, wriggled her shoes and stockings off and handed them over. Tessa locked them away in a cupboard.

“If you work for me and you make mistakes, you get punished,” said Tessa, “and you stay punished until I tell you. And if you don’t like it you can find another job”

Mandy didn’t want another job. She wanted this job. She didn’t want to be a temp again; she wanted to be a proper PA. Mandy realised she would have to accept the punishment, and the punishment was not to wear them again until Tessa gave her permission. She determined not to make any more mistakes.

But of course Mandy couldn’t help but make some mistakes. And two weeks later she was standing contrite in front of Tessa again after double booking an appointment in the diary.

She was still barefoot; she hadn’t even earned her shoes and stockings back, but she didn’t realise she was going to forfeit another piece of clothing.

“Your knickers,” Tessa held out her hand.

“What!” cried Mandy.

“You heard. If you don’t want to be punished. Don’t make mistakes.”

Mandy was horrified. Shoes and stockings were one thing, but to hand over her knickers! That was humiliating, and of course Tessa wanted it to be humiliating. That was the point of the punishment – to humiliate Mandy. But still the job was so good, and she just couldn’t go back to being a temp.

She made up her mind suddenly. It just wasn’t worthwhile losing this job, the sort of job she had craved for so long, just over a stupid pair of knickers. It wasn’t as if anybody else would know. Nobody was going to look up her skirt were they?

If she could just not make any more mistakes in two weeks time her probationary period would be up and she might get a permanent job.

And she managed it, right up to the very last day, and on the very last day she did something dreadful. She had prepared the cup of Lapsing Souchong exactly as required and carried it into Tessa’s office, but her hand was shaking so much with nerves on her last day that she spilled it, right over Tessa’s newly printed manuscript.

Tessa was livid. Mandy stood in front of her trembling with anxiety. She dreaded what article of clothing she might lose next. She didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“Your brassiere,” Tessa demanded.

Mandy hesitated again.

“Do you want this job or not?”

“Yes. Yes I do,” said Mandy, suddenly realising that this meant she would definitely get the permanent position and it would only mean losing her bra. It was not as if anyone would notice

She slipped it off and handed it over.

Tessa seemed to warm to Mandy after this. No more was said about the tea, or her being contradictory, and when Mandy got her new contract she was bowled over by the size of her salary. She’d be able to buy that little flat on the riverside development she loved so much, she only needed to get the 150% mortgage on six times her salary, and they were ten a penny.

All was sunshine and light at the office. Mandy had her flat. The new book was coming along nicely. There were no more mistakes, at least not for the first three months. Mandy might have bought her flat but she still had not been allowed to wear her underwear. Never mind, she felt she was sure to get her clothes back soon, but then disaster struck. It was the party for the launch of Tessa’s new book. The invitations were crucially important. It was important that the right people were there and equally important that the wrong people weren’t. And somehow Mandy got it wrong. Alison Grundy, columnist on the Daily Jupiter, who should have been in the ‘definitely not invited on any account’ list got on to the ‘definitely must be invited’ list. How it happened Mandy didn’t know. Perhaps it wasn’t her fault. Perhaps some hacker from the Jupiter got into her computer and moved the name. Mandy didn’t know, and Tessa didn’t seem to care. The lists were Mandy’s responsibility and Mandy would have to be punished.

Mandy stood in front of her, head bowed, tears forming in the corner of her eyes. She knew she was going to be out of a job. And how would she pay for her flat? The bank said it had already gone into negative equity. Mandy didn’t know what that meant, but it didn’t sound good. If she lost her job she’d be in debt for ever.

“Your skirt and blouse,” demanded Tessa

“What both?” said Mandy alarmed. She’d be left wearing nothing but her petticoat

“Considering what you did, think yourself lucky I didn’t ask for everything.”

It dawned on Mandy, with an extraordinary relief, that she wasn’t going to lose her job. All she had to do was hand over her skirt and blouse and just come to work in her petticoat and she’d still be earning money. She’d be able to keep her flat. The relief was so great it was almost palpable. She handed over her clothes.

She’d not make any more mistakes. In time she’d get her clothes back. Life was still good.

How wrong could she have been?

For Tessa it had been a triumph. She had set out to prove her claim and she had been proved right. She was going to expound it in her next book. She had claimed that you could get anybody to accept anything provided that you got them into a position of dependency and in particular if you took things slowly. One step at a time. If only the next step were just a little worse than the previous one then people would accept it if they had a strong enough motivation.

People in her literary circle had said she could never get her next PA to accept being stripped down to her petticoat within six months, and here she was. She had done it. She had the video to prove it. And it had all been so easy. Selecting the most gullible applicant for the post had been a master stroke.

So easy she thought, why should she stop there? Mandy was so gullible, why not see how far she would go. As an experiment, see how much punishment Mandy would accept before objecting. Not only punishment, but unjust punishment and embarrassment. If she gave her a strong enough upside. If she took it step by step.

She called it the Boiling Frog Theory. It was said that if you put a frog into boiling water it would leap straight out, but if you put it into cold water and slowly heated it the frog would accept the increasing heat and be boiled alive. Mandy had been put in cold water and the heat was being turned up. So far she had proved to be the perfect frog. Would she accept being boiled? Tessa thought she would and was determined to boil her as hard as she could to prove her theory.

Tessa was nice to Mandy for the next couple of weeks. Mandy’s punishment was never mentioned again and she really believed that that would be the end of it. Especially when Tessa gave her the great news. Tessa was going to Barbados for a month and Mandy was to go with her. It would be like a long expensive holiday at the best hotel on the island, and if Mandy could stay out of trouble that long, her punishments would be forgiven and she could have all the new clothes she wanted to take with her. For Mandy it was a dream come true. Something she had always longed to do but never in her wildest moments had dreamed she would be able to.

The fly was being dangled in front of Mandy the frog, and she took it in one gulp. But there was one fly in the ointment, as they say, that week. One morning Mandy went into Tessa’s office to see standing next to her a girl who looked as if she ought still to have been in school. She was about five foot two, had a baby face, wore a little pleated skirt that barely covered her bottom and spoke in a high rather immature voice.

“Mandy,” said Tessa, “meet Stacey, she’ll be joining us for a few week’s work experience. She is going to help you round the office”

Mandy didn’t really take to Stacey, but there was one good thing, she was unlikely to be punished while Stacey was there. On the other hand she was going to have to manage Stacey and that was going to be difficult when she was still only allowed to wear her petticoat.

“Why aren’t you properly dressed,” Stacey asked when they had left Tessa’s office.

“Just a whim of Tessa’s,” Mandy lied. It was the best she could do.

But she concentrated hard. She made no mistakes. She was going to get through. She was going to get her clothes back and go to Barbados, all would be well. How wrong she was to be, although indeed all seemed to be going well until one day she was summoned to Tessa’s office.

“Could you bring my ball gown through,” asked Tessa

“What ball gown?”

“The one I told you to pick up especially from the couturiers. I’ll need it for the dinner tonight.”

“You didn’t say anything to me about a gown.”

“Of course I did, stupid girl! Don’t lie to me.”

“But you didn’t,” protested Mandy,” she was sure Tessa had said nothing.”

“I will not stand deceit,” said Tessa. She knew full well that Mandy had been given no such instruction, but she wanted to see if Mandy would accept an unjust punishment in order to keep her longed-for holiday.

“Well,” went on Tessa, “seeing as you’ve deprived me of my clothes for this evening, it seems only fitting that you should go without your clothes until we go away.”

“What!” said Mandy

“I thought I’d made my self clear… You’re not allowed clothes. You can work naked until we leave. Hand over your petticoat. That is, if you want to go to Barbados.”

“But I can’t work naked. Not with Stacey here.”

“I can’t see why not. I’m sure she’s seen a naked woman before.”

“But it will be so embarrassing. Stacey is supposed to be working for me. I can’t let her see me in the nude?”

“You should have thought of that before you forgot about my dress. But of course if you don’t want to go to Barbados, I’m sure I can take Stacey with me. I’m sure she won’t forget to do things.”

Mandy was horrified. The thought of Stacey going to Barbados instead of her was insupportable, but it was all so unjust. She was sure she’d never been told to collect the dress, bit what could she do? Tessa smiled to herself. Would Mandy accept the embarrassment of being stripped in front of Stacey? She was sure she would.

Mandy stood in front of Tessa. She knew she was going to have to do it. She had no choice. Slowly she slipped her petticoat off, handed it to Tessa and stood there naked, shivering for a while. She just couldn’t go out there and face Stacey. How could she manage her? What could she say? But she just had to go to Barbados. She was going to have to do it. She screwed up all her courage and went out into the main part of the house. Stacey was in the kitchen making the coffee for Tessa’s morning break. She stared hard at Mandy.

“One of Tessa’s little whims,” was all Mandy could think of to say, but Stacey just looked at her.

“She told you to do it, didn’t she,” she said, “She told me she was gong to punish you.”

“It’s not a punishment,” blustered Mandy

“You’ve got to stay in the nude until you go away. She told me. She asked me if I minded. I said I thought it was funny. If it’s not a punishment go and put your clothes back on”

Mandy was totally humiliated. She couldn’t get dressed. She had to let Stacey see her nude, and Stacey knew she was being punished. Stacey would be unmanageable now.

Mandy's New Job - Part 2

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“But,” Mandy kept saying to herself, “I’m going to go to Barbados. In a couple of weeks it will all be over. Stacey will have finished her work experience. She’ll be miles away and I’ll be going on holiday.”

This thought comforted her. She wouldn’t make any objection to being nude. She’d just have to get through the weeks as best she could.

But Stacey became insufferable. She wouldn’t do as she was told and Tessa just seemed to indulge her. Stacey never seemed to be punished. Mandy supposed it was because she was on work experience.

Tessa was pleased with progress. Mandy had accepted her humiliating punishment with hardly an objection; things could be moved on soon.

Mandy was exasperated with Stacey. She was supposed to do the coffee in the mornings, but Mandy had to remind her continually, but it was so difficult when she was naked and Stacey knew she was being punished. She had no authority left. Even so the next time Mandy reprimanded Stacey in the kitchen she was astonished at what happened. Stacey picked up a coffee cup and deliberately dropped it, smashing it on the floor.

Mandy was incensed, but then she realised, this was her chance to get rid of Stacey. She just had to tell Tessa and surely Stacey would be out the door by the end of the day.

She marched quickly to Tessa’s room, almost forgetting for the moment that she was still naked. She burst in.

“Stacey’s just deliberately smashed a coffee cup!” she announced suddenly.

Tessa did not look pleased. She did not like to be interrupted.

“What’s that to do with me,” she said, “Stacey is your responsibility.”

“How can I manage her when you make me go round naked and tell her that I’m being punished?”

Tessa looked mollified. A bit.

“Well, if she’s deliberately smashed a cup she’ll have to go, but you’d better be telling the truth or it will be the worse for you.”

Poor Mandy was distraught; Tessa wouldn’t even believe the simplest thing.

They made their way to the kitchen

“Well, where’s the smashed cup then?” demanded Tessa

“She must have swept it up," said Mandy

“Stacey, did you deliberately break a cup?”

“No Miss,” replied Stacey, “I never broke anything

“Well we’ll soon see who’s telling the truth,” said Tessa," show me all the cups Stacey. If there’s one missing we’ll know who’s to blame.”

Mandy was horrified; Tessa would rather believe Stacey than her.

Stacey opened the cupboard door. All the cups were there.

“B.... but, I saw her smash one,” stammered Mandy

And of course Tessa knew full well that she had. For unknown to Mandy, Stacey was a plant, not sixteen at all, but a young looking twenty-one and deliberately taken on to embarrass Mandy and set her up for her next punishment. Stacey was an integral part of the plot and always had been.

“Enough of these lies,” said Tessa, “you’ve deliberately tried to get Stacey into trouble, into serious trouble. I’ll leave the punishment up to Stacey, as she is the injured party.”

Stacey knew a bit about punishment. Far from being the innocent girl she had been playing all the time, Tessa had found her on the internet advertised as ‘Miss Stacey – Punishment and Correction’. Indeed punishment and correction was her profession and Stacey was being paid handsomely to administer it. It must be said in Stacey’s defence that she believed Mandy to be complicit in the plot. She had been told it was an elaborate role play and Mandy enjoyed being punished for alleged misdemeanours.

She was therefore only too ready to treat Mandy to a punishment she would really enjoy.

Stacey gave her an evil smile

“Bend over,” she instructed “arms straight, legs straight, bottom in the air,” and she and she patted Mandy’s bottom as if in demonstration of what was to come.

Mandy looked on in horror at Stacey. Surely she wasn’t going to get a spanking from Stacey, not from this sixteen year old who was supposed to be her helper. But the implication was obvious.

Mandy looked at Tessa beseechingly. Tessa was unmoved.

“Either Stacey comes to Barbados, or you do. If you want to come, accept your punishment. You deserve it. And apologise to Stacey”

What was Mandy to do? She felt hopelessly cowed by the fact that she was naked in front of the other two, that Tessa believed Stacey ahead of her, and that Stacey was looking at her with a triumphant look in her eyes. She couldn’t bear the thought of Stacey going to Barbados instead of her. And all she’d have to do was to be spanked on the bottom. Obviously she’d been spanked on the bottom before, what girl of twenty-three hadn’t enjoyed a spanking, she said to herself, but this time Stacey would be spanking her, and that would be just too embarrassing. And arms and legs stretched like that was hard to maintain, there would be no comfort even between spanks.

But Stacey would be gone by next week. It would all be over. She’d be in Barbados; what was that against a spanked bottom.

She bent over, arms straight, legs straight, bottom high.

Swish. The first strokes struck, one on the left cheek, then one on the right and Mandy felt a stinging and burning in her bottom. Stacey was a past master at spanking. The buttocks held taut in this position were an inviting target and one that could be used to the maximum effect.

“Count down,” instructed Stacey, “that’s twelve”

“Twelve,” muttered Mandy almost inaudibly, and only then did she realise the implication. She was to receive twelve spanks on the bare behind.

“Louder! And you’re supposed to say you’re sorry,” commanded Stacey.

Mandy gritted her teeth and allowed the spanks to fall.

“Twelve, sorry Stacey,”

“Eleven…

Her bottom was burning but she tried not to shout out. That would be too embarrassing.

Ten, nine…

Stacey was landing the blows accurately so that each fell on an already red and tender bottom.

“Ouch! Six. Sorry Stacey”

The involuntary yelps went on until. “Ouch! Three! Sorry Stacey,” Mandy yelped.

Stacey was enjoying herself. She loved her work, and she laid in with a will. How pleased Mandy would be with her efforts.

Two more strokes, that was all, the effort to maintain the position and leave her bottom exposed was enormous, but she just kept thinking of her holiday. Only two more strokes and she could go. She yelped and she yelped, and she crumpled at the knees, but each time the thought of the holiday kept her going, she regained the position, stuck out her bottom and waited for the next blow.

Then at last it was over; her bottom was stinging. But she had done it. She had got through. Next week Stacey would be gone and she could go to Barbados, or so she thought.

Tessa smiled, her theory was even stronger than she thought. Mandy, stripped naked, had accepted an embarrassing twelve spanks on her bare bottom without demur delivered by what she thought was a sixteen year old girl. If she would accept that would she accept more? She had one final plan to test Mandy to the limit. Stacey would stay on for another two weeks, till the last day before they left for Barbados. Then they would see.

Mandy was annoyed that Stacey was staying on until the Barbados trip. But what could she do. She only had the final two weeks of being naked with Stacey to put up with, and then she’d be gone. Since Stacey had pulled that trick on her she was terrified of having anything more to do with Stacey, but secretly she still hoped to catch her, to show Tessa that she’d been wrong, that she hadn’t lied. Not that Stacey made it easy for her, her bottom was still red, and until she was allowed her clothes back at the end of the week, on view every day. Stacey laughed at her when she had to sit down, and took every opportunity to slap her tender bottom when it was exposed.

But by the end of the week at least it was starting to recover and by the day before the holiday it was back to normal and Mandy was in high spirits. Tomorrow she would be on holiday in Barbados and Stacey would be gone. But she still yearned to be revenged on Stacey. Stacey had set her up and Stacey had taken full advantage.

Then a golden opportunity seemed to present itself. Tessa sent her one day into her bedroom to fetch her lipstick, and there was Stacey rummaging among Tessa’s things. Mandy watched her secretly from the door and saw Stacey take out one of Tessa’s rings and secret it in her pocket.

Mandy was triumphant. At last she had Stacey. She’d not get away with it this time. She rushed to Tessa and told her that Stacey was a thief and if she went now she’d catch her. She described exactly which ring Stacey had taken.

Tessa smiled inwardly; Mandy had taken the bait, just as she knew she would. Mandy was about to be boiled. Stacey was summoned and questioned. She denied taking the ring. Offered to be searched, and of course no ring was found in her pocket. When Tessa’s bedroom was searched the ring was still there.

Of course it had all been staged. Mandy had been set up so as to be ‘guilty’ again of trying to frame Stacey, to give Stacey a reason to spank Mandy again, and this time Tessa wanted to see just how much Mandy would take to protect her holiday.

Mandy knew what would be coming. She would have to endure another spanking to keep her holiday. Stacey was Tessa’s golden girl. She could do no wrong, and she would have to be given her retribution. But the holiday was tomorrow. Mandy had been excited by it for weeks. The idea of having it dashed from her lips at the last minute. The idea that Stacey would go instead of her could not be borne. She knew that Stacey would give her a hard spanking but she just had to put up with it. She wasn’t surprised when she was told to bend over again. To bend over for Stacey was embarrassing, but what could she do? She bent over as instructed in front of Stacey and waited for her punishment.

Then Stacey told her to kneel on Tessa’s desk on all fours so that she was looking straight at Tessa. She looked at Tessa her mouth open.

Tessa looked back at her. The time had come to boil the water, to see exactly how much she would take. She took out of her drawer a little spanking paddle. She handed it to Stacey.

“This is your last chance,” she said to Mandy, “if you take Stacey’s punishment, you can come to Barbados. You can tell her to stop at any time, but if you do, Stacey comes instead of you.”

But she didn’t say how many strokes, and this time neither did Stacey. Mandy would never know how many strokes she was to receive.

Stacey patted the bare bottom with the paddle. Of course there was no set number of strokes. She had been told not to stop until Mandy begged her to; only that way could Tessa know where her breaking point was.

Mandy, kneeling, heard the swish of the paddle and felt the stinging in her bottom as it landed, it was even worse than the last time. How many could she bear? She resolved to go to twenty at least…. But even at twenty she thought of Barbados! Could she really let Stacey go in her place?

Tessa watched as Mandy knelt there with her mouth open, opening wider with almost a look of surprise every time her bottom was spanked. Tessa gazed at Mandy’s face amazed at how right her theory had been. Tessa felt almost intoxicated by the sense of power it gave her. She, Tessa, was having this silly girl spanked, and spanked and spanked, and she was accepting it purely because Tessa had told her to. Mandy was being well and truly boiled and Tessa was really enjoying it…