**Paying for College**

by[Salacious\_Scribe](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5123166&page=submissions)©

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**Prologue**

Mr. James was a private person. Few people knew his name or his wealth. He was also lonely, he had few friends and no sexual partners. He felt ashamed of his sexual proclivities, which were somewhat unusual. When he did allow himself to be intimate with a woman, he always regretted it. His desires were rarely fulfilled leaving his feeling empty and out of sorts.

One day he was meeting with the CEO of a software company he recently acquired, and he met Maria. Maria was a college senior and worked part-time as a gofer. When he first met her, he wondered what she'd looked like naked.

He started spending a lot of time at that particular company, and he always asked Maria to work with him. They would start early in the morning, and not stop until well after dinner.

One night there was an unavoidable social event, and his 'escort' had to cancel. The service didn't have anyone available on short notice, so he came up with an idea...

"Maria, are you available to accompany me to a gala at The Met, tonight?"

"I could if I had time to get my hair done, and owned an appropriate gown," she told her employer.

Three hours later Mr. James was the proud owner of a salon, and Maria's hair looked stunning. She also had her nails done and was trying on dresses at Georgio Armani.

Once she selected her ensemble, she changed and strutted out of the dressing room. She was the perfect date, lovely cultured, at ease with the rich and famous, and beautiful. Mr. James knew that he would invite her to his home at the end of the evening.

After the Gala, the went to his Park Avenue Penthouse he used while in Manhattan. They spent the night doing things to each other. Unspeakable things! Unspeakable things, she enjoyed.

The next afternoon, they were still naked in bed. Their bodies needed to recover from a morning of more unspeakable things.

"Mr. James, can we have a serious conversation," Maria asked.

Releasing her small breast with the extra-long nipples he looked into her eyes and nodded.

"I love working with you! But, working full time, going to school full time, and now being your lover, is too much for one person. If you let me, I can find a few other girls to help out so nothing suffers."

Soon, Maria was overseeing Robin the Junior, Layla the sophomore, and Rita the freshman. Mr. James had never been happier or more satiated in his life.

**Ch. 01 The New Girl**

Stanford Phillip James VIII woke up on his favorite day of the year. Today was Freshman Orientation at his Alma Mater. Hundreds of girls would receive their Orientation package, with a help wanted ad. 'His help wanted ad' for a new personal assistant. He lay in bed smiling, wondering how long it would take to find, hire, and train his newest personal assistant.

After his usual morning routine, he went to the sun porch off his private office for breakfast. Cassie, his de facto senior assistant, had put the final touches on his breakfast table. She would wear the Junior Assistant uniform until he hired a Freshman assistant. Then she would get promoted to senior

Mr. James sat down to eat, and peruse the latest financial, and political news. As he was reading the Journal, Cassie, crawled under the table, fished out his cock and started giving him a blow job. It was one of the things Mr. James required at least one of his assistants to do every morning.

He smiled as she swallowed his cock, delighting in the anticipation of the hiring process. The shy awkwardness of the first call. The nervous energy at the initial interview. The excitement when he explains the compensation package. The puppy-like eagerness to please him to get the job. Then finally, selecting the perfect girl, and teaching her what the job entailed.

As Cassie started to lick his balls, Amber, who was about to replace Cassie as his Junior assistant, walked in. She wore her uniform and carried some documents needing his signature. She set them down, far from anything that might spill on them before she joined her coworker under the table.

They had been working together for three years. Mr. James thought they were two of the best assistants he'd had since Maria had hired Robin, 15 years ago.

Mr. James put down his tablet and picked up the last strip of bacon. He chewed it as he savored the oral ministrations of the two girls. They kept switching back, and forth, taking turns sucking cock, and balls. Sooner than he wanted, his cum burst out into Cassie's mouth.

He sighed in pleasure as she milked him dry. The girls crawled out from under the table, and Mr. James offered each of them a hand to help them up. Once they were on their feet, Mr. James offered Cassie a breath mint, and she popped it in her mouth.

"That was a pleasant surprise! You haven't offered to take a load from me since April's graduation party," Mr. James told Cassie.

"I wanted today to be special, so I did everything I could to avoid taking a load. This way you would appreciate it more." She winked at her employer.

He gave her a stern look for several seconds. Amber stood off to the side wondering how Mr. James was going to react. His mouth turned upwards into a small smile, and he wrapped his arms around Cassie. "Well done, well done indeed! Now go find out where Jeanie is, and get her ass in here immediately. Oh and double-check everything is ready for today's interviews. Amber's already cleared my calendar for the next three days.

Cassie kissed Mr. James on his cheek and strutted off to carry out his instructions. Amber handed him the documents and discussed how to handle them. She pointed out the few that needed signatures, then had him initial to confirm he'd signed them. Mr. James kept glancing at his cell phone. He had trouble concentrating, as he wondered when the calls would start. He licked his lips in anticipation.

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Mandy had had a rough summer. She received acceptance letters to her top three college choices. After doing a lot of research, and talking with current students, and alumnae, she made her choice. She was going to Northwestern.

She filled out scholarship forms, applied for grants, and tried to get every dime of funding she could. Every application was DENIED! Even with student loans, she wouldn't be able to afford tuition, never mind room, and board.

Her parents made decent money with their construction business and had a nice nest egg. They agreed to pay her tuition, room, and board. They paid the first two months fees, for classes and housing. Mandy still needed to earn pocket money and pay for transportation.

The day after the check cleared, her father issued a notice he was being sued. A subcontractor used substandard materials which caused a building to collapse. Thirty-Six people injured and two killed. Her parents sold everything they owned to cover their legal expenses. Days before Mandy had to leave, the civil suit dismissed and the criminal charges dropped. IT was too late for her father and his company. His reputation was beyond repair. His employees left for other jobs. He had no money and no clients, and no prospects. He took a job as a night watchman making $10 an hour, and her mom went back into accounting making decent money.

Mandy decided to go to school and figure things out. She had a place to live, and the first tuition payment already cleared. She could start school, but if she didn't find a job fast, she would be in trouble. She had spent much of her free time searching for unclaimed grants, and other funding. To her chagrin, most of the deadlines had passed, and monies distributed. After seventeen rejections, she decided to talk with the school's financial aid staff.

With her birthday money, she bought a bus ticket to Evanstown, Illinois. With the change from the ticket, she bought food for the two-day journey.

After an uneventful trip, she arrived in time to get some dinner, the first decent meal she had since she left home. After eating her fill at the all you can eat buffet, she found her apartment and began to unpack.

Not having a TV or any other form of entertainment, she decided to walk around campus. She wanted to familiarize herself with her home for the next four years. She stared in hunger at every vending machine she came across. "Too bad I only have thirty-two cents to my name," she muttered in anger.

The next morning, as she ate, she looked around wondering if she would ever meet the strangers around her. As she swallowed the last mouthful of yogurt, Her cell phone chimed. She glanced at it and saw it was time to head over to Freshman Orientation.

Mandy walked over to the school's auditorium and checked in. She took the pink envelope an upperclassman gave her, noticing the guys had blue ones. 'Why color-coded by gender?' she wondered as she went inside to take a seat. Mandy realized she was early, and that only a dozen students had arrived.

Since it was going to take time to get the rest of the class of 2018 checked in, she opened her envelope. The top sheet was a standard welcome form letter. Next was a student handbook, and her class schedule. She also found a phone list for assorted services, including restaurants that delivered.

Amanda put all that into her backpack and pulled out the last sheet of paper. It looked like an advertisement, and she was about to crumple it up when the words 'Above Average Pay' caught her eye. She glanced at the ad:

One Female Freshman needed. Part-Time Job, Full-Time pay. Excellent benefits. Must meet exacting standards of deportment, fashion, intellect, manners, and availability. Duties vary. Drug, and smoke-free a must.

Contact Mr. James for details (847) 867-5309.

'It looks too good to be true, but it's worth checking out,' Mandy thought as she pulled out her phone, and dialed.

Before it could ring, a powerful male voice exploded from her earpiece, "Stanford James."

"Oh! Mr. James .... um, sorry, I didn't realize I would be speaking directly to you sir, I thought maybe I would be speaking to your assistant... um, it's about the job..." Amanda mentally kicked herself for making such a poor first impression. She could do this... so much rested on it.

Mr. James leaned back in his office chair, and took a deep breath. He loved the insecurity of the first contact, the slight quiver of nervousness in her voice. It was a power trip for him, and he loved it.

He affected a gruff surly demeanor, "Who do you think hires my personal assistant? My chauffeur? Never mind, I don't have the time to waste like that. Tell me about yourself."

"Er, of course, sir, my name is Amanda Jones, I'm 18, from Florida. I am starting at Northwestern this year..."

As she talked he used the details to locate her social media accounts.

One of the first results was an Instagram account that matched the info she provided. As she rambled on, he accessed it, grateful it wasn't private.

"...apply for the position." Mandy figured she haad recovered from her earlier missteps. She wondered if she impressed Mr. James with the academic and civic awards she'd earned. Mr. James wasn't even listening. This part was filler. Every girl that called had a similar spiel. Every single one could have read the same script.

Academic superstar in high school. Volunteered at the current pet charity of the woke class. How hard they would work for him with an anecdote that painted them in a positive light. and they all ended with a sob story about why they needed the job.

None of that mattered to him. He let them talk so he had time to peruse their social media accounts. All he cared about at this stage was what his eyes told him. One look at her pics, especially the one of her in that string bikini, and he knew she was the one he wanted. It had been a long time since he had one so...so adorable...so perfect.

"Thank you, Miss Jones, I have a few questions for you. Are you over 18?"

"Yes, I turned 18 in April."

"Do you have a car?"

"No, I don't. I do have a bike."

"A motorcycle or bicycle?"

"Bicycle."

"If you're hired for this position, you must learn to be precise with your language. In business, ambiguity can cost millions, as one of my former competitors learned. Do you have a driver's license?"

"I have a Class E operator license. Issued by the state of Florida, with no restrictions or endorsements." She had great difficulty keeping the sarcastic tone out of her voice.

"Good girl. You are a fast learner. Do you have clothing appropriate for an office environment?"

For some reason, she beamed at his praise. It sent a tingle through her body and put a smile on her face. "I have some, but not much. As soon as I get my first check, I can buy more," she replied, worried that her wardrobe was about to cost her this job.

"Finally, Miss Jones, can you tell me the difference between a shrimp fork and a salad fork?"

"A salad fork is smaller than a dinner fork and used for salad. Aa shrimp fork is small and placed on the right for shellfish," she hoped that was good enough. "My parents made sure to teach me manners, I won't embarrass you," she responded as she thought of her questions.

"I have some questions. The ad is light on details about the job. Can you tell me more about it?"

Mr. James leaned back on his chair and rested his feet on his desk after she asked that question. He had been wondering if she would ask about the job. Anyone who didn't was either too intimidated, or blase, either way, they didn't get an interview.

"Of course you can ask, and I'll even answer. You will work for me as one of four personal assistants. You will start as the most junior assistant, but if your work is satisfactory, you have a job until you graduate. Your duties will be to do anything I ask, or what Cassie, Amber, or Jeanie tell you. You need to be able to cook, clean, drive, and above all else, be completely loyal, and trustworthy. You will have access to secrets of both a personal, and business nature. Those secrets in the wrong hands could ruin, not only me, but the lives of everyone who works for me, and my suppliers."

He took a deep breath, and continued, "For this, you will be well-compensated. There is also a generous benefits package, room, and board, and access to all amenities. Are you still interested?"

"Very much so," Mandy said, trying but failing to contain her excitement. If she eliminated her rent, meal plan, and had a car, she would only need to pay her tuition and books. She figured the salary would cover that, She hoped there would be a little to spare.

"I will have my car at the student union tomorrow at ten am, you will be gone until late afternoon, does that work for you?"

Without even looking at her schedule, Mandy responded, "I'll be there."

"Good! I need your full name, exact date of birth, and social security number so that I can run a background check."

Mandy recited the requested info, as she saw other girls dial their phones, hang up, and dial again. She smirked when she realized that they were calling Mr. James about the job. Thinking it might help, she told him, "There's a dozen girls trying to call you right now. They look frustrated."

Mr. James chuckled, impressed at her observational skills. He felt surprised that she was comfortable enough to share not only the facts but her impression as well. Deciding to test her, he asked: "What makes you think they're calling me?"

"There's one three rows in front of me, she dials, listens, curses hangs up, and tries again. I'm pretty sure she's getting your voicemail."

He licked his lips, almost certain that she's the one. "Doubtless you're correct. On average I get over a hundred calls each year, and only about twenty get interviews. I'll send you a text message with instructions. Follow them as precisely as possible. There may be other candidates riding with you. I look forward to meeting you tomorrow," and the call ended.

Seconds later she got a series of text messages...

Mr. James: 58315 East Camden Drive. Hair: Modern conservative style, natural color. Makeup: Conservative colors, and natural looks. Nails: manicured. If polished conservative colors. Clothes: Formal business attire. Suits with skirts preferred. Hosiery is mandatory with skirts. Shoes must compliment the outfit in both color, and style.

Mandy read the message several times and thought about what she would need to do. She was a natural brunette, with gold highlights. She wore her hair in a shoulder-length bob. She didn't much like makeup but on occasion used some lip gloss or blush to accent her natural beauty. Her nails were trim, and not polished. So that was all kosher.

'The wardrobe might be a problem,' she thought. Then she remembered her mom bought her a business suit at a thrift store, just in case. It was a few years old but a classic style so it should be okay. It was a mid-thigh grey fitted skirt, and matching short jacket with a pale pink blouse. She also had several hold-up stockings in several colors. She even had a pair of open-toe wedges that matched.

She figured she needed to iron the clothes, and she didn't want to wait until the last minute. She left orientation and headed back to her apartment. As she dashed past a pretty black girl, she heard her say, "A shrimp fork is...," Mandy laughed, so she was unable to hear anymore.

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After fielding dozens of phone calls, he had scheduled three appointments for tomorrow. For some reason, he was much harder on the candidates this year than normal. Every time he started to ask his questions, he saw the picture of Mandy on his screen. No other candidate was even close to her in looks or attitude.

Pressing a buzzer on his desk he signaled his current assistants to come into his office.

First, he gave Jeanie a hard stare, "Why were you late this morning?"

"My plane had a mechanical failure, and made an emergency landing." She knew better than to apologize.

"You're traveling to close a time-sensitive, multimillion-dollar deal. Your plane breaks down. How would you explain to your shareholders why they lost millions in revenue. Would any excuse stop them from removing you as CEO? What lesson did you learn?"

"Not to travel at the last minute, and to always have a backup plan," Jeanie said, looking down at the floor.

"Good my pet. Now I will think over your punishment, and make it part of the screening process tomorrow. Go to your room, and think over how disappointed I was."

"Yes sir." She stood up, kissed his cheek, and left the room.

Once Jeanie had left, he handed Cassie a sheet of paper. "These are the three interviews I've set up for tomorrow. Go check their permanent records." Cassie nodded, took the slip of paper and left on her mission.

"Amber I need you to call Burt Macklin, give him the info on these three, and have him send the reports to my email." Mr. James knew that the retired FBI agent would find out everything about them.

It had been a long day, and Mr. James wanted to go to bed. He debated calling Jeanie to his bedroom, but he didn't want to feel relaxed and happy tomorrow. That might make him go easy tomorrow. He'd made that mistake a few years ago, and it had cost him. He went to bed and dreamt of the pretty Mandy in that oh so sexy bikini.

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After she finished ironing her suit, Mandy went to dinner. While she was getting her meal, she overheard some girls talking about a rude obnoxious guy.

She smirked when she heard "Fuck Stanford James, the asshole."

'Guess they didn't get an interview,' she thought to herself.

After dinner, she called her parents to check-in. She told them she had a job interview in the morning, but she was one of at least twenty under consideration. Her parents were grateful she was already finding employment opportunities. They had enough cash flow issues. If Mandy could pay for her school that was one less thing to worry about.

Mandy took a shower and gave herself the full treatment. She exfoliated, shaved, plucked, and all the things that women do to themselves to look their best. She went straight to bed but didn't fall asleep for ages. Her alarm woke her for breakfast, she brushed her hair and put on a sweatsuit before she headed to the dining hall.

After breakfast, Mandy watched interview technique videos until she had to get ready. She dressed and headed over to the Student Union, hoping no one would be riding with her.

She was there, ten minutes early, and saw a silver Town Car at the curb. There was a handsome man, about a decade older than Mandy, was holding a sign that said 'Mandy, Isis, & Sara'.

"I'm Mandy," she told the driver. He opened the door, and she got into the backseat. The partition was up discouraging any conversation. A few minutes later, the pretty black girl Mandy saw yesterday joined her.

"Hi, I'm Isis," she said as she offered her hand.

"How are you Isis, I'm Mandy," she replied as they shook hands.

The driver got in and drove away. As the car pulled away, a girl wearing a business suit started running and yelling at the car. Mandy knocked on the partition, and it opened.

"Is that...,"

"She was late," and the partition rose again.

Mandy followed their route on a map on her phone to make sure that they were going to the right place. Isis sat there in silence sending text messages non stop.

Mandy was happy when they pulled up to the house she had seen on Google Earth when she'd checked the address. The car stopped under the portico, and the door opened. Mandy and Isis got out and looked around. "Thank you," Mandy called to the driver as he got back into the car, and drove out of sight. Isis ignored the chauffer and sent another message.

Mandy walked up to the front door, rang the bell, and waited, gave herself a once over.

The front door opened, and the girl who'd opened it was wearing a gray business suit almost identical to Mandy's. Mandy noticed it was a designer label and not made of polyester. She felt a bit ashamed of how poor she was. Before she could say anything, the girl who opened the door spoke.

"Hi, I'm Cassie. Mr. James Senior assistant. You must be Mandy, and you're Isis. Relax ladies, three years ago I was standing right where you are, nervous, and scared. It turned out to be the best job I've ever had."

"Yes, I'm Mandy, Mandy Jones, nice to meet you, Cassie."

Cassie smiled at Mandy, then at Isis. Her eyes narrowed as she saw Isis continued to stare at her phone. She glanced back and gave a small shake of her head.

"Well, I hope I get the job then! I need it!" she said, giving away any possible negotiating advantage she might have had. "I have my resume here .." she said, offering it to Cassie.

"Hold on to it. If Mr. James wants it he'll ask for it."

"Ladies, this is a demanding job, but it has some great rewards! I haven't started Senior year, and I have a job offer from a multinational, firm for an executive director job. My major is art history, not business. The contacts you'll make, and the people you'll meet are the creme de la creme of their profession."

Cassie grabbed Mandy's hand and pulled her into the house.

"Isis, have a seat and someone will be with you shortly," Cassie said as she shut the door. Without letting go, she led Mandy through a dark hall filled with medieval antiques. The only light came from faux torches along the walls.

"Yes, of course," she replied, while she maintained some dignity. It wasn't easy to be professional, as she got pulled through the dark hallway.

"Mr. James had an ancestor who was a Grand Master of the Knights Templar. He's fascinated by their history and legends." Cassie told her as they reached a set of massive oaken doors.

Cassie knocked on the right door and opened it a crack. "Mandy's here sir," she called into the room, before opening the door, and gesturing for Mandy to enter. As she walked in, Cassie called out, "Good luck," before closing the door.

From what she could see the office looked like a ren-fest storage unit. Swords and shields decorated the walls. There were weapons, banners, and other objects she couldn't identify. Mandy saw an older distinguished-looking man in a navy blue, pinstriped, three-piece suit. He remained seated in his personal throne, and it wasn't white, or porcelain.

As Mandy watched, Mr. James spoke into an old cell phone. His hair was short like a Marine, high, and tight, and had started to go salt and pepper. He had a full mustache and trimmed goatee.

She stepped closer to his desk, and heard, "Tell me the difference between a shrimp fork, and a salad fork." He listened for a few seconds then said, I am sorry Miss Hayden, but this job is not right for you. I do wish you luck in your job search. Have a nice day." He disconnected the call, and almost immediately it started ringing. Mr. James held the power button, and the phone shut off.

Walking around his desk, he extended his hand, "You must be Mandy, I'm Stanford James. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. James," Mandy said taking his hand.

He loved how soft, and warm her hands were, and he let himself imagine, just for a moment that he was touching her breasts. He had to remind himself, not yet, not yet. He couldn't wait to have her tied to his desk and use her body. But first, he had to make sure she would be willing. "Let's go out onto the patio. It's a bit less stuffy, and intimidating out there. Would you like something to drink or a bite to eat.?"

Mandy looked over Mr. James and found him to be handsome, and well dressed. She was glad he realized his office might be a little overwhelming.

Without waiting for an answer he picked up a landline. "Cassie bring a platter and pitcher of something to the patio, and join us after you do that thing."

"Right away Sir."

Mr. James led Kristen to the patio and signaled her to sit at the glass top table. The patio was like something from a Country Club brochure. The view was incredible, with a wide view of the town below, and the river beyond. The dorms and towers of the campus were visible over the trees across the river.

"Before we begin, let me tell you how this will go. First, you'll tell me about yourself. Then I'll ask some questions based on our conversation. Then we'll review your background check. Based on our conversation at that point, one of two things will happen. Either Cassie will escort you to the door, and you return to campus. Or I start to ask the third set of questions, to get to know my newest assistant. Do you have any questions?"

Mandy took a deep breath, "I do. But, I have a feeling you'll answer them as you interview me, and I know, that you don't have the time to waste like that." She parroted his words from their first conversation.

Mr. James smiled, and nodded, "Good Miss Jones, you've learned that lesson as well. Impressive."

Cassie walked onto the patio carrying a platter loaded with finger foods. A second girl followed her, dressed in the same business suit, in black. She had two pitchers, one lemonade, one iced tea in her hands. A third girl, in a dark maroon version of the suit, carried several glasses. The food and drinks were set on the table, and the other three girls pulled up chairs, joining the interview.

"You already met Cassie, Amber is in the black suit and Jeanie in the Maroon. Ladies this is Mandy Jones."

All three girls smiled at her, and Cassie gave her a thumbs up. She nodded in greeting to Cassie.

"Mandy, this is Amber, and Jeanie," Cassie said indicating which girl was which. It was clear to Mandy that if she got the job, she would be the junior assistant. Then, to give herself a little time to gather her thoughts, she crossed her left leg over her right. Which made her skirt rise up her thigh and revealed her stocking tops.

"So young lady. Tell me about yourself. Where you grew up, what your family was like. Summarize your life story for me." His eyes bored into hers. He noticed the hint of naked thigh above the stocking and licked his lips.

Jeanie began to pour drinks for everyone, "What'll it be Mandy, Tea or Lemonade?"

"Lemonade please,'' she responded, then looked back to Mr. James.

"Well," she began, "I graduated from Barton High School in May. I was on the swim team, and the cheer squad, which might explain why I like to exercise. I had a boyfriend for a few months, nothing serious. Once he left for college he stopped contacting me, so I guess I'm single. I worked as a lifeguard at a community pool. I plan on majoring in journalism, with a minor in either communications or marketing. I have two siblings, and a dog at home. I haven't met anyone at school yet, so I'm scared and alone. My parents had a business setback and are unable to help pay for my schooling so I need a job..."

She thought about how her family had gone from living in a five-bedroom 3 bath home to a double-wide trailer. "...I guess I'm an average Florida girl," she shrugged her shoulders.

All through her monologue, she crossed and uncrossed her legs. Each time the skirt hem rode higher showing Mr. James more of her firm pale thigh.

He smiled as he watched her hem slide higher, and higher, wondering if this is a ploy by the young woman. Using her sex appeal to get him to hire her. He chuckled to himself. If she only knew. After he listened to the abridged version of her biography, he pulled out a sheet of paper from a folder. " Amanda Genevieve Jones. Age 18, born 12:03 am April 2, 1995. Graduated Barton high with a 3.89 GPA, 5'4" 116 pounds, size 2 woman, size 5 shoe. You won 63.2% of your swim meets, senior year. You worked at Whitestone Pools for two years, where you earned $19,289.14. You rescued 3 people, and performed CPR once, saving 8-year-old Grace Maries' life. Every year on August 11th her parents send you a gift basket. Mother Marcia Jan Jones née Bradley, a senior accountant at Richmond wholesale foods. Father Preston William Jones, former contractor, currently an Armored Truck Guard for Wells Fargo. Sister Kelli Marie Jones age 16. Brother Robert Ward Jones age 12. And a four-year-old beagle named Roy Brown."

Mandy sat there in shock at the amount of personal detail Mr. James had discovered about her and her family. It was creepy! She wondered if she needed this job bad enough to accept his invasion of her privacy. She forced herself to be courteous, but she felt outraged.

Mr. James looked at her smiling, "I like that you named Snoopy's cousin after the man who shot down the Red Baron. That's like the ultimate in geek trivia, with pop culture thrown in."

Mandy chuckled, "Dads a history geek, and loves Peanuts. It was his idea."

Mr. James looks back down at the paper, "Dated Mark Paul Hoster for 5 months 3 weeks until he met one, Lucy Temple."

Mr. James paused and sipped his Iced Tea, "I'm sorry you had to find out this way," with genuine sorrow in his eyes. Cassie reached out and patted her arm. Jeanie and Amber looked on in silent commiseration.

Mr. James said, "He's a real jerk for treating you that way. You deserve so much better than some loser like that." Mr. James handed her a tissue, and asked, "Do you need a moment, or to use the bathroom?"

"It's okay," she said. She sputtered mentally for a moment, and then returned to the present. "You've done your research," she said. "May I ask why?"

She wondered if she still wanted the job. She felt creeped out that he identified her brother and sister. This did not seem like a typical job.

"I'm sorry about this. I have some sensitive government contracts, and they run a deep background check. I hired a retired FBI counterintelligence agent to run the same checks for me.

"That makes sense," Mandy admitted, relieved that he wasn't a creeper. She poured herself some lemonade, then didn't drink it. She was too nervous to risk her hand shaking it out of the glass if she'd picked it up. Her hands fell to her lap, while she waited to hear more, too anxious to speak further at the moment.

He looked at her, reading the anxiety in her eyes, but impressed at how well she hid it. She sat there composed, and the way the light was hitting her, she seemed to be glowing. Mr. James envisioned her naked in his pool as he watched from the balcony.

"Are you planning on participating in any extracurricular activities?"

"Extracurricular? Do you mean like sports? or whatever? I don't have anything that will stop me from working the hours you need... but studying will be important..., I think..., no, I know I can be available for you whenever you need." Mandy said as she met his eyes.

"The four of you will share the job, so you'll each have time for your studies." Mr. James looked her in the eyes while he poured a glass of lemonade. He loved this part. He was the spider, she was a fly. She was already trapped in his web, she hadn't realized it...yet.

"Before I tell you about the job, I'm gonna tell you the situation you're facing. You're an 18-year-old freshman. No place that serves booze will hire you. That leaves fast food joints, supermarkets, mall kiosks, call centers, or big box stores. First, they rehire returning seniors and juniors who worked for them last year. Then Sophomores who were lucky enough to get a job as a freshman. Any jobs left at that point go to Athletes, and scholarship kids. By the time you get a job, it'll be time for Christmas Break." He poured himself another lemonade and took a big sip.

"So now you have to choose, Stay here for Christmas break, making $9 an hour. Or go see your family, and have no job when school starts again."

"Or you can come to work for me. Your duties range from picking up dry cleaning to escorting me to social functions. You will travel the world. Everyone of these ladies has been on every continent, including Antarctica."

Mr. James bit into a pretzel chewed and swallowed. "Your compensation package is a three-room suite bedroom, office, and sitting room. All meals, full use of all amenities. A mid-size sedan for your personal, and business use. An iPhone, an AmEx card to pay all school, and work expenses, including clothing. You will also get a monthly stipend of 1,000 dollars to buy anything else your heart desires."

Mr. James looked at his current assistants. They had been examining Mandy from head to toe and taking copious notes. "Ladies, what do you think?"

She'd been aware of the other girl's scrutiny. She understood part of the interview process was to see if she would work well with them. The actual job didn't sound too difficult. She hoped that Mr. James would like her as much as he liked the other girls. Mandy already had a massive girl crush on Cassie and felt drawn to Amber as well. She had trouble getting a read on Jeanie. She had been quiet, and serious like she had something on her mind.

"We need to hear from her about what she thinks of the job so far, then we can tell her the rest," Amber said.

Mr. James turned to Mandy. "Well, young lady. What do you think so far?"

"I'll do it, I'll take it, I'll do whatever you ask. It's more than generous, and I need it. Yes, I accept," Mandy gushed, eager to get an agreement from him before he changed his mind.

"She's a bit of an eager beaver," Amber chimed in, as Mr. James, and his assistants started laughing at her reaction. She was far from the first girl to react that way, and wouldn't be the last. But it's different when you have the job and are watching someone else react.

When their laughter subsided, Mr. James looked at Cassie, "What do you think so far, Cassie?"

"Well, her panties are cute," Cassie deadpans as the other girls start to giggle.

The corners of Mr. James's mouth curve up in a slight smile. "Yes, and her legs aren't bad either. But what about hiring her?"

Mandy blushed when Cassie commented on her panties. Then when Mr. James commented on her legs, she was both horrified and flattered. She hadn't realized that her skirt had ridden up so far. She tried to lower it, but the way she was sitting on it, prevented her from moving it to a more modest position.

"Miss Jones, there are a few things about this job that make it ...unique. There is a uniform, of sorts, and some special tasks. Cassie, you know what to do."

Mr. James stood up, and left, leaving the four girls alone. Cassie stood up, "Alrighty bitches it's time." She took Mandy's hand and led her into a nearby mudroom. There were four tote bags in the room. Three had a name on them the fourth was blank. The three women stripped out of their clothes, and rolled everything up.

Once all three of them had removed all their clothes, Cassie said, "Your turn Mandy. Strip, or use that door over there." Cassie pointed to a door leading to the driveway. "If you choose to leave, you don't get the job."

"So if I stay, and put on the uniform, I have the job?" She wasn't sure if staying meant she had it, but she knew that leaving meant she didn't. Unfastening her jacket she folded it, then unhooked her tight short grey skirt, sliding it off. Her blouse didn't quite meet her ivory panties, and her flat tummy glowed in contrast to the white, and ivory.

She slipped off her blouse, and only hesitated a moment before she unhooked her bra, and slid it off forwards. Holding it in her right hand, she slid down her panties, aware of the contrast her trimmed bush and her pale skin. The lingerie joined the rest of her clothing. Finally, she rolled the hold-up stockings down the length of her legs and draped them with the rest. Mandy waited to see what the uniform would be, surprised that no one had started dressing.

Cassie looked at her and smiled. "You won't have the job until he hands you the AmEx card. But, the only time a girl got this far and didn't get the job was because she refused to strip."

Amber took a wad of material out of the tote with Cassie's name on it. They both helped Cassie dress in a black garter belt with red trim, matching stockings, and shoes. "This is the Senior assistants uniform around the house," she told Mandy.

"It's pretty," Mandy said, looking around for the rest. It took a few seconds for her to conclude that there wasn't anymore. Mandy blushed a bright red, as she experienced a sick but fascinated dread. She needed that Amex card for her education! But, it's more than a bikini would show, even a tiny one. But, he paid well, very well, so if he wanted her to walk around in sexy underwear so be it. Mandy steeled herself, wondering if the uniform got smaller the more senior you were. At least they were in a private house, no one else would see them like this. Yes, she could do this. She was positive.

Jeanie opened the bag with Amber's name on it, pulling out some lingerie. Cassie and Jeanie helped Amber into a red corset with black trim. It wrapped around her waist without covering her breasts. It hung down to her belly button so her ass and mons were visible. She also had matching heels.

Once Amber was 'dressed', Jeanie grinned. "For the first time, I get to wear something," Jeanie said.

She walked over to the tote with her name on it and pulled out a bunch of straps. She began to warp herself in them with her friend's help. Once Jeanie had it on, it ran all around her body, and covered almost nothing, and was the sexiest of the three outfits.

"Are you ready to see your uniform?" Cassie asked as the other two girls smirked.

Something about the deliberate flaunting of their nudity was worse than being nude. The clothes emphasized the nakedness of each girl. Mandy was aghast at the thought of what her uniform might be. But, it was her uniform, and there was, some tiny part of her that was proud it was hers. A flicker of defiant acceptance crossed her face as she replied, "Yes Cassie, I'm ready."

Cassie pulled a box out of the unnamed tote and handed it to Mandy. Everything you're going to wear in this house for the next year is in that box. No additions or subtractions.

The box was quite big, and all sorts of images of dresses, and costumes flicked through her mind. She took the box and felt its weight. She looked at the spiderweb of straps Jeanie was wearing and considered it might be bondage wear. The faces of the three girls were a sight to behold. It was difficult to read exactly what each was thinking, but they seemed eager to see her reaction.

"Go ahead, and open it," Cassie told her.

Placing the box down, and lifting the lid, Mandy saw ...boots! Black boots! Shiny black boots! Open-sided lace-up, rather sexy shiny black boots! "Fuck! They're gorgeous," she muttered. , forgetting for the moment the bit about them being the total of her clothing for the next year when in the house. She lifted the first boot from the box, and felt it, looked at it. Looking at Jeanie, who'd had to wear the for the last year, she added, "But they are fucking sexy boots, aren't they?" grinning, enjoying the moment.

"They should be your size. Mr. James is very thorough about things like that," Cassie told her.

"I wore them all last year, you'll get used to it faster than you expect. Besides, it saves time, and money on laundry." Jeanie told her, "And pretty comfortable too. Not quite like sandals, but not as bad as heels usually are." Jeanie told her, getting on her knees to help her put them on.

"Hurry up ladies we still have one last thing we have to show Mandy before she gets the job," Cassie told them.

Mandy looked up at Cassie as she said that, but she wasn't too concerned. Jeanie helped her put on the sexiest fucking boots ever, as Mandy guessed that Mr. James liked nude girls.

Once Mandy had her boots on, Cassie led a parade of naked female flesh through the house, and down to the basement. The march through the house amused Mandy, but also made her feel oh so sexy. Cassie Stopped before a large iron door that looks like it came off a medieval castle.

Cassie looked at Mandy. "This is the final hurdle. Feel free to leave anytime. All you have to do is tell any of us that isn't tied up...,"

The other two giggled, "...and one of us will take you to your clothes, and you can leave. If you stay and do as you're told, you'll get the job."

'Tied up,' Mandy giggled, 'What a sexy way to describe working,' she thought.

Cassie pounded her hand on the door, and the sound echoed on the far side. When the echoes died, Mr. James's voice deep, and foreboding comes from the other side "Who goes there?"

Cassie responded, "You're humble, and loyal servants wish entry Master. We bring the prospect, to do your will, and satisfy your desires." Cassie winked at Mandy.

Cassie's reply was a bit dramatic but fun. It seemed they all had a good sense of humor. The dungeon aesthetic, Cassie's ritualistic response, and the nudity made Mandy feel deliciously sexy. She was eager to join this team, and not only for the money. The job was almost hers, one more hurdle, whatever it was.

The door creaked open, "Follow us, and do what we do", Jeanie whispered, as the door opened to expose what was beyond.

The walls were of gray stone, and from the temperature, and acoustics, it was not a facade. The only lights were actual, honest to god flaming torches. There was one every few feet along all the walls. Overhead there was a large wooden chandelier with 200 candles, all burning bright. The effect was like something out of Game of Thrones.

The central fixture was a raised dais with an oversized ornate gold throne shaped like a dragon. Mr. James sat on the throne and looked like he was some medieval lord. He was wearing black swashbuckler boots, pantaloons, and a sleeveless tunic. the tunic had an elaborate, and colorful pattern on the chest. To Mandy, he didn't look like a man in a costume. He looked as if he belonged on that throne.

Cassie nudged Mandy to walk forward. When they reached the foot of the Dias, Cassie, Amber, and Jeanie all dropped to their knees. Their legs spread open, and their arms crossed behind their backs. Mandy thought the least ridiculous part of this surreal experience was the skimpy lingerie that didn't hide any assets or frontsets.

Distracted by everything, Mandy didn't follow Jeanie's instructions and failed to kneel. The dungeon was beyond her comprehension. She was in sensory overload. While waiting for instructions, she scanned the room, seeing odd, uncomfortable-looking furniture. There were two large wooden X's, several frames with complex pulley systems. A couple of clear boxes that resembled aquariums. There were stocks, pillories, and other pieces she couldn't name or describe.

"As you instructed master, we have brought the prospect attired, as you commanded. She is here to witness the punishment of the one who defied you," Cassie intoned.

'Wait! What?' Mandy thought when it registered that Cassie had mentioned the prospect. And what was that about punishment? 'I'd better pay attention,' she tore her eyes away from the room, and focused on Mr. James.

"Very well. We shall make muse the St. Andrews cross. Secure the one in need of chastisement."

Mandy's, eyes grew wide as Cassie, and Jeanie went to the wood X. Cassie secured Jeanie's wrists, and ankles. Then she picked up an object and forced it between Jeanie, and the X. The object made her buttocks stick out. Once she in position, Cassie turned and bowed to Mr. James.

"Paddle her", he commanded.

Cassie walked to a storage box designed to blend into the room, and opened it. Inside were many items, some of which Mandy knew, some she didn't. There were whips, riding crops, and more exotic, objects. Cassie took out something that looked like a ping pong paddle and returned to Jeanie. She drew her arm back, and held her position. Mandy's eyes grew wide as she realized that Jeanie was about to get spanked.

"Come sit on my lap," Mr. James said to Amber, and Mandy, as Cassie waited for the command to begin.

'He's talking to me,' Mandy thought, feeling self-conscious about her nudity. She followed Amber up the steps to the throne and sat on Mr. James's left thigh. Amber straddled his right leg. Once they sat, the dias rotated until it was facing the two women and the X.

"Begin," Mr. James commanded.

Cassie's arm flew forward striking Jeanie on her buttocks. "One" Jeanie called out as Cassie drew back, and struck her again.

"Two," she said as tears came to her eyes. Her ass was starting to redden as Cassie continued to deliver hard blows. Jeanie continued to count each one, her voice cracking as she fought back her sobs.

Mr. James smiled and rested a hand on Mandy's bare thigh. Whispering in her ear, "I do not do this to be cruel. Jeanie failed in one of her duties yesterday morning. Now she is being corrected for that failure." As he gently caressed her thigh.

Amber purred as Mr. James started to rub her clit. "Do you like watching this Miss Jones? Is it making your pretty little pussy wet?" He continued whispering in her ear watching the ongoing punishment of Jeanie.

Mandy couldn't take her eyes off the paddling, but felt sorry for Jeanie, she could see the girl was suffering.

"Um, Sir, I feel sorry for Jeanie. I can't help thinking what it would be like to be there, getting paddled like that...," her voice trailed away. Like most people, she didn't like pain. But, there was something about the humiliation of getting spanked in front of people. It was doing things to her, nice things, things she enjoyed.

"I'm feeling... kind of... hot... it's all ... so...so sensual Mr. James," was the best she could come up with.

"18," Jeanie said her voice hoarse.

Mr. James let his hand slide higher on her leg. "How would you react if I told you I wanted you to suck my dick while Amber licked your cunt?" he asked as his hand ever so lightly grazed her outer lips.

"Wow, ok...," trying to buy time, remembering that this was the final hurdle. If she passed this test, the job was hers. "Um, I'd assume you had a good reason to say that Sir," she replied, with more confidence than she felt.

His hand grazed her pussy and tickled her clit. "I said it because I want you to suck my dick while Amber eats your cunt," he said enunciating every word. "This is part of the job my dear."

"25," Jeanie said, through her sobs.

He slipped the tip of a finger inside her. "If you are not willing to be my sex toy, as well as my assistant for the next four years, then Amber will escort you out. If you want this job, take my hard cock out, and wrap your pretty little mouth around it."

Amber looked at her, raised her eyebrows, and gave her a slight smile, and nod encouraging her to do it.

"28," Jeanie said, her words almost unintelligible as Cassie continued to rain blows on her ass.

"So that's it? nothing else? I agree, and I'm in?" Mandy asked, "No more surprises."

It wasn't like she'd never given a blow job before, and he was hot for a guy more than twice her age. With Amber's encouragement, she undid his pants and freed his swollen cock out. She leaned in ready to slip his big rod between her lips, looking up at him for confirmation that she had the job.

"To be clear, this will not be only one blow job. It will be oral, vaginal, or anal sex. You will allow me, my other assistants, and a few select others access to your body at all times. Refusing is cause for termination. There will be times you will be in Jeanie's position, or on one of the apparatuses for my amusement."

"50" Jeanie wailed, and Cassie stopped.

"Put her in the pillory, then come up here," he said to Cassie.

Cassie carried out his instructions and hurried to join her master at his throne. She knelt before him and awaited further instruction.

"So Miss Jones are you going to accept these terms? Or are you going to leave?"

Cassie implored her with her eyes to do as he asked. Amber was nodding trying to encourage her. Even Jeanie through her tears seemed to be telling her to do it.

It was worse than she'd expected... it was like she was his whore, to give to anyone! She didn't see any other choice. She'd be a prostitute. She leaned down, and sucked his penis into her mouth, looking up into his eyes, a yes written in them.

Cassie and Amber applauded for her when she took his cock into her mouth. He pulled her off him and kissed her on her forehead.

He pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Cassie will go over the details with you. You and the others are free to stay, and watch or to show Mandy her room." He stood up and walked over to where Jeanie stood tears falling from her eyes. Mr. James thrust himself into her and began to pull her hair as he roughly fucked her swollen ass.

"So do you want to watch this or see your room now?" Cassie asked as Amber hugged her.

Mandy returned Amber's hug, "I'll stay and help Jeanie when he's done." Amber said, releasing her new coworker from her embrace. "How about we all meet in Jeanie's room in an hour to have lunch, and tell Mandy about what the hell she's gotten herself into."

Cassie nodded, "So Mandy up to you?"

Mandy was part of the team, 'Get used to being a whore,' she told herself. 'If I'm a whore, I'll be the best, classiest, whore there ever was.

"I'd like to stay, and watch Master fuck Jeanie, so I can learn what to expect! I'm sure Amber could use help when he's done." She glanced over to see her Master punishing poor Jeanie's ass. Mandy felt a little sick, she'd never even thought about anal before. She wondered how long it would be before Mr. James claimed her brown cherry. She made a mental note to ask the girls to help prepare her for that eventuality.

Cassie draped her arm around Mandy. "That master shit is only for certain occasions. The whole dog and pony show is only for parties, and when we're initiating a new assistant. Otherwise, it's Mr. James. When you want something special, a girlish 'please master' usually works."

Cassie's arm felt nice ...

"Oh cool, only I've never had my ass fucked. I'm curious, and well...I need to... be ready for..." she gestured at Mr. James pounding Jeanie's pud.

Mr. James grunted and rammed in one more time driving his cock deep into Jeanie's ass. As Jeanie screamed in protest, he sent rockets of cum into her bowels.

When he fished, he kissed Jeanie on the cheek and pulled his cock out of her cum coated bowels. Amber immediately went to his side and dropped to her knees. She opened her mouth, took his shaft into her mouth, and began cleaning it.

"That's the worst part of the job, one we do. After he cums, one of us has to clean his dick no matter what orifice it's been in," Cassie told Mandy.

Once Amber finished cleaning him, he fastened his pants, and walked out of the room, stopping to look at Mandy. He reached out, tweaked her nipple, and left without another word.

Amber stood up, "I'm gonna go brush my teeth, can you help Jeanie?"

Cassie nodded and went over to Jeanie. She opened the pillory and helped Jeanie stand up. Leading her out the door, she called to Mandy, "Close the door, and follow me."

**Ch 02 The Initiation**

She led Mandy back up the stairs, and into the west wing of the mansion. They went through a door that led into a long hall with four doors. Each door had a name tag on it, Cassie, Amber, Jeanie, and the newest one, Mandy.

Stopping in front of Jeanie's door, Cassie waited for Mandy to open it. She helped Jeanie into the bedroom and helped her lay on her bed. Jeanie's eyes closed and she fell asleep. Cassie caressed her on the head, then led Mandy out of the bedroom. She pulled the bedroom door closed. "Amber should be here in a minute, and we can get to know each other. But for now, you got any questions?"

"Questions? Wow! I don't know, there's so much to take in, I mean, where do I start? Like what's the worst thing I should prepare for, but I guess that's cleaning his dirty cock? How often does he need sex? How does he like to get off? Blow jobs? Ass? Pussy? Is it ever unexpected or is there a warning? and what's this about doing anyone anytime he wants? Who else do we have to have sex with? Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. I want an idea of what to expect? Or should I forget about it? Oh never mind, I'll find out anyway. I'm a bit overwhelmed and euphoric."

Mandy paused for a breath, as she realized how true that was. She was happy! A spontaneous grin spread across her face, and she gripped Cassie's hand. "You know, I think I'm going to like it here. So what do we do to unwind? I mean, I'll have work to do for Mr. James, and do my schoolwork, but we all need to let go sometimes, right, what's the normal thing?"

Cassie started laughing, "Whoa girl slow your roll. Got all those answers." She put her hand on Mandy's knee. "It's not as bad as you think. I feel the worst part is the physical punishments. But then again, I'm the first assistant who never got one. Cleaning his cock is gross, but you get used to it." Amber walked in and sat down on the floor at Cassie's feet.

"Sex isn't his big thing, he's into control. He likes being able to control everything you. Sex is one of the ways he exercises his control." Amber lays her head on Cassie's thigh, and Cassie starts to play with her hair.

Amber chimed in "If you think Mr. James is hot, wait until you see some of his former assistants, and their husbands. Not to mention Jacki's sweet little thing of the week."

Cassie nods in agreement, "Yeah, that last one she brought. The closet nudist she was mentoring, she was pretty hot." Cassie agreed. "Besides former assistants and their spouses, there are a few special business associates. There is a list and you'll get to know who they are, but Mr. James must give the okay beforehand. They don't have free reign."

"As for how often, and such. He's not picky as long as one or two of us has a hole open, he'll stick it in. There may or may not be any warning, but he is pretty considerate, and always lubes himself before sticking it in."

Amber started speaking, "If one of us has a major project or test, the others take on her duties so she can study. One of us works every weekend, and another stays on the property to lend a hand or hole if needed. The others are free to do whatever. Oh, and he is a huge donor to the college. So if you need extra time for an assignment, he'll arrange it."

Cassie started speaking again, "Of course we're free to play around with each other. No sex with guys or other women, without his permission. That's to prevent STDs. Trust me with all the sex you'll be getting, and watching, you won't need more."

Amber kissed Cassie's thigh then said, "There's lots of recreational options here. Sometimes he'll tell us some thing's off-limits, but most of the time we're free to use any of it any time." Turning to Cassie she said, "I'm ravenous, how about we order lunch?"

"Good Idea," Cassie said, "I'll see if Jeanie is awake, and if she is we can all eat with her."

Cassie stands up and gently knocked on the bedroom door. Without waiting for a response she heads in closing the door behind her. Mandy and Amber sit there in silence, Mandy reviewing everything she learned. Several minutes passed and the door opens and

Cassie comes out helping Jeanine walk to a chair. She puts down a cushion in the shape of a doughnut and lowered herself gingerly until she sat on it.

"Did you have to hit me so hard Cassie? Damn my ass hurts."

"Well don't fucking be late. You know how he is on day one of a new school year," Cassie said to her.

"Fuck Cassie, you never felt how much this hurts."

"And you know that if I had gone easy on you, he would have done it himself. He hits a lot harder than I do. So chill the fuck out bitch or I won't rub ice on your swollen ass later." Cassie told her.

"Well since you were so sweet, eat my cunt you skanky whore", she said as they all burst into laughter.

Once they all settled down again, Jeanie looked at Mandy. "Well Chiquita, let me tell you about spankings since it's so fresh on my...," she squirmed a bit, "mind. First-year gets 25, second gets 50, third 75, and fourth 100. I had gotten used to 25, but 50 fuckin hurt."

"That's why it increases each year. He knows that you get used to them so, after a year, you get more. Besides after the first year, you know what's expected, so you shouldn't get any." Cassie replied.

"He doesn't spank you for every mistake, he considers how you handled the mistake as well. For example, Jeanie knew she had to be here by breakfast yesterday. She was late because she failed to have a contingency plan. If you make a mistake, tell someone and we'll fix it. It's when you try to cover shit up or do something stupid that you end up with a swollen ass." Amber told Mandy.

Mandy was a bit shocked at the number of paddle strokes, she would do anything she could to avoid getting those! "I'm sorry you've had a shit day." She said to Jeanie.

Jeanie shrugged her shoulders and smiled. I've had worse, but fuck

I can't think of any right now." Everyone laughs at her comment.

Amber reached for a landline phone in the room, and dialed two numbers, "Hey Jon it's Amber. I need 4 burgers, with fries, and chocolate shakes. Send 'em to Jeanie's room. Yeah, we got a new girl Mandy. You'll meet her later, but she is pretty hot, you'll like her. Thanks, hun."

"What happened to Isis," Mandy asked. She realized she hadn't seen the pretty black woman since they arrived.

"Her preoccupation with her cell phone killed any chance she had. Well that and how she didn't thank Manny, the chauffeur. As soon as you went in, I told her to leave."

"I can't believe how lucky I am. Mr. James told me that hundreds of girls call, and out of them all, I got the job."

"Yeah, hundreds call, Like twenty get interviews. This year, you were the first interview. Now Franklin, the butler, has to tell all the other applicants that the job was filled." Cassie said.

'Manny the chauffer, Franklin the butler,' she thought in shock. It hadn't occurred to her that there would be other staff working in the mansion. Pretty obvious if you thought about it. She had gotten used to the idea of only wearing her boots around the girls, and Mr. James. Manny, Franklin, Jon, how big is the house staff she wondered. She gulped as she mentally adjusted to this new information. She felt embarrassed knowing that a stranger would see her naked when lunch arrived.

"If these two skanks can keep their dick-suckers quiet, I'll walk you through the shit in your packet." Cassie said glaring at Amber, and Jeanie who stuck out their tongues at Cassie.

Mandy picked up the large manilla envelope and ripped it open. She pulled out a sheaf of papers.

"There's the usual new employee paperwork bullshit, Application, I9, W4, Direct Deposit, life insurance beneficiaries, health insurance, 401K, and a non-disclosure agreement. Get them to me sometime tomorrow. Next is a check for 1,000 dollars. That's your first monthly stipend. We all pool that money into an investment account. It's up to you if you want to join up. It has a better than average return."

Mandy paid attention to Cassie as she explained the contents of the envelope. The forms would be easy and could wait. She liked the idea of starting an investment account, it's not like she needed the cash now.

Cassie stretched her arms up over her head and arched her back. "Damn, my shoulders sore," as she moved it in a circle to loosen the muscle.

"Aww, poor baby. Should I get some ice for your swollen, bruised, shoulder?" Jeanie asked her voice filled with sarcasm.

"Bitch you broke the rules, not me. You deserved to be in pain, I didn't do shit." Amber, and Mandy laughed at the exchange.

"As I was saying before the anal slut opened her pie hole...," Cassie said to Mandy. "That's the all-important AmEx card. It pays for everything you buy. You can't buy the Mona Lisa, a house for your parents or a pick up for your brother. Use common sense. School expenses, clothes, furniture for your room, things like that. If you're in doubt call me, and ask. If you lose it, call me immediately. I can suspend the account to give you time to find it or order a replacement."

The envelope started vibrating. "That would be your iPhone. It has all our numbers in it as well as the people Mr. James will tell you to call. Some of the names will look familiar. Do not lose that phone. Last year the first-year girl did. It was bad. Mr. James fired and blacklisted her. Last I heard she's flipping burgers in River City, IA.

The last item is important. Almost as important as the phone. It's a set of numbered keys. Key one key is for the private entrance to this hallway. Key two is for your room. Key three is for all other doors in the mansion. Key four starts all the cars we're allowed to use without permission. Key five is for...Well...you'll learn about that one when you need to."

She looked at the phone as it vibrated, but didn't answer it since Cassie didn't seem to expect her to. Another secret, this one needs a key. So far the surprises have been pretty benign, and Cassie was so blase about it, it couldn't be too important. The only thing she had to cope with was being seen nude by the staff. She colored as she thought about it!

Cassie picked up the phone, and read the text message aloud to all the girls, 'Welcome to your new home. Get settled in today, tomorrow you start with breakfast. Cassie will explain. SJ.'

She handed the phone to Mandy, "I'll explain later," as someone knocked on the door. Amber opened it, and a young, good looking man entered. Mandy adjusted her position to hide her exposed bits from this new person. She twisted her head to see him. 'He is cute,' she thought as he walked into the room.

"I guess Jon couldn't wait to meet the new chick." Amber looked at Mandy "Come over here, so our resident perv can get a good look at you for his spank bank."

"You want me to go over to you," she asked Amber, a little incredulous. The look on Amber's face told her to shut up and obey. Getting up, she scuttled over to her, still covering herself, and turning herself away from him. Her left arm covered her breasts, and her right hand was covering her nether regions. Her face was a bright red, showing how humiliated she felt.

"You might as well let him see everything. He works here full time, and he'll see it all anyway. He ignores us, because he's seen so much of us he's bored. You, you're new, so..." Jeanie said, shifting her weight to try, and get comfortable.

Jon licked his lips as he stared at Mandy, "Damn Amber was right, you are hot. Hotter than these nasty ass sluts anyway."

Several pillows flew in his direction at his comment. "And you're the only cook I know that can screw up boiling water," Amber taunted him.

"Let him see everything? You mean like... pose for him?" blushing deeper red, but feeling her nipples protrude. The good-natured banter, relaxed Mandy a little, but she still felt uncomfortable. She had to make herself drop her arm uncovering her tits for Jon to ogle. She hoped in vain that the flying pillows would distract him from her pert ripe breasts.

Jon leered at Mandy's body. "Oh wow, you are hot, girl. I look forward to seeing more of you, a lot more." He pushed in a cart with the girl's lunch on it. "Hope you ladies like it."

"About as much as that crap you made us last night," Jeanie said.

Jon flipped the bird as he left, closing the door. Amber distributed the burgers and shakes to the other girls. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, Amber started to eat. Mandy accepted the plate of food with a "Thank you," and also sat cross-legged. She balanced her plate on her right knee.

"Believe it or not, Jon's gay. He likes to get the first look at the new girls. It's a good way to see how they'll react to people checking them out. That will happen a lot," Cassie told her.

"Hang on, what do you mean, 'that will happen a lot'? I thought it was Mr. James, us and some staff?" she asked, eating the most savory burger she'd ever tasted.

"Parties! Just because there are other people in the house the uniforms don't

change." Cassie said, taking a bite of her burger.

"Oh shit! I'd forgotten," Mandy replied. She shuddered, wondering how she'd cope with throngs of strangers looking at her, in boots and a smile.

Jeanie looked at Mandy and noticed she looked aghast at the thought. "Don't worry hun, it's look but don't touch. Anyone who does, well Mr. James makes an example of them.

"It's only happened once since I started. Most of the people are professionals, and treat us pretty well," Cassie said as she finished her lunch.

Mandy ate the last of her lunch in silence and thought about how her life was about to change. She studied her coworkers, Amber, on the floor, Jeanie, on her cushion, and the beautiful Cassie. Mandy was in awe of their casual, easygoing, fun-loving, rapport.

Once they all finished, Amber said, "So let's get changed, and go shopping for the shit Mandy needs. Your clothes should be in your room, get dressed, and meet here in a bit," she told Mandy.

As Cassie was walking to the door, she called out, "Before I forget, there's a pocket on side of your boots. This way you can carry your phone and other items while working.

Amber and Cassie left to put on street clothes. Jeanie looked at Mandy "Sorry I can't go with you hun, the spirit is willing but the ass is beat." She giggled at her joke.

"I'm sorry too, Jeanie," she replied, stroking the girl's arm before she went to her room. Unlocking the door, she walked into her home for the next four years. It was identical to Jeanies except it was empty. Well not quite empty. The tote bag that held her boots was in her room, with her name on it. She peeked into her closet and found her clothes hung up.

Taking off the boots, she located the pockets before putting them in her closet. She took out her clothes and looked at the outfit she was wearing when she'd arrived only three hours ago. It seemed like a lifetime, so much had happened.

Mandy took her panties, and put one leg through the leg hole, and stopped for a second. 'Underwear is a waste of time.' she thought, 'if I'm naked all the time. She tossed her panties, and bra aside, pulled on her skirt, and blouse, leaving the jacket behind. She put on her stockings and as she grabbed her shoes, she looked at her boots. A wicked smile crossed her face and she put down the wedges. She put on her boots, storing her credit card and phone in the pocket.

Once she dressed, she returned to Jeanie's room to find Amber, and Cassie was waiting for her. "So where do we go?, and how long have we got? I don't know where to start?" she said, looking at Cassie.

"That's why we all go with you hun," Cassie told her. "We do know where to go, and who to blow...so to speak, to get things done. First, we're going to your house to get anything you want there, Clothes, pictures, whatever. Then we'll buy some furniture, and clothes for the stuff that I know is coming up. Then we come back here, and help you get your room set up, have dinner, and hit the town."

"Sounds good to me", Amber said.

"Good, then you drive the van," Cassie tells her.

First, they went to Mandy's apartment, to get her belongings. That didn't take long. She only had a few personal treasures she hung on to throughout the implosion of her family. There was her clothes, most of them were cheap and old. Once her stuff was in the van, Cassie returned the keys, and arranged a refund for the unused rent.

Then Amber took them to Williams Sonoma to pick out furniture for Mandy's rooms. It took a few hours to get coordinated pieces that fit Mandy's tastes and in the space allowed. Once they had a bed, nightstands, dresser, couch, desk etc... Mandy paid with her card.

She headed over to Cassie, she heard her tell the sales rep, "...we need it delivered and set up today."

"I don't know if that's possible. Let me check with my manager," the clerk told them. He walked over to an old fat guy wearing an ill-fitting suit. They held an animated discussion, and the old guy walked over to the three coeds.

"Hello Miss, I'm the manager, can I help you?" he said in a condescending manner.

Cassie appraised him and shook her head. She could tell he was a small man who believed in his power, and no one could tell him what to do in his little fiefdom. He was far from the first guy to act like this with Cassie. Most likely not the last. Cassie had learned long ago how to deal with overzealous functionaries like him.

"My friend spent over twenty-five thousand dollars on furniture for her new apartment. Right now it's empty. She needs her purchases delivered, and set up today."

"Impossible. Our deliveries are scheduled several days in advance," he told her as he polished his glasses

"Okay, now you've shown the little chickie that you're Mr. Big and powerful. Now I'll tell you what's going to happen. You will have this furniture loaded in that truck parked by your loading dock. Four of your best warehouse guys will deliver her purchases, and assemble it. TODAY! If you refuse, I'll send a text to my boss. That will start a chain of events you won't like. My friend will get a fifty percent discount, free delivery, and set up, and you will get promoted to customer."

"Oh," He asked, smirking, "And who pray tell is your boss, little missy?"

"Stanford James."

The store manager had his crew start to load Mandy's purchases before the three girls left the store.

Next, they drove to an upscale clothing boutique. The store was immense and carried everything from swimsuits and lingerie to ball gowns. When Cassie entered, several sales clerks ran over, and greeted her with air kisses. She smiled and introduced them to Mandy by name.

"Now let's see, we need several business suits meeting Mr. James's requirements. Five cocktail dresses. Three ball gowns, and one red carpet dress. Five, no make that six bikinis. A bunch of casual clothes, pajamas, workout gear, sexy lingerie, and of course shoes for each outfit." Cassie tells the staff surrounding them.

The head saleswoman snapped her fingers and waved her staff away. They scurried off to find outfits, as two others took Mandy's measurements. They paraded a dizzying array of clothes for her approval. Mandy was being overwhelmed by the colors, styles, and fabrics presented to her. As Mandy drowned in fashion-forward clothing, Cassie and Amber shopped for themselves.

Mandy's eyes sparkled at the beautiful dresses, gowns, and other clothing. It was obvious that they knew Mr. James's preferences. Every item was either sexy, demanded respect or both. She started to go through the outfits, choosing the ones she liked. As she looked at each one, she noticed two older gentlemen that had their eyes fixated on her. Mandy had the required clothing, now it was time for the naughtier pieces.

The staff started brought an array of lingerie, in a bounty of colors, and styles. Everything from Granny panties to dental floss, teddy's, negligees, camisoles, and more. Stockings, not pantyhose, and garter belts.

Mandy felt out of her depth. She felt overwhelmed with the choices, this was way beyond her sheltered experience. Looking about in near panic, she called "Cassie, help!"

Cassie strutted over to the dressing rooms and looked at Mandy. She smirked when she thought back to her first time here. How overwhelmed she had been. The colors alone were enough to give you nightmares about crayons.

As soon as Mandy saw Cassie, she blurted "Help! What am I supposed to wear? I haven't a clue what Mr. James will want!"

She laughed when she saw that Mandy looked as if she were drowning. that was something every new girl went through their first few days. "Well, get some stuff to wear under clothes. A few sexy items for when we visit the Playboy Mansion and the rest is up to you. Things that you like, and make you feel sexy. If you feel sexy, then you'll act sexy, and have more confidence. If Mr. James wants something specific he'll either tell you to buy it or gift it to you. Don't worry, there are no wrong choices."

"Oh well, in that case...," Mandy grinned like she'd been let loose in a candy store. She chose some simple items that would make her feel special. Then she added a few more practical pieces in case she had to be the Professional Assistant.

"Should I try some of these on to make sure they fit?" She asked Cassie as she glanced at the older gentlemen who were still leering her.

"If you want to, that's fine. They did take all your measurements, and I've never had them get a size wrong with me." Cassie said, imagining her in some of the stuff she'd picked out.

"Well if you don't think it's necessary, we're spending a lot of Mr. James' money. I want to be careful, make sure that it's well spent." Mandy looked to the young woman she was beginning to idolize, waiting for her to tell her what to do.

"Honey, the man is going to be the first trillionaire in the US. He can afford this. Believe me," Cassie said, smiling at her. "But if you want to show off that hot little body of yours, in some of those sexy outfits, I won't complain."

Mandy blushed at Cassie's words. She wondered why she felt titillated by the thought of public exposure. She giggled to herself at the word titillating! Mandy had been uncomfortable and thrilled when Jon checked her out. She had no idea why she liked it and wondered why she wanted to experience those fellings again.

Cassie looked through the lingerie and picked one especially risque outfit up. "Ya know, this may not fit quite right. Why don't you go try it on, and let me see how it fits." She handed the outfit to the younger woman.

Mandy giggled. There was so little to the outfit, what was not to fit? It covered her nipples and pussy, but not much else. The stockings were sexy, and it was in her pile of things to keep! Taking the set, she went into a changing room and changed into the scanty outfit. Once she was in the ensemble, she pulled back the curtain beckoning to Cassie, trying to get her to come to her.

"Hey Amber, what do you think of that outfit on Mandy? Does it fit her right?" Cassie shouted across the store.

Amber looked toward the dressing room. "I can't tell. Not enough light and this is a bad angle. Mandy hun, step out, and turn around so that we can all see if it fits," Amber shouted, even louder than Cassie had. Even the stock crew in the back of the store had come out to see what was going on.

Every eye was now on Mandy. Everyone waited for her to step into the brighter lights of the store, and show off her almost unclad body. That delicious thrill of revulsion and fear tore through her again. She blushed as she took a breath, and forced herself to exit the safety of the changing room. There seemed to be a lot more people. Mandy felt hot fluid seeping out of her, and onto her not-yet purchased panties. She hoped no one would notice. She held her arms out at a slight angle and turned spun around trying to keep her eyes on Cassie.

Cassie walked over, and circled Mandy, like a shark. She tugged and the top, to see if it was too snug, and how much accessibility the bottoms offered. After she ran her hands all over Mandy, she called out to a shop assistant. "This is too loose. Bring me the same thing but a size smaller." Then she untied the top, and let it fall to the floor. Everyone could see Mandy's firm pert breasts and erect nipples.

The spectators enjoyed the physical scrutiny Cassie was giving Mandy. At least from what Mandy could see. Cassie's hands felt so good on her body, her skin.

'What?' she thought, 'A size smaller?'

Without warning, her bra was off, and a small spasm ran through her insides. Mandy kept her hands by her sides, her breasts exposed, and she hated that she loved it so much.

"Amber walked over and cast a critical eye on the bottoms. "Hmm, these appear to be a bit loose, to don't cha think, Cass?" Amber slid her hand inside the panties and rubbed Mandy's pussy. "Yes, definitely too loose, I have my finger in her pussy, and no one can tell."

"Let me see," Cassie replied. She pulled the bottoms to the floor so that everyone could see Amber's fingers jammed deep into Mandy.

Mandy almost died with embarrassment! Her face must have been a deep red, she could feel the flush rising from her chest, and she was going hot, and cold. Her nipples shot out and her pussy was sopping around Amber's intruding fingers.

'Why didn't anyone object?' she wondered. It was as if the store's staff didn't find it unusual to watch a girl get stripped and fingered. it strange to have a girl stripped naked, right on the sales floor, with customers, and staff watching. They all appeared to be enjoying the show. Mandy stood there, and endured it, knowing that her body was telling Cassie, and Amber that she wanted more.

A sales clerk walked up to the threesome and handed Cassie the same outfit. "We didn't have it in a size one, so here's a size zero." She smiled as both Cassie's, and Amber's grins grew bigger.

Once Cassie had the smaller outfit, the salesgirl pinched one of Mandy's nipples. As she rolled it between her fingers, she said, "Nice. Nice indeed," she said as she kept playing with it using only two fingers. Amber continued to finger Mandy as Cassie reached between her legs, and started to rub her clit.

It was getting to be too much for Mandy. There was still a small part of her that wanted it all to stop, but she felt so decadent, so naughty, so sexy. Her body craved the attention, the touches, and the orgasm that was creeping through her body.

"Don't fight it," Cassie whispered into her ear, "This will end when you let yourself cum. The longer that takes, the greater your humiliation."

"I... I can't help it. It's a reflex I can't...," Mandy's face was a picture in conflicting emotions. She was trying to cooperate, to get it over with. There was still a small voice inside her telling her to fight, that good girls didn't cum in public. She wanted it to end! She never wanted it to end. She wanted to cum! She wanted to run, and hide. All the while her body responded to the touches. Her arousal built until she reached a state of libidinousness, and needed release.

One of the few men in the store had walked up close and was using his phone to record the erotic scene. "Dude, her other tit is available. You wanna lend a hand here?" Cassie asked him, and whispered into Mandy's ear "I warned you..."

He reached out and brushed his hand over her nipple. When no one objected he squeezed her left tit, and made sure to get a close up of his hand crushing the soft flesh.

"Oh fuck!" she murmured, her handmade a feeble attempt to stop him from mauling her proffered breast. Amber continued to pump her fingers into the nude girl. Cassie tormented her clit, the salesgirl sucked on a nipple. The guy pulled her nipple so hard she thought it would double its size. all while he recorded it in high def, in front of an audience.

She felt used, and abused, ashamed of herself. Despite Cassie's warning that resistance would prolong her humiliation, she still struggled. She grabbed the wrists of the salesgirl, but couldn' t bring herself to pull it away. She wanted this! The finger fuck was nothing compared to the mind-fuck! Mandy was on a journey of self-discovery, learning things she never would have if she hadn't made that phone call.

Now that Cassie's hand was slick with cream she pulled away from Mandy's clit and pressed her fingers into her ass. Cassie, and Amber fingered both her holes. Cassie started to lick, and suck her neck while everyone ignored her mild protests.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," she moaned, her hips rolling with the double fucking. Her hands now pulling the man, and girl onto her bared tits. Her eyes shut, a grimace on her face, and her orgasm increased in intensity.

Cassie wrapped her hand around Mandy's throat, and whispered in her ear, "cum for the audience you little slut. Let all these strangers watch you climax, in the middle of the store. They'll upload the videos to youtube, and the whole world can see what a hot little slut you are."

Cassie's hot breath in her ear and the nastiness of her words was enough to push her over the edge. She made a long guttural sound from deep within her chest as her insides contracted over, and over. The tightness around her throat only adding to the sensations overwhelming her. Her body was rigid, yet it convulsed with energy, as her orgasm ripped through her. Then, just like that, it was over. The last wave washed over her, and she almost collapsed, her knees weak, her energy spent.

"Oh," she whimpered, abashed at her total nudity, and wanton lust in such a public setting. She blushed crimson, trying to cover up her breasts, and pussy, looking for a place to hide.

Cassie wrapped her arms around Mandy to support her. Amber offered her fingers up for cleaning. The other two participants, in Mandy's degradation, each took one of Amber's fingers into their mouths. They savored Mandy's essence, then stepped back, and gave the three friends some privacy.

"I'm so sorry! I don't know what possessed me!" she mumbled, "I've never behaved like that before, I'm so sorry!" Mandy looked for a place to hide, and to put on some clothes. Horrified that she had displayed herself so salaciously! 'I'm not like that,' she told herself. She felt confused and ashamed of her lewd behavior. She glanced at her audience, as she wondered if they'd enjoyed watching people force her to cum.

When she was able to stand on her own, Amber walked over to the man who'd recorded their encounter. Mandy missed the rest, since Cassie dragged her into the dressing room, and closed the curtain. "You were fantastic," she said, holding Mandy tight. "Mr. James will be so proud when he sees that video."

Mandy looked up a little surprised. "You mean you're not ashamed of me? For being so slutty, in front of everyone?" Mandy's eyes widened in horror, yet it was a thrill too. "Did I handle it ok?" Mandy's desire to please Cassie was becoming the dominating factor.

"It was a test. Mr. James wants to know how his new girls handle humiliation and public exposure. The only way to find out is to... expose and fondle you. You did great." She smiled at Mandy and hugged her. "Now time to dress, and pay for your stuff, then on to school to pay for that, and home for dinner."

Grateful that she passed the test, Mandy relaxed into Cassie's hug and whimpered. It had been an eventful day, full of new experiences, and surprises. She felt drained. Her desire to please Cassie kept growing with each encounter. She wondered if, despite being straight, she was falling in love with the woman.

Cassie handed her the smaller panties, and bra, and said "I think everything else got boxed up and loaded in the van. I guess you'll have to wear this until we get back to the house."

Wiping her eyes, she grinned at the undersized patches and floss she had to wear. "Anything for you, Cassie," she giggled. As she took struggled into the almost panties, and felt her tits spill out all sides of the undersized bra.

Cassie admired the underboob and the cleavage exposed by the lingerie. Once Mandy had squeezed into the panties and bra, Cassie opened the door, and led her to the van. Without a word, Amber threw it into gear and drove to their school. Pulling up in front of the Admin building, Amber parked the van and shut it off.

"You need to go pay for your classes," Cassie said.

"What? Like this? They might refuse me! I mean, everyone in college will know what a slut I am." In her mind, the college was going to be a safe place to hide, to be normal. She had resigned herself to full-time nudity and sex on demand. The public depravity at the boutique had pushed her past her limit. Mandy knew she would do whatever Cassie said, no matter what. She had started to worship the young woman.

"OK ..." one look at Cassie was enough to convince her, and grabbing her file of papers, she climbed out of the van. At least she wasn't nude this time! Now, where was the Admin building?

Cassie and Amber got out of the van and walked several steps behind her toward the Adin building. It was late in the day, and few visitors were around if the almost empty parking lot was an indicator. Although she got a few stares, it wasn't too bad. That gave Mandy confidence and she strutted into the Administration building.

At Reception she asked the lady, "Excuse me, I'm a new student, come to pay the year's tuition fees." She could feel the woman's disapproval radiating in waves!

The receptionist pointed to a door, "Gp through that door, down the hall last door on the right."

Cassie opened the door, and Amber had a devilish smile on her face.

When Mandy looked into the corridor she recoiled in horror when she saw it crowded with men of all ages, and sizes. The packed the sides leaving a narrow passage the length of the hallway. Cassie looked at her, and said, "The last gauntlet. Those in the know always come to get a look at the new girl." She waited for Mandy to walk down the hallway, letting each of them see her almost naked body.

'Oh well, the last gauntlet it is then,' Mandy thought to herself. 'Might as well get it over with,' She took a breath to steady her nerves. She thrust her chest out, stood tall, with fake confidence entered the hallway. As soon as she crossed the threshold into the hallway, the men and women began to whistle, cheer, and applaud.

As she moved through the crowd, she exaggerated the sway of her hips. Mindful that her bare ass in the thong was out there for everyone to ogle, as she sashayed down the passage. She glanced at the crowd as she passed them, and found no one looked at her face. Not surprising since her dark pubes peeked out from the too-small panties. For breast lovers, her top was only big enough to cover most of her nipples and they quivered with every step. She doubted that any of them would recognize her in clothes.

The noise grew louder as she got closer to the door labeled Registrar. Damn! She was blushing again! When she made it to the door, she spun around and blew them a kiss. It hadn't escaped her notice that they'd been waiting for her, expecting her.

Mandy pushed open the Registrar's door and approached the counter. She had her enrollment form, acceptance letter, and payment ready. She decided to pretend she had clothes on and be as normal as possible. She hoped everything was in order so her ordeal would pass quickly and she could go back to the safety of her room.

The clerk behind the counter was a student on a work-study program. His supervisor warned him about the almost naked girl that would show up, but he thought it was an urban legend. "It's a joke, it has to be,' he thought when the cheers started. Now face to face with a gorgeous, almost naked brunette he was at a loss for words. His hands shook as he took her paperwork, and ran her card.

Much to his chagrin, everything went through without a SNAFU. the one time he hoped for something to be FUBAR, nothing was. Which in his opinion was TARFU. All too soon he finished with her. He tried to think of something to delay her, but his mouth was dry, and he couldn't speak. He handed everything back, and squeaked, "You need to go to the library for your student ID."

"Thanks," she giggled at the bookish but cute guy. She was grateful he hadn't done or said anything about her garments. If she acted normal despite her lack of attire, then she hoped everyone would act her normal. She left the Registrar's office and headed toward the library, without Cassie or Amber.

When her fellow students saw her, phones appeared as if by magic. Everyone was capturing her image, to share with their friends and uploaded to the web. Her unclad form got shared with the entire student body in a matter of minutes. Her luck held and few of them focused on her face. Unaware of the chaos left in her wake, Mandy went up to the desk in the library, "I need an ID."

The poor student who worked in the library almost had a heart attack when he saw the bare buxom babe. Amazement set in when he came face to face with the rumor come to life. He was a bit smoother than his counterpart in the registrar's office. As Mandy stood for her ID photo, he claimed the pictures were 'messed up', and asked her to stand, bend, twist, and squat.

After the third picture, it became clear that he was taking advantage of her. Mandy assumed that this was yet another test so she didn't object. Not wanting to disappoint Cassie or Mr. James, she posed as requested despite the lewdness. Out the corner of her eye, she noticed that other students in the Library were watching with interest.

After taking dozens of pictures, he finally had Mandy sit on the stool, took a normal ID photo, and printed it. Once it was ready, he gave it to her with his phone number. "I'm a photography major, and I always need models, you're a natural. Call me some time for a real photo session." He smiled at her while leering at her one last time.

Mandy took her ID, and the number, looking at him in consternation. She'd never considered becoming a lingerie model. She decided she would ask Cassie about this taking him up on his offer. Mandy was somewhat delirious from the highs and lows of the day. She and didn't trust herself to distinguish a decent proposal from an indecent one.

She made her way to the doors of the library and took a deep breath. She decided to own it, and strutted, letting her natural shimmy captivate those that saw her. Before she could take a dozen steps Cassie had liked up to her right arm and Amber her left. Mandy stopped short when she realized they were in lingerie as revealing as hers. The trio walked arm in arm through the campus.

Cassie's shoulder bumped Mandy as they walked. "You did it, girlfriend, you passed everything. You're one of us, and we're all in this together. That's why we stripped down. You aren't alone anymore. Like the Three Musketeers All for One, and One for All."

"So I'm finally, IN? WOO HOO!" she gushed in pleasure.

As they strutted back to the van, Mandy handed Cassie the card with the photographer's number. "Hey Cassie, the guy who did my ID wanted to know if I'd do some modeling for him? Was that another of Mr. James's things?"

"Nah, that's some horny guy trying to get the half-naked chick into his bed. What you do when you're not on the cock, as we call it, is your business. As long as you don't break the rules." She kissed Mandy on the cheek.

"I won't, I hope I don't forget any." The sounds of the paddle striking Jeanie's ass still echoed in her ears. It filled her with equal parts dread and desire.

"So it's ok if I call him?" She had fun posing for him and loved how sexy she felt.

"Usually we all hang together, but everyone needs personal time. Hell, I have an idea. Maybe we can get some group, and individual portraits for Mr. James as a Christmas present."

Amber eyes started shining, "Oh God, he'd love that! I'm in. He could come to the mansion? Or should we go to his studio? It would be fun doing it together"

"Oh definitely at the Mansion. Seeing those pics of us in the office, his bedroom,s and around the grounds, will drive him crazy. He'll fuck us raw for weeks," Cassie said.

"Oh, Is he rough then? I've never had rough sex before," Mandy admitted.

Cassie stopped dead in her tracks. She looked at Mandy, her mouth agape. Amber put her hand over her mouth trying not to laugh, her eyes twinkling.

"You did see the dungeon, right? That's not for show. We spend a good amount of time, tied down, getting fucking, and sucking. For an older guy, he's got a shitload of stamina and amazing control. He can fuck for hours without cumming."

It was Mandy's turn to look surprised. "Yikes! I guess it can't be too bad. I mean, you guys survived. I guess I'll cope, somehow...," Mandy concluded. "Can we go home now, or are there more little bombshells for you to drop?"

"We're the only bombshells around," Amber said, gesturing at the students following them.

Mandy laughed at Amber's response. "So we're the three bombshells..." Amber and Cassie exploded in laughter.

When they could speak again, Cassie nodded, "That's the best description of us and the effect we have."

They arrived back at the van, Amber started it up, and drove back to the mansion. When they arrived they saw the delivery truck leaving.

Cassie nodded in approval, "Looks like your stuff has arrived. Let's go see how it looks." Amber parked the van, and they went in to see Mandy's new room.

Jeanie was standing in the hall when her friends walked in. "I've been following the uploads, lots of pics, and some hot fucking videos. I'm sorry I missed all the fun."

"I want to see those," Mandy said. She was more interested in seeing her debauchery than checking out her new room. "I guess I'll have to tell my mother that my education is paid for. I just have to let my sugar daddy, and his friends tie me down and fuck all my holes whenever they want." Mandy grinned.

"No need to worry, none of your faces was identifiable," Jeanie told Mandy, patting her arm.

Mandy was glad the foursome was together again. She hadn't known them long, but being back with Jeanie filled a void Mandy hadn't realized was there.

Throwing Mandy's door, open Cassie strutted in like she owned the place. She plopped down into the recliner as Amber and Jeanie went outside and got Mandy's possessions.

Cassie looked up at Mandy who was standing in the doorway. "So tell me how your day was? How did you feel? Was anything too far out of your comfort zone?"

"Oh my! It's been the most amazing, most challenging day of my life! Nothing like I'd expected! I think I'm good with everything, but I had so many new experiences, I haven't processed them all. It was filled with highs, and lows, fear, and arousal, and..." she shook her head at the enormity of how her life had changed over the last few hours.

Mandy considered her feelings and blushed when she remembered how turned on was when Cassie stripped her that first time. "Everything was way beyond my comfort zone, but nothing was out of bounds. At least not with you."

Cassie let a tiny smile dance over her face when she saw the puppy-like expression on Mandy's face. Mandy couldn't help but return the smile, it felt too nice to have Cassie smile at her like that.

Once all the boxes were out of the van, and all the ladies were back in uniform, they all gathered in Mandy's room to relax.

"Before we begin we should order dinner. Since it's your first night here, Mandy, pick a meal for us." Cassie handed it to Mandy, "dial #069 to get the kitchen. Yes, Mr. James does have a unique sense of humor."

"How about steak? I could do with a big juicy steak!" she suggested, then blushed when she thought of how sexual that might sound. Getting no disagreements from the other girls, she dialed the kitchen. "Oh yeah, hi it's Mandy, the new girl. Can we have some dinner, please? Steak, and fries for three? Great! Thanks," she hung up, and said, "I hope that's ok with everyone?"

"I think Mandy plans on skipping dinner tonight since she ordered three dinners. Cassie, Amber, Jeanie, and Mandy make four," Jeanie said, teasing the new girl.

The other two laughed. "Oh shit!" Mandy swore as the color once again rose in her neck and cheeks. She reached for the phone, dialing again. She spoke," Sorry, it's Mandy again. I can't count. We need four steak dinners. Yeah, sorry ...thanks!" She put the phone back down. "Oops! I wonder how many other screw-ups I'll make!" she wondered aloud.

Cassie looked at Mandy, "So we had a lot of fun today while Jeanie got her ass beat, and had to stay home. She could use some relief. How about it. Mandy?"

"It's been a heck of a day! What can I do to make poor Jeanie feel better?" Mandy inquired, as she sat on the floor.

Jeanie spread her legs open, exposing her shaved snatch to everyone's view. Mandy could see that the redness had started to fade, but there were some nasty bruises left from her ordeal. Jeanie smiled and held her pussy lips open waiting to feel the new tongue on her moistening pussy.

Mandy was eager to do anything Cassie asked. She was desperate for her approval and wanted to impress her, needing Cassie to like her. So she was a little disappointed that Jeanie was to be her first pussy. She knelt between Jeanie's legs, one hand on each thigh. Mandy, glanced over to Cassie's beautiful pussy, looking forward to pleasuring her.

Mandy leaned forward, inhaled Jeanie's scent, watching her fluids flow. She swiped her tongue over her growing wetness and dipped the tip of her tongue onto the damp outer lips. She felt the soft warm flesh of the womans pussy. It tasted tangy and sweet. Mandy tried a lick from as low down as she could get to the top of the fragrant slit.

Looking up at Jeanie, but with a glance at Cassie, Mandy asked, "Is this ok? I've never done this before."

"Do what comes naturally sweetheart, and things will cum," she said to the pretty, nude teen.

Mandy found the taste not as unpleasant as she thought it would be. It was piquant and earthy. She spread the lips apart and leaned in to probe her friend's depths.

"Fuck I needed this," Jeanie sighed leaning back in the chair as she spread her legs further apart. "Long slow licks baby girl, long, and slow. Think about what you like, and do that."

Cassie sat there recording them while Amber focused on the lovers and caressed herself. Standing up,Amber walked over to Jeanie and held her finger out, and Jeanie sucked it into her mouth like it was a miniature cock.

Mandy was so focused on the moist pussy in front of her that she had no idea she was being recorded. Or what Amber was doing above her. Mandy shifted positions, and was on all fours, her ass pointing right at Cassie, her lips glistening in arousal. Mandy began to lap at Jeanie's pussy making sure to drag her tongue over her labia, and caress her clit before going back down again.

Cassie started to wave her hand in the air to get Amber's attention. When Amber looked at her she made a few gestures, letting Amber in on a plan that was running through her mind. Amber grinned and nodded. She pulled her finger from Jeanie's mouth and snuck out of the room.

She returned a few minutes later, completely naked, wearing a strap on. The attached smallish dildo had ridges, and nubs, and other protrusions covering the surface.

Mandy was tongue fucking Jeanie so hard, that she was oblivious to what the other two were about to do. Amber positioned herself behind Mandy and pretended to jerk off the dildo. Then she thrust it toward Mandy acting like she was fucking and spanking her. Cassie recording it all.

Jeanie was getting close. She had been horny all day, since she her wrists were bound, she needed a release. She pictures and videos of her friends having fun with Mandy. Running the gauntlet, then joining together to cement their bond. It was a rush and Jeanie felt miffed she had to miss it. Jeanine shuddered through a mini climax remembering her first day. She couldn't wait until they saw the montage she'd put together, as they ate dinner.

Jeanie watched Amber acting a fool, and she knew what was about to happen. She started to stroke Mandy's hair as Amber lined up, and rammed the rough textured dildo deep into Mandy's pussy in one shot.

"OH FUCKKKKKKK," Mandy yelled, as her pussy expanded wide to accommodate the toy. Amber began to fuck her roughly, reaching out, and pulling Mandy's hair.

"Bitch who told you to stop eating cunt. Lick that bruised bitch, and make her cum, while I ram your slut hole with my fuck stick."

Mandy didn't realize how close she was to yet another orgasm, but Amber's words drove right to the heart of her arousal, and she collapsed to the floor as she convulsed in pleasure.

As she watched, Jeanine rubbed her clit, and soon she was calling out, "I'm FUCKING CUMMING..."

Amber went into the bathroom, dropped off the toy, and returned with two damp towels. She handed one to Cassie, who put her phone down. Cassie began to wipe Mandy down, while Mandy lay there mewling in pleasure.

Amber took care of Jeanie. Once the sweaty girls were clean, a light knock on the door announced the food had arrived. Cassie rolled in the cart, and served everyone, while Jeanine set the montage to play on Mandy's new Flatscreen.

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