**Rules of the House**

by Dragavan

**Chapter 1: Erin's Troubles**

Erin Brooks was born into a well off family, but was an only child. Her mom ended up leaving the family when she was young and her father raised her through most of her life. He did well enough, but worked an awful lot, so she rarely really saw him. At least she usually wanted for nothing and got most everything she asked for.

When she wanted to go to dance class at 11, she was enrolled in the best one around. When she wanted a car at 16, she got a brand new Ford Mustang. When she wanted to go Europe after graduation, she got a full two-month vacation without chaperones. All on daddy's dime.

Her troubles really all started when her father got in trouble with the IRS and went to jail for what he tried to pull with his company. All she knew was that he tried to hide away some of his money in foreign accounts and the government caught him with his hands in the cookie jar. He was now spending the next two years in prison and all his assets were seized.

She didn't think his problems directly impacted her at the time, since she was away and living at college, but as soon as it came time to pay for the next year's classes she realized she didn't have him to fall back on to get the rest of what she needed. With his assets out of the picture, she was left to her own devices to pay for it all.

All she had left was her own money, which was relatively limited, and her partial dance scholarship. She didn't have a home to go to, since it was all seized to pay for his damages. She had to get a small apartment of her own, which further put a drain on her savings.

His dealings also happened to taint her records when it came to getting financial aid, since she was still listed as his dependant at the time of the conviction. She tried several methods and pulled nearly every string she had, but nothing came of any of it. Deadlines quickly came up on her and she still was nowhere near what she needed to get back in.

In the end she was forced to drop out and get a real job for the first time in her life. She's had other jobs before, but they were all things she did for fun and not out of any real need. Working down at the trendy boutique as a sales girl or as a lifeguard at the pool on the weekends was not going to work this time. She had to get something that paid a bit more than minimum wage to cover her bills and needs.

She quickly discovered how hard it was to get a good job with no real work experience, a high school diploma, and only one year of college. Especially considering most of her college classes were dance and theater related. Most everything she even gets called back for are minimum wage crap jobs. Luckily, since she wasn't going back to school, she did have her own saved up college money to keep her afloat while she looked. Unfortunately, it was quickly being drained.

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After months of hellish interviews and discovering the cutthroat nature of the entertainment industry, when she tried to get some of those school training related jobs. None of the listings she found in the paper ever lead to anything she could get and online job sites just seemed to be filled with postings that lead to links from temp agencies and placement companies, instead of actual listed jobs.

Then there were all the so-called placement agencies seemed to want her to pay them to find her a job, which sounded like a scam to her. Even if they weren't, she couldn't afford rent for much longer, so how could she afford to pay them to look for her? She was quickly coming to her wits' end and didn't know what to do.

She ended up signing up with a temp agency, she started doing a number of these relatively lower paying jobs, usually making little more than $8 an hour and never more than $10. None of these jobs lasted very long though, and none of them seemed interested in taking her on permanently, mostly quoting her lack of education and training as the reasons. At least the reason they told her at the agency.

The good thing about the temp agency was the contacts she made. She was slowly building up a network of people, mostly other temps, who she could consider at least light friends. People who would think of her when they saw something that she might work out for or be right for. The few good interviews she did get – although though she hasn't gotten a job out of them yet – were from these contacts.

Like the last one she got at a design firm, which looked promising. Candice, one of her fellow temp friends, saw the listing being prepared when she was applying for a different job and thought of Erin. She immediately told her about it and Erin was able to get in for an interview before most people even realized the job was available. All seemed to go well, but in the end somebody else got the job.

Still, it was proof that the network was a good thing, even if the temp jobs were kind of limited in pay along the way. At least they paid and it was helping to keep her savings from being drained as fast as they would be if she didn't have it coming in.

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Getting off from her latest temp job – working as a receptionist in a law firm lobby – Erin went home, knowing she was once again going to be reassigned the following week. At least if she was lucky. Sometimes she would have to wait a few days or even a week before the next job would start. It was always hard to finish one with that not knowing looming over her head.

Getting home, she picked up her mail from the box in the lobby of her apartment building, tossing it on her coffee table without even looking at it as she passed through to her bathroom to shower. She always had to take a shower when she got home. Even simple office jobs made her feel grimy at the end of the day.

After the shower the tossed on her robe and made some ramen for dinner. She missed he fancy meals she used to have, but college did teach her how to survive on cheap food. She then took a seat on the couch to finish eating and watch a little TV before fading off to sleep. She needed to wind down and do something mindless for a while.

It had been a long day for little pay and it always depressed her a little to come to the end of one of these jobs, not knowing when and if the next one would come. It also didn't help that her savings were nearly depleted and she wouldn't be able to keep paying rent after next month at these pay rates. She had just one month to get something better or she would be risking losing her apartment, food, or other basic comforts.

She was just starting to fade off when the phone rang. It was one of her contact friends, another temp girl by the name of Cynthia that she worked with at a car dealership a couple months ago.

"Hey Erin." She said. "Did you get the listing I put in your mailbox? I thought it would be right up your alley."

"What?" Erin said groggily. "No, I didn't even look at my mail today."

"I put it in there a couple days ago."

"Oh," Erin felt a little embarrassed. "I haven't actually bothered to check in a few days. What was it?"

"Not sure exactly, but it seemed to ask for a large mix of jobs, from maid to maintenance. But the kicker was the thing about performance experience being a plus. Not sure exactly why, but I figured you'd be a shoe in with your schooling."

"That is odd, but I'll check it out. Thanks."

Once getting off the phone Erin rummaged through the stack of mail on the table, most of it from the last several days, and found the folded up note with the clipping inside it. She didn't recognize the paper it was from, but the job listing seemed good enough.

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= Several Job Openings Available at Seigneury Manor =

Easy advancement, Earn up to $50 an hour at the top levels.

No experience necessary. Performance experience a plus.

Send picture, identification and resume

Contact Lillian Templeton for an appointment

Contact information: Phone, fax, and email

– Positions Available –

Housemaids

Chambermaids

Scullery Maids

Servers

Maintenance Workers

Groundskeepers

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She couldn't believe the listing actually said she could potentially earn up to $50 an hour once she moved up. She would be happy just making a quarter of that right now. She'd never been a maid or anything like that before, but she had done some waitressing, so she figured she could try out for the server position.

She thought it was odd that it said she needed to send in a picture, but then it could have been a typo to have that comma in there. Perhaps it was just a picture ID they needed her to send a copy of in. She didn't want to risk it though, so she spends the weekend getting several things together to cover all her bases.

Come Monday, she had a copy of her driver's license and birth certificate to cover any ID needs, a couple pictures she had taken while in college for her theater classes, and her most recent updated resume. She faxed them over to the number in the ad around noon. Then it was just a waiting game.

She allowed herself to daydream about making $50 an hour and be rolling in it again. She wouldn't have to worry about anything any more. All her bills would be paid and she would be free to save up for school again. She knew, deep down, that the listed $50 an hour was far off for her, as she would have to work up to it, but that meant the starting wage had to be better than the $10 or less she was making, and that was good enough for her for now.

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She didn't have to wait long, though. It was only the next day, Tuesday morning, when she received the call about her application.

"Miss Brooks?" The serious voice on the other end of the phone asked.

"Yes," Erin said. "This is Erin Brooks."

"My name is Lillian Templeton, head of staffing at Seigneury Manor. I have a few questions for you, Miss Brooks. About your application."

Erin's stomach did a flip-flop at those words. She worried that it meant there was some kind of problem, but she didn't want to sound like she was worried. All she could manage to get out was, "Like what?"

"It says here you were at university for theater and dance. What made you leave before finishing?"

Erin was actually relieved. These were questions she was used to answering by now. She went on and explained the whole situation, and then followed up with several of the other standard pre-interview questions she was used to answering by now. Everything seemed to go well.

Finally, Ms. Templeton said, "Everything seems to be in order. When can you come in for an interview?"

"Tomorrow." Erin said, a little more eager than she meant to sound. "Or whenever works for you. I'll try and make it work for me."

"No, tomorrow would be good. Can you be here around ten?"

"Sure," She said, suddenly realizing she was missing one piece of important information. "Where is there, exactly? I was never given an address."

"Not a problem." She then proceeded to give Erin the address and instructions on how she was to get in before ending the call.

Erin was to go to the servant's entrance and give her name to the guard at the door. She was then to wait there for an escort, who would walk her to Ms. Templeton's office for the interview. She was not to wander anywhere on the grounds or bother the main gate at all. The guests and master of the house should be completely unaware of her presence as she is not a staff member or a guest.

Erin agreed and couldn't wait for her interview tomorrow morning. All she had to do now was spend the rest of today trying to choose an outfit to wear, which was one of her favorite pastimes.

**Rules of the House - Chapter 2**

Erin woke bright and early the next morning, nearly before the sun even rose, not realizing how excited she was for the interview until she got up without hitting the snooze alarm at all. Realizing she still had hours to go before she had to leave she decided to make breakfast and do the morning right. Eggs and bacon and everything.

After eating she finally slipped out of her nightshirt and took a shower, not bothering to do dishes right away and not thinking about how the egg was going to stick to her plate like glue after it dried. She then did her hair and make-up, keeping it cute but light, as to keep it serious and business-like. Then it was finally time to dress.

She had picked out just the right outfit the night before, which gave her a serious look, but not without showing that she is still a fun girl. The top was a little dressier than she usual wore, but looked great with the dark sweater jacket over it. The buttons were done all the way up, except for the top two, because she didn't want to seem too prudish.

She also put on a nice simple black skirt that nearly went down to her knees. She thought if she made it too long it would make her seem prudish, but was no way going to wear a shorter skirt to a serious interview for a job. The part she was still debating was the stockings. She wasn't sure if that was a little over the top or not, but in the end she decided it was okay because she looked so good in them.

But if she was going to wear the stockings, she had to also wear the black heels with it. No point in flats if she was going to go all out with the stockings. So she slipped them on and looked at herself in the mirror. It may not be the perfect interview dress for a housekeeper, but she'd rather look too good than too bad.

Since she wasn't exactly sure where the place she was going was, she figured it wouldn't hurt to get going early and find it first, just to make sure she wasn't late. So she grabbed her purse and headed out the door with at least an hour to spare before she had to be there.

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She actually found the place with far less trouble than expected, but the sheer size of it seemed to help with that. It was over on the wealthy side of town and took up what would have been at least two whole blocks if it was downtown, where she lived right now. It had a large stone wall all the way around it, but the roofs of a large mansion and a couple other smaller buildings could be seen over it.

The main gate seems to be the only way in for vehicles and had two smaller walk-in gates near the guardhouse. Over the large gate was a fancy wrought iron sign that read 'Seigneury Manor' in a swirly font, so there was no mistaking that this was the place. She also saw a driveway curve up and out of sight beyond the large barred gate, hiding the rest of the grounds behind amazing shrubbery.

The servant's entrance along the side of the grounds, on the other hand, was just a single door with a buzzer and keypad. No other markings or signs besides the simple word "Servants Entrance" printed in black on the dark wood door. It was hard to read from across the street and could easily have been missed if you weren't looking for it.

She imagined what it would be like to live in such a place. This was even far above the place she grew up in, being something more like a dream. Working here would get her inside at least, and she could live vicariously through those who actually have places like this.

Not wanting to be too early, she sat in her car and watched the entrance for a while. Over the half an hour or so she sat there she saw a couple girls walk up and pass through the door with some kind of card and code and one come out and walk down the block. They were all far more casually dressed than she was and it made Erin start to really question her choice of dress.

Worried it was a little too fancy she slipped off the stockings and put them in her glove box. She wished she had her flats, but the only other shoes in the car were her sneakers and there was no way she was going to wear them. So the heels had to stay. She also undid a couple more buttons on the blouse and let the sweater jacket hang open instead of buttoned over the belly, to give her a more casual look.

It was then time to head over and see what she could do to get this job. Straightening out her clothes once she stepped out of the car, to make sure nothing was out of place, she walked right over to the simply marked door and looked at the controls more closely.

The keypad had a little screen on it and a place to slide in a card, but had no other markings on it at all. Below it was a simple red button on a metal grate that looked kind of like a speaker grill. This one had a small tag that read 'Buzz for Assistance' above it. She also noticed that there was a partially concealed camera dome up on the wall above the door, half hidden by the stonework but clearly place to let them see who was at the door.

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She pushed the buzzer and the speaker clicked on, "Yes, can I help you?" came the tinny voice. It sounded female, but through the crappy speaker it was hard to tell more than that.

Not sure if she should lean down to speak into the speaker or look up at the camera, Erin simply stood there and talked facing the door. "I'm Erin Brooks. I have an interview with Ms. Templeton at ten today."

There was a short pause and then the tinny voice crackled back through the small speaker. "Come on in and wait, I'll have someone take you to her in a moment."

The door buzzed and clicked, allowing Erin to push it open and walk through into a short stone hallway that opened up into a large hallway that went off to both her left and right. Directly ahead of her was a movie ticket booth style window with a pleasant looking woman standing behind it. She had long blond hair and light blue eyes, which made her smiling face seem very pleasant.

She was wearing a simple light blue blouse with a nametag on it, which read 'Tammy Neuman' in simple block letters, but the blouse seemed way shorter than what you'd normally expect from work wear. Tammy's whole belly was clearly in view under it, as it seemed to stop about where the ribs did, leaving her midriff exposed between the shirt and the top of her blue skirt or pants or whatever they were. Erin couldn't see more than the tip of the waistband and belt over the counter on this window.

Tammy motioned Erin to step up to the window and said, "Hi there. I'll just need to see some identification and then I'll buzz your escort down to take you to Ms. Templeton."

Erin took out her driver's license and slid it through the opening at the bottom of the window. Tammy took a look at it and pushed a couple buttons on an intercom on the wall next to her. "Erin Brooks is here to see Ms. Templeton. Please send down her escort."

"Right away." Came the short response almost instantly.

Tammy then looked at Erin again and said, "Someone will be with you in just a moment, if you would please just wait here. I have to get back to sorting, but if you need anything just call."

"Thank you." Erin replied, before Tammy left the window.

As Tammy walked away, back into her work area, Erin could see that she was wearing an extremely short pleated miniskirt that had to just barely cover her from behind. She would swear that if Tammy moved wrong she was certain to see panties or even some of her butt cheek. Tammy looked through a large plastic bin and then carried it out of Erin's view.

She was now certain she was definitely overdressed if that kind of clothing was allowed here, but perhaps it was just because Tammy worked in the back area and was never out where guests would see that she could get away with it. She didn't get much time to think about it because a door opened at the far end of the left hallway and a man in black slacks and a guard's patch on his shirt walked up to her.

"Erin Brooks?" The man asked in a serious tone.

She nodded. "Yes."

"Come with me." He said, turning to head back down the hall and waving her to go ahead of him. "Ms. Templeton will see you now."

She was lead down this hall, but instead of taking the turn at the end that seemed to go into a locker room of some kind, he unlocked the door he came through and escorted her outside. This was obviously some back path behind the buildings, as nothing here looked as fancy as what she saw through the main gate and the path simply lead to a door on the side of the main building.

Once inside, she was lead up through a back staircase and into a large hall. She caught a glimpse of some girl down the hall walk across topless to another room, followed by a man holding a towel. Erin couldn't help but smile to herself as she thought of the guests having fun and being open like this. But she was then lead into a large office with a couple couches and numerous book cases.

"Have a seat." The guard said, waving towards the chair in front of the desk. "I'll let Ms. Templeton that you are here."

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Erin had to sit there patiently, fidgeting slightly, for what felt like at least half an hour before the door behind the desk opened and a tall severe looking woman stepped in. She looked like she just stepped out of some kind of library nightmare, with her dark brown hair up in a tight bun and simple make-up and small glasses on her pale face.

She is dressed in a full white button-up blouse and a long charcoal gray skirt. She looks like she could be very attractive if she didn't have the stern expression and severe look, but right now Erin was feeling very glad she had at least dressed up as much as she did. Odd to go from feeling like she was totally overdressed to feeling completely underdressed in less than an hour.

Erin quickly stood to greet her, putting out her hand over the desk. The woman took it and gave her a firm handshake. She then waved her hand towards Erin's chair and said, "Have a seat Miss Brooks." She then took her own behind the desk and started to look at a few papers.

"I assume you brought the required papers?" She said, finally looking up at Erin and holding out her hand.

"Yes, Ma'am." Erin said, quickly rifling through her bag to get them out and hand them to the waiting lady. These were the originals of the papers and pictures she sent in with her resume already.

"Call me Ms. Templeton." She said, taking the papers and looking through them. "I am head of staffing here at Seigneury Manor so my decision about your future here is final. This interview is to determine how well I think you will do here, and I have never been wrong."

Erin nodded but said nothing, waiting for the questions to start. Then they did come. Most of them seemed to be the usual fare for your typical job interview. Some of them seemed more like a personality test, which was not so unusual either, but some just seemed odd and off topic. Erin assumed they were a way of learning more about the person themselves and not their work persona. She did her best to answer them all as best she could, but after an hour or more of this it had worn her down.

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"So," Ms. Templeton said after a pause. "From your previous work experience, I would assume you would have no problem adhering to a uniform policy."

"No, Ms. Templeton." Erin said, shaking her head. "A uniform would be fine, even expected, for these kinds of positions."

"Very good." She said, with a slight smile that didn't help to soften her look at all. "I will let them explain your options there. But I think you will fit in just fine here. You can start next Monday. I will have Sarah work up the paperwork and bring it down to Tammy Neuman for you to fill out."

"I got the job?" Erin was shocked it happened that fast.

"Yes." Ms. Templeton nodded, standing up and waving towards the door. "Have Howard take you back down to the Staff Entrance so Tammy can finish filling you in on our procedures and finish the paperwork."

"Thank you." Erin said, putting her hand out to shake Ms. Templeton's hand. "I won't let you down."

"You better not." She replied, briefly shaking the outstretched hand. "I've never been wrong."

Erin nods and turns to leave the room, but turns back about halfway to the door. "Excuse me. So, what is my starting pay?"

"I thought that was stated clearly in the ad." Ms. Templeton said.

"The ad said I could work my way up to $50 an hour."

"No, you can make up to that right now." She says as she turns to leave back through her back door. "It all depends on what level you choose to work at. Otherwise you only get some smaller percentage of that."

"What levels?"

"Miss Neuman will explain all that." She says as she disappears through the door and it closes behind her.

Erin was left alone, wondering what that meant and dreaming of getting to choose to make $50 an hour.

**Rules of the House - Chapter 3**

Erin was lead back down the servant's entrance and taken to the window she spoke through before. The guard rang the bell and Tammy came to the window, smiling. "Hey, Howie."

"Hi Tammy." He said with a small smile and a blush. "Ms. Templeton said I was to bring Erin down to you. She will be starting here soon and you are supposed to fill her in."

"I heard." Tammy said. "Sarah buzzed down and said she was bringing me the paperwork. In the mean time, have Erin come in the locker room so we can talk."

Howard waves his hand toward the end of the hall, where the door leads into the women's locker room, and speaks to Erin. "If you'll just head right in there, Tammy will help you get to know how things are done here at Seigneury Manor."

Erin thanks the man and heads through the door into the locker room. It's not that large of a room, just rows of lockers down the sides with a bench down the center. Most of the wall on the opposite side from the entrance is a large counter that looks into Tammy's work area. Tammy was standing there looking back at Erin.

As she approached the counter she noticed that she could see clear across Tammy's area and into what Erin assumed was the men's locker room, although it was currently empty. Next to the counter was a short hallway with another door at the end, which she assumed opened into the grounds.

"Hello again Erin." Tammy said with a smile. "Looks like your interview went well. Sarah said they were eager to get you started."

"I guess so." Erin said with a shrug, not sure how to answer. "It's still all kind of a shock to me."

"Yeah, it can be at first, but you'll get to use to it all."

"It all?" Erin said, slightly confused. "I was talking about getting the job. What all do I have to get used to?"

"Nothing to worry about." Tammy said, waving the question away with her hand. "We just need to go over how things are run here. You know, the rules and all."

"Oh, right. Ms. Templeton said you would tell me about the work levels and stuff."

"Exactly, but first I have to wait for Sarah. There's some paperwork that has to be done first."

As if on queue, there was a knocking coming from a room just off Tammy's work area. Tammy smiled and headed towards it. "That must be her now."

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Erin waited at the counter, looking through to the other locker room and seeing that it was like an exact mirror of the one she was standing in. She could see every inch of it, from the entrance door to the side hall near the counter. That meant that anyone on the other side could also see all of the ladies locker room as well. She wondered if this design flaw was somehow missed when they designed the place. After all, what would be the point of having separate locker rooms if you could just see into the other one?

After a few minutes, Tammy returned with a small stack of papers, and dropped them down on the counter. "So, let's get started."

Tammy spread out some of the papers, sorting them into a few small stacks, and slides one in front of Erin with a pen. "First off, you have to sign this agreements. It's kind of a non-disclosure agreement, but is mostly just a privacy statement, because the master of the house is kind of paranoid about his privacy. He doesn't want anyone to talk about this place outside of here, so if you are going to work here, you have to sign this and agree to keep quiet about Seigneury Manor, other than the fact that you work here as the help."

Erin was taken aback by this. She's never had to sign a secrecy agreement before. The closest she ever had to do to that was signing a non-complete agreement that kept her from being hired by another store in the mall. After pausing and thinking about it a moment, however, she figured "What the hell" and signed it.

"Very good." Tammy said, taking the paper and sliding it under the counter. "Now we can get down to explaining how things work around here."

"Alright." Erin said with a smile. "Like how I can make up to $50 an hour right now? That's what Ms. Templeton said."

"That's true," Tammy said with a smirk. "Although I doubt you'll want to jump right in at that level."

"But what is that level? Nobody's told me anything. What job did I just sign up for?"

Tammy shook her head. "Wow, they really didn't tell you anything. I guess I'll have to start at the beginning. There's a lot to cover. Do you know what department you want to work in? We can start there."

"Departments?" Erin's face still looked confused. "Do you mean like different jobs from the ad?"

"Sort of." Tammy let out a sigh. "But more like what area of the grounds you are going to work in first. The main ones are Housekeeping, Kitchen, Maintenance, and Grounds. Although the kitchen is technically part of the house, there is enough work there that they have it as a separate area. Each of these also have several jobs you can have within them, like housemaid, chambermaid, and server."

"Oh," Erin gasped with understanding. "I think I will work in housekeeping if I can. Or maybe the kitchen."

"Let's stick with one for now." Tammy said, pulling out some papers from one of the stacks. "The Kitchen is the simplest for new members to learn. You start out as a Scullery Maid or sometimes a Server, and can work your way up to Cook if you really work at it, but it's best not to think about that as most rarely stay in the kitchen."

Erin nods, following along but not saying anything.

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"All the positions here come with uniforms, and most of them share the same ones. The main rule is you must be in a uniform at all times while on duty. The second rule is you are not allowed on the grounds when off duty, except by special invitation. Breaks, including lunch, still count as being on duty, even though you aren't working during them, so you are subject to certain rules while on break. The main break time rule is you aren't allowed to take breaks where guests can see you. There are designated staff areas you can take them."

"What if we want to leave the grounds for lunch?" Erin asked, not really caring but wanting make sure she covered the bases and sounded like she was paying attention.

"Oh, that's completely allowed." Tammy smiled. "You just have to change out of your uniform in here and put back on your street clothes. Uniforms are not allowed off the grounds. Then when you are done you come back through here and change into your uniform again to finish your shift."

Erin nods. "That makes sense."

"That's also how you start your day here. You come in through this entrance and check out our uniform for the day from me, or whoever's working the counter at the time. All your things go into one of the lockers and you put on your uniform. Then you step into the corridor over there," She pointed to the short hall ending in the door that Erin assumed leads into the grounds. "Where your uniform is checked and logged for the day, before being let into the grounds to start your shift."

"Checked and logged?"

"Yes," Tammy said. "All uniforms are checked and logged for each work segment, since your main pay is based on them. What you wear when you leave here and go to work determines how much of your base pay you will get for those hours."

"What I wear? Pay is based on different uniforms?"

"Yes," Tammy said, very matter-of-factly. "There are actually four base uniforms and sub-variants of each. What you choose to wear determines your base pay for the day, out of your possible maximum. There can be other factors and bonuses, but this is the core of the pay system here."

"What kinds of uniforms are these four base ones?"

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"Here, let me show you." Tammy pulled a long plastic tub out of the racks along the side wall of her area. She placed the tub on the counter. There was a simple label on the side of if that read 'Full Conservative Uniform - LM'. She pops open the box and started to pull out the clothing inside. "This is the Conservative Uniform. Almost nobody wears these at all, especially since you only get 17% of your possible pay from it."

She held up the uniform and Erin saw it's a standard hotel maid style uniform in pale blue, complete with white collar and apron. It looked like it would cover her from neck to below the knees. Not very flattering and most likely made of some kind of stain resistant polyester weave. She also noticed the tub contained a set of black bra and panties.

She carefully slipped the dress back into the tub and sealed it, returning it to the shelves. She then pulled another tub down and slid it onto the counter. This one had a label that read 'Full Small Uniform - LS'. She pulled it open and slid the lid onto the counter. "This is the standard plain uniform you will see a lot of around here. In fact, this sort of what I tend to wear most of the time. In this full form it gives you 20% of your possible pay."

Tammy stepped back and showed off what she was wearing, rather than pull anything out of the box. Erin could then clearly see it was a short pleated light blue miniskirt, which seemed to barely cover her, and a light blue half shirt top. The collared shirt was made to button up, but she seemed to have it tied off in front instead, which showed off much of her cleavage.

Looking into the plastic tub, Erin also saw there were the same kind of bra and panties in there, as well as a simple white nylon golf belt. Tammy was wearing the belt around the top of her skirt, but without looking more closely Erin wouldn't have noticed it wasn't part of the skirt.

Tammy then closed that tub too and put it back on the shelf to get the next one. This time it's one that read 'Full Maid's Uniform - SC'. Popping it open Erin immediately noticed that there was no blue inside, just a sea of black and white fabric. Tammy started to pull something out. "This is the classic sexy French Maid's outfit that the guys really like. This is also very popular and often requested for some events, at least in part. The full outfit gives you 25% of your possible pay."

She pulled the main dress all the way out and it's clearly a classic black French Maid's Uniform, with frilly white trim and lots of ruffles. The top seemed very low cut and the hem really short. Looking down into the tub she also saw there was a number of extra pieces to the uniform, like the apron, hat, cuffs, and collar, as well as the same kind of panties found in the other tubs, but no bra.

Tammy put the dress back in the tub and placed it back on the shelf, before pulling down the next one. "This is the final of the four base uniforms. It's the most revealing of them, but is rarely worn in full, even though it actually gives you 38% of your possible pay if you do."

The tub was dropped onto the counter and the label read 'Full See-Through Uniform - LM'. Once she opened it, Erin saw a couple sheer white pieces, a short tee and a pleated miniskirt. Both of them were very see-through, but there was also the same black bra and panties as in the other boxes and the white belt found with the other small uniform. It was then quickly sealed back up and put on the shelf.

-

"That seems simple enough." Erin said. "I get to choose one of those four uniforms and it gives me my base pay. I get that, but the highest percentage you said was only 38%. Is that the $50 an hour level that Ms. Templeton mentioned?"

"No," Tammy said, coming back to the counter and handing some of the papers to Erin. "These are just the base uniforms. There are nearly 20 different variations and combinations that hold percentages that range all the way from the 17% on the low end and 100% on the high end, but you have to be most daring to reach that level."

"Daring?" Erin's eyes grow large. "How daring?"

"Well, I don't think you should worry about it right now." Tammy said. "Just get used to one of the lesser variations or full uniforms and learn your duties before trying to jump into the big time."

"Okay, but just tell me what is the 100% variation."

Tammy sighed. "It's a very revealing variation of the French Maid's uniform. You just wear the hat, cuffs, and collar from that one and the belt from some of the others."

Erin's eyes popped. "You mean naked?"

"Not exactly." Tammy said with a shrug. "Naked isn't allowed. The cuff, collar, and belt mark you as an employee and not just a guest who went naked. Besides, very few people actually choose that particular uniform. So don't worry about it. Just choose the level of uniform you are comfortable with and make you extra money elsewhere. There are plenty of other ways to earn bonuses and extra levels of pay by taking advantage of other opportunities and rules they have here."

Erin looked at the list she was handed, showing all the different uniform variations, and scanned the levels. They did start at 17%, which was only $8.50 an hour at the starting level, but quickly were up to 40% and more. She figured she could easily make $12.50 an hour or even as much as $20 an hour, if she pushed her comfort limits a little, but there was no way she was even going to get close to the $50 an hour she had dreamed of.

"You said there were other ways to make extra money?" Erin looked up at Tammy. "Something about other rules?"

Tammy smiled. "There are always other opportunities and most of them are tied to the rules of the house. We still have a lot to cover."

**Rules of the House - Chapter 4**

"Since you are going to be starting in the kitchen," Tammy said, pulling out another piece of paper from the stack and handing it to Erin. "There are some extra rules for the dress code that you have access to, as well as some job specific things you need to know. This page covers most of those, when you have the chance to read it."

Erin took the paper and glanced over it. It seemed that kitchen staff also have dressing options that include a kitchen bib-apron. These have the potential to go from 20% to 64%, depending on what you wear with it. Weather or not she'd be willing to wear some of them would depend on what the apron looks like, size wise.

She never got to ask for more about this before Tammy interrupted her train of thought.

"Now I should probably go over some of the general rules you are going to need to know before starting. Especially as a Scullery Maid. Your main workspace will be within the kitchens and pantries of the main house. You are to go directly to the kitchens and check in once you pass through here and come back through here when your shift is done. You are not be wondering around the rest of the property, unless sent on a specific job by your superiors."

"And who will my superiors be?" Erin asked. "Besides Ms. Templeton, that is."

"Yes, Ms. Templeton watches over all of us," Tammy casually glanced over her shoulder to the corner of the room briefly. "But she isn't your superior. She is head of staffing, so she is only seen for new hires or if there is something very wrong or very good happening. Your direct superior in the kitchens will be the head cook, Camille Arnaude. She has three assistants, Karen, Linda and Bernice, who will also be above you, depending on what department of the kitchens you end up working in at any given time."

"The kitchen has departments?" Erin couldn't believe this place was big enough to have this kind of hierarchy.

"They call them departments," Tammy said with a smile. "But really, they are just different sets of jobs within the same workspace. Like how the dishwashing, cooking, prep-work, and more is all done in the kitchens. They are what they call the departments."

"And what will I be doing there?"

"Whatever they assign you to at the moment. Not my decision to make, I just have to make sure you know enough of the rules to not cause trouble."

"Or hopefully get into it."

Tammy chuckled. "Yeah, you don't want that either. If you do manage to get yourself in trouble you could be sent to Ms. Templeton for discipline and you really don't want that. At best you could end up being fired."

"At best?" Erin gasped. "What's worse than that?"

Tammy shuddered. "You don't want to find out."

Erin wanted to push the issue, but Tammy scared her enough with the look on her face that she didn't ask further. She simply looked back at her papers and casually glanced over them again, waiting for Tammy to move on to the next point.

-

After the moment passed, Tammy picked up some more papers and looked down at them. "Okay then. Just a few more things to go over and then you can head home and prepare for your first day."

"Right." Erin said, happy to have moved out of the uncomfortable moment. "What's next?"

"Guest interactions." Tammy leaned forward slightly and said the next part in a softer tone. "Not that you'll have to deal with them much, working in the kitchen and all."

Erin smiled and nodded politely.

"But," Tammy continued. "In case you end up faced with a situation where you have to, I should go over this. As you are not yet qualified to deal with them directly, your main job here will be to keep pleasant and make sure to find someone who can take care of them. But you can't do this by telling the guest that's what you are doing."

Erin looked confused.

"If you are asked for something, a drink or directions or anything, by one of the guests, you have to act like to know exactly what to do and get out of there without them knowing you don't. Tell them whatever you have to and do whatever you need to, without lying or making something up, to get out of the area so you can find someone who knows what to do. Usually one of the servers."

"How do I do that without making something up or letting them know I can't do what to want? Wouldn't it just be easier to get what they ask for if I can?"

"No." Tammy was resolute. "No matter how simple the request sounds, if you are not assigned to do that job, do not do it. Like, if they ask for a drink, don't just get them a drink. Tell them you will have it brought to them right away and then find a server to bring it to them. No matter what they ask for, you do not follow through directly. Get a qualified person to handle it."

Erin raised an eyebrow in question, but didn't say a thing.

"Trust me." Tammy nodded seriously. "It may sound simple, but there are aspects to every job that you may not be aware of if you are not trained to do them. But that's not important to understand. Just follow the rules and it will be okay."

"Fair enough."

-

"Also," Tammy said, changing gears. "If any staff member from another section, like Chambermaids or Grounds Keeping, asks you to do something, it's up to you to decide if you are able to help them at the time or not. If you are busy and can't, it's okay to tell them that, but it could get back to your boss and if they determine that you weren't too busy to help, it could be trouble. Usually not, but could be. Most of the time, these people have the back of those under them."

"That's good to know."

"Yeah, but if you can help, do it. It never hurts to get more people on your side. Plus, some of these will give you bonuses for going above and beyond your normal duty. You never know when you'll unwittingly hit one of these surprise bonuses. Not all of them are monetary, but all of them are good."

"Like what?" Erin's face lit up at the mention of this.

"All sorts of things." Tammy waved her hands as if to demonstrate a large display of invisible items laid out before her. "Extra breaks, gift items, vacation days, kudos points, and even possible upgrades in your position here."

"Wow." Erin's eyes grow wide.

"Yeah, It's pretty cool." Tammy turned around and walked over to counter on the other side of the room. She then bent over to look on a shelf under it. This caused the back of her short skirt to rise up and Erin was shocked to see that Tammy wasn't wearing panties. She then grabbed something off the shelf and stood up, turning around. Walking back to the counter with Erin she held up a nice silver necklace. "This was something I got from one of these last year. Nice, huh?"

Erin looked close at the necklace, but her mind was really on the fact that Tammy just flashed her without even realizing it. She thought about the list of outfits and guessed that Tammy wanted to get more base pay. After all, she just had to work in this little booth, so most people would never notice her lack of panties and most likely bra. That's a pretty easy way to get more than $20 an hour.

After pretending to look at it a while, even reaching up to touch it, as if examining it closer, she said, "Yeah, that's really nice. Why aren't you wearing it?"

"The rules." She said, lowering her hand and scooping the necklace into it. "Remember, we aren't allowed to wear anything that isn't part of the uniform. So I keep it here until my shift is over."

"Right." Erin said with a nod, as she watched Tammy walk back over and drop it back in the little bowl on the shelf. "What about the other bonuses available, the known ones, how do we get those?"

"Those generally come up in each of the jobs." Tammy said, walking back to the counter. "Your lead will tell you when they are available and usually asks for volunteers for them. Some of them are by seniority, so you won't get those most of the time any time soon, but there are others that will come directly to you."

"Ah." Erin nodded.

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"Okay," Tammy slid a couple papers forward. "Now I just need you to sign a couple things here, stating that I covered all these things and you accept the rules and requirements in the papers you hold. Also, remember that everything here is to be kept secret. They are totally paranoid about privacy, which I'm sure Ms. Templeton already told you about, so don't share these papers with anyone and don't talk about the rules outside of here."

Erin looked down at the papers and skimmed over them. They mostly seemed to be a bullet point list of the areas that Tammy covered in her explanations. Most of it seems to make sense, although some of the words on the document are different from the way Tammy explained them, but Erin assumed that's just part of using regular talking language instead of legal speech.

She signed the papers and slid them back to Tammy's side of the counter.

Tammy took them and smiled. "Thanks Erin. Remember to go over the rules in those papers, as they explain what we went over in more detail, and I'll see you on Monday morning." She then grabbed the other piles that didn't get used and put them all under the counter.

"Oh," Erin said, remembering something that was kind of important to her. "When are pay days? And when do our pay periods start and end?"

Tammy smiled. "Yeah, that's kind of important. We are paid every two weeks on Tuesday, but the pay periods are Monday through Sunday, covering two week. That means our pay period ends on a Sunday and we get paid two days later. This coming Monday, which you start on, is the middle of the current pay period, so you will have just over a week before your first payday, but it will be a half-sized check."

"Ah, okay." Erin smiled "That's better than nothing for two weeks."

"That it is." Tammy smiled at her.

Erin scooped up her papers and smiled back at Tammy. "I'll see you Monday."

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Over the course of the next few days Erin had a chance to read through the papers and gain a deeper understanding of some of the things Tammy and Ms. Templeton told her. Some of them still seemed vague, but she figured those would become more clear as she got used to the job. Kind of an on the job training thing.

She also struggled with the concept of what to wear. She wanted to make as much money as she could, since she really needed it, but how much was she willing to risk showing to get it? She can't believe there are people there who would actually wear some of the higher paying uniforms. Although she did remember seeing that topless woman down the hall when she went up to Ms. Templeton's office. Was that a guest, like she thought at the time, or was it a Maid?

She decided to try on some outfits similar to those she saw in her orientation, in order to see how well she could keep covered and feel secure in them. Luckily, she had enough things that closely resembled the parts of the different uniforms to pull it off.

The maid's uniform was not like anything she had, but she did have a skirt about as long as it appeared to be and could easily see what her top would look like in the push-up style top it had. The skirt was pretty long, compared to the miniskirt uniform, so not wearing panties was relatively easy with it. The value of it seemed to reflect this though, as the highest she would be willing to go with it would only pay $17 an hour.

The smaller half shirt and miniskirt uniform, like Tammy was wearing, was the easiest to find representative parts for. She put them on, with panties and bra, and looked at herself in the mirror. It looked pretty good on her. She then started to move around and bend like she would most likely have to while working in the kitchen. Other than the rare flash of her panties when bending far over, it seemed to cover very well, but she could squat instead and let it fall to cover her better.

There was no way she was going to wear a see-through uniform without anything under it, so the small uniform without a bra and panties was a better way to go. She figured she could make $22 an hour this way. The only thing that temped her was the special bib-apron for the kitchen staff. Wearing it with just panties could get her up to $23.50 an hour, but she worried that the top might not keep her covered enough to risk it. She would have to see them before deciding to try that one.

So by the time Monday came around she had made her decision and was ready to head in to work. Her anxiety was still there, but the excitement about being able to make some decent money for once was greatly overpowering it.

**Rules of the House - Chapter 5**

It was Monday morning and Erin's new job was going to start today. She set her alarm bright and early, so she'd have plenty of time to prepare. She didn't want to be late or out of sorts on her first day.

She also wasn't sure how to get ready for work, since she would be changing into a uniform once she got there. Should she dress down and go for comfort, or dress up and go for style, even though neither of those things will be see outside of the dressing room at work.

Should she even bother with undergarments, since she will be removing them when she gets to work? She might want to try and get used to the lack of them before she arrives, but she might also want to hold onto the last feeling of something before giving them up for the day.

These are the kinds of things bouncing around her head as she slowly got up and ready for work this morning. In the end she decided to dress casual, wearing a simple skirt and t-shirt, but with panties.

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She arrived at the servant's entrance of Seigneury Manor and pushed the buzzer. There was a click and the voice of Tammy came through the speakers. "Come on in Erin."

Erin pulled the door open and made her way down the hall to the lady's locker room. Upon entering she saw another girl with red hair sitting on the bench and buttoning up her blouse. Tammy waved to her from inside her room and Erin walked passed the redhead to the counter.

"So." Tammy said with a smile. "Are you ready for your first day?"

Erin let out a nervous sigh. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Nothing to be nervous about." Tammy's smile turned to one of comfort. "First days are always tough, but I'm certain you'll do fine."

"Thanks."

"So, have you decided what uniform level you're going to work at today?"

Erin let out another nervous sigh. "Yeah, I think I'm going to go with the small skirt and top one, like what you are wearing."

"Very good choice." Tammy said, broadening her smile. "Will you be wearing that with anything under it?"

Erin blushed and looked over her shoulder at the redhead, who was now packing a few things into her purse and closing up her locker. She didn't seem to be paying attention to the two of them, so Erin turned back to Tammy and said, "No."

"So, just like me." Tammy said, winking at her.

"I guess so," Erin said, still blushing slightly. Then, after a pause, she said, "So, can I have my uniform, please."

Tammy looked confused for a second and then shook her head with a slight smile. "I forgot you were new. You need to put your things in a locker and bring me the locker key to sign out your uniform."

Erin looked confused this time, glancing over her shoulder to look at the locker room. The redhead was now walking out. Many of the lockers had small black round key ends sticking out of them, while others were missing these keys. They were the kind that locks when the key is out of them, so you can keep the key with you.

Erin turned back to face Tammy. "I didn't bring anything, so I don't need a locker until I change."

"No, silly." Tammy smiled. "You have to put all your things in the locker first, so you can turn in your key in exchange for your uniform. So get your things off and put them in one and come back here with the key."

Erin's eyes grew wide. "You mean strip?"

Tammy looked around the empty room and said, "Yeah, you have to take your clothes off in the locker room. It is what it's designed for."

-

Taking a deep breath, Erin sat down on the bench in front of one of the available lockers and pulled the door open. Sure enough, the small black knob looking things were the ends of keys and each one had a number imprinted on it that matched the locker it was in. There was way more room in the lockers than she needed for her few things, but there weren't smaller ones.

She hung her purse from the hook on one side. She then slipped off her skirt and folded it, placing it on the small shelf at the top of the locker. Before continuing, she looked around the room, to make sure she was alone, and saw that Tammy was busying herself with sorting things on a shelf in her central office.

So she slipped off her panties and placed them on her skirt, before quickly slipping off her shirt and tossing it into the locker. It was obvious how her level of care seemed to diminish as the clothing was removed from her body. The skirt was folded, the panties were place, and the shirt was crumpled and tossed onto the others.

She quickly closed the locker, with more of a bang than she expected, and saw Tammy turn to look at her. Half out of panic and half out of instinct, Erin's hand immediately went to cover herself. One arm across her breasts and the other hand between her legs. She was blushing deeply, but tried to smile as casually as she could.

She then realized that she had to get the key. Turning her side to Tammy, she moved her hand away from her crotch to twist and pull the key from it's home, locking her things in the locker. They were not even farther from her being able to get dressed quickly.

Taking a deep breath, and returning her hand to cover herself, she slowly walked over to the counter, which acted to cover her below the waist. She placed the key on the counter and said, "There you go. Can I have my uniform please?"

Tammy took the key and nodded to her. "Right away." She then walked over to the wall of tubs and looked along the rows for the right one. Erin felt even more exposed as she stood there, waiting for her clothing.

Just then she saw a young man walk into the men's locker room on the other side of the central office. She let out an "eep" and dropped to the floor, hiding behind the counter. She didn't think the guy saw her, but couldn't believe that it was even a possibility.

"Erin?" Tammy's voice then sounded out from within the room. "Are you a Small or a Medium? I would hate to guess wrong... Where are you?"

Erin popped her head up over the counter, keeping her naked body well hidden behind it, and looked past Tammy into the other locker room, where the young man was sitting on the bench. All she could see was his bare chest, but he was also looking in her direction.

In a tiny voice she said, "Medium is fine."

The guy in the other room noticed her and smiled. He then looked at Tammy and spoke in a clear voice. "We have a new hire here?"

Tammy laughed. "Yeah, first day."

He then looked right at Erin's head, which to him must have looked like it was floating on top of the counter. "You'll get use to it soon enough. We're all family here."

Erin didn't think she would ever get used to stripping in a room that could so easily be seen by the guys in their locker room. But she didn't say anything to contradict him. In fact, she didn't say anything at all.

-

Just then, Tammy plopped a tub onto the counter, blocking Erin's view of the guy, and said, "Here ya go. One size medium smaller uniform without panties or bra."

Erin reached up and pulled it off the counter, again hiding behind it. She knew she wouldn't be able to get back to the bench and put it on there without being seen, so she popped it open on the floor and pulled out the shirt. She quickly slipped it on tied it off in front, covering her breasts. She couldn't believe how amazing it felt to have something covering her again.

She then pulled the skirt on and slowly stood up, while pulling it up into place. She was finally fully covered again and able to stand up comfortably in front of the counter, even though the skirt could only be seen at the very top of the waist. Finally she slipped the belt around the waist and cinched it into place.

Finally looking up she saw that Tammy was on the other side of her room, talking to the obviously naked guy over his tub. Erin couldn't see anything other than his chest, but that didn't stop her from flushing again at the thought that he was standing there undressed and talking so casually.

Noticing her, he smiled and said, "Hi there. I'm James. Nice to see you are more than just a head on the counter."

Erin blushed more deeply at this, and Tammy turned to look at her too. With a small wave she said, "Hi James, I'm Erin. And... umm... yeah, I'm new."

"Will I see you out by the pool?" He asked, sounding casual. "That's where I'll be working these days."

Erin shook her head. "Nope. I'm starting down in the kitchen."

"I see. Have a great first day." He nodded and grabbed his tub, walking back into his locker room to get dressed. Erin now saw his bare behind and blushed even more.

Pulling her eyes away, as Tammy walked over to her, Erin placed the empty tub back on the counter. "What do I do with this?"

-

Tammy took the tub, sliding it to the side of the counter. "First off, we need to have your ID card. After your interview last week they set one up for you, but it still needs your picture on it." She pulled out a camera and pointed it at Erin.

Erin smiled and the flash went off, making sparkles dance in front of her eyes for the next few minutes. By the time her vision came back to normal, Tammy was back at the counter with a small metal box of some kind.

Tammy then slid a small printed paper card forward on the counter and said, "Would you please sign this so I can finish your card?"

Erin looked down at it and saw it had her name and hire date and other general information about her. It also has some other kind of coded numbers and a cut out place for her picture to go. Along the bottom was a line for her signature. She tried to write her name as legibly as she could and slid it back to Tammy.

"Thanks." Tammy took the card and slid a small picture behind it, taping it into place behind the hole. She then placed it on top of a blank plastic card and put the whole thing into a slot on the side of the box. It started to whir and after a few moments a finished ID card slid out the other side.

Tammy held it up in front of Erin and showed her that not only what she saw on the front was now there, but the back had a magnetic strip and some other coded information. "This is your ID card and gets you in through the back door without needing to buzz me. Just run it through the slot and enter your pass code to unlock the door."

"What's my pass code?" Erin asked, taking the card and flipping it over several times to look at both sides.

Tammy pulled a small handheld number-pad out from under the counter and held it out for her. "That's what your have to set here. Run your card through the top of this, press the red button, and then enter your four number code."

Erin followed the direction and it beeped at her in approval. She now had a registered and proper ID card for Seigneury Manor. She was actually starting to feel like she worked here for real.

Tammy then pulled the card out of her hand and slid it into the slot on the side of the empty plastic tub. "This goes on your tub, with the key to your locker inside, and sits on my shelves here until you are ready to leave."

-

Erin nodded and looked around. "Now, where do I go to get started? I don't even know where the kitchens are."

Tammy walked back from the shelf, where she had placed Erin's tub, and pointed to the side door next to the counter. "Before that, you have to step through there for check-in and inspection. Then they have somebody waiting to show you around, so you can get to work."

Erin looked at the door, which was little more than a sliding glass door into a small booth with a outer door on the other side. "Inside the booth?"

"Yes." Tammy said, walking into the next room of her central section and out of Erin's view.

Erin walked into the booth, closing the sliding glass door behind her and saw that there was another smaller counter in this tiny room and that Tammy was already behind it. She was sitting at a computer next to the counter and entering some information into it. There was also a full length glass wall next to the counter, allowing Tammy to see head to toe on who ever was standing in the booth, which in this case was Erin.

"Now what?" Erin asked, feeling a little nervous.

"I just have to sign you in and register your uniform rate for the day." Tammy said, clicking keys on the keyboard. She then turned to look at Erin. "Now I have to verify your uniform. Please lift the skirt and open the top."

"What?" Erin was shocked. She was finally dressed and didn't want to start stripping again.

"You said you wanted to dress in the standard Smaller Uniform without Bra or Panties, so I have to verify that choice and log it in, or else you don't get paid for that level."

"But you gave me this uniform." Erin said in a pleading voice. "Shouldn't you already know what it is?"

"It's procedure." She said, looking sorry. "To keep people who may try to slip something in, like their own undergarments or even contraband. Besides, I've already seen you today, so don't be embarrassed."

"Fine." Erin said, quickly lifting the front of her skirt and showing off her carefully trimmed pussy. She then untied her top and opened it quickly, briefly exposing her large breasts again, before closing it and tying off again.

"Very good." Tammy said, typing in a few things. "You are all set at that level and ready to get started. Let me buzz you through that door and Howie will show you to the kitchens. Have a great day."

At the sound of the loud buzz, the exit door clicks and Erin grabs the handle. "Thanks Tammy. I hope to."

**Rules of the House - Chapter 6**

As she stepped out of the check-in building, Erin found herself standing in a small patio courtyard surrounded by tall shrubbery and filled with some basic picnic tables. Sitting at one of the tables, standing as soon as he saw her, is the security guard she met the day of her interview, Howard. He smiled kindly and nodded to her.

"Hi." Erin said, seeing him.

"Hi yourself." He said, looking her up and down briefly. "Ready to get started?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

"Alright then." Howard said and waved his hand for her to head out of the courtyard down one of the two paths leading out through the shrubbery barrier. "Let's get you to the kitchen."

After cutting through the small zigzag path through the shrubbery, they came across the same path Erin followed him along last time, that led from the side door of the servant's entrance to back door of the mansion. Within moments they were stepping inside the main building, but heading down instead of up the stairs.

Unlike the upstairs hallways, where everything seems calm and quiet, the sound down here was constant and active. There is machinery of some kind whirring along in the distance, clattering of carts and dishes, a low background murmur of voices, and the occasional crash or yell.

Plus there was constant activity, as people were walking, usually briskly, in all directions and pushing or carrying all sorts of things. It appeared as there was more that went on down here than just the kitchen duties. Baskets of clothing, tubs of liquids, stacks of dishes, and boxes of all kinds were being moved from place to place down here. This seemed to be main center for what the servants did here.

She also noticed that nearly every variation of the four basic uniforms were in use. Some were even daring enough to be topless or obviously wear nothing under nearly transparent clothing. It seemed to mostly be women down here, but there were a few guys too, although most of them seemed to be more conservatively dressed.

Howard led her through a double swinging door about halfway down the hall and into a large kitchen work area. She followed and saw that many of the workers in here were wearing the special kitchen apron, although what they wore with it was just as varied as out in the hall. Some even wore nothing but them.

Stepping up to a short curvy woman, Howard said something to her before turning and pointing to Erin. The short lady turned and looked at Erin with a questioning glance, before waving her to come over.

Howard, passing Erin as he headed back toward the door, said, "I'll leave you in Camille's hands now. Have a great first day."

-

"Welcome to the kitchen." Camille said, giving Erin an appraising look up and down. There seemed to be a slight upturn of her nose at the choice of uniforms. "I hear you are my new girl. I'm Chef Arnaude, but you can call me Camille when down here. Have you worked in a kitchen before?"

Erin shook her head. "No ma'am."

"In that case, I think I'll start you off working with Bernice in the pantry. Come with me." On that, the short woman turns away to lead Erin somewhere, and she can see that the lady is wearing nothing under her apron. Her large round ass exposed for all to see as it wiggles away from them.

Erin followed, trying hard not to look at the woman's behind or at the huge side boob she also seem to display in the apron. They passed through the kitchen work area and into another room behind it, with shelves of boxes, cans and jars around the edges and tabled in the middle. There were only about four people in here, and at the center of it was a slightly chunky woman with wavy light brown hair. She was looking at a computer screen and telling the others what to do.

Camille walked up and the chunky woman immediately stood up straight. Erin noticed that she was actually wearing the same kind of uniform she was, with the small top and short skirt. She looked seriously at Camille, but said nothing. Camille seemed to be trying to hide a slightly unfriendly look on her face, but was not completely successful.

"This is Erin." Camille said in a curt voice. "She will be working under you today to learn the ropes. Let me know how she does."

On that the chef turned and left the room, not waiting for a reply.

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"So," The chubby lady spoke in a friendly voice, "You're Erin. I'm Bernice. And this is the pantry."

On that she waved her hand around as if to show off the room. She then pointed to a large metal door in the back of the room. "Through there is the freezer, and over there is dry storage." She points to another door on the side of the room.

Erin nodded, as if to tell her she understood, but said nothing.

After a short pause, Bernice continued her explanation. "Our job here in Supplies is to make sure what they need in the kitchen is ready for them when or even before they need it. Sometimes that means rushing, but when we do our jobs right it simply means having it waiting for them on these carts here."

Erin looks at the mass of small rolling tables, some with items on them already and others empty and waiting. Those with things on them also had plastic standing numbers to mark them. She nodded, understanding how everything was supposed to work, but still not talking. She simply tried to absorb as much of it as possible as the round-faced girl laid it all out for her.

"I think today I will simply have you following Beth around to learn where everything is and how the procedure works. Any questions, before I hand you off to Beth?"

"Nope, seems pretty simple so far." Erin said, trying not to sound overconfident.

On that, Bernice waves a young blond girl over to them. "Beth, I want you to take Erin here and show her the ropes."

"Will do." Beth smiled at Erin and waved her to follow. As she turned, Erin saw that the girl had on a bra under her apron, but nothing else. "Let's start in dry storage, since that's where I need to get some things first."

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They pass into the side room, which seemed to be nothing but a long skinny room with nothing but shelves along both walls. The shelves seemed to be full of more boxes, plastic tubs, and metal tins. All of them were carefully labeled, but the organization didn't seem to be in any order Erin could recognize.

Beth immediately just walked about halfway down the room and stopped. "First we need to get a bag of flour, but it seems the lower shelf is empty, so we have to pull some down off the top to refill it. I'll climb up and hand them down to you. Just place them on this shelf here."

Erin just nodded, looking at the empty shelf next to them, and watched as Beth pulled out a small stepladder to climb up on. This placed Beth's skinny bare behind right next to her face, which was hard to not stare at. She leaned forward onto the upper shelf, which pushed the bare behind further out towards Erin, making it even harder to ignore.

"Hey!" Came a sharp voice, snapping Erin out of her seeming trance. "Grab this."

Erin turned away from the lovely behind and saw a large sack of flour hanging off the shelf next to her. She grabbed it and found it to be much heavier than she expected. It flopped against her chest and caused her to stumble backwards a couple steps before she managed to get a handle on it. With a grunt, she plopped it down on the lower shelf, just in time for the next bag to show up over the edge for her to grab.

After a couple more came off the shelf, Beth climbed back down and stood next to Erin, patting one of the bags. "We'll grab this on our way out. They are kinda heavy."

"Yeah," Erin said with a smile, brushing some loose flour off her shirt and chest and retying the top that started to come loose due to bags sliding against it. "I noticed."

Beth chuckled slightly and started to walk farther into the room. "You'll get to used to it. But first, you need to get used to where things are located."

Over the course of about fifteen minutes, Beth went over the general locations of what kinds of things were kept in pantry, and even a little about why they were located where they were. Erin was finding it kind of hard to keep it all in mind, but didn't want to let Beth know this for fear of giving a bad impression on her first day. A few things were pulled out and placed on shelves to be grabbed as they made their way out of the room.

"Okay," Beth said, "I think that covers things here. Let's grab our things and head out. You grab the large tin and those things over there, and I'll get the flour and box over there."

Erin struggled to carry the two smaller cans, box of pasta, and the large tin of tomato paste at the same time. She had to wrap her arms around the tin and hope the others didn't slide off the top as she walked. She had to back through the door to push it open with her behind, since her hands were full, and then spin to set them on one of the worktables.

Finally able to let go of them, she let out a large sigh of relief as one of the other girls came over and started to sort out the items they brought out. Looking down, Erin realized her top once again was coming untied and had to tighten up the knot again. It seemed the fabric was a little slicker than it seemed and had trouble staying tied off under stress.

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"I'll be right back." Beth told her and walked out into the main kitchen, leaving Erin standing there with nothing to do but watch what the others were doing. She tried to look interested in what was going on, but most of it was pretty mundane. Mostly people were just sorting things and placing them on carts.

"Erin." Bernice called out from behind her computer. "Could you help me out for a moment?"

Erin quickly stepped over to her. "Sure thing. What do you need?"

"I just realized they don't keep Lemon Basil out there and this recipe calls for it. Since it's rarely used we keep it on the top shelf back in dry storage, with the rest of the spices. Could you get me a small jar quickly, everyone else is busy and they will need this right away."

"Sure thing." Erin said and quickly tuned to head back into the dry storage room alone. She did actually remember where the spice shelf was, so that was good, but what she didn't know was where the taller ladders were. She quickly looked around, but didn't see any in plain sight. She had to be fast though, so no time to search or ask.

Thinking it shouldn't be too hard to just climb the shelved themselves she set up the stepladder and started to make her way up. She had to avoid stepping onto anything, but otherwise it was pretty simple to get up there. Standing on the third shelf, she searched the top shelf for the Lemon Basil. She finally found it behind the Cumin and grabbed a small jar of it.

It was then that she realized getting down was going to be a little harder than she thought. Her uniform had no pockets, so she had to hold onto the jar while climbing, which she was not prepared for. She wrapped her left arm around the support stand between two shelving units, trying to use it for support, and slowly slide down until her right foot could make contact with the next shelf down. This left her right hand holding the jar and trying to give her some extra support by pushing on the shelf, but unable to grab it.

She easily slid from the third to the second shelf and felt her shirt starting to slide its tie again. There was nothing she could do about this, but at least she could fix it when she reached the floor, before heading out into the main room.

As she was slipping from the second the first, however, her skirt caught on something and started to slide up. She tried to step back up a little to work it free, but all that did was tug at the skirt. It obviously had a good grip on it and was not going to let go. She had to let it slide and work it free once she could. Again, she felt lucky that nobody was in here right now.

She reached the second step, but the skirt was up near her ribcage by that time. Her lower half was completely exposed and Erin couldn't help but start to panic. She placed the spice down on the shelf and used her now free hand to try and work her skirt free. It took some finagling, but she was able to do it. She was so relieved to have it fall back into place, but that relief was short lived.

It seemed that in her working it free she did something to the waist, because it didn't stop at her waist but kept sliding down to around her knees. She was able to stop it there, since her legs were far enough apart, but she couldn't reach it with her free hand. Her panic rose again as she now knew she had no way to fix it until she was down.

Her only choice was to let the skirt fall to the floor and climb the rest of the way down as fast as possible. She did just that and started to lower herself to the stepladder, leaving the spice on the shelf, since she would be able to reach it once she was down.

Her feet finding purchase on the ladder allowed her to finally release her death-grip on the post and pull back. Her shirt was harassed enough by that point to become untied completely during the slide down. It swung open and revealed her bare breasts to the empty room.

Although this added to her moment of fear, her mind was still on getting her skirt back on as fast as possible. She stepped onto to the floor and quickly looked around for where her skirt fell too and bent over to grab it.

Suddenly, the door to the dry storage room swung open just feet behind her. In shock from the sound she stood up fully and spun around to see who just waked in on her in this state of nearly full undress.

**Chapter 7: A Simple Task**

As Erin looked at the door she couldn't make out who it was at first, since the light streaming in from behind them made them appear in silhouette. Letting out a shocked gasp, she pulled her hand, holding the shirt, across her breasts to cover them and held her skirt in front of her exposed pussy with the other. She could feel the heat crossing her face as she turned beet red and was sure the flush was spreading down her chest as the moments passed.

Her eyes soon adjusted and she could make out Camille the Chef standing there, looking at her with a small smile. She didn't know what to do, but was given no time react before Camille said something first.

"Ah," Camille said, "there you are. I was wondering where you went when I called everyone together."

Erin pulled her loose clothes tighter against her front, but was unable to make a sound in reply. She did wonder why everyone was called together, but she just couldn't make her dry mouth work at the moment.

"I see you decided to change," Camille said, looking Erin down and back up to her face. "I like that initiative. But there's no time for that now, and you do know that we don't keep aprons here, right? Plus, it's not like it would be recorded in your hours at this point."

On that, Camille reached out and grabbed Erin's wrist, pulling her hand away from her breasts and starting to drag her out of the storeroom. Erin panicked, not knowing what to try and keep covered with her remaining hand, so she ended up just sliding the hand up and down between her chest and her waist.

As she was pulled out through the supplies room, Erin saw a number of her coworkers were busily writing things down on sheets of paper on clipboards. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to her state of undress, as they were focused on their clipboards, but that didn't change the fact that Erin was growing redder as her embarrassment grew.

"We had a mandate from upstairs today, so I have everyone working on ideas for that." Camille said, "You haven't been here long enough to know all we do here, so I can't have you working on it. Instead, I need you to collect their work and bring them to me as quickly as possible."

"Yes, ma'am." Erin nodded, pulling her arm away from the Chef's grip, and started try and pull her shirt back on.

Camille grabbed the shirt out of Erin's hands, making the girl let out a little "eep!", and said, "No time for that. Didn't I say this was important and we have little time? Now leave those things here and just go get me any finished papers now."

The Chef put out her other hand, waiting for the skirt to be placed in it, and Erin's eyes grew large in panic. "Please, ma'am, just let me put it on really fast."

Camille's face started to shift from pleasant to upset. "We don't have time for these games Miss Brooks. You'll get them back when this task is done."

Erin gulped and handed the last piece of her clothing over with a shaking hand. Camille took it and placed both parts of the uniform on the counter, leaving Erin with just the belt hanging loosely around her waist as her only symbol of her employment.

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Not wanting to wait for further wrath, Erin, still trying to cover herself as best she could with her hands, started to walk around and ask if people were done filling out their forms. It was exceptionally hard for her to say anything with how dry her mouth was getting, much less trying to get people's attention on her long enough to ask them about their papers. Each time felt like she was presenting herself to them and forcing them to look at her naked body as she asked about the clipboard.

"Excuse me." She would usually start in a meek voice, which wouldn't always get their attention. "Are you done with that? I need to get them back to Chef Arnaude as soon as you are."

As soon as she had one person give one to her, she was happy to have a clipboard she could use to cover herself with. She held it over her carefully trimmed pussy, hiding it from view, hoping she would soon have another for the top half. She even wondered if she would be able to clip them to her belt and have them hold themselves in place, leaving both her hand free to cover her top half.

Unfortunately, as soon as Camille saw that she had one she called Erin over to her. "I said bring them here as soon as you could. That means each one. I need to look them over before they are turned in to check for problems or additions. Don't wait for others to finish if you have a few in hand."

She then swiped the board out of her hand, laving Erin naked again, and started to look over the paperwork. Erin was tempted to grab her clothing while the Chef was distracted, but she knew that would just lead to something worse. So, instead, she resigned herself to finishing this task as quickly as possible and getting them back the right way.

She went in the back to check on the storeroom employees – where she was originally instructed to work – and see if they were done yet. It seemed that Bernice was finished and Beth said she was almost finished. That gave Erin a moment to stand there and look at what they were filling out, glancing down at Bernice's paper. It was some kind of questionnaire about the menu and food they served here. Not something that seemed that dire to Erin, but she wasn't the one who had to think it.

Now with three clipboards in hand she headed back to Camille and handed them to her. The Chef smiled kindly to her and said, "Thanks", before sending her back to get more. Erin noticed she was removing the papers from the clipboards after going through them and stacking them into two piles.

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After about twenty minutes, Erin had collected the last clipboard and handed it to Camille, waiting for her clothing to be handed back. Camille took the paper off the board and placed it on the taller of the two stacks, before looking up at Erin, who was standing there patiently and covering herself.

"Okay," Camille said with a smile, "Everything here seems to be in order, so we can finally finish this interruption and get back to work."

"Sounds good to me." Erin smiled and started to reach for her clothing.

"Not yet Miss Brooks." Chef Arnaude slammed her hand down onto Erin's clothing, pulling them out of her reach and frowned. "I said we can finally finish this task, we aren't done yet."

Erin gulped and pulled her hands back to cover herself as well as she could. "Sorry." She said meekly.

"These papers are part of a mandate by the master of the house to change what we offer here. He wanted the kitchen's input on the menu and food related aspects of these changes. When he wants things done, they are to get done fast, so now these need to get up to the Staffing office, so they can compile them the ones from other departments and deliver them to him as a whole package."

Erin listened, but wasn't sure what this had to do with her getting her clothing back. It sounded like her part was done, so why was she still standing here exposed like this? Then, right before Camille continued it started to hit her.

"You do remember where Ms. Templeton's office is, don't you?" The Chef asked with a serious look on her face. "I need you to take these up to her secretary right away."

"Like this?" Erin gasped, looking down at her own naked form, before looking back at Camille agape.

"Now!" Chef Arnaude barked, slamming the stack of papers against Erin's chest. "I did say we needed this done in a rush. I will call upstairs and tell her to expect you shortly."

Erin gripped the papers against her chest with one hand, still keeping the other covering down below as best as she could. She was about to complain again, but Camille had turned her back on her – exposing her own large bare behind to Erin as well – and picked up the phone to call upstairs.

Erin knew she had no time to waste if she was going to get through this without even more embarrassment and punishment than she already had to suffer. She remembered that Mrs. Templeton's office was on the third floor, and most of that could be traversed through back stairs, so if she was lucky she could do this without being seen by any people other than those on this basement level, many of which had already seen her.

Plus, the sooner she finished, the faster she could get her uniform back on and put this behind her.

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As soon as she stepped out of the kitchen doors, however, she remembered just how much activity there was on this basement level that wasn't part of the kitchen. She was surrounded by other employees – most of them fully dressed by her current standards – and all of them seemed to be between her and the staircase.

Burning with embarrassment, she kept her gaze down and walked as briskly as she dared through the center of the hall, brushing past dozens of other people, but never looking at any of them. She didn't want to know if any of them were looking at her or not, because she was sure all of them were and she couldn't live with knowing that.

It seemed to take forever to get passed the laundry room at the end of the hall and into the stairwell. As soon as the door closed behind her she fell back against the cool wall, feeling it on her bare back and ass, and let out a sigh of relief. If all went well, nobody else would have to see her until she was standing in front of Ms. Templeton's secretary.

Taking a deep breath, she started up the stairs, cautiously looking around each corner before stepping around them. It was taking a little longer than just walking normally, but she didn't want to be surprised by walking around a corner and ending up face to face with somebody.

With the same level of paranoia, she also would look behind her every few steps to make sure nobody was following her or sneaking up from behind. She just didn't know what she would do if that happened right now.

Reaching the third floor she cracked the door and peeked out into the hall. It seemed to stretch on far longer than she remembered it being when she was up here for her interview. The office door was a little more than halfway down it, but that seemed like miles from where she was standing at the moment.

She wasn't sure she would be able to do this any more, so she closed the door and leaned against the wall to think. The cool stone of the stairwell on her bare skin helped her mind to center and think about what she had to do. She knew she didn't have much of a choice here, and the longer she waited the worse it was going to be for her in the end. Chef Arnaude did already call and say she was on the way up, after all.

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After finally building up her will enough, Erin pushed the door open a crack again and peeked into the hall. This time she saw two guests walking down the hall, with their backs to her. They were laughing and talking, but she couldn't hear what she was saying from this distance. She had to wait.

The two of them finally broke off as one of them opened a door and went inside. The other continued down the hall a little ways and rounded a corner into a side hall. She had no idea what was down that hall, as it was not somewhere she'd been when she was up here before, but she did know it was before the office she had to get to.

Waiting a minute longer, to see if anyone else was going to show up or return from their room any time soon, she slipped out the door and started to cautiously walk down the hall. She was still holding the stack of papers over her pussy and had her other hand wrapped across her breasts, but her eyes were darting all over the hall to look for any signs of other people.

She was slowly moving from doorway to alcove to table, trying to keep some semblance of cover as she made her way down the seemingly endless hallway. Every step was torture as her fear of being caught grew and her movement become slower as she went, sure that she was going to be seen at any moment. It was no longer a question of if in her mind, it was simply a question of when and by whom.

When she reached the side hall she slid slowly along the wall to the corner, so she could peek around as subtly as possible. Looking down the hall, she saw that it was relatively short and ended in double doors that opened onto a large balcony of some kind. They were glass doors, but she didn't see anyone out there, so she felt safe enough to pass the open hall to the other side.

She finally made it to the office door, amazed that nobody saw her, and pulled the handle to slip inside as fast as possible. She closed it quickly behind her and saw the secretary look up from her computer at her. She had a kind smile on her face and glanced at the papers covering Erin's mid-section.

Erin let out a deep sigh of relief and walked towards the desk, ready to hand the paper to her and get back downstairs to her clothing as fast as possible. She was about the place the papers down on the desk and say something when a loud voice ringing out from somewhere else in the office surprised her.

"What took you so long?"

**Rules of the House - Chapter 8**

Erin let out a gulp and quickly pulled the papers against herself again, trying to cover up as much as she could. She turned and saw Ms. Templeton standing there, looking as severe as ever. Her hair was still up in a tight bun and her pristine dark suit was meticulously fastened around her, offering her more than enough coverage, which Erin wished she had.

The stern woman's appearance was made even more impressive by the high black spiked-heeled boots she wore, adding at least six inches to her already impressive height. In her hand was what appeared to be a riding crop, which worried Erin more than the tone of the woman's voice.

"You were supposed to have those here over ten minutes ago." Ms. Templeton chastised. "We have a schedule to keep here and the master of the house doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Looking down at the papers pulled tight against her breasts, Erin quickly reached them forward to hand them to the tall woman. "Here they are. Sorry for the delay."

"Don't give them to me." She only glanced down at them, dismissing them as if they were yesterday's news. "You were supposed to give them to my secretary, not me."

"Sorry," Erin nodded apologetically and quickly walked over to hand them to the lady behind the desk, who didn't seem as upset as Ms. Templeton or as worried as Erin.

"Thank you." She took the papers and stood up, sliding them into a folder with several other bundles of paper. "That's the last of them."

"Get that upstairs and come back here as quickly as you can." Ms. Templeton told the girl. "I'll need your help with Miss Brooks here."

"What?" Erin couldn't help but ask at the shock in knowing that she was going to at least be here long enough for this girl to deliver something and come back. All she could think about at this moment was getting back downstairs to her clothing and covering up again.

"You were late." Ms. Templeton looked down at her. "You dawdled on your way here, knowing full well the importance of the task at hand. That may be a minor infraction, but the rules of the house state that even minor infractions require punishment. We have to stick to the rules or they become meaningless."

"Right" Erin mumbled, more to herself than anyone else. She was starting to wish she had studied the full extent of these rules before she signed on here. As it was she had no idea what was in store for her for what Ms. Templeton classified as a minor infraction.

"Come in my office." She said, turning and walking through the large door in the side of the room. "We will wait in there for my assistant to return."

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Erin followed her into the office and was not ready for what she saw. Sure, Ms. Templeton seemed to be the strict and possibly uptight, leader type, but Erin never would have expected to find out she was also a dominatrix. Her office, however, left little doubt in her mind that this woman was deep into it.

Unlike the outside office, which was simple wood paneling and subtle office furnishings, this inner office was nothing short of a wooden dungeon. The walls were lined with racks of various kinds. Some are filled with implements of various kinds, from whips and paddles to strange metal contraptions Erin had no clue what they were for, and others that were obviously made to hold a person, only one of which was currently occupied.

Erin's eyes had trouble taking it all in, while her mind reeled from the drastic difference between what she thought she knew and what she now realized about her boss. She couldn't help but look at the only other person in the room for help, but the young man locked into the rack on the back wall was not giving any or even able to. He was wearing nothing but jeans and his feet and hands were locked into some kind of strange metal contraptions.

Ms. Templeton walked around her desk, a large fancy wooden thing in the center of the room, and waved her hand towards the ornate wood and leather chair facing it. "Have a seat Miss Brooks, I'm sure we won't have to wait long. My assistant knows not to dawdle the way you did."

Erin was snapped back to the moment by these words and looked down at the chair a moment before taking a seat. "I didn't dawdle. It wasn't easy to get up here and I came as quickly as I could."

Ms. Templeton shook her head, looking upset. "Do not lie to me, girl."

"I'm not lying." Erin said, sitting up and looking serious and defiant. "I didn't stop off anywhere and came directly here once I was handed the papers."

Ms. Templeton clicked a few keys on her keyboard and then reached up to spin her monitor to face Erin. "And is this what you considering rushing right up here?"

Erin was shocked to see herself on the screen, hiding in the stairwell and peeking out the door. She watched as she slowly made her way one alcove and doorway at a time down the hall. Seeing her naked form on the screen made her suddenly greatly aware of still naked form, moving her arms to try and cover herself again.

"I see you have no answer." Ms. Templeton said, as she turned her monitor back to herself. "I will assume that means you now agree that you did not bring those papers to me with the utmost speed the job required. As such, I am also going to assume, unless you wish to speak up for yourself, that you now accept that you deserve punishment for this infraction of the rules."

Erin didn't even hear most of what her boss was saying. Her mind was still focused on the fact that she was now recorded in her all, clear to anyone who has access to those files, walking around the halls. All her attempts to keep hidden and out of sight did nothing to keep her from being seen at all, just postponed her exposure and brought it to the attention of those in position of power.

Erin's mind was not in the moment as Ms. Templeton went on about how she deserved her upcoming punishment. All she could think about was the video on her shame. How many people had access to these images and what protection was put on them so that nobody else got to see them? She had to know.

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They sat there in silence for several minutes, both in their own thoughts. Erin was still milling over what she had seen and trying to figure out how not to let it be seen by anyone else. Ms. Templeton just watched her and tried to figure out what she could through her reactions.

After what seemed like forever and a day the secretary returned, cautiously opening the door and walking over to Ms. Templeton's desk. She leaned down and whispered something in her ear, which made the stern woman's face shift expression to something that was undecipherable to Erin. She then looked directly at Erin and narrowed her eyes.

"Thank you, Sarah." Ms. Templeton said to the woman now standing at her side, but without taking her eyes off Erin. Her voice remained cold and even. "I've explained a few things to Erin here and been thinking of what could be a fitting punishment for her infraction. Do you have any ideas?"

Sarah didn't hide her expression at all, as a large wicked smile crossed her face. She looked around the room, her eyes obviously lingering on certain devices, racks, and shelves of uncomfortable looking items. She licked her lips, but before she could say anything Ms. Templeton spoke and broke her out of her moment.

"But remember, this is a minor infraction and a first offence. Don't go straight to the big toys with her."

Sarah let out a disappointed sigh. "Fine... What about just a spanking then?"

Erin felt a lump crawl up her throat at those words. She hadn't been spanked since she was five, and couldn't believe they were actually considering that as her punishment at work.

"Hmm..." Ms. Templeton said, looking back at Erin. "Tempting, but I don't think this offence is quite to that level yet. Need something that will leave more of a mental mark to remind her to be prompt and keep on the job."

"Well," Sarah looked at Erin too, but obviously kept talking as if she wasn't there. "She hasn't been here long enough for us to know much about what phases or bothers her on the job. Do you have any clues from her interview or initial paperwork?"

"Not too much from that." Ms. Templeton glances over at her computer screen and points something out to Sarah. "But if you saw how she reacted to this I think we might be able to do something here. She seems very uncomfortable knowing she was recorded, even though only security and myself ever really see this."

Erin couldn't hold in her next words, which flooded out in a booming gasp as her eyes bulged. "Security saw that?"

"Of course." Ms. Templeton's lip curled into a small smile. "Who do you think monitors these monitors and brought it to my attention? They called while you were still on the way up and told me I should check it out. I figured you'd already knew that much. Do you actually think I waste my whole day watching the monitors?"

"I didn't want to think about it." Erin said a meek voice, looking down at her hands in her lap, working hard to not start crying. She can't believe she is still sitting here completely naked. All she really wants to do is get back to her clothing, but how can she do that without suffering some worse fate in the process.

"Obviously. You don't seem to think about much other than yourself. That's why you're in this predicament now, isn't it?" Ms. Templeton then turns her head to look at Sarah with a smile. "I think I have the perfect punishment."

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Erin felt a cold shudder pass over her body as she waited for the axe to fall. She knew she would either take this punishment and do everything she can to never mess up again or quit on the spot. All she had to do is hear what it was to see if she could take it.

Ms. Templeton smiled at Erin. "You are free to go back to the kitchens now. You will not be needed for this punishment."

Erin was shocked and relieved. She stood up and nodded to the pair of women behind the desk. "Thank you. I promise to do better." Then, as she started to walk towards the door the actual words struck her. "What do you mean I won't be needed for the punishment?"

Ms. Templeton's smile grows larger. "You will learn by humiliation. Your footage of today will be edited and worked into a short video that will be looped into the closed circuit TV channel that plays throughout the grounds. Everyone will get to see your paranoid sneaky walk and return, and they will all know what you've done and your face."

"Not to mention a lot more than just your face." Sarah said, not able to hide the giggle she was trying to stifle.

Erin couldn't believe it. Even if she quit now it wouldn't stop this from happening. Everyone was going to see her in her all and there was nothing she could do about it. The color drained from her face and she shuffled back towards the desk in a panic. "Please, not that. Spank me. Rack me. Do whatever you want in here, but don't do that. Please."

"I can't do those things, dear." Ms. Templeton's smile grew even larger, obviously enjoying the torture of this. "Besides, once the punishment is set, you can't have it changed. This will happen and you will learn not to dawdle in the future, won't you?"

Erin nodded, almost without even thinking about it. "Yes, ma'am. Never again."

"Good. Now you may go... and please don't keep Chef Arnaude waiting."

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Erin didn't wait for her to say anything else, knowing she would treat that as wasting time. She quickly slipped back into the outer office, hearing Sarah bust out laughing right before the door shut and cut off the sound completely. Then it was to the main office door, which she only took a moment to catch her breath before opening and heading out.

She knew the two of them were probably in her office watching her on the monitor, so she tried to steel herself and walk fast and determinedly down the hall, hoping inside that nobody would come out of any door or around any corners. She felt a great sense of relief when she reached the stairwell without seeing a single person.

She quickly slipped down the stairs and made her wait to the bottom floor in no time. Now was the moment of truth, where she knew she would have to face people, as the bottom hall always seemed to be alive with activity.

Purposely lowering her gaze, as to not make eye contact with anyone, she quickly slipped down the hall, around the carts and people bustling through, and into the kitchen. There she saw Chef Arnaude working with one of the cooks and made a beeline for her.

"Chef Arnaude." She said as calmly as possible. "It's all done, can I have my things back now please?"

"Ah, good, you're here." Chef Arnaude said, turning to look at Erin. "Ms. Templeton called and told me what happened. You disgraced my kitchen and my staff? Tsk Tsk."

Erin lowered her head in shame and let out a resigned sigh. "Sorry. I promise it won't happen again."

"You better not. I don't accept this kind of behavior in my staff. I thought you were different. I'm very disappointed in you and think I may have been mistaken." She tossed Erin's things at her and waved her away. "Now get back to work, I don't want to see you right now."

Erin had her clothing back, which was all she wanted twenty minutes ago, but it didn't feel all that great at the moment. Slowly she shuffled back into the supply room to dress and get back to work.