**The Interview**

I’d just reached the end of the application form - all pretty standard stuff, and as always I’d struggled with the ‘additional information’ section where I was supposed to wow my prospective employers with evidence of the unique skills and talents which would mean that I was the only possible candidate for the job. Yeah, right.   
  
And then I noticed it, in tiny print right at the bottom.   
  
‘Female applicants only. If you would like to be considered for our alternative, vaginally-based interview programme, please tick this box.’   
  
I almost spat my coffee all over my carefully completed form. Vag- what? Was this a fucking joke? I’d heard of interviewers employing bizarre trendy techniques (just a few weeks ago, a friend of mine was made to direct his answers to a stuffed toy elephant), but what could they possibly mean? And surely this was some sort of discrimination against male applicants?   
  
I shook my head, then thought... fuck it. And ticked the box.   
  
Two weeks later, a brief and very businesslike letter informed me that my application had been successful and that I should attend an interview the following Monday morning.   
  
On the day of the interview, I was up early, took as long a shower as I could in the time available, washed my hair, shaved my pussy, and put on the outfit I’d picked out the night before. Charcoal-grey jacket and skirt (short but not too short), crisp white blouse, heels. Underneath: white push-up bra to give my little 32Bs a bit of assistance, and a pink thong, just for the hell of it. Oh, and my glasses (medium-sized, slightly rounded, tortoiseshell frames for those who are interested).   
  
I drove over to the company’s premises in the city centre, which took about half an hour. An impressively monolithic but nondescript sort of building.   
  
I was greeted by an attractive and very young-looking female receptionist (cropped blonde hair, blue eyes, cute nervous smile...), who asked if I was here for an interview. I said I was, gave my name, and was directed to the fourth floor. As I thanked her and walked towards the lift, she gave me a slight but unmistakable wink, which puzzled me somewhat. Oh well, maybe it’ll bring me luck, I thought.   
  
Stepping out of the lift, I made my way down the corridor to the left and reached the interview room. I knocked, trying to make it sound assertive rather than my usual limp tapping.   
  
‘Come in, please,’ said a rather deep male voice from the other side of the door.   
  
I walked in, and was greeted by the sight of a long, slightly curved desk, behind which were seated three men: all in their forties or possibly fifties, the one on my left a slight and rather pale man with short salt-and-pepper hair, the one in the middle a more well-built man with neatly parted dark brown hair, and the one on the right (the youngest-looking of the three) a blond, very serious looking man with a vaguely foreign air (I thought he might be German, or Scandinavian). I was guessing that Mr. Neat Parting was the owner of the baritone.   
  
‘Ms \_\_\_\_\_?’, he said, confirming my guess. I nodded, and he held out his hand for me to shake. ‘I’m Mr. Nolan, the Head of HR. This is Mr. Stevenson,’ (here he indicated the slight, pale guy) ‘and this is Mr. Klein, who is on secondment from our Frankfurt office.’ (So I was making good guesses today, I thought!)   
  
‘Please, have a seat,’ said Mr. Nolan, motioning to the single chair in front of the desk.   
  
He looked over what I assumed was a copy of my application in front of him on the desk, then turned for a second to Mr. Stevenson and very quietly said something I didn’t catch. Then he turned to me again.   
  
‘Now, before we start, I understand you wished to be considered for our alternative interview programme. Would you still be interested in that? You are free to decline if you so wish, of course, although I don’t think I would be prejudicing this interview by telling you that I would strongly advise you to pursue that route.’   
  
I smiled and tried not to giggle.   
  
‘Well,’ I said, ‘I wasn’t entirely sure what the... alternative programme would entail exactly, but I ticked the box because I like to keep an open mind to the best available options, in the workplace and in life in general.’   
  
Mr. Nolan nodded stiffly.   
  
‘Excellent,’ he said. ‘Well, in that case, please stand up, and slowly remove your skirt and your underwear if you are wearing any.’ He pushed a well-concealed button somewhere on the desk. ‘Ms Jeffries? Could you come in here, please, we have another VIP candidate. Ms \_\_\_\_\_, please proceed as directed.’   
  
Almost laughing in disbelief, yet somehow feeling compelled to obey that booming voice, I got up from the chair, all three men watching my every move. Mr. Klein got out a pen and started to make notes on a pad in front of him.   
  
I unzipped the skirt at the back and slowly started to slide it over my hips.   
  
The German suddenly spoke, his voice quieter and much higher-pitched than Mr. Nolan’s, but equally calm and authoritative.   
  
‘Ah, Ms \_\_\_\_\_. If you please, could you remove the skirt with your bottom facing us, thank you.’   
  
I nodded, and turned to point my ass at the interview panel. Well, I thought, this is really no worse than me making a fool of myself bullshitting about why I desperately want to work for this company. And every guy I’ve ever slept with has been very complimentary about my rear view.   
  
I slid the skirt down slowly with a little wiggle of my hips, managing to step out of it reasonably gracefully. I wasn’t sure what reaction my rather non-businesslike underwear was going to elicit, but somehow I thought it would be positive.   
  
I stayed bent over slightly, awaiting further instructions. I heard a new voice, obviously that of the pale Mr. Stevenson. He sounded slightly hoarse, as though he didn’t speak very often and his voice was unused to being pressed into service.   
  
‘That’s good. Now turn back around, and remove the thong, please.’   
  
I did as I was told, standing there with my hands on my hips for a second before peeling the tiny pink triangle away from my, well, tiny pink triangle, sliding it down and stepping out of it.   
  
Mr. Nolan, Stevenson and Klein were still staring at me with very serious expressions, the German scribbling furiously on his notepad.   
  
‘Good, good,’ said Mr. Nolan after a minute or so had passed in silence.   
  
There was a knock on the door.   
  
‘Come in!’ he boomed out. ‘That’ll be Ms Jeffries.’   
  
The door opened and in walked the same young blonde who had greeted me downstairs. She was carrying what looked like a stand for some piece of equipment in one hand, and a small black case in the other. She seemed reluctant to look me in the eye, and walked very quickly across to the desk so that she was in front of me, facing the other way.   
  
‘Ms Jeffries,’ said Mr. Nolan. ‘Please set up the camera in the usual way, then take Ms \_\_\_\_’s skirt and thong.’ He turned to look at me. ‘They will be returned to you at the end of the interview.’   
  
Ms Jeffries quickly and silently unfolded the stand (clearly she had done this many times before), which turned out to be a tripod. Then she opened the case and produced a small camera of a type I’d not seen before, not that I’m an expert on such things. She carefully attached this to the stand, pressed some buttons on it, then took a cable from the case and used that to connect the camera to a socket somewhere in the base of the desk.   
  
She walked over to me, smiled slightly sheepishly, and picked up my skirt and panties from the floor, before scurrying out of the room again in silence.   
  
‘Excellent,’ said Mr. Nolan. ‘Now the interview process proper can begin. If you’d just like to take a seat again, and spread your vagina for us.’   
  
I sat back in the seat, and heard a small whirring sound, which seemed to have come from the desk. I looked ahead for a second, and realised that three video screens, discreetly concealed inside the desk, had been brought out, one in front of each of my three interviewers. I couldn’t see, but of course I knew that what was on those screens was a close-up of my pussy.   
  
‘Ms \_\_\_\_\_? Your vagina, please,’ said Mr. Nolan, with just a hint of impatience. ‘We do have other candidates to interview today.’   
  
I nodded, opened my legs a little, and made two fingers into a ‘V’ shape in order to open my ‘V’ for these men. I could tell I was a tiny bit wet, but somehow I didn’t think that was going to count against me.   
  
The three men stared at their screens. The pale one, Mr. Stevenson, bent down and practically pressed his nose against his screen, then sat back and said something to the others, too quietly for me to hear. Mr. Klein and Mr. Nolan both nodded.   
  
‘That’s more than satisfactory,’ said Mr. Nolan. ‘Now we can move onto the second stage of the interview. Mr. Klein?’   
  
The German reached under the desk and produced a small black bag.   
  
‘If you don’t mind, Ms \_\_\_\_\_’ he said, ‘we would very much like to see what you can do with this.’   
  
He unzipped the bag, smiled, and held up its contents for me to see...   
  
  
(END OF PART ONE)

The Interview Part 2

Mr Klein held in his hands what appeared to be a dildo made of some semi-translucent light blue material, probably silicone. It was moulded into a ‘realistic’ cock shape, complete with veins and ridges and sizeable balls, which were truncated to form a flat base. It looked a lot like one I had at home myself, although this was considerably bigger, probably about ten inches in length and very thick. I wondered for a second if one of my three interviewers had provided the source material for this item, and if so, which one, which more or less instantly caused my pussy to flood.  
  
I sat there with my legs and pussy still spread as the German stood up and walked rather stiffly over to me to hand over the object.  
  
‘I am sure you think you have seen something like this before, Ms \_\_\_\_\_,’ he said. ‘However, this is a prototype from a new range of lifestyle products we’re developing which incorporates some emergent technology. Please just act as though you were alone and do whatever you feel appropriate while we observe.’  
  
He rejoined his colleagues behind the desk, and the three men stared in unison at their screens, impassive but with just a hint of anticipation.  
  
I cradled the blue cock in my hands for a moment while deciding on the best plan of action. Not wanting to waste too much time, and wanting to give my interviewers a good view of the action, I stood up and placed the dildo flat on the chair, then lowered myself slowly onto it, gripping the underside of the chair for support.  
  
I tried to angle myself back and up so that this beast was going to hit my G-spot, and took an experimental slide down the shaft. As I did so, I was sure I felt a twitch in my pussy which wasn’t just my muscles stretching, and jerked upwards with the surprise. I looked straight at the interview panel, and saw that all three men were wearing wry smiles of satisfaction.  
  
The pale Mr Stevenson coughed a dry cough, then said in his thin, hoarse tones, ‘Yes, that’s right, Ms \_\_\_\_\_, you felt something alright. I won’t bore you with the technical details, but basically  this item utilizes sophisticated nanotechnology and contains an active gel which reacts to both heat and vaginal lubrication to simulate the natural variations in size and movement of an actual penis. In theory it should respond to the force and speed of your movements, and in essence… er, well…’  He seemed to falter for a moment.  
  
‘In essence it will actually fuck your pussy, is what my colleague is trying to say,’ boomed Mr Nolan. ‘Which is really what we would also like to see at this stage.’ He looked at his watch slightly impatiently,  and I sensed I needed to be quick and impressive.  
  
I started to raise and lower myself very rapidly on the dildo, and as I did so I felt it throbbing and pushing back into me, fucking me at exactly the right speed and pressure.  It was pretty much my own personal perfect cock. I started to feel an orgasm building, and looked right into the camera and just let it go, emitting a series of short gasps in time with my movements, and then some louder, more guttural moans as my pussy went into spasm. I sank as deep onto the dildo as I could, held my position there and let out one final scream of pleasure.  
  
I looked up and saw my interviewers deep in conference, Mr Klein gesticulating enthusiastically and pointing at the screen, Mr Stevenson occasionally making the odd comment from the side and Mr Nolan nodding sagely at the centre, looking very pleased.  
  
‘That’s excellent, Ms \_\_\_\_, very impressive indeed,’ he boomed. ‘Now, strictly speaking the interview should be concluded at this point, but as I’m sure you understand, your work has engendered a certain amount of arousal in the members of the interview panel, and I hope it would not be too much of an imposition for you to assist us in dealing with that, so that we may regain our objectivity before seeing the next candidate.’  
  
The precision and formality of his tone seemed so ludicrous that I actually allowed myself a burst of laughter.  
  
‘Yes, sir. That would be no problem at all,’ I said. ‘Now get your cocks over here.’  
  
‘Excellent,’ said Mr Nolan, and the three men stepped out from behind the desk and crossed the room towards me, each one undoing their belts and stepping out of their suit trousers as they did so. To my surprise, all three were not wearing underwear, and had completely shaved cocks and balls. Also to my surprise, although Mr Nolan’s cock was a little larger than his colleagues’, they didn’t lag too far behind. Needless to say, they were all already as hard as the technological miracle that was still lodged in my cunt.  
  
‘Company policy, Ms \_\_\_\_,’ said Mr Nolan, noticing my appreciative glances. ‘Eight inches is the minimum penis length acceptable for members of the senior management team.’  
  
I nodded my approval.  
  
‘Now, we’re somewhat pushed for time, so if you don’t mind, please just remove your blouse and we will simply ejaculate over your face and chest,’ said Mr Nolan.  
  
Mr Stevenson and Mr Klein stood beside me and unbuttoned and removed by blouse, before Mr Klein hooked my bra under my tits.  
  
‘I hope you do not mind this, Ms \_\_\_\_,’ he said. ‘A personal preference.’  
  
I started to ride the dildo again as the three men began to stroke themselves very rapidly, Mr Nolan in front of me and Mr Stevenson and Mr Klein on each side of me, close to my face.  
  
Mr Stevenson came first, making hardly any sound but releasing a thick gob of cum over my right cheek and down onto my breast. Next was Mr Klein, who let out a series of short, loud gasps as he came onto my forehead. And finally there was Mr Nolan, who roared like a bull elephant as he released a monumental torrent of spunk, completely covering my glasses, face, neck and tits.  
  
There was a brief silence as they stepped back to admire their work.  
  
I then felt a hand upon each of my legs, as Messrs Klein and Stevenson Iifted me off their wonderful invention. My pussy gave a twitch of disappointment at being separated from its new friend.  
  
I reached my hand up to my face, and Mr Stevenson almost shouted ‘No!’, by far the loudest he had been throughout the whole interview.  
  
‘Please, we must observe correct procedure,’ said Mr Klein. ‘Exit the interview room exactly as you are,  and when you reach the reception area on the ground floor, Ms Jeffries will assist you with tissues, and your skirt and underwear will be returned to you. I am afraid, however, that use of company washing facilities is strictly forbidden. Do you understand?’  
  
I nodded.  
  
‘Then we are concluded. You will be contacted within the next few days. Goodbye, Ms \_\_\_\_\_,’ said Mr Nolan. And I knew from his tone that no more words were to be spoken.  
  
With cum running down my face and my vagina soaking wet and aching, I shakily got to my feet and made my way towards the door in as businesslike a manner as I could muster. In the lift, I allowed myself a smile as I wondered what the fuck had just taken place, not to mention whether I would get the job, and what working here might entail if I did.  
  
In any case, if you’re ever filling in a job application and come across that same small print that I did, I would recommend ticking the box. A vaginally-based interview certainly won’t be dull, whatever the outcome…  
  
(And no, I didn’t get the job. Bastards!)