**The Job Offer**

by[Fixitman8267](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5545400&page=submissions)©

Dear Emily;  
  
I am writing to thank you for attending my quarterly gathering at my home. I really enjoyed your stay at my home this past week.  
  
The gold bracelet, included in this package, is a ten-year performer/servant's membership. As long as you wear it you have unlimited access to the club's facilities. When on club property you will be required to be in the same uniform you were in during your stay at my home.  
  
You may consider this letter an offer of a full-time position with the club. If you accept my offer please be at the front desk of the main building at 9:00 am Saturday morning for orientation and to fill out the required paperwork. If you choose to decline my offer please return the bracelet to the main desk. You may wear regular clothes for that option.  
  
I look forward to seeing you again this coming Saturday.  
  
Sincerely,  
  
B. Miles  
  
You are probably wanting to ask more questions now than before you read the letter. Let me start by giving you a bit of history. If you remember, the letter started out as a 'Thank You' letter, which means I had to do something first.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
I have worked retail for a big box store for the last five years. I started part-time while I was still in high school and sixteen years old. Making just one dollar more than minimum wage was ok as a teen still in school and living at home. It augmented my meager allowance. Even at full-time after I graduated, it was too little to live on my own much less go to college.  
  
Dad was upper-level management in a large marketing firm and made loads of money. Mom was an assistant manager at the store I worked at, but it was nothing compared to what Dad brought in. Luckily, Dad was smart enough to plan for his loss. Whether it was death or unemployment he planned for it. He once said that he loved us so much he would never be happy in the afterlife knowing he left us penniless or struggling.  
  
So, with a massive 401(k) and a very large life insurance policy we would be set, right? Wrong!!! No matter how much insurance you pay for there are always bills left over at the end. You see Dad had cancer. He tried everything he could, even experimental treatments, which we all know isn't covered by insurance. So after paying the left over medical bills, paying off the mortgages on the house (yes, there were two), paying off the car and getting me a used one, there wasn't much left. Just over half a million.  
  
Living in this upper middle-class house was draining our resources faster than the interest could replenish it, so Mom and I were talking about selling the house and buying something cheaper. That was when I came across the ad. You see, the house we lived in was 6000 sq ft on 5 acres of land and a large in-ground pool. The maintenance and the utilities are what's draining the reserves. So I was looking through the paper to see if something around 2000 sq ft and roughly two acres was available. I found two worth looking at advertised by local agents. I marked them and just kept looking out of boredom.  
  
HELP WANTED  
  
Young woman 18-25 To  
  
serve guests at Private  
  
Party. To schedule an  
  
interview please call  
  
XXX-XXX-XXXX  
  
I immediately grabbed my phone and called the number. "Miles residence," came the pleasant male voice.  
  
"Hi. My name is Emily Stanton. I'm calling about the ad you have for a server for a private party," I replied trying to keep the nervousness from my voice.  
  
"Please take down my email address. Take several pictures of yourself and attach them to the email. Include your measurements as well as your neck. You will have a response within twenty-four hours of receiving the email. Please make sure the pictures are taken with as little clothing as you can. Nude is preferred, but underwear or bikini will be fine," he instructed.  
  
"NUDE!? I'll have to think about that. How soon do you need the email?" I asked.  
  
"The party is next weekend. We will need to confirm staff and servants by this Thursday," he confirmed.  
  
"Alright, today is Monday so that gives me a day to get the email to you and still give you time to get back to me and anything else," I said mostly to myself.  
  
"I look forward to hearing from you, Emily."  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Asking for nudes was unexpected and I wasn't sure I could do it. I grabbed the newspaper and my phone and headed to my room. If I was really going to do this, I needed to get it over with so I could get the email back to him.  
  
It was a good thing I was home alone. Mom was salary so she spent a lot of time at work. I was full-time but hourly so I didn't stick around. Mom and I rarely saw each other. So, it was like I lived alone in this huge house. I took off my blouse and skirt and looked at myself in my full-length mirror. The standard bra and panties just wouldn't do. I removed them and looked at myself nude. I knew I was beautiful, but was shy about my body. A bit self-conscious. I took the requested photos: front, back, both sides, nothing too erotic.  
  
Considering the nature of the request I could imagine that this would end up being a sex party. There is no telling what the rich were capable of. I was so nervous about sending the nudes that I put off transferring the pics to my laptop. But I continued to walk around the house nude. If I do this party, I needed to be comfortable with my body. It's being nude in front of others that scared me.  
  
I walked room to room. Went for a swim, that took the most courage. Then I fixed myself dinner and watched a couple of movies in the living room. I heard the garage door open and knew Mom was home. I shot out of the room and slammed my bedroom door. I took a shower and put on my pajamas and headed back down stairs. Mom had kicked off her shoes at the door like she always does. One of our rules is 'no shoes in the house'. The floors are heated so it is nice walking barefoot in the house. Besides it protects the floors from being damaged by debris brought in from outside.  
  
By the time I got back to the living room Mom was in her favorite place with her feet up. I sat on my end of the couch and finished watching my show. After the movie was over, I kissed my Mom good night and headed to my room. I stripped off my pajamas and sat nude at my computer desk and transferred the nude pics to the laptop. Attached them to a new email to Mr. Miles, added my measurements 4' 11", 95 lbs., 28B-24-28. With a neck measurement of 11". I sat there and hovered the mouse pointer over the send button. I brushed my hair and braided it before I mustered the courage to click the send button. There was no turning back now.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
I was so nervous about the email and the nude pics that I didn't even think about this being the first time I have ever slept nude. I checked my email as soon as I got out of bed. I sat there staring at the email from Miles afraid the open it. It seemed like forever, even though it was just a couple of minutes, before I finally opened the email.  
  
From: B. Miles  
  
To: Emily Stanton  
  
Subject: Job Interview  
  
Dear Miss Stanton;  
  
During our initial phone conversation, you made it clear you were against providing nude photos. I am pleased that you managed to overcome your reluctance. It shows you are willing to set aside your fears to experience new things. I find your appearance to be more than acceptable along with your courage have qualified you for the next stage of the interview process.  
  
Please be at my home Friday at 7 pm. Be prepared to stay the weekend. You will be free to leave at any time, but if you stay until the end at 7 pm Sunday you will have passed and will be asked to return the following weekend.  
  
Bring nothing with you except the clothes you have on. Wear a light summer dress and strappy heels. Nothing else. No make-up, no underwear, and no jewelry. Leave your purse in your car. This will be the first test.  
  
B. Miles  
  
Well, that settles it then. I had my weekend planned. I closed the email and shut down the computer. Went to take my shower before getting dressed for work, sans underwear. After work I dragged my tired body home. Taking my shoes and my clothes off at the door, I carried it all upstairs. I got lucky, I heard Mom move around in her room so I ducked quickly into my room. I don't need to explain my nudity in my room, but in the rest of the house might be a problem. I must be more tired than I thought. I didn't even notice her car in the garage.  
  
I stayed in my room hoping Mom would go back to work. Unfortunately, she didn't so I took a shower and put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, sans underwear. I haven't worn underwear all week and it is beginning to feel normal. I spent the rest of the evening with Mom.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
Well, it's finally Friday. I had to work today. Luckily, I got off at 3 pm so I had plenty of time to prepare for my weekend. It was half past three when I finally got home. I was home alone so I stripped. Took a shower and shaved everything below the neck. I applied a moisturizing lotion after shaving and was as soft and smooth as I have ever been. I set my alarm and lay down to take a short nap. My job is more mentally stressful than physical and I always feel so exhausted by the end of my shift.  
  
My rest was anything but restful. It was 6 pm and time for me to leave. I put on the summer dress and the heels I had were 4-inch stilettos. A quick run through my hair with a brush and I was ready. I can't drive in heels so I just carried them to the car and drove barefoot to Mr. Miles' home.  
  
The gate opened as I approached. Guess I was being watched. I pulled up to the front door and slipped my heels on before getting out of the car. A young-ish woman wearing a maid outfit opened the door. "Welcome to Master Miles' home, Miss Stanton. If you would give me your car keys I'll have it parked out of the way. You are to remove your shoes and dress and give them to me as well. I will take you to Master Miles' study where you will wait for him. You are to kneel on the floor so you do not leave marks on the furniture. Master Miles will be with you shortly," she informed me.  
  
As she was instructing me, I was removing my shoes and dress. Now I was really nervous, being in a stranger's house nude. It was most definitely a first for me. The maid noticed me shaking.  
  
"There is no need to be scared or nervous, Miss Stanton. You will not be harmed here. I assure you, you are safe here," the maid said.  
  
She placed her left hand on the small of my back and lead me nude to the Master's study. She directed me to a spot in from of a nice leather chair. Then put her hand on my shoulder and with light pressure directed me to kneel in front of the chair. I knelt as I was directed. She showed me where to place my hands on my thighs and left the room with my clothes. I was getting bored waiting when he finally entered the room. He stood in the entrance for several minutes before sitting in the leather chair in front of me.  
  
The Interview  
  
"Emily Stanton. It is a pleasure to meet you at last. Maria tells me you followed her directions without any complaint or resistance," he stated matter-of-factly. "Those are the actions of a submissive. Are you submissive, Emily?"  
  
"I don't believe I am, Mr. Miles. I live an independent life. I am not looking for someone to control my life. I do that well enough on my own. I am a successful and efficient department manager where I work. I am certain you did a preliminary background check on me before inviting me here for this most unusual interview. If I didn't mind doing as I was instructed, I could have taken my dress back and left.  
  
"I have been nude as much as I can at home getting used to my body being on display. I am only doing this for the adventure and the money, which we still need to discuss. In only a week I have come to enjoy being nude. The thought of attending your party nude in front of others is scary, intriguing, and exciting. I want to experience it at least once. I let my mom know where I will be this weekend if you agree to let me stay," I told him.  
  
"So, you're not a submissive by nature but know when to be compliant and obedient as well as when to say enough and leave?" Mr. Miles stated.  
  
"Yes, that is a pretty accurate assessment of me. I am twenty-one and know very little about sex. I thought coming to a private party I would get some experience." OMG! I can't believe I confessed that to a stranger.  
  
"What have you done? Have you sucked a cock or licked a cunt? Have you had anal?" he asked.  
  
"No, I have not done either of those. I have only had sex once with a boy in high school. I haven't really made any effort to date. While I hate my job, I love spending time with Mom," I told him.  
  
"If you are willing to go through with this then I have some paperwork for you to sign. One document is the contract for this weekend; it states that you will be nude for the entire weekend and will work as a servant of my household. Maria, the maid you met, will be your trainer and boss for the weekend. You will call her Miss or Miss Maria and will obey her. If you make a mistake you will submit to punishment. If at any time you refuse to accept something you will be dismissed and asked to leave the property.  
  
"The second document is a non-disclosure agreement. Saying you will not talk about anything that goes on in this house, or if you go to the club I own, there as well."  
  
I signed the contract for this weekend and the NDA, but I was not allowed to sign the contract for next weekend. He gave it to me and told me to keep it in my room until Sunday evening. I was told to stand and follow him. He led me to a small room in the servant's section of the mansion. I put the contract on the stand next to the bed and he led me from the room. I followed him upstairs where we found Maria cleaning a bathroom.  
  
The First Weekend  
  
"She signed the documents you read. She is yours for the weekend. Make sure she understands what will be expected of her next weekend. According to the agreement if she can't handle it she is free to leave." He turned to me, "Your dress and shoes will stay in Maria's room until you are ready to leave. You will have no access to any clothing until then."  
  
"Yes, sir," I said. "Yes, Master," Maria said.  
  
Miss, why do you call him 'Master'? If you don't mind me asking."  
  
"I was ten years old and living on the streets of Madrid, Spain. I saw him leave a really nice restaurant. He stopped and he was getting into his limo and looked at me from across the street. Without saying a word he crossed the street. Picked me up, not caring that I was filthy and smelled. He put me in his car and we drove away.  
  
"I thought he was going to use me for sex but he never did. I have no papers, no certificate of birth and no passport. I am in this country illegally. Master packed me in a shipping crate to get me through customs. I was let out during the flight to America, then put back in after landing to get through U.S. customs. There were two small bottles of oxygen. He made sure the crate I was in was expedited by bribing the customs agent. I was loaded into the pickup that was waiting for us.  
  
"I was stripped nude like you are and the current maid cleaned me up. She taught me English and how to be a maid and cook. I apprenticed under her and the cook. I was left with instructions and allowed to work alone when I turned fourteen. By the time I was eighteen the older maid retired. She was in her seventies. I took over as the maid of the house. She called him Master since before I arrived so I just started doing it. No one objected so I still do it. As I got older, I asked about it. We are servants but not slaves. He is the 'Master' of the house so it just seems right to call him that," she explained.  
  
"Should I call him Master? I am only here for the weekend and not a fulltime member of the staff. I have been calling him 'Sir' and he has not corrected me," I inquired.  
  
"He commanded you to call me Miss or Miss Maria, but if he did not specify what to call him you may continue to call him 'Sir' until he changes it."  
  
Over the weekend I was tasked to always be where I could hear the door. It was my job to answer it and announce all visitors. Their responses to my nudity varied. Smiles. Smirks. Comments. But none of them touched me. I lost count of how many times I was spanked by Maria in front of the rest of the staff and guests and occasionally in front of Mr. Miles. Saturday evening, I was clearing the dinner table when I tripped over Mr. Miles' foot as he was getting up. I broke several of the dishes I was carrying. I was terrified not knowing what would happen. Since I was already on the floor I got up on my knees and apologized to Mr. Miles. I began to clean up the mess and Maria helped. When we were done. Miles said.  
  
The Punishment  
  
"Maria, take Emily to the basement." Then he walked away.  
  
"Follow me, Emily. I'm so sorry. The basement is not a place you want to be. It is for punishment only. You are to be whipped," Maria stated.  
  
I followed her to the basement and saw several pieces of furniture for lack of a better work. Maria led me to an archway and told me to stand there. She went to a cabinet and brought restraints. She fastened them to my wrists and ankles, then attached them to rings in the arch. I was spread as wide as I could be. Being such a small person Maria had to use short lengths of chain to attach my ankles. That left me almost two feet off the floor.  
  
I hung there for a short time before Mr. Miles showed up. During the wait Maria had removed her maid uniform to show she was nude under it. I wondered about that. She had selected a flogger and was holding it until Mr. Miles arrived and she offered it to him.  
  
"No, Mara. You will be the one to administer her first punishment. Before you begin, she needs further preparations. I want a collar around her neck, a plug in her ass, and clamps on her nipples and clit," he instructed. Only then did I realize the severity of my punishment. I was truly scared now and tears began to run down my cheeks.  
  
"Yes, Master," Maria said meekly.  
  
She opened another drawer and pulled out a leather collar. Brought it to me and fastened it around my neck. Now I know why he needed my neck measurement. Once she was done with that she went back to the same cabinet and in another drawer pulled out a black latex butt plug. I had never used one, but I have seen them many times in some of the porn videos I watch. Maria opened a tube of lube and put a generous amount on her fingers. Then put the tube in my ass and squeezed some in. Then slowly one finger, in and out, then two fingers, then three. With each additional finger my moans became louder, my breathing faster. I could feel my pussy getting wet and a growing puddle on the floor. It was embarrassing, but there was little I could do. Endure it or use my safeword.  
  
I knew if I quit, I would always wonder. If I endured it I would have an experience for the rest of my life. So, I chose to endure and remained quiet except for my moans of pleasure. After I had reached my first orgasm of the weekend Maria began to work the large plug into my well-lubed ass. The pain of it stretching my anal ring brought even more tears to my eyes and a scream to my ears. But finally, it entered with a plop. I was close to my second orgasm when with a hard slap on my ass by Maria I went over the edge into a massive orgasm.  
  
Maria waited several minutes for me to recover before she started to apply the nipple clamps. At first, they felt good. Little did I know she had yet to tighten them. She seated them in the proper position and really began to screw them down. Again, I gave out a mighty scream only to have Mr. Miles shove a ball gag in my mouth. I still screamed just not as loud. I though the last two things were the worst pain I had ever felt. I was wrong. It was the clit clamp that hurt more than I could take and I passed out. By the time I came to, Maria was done and I was still in incredible agony. I was breathing hard and rapidly. Someone had put hooks in my nose and hooked it to the gag strap forcing my sinuses open. It made it easier to breathe.

Just as I was growing used to the pain and everything else, my world exploded into a new and excruciating pain. Over and over Maria struck me with the flogger. Twenty-five lashes on my back and butt with the last two directly on my pussy and butt plug. I had several orgasms during the whipping, but nothing compared to the final one when she struck my pussy and clit clamp. According to Maria I was unconscious for ten minutes. Mr. Miles helped get me down and Maria tended to the marks on me.  
  
Once I was aware enough to sit up, Maria attached a leash to the collar. I noticed the clamps were gone but the plug was still there and the collar. I asked about the collar and leash. Her only response was to pull on the leash. I had no choice but to follow. She led me to Mr. Miles' study. I was directed to kneel next to his desk and office chair. Maria stood next to me still holding the leash.  
  
Mr. Miles finally acknowledged me. "You have passed the first and second test. Now for the third and fourth tests. Third, you will wear the collar and leash until you leave Sunday evening. The plug will also remain in unless you need to relieve yourself. Maria will remove it and put it in the sink. You will take care of your needs. When you wash your hands, you will wash the plug and lube it. You will hand it back to Maria and she will re-insert it. From now until you leave you will refer to Maria only as Mistress and me as Master. Understand?"  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
"The fourth test. Every thirty minutes you will suck on Maria's strap-on or lick her ass and pussy to orgasm. Several times during the day she will bring you to me and you will suck my cock and allow me to fuck your other two holes. At no time is she allowed to release the leash. If this is too much for you, you need only reach up and remove the collar and repeat the safeword three times and you will be allowed to get dressed and leave. Do you understand these instructions?"  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
"Then show how much you want to be chosen for the party. Crawl over here and take my cock out and suck it. I know you are untrained, so I will teach you what I can in the time we have." All through this Maria, oops I meant Mistress, just stood silently nearby and held my leash. I don't know where Mistress got the riding crop, I looked after the first strike, but I was struck every time my teeth scraped Master's cock. By the time Master finally came in my mouth I received ten strokes from Mistress.  
  
"That was the worst blowjob I have ever received, slave. For the rest of the weekend Maria will bring you to me every two hours to practice. I will have guests you can practice on as well."  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
"Now turn around, on your knees and elbows. I want to fuck that hot wet pussy of yours."  
  
I did as ordered. I heard him remove his shoes and pants then kneel behind me. I knew my pussy was already wet and he wouldn't have any difficulty entering me. I moaned when he roughly shoved his hard cock in my wet pussy. I glance at Mistress and she was squeezing a breast and fingering her pussy while watching me get fuck by our master.  
  
"Turn over on your back, slave. Your mistress needs attention, too," he commanded.  
  
I rolled over and he re-entered me, Mistress sat on my face and commanded me to eat her. I have never done anything with another woman before. I knew what made me feel good, so I did that to her. I guess it was working as she was enjoying what I was doing to her. We were like that for quite some time before all of us were sated. Master and Mistress rolled off of me and I lay there panting for a few minutes.  
  
Master had me clean his cock before getting dressed. I can't believe I am allowing this to be done to me, but I must say it is one hell of an experience. Maybe I am more submissive that I had first thought. I have enjoyed everything so far except the punishment. I must say I didn't like that at all. Mistress wouldn't allow me to shower and clean up. She did say that if I leaked, I had to lick it up. Needless to say, I did a lot of licking or was that leaking.  
  
I wondered how Master was going to keep up to the two-hour schedule he set. He didn't. He called in reinforcements. Every hour someone different showed up and treated me like his or her personal fucktoy. I was fucked in every hole I had by both men and women with stap-ons. Singly, in pairs and in gangbangs. I spent a lot of time licking the floor of the great hall (polished marble) throughout the day. I was allowed to shower once every four hours. I wasn't allowed to go to my room. I slept on the floor near the front door. After Master's terrible blowjob I never had another complaint. I learned how to cover my teeth.  
  
It all ended by 6 pm Sunday evening. I was allowed to shower and wash my nasty hair before being brought to Master's study. The plug was re-inserted into my well fucked ass about ten minutes ago and the collar and leash remained. Once again I knelt next to Master's chair in the study.  
  
"Well, Emily, You passed all of the tests and then some. You performed above and beyond what was expected of you. My guests informed me of how well your performance and technique have improved considering forty-eight hours ago you were one fucking away from being a virgin. What did you think of your time here this weekend?" He asked.  
  
"I enjoyed everything but the punishment in the basement. I'm not into pain even though I came several times. If not for the gag I would have said the safeword. I am upset with you for taking away the out you provided in the contract. I consider that a breach of contract, Mr. Miles.  
  
"As for the leash and collar, I could do away with them. I am not an animal or pet. I would like to think I am doing this of my own free will, not because I am a prisoner or slave," I told him.  
  
"I have a check here for what you are owed for this weekend. You can take it and get dressed and leave and I'll see you this Friday at 7 pm, or you can choose my new offer," he stated.  
  
"What is the new offer? I won't guaranty that I'll choose it, but I'll at least listen."  
  
"Understood. Instead of going home, what do you think about staying here for the next seven days? You will be working at the club I own but you will sleep here. Maria will work with you on Monday and Tuesday to get you comfortable with the club and its procedures. Wednesday through Friday you will work the club by yourself. Ask any of the staff if you have any questions.  
  
"Your chest will be marked with a big 'T' with a sharpie to indicate your trainee status. Maria will drive you back and forth. You will remain nude during the drive as well. If you take the offer you will be given a different collar that has an RFID chip that will allow you unrestricted access to the entire club just as most of the staff has. I'm trusting you with this access. Don't make me regret it.  
  
"Saturday morning you and Maria will set up the tents and tables in the back yard. It will take you all day to set up for the fundraiser. Make sure you remember to eat and drink. Caterers will take care of the food tent and setting the tables. Maria will remove her uniform and put on a collar, as well, and join you in serving the guest's needs.  
  
"The two of you will clean up Sunday morning after breakfast then meet me in my study where your clothes will be waiting. That is a summary of what will be your life for the next seven days if you choose to accept it. There will be no contract and no safeword until Saturday. This will add a bit of uncertainty to your time here. Your 'roleplay' will be more realistic. I give you my word that you will not be auctioned off or sold. As the contract for the fundraiser states you will be allowed to leave and go home to your mother at the end of this Sunday. Your clothes are on the sofa with your shoes and check. You have fifteen minutes left to decide." With that he and Maria left me kneeling on the floor of the study.  
  
I crawled over to the sofa and grabbed my clothes and shoes. I turned and sat on the floor and held them as I considered his offer. Fifteen minutes later the two of them returned. "Have you made your decision, Emily?" Mr. Miles asked.  
  
"I know which option I want to choose, but I need to talk to my mom first."  
  
"That was expected. I talked to her this morning. She said she can put in the paperwork for FMLA and apply some of your PTO you've accumulated. All you will need to do is call her and let her know you chose to stay all week," he told me.  
  
"What the fuck! You told my mom what I was doing here? How could you betray my trust like that? She will be so disappointed in me." I said as I buried my face in my dress and cried.  
  
Maria knelt beside me and held me as I cried. "It will be okay, Emily. Master did not tell all."  
  
"What do you mean, 'did not tell all'? How much did he tell her?" I asked her.  
  
"Emily, your mother is well aware that you hate your job. She is excited that you have been given this lengthy interview for Event Hostess for my club. I told her that you passed the interview process and have been offered the position. I told her that you'd be on salary for $60,000 per year and that you had already filled out the paperwork for direct deposit. I also told her that I would like you to extend your stay for further training before your final evaluation this weekend. If you were accepted by a majority vote of the members you would be offered a ten-year contract.  
  
"She said she would see you when you returned home next Sunday night or Monday morning. Call her and let her know whether you are staying or leaving. What is your choice, Emily?" He asked finishing his speech.  
  
"I will stay, Master," I told him.  
  
Maria took my dress and shoes and handed me my cell phone. I knew it would be a long time before I saw those again. I called Mom's cell and told he I would be staying for the additional training. I knew it would increase my chances of being offered the ten-year contract.  
  
"Oh sweetheart! That is wonderful. Mr. Miles told me that if you got the contract, you'd live on-site in staff housing and would never need to touch your pay until the contract ended. Just think of the start you would have. He also offered to buy this house and help locate a smaller house I could afford on my own. I took him up on his offer. However, all of it depends on how this fundraiser event goes. None of the offers are valid unless you are offered the ten-year contract. So, I'll see you Monday?"  
  
"Yes, Mom. I'll do my best to get the offer and I'll see you Sunday evening or early Monday. I love you, Mom."  
  
"Love you, too, sweetheart."  
  
I powered off the phone and put it in my mouth and crawled to Master's chair. I knelt there and waited. Master finally took the phone from my mouth and locked it in a desk drawer. From the same drawer he pulled a metal collar with no apparent lock. After he removed the leather collar, I asked about the new one not having a lock. He said it was magnetic. It looks better not having a padlock dangling from it. I agreed.  
  
"The left side of the collar has the RFID circuitry imbedded in it; it is not self-powered. The doors send out a signal that activates the collar chip. If you have access the door will unlock and allow you to enter or exit. If you think the punishment you received in the basement was bad wait till you are caught breaching security. The right side has my family crest engraved into it. That lets all members and staff know that you are my property and are not to be taken from the club property. You are not to leave with anyone other than Maria or myself. I will never tell someone else to take you home so don't fall for it. If neither of us show up let a staff member know and they will set you up in on-site staff quarters. If you haven't heard from me or Maria by Friday night let the Club manager know and he will bring you to the house with a security detail to find out why I am out of touch with you. This is for your protection.  
  
"Maria will teach you what you need to know over the next two days. I have given the two of you the rest of the evening off. You need to be at the club at 7 am so get some rest."  
  
I made my way to my room, showered and crashed wearing my new collar. I still didn't like wearing a collar like a slave, but the job offer was so enticing. If the $60,000 Mom mentioned was real, I'd be making more than she was. But if it was in a trust till my contract ended, she wouldn't have access to it anyway. The $1.2 million she'd get for our house; she'd be well taken care of on her own. I fell asleep thinking about the club I'd be working at.  
  
The Club  
  
It seems like I had just fallen asleep when the alarm went off at 6 am. Maria came walking in without knocking. Not unusual. I haven't had any privacy since arriving here. I guess I forgot to mention the servant's quarters do not have doors, not even a curtain. The bathroom is communal as is the shower. Anyway, I sat up as Maria came in.  
  
"I am so glad you passed this stage of your testing. We are finally equals. We can use first names with each other. Master will always be 'Master' as long as you are training or under contract. Everyone else is 'Sir', 'Ma'am', 'Madam' or 'Miss'. Because of the sexual nature of your job at the club no one under the age of 16 will be allowed in the club. Sixteen is the age of consent in this state. Come. Let's shower and get ready to leave. When at the club even I have to be naked and wear a collar. I have the key to mine so I can remove it when I get home. I rarely go to the club even though my chip comes with a lifetime membership," she told me.  
  
It was 6:30 am by the time we were ready to go. Maria was wearing her maid uniform in case she was pulled over or had to stop somewhere. When we arrived at the club she pulled up to a gate and entered a code. The gate is to employee parking only. She left her uniform in the car. When we approached, our collars automatically unlocked the door for us and alerted security that we were on the premises. We went straight to security and she signed in her keys and introduced me as the new potential event hostess. Security took a sharpie and drew a capital 'T' on my chest. It was explained to me that the letter would assure me that I would not be punished for mistakes while training with Maria and the punishments would be lighter for the rest of the week. All punishments become part of the entertainment on stage.  
  
After getting the letter on my chest we left security. The first thing we did after security was breakfast. I missed dinner last night and was starving. After our big breakfast Maria gave me a slow detailed tour and every time we left a place she quizzed me on what we had seen so far. It took all morning to complete the tour. We had our prescribed lunch and was assigned to wait tables for the rest of the day. At 6 pm we headed back to security to log out Maria's keys.  
  
Maria let Master know we were home and would start dinner as soon as we had cleaned up. She used alcohol to clean off the 'T' and then we showered. Maria removed her collar and put her uniform back on. We went to the kitchen where the cook had left something for us to warm up. We sat at the kitchen table as opposed to the dining room table where we were not allowed to sit. After eating we cleaned up our mess and a couple of rooms before going to bed.  
  
Tuesday morning was similar to Monday; breakfast and tour, only I was the one giving the tour. Maria had a riding crop and would lay into my ass if I got something wrong. I was thankful I only got 5 whacks with it. It still stung for several hours after lunch. We made it through another afternoon of waiting tables nude. Today I had to deal with a few wondering hands. I even came a few times. By this time, I barely even notice that I am nude. Shaving was taking too long each day so Maria introduced me to a depilatory cream. She said the more I used it the less hair I would have to remove until the hairlessness became permanent. Works for me.  
  
I was a bit nervous when Maria dropped me off at the club. I went in and straight to security. I got my 'T' and a piece of paper with instructions. After breakfast I was to swim for thirty minutes, then after rinsing the chlorine off I was to seek out the personal trainer. I workout routine was already setup for me. After my two-hour workout and time in the sauna I was to spend the rest of the morning in the spa. After lunch I was to serve the guests in any way they needed me. I guess I was to be a waitress and a whore. Oh joy. I suppose I shouldn't complain. I can still walk away. Yeah, from $600,000 over a ten-year period. I am mostly concerned how living this life will change me.  
  
The rest of the week was the same routine. Maria and I had Friday night off and spent it together. Making love to each other and sleeping till morning. After our shower Maria put her collar on and worked with me as my equal, getting the yard ready for the caterers later. By 5 pm we were done. The tents, tables and decorations were ready. The caterers were not due until 6 pm so we showered again preparing ourselves for the guests.  
  
The Fundraiser  
  
Seven pm finally arrived and Maria and I were standing at the front door ready to meet the guests. We took their coats and other accessories and locked them in a special room. Directed them to the back yard and joined them when the last guest arrived by 7:30 pm.  
  
I was surprised to learn how we were to serve the guests. Our arms were bound behind us in a mono sleeve. Our ankles were fitted with restraints and connected by an eighteen-inch chain. Then a tray was hung around our necks. We were to carry drinks and food on the trays without the use of our hands and hobbled. I see a lot of potential for accidents leading to punishment. And of course, I see the punishment happening on the MC's stage. Oh joy. I'm not looking forward to this. The last thing was a penis gag, a leash and a blindfold. We were to be led around blindfolded by employees of the caterer. At least we weren't required to wear heels on the lawn.  
  
Talk about a trust building exercise. I don't know about Maria, but I lost quite a few drinks and wore most of them. I earned myself 36 lashes of the whip. After the meal the blindfold was removed and we were used to clear the tables. Ah. A serving tray and a bus tray all in the same night. What else will I be used for by the end of the week?  
  
Next up, the entertainment. Us. I was led to the stage where a pillory was erected. My arms were released and locked into the shackles on the pillory. The gag was left in and the hobbles remained. I screamed through my 36 lashes and half a dozen orgasms. Once I was released, I saw Maria being led to the place I just vacated. I watched her receive her 32 lashes. After we were released, we were ordered to mingle, which meant we were to be the fucktoys of the evening.  
  
It was 2 am by the time we were released for the night. We were allowed to sleep in till 9 am. How generous of him. We spent the rest of the day cleaning up the back yard. It was 8:30 pm by the time I was led into Master's study. Oops, I meant Mr. Miles' study. My contract expired an hour and a half ago.  
  
"Emily, please come in. I must say I am sad to see you go. I have enjoyed your stay. Now for the bad news. Sometime during the event someone paid a visit to the servant quarters and took your dress. I have provided this mesh bodysuit for you to wear home with your heels."  
  
I picked up the bodysuit and saw it was transparent. At least it was less obvious than just being naked. I would get pulled over at least. I put it on and then my heels. Maria had pulled my car around front and handed me my keys. I took the check, hugged Maria and said my farewell to Mr. Miles and left.  
  
Home  
  
My purse was still under the seat where I left it. I felt weird wearing clothes after a week without. I saw that Mom was home, but there was nothing I could do about it. I walked in and she was waiting for me at the kitchen table. I saw her raise an eyebrow but said nothing.

"Evening, Mom. I bet you are wondering about the bodysuit."  
  
"Not really. I have your dress. I wanted to see if you'd wear the bodysuit or drive home nude. I made a bet with Mr. Miles. He said you'd wear the suit. I bet you'd drive home nude. He said you'd become so accustomed do your nudity that it seemed natural. I guess you were so concerned about what I would think you wore the suit."  
  
"You knew?"  
  
"Yes. Mr. Miles has been sending me pictures and video the whole week. I even shared some of your video from walking around here. I guess that means you didn't know your father had hidden cameras installed with the security system. Yes, I know about you walking around naked at home. Did you really think I was working all those hours? I was invited to his mansion a couple of weeks before you saw the ad. That's why he asked for nude photos in your initial email.  
  
"You will have the house to yourself for the next two weeks. My bet with him was two weeks at the club in the nude like you were. I have the time off already. I noticed your submissiveness back when you were a teen. Even as a department manager you were still compliant and obedient to those in authority over you. The newspaper was mostly real. Only the ad was fake. You were the only applicant since you were the only one to have a paper with the ad.  
  
"I knew you were unhappy working at the store, so I made arrangements for you to meet Mr. Miles. He said you flourished during your week with him. Maria is in love with you and is hoping you will sign the ten-year contract. The ten-year contract is real. Many girls have come before you to fill a position on the staff. Some have signed on permanently others have left when it expires. Yours is the first that has required full-time nudity. He has no intention of you being a slave. He will provide a bracelet to act as your security pass. You will be able to serve the members sexually as well as the staff if you choose. The staff and the members were informed ahead of time of your trial period and what they could make you do or do to you. That will be more limited when you are fulltime.  
  
"This will be the perfect job for you. You can have all the sex and exhibitionism you can handle, but you will never be allowed to wear clothes again for the rest of your life. Something I know you've wanted for a long time. These last few weeks were not the first time I have caught you running around the house in the nude. I saw the look on your face when you were home alone and able to be nude. So I made arrangements with Miles. His private club had all of the facilities you needed to live a healthy nudist lifestyle."  
  
"You are right, Mom. I am truly happy when I am nude." I stood up and removed the body stocking and dropped it in the trash. "When I receive the offer, I will take it. You may get rid of my clothes. Thank you, Mom. I love you."  
  
The End