Poor Amy

by Arthur Saxon

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“All right Percy,” said his boss, warehouse manager Tom Waite. “Late again, I see.”

Percy guiltily sat down at his desk. “Sorry,” he muttered.

Tom chuckled, and swatted Percy on the arm. “Don’t worry about it,” he said. “Just try not to make a habit of it, okay?”

Percy nodded. “I won’t,” he promised.

Tom looked at him quizzically. “You all right, Percy? You’re lookin’ a bit down in the dumps.”

Percy sighed, rubbing his arm. “Just worried about Amy,” he said.

“Yeah, well, just give her time, mate. A miscarriage isn’t something you recover from in a week, you now.”

“I know,” said Percy. But it had been four months now, and Amy was no better. “It’s just … she spends all day watching TV, and never does anything around the house. We’ve been subsisting on microwave meals for the past few months, except for the odd occasion when I myself find time to cook. She’s depressed, but she doesn’t take the pills the doctor prescribed – she says they upset her stomach.”

“Perhaps she needs a hobby,” suggested Tom.

“Yeah,” said Percy. “She used to love to go for walks along the river, and feed the swans … but now she just can’t be bothered.”

“Hmm,” said Tom. “What about a job? Some structure in her daily life might be just the ticket.”

Percy rolled his eyes. “Yes, it might,” he said. “But she’s very shy and nervous, and doesn’t do well in interviews … or in the few temporary jobs she’s had. She prefers to play the housewife role.”

“Except that she isn’t even doing that,” said Tom. “Tell you what, Percy – I have an idea. What about that dispatch clerk position we’ve been talking about creating? The volume of shipments out of here has reached the point where the loaders don’t really have time to do the paperwork any more. You and I chip in when we can, of course, but I for one am sick of working late five days a week.”

Percy brightened – it would be nice to have Amy working alongside him. But then he thought of the loaders, with their rough manners and coarse, sexist humour… “That’s awfully kind of you,” he said, “but she really has no experience at this sort of thing.”

Tom snorted. “If the likes of Frank and Reggie can ship a load in the system, your wife’ll have no problem. Come on, Percy – give it a try. Just as a temp position. If it doesn’t work out, then fine – but you never know, it might be just the thing.”

“Well – thank you, Tom,” said Percy. “I appreciate it.”

“I’ll run it by Adrian,” said Tom, “but I can’t see that it’ll be a problem. And if it works out, then hey, maybe we’ll make her permanent.”

“Thank you,” said Percy again.

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That night, Percy gently broached the subject with Amy. “I was talking with Tom today,” he said. “He wondered if you’d be interested in a new job we’re creating in the warehouse office. It would be very easy – just shipping loads in our system and printing off the paperwork for the drivers. Not much of a challenge, I’m afraid – but at least you’d be working alongside me…”

Amy did not say anything for a minute. Then, “Okay,” she said.

Percy smiled. “Good girl,” he said.

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It had been an awful eight months. First, his old school acquaintance Jeff, along with his burly friends Duncan and Mike, had practically abducted Amy and taken her off on a week-long camping holiday in Scotland, while Percy was left behind to worry about what they were doing with his poor wife. And then the week had turned into ten days … and then into two weeks … and finally Percy had received a phone call from Jeff saying that they had been back for two days, and he should probably come and collect his wife from Mike’s house.

So Percy had gone to Mike’s house, only to be let in by one of Mike’s friends. A party was in full swing, apparently, but the only guests were various male friends and colleagues of Mike’s, and Amy was the entertainment. For five hours Percy had to sit in a chair in the corner, watching other men have sex with his wife, but eventually they had let Amy go. Naked and dripping sperm down the insides of both legs, she had hobbled out to the car, and Percy had driven her home.

And that was it. As if they had forgotten his existence, neither Jeff nor any of his friends made contact with him again after that. If they had come around to his house, Percy knew that he would not have been able to stop them from having sex with Amy, nor prevent them from taking her away again if they so desired. But that did not happen.

Amy, already late for her period, started feeling queasy in the mornings. A test kit from Boots confirmed that she was pregnant … though who the father was, was anybody’s guess. It was certainly not Percy. Nevertheless, he had tried to put a brave face on it, and gallantly told Amy that he would raise the child as his own and never give a second thought to the fact that he was not its biological father. Amy was very happy with this – she would have considered terminating the pregnancy if Percy had wanted it, but she was glad not to have to go through that.

And so they were happy … for three months. Then came the awfulness that was the miscarriage, and Amy was devastated. Percy had mixed feelings at first … but soon found himself thinking only of Amy and how badly hurt she had been by the experience. He had hoped that time would heal her wounds, but four months later they seemed as raw as ever.

Perhaps this job would help to get her mind off her misery.

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She started the following Monday. Neither she nor Percy was quite sure what she should wear – the loaders wore jeans, but this was more of an office job – but in the end she opted for a below-the-knee beige skirt and a pale pink blouse with flowery patterns along the collar. Tom welcomed her, as did a couple of grinning loaders, and then Percy began the short and easy process of training her.

Having a focus almost immediately worked wonders. Amy concentrated on learning the systems, and picked up everything quickly, as Percy had known she would. And while her demeanor could not exactly be described as cheerful, she was clearly well out of the rut of idleness into which she had sunk at home. Her manner was quite businesslike for the most part, though she got flustered easily whenever a driver or loader made some colourful remark.

The loaders in particular very soon discovered it was fun to tease Amy, though they were careful to do so when neither Percy nor Tom was around. It was all in good fun, though, with no malicious intent. They would laugh when she blushed in embarrassment and hung her head, and then they would stroll off to load the next trailer.

As the days passed, however, some of them began to get a little bolder. Amy was just finishing up the paperwork on the latest load when Rob, one of the younger loaders, came into the office and stood next to her. For a moment she thought he was looking over her shoulder at the paperwork, but then she glanced up and realised he was staring down inside her blouse. He grinned. “Nice bra,” he said, and ambled away, whistling.

Amy was not sure whether to mention this to Percy – and eventually decided not to. It would only worry him. But then, the next day, she had another close encounter. This time it was with Paul, a loader in his late thirties.

“You shouldn’t slouch like that,” said Paul. “Not good for your neck or your back.”

“Thanks,” said Amy in a small voice, straightening up a little. Then she stiffened as she felt a pair of hands on her shoulders.

“Here, this’ll loosen you up,” said Paul, beginning to massage the muscles above her shoulder blades.

“Thanks,” said Amy again, nervously, but she felt anything but loose.

“Wow, you’re really stiff,” said Paul. “Don’t worry – I’ll soon fix that.” He continued to massage her upper back and neck, as Amy grimaced with discomfort. Then, thankfully, the door opened and Tom walked into the office. Paul stood back and took his hands off Amy, much to her relief.

That evening, she told Percy about the massage.

“I’m sure it was nothing,” said Percy uneasily, but he could feel a sense of dread in the pit of his stomach.

The next day, at lunch time, Amy was having a sandwich in the break room when Tom walked in. “Hi Amy,” he said. “How’s it going?”

Amy’s tried to quickly swallow her mouthful, so that she could reply, but she accidentally breathed it in instead. Her eyes widened as she began to choke.

“What’s the matter?” asked Tom. “You choking?”

Amy’s hands flailed as she got to her feet. She nodded desperately. Tom hurried over to her, turned her around, and put his arms around her. Clasping his hands together just beneath her ribcage, he sharply pulled up and back. This had the effect of lifting little Amy entirely off her feet, but, much to her relief, it also dislodged the piece of sandwich.

“Thank you!” she gasped.

As Tom lowered Amy to the floor and unclasped his hands, Percy entered the room. He froze, staring at his wife, who had slipped down in Tom’s arms so that Tom’s hands were positioned over her breasts. His fears, and the memories of Amy’s ordeal eight months ago, bubbled to the surface, and for once, just once, he was not going to stand for it.

It was unfortunate that he happened to be clutching a Stanley knife as he rushed forward at Tom. Startled, Tom released Amy and stepped back, raising his hands to defend himself. Then he yelled in pain as Percy stabbed him in the arm with the knife.

“Leave my wife alone!” shrieked Percy.

“She was choking, you crazy bastard,” yelled Tom, wrenching the knife from Percy’s hand. “You fucking wanker, you stabbed me!”

“Percy, stop!” cried Amy. “It’s true – I was choking. Tom just did the Heimlich maneuver on me.”

“Oh,” said Percy, feeling suddenly guilty.

“Percy, you’re sacked!” said Tom, now simply angry. “Grab your things and go home! I’ll have to think about whether I’m going to press criminal charges!”

“Sorry Tom,” muttered Percy, and then he fled from the room.

“Are you okay?” said Amy anxiously to Tom.

“No I’m not okay!” snapped Tom, who was bleeding steadily from the wound in his arm. “I’ll have to go to the hospital and get stitched up.”

Ten minutes later, he was on his way out of the door with Frank when Percy hurried up to them both. “What about Amy?” he said. “We only have the one car.”

“Pick her up at five!” said Tom. “Jeez!”

“All right,” said Percy anxiously. He went back inside to kiss Amy goodbye, then he left the building, and the company, probably for good.

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The next day, Percy dropped Amy off at the front gate, and she walked alone to the office. Shortly afterwards, Tom entered the room, and Amy asked him how he was.

“That bloody husband of yours,” said Tom angrily, “severed a bloody tendon! I’ve lost some use of my arm, and I’m not sure I see much of a choice in the matter of whether I report this to the police. I think I deserve some compensation, and I’m not afraid to go to court to get it!”

Amy paled. She and Percy had little money to spare, and with Percy now out of work, for a while at least they would have to survive on her wage alone. They could not afford to pay a lawyer, let alone compensation for Tom’s injury.

“I’m sure it’ll heal soon,” she said desperately. “Tom, we’re not well off…”

“Well Percy should have considered that,” said Tom severely, “before he fucking stabbed me!”

Amy winced at the language, but nodded sadly. It was likely they would lose the house. Last night she had attempted to buoy Percy’s spirits, telling him how brave he had been, standing up to Tom like that – even if it was rather misguided of him. She had told him he had been magnificent, leaping to her defence. But the hard truth was that he had possibly ruined them both financially.

Tom knew this, of course, and he could not help feeling badly for Amy, who had done nothing wrong. Yet he very much wanted Percy to pay for what he had done. Later that morning, he discussed the matter with Don, one of the senior loaders.

“Hard to get back at Percy without hurting Amy too,” mused Don, stroking his stubbly chin. “Then again, you’ve already punished him by firing him.”

“I know,” admitted Tom, “but he’ll get another job, and I’ll still have a crippled arm. I haven’t gained anything by kicking him out – in fact I’ve lost a hard-working and capable employee.”

“Would you feel better if he served a bit of prison time?” suggested Don.

“Not really – Amy would be devastated, and again, I wouldn’t gain anything.”

“Then maybe … you could obtain some kind of payment … from Amy?”

Tom raised an eyebrow. “You mean like sexual favours?” He shook his head. “I’m a married man, Don. I mean, she’s cute and all, but that’s really punishing Amy rather than Percy.”

“Are you joking? When the guy’s obviously insanely jealous?”

Tom chuckled. “I suppose he would be pretty pissed off. But forget it – Amy would never … and neither would I. I’d get sacked myself for even suggesting such a thing.”

“All right, never mind sleeping with her. But what if she were to … how shall I put it … brighten the office up a bit?”

“What do you mean?” asked Tom.

“Well look at her – she dresses like a … a legal secretary or something. Perhaps she could start wearing miniskirts and low-cut tops. That would make all our days a little brighter, don’t you think?”

Tom grinned, and nodded. “I suppose it would. But what if she reported me for sexual harassment?”

“She won’t … if she doesn’t want you to sue Percy for knifing you.”

“Good point,” conceded Tom.

“The guys would love it, too,” said Don. “They all like her, but they all wish she would show a little more flesh. You’d have a very happy, uncomplaining team working for you if Amy were to dress more skimpily.”

Tom laughed. “A major selling point. I’ll think about it, Don. Thanks for your input.”

At lunchtime, Tom found Amy in the break room again. This time he waited until she had swallowed her mouthful before he spoke. “Amy, I’ve been wanting to have a word with you about your clothing,” he said.

Amy looked down at her pale green blouse and long black skirt. “What’s wrong with it?” she asked worriedly. “Too dressy?”

“It does make you look rather like a legal secretary,” said Tom with a smile. “This is a warehouse office, after all. You don’t want to make the lads feel all shabby and scruffy, do you?”

“Oh no!” said Amy, rather shocked. “I hadn’t thought of that. Would you prefer me to wear jeans, or…”

“No no no,” said Tom hastily. “We don’t want you going too far in the other direction. But … tell me, do you own any miniskirts?”

Amy felt her stomach clench slightly. “No,” she said. This was true – she had thrown away the skirts that Jeff and his friends had butchered.

“Hmm,” said Tom. “I suggest you get some. And some low-cut tops, too. It really would be more appropriate for a warehouse environment.”

“Oh,” said Amy, feeling uncomfortable. “Well I suppose I could get a couple of skirts and tops … but now that Percy’s not working, I’m not sure what I can afford…”

“Cheaper than hiring a lawyer, though, eh?” said Tom.

Amy’s eyes widened. “Oh,” she said. “You mean you won’t press charges if…”

“I’ll think about it,” said Tom. “Put it this way – it’ll go a long way towards persuading me not to.”

“Okay,” said Amy, nodding.

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That evening, when Percy picked her up, she told him about Tom’s request. Percy felt uneasy about the idea, but he too was more worried about Tom suing him for damages. He drove them both to the mall, where they had a light supper and then shopped for some clothes for Amy. She already had a couple of peasant-style tops, because Percy liked them – they would hopefully be low-cut enough to satisfy Tom – but they bought her a tunic-style top with a deep v-neck, just in case. She also picked out a couple of miniskirts: one denim, the other cotton. Both came down to mid-thigh.

Back at home, they had an early night and made love. As usual, Percy wore a condom –Amy was reluctant to risk getting pregnant again so soon after the miscarriage, but she did not want to go back on the pill. Percy was not keen on condoms, but he was happy to wear them for Amy’s sake.

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Amy wore a peasant top and the cotton miniskirt to work the next day. Tom smiled at her. “Nice,” he said. “The skirt could have been shorter, but still, nice.”

“Thanks,” said Amy, blushing. She hurried to her desk and sat down.

That morning, the loaders seemed to spend more time than usual hanging around in the office and talking to her. Several of them rather unsubtly stared at her chest, where her white bra was faintly visible through the thin material of her top.

Midway through the morning, Rob met with Don in the warehouse, and their conversation soon turned to Amy.

“So she’s going to be wearing miniskirts all the time from now on?” asked Rob.

“Yeah, so Tom reckons,” said Don.

“We should totally set up a webcam under her desk,” said Rob. “Have the feed go to Mick’s computer in the workshop.”

“Jeez, what if she found it?” asked Don, rather nervous at the prospect.

“Why would she? She’s got no reason to go crawling under her desk. I’ll have a word with Mick – he could set it up easily on the night shift.”

Don chuckled. “Well, if she finds it, I know nothing.”

Rob grinned. “I’ll take care of it.”

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The next morning, Rob, Don, Frank and Paul were gathered around the workshop computer with their friend Mick, and a couple of Mick’s colleagues in the maintenance department. They were avidly watching a live feed from the newly-installed camera under Amy’s desk. Her knees and thighs filled most of the picture, with the hem of her denim skirt crossing the screen above her thighs. Below the middle of the hem was a dark inverted triangle – too dark for them to see what she was wearing under the skirt.

“Damn,” said Rob. “Can we get a light under there, do you think?”

“Not unless you want the camera to be discovered,” said Mick. “Unfortunately with the window and the office lights behind her, she’s backlit, and the denim is too thick to let any light pass through. If her skirt were a little shorter, or thinner, we’d be in business, but as it is, I fear this is about as good a view as we’ll get. Unless she opens her legs, of course.”

“Hmm,” said Paul. “I wonder if we can somehow get her to open them?”

“Short of two of us sitting either side of her and actually pulling her knees apart, I’m not sure how we’d accomplish that,” said Don.

Paul grinned. “I’ll give it a go,” he said.

“I will too,” said Rob. “Make sure you’re recording the feed!”

Two minutes later, he and Paul were back at the office. They drew up a couple of chairs either side of Amy, and sat down. “Hi Amy,” said Rob.

“Hi Amy,” said Paul.

Amy looked nervously back and forth at the two of them. “Hi,” she said.

“We just wanted to ask you how you’re doing,” said Paul.

“It must be hard for you to be working here without Percy,” said Rob.

“I’m … I’m doing all right I think,” said Amy, not sure which of them to look at.

Paul placed a hand on her left knee. “If there’s anything we can do, let us know.”

“I think it was a bit harsh of Tom to sack Percy,” said Rob, placing a hand on Amy’s right knee. “He was only defending your honor.”

“Thank you,” said Amy, feeling very uneasy now, and not at all happy about the hands on her knees.

“If there’s anything you need us to explain – you know, about the warehouse and the products and stuff,” said Paul, gently pulling Amy’s left knee towards him, “don’t hesitate to ask.”

“And if you have computer problems,” said Rob, easing her right knee towards him, “just let me know. I picked up a few things from Percy, so I might be able to help.”

Amy did not like the way her knees were slowly being pulled apart. When five or six inches separated them, she tried subtly to pull them back together, but Rob’s and Paul’s hands held them firmly in place. Meanwhile they continued to offer her sympathy and support, showing no signs of being aware of what they were doing. Eventually she gave up trying to close her legs, and let her thighs relax a little. Immediately her knees, under pressure from the two hands, sprang apart by several more inches. Now her thighs were forming a forty-five degree angle, which made her feel very exposed, although neither Rob nor Paul could see up her skirt. At least their hands were staying put on her knees, and not wandering up her thighs.

Amy was greatly relieved when a driver appeared at the little window in the wall in front of her desk. He passed a scrap of paper through, and she took it from him with a brief smile. “Hi,” she said. Looking at the number on his piece of paper, she found the relevant load and booked him in. Taking his pick slip out of the appropriate tray, she said, “What’s your trailer number?” She tried to ignore the fact that her legs were now approaching a ninety degree angle.

“Two-one-seven-three,” said the driver.

Amy wrote the number on the pick slip, along with the driver’s time of arrival. “Okay,” she said, “have you been here before?”

The driver nodded. “Round the back?”

“Yes please,” said Amy, handing him the pick slip.

“Actually mate,” said Paul, “you can go straight to the near ramp.” He pointed to a number on the pick slip. “Number three warehouse, you see?” he said. “The two trailers we’ve got in are both on the far ramp because they’re both here for palletised goods, which are in number one warehouse.”

“I see,” said Amy, nodding. Her legs were by now spread obscenely wide, and the hem of her skirt had been forced up almost to the level of her panties. She cleared her throat noisily – or at least she intended to, but it came out as more of a dainty little cough. “Um, do you think … perhaps … isn’t there some loading to be done?”

Paul frowned and slid his hand up her thigh a little. “Are you telling me my job?”

“No no,” said Amy hastily.

Just then the door opened, and Tom walked in. He glared at Rob and Paul. “There’s trailers to be loaded, lads!” he said sternly. “Never mind bothering Amy.”

Paul and Rob quickly removed their hands from Amy’s thighs, and got to their feet. “Just helping her get the feel of things,” said Rob.

“Yeah, well you attend to your own jobs, all right?” said Tom. “If Amy has any questions, I’m sure she’ll ask.”

Amy, relieved, closed her legs and tugged her skirt down.

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Back in Mick’s office, Paul and Rob were greeted like returning heroes.

“Nice job!” said Mick. “Check out this video!”

Rob and Paul grinned as they watched Amy’s legs slowly parting with their help. Gradually, a pair of white cotton panties came into view, prompting cheers even from those who had seen the video already. As the thighs were parted wider and wider still, even the seams either side of the panties’ gusset appeared, and the rising hem allowed more light in, lightening the panties and revealing more detail in the fabric and the contours of Amy’s pussy beneath.

“Here you are!” said Tom in great annoyance, marching into the room. He stopped short, staring at the screen. “What the hell?”

Reggie and Mick had the grace to look a little guilty, but the others merely pursed their lips, trying not to smile. Tom approached the screen and peered closely. “Is that … Amy?” he asked.

“Yup,” said Don. “We put in a webcam last night.”

“You’ve got this going to the web?” asked Tom in astonishment.

“No!” said Mick. “Just to this computer.”

“Although,” said Paul. “That’s not a bad idea. We could set up a website – underherdesk.com or something – with a live feed from the camera.”

“Do you realise how illegal this is?” demanded Tom. “What if she finds the camera?”

“She won’t,” said Don. “Why would she look?”

“She only needs to drop her pen under the desk and go hunting for it!” said Tom.

Paul shrugged. “If she finds it, she’ll complain to you, right? You could tell her that you’ll agree not to press charges against Percy if she drops the matter.”

“That particular bargaining tool will only go so far,” said Tom dubiously. He continued to stare at Amy’s thighs (now closed again), then frowned as the picture went black. “What happened?”

“End of the clip,” said Mick, closing the window. “Here’s the live feed.” He maximised another window.

“Hmm,” said Tom. “Pity it’s so dark. Can’t see anything with her legs closed like that.”

“Which is why we helped her open them,” said Rob.

Tom sighed. “You lads need to be careful. I know she’s not the type to make a fuss, but if you push her too far, she’s bound to snap.”

“We need to get her wearing shorter skirts,” said Paul. “Then it won’t be so hard to see her panties even when her legs are closed.”

“She just went out and bought some short skirts,” said Tom. “I can hardly ask her to go and buy more.”

“You could tell her she has to swap them for something shorter,” said Rob.

Tom shook his head slowly. “I don’t know, lads,” he said. “I think you should be happy with what you’ve got. You’ve got some nice video of her panties – let’s not push it, okay?”

Don shrugged. “You’re the boss,” he said.

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The next day was Saturday. Amy was glad not to have to go into work, and she took the opportunity to try to lift Percy out of the depression into which he had fallen since getting the sack. She found him some job advertisements, and sat next to him, offering encouragements, while he listlessly drew up a C.V. She helped him write application letters, then posted them for him.

On Monday, having worn her two miniskirts on the previous two working days, Amy opted for a loose, knee-length, dark green skirt and a white blouse. Conscious of the fact that she was showing much less flesh than on Thursday and Friday and worried that Tom would be annoyed, she left an extra button on the blouse undone.

She was returning to her desk with a cup of tea when Tom walked into the office, rubbing his arm and scowling. He was obviously in some pain, and in a bad mood. He took one look at Amy’s outfit and said, “What’s this?”

Amy paled. “I only bought two miniskirts,” she said. “I can’t wear them every day. I didn’t think you meant me to wear short skirts all the time…”

“That’s exactly what I meant,” snapped Tom. “No more long skirts, Amy, do you understand?”

Amy hung her head, and nodded. “Yes Tom,” she said. “I’m sorry – I misunderstood you before.”

“And those miniskirts of yours,” Tom added. “I’ve been talking with the lads – they all feel that they’re still too long. So make sure you get shorter skirts than the ones you wore last week.”

Amy gulped. “Um, Tom, those miniskirts seemed very short to me.”

“Well they might seem so in your hoity-toity upper-middle social circle that I’m sure you’re used to … but they’re still rather prim and proper for a warehouse setting. Bear in mind, Amy, these lads are good honest working-class types, and the kind of girls they hang out with tend to be more, shall we say, scantily dressed.”

Amy shrugged helplessly. “I can’t help who I am,” she ventured timidly.

Tom thumped his throbbing shoulder impatiently. “Nobody’s asking you to change who you are, for heaven’s sake, Amy. Just wear shorter skirts and more low-cut tops, all right?”

Amy, feeling chastened, nodded uncomfortably. “Yes Tom,” she said. She sat down at her desk, and Tom strode out.

A few minutes later, Don came in. “Hi Amy,” he said, coming around the printer to see her. “Oh – a longer skirt today, I see?”

“I just got into trouble with Tom for wearing it,” said Amy regretfully.

“I’m not surprised,” said Don. “I thought you were going to wear miniskirts from now on.”

“I will,” said Amy fervently. “But I don’t know what I’m going to do – Tom says even my miniskirts are too long.”

“They are, rather,” said Don. “But don’t worry – I’ll show you what’s an appropriate length if you like.”

“Oh – thanks,” said Amy.

“Let’s see now,” said Don, pulling up a chair and sitting down in front of Amy. He took hold of her skirt and started tugging it up her legs.

“Um,” said Amy anxiously.

Rob and Frank entered the room. “Hello, what’s this?” asked Frank curiously, seeing what Don was doing.

“Just showing Amy how short her skirts should be,” said Don, pushing the skirt higher and higher until it was bunched around Amy’s upper thighs.

“Okay, but shouldn’t we all get to weigh in on that?” said Rob.

“Sure,” agreed Don.

“Hey,” said Frank, grinning. “Maybe we should each draw a line on Amy’s thigh where we think her skirts should come down to.”

“I don’t know,” said Don. “I think if we did that, we’d all start trying to outdo each other. I don’t think any of us should know where the others have drawn their line until after everyone’s ‘voted’, so to speak.”

“Okay, but how do we manage that?” asked Frank.

“Uh,” said Don, thinking quickly. “Okay. We’ll drawn a line just above her knee, just here…” He pointed. “Then each of us in turn will come in and ask Amy to start raising her skirt. We’ll say ‘stop’ when we think she’s raised it far enough, and at that point, we’ll use a tape measure to measure the distance between the line and where the skirt comes to. We’ll write that number on a piece of paper, and put it in a box. After everyone’s voted, we’ll … I don’t know, take an average of all the numbers or something.”

“Do I get a vote?” asked Amy timidly.

“Sure!” said Don gallantly.

“Oh wait though,” said Rob. “What if she writes down minus-ten inches or something, just to throw off the average?”

“Yeah,” said Frank. “I don’t think Amy should get a vote. We know she likes longer skirts.”

Don thought for a minute. “All right, how about this? Amy votes first, before she has any idea what the rest of us are going to vote for. She writes her number on a piece of paper with her name next to it, and puts it in the box. Then the rest of us vote. Afterwards, when we look at all the votes, if Amy’s number is the lowest, then we take the average of all the others, not including hers. If on the other hand it’s not the lowest, then Amy gets to use her own number. That’ll give her an incentive to be realistic, right?”

“I don’t know,” said Frank dubiously. “I still think she should just not get a vote.”

“Nah, I think it’ll work,” said Rob.

“What’ll work?” asked Paul, coming into the room.

“Um, I have a customer,” said Amy, feeling very self-conscious as the driver at the window stared grinning at her exposed thighs.

“Oh right,” said Don, sliding his chair back out of her way.

While Amy attended to the driver, Tom and Jimmy entered. Don explained his idea to them and to Paul, and they all agreed that it was a good plan. Reggie and Grant were the last to arrive, and the idea was quickly explained to them too. Simon, who was still off sick, would unfortunately not be able to take part in the vote.

Don cut up a sheet of A4 into nine pieces, and doled them out. Then he fetched a small cardboard box, taped it shut, and cut a wide slit in the top. “This’ll be our ballot box,” he said. “Okay, everyone into the break room. Amy, write your name on your piece of paper, and then … oh, tape measure.”

“I have one,” said Reggie, pulling a tape measure out of his pocket. He tossed it to Don, who gave it to Amy.

“Remember, Amy,” said Don. “If nobody else’s numbers are lower than your number, yours won’t count, so be realistic. If it’s not the lowest, then we’ll be using your number.”

Amy nodded.

Don picked up Amy’s biro and drew a line on her thigh just above her knee. “Okay, we’ll leave you to it,” he said. “Just give us a shout when you’re ready.” Don smiled at her, then he walked out with the others, closing the door behind him.

Amy let out an unhappy whimper. Then she pulled her skirt up her thighs, trying to guess what Tom and the loaders would vote. No doubt they would all vote for a micro-mini sort of length. Maybe one of them – perhaps Tom or one of the older loaders – would suggest something slightly longer, but they would all no doubt get a kick out of seeing her lift her skirt as high as possible. The average of everyone else’s votes could end up being halfway down her panties.

This thought filled her with dread. She had to make her vote count, she just had to! But how high would she need to go before she could be sure that hers would not be the lowest number?

She pulled the skirt all the way up to her panties, and then down a little. At the very least, she wanted to keep her panties covered. She measured the distance – nine inches. Now how likely was it that this would not be the lowest number?

She feared that it was unlikely. She raised her skirt another inch. Ten inches. Her panties were only just covered. To her eyes, looking down, at least … anyone standing or sitting in front of her would be able to look up her skirt and see her panties. She sighed. Perhaps she could cross her legs or keep her hands in her lap whenever her legs were not safely tucked under her desk. Or stand up.

This was another alarming thought. What would a skirt of this length look like when she was standing up? Would it cover her bottom? She figured that any miniskirt would sit lower on her thighs when she was sitting than when she was standing. If she picked ten inches, would that mean her buttocks were uncovered when she was standing up?

Then it occurred to her that perhaps she could be a little bit sneaky. Maybe she could buy skirts that came down to the designated point while she was standing up, instead of while she was sitting down. This would enable her to buy slightly longer skirts, thank goodness.

The thought was comforting, and made her feel a little better about going with a figure of ten inches. She wrote the number 10 on her piece of paper, and popped it into the box. Then she got up, walked out of the room, and stopped nervously in the doorway to the break room.

“Okay,” she said. “I’ve voted.”

“Great,” said Tom. “Well, we’ve decided to go alphabetically, so it’s Don first.”

Don followed Amy back to her chair, where she sat down and pulled her skirt up above her knees.

“Okay keep going,” said Don, smiling as he stared at Amy’s thighs.

Amy pulled her skirt up past mid-thigh, feeling very exposed and uncomfortable.

“Keep going,” said Don again.

Amy drew up the folds of her skirt so they were bunched over her panties, with just the lowest part of the skirt down to the hem preserving her modesty. She now drew that part slowly upwards, revealing more and more thigh.

Don’s grin broadened, then faded as she stopped. “Keep going,” he said.

Amy reluctantly continued to pull her skirt upwards … at a snail’s pace. She kept hoping he would say “okay, that’s far enough”, but his delighted stare suggested he would not stop her until he could see her panties. She stopped again.

Don sighed. “Amy, don’t stop until I tell you, okay?”

“But isn’t this short enough?” Amy pleaded.

“Who knows? We’re just trying to figure out my vote here,” said Don. “After all the votes are in, we might find you’ve already passed the average. But some votes will be shorter than the average, and some will be longer. That’s just how averages work. Now keep going until I say stop, okay?”

“Okay,” said Amy unhappily. She pulled her skirt up a little higher, then higher still.

Don smiled as her panties came into view – a little white triangle, still in shadow, beneath the hem of her bunched-up skirt. Amy was now obliged to compress the bunched material against her abdomen as her hemline reached the level of her panties. Still Don did not say stop, so Amy miserably began lifting the entire skirt up away from her legs.

Don chuckled as the waistband of her panties appeared. “All right,” he said. “I suppose that’s probably a little too far. Let’s come back a bit.”

Relieved, Amy lowered her skirt until it was right at the top of her thighs. “Okay,” said Don, “hold it there.” He could still see a considerable expanse of white cotton, and he was enjoying the view, so he took his time with the tape measure. Eleven inches, apparently, would be exactly at panty-level, so he wrote 11 on his piece of paper, and dropped it into the box. “Thanks Amy. I’ll send Frank in next.”

He left the room, and Amy pulled her skirt back down to her knees. When Frank entered, he sat down in front of her and smiled. “All right then!” he said. “Pull up your skirt, love.”

Amy slowly pulled her skirt up her thighs again. This time, she did not bother stopping, and merely said, “You will stop me when I reach the right length, won’t you?”

“Yes of course,” said Frank.

In fact he stopped her as soon as her panties appeared. “That looks like a good length,” he said. “What do you think?”

Amy was a little surprised to be consulted. She said, “Um, it’s okay I suppose.”

Frank measured it. “Eight and a half inches,” he said.

Amy felt relieved. This was less than her own number. But then she felt a pang of regret: she could have got away with writing a nine on her own slip.

But Frank, apparently, was not yet done. “Hmm, maybe I should go a little shorter,” he said. “Pull it up a bit more.”

Amy’s heart sank. She revealed a little more of her thighs … and her panties.

“Yes, that’s better,” said Frank. Then he added hopefully, “But … perhaps a little more?”

Amy pulled her skirt up even higher, almost up to her crotch. Now her panties were visible to Frank as a large white triangle between the skirt’s hem and the curves of her thighs. Frank grinned, and measured again. “Ten and a half,” he said. “I think that’ll be my vote.” He wrote this number on his voting slip, and posted it into the box. “Thanks Amy.”

Next in was Grant, a rather sullen-looking, dark-haired man in his early thirties. He sat down in front of Amy and said, “Okay – pull it up, then.”

Amy pulled her skirt halfway up her thighs, then slowed down as she brought her hemline closer to her panties. Grant waited until he could see her panties … waited a little longer, then said, “Okay that’s far enough.” He measured the distance. “Ten inches,” he said.

Amy was not sure what to think about this. What happened in case of a tie? She had not thought to ask. She pulled her skirt halfway down her thighs and waited for the next person. Hopefully someone else would pick a number less than ten…

Jimmy entered the room next. He sat down and grinned at Amy. He was one of the youngest loaders – only a few years older than Amy herself – and he had a reputation for being a bit of a ‘lad about town’. He smiled at Amy. “You all right, love?”

“Yes thanks,” said Amy, though in truth she felt rather dispirited.

“Look I know this is embarrassing for you,” said Jimmy, “but I tell you what – you’ve got a lovely pair of legs, so you shouldn’t feel bad about showing them off.”

“Thanks,” said Amy. “So, how short do you want it?” She started pulling her skirt up her legs towards her panties.

Jimmy watched intently, with an eager smile. “Wow, those legs really are nice!” he said. “Good for you! A little higher, please.”

Amy’s panties appeared, and Jimmy chuckled. “Ooh, white panties – I like it! They’re pretty – are those little blue flowers?” He peered more closely as more of the panties came into view.

“No – just dots,” said Amy, feeling very self-conscious as Jimmy’s head came within a foot of her panties.

“Oh I see,” said Jimmy. “Well, they’re very pretty anyway. Carry on – higher still please.”

Amy pouted a little, but lifted her skirt up away from her thighs, as she had done for Don. An inch, then two inches of bare skin were revealed above the top of her panties.

Jimmy smiled. “Okay hold it there for a second.” He continued to stare at her panties for a moment, then he took out his tape measure. “Hmm,” he said, “it’s a bit awkward trying to measure around a corner. Would you mind lying down on the floor so I can measure in a straight line?”

Amy’s eyes widened. “You can’t surely want my skirt to be this high? This is higher than where the waist was!”

“Ah,” said Jimmy, nodding sagely, “but I fear that my colleagues will vote for longer lengths, and so I want to make sure the average is nice and short. Don’t worry – I’m sure you won’t end up having to wear a skirt that doesn’t cover your knickers. Remember this is just my vote.”

Amy sighed, and got up off her chair. Lowering herself to the floor, she pressed her skirt against her skin so that the hem would not shift from its current position. She lay flat on her back, with her skirt hiked up well above her panties, and Jimmy grinning down at the blue-spotted white cotton. Now that Amy was lying down, he could see more of the material between her legs, bulging slightly around her pussy.

He took his tape measure, and stretched it out between the line above her knee and where the skirt came to. “Fifteen inches,” he announced. He wrote the number down on his voting slip, and dropped it into the box.

Amy threw her skirt down over her legs, got to her feet, and sat back down in her chair. Grant winked at her, then he left the room.

Paul entered a moment later, grinning all over his swarthy face. “Hi Amy,” he said. “Okay, let’s see those legs of yours.”

As he took his seat, Amy pulled her skirt up almost to the top of her thighs. Since Paul did not tell her to stop, she continued pulling until her panties were fully on display. As the hem of the skirt cleared the waistband of her panties, Paul laughed. “Beautiful!” he said. “But I think maybe that’s a little shorter than anyone’s expecting you to wear. Drop it back down a bit.”

Amy lowered her skirt, and as its hem brushed her thighs, Paul told her to stop. “Okay, let’s measure that,” he said. “Twelve and a half. Lovely.”

He wrote down this number, posted his slip into the ballot box, and left the room still grinning. After a few seconds, Rob entered. “Hello love!” he said.

Amy figured that Rob would want her skirt to be as short as possible, so she immediately pulled her skirt up until her panties were showing. Rob’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. “Wow, that’s beautiful!” he said. “Yeah, that’s a perfect length – well done.” He measured it, and wrote down ‘11’ on his voting slip. “Thanks Amy!”

Finally it was Tom’s turn. He sat down opposite Amy, and had the grace to look a little guilty. “How are you doing?” he asked.

Amy could not look him in the eye. “Okay,” she said in a small voice. “Do I really have to do this?”

Tom’s expression hardened. “You agreed to it, Amy. You can’t go back on it now, not after everyone’s been in here and voted. Come on – skirt up please.”

She forlornly raised it until a considerable expanse of her panties was showing. “Woah!” said Tom. “I’m not sure we need it quite that short.”

“Oh I’m sorry,” said Amy. “The others…”

Tom held up his hand. “Don’t tell me what the others voted. Pull it down a bit.”

Amy gratefully pulled it down, covering her panties from her own view if not from his. Tom waited until her panties were only just visible to his eyeline. “Okay stop,” he said. “Um, back up a bit.”

Amy slowly pulled up her skirt, revealing a little more of her panties to Tom. “Stop there,” he said. “Let’s measure that.” He pulled out the tape and measured the distance. “Nine and a half inches,” he said. He wrote it down, and popped his slip in the box.

Amy could have hugged him. “Thank you,” she said gratefully.

Tom looked a little abashed. “Yes, well, um, let’s get the others back in here for the count.”

With the entire staff assembled, the box was opened and the votes examined by Tom. “Well,” he said, “it seems that Amy’s vote carries, since it wasn’t the shortest. Ten inches it is.”

“Who voted for nine and a half?” demanded Rob, looking annoyed.

“Never mind who voted what,” said Tom. “Amy, see that your skirts all comply with this rule from now on. You can vary the lengths if you like, but none of them must come within ten inches of that mark above your knee.”

“What if she washes it off and re-marks it lower down?” asked Paul.

“Good point,” said Don. “We’d better take a picture of Amy’s legs with the mark on it, so that we can use it as a reference point if necessary.”

“I have a camera in my locker,” said Rob. “I’ll just go and get it.”

“Perhaps she should raise her skirt to ten inches above the line?” suggested Frank. “Then we’ll have a record not only of the mark, but of the maximum length her new skirts need to be.”

“A very good idea,” said Tom. He took the tape measure. “Amy, if you wouldn’t mind?”

Amy did mind, but she doubted that she had much choice in the matter. She hoisted her skirt up to the top of her thighs, and watched as Tom measured out ten inches. Then she lowered the hem of her skirt to the place he was indicating. It still seemed awfully short.

“Okay, turn around and say ‘cheese’,” said Rob, standing some distance behind Amy’s chair.

Amy turned to face him, and blinked as the camera flashed. “I’ll take a few, to be on the safe side,” said Rob. He got down on one knee for the next shot. As the captured image appeared, he grinned to see that it was dominated by Amy’s panties, shining brilliantly as a result of the flash. In all, he took eight photos … and Amy’s panties were in every one of them, to a greater or lesser degree.

“All right, back to work everyone,” said Tom, clapping his hands together. “Amy has customers at the window, and you’ve got a lorry on the far ramp already.”

Amy looked around in concern at her little reception window, and saw two male drivers grinning at her. She tugged her skirt down and rolled her chair back under her desk.

“Uh, wait, Amy,” said Tom. “I think perhaps that in view of the new skirt-length rule, you should keep your skirt hiked up to the ten-inch mark when you’re sitting down. I don’t think that’s unreasonable.”

Amy reluctantly pulled her skirt up until it was exposing what she guessed was about ten inches of her thighs above the biro mark. She did not see the point, since with her legs under the desk nobody would get the benefit of her exposure, but she did not want to antagonise her boss.

Half an hour later, in Mick’s office in maintenance, Tom and four of the loaders were grinning at the feed from the camera. Amy’s panties were now constantly on display, though they were still significantly shadowed on account of the bulky bunched-up skirt draped across her upper thighs. From tomorrow, hopefully, the view would be permanently improved.

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That evening, when Percy picked Amy up at the front gate, she sighed as she got into the passenger seat. “Hi darling,” she said. “Can we do another trip to the shopping centre? I need to buy more skirts.”

“More?” said Percy. “Why?”

“Apparently my new miniskirts aren’t short enough,” Amy replied. “There was a vote today, and now I have to buy skirts that stop at least ten inches above this line on my knee.” She showed him.

Percy was aghast. “They voted on what length your skirt should be?”

Amy nodded. “Actually ten inches was my figure,” she said. “But if I’d picked a lower number it wouldn’t have counted and I’d have ended up wearing something even shorter, so I think I did pretty well.”

“Oh darling!” said Percy in distress. “They’re taking advantage of you! I knew this would happen.”

“Yes, I know,” said Amy with another sigh. “Which is why you need to hurry up and get another job, so I can resign from mine.”

“Well I have an interview the day after tomorrow,” said Percy. “Hopefully they’ll like me. I also signed up with the employment agency again, just in case I have to rely on temp work for a while.”

Amy pursed her lips. “Temping isn’t going to pay well enough for me to quit my job,” she said. “No,” agreed Percy, “but at least it’ll let us pay the mortgage.”

At the mall, they toured the same shops as before, but could not find any skirts short enough to satisfy the new requirement. Even the cut-off pelmet skirts at Top Shop were a little too long. Worse still, in the course of trying skirts on and measuring them (with a ruler Percy had bought at WH Smith), they had discovered an alarming fact: ten inches above Amy’s biro mark was higher than the lowest curves of her buttocks – to the tune of about an inch. Amy’s cunning plan of only conforming to the rule while standing up was unfortunately of little help.

Eventually Percy shrugged his shoulders. “This is hopeless,” he said. “We’re never going to find you a skirt that short. You’re just going to have to go to work tomorrow and tell Tom he can stuff his new rule.”

“I can’t do that!” said Amy, appalled.

Percy sighed. “I know. But I don’t know what else we can do, aside from spending the evening shortening skirts ourselves.”

Amy seized on this. “Oh would you, Percy? Please? You’re so good at sewing.”

Percy groaned. “Oh darling, I hate sewing!”

“But you’re so good at it!”

“Well, that comes of being a mummy’s boy,” said Percy with a grimace. “Something I’m not exactly proud of.”

“Please, darling?”

He hugged her. “Of course, my love,” he said. “What do you want to do – buy some new ones that we can shorten, or shorten some of your own skirts?”

“I’m conscious of the fact that we just spent a lot of money on new clothes for me,” said Amy. “It probably makes most sense to use my existing skirts.”

Percy nodded. “Okay then – let’s go home. I can’t shorten all of your skirts tonight, but I can at least do one for you to wear tomorrow.”

Amy smiled. “Thank you darling.”

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Percy had not used his late mother’s old sewing machine for some years, but after he had fetched it out of the attic and dusted it off, he was surprised at how quickly it all came back to him. It took him just under an hour to shorten one of Amy’s ankle-length cotton skirts and hem it so professionally that it looked as if it had been bought that way. He had measured it several times during the process, so it was no surprise to him that when Amy tried it on, it was almost exactly ten inches above the line on her thigh.

This meant, of course, that it was ridiculously short, and Amy fretted anxiously about the fact that her buttocks were peeping below the hem at the back. She also fretted about the fact that when she sat down, the hem was only nine inches from the biro mark. She was able to fix this by hiking it up an inch before sitting down, but she was afraid that if Tom found out, he would make her shorten it even further.

She put on one of her peasant-style tops, and Percy drove her to work. Having to walk from the front gate to the warehouse office was a nerve-wracking experience – several cars hooted their horns as they drove past, and one or two drivers actually wound down their windows to wolf-whistle at her.

As she entered the office, she met Tom, who smiled as he looked down at her bare thighs. “Very nice!” he said. “That’s more like it.” And that was all he said on the matter.

Leaving the building, Tom hurried over to maintenance, where Mick already had the feed up on his computer. Rob and Paul were looking over his shoulder.

“Oh wow, that’s fucking gorgeous, that is,” said Paul, as Amy’s panties formed a large white triangle in the middle of the screen. “That skirt – there’s hardly anything to it!”

“It would have been shorter still if someone hadn’t voted a nine-and-a-half,” said Rob grumpily.

“Don’t look a gift-horse in the mouth,” said Tom. “We’re lucky she agreed to wear such short skirts – and never anything longer!”

“Yeah I know,” said Rob. “It’s just … they could’ve been even shorter, you know?”

“Now we just have to work on her tops, I suppose,” said Paul with a wry smile.

“Don’t push it,” Tom warned him. “Or she’ll quit and never come back.”

“She has to come back,” said Paul. “Unless Percy gets another job…”

“Which he might well do, at any time,” said Tom. “So enjoy this while it lasts.”

“Maybe you could give her an incentive to stick around?” suggested Rob. “Offer her a permanent job?”

Tom nodded. “I’ve been thinking about that. She’s certainly picked things up well. Oh, that reminds me – Percy’s replacement will be starting next Monday, if he accepts the offer we made him.”

“Oh?” said Paul. “Who did you go for in the end? That blonde woman … Harriet, was it?”

“No – in the end I just wasn’t happy with her lack of computer skills. I offered it to the German chap – Carl Mueller. Good with computers, and he has fork-lift experience, so unlike Percy he could help you lads out when things are busy.”

“Cool,” said Rob.

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At lunchtime, Amy was just finishing her yogurt when Paul came in, startling her so that a small, yogurty chunk of strawberry fell from her spoon and landed on her left breast.

“Hi Paul,” she said awkwardly, putting her yogurt down and clasping her hands in her lap to obscure his view of her panties.

Paul grinned. “Hi Amy,” he said. “Oops – you’ve dropped some yogurt on your top.” He reached out and pinched it off with a couple of fingers … but in doing so, he made matters rather worse. Unfortunately he had just been handling machinery in the warehouse, and his hands were covered with grease. “Oops,” he said, chuckling. “I’m sorry – I seem to have got grease on your top.”

“It doesn’t matter,” said Amy, looking down distastefully at the two dark smears on her top. He had not even got all of the yogurt off.

“Let’s just see if we can make it a little less noticeable,” said Paul, rubbing at the dark spots with his fingers. Then, grasping her breast with his fingers, he rubbed at the spot with his thumb. “Damn, it doesn’t seem to be coming out.”

“Well it is grease…” said Amy, staring fixedly at a far corner of the room, very uncomfortable with the way he was holding her breast.

“Ugh, sorry, now I’ve gone and got it all over the place,” said Paul, smearing his hand around, over and under her breast. “I’ve made quite a mess of your top, I’m afraid.”

“It’s all right,” said Amy, staring at the ceiling now in great embarrassment. “I’ll wash it when I get home.”

“Crumbs, now your top’s actually got more grease on it than my hand,” remarked Paul. “If you’re going to be washing it anyway, do you mind if I just finish wiping my hands off on your top? It’ll hardly make much difference.” Without waiting for a reply, he placed his other hand on Amy’s right breast, and started wiping his fingers around on the thin material of her peasant top.

“Um, Paul,” said Amy, feeling a sense of panic rising within her, “don’t you have rags or something for this kind of thing?”

“Oh probably, somewhere,” said Paul, now blatantly squeezing and fondling her breasts through her top and bra. “Sorry, is this bothering you?”

“Well – you’re feeling my … chest!” squeaked Amy.

“But not in a sexual way or anything,” said Paul firmly. “I’m just cleaning my hands on your top. Since your top was messy anyway, I didn’t think it would be that big of a deal.” He removed his hands and held them up. “See? Much cleaner. Well, not a lot, I suppose, but they’re cleaner than they were. A bit of water and Swarfega will take care of the rest.” He turned towards the sink, and Amy hurried back to her desk.

It was a slow day for loading, and several of the loaders were helping out the maintenance crew with some odd jobs in the warehouse. It was not long before Rob, after a very interesting conversation with Paul, came into the office and stood over Amy. “Hi Amy,” he said. “Paul mentioned he’d used your top to wipe his hands clean, and I was wondering if I could do the same? I can’t find any rags.”

“I’d … I’d rather you didn’t,” said Amy. This was the strongest ‘no’ she felt able to muster.

“Oh but look, your top’s dirty already,” said Rob. “Would it really make much of a difference to it?”

“Well I suppose not,” said Amy, “but…”

“All right then,” said Rob, and, reaching down over her shoulders, he grasped both of her breasts in his hands. Then, with a superficial show of wiping his hands clean, he began kneading and caressing her breasts through her top.

A driver came to the window. His eyes widened as he saw Rob fondling Amy’s breasts, and he grinned. Sliding the glass to one side, he said, “Got a load of pallets for you.”

“Okay!” gasped Amy, trying to ignore Rob’s groping hands. “Far ramp please!”

“My hands are filthy,” said Don, coming around the printer to stand next to Rob. “Mind if I make use of Amy’s top after you’re done?”

“Sure, go ahead,” said Rob. “I’m done.”

As Don’s hands descended towards her chest, Amy caught a glimpse of one of them. It was not just greasy – it was thickly coated with grease. As Don laid his hands on her breasts, the grease oozed sideways and up between his fingers. She shuddered, watching him smear the grease all over her top, plastering it to her bra. Trying to ignore the situation, she busied herself with booking in the pallet delivery. At least Don was being gentler than Rob.

Later that afternoon, Jimmy and then Frank came in and gave her the same treatment. By the time six o’clock rolled around and she walked down to the front gate to meet Percy, her top was almost black with smeared grease and dirt. Percy, of course, wanted to know why.

Amy found herself reluctant to admit what had happened, but she did so anyway. Percy responded by turning the car around immediately. “I’ll kill them!” he cried.

“No! No! Please, Percy!” Amy begged him. “Don’t do anything you’ll regret. I don’t want you to go to prison! I need you!”

Percy stopped the car and banged his head on the steering wheel. “Then you have to quit,” he said. “I don’t want you going back in there, my darling.”

“But what if you can’t get a job?” asked Amy. “What will we do for money?”

“We’ll manage,” said Percy.

Amy sighed. “Tom offered me a permanent position. At just a little less than your old salary.”

“Really?” said Percy. Then he shook his head. “It doesn’t matter. Money isn’t everything.”

“No, but it’s important,” said Amy. “And if I quit, what’s to stop Tom pressing charges against you?”

“I don’t know – threat of a sexual harassment lawsuit?” suggested Percy.

“Honestly, I think we’d lose it,” said Amy. “We can’t afford a lawyer anyway, and it would be their word against mine.”

Percy turned the car around. “Just … please don’t let it go any further,” said Percy. “If they try anything else, just walk out, and we’ll deal with the consequences.”

Amy sighed again. “I’ll try,” she said. “It may not be as easy as that though.”

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The next day, Amy arrived at work in another peasant-style top and a denim microskirt. Percy had, at Amy’s request, varied the lengths of her skirts slightly – none of them was longer than the required maximum of ten inches above the line (now washed off), but a couple of them were just over an inch shorter. This denim skirt was one of them, and Amy was feeling very naked with two inches of her buttocks on display, and her panties just peeping below the hemline at the front.

Midway through the morning, Reggie came into the office with his hands covered in dirty brown grease. Amy was busy browsing through inventory screens when she suddenly felt his sticky hands grabbing her breasts. She gasped and looked up at him, aghast.

“Reggie!” she said. “This top was clean!”

“But you let everyone else clean their hands on your top,” said Reggie, sounding aggrieved. “Why can’t I?”

“They were only doing that because I was already … oh never mind,” she said with a sigh. “Go ahead if you must.”

“Thanks,” said Reggie, rubbing the grease slowly and lovingly around her breasts.

Amy tried to ignore him and got on with her work, but it was rather distracting. After five minutes, she cleared her throat. “Clean yet?”

“Not really, no,” said Reggie, and he continued fondling her breasts for the next five minutes. Then he disengaged, and walked out of the office whistling.

Half an hour later, Paul came in, holding his palms upwards. He came around to stand behind Amy. “Hi Amy,” he said.

She turned around. “Hi Paul,” she said nervously, eyeing the mounds of grease in the palm of each of his hand. Her eyes widened as he reached towards her chest. “Er, Paul, couldn’t you get rid of some of that excess grease before you…”

But he had already turned his palms toward her, and gently mashed the large lumps of grease against her breasts. Then he slowly began to smear the grease around, coating her chest and sticking her top to her bra, while his eyes dropped to her panties, which were totally inadequately concealed by her skirt.

Amy sighed as yet another top became thoroughly messy. She and Percy had managed to get her other peasant top clean eventually, by applying first dish detergent, then an oil-solvent stain remover, then finally washing it in the machine on a high temperature setting.

After caressing and squeezing her breasts for ten minutes or so, Paul said, “You know, Amy, you should really wear lower-cut tops to go along with your very short skirts.”

Amy, fed up with his fondling, said, “I don’t have any. Well, there’s that tunic top, but aside from that, I only have these peasant-girl tops.”

“But you could wear these lower,” suggested Paul, “just by sliding the shoulder straps down to the outside of your arms. I’ve seen them worn that way. Here, let me show you.” He took hold of the material covering each shoulder, and tugged it down to the level of her biceps. This of course exposed her bra straps. Paul pulled the shoulders down even further, until the tops of her bra cups were showing. “There,” he said. “That’s better, isn’t it?”

Amy didn’t really think so, but she simply mumbled, “It’s all right I suppose.”

Rob now entered the room, holding a large double-handful of grease in his cupped palms. As he came around the corner, Amy’s eyes widened in alarm, and Paul chuckled.

“Oh man,” said Paul, “that’s a lot of grease – and Amy’s top is already saturated.”

“Thank you, yes it is,” said Amy, relieved to have this unexpected support.

Paul tugged the front of Amy’s top down a few inches. “Her bra’s still pretty clean, though – you’d be better off wiping your hands on that.”

Amy squealed as Rob brought his hands towards her, separating them at the last minute so that he slapped a large quantity of grease directly on to each of her bra cups. This bra was quite thin and lacy, and it quickly soaked through.

“Customer,” said Paul.

Amy swivelled her chair around and tugged her top back up over her breasts, but as she was dealing with the driver at the window, Rob slid his hands down inside her top and resumed fondling her breasts through her bra, and rubbing grease everywhere his hands roamed. Amy grimaced, but once again tried to ignore the distraction.

Throughout the rest of the day, the loaders continued to come to her with huge handfuls or double-handfuls of grease, liberally coating her top and bra with the stuff. Only Tom and Grant did not follow suit. Shortly before five o’clock, Rob, with yet another double-handful, came up behind her and sank his hands down inside her top … only this time they actually went inside her bra, too. She squealed as she felt his sticky hands cupping her bare breasts.

“Oops,” said Rob, tweaking her nipples between his fingers before pulling his hands out of her bra. He chuckled, and started merely fondling her breasts through her bra as before.

When she met Percy a few minutes later, once again he was incensed at the state of her top. “Those bastards!” he said. “Right, that’s it, I’m not bringing you back here tomorrow.”

Amy sighed. “Darling, Tom had me sign a contract today. I have to give two weeks’ notice before I leave the company.”

“You were made permanent already?” asked Percy in surprise.

Amy nodded. “And you don’t have a job yet. How did your interview go?”

“Pretty well, I think,” said Percy. “They said they’d let me know by the end of the week. Listen, if I get it, will you please hand in your two weeks’ notice?”

“Of course,” said Amy. “I hate it there.”

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The grease treatment started early the next morning. Amy had opted to wear her tunic-top, along with a thin cotton microskirt that showed off an inch and a half of her buttocks. This skirt turned out to be even worse than the others, however – because it was so light, the wind kept catching it and flipping it up to expose her entire panty-clad bottom. She very nearly caused an appreciative IT specialist to crash his car.

It seemed that she had only just sat down in her chair when Jimmy came in with a couple of handfuls of grease. She sighed unhappily as he slipped his hands inside her top and massaged the mess into her bra. Shortly after that it was Reggie. Then it was Rob, who once again ‘missed’ his target and slid his hands inside her bra to cup her breasts. He began to massage and squeeze them, but after Amy cleared her throat several times, he withdrew his hands and fondled her through her bra instead.

Paul was next, and he made the same ‘mistake’ as Rob. Despite several throat-clearings, however, he did not take his hands out of her bra, and eventually she gave up trying to subtly dissuade him – mainly because her throat was getting sore.

After that, nobody bothered with the outside of her bra – they simply went straight for her breasts. The only consolation, as she miserably tried to ignore the hands fondling her breasts and nipples, was that her top had stayed relatively clean so far today – at least on the outside.

She received a call from the accounts department shortly after three o’clock. A lady named Rochelle was asking for a fax copy of a delivery note for a shipment that had gone out a couple of months earlier. Since her filing cabinet only contained a month’s worth of records, Amy knew that the delivery note in question would be out in the storage room behind the warehouse office. She got to her feet, walked out of the building, turned right, went around the corner, and opened the door to the storage room.

Inside she almost tripped over a stack of cans that had not been there the last time she had come out here. Stooping to examine them, she was startled to see that they were all cans of industrial grease. Grimacing, she stood up – she had little doubt where most, if not all, of that grease would end up.

She found the delivery note in an archive box, returned to the office, faxed it to Rochelle, then replaced it in the storage room. Back at her desk, she fidgeted while she waited for the next loader to come in and plaster her breasts with grease.

She did not have to wait long.

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The following day, Amy happened to be walking past Tom’s office when she heard him on the phone. She stopped when she heard Percy’s name mentioned.

“Yes, he worked here for about two-and-a-half years,” Tom was saying. “Yes, he’s both competent and conscientious… Well, honestly, no, not really… Probably because he stabbed me in the shoulder with a knife… No, I’m not joking… Okay, no problem. You too. Bye.”

Amy’s heart sank. Had Tom just spoiled Percy’s chances of getting that job? It seemed likely. With a heavy sigh, she went to her desk and sat down.

Today she was wearing a black microskirt that was only slightly shorter than the maximum allowed. On her top half she was wearing a blouse, which she had unbuttoned as far as her bra in the hope that this would qualify it as being sufficiently low-cut.

Paul was first in with a large mound of grease in his hands. “Hi Amy,” he said.

Amy turned around to face him, looking glum. “Hi Paul,” she replied.

“Nice knickers,” he said. “Not so keen on this top though.”

“I ran out of low-cut tops!” she said anxiously.

“Not to worry – I won’t make a fuss,” Paul assured her. “But it’s quite a nice blouse – perhaps you should take it off for this? It would be a shame to get it messy.”

Amy stared stonily at the floor. “It’s okay thanks – I’ll just wash it.”

“All right,” said Paul. “All the same, I’ll try to avoid getting it too messy.”

“Thanks,” she said sullenly.

“At least undo a couple more buttons, so you can slip it off your shoulders and give me access to your bra,” he said. “Otherwise this will be kind of tricky.”

Uttering a little unhappy sound, Amy unfastened two more buttons, then she pulled her blouse down off her right shoulder, exposing her right bra cup.

“Other side too,” said Paul.

Her lip trembling, Amy repeated the process on her left side. Her blouse fell down to her elbows, leaving her essentially wearing just her bra on her top half.

Paul, using the tips of his fingers, flicked her bra straps off her shoulders so that they fell down too. Then he parted his hands and thrust them into Amy’s bra cups, squishing grease against her naked breasts. It was not long before her bra cups fell forward, exposing her breasts to Paul’s sight as well as his touch. He wiped away some of the grease and smiled as he stared at her nipples. “Gorgeous tits,” he remarked. “Small, but very pretty.”

Amy’s cheeks turned crimson. “Thanks,” she muttered.

He massaged her breasts for another five minutes, before pulling her bra straps back up over her shoulders. “Thanks Amy,” he said.

Amy said nothing in reply, but merely pulled her blouse back on and fastened two buttons. She turned around and resumed her work, much to the delight of Mick in maintenance, who was rather annoyed with Paul for making Amy turn around.

Ten minutes later, Amy tensed up as Rob approached her from behind. She did not much like the way Rob handled her breasts – he was rougher than any of the others. So she braced herself as he slid his grease-filled hands inside her blouse and into her bra cups, and clenched her teeth as she endured ten minutes of squeezing, squishing, and pinching of her nipples. During this time she booked in two drivers and sent them around to the parking area behind number one warehouse.

It was another half hour before the next loader came in. It was Grant, who had so far not joined the others in smearing grease on Amy’s breasts. He seemed as sullen as usual, but also a little embarrassed, as he approached Amy with a couple of handfuls of grease.

“Um, hi Amy,” he said.

Amy turned around. “Hi Grant,” she replied.

“Is it all right if I, um, rub this into your tits?” asked Grant sheepishly.

Amy sighed. “No, but that doesn’t seem to stop anyone else from doing it.” She undid two buttons on her blouse, and slipped it off her shoulders as she had done for Paul. Then she waited patiently, staring into the corner, while Grant hesitantly approached, and slid his hands into her bra cups. Over the next couple of minutes he was very gentle, which Amy appreciated.

Then Jimmy entered, with clean hands but carrying a can of grease. He waited until Grant left, and then came and stood before Amy. “Hello love,” he said with a cheeky grin. “How are you today?”

“Messy,” said Amy. “Although I’m sure I shall get messier.”

Jimmy laughed. “Yes, I’m sure you will too. I was just wondering if you’d seen how one of these things works? It’s pretty cool.”

“What do you mean?” asked Amy.

Jimmy popped the lid off the grease can, and showed Amy what was inside: a metal disc, as wide as the inside of the can, with a half-inch hole in the middle. As Jimmy pressed down on the disc, the grease extruded upwards in a column from the hole. “See?” he said. “Pretty cool.”

“Interesting,” Amy acknowledged.

Jimmy reached out and grasped the top of Amy’s right bra cup, pulling it away from her breast. Then he looked at the can in his hand. “Actually could you hold that there please?” he asked.

Amy dubiously held open her bra cup, not at all happy about the fact that this was exposing her greasy breast and nipple to Jimmy. Then she shuddered as he held the can upside down over her breast, and pressed upwards on the metal disc. The column of grease slowly descended into her bra cup, where it piled up and looped back and forth, forming a large mound that filled the cup and then heaped over her breast.

“Okay other side,” said Jimmy.

Amy sighed as she pulled open her left bra cup for him. Jimmy squeezed out yet more grease into this cup, and again did not stop when the cup was full. Soon both of Amy’s breasts were piled high with grease, and the can was half empty. Jimmy put the can down on the table, and started working the grease all over Amy’s chest, rubbing it in from her collar bones down to her bra, and from one armpit to the other.

“Ugh, Jimmy,” she said, staring at the wall, “did you really need to put so much on me?”

“Yes,” he replied, and he cupped his palms around her bra cups, squishing them against her breasts. Grease splurged out of the top of her bra, and a little out of the bottom. Jimmy gathered up this excess and started rubbing it into her belly. Amy tensed, expecting to feel ticklish, but she only flinched a couple of times. Then Jimmy sank his hands inside her bra cups, and caressed her breasts for five minutes or so.

Finally he stopped, and Amy pulled her blouse back up over her shoulders. “You might as well leave the buttons undone,” said Jimmy. “I’m sure someone else will be in shortly.”

“I suppose so,” said Amy with a sigh.

“You have a driver at the window,” said Jimmy, then he left.

Amy turned to the window. “Hi,” she said. “Load number?”

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Later that morning, Tom came into the room just as Frank was massaging more grease into Amy’s breasts. He looked disapproving, but merely said, “Amy, I’d like you to try your hand at some inventory counting. Would you come with me please?”

Glad of an excuse to cut short Frank’s fondling, Amy immediately got to her feet. “I thought that German chap was going to be Percy’s replacement?” she said.

“Well, I’m afraid that’s just fallen through. Carl didn’t accept our offer – we just couldn’t pay him what he wanted – and now my boss is telling me there’s a drive to cut costs out of our operation. He told me I could only have one non-loading position in this department – a dispatch clerk or an inventory clerk. Since you’re already on board, I chose you … but I’d like you to do some inventory work as well as the dispatching.”

“Okay,” said Amy, buttoning up her blouse. “What do I do?”

“Well first of all, I’m going to show you how to find stock in the warehouses. Grab a pen and a pad, and come with me. That’s too many buttons, love.”

Amy had just fastened the button that was on a level with the bottom of her bra. Blushing, she undid it again, then she picked up her pen and pad, and followed Tom out of the building, trying ineffectually to tug her pink cotton microskirt down to cover her buttocks. Tom led her into number four warehouse, where he stopped in front of a computer.

“This is a dumb terminal,” he said, “with access only to the AS400. Let’s say someone asks you to check whether we have any of a particular product from, say, Toshiba. They might give you a lot number, but they’ll more likely just give you a product code. So go into Product Inquiry…”

Amy stepped forward, bent over the terminal, and backed up to a main menu, where she entered ‘IN0006’ for Product Inquiry and hit Enter.

“Good!” said Tom, pleased, as he looked down at Amy’s bottom – her skirt had ridden up to reveal more than half of her panties. “Now select Toshiba as the vendor, and enter product code 42C3030D.”

Amy had just pulled up Toshiba’s vendor code. “Sorry, what was that code again?”

Tom glanced at his clipboard, repeated the code, then went back to staring at Amy’s panties.

“It says we have three in stock,” said Amy. “In this warehouse, in bay 14.”

“Sometimes you may need the help of a fork-lift to track down some elusive items,” said Tom, “but do what you can yourself. Let’s go and take a look at bay 14 to see if those TVs are really there.”

Amy wrote down the product code and lot number in question, then she straightened up and tugged her skirt down, belatedly realising the view Tom must just have had. She hurried after him to bay 14, clutching her pad and pen in one hand.

“Okay,” said Tom. “Now it’s just a case of…” Then his radio crackled and a voice said “Tom?”

“Hello Frank,” said Tom into his radio.

“I think you’d better get over to number three – bit of a spillage here.”

“Nothing valuable I hope,” said Tom. “Okay, I’m on my way.” He turned to Amy. “I’ll be as quick as I can – in the meantime, see if you can find those three items.”

Just then, a fork-lift came hurtling into the warehouse, beeping as it came. Tom and Amy stood aside as it braked to a halt beside them. Sitting at the wheel was Paul.

“Paul,” said Tom, “are you in the middle of loading someone?”

“Just finished unloading one, actually,” said Paul. “I was about to make some space for the next shipment from Kenwood.”

“That can wait,” said Tom. “Could you help Amy find some Toshiba TVs? Well, let her find them, but help her if necessary?”

“Sure,” said Paul.

“Thanks,” said Tom, and he hurried off in the direction of number three warehouse.

Paul climbed out of his fork-lift truck. “They’re in bay 14?” he inquired.

Amy nodded, and started looking at product codes on the stacked boxes in front of her. None matched, so she started down the aisle between bays 14 and 15. When she got to the far end, she came back and went down the next aisle, between bays 14 and 13. Returning to Paul, she shrugged. “I can’t find them,” she said. “They could be in the middle – would you help me by removing the front row?”

“I could,” acknowledged Paul, “but if they’re right at the back, we’ll have to remove every row and that’ll take ages. Honestly, it’ll be easier if you climb up on top of the stacks. The product codes are on the top as well as the sides. It’s possible the ones you want are buried, but generally we don’t stack one product on top of another.”

“Climb up there?” asked Amy dubiously. “Will the boxes take my weight?”

“Sure – they can take the weight of a couple of loaded pallets, and you’re only a little thing. I’ll give you a leg-up if you need it.”

“I think I will,” said Amy.

At the front of the bay, most of the pallets were stacked three high, but they were only two high in the right-hand corner, so Paul helped her up on to this stack. As she got her hands on to the top of the upper box, Paul placed his palms under her buttocks and pushed upwards. Looking up, he grinned at the sight of Amy’s gusset, snugly hugging the contours of her pussy, and as he pushed harder, his thumb pushed between her buttocks and pressed her cotton panties against her anus.

Amy scrambled on to the top of the box and stood up, reaching back to pull her panties out from between her buttocks. Her skirt had ridden up around her waist, so she hurriedly pulled it down. It was an easier climb on to the top of the next box, but it still gave Paul quite a view of her panties. Then he lost sight of her as she went back towards the wall, checking the product codes in the middle of the bay. At one time, the rule had been that only two columns of stacks could be placed side by side in a bay, so that all of the boxes could be seen from the floor. A year ago, however, the decision was made to increase warehouse capacity by placing four columns of stacks side by side in each bay. This meant that each warehouse could contain more stacks; but inventory control had become a lot harder. It had been a big gripe of Percy’s.

Amy appeared halfway down the bay, standing on top of a one-high stack. “Unless they’re buried beneath something,” she said, “they’re not here.”

“It’s more likely that they’re in another stack,” said Paul. “Sometimes we’ll move boxes around for convenience, and occasionally we’ll forget to change the bay number in the system. If there are three left, though, it’s likely they’re still together, and they’re probably in the same stack. We wouldn’t have moved them far – try the next bay.”

Amy looked across at the next bay. Three or four feet away was another one-high stack. She prepared to jump.

“Woah, woah, what are you doing?” asked Paul.

“I was going to jump across,” she replied.

“The safety people would have a fit if they caught you doing that,” said Paul. “No jumping from bay to bay, I’m afraid – it’s the rules. If you slipped, you could fall back off the stack and crack your head on the concrete.”

“Oh,” said Amy, and prepared to climb down.

“You can, however, step across, if you have assistance,” said Paul. He walked down the aisle until he stood between the one-high stacks. Crouch down, and extend your leg across the aisle.”

Amy did so, but her outstretched foot was well short of her target box. “It’s too far,” she said.

Paul reached up and placed his upturned palms underneath her buttocks again. “I’ll support you,” he said. “Just lean out over the gap and plant your foot on the other box when you reach it.”

Amy nervously pushed off with her left foot, and Paul shuffled towards the middle of the aisle, keeping Amy’s bottom directly above him. When he reached the middle, he stopped. “Both feet planted?” he asked, looking up at the thin strip of cotton between Amy’s wide-spread legs.

“Yes,” said Amy desperately. “Keep going though – I feel very … precarious.”

“Don’t worry about falling, love. That’s why I’m here – to catch you if necessary. If you were on your own, you would have to climb down from one stack and then climb up on to the next one.”

A vastly preferable option, thought Amy.

Paul’s radio crackled. “Paul, you there?”

“Crap,” said Paul. “I need to answer that, but I need to centre one of my hands first.” He shuffled one of his palms across until it was cupping Amy’s pussy, with his fingers extending back between her buttocks. One again, the fabric of her panties was pressed hard against her anus. Now that one of Paul’s hands was centred, his other hand was free to answer his radio. “Hello Don!” he said.

“Paul, I’m in the office,” said Don. “Your wife just called. Could you call her back?”

“Yup,” said Paul. “Thanks.” He clipped his radio to his waist and fished out his mobile phone. “We’re not normally supposed to have our mobiles on while we’re here,” he explained to Amy. “It allegedly interferes with the telemetry systems. Personally I don’t believe a word of it – and I know the IT folks have their mobiles on all the time – but Tom does insist that we keep them switched off. However, he’s not here right now, so…”

“Um, I’m feeling very undignified up here,” said Amy, acutely aware of the finger that was pressing against her anus through her panties.

Paul fished out his mobile phone and dialled his wife. “Hello sweets, what’s up?”

Amy did not want to interrupt the ensuing conversation, but she desperately wanted to move either one way or the other, to get on to one of the stacks and off Paul’s hand. Whether he was aware of it or not, one of his fingers was beginning to push her panties into her anus.

“Really?” said Paul. “That’s excellent news! Your mum must be really happy about that – I know she’s always talked about it.”

As he continued to chat, Amy felt more and more uncomfortable with her feet straddling the aisle and her pussy pressing into Paul’s palm. And she was getting increasingly distressed about the finger that was slowly sliding deeper and deeper into her anus. She could not take either foot off its box without tipping over and risking injury, and she could not climb on to either box unless Paul carried her closer to one or the other. As the second knuckle on Paul’s finger disappeared inside her anus, she whimpered unhappily.

Fortunately, she was saved by the fact that Paul’s arm was getting tired. He guided Amy’s bottom to the right, and soon she was able to put her weight on her right foot and stand up on the other box. Relieved, she plucked her panties out of her anus and tugged her skirt down again. Resuming her search, she was surprised and pleased to find the missing boxes almost immediately.

Paul finished his phone call. “Sorry about that,” he said. But it was unclear what he was apologising for.

“I found them!” said Amy. They’re right here – all on top of each other.” She climbed down off the one-high stack, inadvertently flashing her panties at Paul as she did so, and pulled her skirt down again.

“Good!” said Paul. “Now you need to go and change the bay for these items in the system.”

“I think I know how to do that,” said Amy, nodding. She wrote ‘Bay 15’ on her pad.

“Excellent,” said Paul. “Okay – back to the office then.”

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That afternoon, Don approached Amy’s chair and said, “Hi Amy – ready for some more grease?”.

Amy rolled her eyes at the wall, then she turned around and gave Don a half-hearted smile. “Hi Don,” she said. “I suppose so.” Her blouse being almost completely unbuttoned already, she slipped it off her shoulders and let it fall to her elbows.

Don brushed her bra straps off her shoulders and tugged her bra cups down until they were horizontal, completely exposing her breasts. “Could you hold those in place please?” he asked.

Amy did so, and watched with knotted stomach as he filled each cup with grease from his can. Even when they were both piled high with grease, however, he continued to squeeze it out, piling it atop her breasts and building the mounds in her bra cups to unstable heights. Lumps of grease fell off her breasts and bra, tumbled down her belly, and landed on and between her thighs, settling against the front of her panties. This filled Amy with a sense of great unease.

Don pulled her bra back into place, squishing grease against her breasts, and then he rubbed the cups around so that they slid over her breasts. He put his hands inside both cups, squeezing and kneading her breasts, and then he looked down at her panties.

“Oops,” he said, “I seem to have dropped a bunch of grease between your legs.” He reached down and slid his hand between her thighs, cupping her pussy outside her panties.

Amy gasped. “Don’t worry about … down there,” she said. “I’ll clean it myself later.”

“I know, I’m just rubbing it in for now,” said Don, stroking up and down and using one finger to press her panties between her labia. Fortunately he went no further than this, but Amy was still a little shaken by the time he stopped and left the building.

Of course, this was just the beginning. Twenty minutes later, as Amy was dealing with a driver, Rob came in and pulled her blouse off her shoulders from behind. He also pulled her bra down, exposing her breasts to the driver, whose jaw dropped in astonishment. Then Rob started squeezing out grease and rubbing it all over her breasts, chest and belly. Amy dismissed the driver, but he continued to stand at the window, staring at her breasts as Rob fondled them.

Then Rob squeezed out the rest of the grease in the can, pouring it directly on to her panties. By the time he had emptied the can, a huge pile of grease sat on top of Amy’s thighs, completely obscuring her panties. Rob sank his hand into it and started rubbing Amy’s pussy through her panties. Amy, in a brave attempt to ignore both Rob and the driver, started working at her computer. But then Rob pulled her chair back a little, so that the driver could see Amy’s lap. Mortified, and unable to reach her computer, Amy merely stared up at the cobwebs in the corner of the room next to the ceiling. It was hard to ignore Rob’s finger rubbing up and down between her pussy lips, sliding her panties back and forth over her clitoris, but she tried.

The driver at the window licked his lips and said, “Can … can I have a go?”

“What? No!” said Rob indignantly. “Go and park round the back.”

“All right, fine, keep your hair on,” said the driver grumpily as he turned away from the window. “Was just asking, for Pete’s sake.”

Rob snorted as the driver left. “The nerve of the guy, can you believe it?” he said, as he massaged Amy’s clitoris through her panties. Then he stopped rubbing her pussy, and gathered up a handful of grease, which he placed carefully in Amy’s left bra cup. Another handful went into the same cup, filling it. Two more handfuls filled the right cup. Then Rob pulled her bra straps back up to her shoulders, and her bra cups snuggled once more against her breasts, albeit separated from her skin by a thick layer of grease, which immediately began oozing out of the sides.

Amy tugged her blouse back into position as Rob left, but she did not bother to fasten any of the buttons. Shortly afterwards, Paul came in with another can of grease. Amy glanced up, saw him, and realised she could not take any more of this. She stood up quickly. “I need to go to the bathroom,” she said.

“That’s okay, I’ll wait,” said Paul.

Amy hurried to the bathroom, locked the door, and sat down. Taking deep breaths, she tried to calm herself down, to think about how she was going to stop these loaders from feeling her up and covering her with horrible brown grease whenever they wanted.

“Just say no,” she whispered to herself over and over again. “Just say no. Just say no.”

She did not really need to use the bathroom – she had been less than an hour ago – but for appearances’ sake she flushed and washed her hands before leaving the room.

Paul was of course waiting for her, next to her chair. “Paul,” she began.

“You have a customer,” he said, nodding at the window.

She sighed and went to sit down in her chair. “Load number?” she said.

As she booked the driver in, she glanced down and saw Paul’s hands coming together above her panties. His right hand held a large pile of grease; his left hand pulled back her skirt and grasped the waistband of her panties between the thumb and forefinger. She gasped as he pulled out the waistband and plunged his grease-filled right hand inside her panties.

“You all right?” asked the driver.

“Yes!” she gasped. “Thanks! You know where to go?”

“Yeah – are you sure you’re all right?”

“Fine thanks,” said Amy – the last thing she wanted to do was explain to the driver what Paul was doing.

In fact Paul was doing pretty much what Rob had done before him – only inside her panties instead of outside. Her thoughts a confused muddle, she stared at her computer screen and tried to think of something to do to take her mind off Paul’s attentions. But this was not easy, when Paul’s middle finger was buried between her pussy lips, sliding back and forth over her clitoris, and the two fingers either side were squeezing her labia against his middle finger.

Then he slid further back, and his middle finger slipped inside her. She gasped. “No Paul,” she whispered. Then, more strongly, “No Paul! Please don’t.”

“Don’t what?” asked Paul, thrusting his finger in and out of her vagina – in small movements, because his freedom of motion was restricted by the fact that she was sitting down.

“Don’t … do that!” she hissed. “Don’t put your finger in me.”

“But doesn’t it feel nice?” he asked, finding her g-spot and stroking it gently.

“No!” she said. “It doesn’t at all … uhuhuhuh.”

“What was that sound, then, if it doesn’t feel nice?”

Amy felt terribly guilty for having made that sound. The truth was that her body was responding to Paul’s touch, whether she wanted it to or not. And she very definitely did not.

“Look,” said Paul, “if you don’t like what I’m doing, then take it up with Tom. But I should probably warn you that his shoulder’s feeling particularly bad today.”

Amy sighed.

“That’s a good girl,” said Paul, finally taking his hand out of her panties. “All right, breasts next.”

Amy slumped a little in her chair as she lowered her blouse to her elbows. Paul pulled her bra down, and squeezed grease from a can all over her breasts. Amy reclined her chair and arched her back in an attempt to avoid any of it tumbling down into her lap – she did not want to give Paul any excuse to grope her pussy again.

Her plan worked, and Paul merely spent the next five minutes rubbing the grease into her breasts.

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When Percy picked her up, she could not help him seeing her filthy, greasy panties, and he immediately demanded to know what had happened.

Amy was both embarrassed to tell him, and also afraid of what he might do if she did. “Oh, they played a little joke on me,” she said, thinking quickly. “They dumped a pile of grease on my chair just as I was sitting down.”

“Oh,” said Percy. “Yuck – that was a nasty trick.”

Amy nodded. “But I’m okay,” she assured him.

“Good, good,” said Percy, seeming distracted.

“How was your day?” Amy ventured.

“Pretty crap,” he replied. “I heard back from Dave Wallace – he told me I hadn’t got the job.” He sighed.

Amy put her hand on his arm. “Never mind – I’m sure the next interview will go better.”

“Let’s hope so,” said Percy glumly.

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The following day Amy wore another blouse, and a green floral cotton microskirt. For Percy’s benefit, she buttoned it up to just above her bra while he drove her to work, then as she walked from the gate to the office, she unfastened it to just below her navel, figuring it would save time later.

As a car slowed right down next to her, however, she self-consciously crossed her arms, holding the two sides of her blouse together. There was a faint hum as the window was lowered. “Excuse me!”

Amy looked down to see a well-dressed man in his fifties sitting at the wheel. “Hello,” she said nervously.

“Do you work here?” asked the man.

“Yes,” said Amy. “I’m the inventory clerk in the warehouse.”

The man frowned. “And do you think that’s an appropriate outfit for such a position?”

Amy blushed. “Sorry,” she mumbled.

“Perhaps I should introduce myself,” said the man. “I’m Lawrence West.”

“The managing director?” asked Amy, her eyes widening. “Oh goodness – I’m so sorry about my clothing.” She tried to pull her skirt down with one hand.

He chuckled. “Tom lets you wear skirts like that?”

Amy fidgeted, wanting to tell him about the vote, but afraid of repercussions if she said something that got Tom into trouble. “Yes – he doesn’t mind,” she said.

“Well tell him we’ve got a customer visit next Tuesday,” said Lawrence, “and if they see you like that, I’ll be personally embarrassed. And Tom really doesn’t want to make me look bad.”

“I’ll tell him,” Amy promised.

“All right. Have a nice day then,” said Lawrence, and he drove away.

When she got to the office, Amy relayed Lawrence’s message to Tom, who paled slightly. “And that’s all he said?” he asked.

Amy nodded.

“He didn’t ask why you were wearing such a short skirt?”

“No,” said Amy. “He seemed to disapprove, but he didn’t say I wasn’t to wear them any more.”

Tom relaxed, and smiled. “Well, I wouldn’t worry too much about Tuesday. We’ll monitor the visitors’ whereabouts as they tour the site, and we’ll keep you well away from them.”

“Oh,” said Amy, disappointed. “You don’t think I should perhaps wear something different that day, then?”

“Amy, you promised to never again wear skirts longer than ten inches above that line,” Tom reminded her. “I don’t expect you to try to find a way to wriggle out of that at every opportunity.”

“No, of course not,” said Amy, hanging her head. “Sorry.”

Paul was waiting for her in the main office with a fresh can of grease. Amy sighed. “Hi Paul,” she said.

He smiled as he lifted her skirt up around her waist and pulled open the front of her panties. “Hold that please,” he said.

She reluctantly held out the waistband while he squeezed a long, soft column of grease into the front of her panties. It piled up around her pussy, then, as more weight of grease was added, it slowly oozed down past her clitoris and along her gusset. Once he had squeezed one third of the can into the front, Paul went around behind her and pulled open the back of her panties.

“Hold that,” he said, guiding her hand to the waistband.

“Ugh, Paul, really?” Amy complained. She shuddered as she felt more grease piling up against her buttocks and sliding downwards. The can was emptied, and Amy’s panties started to slip downwards under the weight.

“Hold the sides,” said Paul.

Amy did so, and Paul shoved both of his hands into Amy’s panties: his left hand into the front, and his right hand into the back. Middle fingers simultaneously slipped between her labia and between her buttocks. Lubricated by grease, they then easily slid up inside her vagina and anus respectively.

“Paul…” Amy whined.

After finger-fucking her for over a minute, Paul introduced a second finger into her vagina. After another minute or so, he inserted a third … and a second into her anus. Amy winced, and then noticed a driver at her window.

“Paul, I have a customer,” she said.

“Okay,” he replied, withdrawing his fingers and taking his hands out of her panties. “Go on.”

Amy went to her chair and grimaced as she sat down and the grease squished everywhere. While she booked the driver in, to her complete lack of surprise Paul started tugging her blouse off her shoulders. She tried to ignore the driver’s “Wow!” as Paul pulled her bra down to reveal her breasts, and said, “Near ramp please.”

Paul turned her chair around to face him, and started fondling her breasts with his greasy hands. Amy stared out through the doorway, until Rob appeared there and walked into the room. He grinned when he saw Paul and Amy.

“Making an early start, eh?” he said. He had a can of grease in his hand. He grabbed a chair, pulled it alongside Paul, and sat down. Taking the lid off the can, he said, “I guess I should work on your pussy then, since your tits are occupied.”

Amy, not sure how to respond to this, said nothing.

“Wow, plenty of grease in there already, I see!” said Rob, pulling open the front of Amy’s panties. He shoved his hand inside and soon managed to work a finger into her vagina. His angle was bad, however, and the fact that she was sitting down was a problem. “Hey Amy, could you stand up please?”

She sighed and did so, and Rob pulled her panties down a little so that he could get a better angle. He slid one finger deep into her, and then slid another alongside the first, and another after that. Like Paul, he fucked her with three fingers, but he was thrusting much harder and faster than Paul, and Amy did not like it one bit.

“Slow down – please!” she gasped.

“Yeah Rob, she’s not a machine – you’ll do her an injury if you’re not careful,” said Paul, still massaging Amy’s breasts.

“Thanks Paul,” said Amy as Rob obediently slowed down.

Rob now pulled Amy’s panties down at the back, too, so that he could push a couple of fingers into her anus. She winced, but in truth she was so well-lubricated that it hardly hurt at all.

After a couple more minutes of this, Rob sighed. “Oh well, we’d better get to work.”

“Wait, though,” said Paul. He opened up Rob’s unused can of grease. “Waste not, want not.”

Rob held the cups of Amy’s bra horizontal while Paul squeezed a goodly amount into each, then he drew the straps up to her shoulders. Her breasts sank deep into the grease as the bra’s cups were pulled back into place. The rest of the grease went into her panties, and squished against her pussy and buttocks as Paul pulled them up.

She sat down squelchily as Rob and Paul left, and pulled her blouse back up. Half an hour later, Jimmy came in and smiled at her. “Good morning love,” he said.

“Morning Jimmy,” she said guardedly, eyeing the can of grease in his hand.

“Would you mind standing up?” he said.

Amy sighed and stood up. “Jimmy, aren’t I greasy enough? My panties are full of it.”

Jimmy looked a little taken aback. He lifted the front of her skirt and pulled out the waistband of her panties. “Gosh, yes, there’s a lot in there.” He slid his hand inside and pressed his middle finger between her labia. “And no hair – my, you’re full of surprises, Amy!”

Amy blushed. “Just do what you need to do,” she muttered.

Jimmy crouched down and pulled Amy’s panties down to her knees. Then he reached up and slowly inserted two fingers into her vagina. His touch was gentle, which Amy appreciated, but she was still horribly mortified and ashamed by all this.

“You have a beautiful pussy, Amy, you know that?” said Jimmy. “I should know – I’ve seen a few.”

Amy blushed furiously. “Thanks,” she mumbled.

Don came into the room. “Hi Jimmy, hi Amy,” he said casually. “Okay with you both if I stick a finger or two into Amy’s arsehole?”

“Fine with me,” said Jimmy.

“Good,” said Don, coming around behind Amy. He knelt on one knee, slid his hand between Amy’s buttocks, and gently pushed his middle finger up into her rectum. With his other hand he tugged downward on Amy’s panties, and they dropped to her ankles. Amy winced as a second finger was inserted into her anus.

Tom entered the room. “Good God,” he muttered as he saw what was going on. “Just don’t waste too much time in here, you two – and don’t keep the drivers waiting any longer than you have to, Amy.”

Amy looked around, but there was nobody at her window. Jimmy pulled his fingers out of Amy’s vagina and stood up. “Thanks Amy,” he said, winking at her.

Don reached up with his free hand and stuck two of his fingers into Amy’s vagina. After only a minute, however, he removed all of his fingers and stood up. “See you later Amy,” he said.

At that moment a stranger entered the room. Amy gasped and reached down to the floor to retrieve her panties. Pulling them back up, she tugged her skirt down to cover them.

“Simon!” said Don. “Welcome back, mate – you feeling better now?”

“Mostly,” said Simon, a short, heavy-set man in his forties, with plenty of grey in his otherwise dark hair. “Man, that was some bug. You must be Amy – hi, I’m Simon.”

Amy’s cheeks were quite red as she shook his hand. “Hi,” she said.

Simon picked up the can of grease that Jimmy had left. “I believe I have some catching up to do?” he said.

Don chuckled. “Go for it, mate,” he said. He left the room, and Simon came around the printer to stand in front of Amy.

“Well,” said Simon, opening the can. “Perhaps you could hold your bra open for me?”

Amy felt wretched and dirty as she took her blouse off her shoulders and then held open the cups of her bra for Simon. But he merely smiled as he filled up both cups with grease, and then put his hands inside to fondle her breasts. After a minute, he said, “Knickers now.”

Amy reluctantly lifted her skirt and pulled out her panties. Simon filled them, stroked her pussy for a while, then pushed a finger inside her. “That’ll do for now,” he said. “Nice to meet you, Amy.”

“Nice to meet you too,” Amy muttered.

Over the next hour she was visited by first Reggie, then Grant, then Frank. None of them seemed interested in her anus, for which she was grateful, but Frank managed to get four fingers into her vagina, which hurt a lot despite the extensive lubrication. For some reason the grease never stayed as bulky as it started out, soon melting and running down her torso and legs after only a short time in contact with her skin. Her chair was saturated with the stuff – it was most unpleasant to have to sit in it all day.

She was in the break room at lunchtime when Paul came in with a fresh can of grease and a Tupperware container. Rather than coming immediately over to her, however, he sat down in another chair. “Don’t hurry on my account,” he said. “Finish your lunch. I have to eat too.”

“Thanks,” Amy mumbled. She was halfway through the first of two sandwiches she had brought. She took a swig of her tea.

“Am I right in thinking you’re originally a Welsh lass?” Paul asked.

Amy was stunned. “How do you know that?” she asked.

“There’s just a trace of it in your accent,” said Paul. “Mine too, if you listen closely enough. My Dad’s side of the family is Welsh.”

“I only lived the first six years of my life in Aberystwyth,” said Amy. “Then we moved to London. I’m really surprised you can hear any Welsh in my accent at all. It’s the first time anyone’s said that to me.”

Paul chuckled. “I have a good ear,” he said.

Their inconsequential conversation continued for the next twenty minutes, while Amy got through the rest of her lunch. Paul made no attempt to touch her until she had put her yogurt pot down, empty. Then he picked up his can and opened it. “Shall we?” he said.

Amy’s face fell – she had been enjoying their chat, and the fact that Paul had been keeping her company without doing anything to her. Now, apparently, things were back to normal. “All right,” she said sadly. She got to her feet.

Paul smiled as he came over to stand beside her. “Why don’t you turn to face the table, and bend over it?” he said.

Amy complied, resting her elbows on the table top. She felt her skirt being pulled up around her waist, and then her panties parting company with her buttocks. She jumped as a large glob of cold grease hit her between the buttocks, and then tried to relax as more grease was added. It sank into her cleft and started sliding down over her anus. Then she felt her panties being pulled halfway down her thighs, and Paul’s fingers probing between her buttocks. A finger slid up into her rectum. Another was inserted into her vagina. Or maybe it was two – or perhaps three. She was certainly being stretched quite a lot.

It was only when she felt Paul’s hips against her buttocks that she realised what he had done. She gasped and looked back at him over her shoulder, but he merely smiled at her and grasped her hips as he thrust in and out of her.

It would not be true to say that this turn of events was coming as a complete surprise to Amy, but nevertheless she was shocked. Her stomach was in knots: how was she going to explain this to Percy?

Don and Rob entered the room five minutes later, just as Paul was quickening his pace. With a groan, he emptied his semen into her vagina, then he pulled out.

“My turn, I think,” said Rob, unzipping his trousers. His penis was thicker than Paul’s, and it made Amy wince a little as it sank deep inside her. For the next five minutes he fucked her, but then he withdrew without climaxing. He pulled Amy’s panties down to her ankles. “Amy, could you turn around please and lie back on the table? I think a change of position would be nice.”

Amy tried not to meet any faces as she turned around and lay down with her bottom at the edge of the table. Rob removed her panties from her ankles, then he slid himself back inside her, and held her legs wide apart as he thrust in and out of her. “Oh yeah,” he muttered.

Reggie and Frank now entered, and their eyes lit up as they saw what was going on. Soon afterwards, Simon and Jimmy also entered. With a groan, Rob climaxed inside Amy, and he practically collapsed on top of her. Then, chuckling to himself, he withdrew and wiped his penis on her panties.

Don started to move towards Amy, but Paul laid a hand on his arm. “I think that’s enough for the moment, man. Give the girl some time to recover, eh?” He helped Amy up off the table. “Unless you’d like some more?” he said to her. But she shook her head vigorously. “I thought not. Let’s get you back to your desk, all right?”

Amy picked up her panties and put them back on. Then she took Paul’s arm as he led her out of the room and back into the office.

“You okay?” he said. “Not too sore?”

“I’m all right,” she mumbled.

“Well I’ll make sure nobody bothers you for the next … I don’t know … how does an hour sound?”

An hour without being groped and fingered sounded a lot better than what she had become used to over the past few days. “Thanks,” she said, sitting back down at her desk.

The hour passed quickly. Then Don came to see her. “Hi Amy,” he said with a smile.

Amy looked at her watch, and her heart sank. “Hi Don,” she said.

“Could you get up, please?” said Don. “Then bend over your desk.”

Amy did as he said, and sighed heavily as her panties were pulled down to her ankles. A thick, warm object pushed against her vagina, slipping inside easily on account of all the grease still coating her pussy. Then the phone rang. Amy answered it, hoping she would be able to keep her voice steady while Don fucked her vigorously from behind. “Warehouse, this is Amy,” she said.

“Hi darling,” said Percy.

Amy froze … but of course, Don did not. “Um, hello darling,” she managed. “What’s up?”

“The agency’s dropped me,” said Percy dolefully. “I think they may have heard about me stabbing Tom. They were quite strange on the phone.”

“Oh Percy, I’m sorry,” said Amy. “Maybe another agency…?”

“Are you okay? You sound funny.”

Amy was finding it increasingly difficult to keep her voice calm and level, because Don’s thrusting had intensified, and his hips were now slamming into her buttocks with great rapidity. She muted the phone and turned to look back at Don. “Please, Don, slow down!” she begged him. “This is my husband on the phone.”

Don nodded, and slowed way down. Amy un-muted, and said, “Sorry darling – driver at the window. Have you thought of trying Office Bods?”

“I thought of it, but haven’t yet,” said Percy. “I suppose I’ll call them this afternoon.”

Amy could feel Don’s thick penis slowly withdrawing, pausing with its head half outside her opening, and then slowly and smoothly sliding back inside her until its tip was nudging against her cervix. Another pause, and then it slowly retreated again. If anything, this was even more distracting than his rapid fucking of a moment ago. But at least she could talk coherently.

“I think that would be a good idea,” she said to Percy. “Okay, must go – I have another driver to see to.”

“Okay,” said Percy. “I’ll talk to you later. I love you, darling.”

“I love you too darling,” said Amy, as Don’s erection slowly thrust deep inside her again. “Bye.” She put the phone down. “Thanks Don,” she said.

Don increased the pace of his fucking again, and Amy gripped the far end of her table with her fingers, her knuckles turning white as Don pounded himself into her harder and harder. Eventually he groaned, his thrusting gradually slowing down as he pumped his semen into her. Amy found herself panting. Don withdrew from her, and helpfully pulled her panties back up. She slumped into her chair as he left the room.

Mick in maintenance was thrilled to see that Amy did not even bother to pull her skirt back down from her waist.

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By the end of the day, everyone except Tom had fucked her. Before she left the office, she washed her pussy as thoroughly as she could in the bathroom, hoping to remove all traces and smells of her colleagues’ semen. Then she walked down to the front gate, where Percy picked her up.

It was sheer bliss to spend two whole days away from the office, with nobody groping or fingering or fucking her every ten minutes. On Sunday evening, Percy wanted sex, but Amy just wanted him to hold her. He was happy enough to oblige, though a little disappointed.

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Amy awoke on Monday morning with a feeling of dread. She was desperate for Percy to get a decent job, so she could hand in her two weeks’ notice, but so far things were not looking hopeful. She put on a white microskirt from her new collection, then frowned as she felt it at the back. “Percy,” she said, “what happened with this skirt?”

He took one look at it and gasped. “Oh no!” he said. “How did that happen?”

It was considerably shorter than her other skirts, only coming halfway down her buttocks. At the front, two inches of her panties were exposed.

“Oh, I think I know what happened,” said Percy. “This skirt has a higher waist than your others. I didn’t realise, and cut it to the same length as the rest. But it’s sitting higher on you – that’s what the problem is.” He sighed. “Take it off – you’ll have to wear another one.”

Amy shrugged. “Darling, it doesn’t make much difference – everyone at work sees my panties all the time anyway.”

“But you don’t need to encourage them!” exclaimed Percy, scandalised.

“All right,” said Amy, holding up her hands. “I’m sorry. Of course I’ll wear something else.”

“Thank you,” said Percy, mollified. Then he smiled. “You do look awfully sexy in it, though.”

She smiled back at him. “Then perhaps I’ll wear it just for you sometime.”

“I’d like that,” said Percy.

She took off the skirt and replaced it with what was left of one of her favourite long skirts: a plain blue cotton skirt with an elasticated waistband. Now it left almost two inches of her buttocks uncovered, and did not quite cover her panties at the front. On her top half she wore a beige blouse.

“Could we stop by the chemist on the way to work?” she asked. “I’d like to get some … aspirin.” Actually she wanted to get a morning-after pill, but she did not want to tell Percy that.

“Sure,” said Percy. “No problem.”

But an hour later, as they stopped in the car park outside Boots, Percy said, “I’d better run in and get the aspirin. You’re a little … underdressed for the occasion.”

“No it’s okay,” she began, but he was already half out of the car.

“It’s no trouble,” he said. “I’ll be back in a jiffy.”

Amy sighed as she waited for him. She would have to think of another way of getting her hands on a morning-after pill.

After Percy had dropped her off, she walked to the office with a growing sense of trepidation. Inside, she was met by Rob and Paul, who grinned at her outfit. “Nice,” said Paul. “Come with me.”

Amy followed him through to the break room, where Don and Jimmy were waiting with several cans of grease. She groaned internally as she saw them. She had been hoping that she was done with the grease, now that her colleagues had graduated to having sex with her.

“Lower your blouse and bra, please,” said Paul.

Amy pushed her blouse off each shoulder, letting it fall to her elbows. Then she did the same with her bra straps, and reluctantly pulled her bra cups down to expose her breasts. Paul reached forward and popped open the last couple of buttons on her blouse, and its two halves fell to the sides. Behind her, Rob unclasped her bra, and tugged her blouse down her arms to below her elbows.

“Here,” said Paul, taking hold of her right sleeve. “Let’s get your arms out of that blouse – it’s not exactly covering anything any more, is it?”

Amy could not deny this, though she felt uneasy as he pulled on the sleeve and her arm came free. He did the same with the other sleeve. Her bra, undone at the back, dropped down her arms and fell off. Meanwhile Rob pulled down her skirt and panties together, all the way to the floor.

“Step out of your shoes,” he said to Amy.

She did so, which also meant stepping out of her skirt and panties. Now naked, she self-consciously clasped her hands together in front of her pussy.

“None of that,” said Paul, pulling her hands to her sides. “Lie down on the table, with your bottom at the edge.”

Amy sat down on the edge of the table, lay down, and lifted her legs off the floor, raising her knees to her chest.

“Open your legs wide apart,” said Paul.

Amy looked troubled, but spread her legs apart a little. Then, at Paul’s impatient urging, she spread them wider, and wider still. Rob switched on his digital camera and started taking photos, making sure her pussy was in every shot, and her face in most.

Paul opened a can of grease and slowly emptied it on to Amy’s chest. “Rub it in,” he said. “All over your breasts.”

Amy did not want to do this, but the alternative was having one or more of the men do it instead … and her own touch was preferable to that. So she smeared the grease across her breasts, rubbing it well in while Rob filmed her. Then Paul emptied another can on to her lower abdomen, and asked Amy to rub it into her pussy. She did this, too, even sliding two fingers inside herself at his request.

Paul took out his erection, rubbed some of the grease over it, and positioned it at the entrance to her anus. Sliding it in hard, he made Amy gasp and wince. But she had been anally fucked many times, by Jeff and his friends, so it was not exactly an unfamiliar experience for her. She knew how to relax her anal sphincter to make it hurt less. And the grease certainly helped.

Once Paul had come inside her rectum, Don took his place. Halfway through fucking her anus, he pulled out and helped her up from the table. Lying down on the table himself, he helped her step up beside him.

“Turn around and lower yourself on to my dick,” he said.

Amy obediently squatted, and guided Don’s penis up into her anus again. She had had plenty of experience at this, though she still did not like it at all. Then Don pulled her back until she was lying, face-up, on top of him, with his erection buried in her rectum.

“Jimmy,” said Don. “Climb aboard.”

Jimmy grinned as he clambered on to the table and positioned himself above Amy. He slowly inserted his erection into her vagina, smiling down at her as he did so. Then both he and Don began to fuck her, and Amy gasped at the sensations this caused in her.

Then Jimmy lowered his face to hers, and kissed her on the lips. Her eyes widened and she shook her head, but he merely kissed her again, taking her lower lip between both of his, and then gently licking between her lips. “Open your mouth,” he said.

Amy reluctantly opened her mouth slightly, and Jimmy’s tongue slithered inside. After a minute of trying to interact with her passive tongue, he broke off in annoyance. “Kiss me back, Amy.”

Amy looked up at him sadly. “Can’t I save something for my husband?”

“It’s just a kiss, Amy,” said Paul. “Since we’re having sex with you, I think it’s only fair that you should kiss us as well. Otherwise it’s just like sex with a prostitute. You wouldn’t want us to think of you like a prostitute, would you? Now please be reasonable, and give Jimmy a nice kiss, with tongue. Show some enthusiasm.”

Amy certainly did not feel enthusiastic, but nevertheless she complied with Paul’s instruction, twirling her tongue around Jimmy’s as he thrust his penis inside her vagina. Underneath her, Don started thrusting harder and harder, and then he jerked and spasmed, pouring his semen into her bowels. Shortly afterwards, Jimmy came too. He climbed off the table, and helped Amy to her feet.

“Now,” said Paul, “I think it’s high time that we initiated another member into our little club.”

“Who, Tom?” inquired Reggie.

“Yup,” said Paul. “He’s been very disapproving of this whole thing, but I think he’ll change his mind once he’s had a taste of Amy’s sweet pussy.” He turned to Amy. “So I want you to go into his office and have sex with him.”

Amy’s eyes widened. “But … I don’t think he wants to,” she said.

“If he has any red blood cells at all, he really does, deep down,” said Paul. “You just need to go in there and seduce him.”

A look of panic came to Amy’s face. “I’m no good at seducing!” she said. “I’m too shy and clumsy!”

“It’s very easy, Amy,” said Don. “Men aren’t difficult to seduce. You just go into his office and say ‘Excuse me, Tom, but I was just wondering if you would be so very kind as to stick your erection into my vagina, or anus if you prefer, and fuck me as hard as you like.’ See – how hard is that?”

Amy blushed crimson. “But … it’s Tom! I can’t – I don’t want to – please don’t make me.” Tears came to her eyes.

“What’s wrong with Tom? He’s not that ugly, surely?” said Rob.

“But he’s the boss!” said Amy desperately. “He’s the only one who hasn’t touched me. I don’t want to push myself on him. I don’t want him to think…”

“What? That you’re the kind of girl who’d have sex with his entire staff, but not him?” said Don.

“No, that’s not what I meant,” said Amy, though she was not quite sure where her train of thought had been headed.

“Look, the poor man’s probably feeling very left out in there,” said Paul. “He just went through a painful divorce – it would be a nice thing for you to go and cheer him up.” He took Amy by the arm and led her out of the break room towards Tom’s office. “He’s a decent guy – he deserves to have something nice happen to him. And believe me – sex with you, Amy, is very nice indeed. Now cheer up, girl, and give me a kiss.”

He turned her towards him, and planted his lips on hers. As he pushed his tongue between her lips, she opened her mouth and half-heartedly snaked her tongue around his. He reached between her legs, and slid two fingers inside her vagina. He finger-fucked her for a minute or so, then he pulled away from her. “Now go in there, and have sex with Tom. If you come out without him having fucked you, then I think we’ll take a little trip down to maintenance, where fifteen very dirty men are just dying to plunge their big dicks into your sweet little pussy and anus.”

Amy gulped.

“Don’t tell Tom that, of course,” said Paul. “Just tell him you’ve been craving his man-meat ever since you started here.” He turned and knocked on Tom’s door.

“Come in!” said Tom from within.

‘Go,’ mouthed Paul to Amy.

Trembling, Amy opened the door, and stepped naked into Tom’s office. He looked up, and pursed his lips. “Amy,” he said.

“I’m sorry I’m naked,” she blurted out. “The others took my clothes off.”

“Uh-huh,” he said. “Did they do so by force?”

“Well, no,” she admitted.

He sighed. “What is it, Amy? I have a lot of work to do.”

She tried to remember the words Paul had suggested. “Um,” she said, “I was hoping … I mean, please could you … be so kind as to put your … thingy … inside me and have sex with me as fast as possible?” Then it occurred to her that ‘fast’ wasn’t the word she meant to use. “And hard,” she added. “Please f…fuck me as hard as possible. In either … hole.” She turned very red and stared at the floor, clasping her hands over her pussy.

Tom stared at her. “Amy, what’s come over you?” he said. “You didn’t seem like a nympho when you first arrived here. And to be honest you don’t seem like much of one now, except for what you’re saying. Are the others making you come in here and say these things?”

She sighed. This was not going well. “Please, Tom – please just have sex with me. It would help me to feel like you don’t think I’m a worthless person for having sex with everyone else.”

“But I don’t understand why you’re having sex with everyone else!” said Tom exasperatedly. “I thought you loved Percy?”

Amy burst into tears. “I do love Percy!” she wailed. “So much, Tom! I really do. I’m just … I’m just not strong enough to stop men from doing what they want with me.” She put her head in her hands and sobbed.

Tom was on his feet in a moment, putting his arms around her and holding her while she cried. Suddenly it was clear to him – how little by little, his team had been pushing their luck with Amy, and, encountering no resistance, had been encouraged to push further and further, until they were having sex with her and yet she was still coming back to work each day.

He found the whole idea incredibly erotic. “There, there,” he said, stroking her bare back with his right hand. Slowly he stroked lower and lower … until his hand was caressing her buttock. “I think I’m going to have sex with you after all, Amy,” he said. “Turn around, and bend over my desk.”

Amy wilted in his arms. She had hoped he might help her … but apparently he was just like the others after all. She miserably turned around and bent over, laying her chest down on his paperwork. Then she let him spread her feet apart, and closed her eyes as his penis pushed slowly into her vagina.

He fucked her at a steady pace for five minutes or so, then he began to speed up. Even so, it was another ten minutes before he finally ejaculated inside her. He groaned with pleasure, and remained inside her for another couple of minutes before he pulled out. He zipped himself up and sat down in his chair.

Amy turned to face him, her eyes red-rimmed and watery. “Thanks Tom,” she mumbled, looking down at her feet.

“Now listen to me, Amy,” said Tom. “A girl like you needs instructions and discipline from the men in her life. Do you understand?”

Amy did not like the sound of discipline, but she nodded.

“From now on, you’re not to wear any clothes at all while you’re here at work,” said Tom. “If I see so much as a shoe on you, I’ll put you over my knee and give you the spanking of your life. Is that clear?”

Amy’s heart sank, but she nodded again.

“Now, when you arrive in the morning, the first thing you will do each day is come in here and give me a blow-job. Then I shall fuck you. Only after I have come inside you will you go to your desk and start the day’s work. Understand?”

Amy quailed internally, but nodded.

“During the day, you’ll be the plaything of my staff. Do anything they ask of you – anything at all. If I hear about anything you have refused to do, you’ll get a major spanking from me. Clear?”

Amy nodded again.

“All right – go back to your desk now.”

Listlessly, Amy left Tom’s office and walked back to the main office. Paul and Rob watched her pass. “I think he did it,” said Rob. “He totally fucked her.”

Paul chuckled. “Good. Now we won’t have to endure his silent disapproval. How do you like your new chair, Amy?”

Amy stared at the medieval torture device that had been her chair. “You want me to sit on this?”

“Of course!” said Paul. “We had the maintenance folks make some modifications to it. Don’t look so horrified – I’m sure you’ll love it.”

A huge butt-plug and a giant vibrator had been welded somehow to the seat of her chair. In addition, the seat now had what looked like two broad, flat arm-rests, only they were angled upwards towards the window in front of her.

“You’ll put your feet on there,” Paul explained, pointing to the arm-rests.

“My feet?” echoed Amy.

“Yes – try it!”

Amy reluctantly swung the chair around, turned her back on it, and slowly lowered herself towards the vibrator and butt-plug. She had to reposition both, so that as she descended into the seat, the butt-plug gradually pushed her anus open, and the vibrator slid slowly into her vagina. She screwed up her face in discomfort as the butt-plug stretched her anus to a width of a couple of inches, and then she yelped as discomfort turned into genuine pain. But Paul pushed down on her shoulders, and the plug finally popped inside her rectum.

“Now,” he said, “put your feet on the foot-rests.”

She lifted up her legs and spread them wide, bringing her knees back either side of her shoulders so that she could get her feet on to the rests. It was a most undignified position to be in, but it was not yet too uncomfortable. Cramp would soon be a problem, however.

Paul rolled her chair back to her desk so that she could reach her keyboard. It felt very odd, having to reach between her legs in order to type. As a driver approached the window, he stared in astonishment at her. “Well look at you!” he said. “Every time I come here, you’re wearing less!”

Paul pulled the chair back so that the driver could see Amy’s naked pussy, spread wide with a thick vibrator sticking up into her vagina. He tossed a plastic object through the window, which the driver caught. “Turn the dial, mate,” he said.

The driver stared at the object, then he tried turning the dial at the top. Instantly, Amy twitched as the vibrator inside her started to live up to its name. “Uhhhh-uhhhh-uhhhh!” she gasped.

The driver burst out laughing, and turned the dial up. “AHHHHHH!!!” cried Amy, the vibrations intensifying by an order of magnitude.

“The maintenance folks had fun with that,” said Paul. “It’ll vibrate way more powerfully than an ordinary vibrator. Here mate – I’ll have that back please.”

The driver tossed it back, and Paul turned the dial down to a low hum. “Just enough to keep your juices flowing,” he said. He pushed Amy’s chair back to her desk, and she booked the driver in.

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It was a bizarre, almost surreal day for Amy. She spent most of it at her desk, but every fifteen minutes or so she was helped out of her chair in order to have sex with one or more of the loaders. Her vagina and anus both got plenty of action. Kissing was now apparently also mandatory: she locked tongues with everyone several times – even Simon, whose breath smelled unpleasantly like farts.

Midway through the afternoon, she was giving her legs a short break from the foot-rests (with permission from Paul), when he suddenly took out his penis and pointed it at her right cheek. “Suck it,” he said.

She sighed – she had been expecting this, and not looking forward to it. Jeff and his friends had all insisted on frequent blow-jobs during that horrible camping trip in Scotland, and she had never got used to them. Parting her lips, she took Paul’s erection into her mouth, and sucked and licked it while he hummed and sighed with pleasure.

As soon as she felt a rush of salty fluid into her mouth, she swallowed it as quickly as possible to avoid tasting it for too long. Disengaging with an expression of distaste on her face, she realised that Rob was now standing to the left of her chair, and he too had his penis pointed at her. Sighing, she started sucking him, too.

At five o’clock, with great relief she climbed out of her chair, the butt-plug coming out of her anus with a sucking sound. She tried to clench her anal sphincter shut, but it was more than a minute before it closed fully.

“Where are my clothes?” she asked Paul.

“We tossed them,” he replied. “Tom said you weren’t going to be wearing clothes here any more.”

“But I need them to get home!” she said.

Paul shrugged. “Take it up with Tom.”

Amy sighed, and knocked on Tom’s door. When he answered, she entered. “Tom,” she said, “they’ve thrown away my clothes. How am I supposed to get down to the gate?”

Tom got to his feet. “I’ll drive you down,” he said.

“Oh, thanks,” she replied.

She felt very nervous and exposed as she followed him out to his car, naked as the day she was born (except for her engagement and wedding rings). She climbed into the passenger seat, and tried to keep as low a profile as possible as Tom drove her down to the front gate. The man in the gatehouse stared down at her through Tom’s window as they passed.

And there was Percy’s car. Tom drew up alongside it and wound down his window. Percy, looking nervous, wound down his own. Then he gasped as he caught sight of Amy. “What’s going on?” he asked.

“Amy’s naked,” said Tom. “Now you can either make her get out and walk around to get into your car – in sight of all the people in those offices, mind – or you can let me drive her home for you.”

Percy looked across at the site reception offices. “Well, I suppose … Amy, what do you think?”

Tom turned to look at Amy, and said, “I suggest you stay in my car.”

Amy badly wanted to get into her husband’s car, even if it meant running naked within sight of those offices, but she was afraid to gainsay Tom. “I … I think I’ll stay here until we get home,” she said in a small voice.

“Hear that Percy?” said Tom. “She’d rather stay in my car. I’ll see you back at your house.”

It was not a long drive. Tom parked on the street, and got out. Percy was already opening the front door of his house. Amy opened her door, hurriedly climbed out of her seat, and ran towards the house, slamming the car door behind her.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in for a drink?” asked Tom. “Least you could do, Percy, after stabbing me with a knife.”

Percy looked conflicted. Then he said, without enthusiasm, “Why don’t you come in for a drink, Tom.”

“Be glad to,” said Tom. “Just don’t stab me again, okay?”

“I won’t,” Percy muttered.

Tom followed Percy into the house. He could hear Amy upstairs. “Bathroom?” he said.

“Up the stairs, straight in front of you,” said Percy. “What’ll you have to drink?”

“Oh, a beer if you have any,” said Tom.

“No,” replied Percy. “I have wine, or coke, or various squashes.”

“Wine’ll be great thanks,” said Tom. He went upstairs, and soon figured out which was the master bedroom. He entered it just in time to find Amy putting on a pair of jeans. She was still topless, and she looked up like a frightened rabbit as he entered.

Tom smiled. “No jeans,” he said. “Just your knickers, I think. That’ll be your outfit for the evening.”

“Oh please Tom,” she begged. “Not here, too!”

“Jeans off!” he said.

Reluctantly she removed them, and sat down heavily on the bed in just a pair of white panties. Tom pulled out his penis and offered it to her. Looking crestfallen, she took it into her mouth and sucked it for a minute or so.

He pulled out, and tucked himself away. “Now I’m going downstairs. Wait half a minute, then come down yourself. In just your panties.”

He chuckled, then went downstairs and entered the living room. Percy handed him a glass of wine, and then sat down on the couch. Tom sat himself in an armchair. “You found a job yet?” he asked.

“No,” said Percy mournfully. “It’s not proving easy.”

“Ah well – I’m sure things’ll look up,” said Tom.

Amy entered the room, looking very embarrassed in just a pair of panties.

“Amy!” said Percy, shocked. “Don’t you want to put something on?”

Amy glanced at Tom, then said, “Um, I thought I’d stay like this.”

Tom patted his lap. “Why don’t you come and sit down, Amy?” he said.

Percy looked horrified. “No! Amy, come and sit with me please.”

Amy stared from Tom to her husband, looking paralysed.

“Amy!” said Tom severely. “My lap, please.”

“No Amy – sit with me, please!” Percy begged her.

Amy hesitated, took half a step towards Percy, then stopped.

Tom unzipped his trousers and took out his erection. “Amy,” he said in a low voice that was almost a growl.

“Amy!” squeaked Percy. “Please don’t go to him!”

Looking miserable, Amy trotted over to Tom. As she turned to sit down on his lap, she pulled her panties down to her knees, and lowered herself carefully on to Tom’s penis. It slid up inside her, and she started to bounce slowly up and down upon it.

“Good girl,” Tom said.

Percy watched Tom’s erection sliding in and out of his wife’s vagina with a look of despair. “Amy!” he wailed.

Tears ran down Amy’s cheeks as she thrust herself up and down on Tom’s rigid shaft. He groaned with pleasure, and reached around her to squeeze her breasts with his hands. “All right, stop bouncing,” he said. “I don’t want to come just yet.”

Amy stopped, and settled herself down on Tom’s groin, with his penis buried in her to the hilt.

“Percy, why don’t you make us some dinner?” suggested Tom. “After that, you know, I’d rather not drink and drive…”

Percy stared at him.

“Amy,” said Tom, “what would you suggest, since I do plan on drinking some more wine during dinner?”

With a heavy heart, Amy said tonelessly, “Why don’t you stay the night, Tom.”

“Thanks, I will,” said Tom. “But … where would I sleep?”

“There’s a spare room with a bed in it,” said Percy.

“Hmm,” said Tom. “Amy? What do you think?”

“You could sleep in our bed, with me,” she muttered. “Percy could have the spare room.”

“Excellent suggestion,” said Tom. “Let’s do that, then.”

Percy’s expression was tragic.

Supper was mostly silent. Amy spent most of it under the table, sucking Tom’s cock. Afterwards, she sat in Tom’s lap again while they all watched television together. Shortly after ten o’clock, one by one they got ready for bed, and Tom and Amy disappeared into the master bedroom, closing the door behind them. Percy forlornly went to bed in the spare room.

Tom fucked Amy for over half an hour, slowing to a crawl every time he neared his climax. When he finally did allow himself to reach orgasm, it was one of the best he had ever had. He poured his semen inside her, and then he lay on top of her, with his penis stoppering her vagina, until he fell asleep.

He was a big man, and Amy was finding it hard to breathe. As soon as she heard him start to snore, she struggled to roll him off her and on to his back. This was achieved with some effort. Panting, she lay on her back, Tom’s semen oozing from her vagina.

She felt utterly wretched about what she had felt obliged to do to Percy that evening. She was powerless against Tom, she knew – she had to do everything he wanted. But that didn’t mean she liked any of it, and she felt horribly guilty about having to choose Tom for sex over her husband.

She slipped out of bed, and crept towards the bedroom door. At the very least, she wanted to spend part of the night in Percy’s loving arms. She would have to creep back in the early hours of the morning, of course, so that Tom would not wake and find her gone.

She had almost reached the bedroom door when it opened suddenly. And there was Percy, breathing heavily, with a kitchen knife in his hand.

Amy’s eyes widened. “No Percy!” she hissed.

“I have to!” he whispered back. “He’s stealing you from me! Just like Jeff did!”

“What’s going on?” asked Tom, turning on the bedside light. He stared at the knife in Percy’s hand. “Jeez, Percy, what’s with you and knives?”

“Leave my wife alone!” Percy shouted at Tom.

“I’m not forcing her, Percy,” said Tom. “If she chooses to sleep with me instead of you, then don’t blame me.”

“But you’re her boss! You’re taking advantage of her!” insisted Percy, tears in his eyes.

“Look, Percy, I’ll make you a deal,” said Tom. “I’m going to get dressed, go downstairs, and sit in my car. I’ll wait there for ten minutes, and then I’m going to drive back to my house. If I drive home alone, then I’ll give you your old job back, fire Amy, and everything will go back to how it was before.”

This sounded too good to be true. “What’s the catch?” asked Percy suspiciously.

“No catch,” said Tom with a shrug. “If, however, at the end of ten minutes Amy is sitting in my car giving me a blow-job, then I’ll take her home with me, you’ll never get your job back, Amy will stay in her current job, and you’ll hardly ever see her because I’ll keep her at my house when she’s not at work. She’ll fuck me and my friends whenever we want, and when she’s at work, she’ll fuck my team and any drivers who report to her window. I’ll even leave her there overnight sometimes so that the night crew can enjoy her until I return in the morning.”

He got out of bed and started getting dressed. “It’s up to Amy. You can talk with her all you like for the ten minutes that I’m outside in my car – do whatever you can to persuade her to stay. But you’ve got to promise me one thing: you won’t physically restrain her if she tries to leave the house.”

Percy nodded. “I promise.”

Tom smiled, and put his shoes on. “All right then. I’ll see you outside Amy.”

Amy stared at him as he walked up to her and took her in his arms. He kissed her on the lips, and she slipped her tongue into his mouth. They tongue-wrestled for a minute or so, while he reached between her legs and stuck a finger up into her vagina. Stroking her g-spot, he broke off the kiss and whispered in her ear, “See you in a few minutes.” He pulled his finger out of her, then left the room.

Percy and Amy listened as he went downstairs and left through the front door. A moment later, they heard his car door shut. Percy heaved a sigh of relief. “Wow – I can’t believe he expects you to go with him!”

Amy nodded. “I know – it seems too easy.”

“Do you really think he’ll keep his word?” asked Percy.

“I don’t know – I think he might,” said Amy.

They went to the window and looked out at Tom’s car, darkly illuminated under the sodium vapour lamps. “I didn’t notice what time he left,” said Percy. “How long do you think it’s been?”

“A couple of minutes, maybe,” said Amy, glancing at the clock on her bedside table.

Percy sighed. “My poor sweet Amy,” he said. “How you must have suffered at work – I’m so sorry I suggested you get a job there.”

Amy shuddered. “Yes, well, thankfully I never have to go back.”

Percy was silent for a minute. Then he said, “I’m still not sure I understand why you had to go to Tom, down in the living room…”

Shame filled Amy’s heart as she remembered Percy’s expression as she had sat on Tom’s erection. He had looked so betrayed. Why had she thrust herself up and down on Tom’s penis, when it was so obviously hurting her husband?

It was Tom’s power over her, of course. His dominance was absolute. He had taken possession of her, and she was helpless to refuse him. She remembered his look of confidence as he described what would happen to her if she went with him – as if, despite knowing how horrible it would all sound to her, he knew for a fact that she would go with him.

She shuddered. She hated Tom – and all of the loaders. Horrible men, all of them. The thought of getting back to her old life and not having to return to that warehouse office was such a relief…

Roughly eight minutes had now passed. Amy sat down on the bed, and Percy sat beside her. He put an arm around her. “You okay?” he asked.

Amy nodded, and put her head on his shoulder. Poor Percy – he still loved her just the same, even after she had rejected him for Tom. He was a wonderful man. Weak, yes, but patient, generous, loving, tender … and incredibly forgiving. Nine minutes. Yes, Percy was wonderful … while she, on the other hand, never even put up a fight to remain faithful to him. She did not deserve such a wonderful husband.

She heard Tom’s car start, and panic gripped her. “Goodbye Percy!” she whispered, tears springing to her eyes. She jumped up, ran out of the room, and hurried downstairs.

Behind her, Percy cried out in alarm, “No! Amy! What are you doing?”

But she was already through the front door and running down the garden path, still completely naked. She reached the passenger door of Tom’s car, opened it, and jumped in. Throwing her head down upon Tom’s lap, she found that he had already taken out his penis. She took it into her mouth and started sucking, while tears ran down her cheeks.

Tom sneered at Percy, who was running down the path towards the car. Then he put his foot down, and headed off along the road at speed. Laughing, he patted Amy’s head. “My goodness, Amy,” he said with a smirk, “you certainly know how to suck a man’s dick. How would you fancy being fucked by a homeless man? I know I’d like to see that. I know just where to find some at this time of night, too.”

Amy, with her mouth full of Tom’s penis, did not reply. But as Tom drove them towards one of the more run-down parts of town, her vagina began to lubricate in anticipation…

THE END