

## THE FULL EMPLOYMENT ACT

by

Joe Doe

THIS STORY WAS INSPIRED BY AN ITEM THAT WAS POSTED TO THE OLD GROUP  
ABOUT AN UNEMPLOYED GERMAN PROFESSIONAL WOMAN FORCED TO INTERVIEW  
AS A PHONE SEX OPERATOR IN ORDER TO KEEP HER UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS.  
COULD IT HAPPEN HERE?

WELL, IF "HERE" IS THIS FORUM, THE ANSWER IS, DEFINITELY, YES!

## Part 1

"And so you see, Miss Abbot, this has all been a horrible mistake. I'm a computer programmer, not a prostitute. I was laid off three weeks ago. And yesterday I received a letter from the government telling me that, if I didn't accept one of the three job offers I'd received, my unemployment benefits would be suspended, and my former company would terminate my insurance. Then my bank called this morning to tell me that the government had frozen all my accounts."

"Oh, dear!" Jill Abbot said, "You do seem to be in a bit of a pickle. Let me check the records and see what I can learn."

Cameron fidgeted in her chair as Jill retrieved and leisurely reviewed the records on her laptop. "Let's see: Cameron Bay, age 28, Senior Systems Analyst. My, such an important sounding title for such a cute little thing. Ah...bachelor's in computer science from M.I.T. -- magna cum, too." (Heh, heh..."cum.")

"I bet you were in a sorority, weren't you, dear?"

"Yes, president, in fact," Cameron replied. "But I don't see what that has to do with...."

"I see what's happened now," Jill said. "I pulled your picture up out of the government job bank. Oh, dear. I guess I should have checked your background more closely. But you were so hot-looking I immediately sent in requests for you to work at three of our locations, so the government's new "three strike" rule kicked in."

"Well, we need to get this corrected. I am most definitely not a prostitute. Take my name off your applicant list," Cameron said.

"It's not that simple. If you don't interview, you'll lose your benefits. And, if I don't send the government the proper interview forms after you show up, they'll boot me out of the program."

"I don't understand," Cameron said. "What interview forms?"

"I have to register you as an applicant and take you through the interview process. That's the only way to get your name off the suspension list."

"I have to fill out an application?"

"No, silly, I've already entered your information electronically. This is more like...an audition."

"Audition!" Cameron snapped. "I'm not going to audition to be

a prostitute. There is no way I'm coming to work for you. My old friend, Ashley Johnson, is a lawyer, and...."

"Suit yourself, dear," Jill shrugged. "But I should warn you that the system has already filed the foreclosure forms with the bank."

"Foreclosure?" Cameron squeaked.

"On your house and car," Jill said casually. "You have financing for both, and, when you ignored my first three interview requests, the government issued a repayment demand."

Cameron gasped. A few years ago, like many yuppies, she had mortgaged herself to the hilt to buy a huge, luxurious home. At the time, home prices were rising and interest rates low, so why not live like a millionaire? But....

"I can't pay for all that! I don't have a job now."

"But you'll have to pay off the balance immediately, dear, or your house and car will be sold at auction. On the brighter side, although YOU can't access any of your accounts, I can draw out money to compensate me for every month you refuse to work."

"I'll be ruined!" Cameron wailed. "You can't do this to me! I'm a

respected citizen! A college graduate! A...a registered Democrat!  
I voted for Hope and Change!"

"Excellent. That also describes a lot of my applicants, dear.  
Many of you people tend to live way beyond your means. Besides,  
no need to be so dramatic. Clearly you don't belong here, but  
we have to adhere to the terms of the "Full Employment Act" that  
was passed by the lame duck Congress last fall. There is,  
however, a difference between being interviewed and being hired,  
you know. I don't want to lose my access to the job program, and  
you don't want to lose everything you own. If you agree to an  
audition, we'll both get what we want."

"Wh-what would I have to do?"

"For starters, you can sign this form; it's standard." Befuddled,  
Cameron complied, and Jill slipped the paper into her lap drawer,  
thinking, "NOW I have you."

"Okay, stand up," she said with a tight smile. "I'll be giving you  
orders, but don't worry -- I know what I'm doing. If you'll just  
be properly obedient, we'll sort everything out. Now, first of  
all, remember that you're in here asking for a job, eager for an  
audition.... And I didn't give you permission to sit down."

Cameron could feel her heart beating as she stood up before the woman who was bidding to become her employer. Her potential boss looked to be in her late thirties, overweight and homely. Not ugly, exactly, but very plain and rather...well, dumpy.

When they had first met, Cameron had felt every bit Jill's superior. After all, she was a computer whiz, and there had clearly been some sort of computer glitch. The lowly sex industry worker looked to be little more than a clerk — a bureaucratic zombie -- and Cameron had treated her as such.

Now, as she stood in front of the woman's desk, she was anything but superior. Her heart raced, her face felt flushed, and a trickle of sweat ran down her back.

She had originally thought to dress casually, but, in the end, had opted for a smart suit. The more sophisticated her attire, she reasoned, the more obviously absurd her predicament would be. So she was wearing an expensive charcoal suit with a white silk blouse. She looked sophisticated, professional, and well-educated.

Although she didn't know it, Cameron looked like everything Jill despised.

"Turn around," Jill said.

Cameron awkwardly turned in a circle.

"No, not like that," Jill said crisply. "Slowly...so I can see you. "Imagine you're in the lineup, and the customers are looking you over. The men need to see the merchandise."

Cameron clenched her teeth at the word, "merchandise," but she was in no position to argue.

She turned slowly...slowly...slowly in a circle as Jill's bovine eyes appraised her figure.

Jill picked up a cardboard box of garbage bags and held it across the desk. "Go ahead and take one."

A puzzled Cameron pulled a bag out of the box.

"Open it," Jill sighed.

Cameron shook the bag open and looked inside. "I don't get it. What's supposed to be inside?"

"In about two minutes, your purse and all your clothes," Jill said dryly.

"What?" Cameron said.

"Strip. Totally. Everything in the bag."

"No! I can't...."

"You can, and you will," Jill said. "You aren't auditioning for Mensa. If the government auditors see I rejected you, I need to prove due diligence."

"You expect me to take off my clothes? In front of YOU?"

"Think you're too good to strip for me?" Jill spat back. "I saw it on your face the moment you walked in here. Just another little Prom Queen who thinks she can wipe her ass on my desk and dance away. Well, Princess, you're not a systems analyst any longer, and I'm the boss now. Strip! Strip or you'll lose your house."

Cameron bit her lip and glared at Jill with undisguised hatred as she took off her stylish jacket.

"That's a good girl," Jill said, in a patronizing voice. "You do exactly what Miss Jill tells you, and we'll get along just fine."



Cameron took off her shoes next and dumped them, along with her purse, into the bag.

"Gently, dear," Jill chided. "Expensive clothing is worthy of respect."

Cameron clenched her teeth as she slowly unbuttoned her white silk blouse.

Jill smiled. Slow and shy made it sweeter for her.

Cameron carefully folded her blouse and dropped it into the bag.

She paused briefly and then unzipped her skirt. A moment later, she stood in front of Jill in her slip.

Jill smiled. "Don't stop now, dear. I have to see you...ALL of you. Every inch." She barely suppressed a chuckle.

Cameron pulled her slip over her head.

"Oh, I see you're wearing pantyhose. That will never do. Our gentlemen prefer garter belts and stockings. You're going to have to start dressing for our customers, dear."

Cameron awkwardly removed her pantyhose as Jill mocked her. "You

are quite the honey, aren't you? I bet the boys just fell all over themselves running after you. But you were also a little ice princess, too, weren't you? Did you make fun of the fat girls in school, Cameron? Did you call them 'heifers' or 'porkers'? Did humiliating others make you feel smarter...or sexier? Was it good for you? Because this is certainly good for me."

Cameron shivered as she stood before Jill dressed in nothing but her silky blue bra and panties.

"Baby blue is definitely your color," Jill sneered. "I think I'll dress you just like that for the 'pussy parade.' Do you know what that is, Cameron? That's what I call the lineup I was telling you about, where the customers come in, and all the girls parade around in their scanties and flirt and primp and beg to be fucked."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because I can," Jill replied coldly. "There are thousands of girls like you — snooty little bitches who need to be taught a good lesson. You just happened to fall between the cracks, and now it's going to cost you. How do you like your government's new social safety net, Cameron? Won't it be great when you get turned out in the streets to earn your living?"

"But I'm entitled...."

"You're a bum, not a taxpayer," Jill shot back. "That means you're entitled to suck dick and swallow every drop. Times have changed, dear. We can't have lazy little bimbos like you sponging off property owners like me -- unless, of course, you are an illegal alien, and even that's changing. Now instead of sucking up the taxpayer's money, you'll be sucking the taxpayers off."

"But don't think you have to worry your pretty little head about the big picture," Jill said. "You have customers to serve, and I have a business to run, and neither of us makes money by jawboning. So get on with it."

"Get on with what?"

"The bag isn't full yet, Cameron. Your baby blue frillies are cute, but I have to see your titties and that hot little nook between your legs."

Cameron turned her back before unsnapping her bra.

"Oooh, a shy one," Jill taunted. "You're pretty when you blush. Maybe I'll send you over to the Naked Nooky strip club and let

you peel down in front of a couple of hundred guys. They love the blushers. And it's good advertising for me, since the MC always tells the guys they can come here to fuck you."

Cameron felt a ripple of fear wash over her as she stood, her arms crossed over her bare chest and her back turned. This building was only a few blocks from where she worked. She didn't know whether any of her former co-workers frequented it, but she knew some of the low-life grunts went to the nearby strip club.

She felt queasy as she imagined herself up on stage, prancing and grinding before the grinning louts who had once been her subordinates.

At work, Cameron had been aloof, sophisticated, and sarcastic. She had flirted with her superiors, sneered at her peers, and ignored the rest.

There was a long line of men who would love to fuck her.

She needed to make sure no one from her old life ever found out about this. If she did have to take this terrible job for a few days, she would request a location far, far away from her old employer.

Jill's shrill voice shocked her back to reality.

"Those are very nice panties for a systems analyst. All soft, and smooth, and silky. Of course, you're not a systems analyst anymore, are you? And that means you're going to have to put your panties in the bag."

Blushing even redder, Cameron bit her lip as she pulled down her panties and tossed them into the bag.

"You have a cute little butt," Jill teased. "It says on your form that you graduated from Lincoln High School. Do you know a Mr. Chambers?"

"He used to be my principal," Cameron mumbled.

"Well, he's one of my best customers," Jill said enthusiastically.

"He likes to have the girls dress in school uniforms and then smack their bare fannies. Do you think he remembers you?"

"Yes. I was the school valedictorian and head cheerleader."

"Terrific," Jill said with a laugh. "We have a cheerleading uniform. Now one more question, Cameron, and answer me true. We're you a naughty girl in school?"

"No," Cameron said. "I was a good girl. I never did anything wrong."

"Sometimes it's the good girls who need to have their fannies tanned the most. We have a whole principal's office set up here. I can see you now, shuffling and stammering as you stand in front of his desk. I'm sure it will be quite a thrill for him, seeing as how you used to be one of his students. I bet you're just the kind of girl he used to dream of spanking, but couldn't.

"Maybe I'll suggest that he bring in your old school records, so that you can try to answer for every sick day, and every class you didn't get an 'A' in. You'll try to worm your way out of it, but I expect before long one of your answers will land you over his knee, with your tiny skirt flipped up and your cute little underpants down around your knees. And maybe he'll just confiscate those panties...permanently."

"You can't turn me over to that...that...pervert," Cameron gasped.

"We don't have perverts here, Cameron," Jill corrected. "We have customers -- customers you will please. Mr. Chambers is going to have a fun time brightening your cute little buns."

Jill smiled as she watched Cameron's luscious bottom cheeks spasm and clench at the thought of her old principal's discipline.

"Now turn around, dear. I have to see the rest of you."

Cameron slowly turned around.

"Hands on top of your head, honey. Show me the goods."

Cameron blanched at the commercial term, "goods." Had she really come to this?

Jill let out an appreciative whistle as she inspected Cameron's naked form.

"Very nice, Princess. I bet you that guys would have run in front of a train chasing after you. Of course, now you'll be a lot easier to catch, once I put a bar code on your pussy."

Cameron squirmed in helpless humiliation as Jill cackled at her own wit. "Speaking of which, those pubes have to go. Dying your hair blonde is fine, but you don't want the customers to know you're not natural. And, since we'll have the cheerleader's outfit, it's probably better if we do the schoolgirl thing -- put your hair in

pigtails and give you a lollipop."

"That's disgusting."

"You need to work on your self-image, dear," Jill chided. She pressed a button on her phone, and, a few seconds later, there entered a seedy-looking woman in a wrinkled scarlet dress, a cigarette dangling from her mouth. Cameron's hands flew back into the "coverage position," but the jaded hooker paid her no mind.

"This is Cameron," Jill explained. "She needs to be registered as a sex worker. And shave that hairy little twat of hers, too. She needs to be in Room C by 11AM. But be gentle with her, Leena. Our little princess has a college degree. And I'm sure these sordid surroundings are quite a shock to her delicate system."

The two women laughed as the prostitute opened the door and made an exaggerated, "this-way-Madam" gesture to usher Cameron out.

Cameron blushed beet red as the women's laughter burned in her ears. "I can't go outside," she protested. "I'm naked!"

"I'm sure none of the customers'll mind," Leena said. "Now get moving, honey buns!" she barked, punctuating her command with a



sharp slap on Cameron's bare bottom.

Cameron obediently (if reluctantly) headed toward the door, but, at the last minute, Jill called out to her, and Cameron turned.

"Wait," Jill said. "I almost forgot. Come here."

Cameron walked back and stood in front of Jill's desk.

"You neglected to tie off your bag."

Cameron reached down and pulled the yellow plastic ties to seal the garbage bag holding her ID, her clothes, and her old life.

"Be sure to tie it off tight, Princess. We don't want to lose any of your precious stuff."

Cameron finished tying the bag and dropped it on the floor. Jill watched with amusement as Leena grabbed the newcomer by her ear and led her out the door.

Unlike Cameron, the other prostitutes they encountered in the hallway were at least partially clothed. Cameron's hopes that the others would be sympathetic were dashed as the "new fish" endured a hail of catcalls.

As she entered the front office, Cameron was stunned to see a bald, fat, middle-aged businessman in an ugly purple tie paying his bill at the reception desk. Cameron blushed and squirmed as he ran his eyes over her naked body.

"How much for her?" he asked.

"She's new. Come back tomorrow, and you can have her any way you want her, for standard rates," the desk clerk replied casually.

Cameron watched in helpless horror as he made an appointment for 2PM the following day.

She stood naked in the hallway for almost twenty minutes as Leena gathered up and filled out the endless stream of government forms necessary to register her as a sex worker.

And, of course, she had to stand in helpless humiliation as a steady parade of customers ogled her. She was horrified by the casual way the clerk counted the cash and rang up the credit cards.

Don't ask for whom the bell tolls....

For Cameron these exchanges were exquisitely humiliating. But the jaded clerk acted as if she were working in, say, a dentist's office. Cameron stood naked and ashamed as the clerk casually made new appointments, greeted "customers," recorded payments, and accepted deliveries.

Cameron wished the floor would open up and swallow her when the UPS man came in. She prayed he wouldn't notice her, but what chance was there that a 23-year-old, muscular delivery man wouldn't notice the hot naked blonde standing a few feet away from him?

She stared at her bare feet as the delivery gofer looked her up and down.

"Don't I know you?" the puzzled delivery boy said. "Name starts with a 'B,' maybe."

"Bay," she said. "Cameron Bay. You used to pick up my parcels when I worked in the Lakewood Building."

"Yeah, I remember you," the UPS man said. "You were the one who always sent those overnight packages to Asia."

"I was in charge of outsourcing," Cameron said ruefully. "But then they outsourced ME."

"So you working here now?" he asked.

"Temporarily. Just for a couple of days."

He looked at her thoughtfully. Cameron squirmed as his eyes slowly traveled up and down her bare legs and attempted to x-ray through her modestly placed hands.

After what seemed to her to be a painfully long appraisal, he turned to the clerk.

"Do you accept new customers?" he asked.

"Yup. We even have a coupon...half off your first visit."

Cameron stood by helplessly as the clerk casually handed the grinning UPS man the coupon that marked her down 50%.

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## Part 2

The clerk scheduled the UPS man for noon, so that he could fuck Cameron on his lunch hour.

He asked that Cameron be dressed in business clothes. He had a particular scenario he wished to play out: Cameron would be a cash-strapped entrepreneur who desperately needed an UPS package containing a big check from a customer to save her business. Since she didn't have the money to pay for the delivery, she would beg the UPS man to "allow" her to pay another way.

Cameron shivered. That disgusting fantasy was all too close to the situation she was in now.

Leena finished the registration forms and led her into what looked like an examination room. Cameron grimaced when she saw that the exam table stirrups were already in place.

"Meg, getcher skinny butt in here," Leena yelled down the hall.

"I gotta give a new girl a run-through."

A few seconds later, a young, pretty redhead with adorable freckles ran into the room. She looked to be about Cameron's age. She was wearing a white lab coat, but, inexplicably, she had a harem dancer's costume on underneath.

The redhead began questioning Cameron as she washed her hands.

"I'm sorry we have to hurry, but I have a customer waiting. My

name is Meg."

"I'm Cameron."

"Do you have or have you ever had herpes, syphilis, gonorrhea, lice, HIV, or any other form of STD?"

"No," Cameron said. "Of course not."

"Okay, then, this should be easy. Hop up on the table and put your feet into the stirrups."

"But...."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to be checked every week," Meg explained.

"Government rules." She took Cameron's temperature and BP.

"Yeah," Leena said wistfully. "Ever since they legalized whoring, the gov't regulates us closer'n airline passengers. The old days were a lot more fun, if you ask me."

She smiled maliciously as the humiliated systems analyst put her feet reluctantly into the stirrups. "That sure is Grade A cunt," she commented.

The examination was quick and professional. Cameron turned her face to the wall as Meg's gloved hand briskly proceeded through its humiliating probing.

"HEY!" Leena called out. "If you want to fuck her, sign up at the front desk. This ain't a peepshow."

Cameron looked up to see two college boys standing in the doorway gaping at her fully exposed pussy. The boys laughed at her before turning and casually wandering down the hall.

Cameron's heart sank in despair. They hadn't even closed the door. Why bother? After all, the customers had a right to look, didn't they? Anyone who had a few spare dollars could see everything she had.

Meg withdrew her fingers and quickly snapped off the gloves.

"She's fine. Excellent health."

"Hear that, Peaches?" Leena taunted. "The good doctor says you're ready to work. You're all mine now."

Meg gave Cameron a wistful look and a sad goodbye as she left the room. For the first time that day Cameron felt a connection with another human being.

Cameron's moment of reflection didn't last long. As she tried to take her left foot out of the stirrup Leena grabbed her ankle.

"Where do you think YOU'RE going, Princess? We still have work to do. We gotta get that sweet little cunt cleaned up and ready for business."

She clipped Cameron's pubic hair down to stubble, then put on rubber gloves and dipped up a gob of a thick green gel.

"I'm gonna rub this in real good, so the hair won't grow back so fast. It itches and burns, but it's a lot faster'n shaving. You'll get this treatment a couple times a week. After a month or so, the follicles'll be dead."

She took far too long to massage the gel into Cameron's pussy, and it was obvious that she was enjoying it. "Since your house'll be locked up, you're gonna be staying here. And Jill said you could bunk with me. I'm gonna get to know this little honey pot of yours real well."

For the rinse, she took Cameron down the hall to a small shower room. She used one hand to hold the spray nozzle and the other to rub away the foamy suds.



To her dismay Cameron saw her beautiful pussy was now as clean as a baby's.

As Cameron dried herself, Leena disappeared. She returned a few minutes later with a stout middle-aged man sporting a goatee and a pony-tail. He was carrying a digital camera.

"Picture time, Goldilocks. A few for the government, a few for the files, and a few for advertising."

The government photos were straightforward. Full length front, sides, and back -- as well as a mug shot with her new sex worker registration number.

"When we call in they'll discontinue your social security number and give you one of these. It's nine characters, like a social security number, but it's what they call a...'alphanumeric.' It begins with an 'X,' so every one knows you're a sex worker. Your old records will need to be reclassified under your new number."

"But anyone I give that number to will know that I'm...."

"A whore?" Leena cackled. "Yeah, well, that's the price you pay for the glamorous life-style. Some of the girls are pretty pissed,

'cause, even when they leave the business, they have to keep the number. And they're pretty embarrassed to go to the doctor or the bank or a college with that big X in front." She chuckled.

The "file" photos were quite a bit more explicit. Cameron on her back with her legs spread wide. Cameron on all fours, legs spread, looking over her shoulder. Cameron doing squats.

The "advertising" photos were more demure — naked, nothing showing, big smile. But, despite the PG13 nature of the photos, the term "advertising" made Cameron shudder.

When the photo shoot was finished, Leena led her to a room with a "C" on the door. "Have fun," she said as she ushered her into the room.

Cameron was barely in the room when a large hand closed the door behind her. She was stunned to see the that surrounding her were seven Mexicans -- of various shapes and sizes.

And the biggest one was blocking the door.

"Ah, Señorita Bay has decided to make a visit to the other side of the tracks," one of the young Mexicans said. "Let's show her what it means to be a puta."

It took Cameron several seconds to focus and realize who the men were.

They were the janitorial staff of the company she used to work for.

She had often complained about their sloppy vacuuming, their leering manner, and the slipshod way they scrubbed out the toilets.

They hadn't been fired. But, when the last round of reductions came, Cameron's complaints had made them choice targets for a pay cut.

Two of the Mexicans grabbed Cameron by the arms and led her to the bed. For a moment she resisted, but then thought better of it.

There were seven of them, this was a whorehouse, and she was a whore. They were going to have her whether she liked it or not.

She had always hated the advice, "Just relax and enjoy it." She had actually slapped a man once for saying it.

But, as she climbed up onto the bed that was now her new workplace, that was precisely what she had to do.

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Jill put down the phone. It had taken her only a few minutes to arrange for the auction of Cameron's home and possessions. After paying her debts, the remainder would be held "in trust" by Jill, until Cameron completed her two year service contract.

Of course, if Cameron's performance was found to be unsatisfactory, her term of service would be extended. To three years. Or four. Or six. Or...

And, meanwhile, Jill would collect a fee as "trustee."

She casually paged through the government job bank photos on her laptop. So many layoffs. So many professional women, left to the mercy of any employer who cared to exploit them. How dreadful.

Dr. Meg had been among Jill's first. She had been an OBGYN until the cost of malpractice insurance forced her to retire. The little airhead was Harvard-educated, but she had been stupid enough to apply for unemployment benefits.

Now she belonged to Jill. It saved quite a bit of money to have a licensed doctor on staff. No more paying big bucks for the weekly

pussy certifications.

Recently Jill had recruited "talent" from the layoffs in the area surrounding her various brothels. Many professional men didn't want to fuck a real whore.

But they ALL wanted to fuck the woman in the corner office.

Jill smiled as she noted the UPS man in the appointment book. Like the Mexicans, he was a brand new customer. No doubt about it, Cameron would draw them like flies.

And now that Jill had Cameron's PDA and appointment book, she would know just whom to call.

She looked at the flyer on her desk. It contained two pictures of Cameron. The first was a shot of her in a navy blue business suit, looking every inch the professional. The second, taken that very day, showed a smiling Cameron demurely sitting on the floor with her knees drawn up to her chin to shield her nudity.

The headline of the advertisement read, "REMEMBER ME?"

My name is Cameron Bay, and I was a systems analyst in the Lakewood Building. You may have worked with me, or

passed me in the elevator, or seen me having lunch at one of the local eateries.

Did you ever wonder what it might be like if I were your girl? Sure you did! Well, due to the recent downturn in high tech, I'm now available to pleasure you in ways that you could barely even imagine before.

Call me at the number below and set up an appointment.

FANTASY SCENARIOS WELCOME!

555-3883

Jill smiled as she reviewed the ad. Dr. Miranda Gray deserved a "treat" for her input. She had been a psychiatrist at a hospital for the criminally insane before cutbacks in the state's budget landed her on Jill's doorstep.

Jill enjoyed having a clinical psychiatrist under her thumb. Miranda had specialized in the treatment of sex offenders, and she could anticipate a customer's every need and ensure that the right girl would suggest the right fantasy. As a bonus, Miranda was always ready with antidepressants when the new girls began to sink into despair.

It was Miranda who had suggested that they set up the various themed "playrooms" — doctor's office, prison cell, medieval dungeon, classroom, business office. The fantasy rooms had elevated Jill's business to an entirely new level.

Jill chuckled. Many of Miranda's most loyal customers were her former patients. Only now, instead of attempting to "cure" their perverted fantasies, Miranda pandered to them.

Jill toyed with the leaflets featuring Cameron's pictures. No doubt the security guards, waiters, and office boys who used to cater to Miss Smarty-Pants would jump at the chance to fuck her. Not to mention the feckless little nerds who had once reported to her.

It would be nice to have a computer programmer at her beck and call. She used the computer government job database extensively, but much of her business still relied on manual paperwork. There would be no limit on how many little bimbos she could enslave, once Cameron's computer skills allowed her to spread her operations to other cities.

She smiled as she casually paged through this week's layoffs. So many little chickens, so little time.

"Ah yes, here's an interesting one. Ashley Marsh, Attorney at Law.  
Terminated last week by her law firm."

Jill smiled as she double-clicked on Ashley's smiling picture.

"It might be handy to have a lawyer on staff...."

Edited by C. Lakewood

I think this story is one of Joe's all-time best. Unlike "Sucker  
Bet," it didn't actually NEED a continuation, but I just felt the  
urge. I've kept pretty well to the outline of Parts 1 and 2, but  
of course the details differ.



# THE FULL EMPLOYMENT ACT

by

C. Lakewood

## Part 3

Jill consulted her PDA, then picked up the phone and called the private number of the senior partner of the law firm of Burkhalter, Hochstetter, and Hogan. "Hello, A.B., this is Jill Abbot. How are things at BH&H?"

"So-so. What the Recession gives with one hand, it takes away with the other. What can I do for you?"

"What's the latest concerning Ashley?"

"Which Ashley?"

"Marsh."

"Ah, she has been appointed to the bench...."

"Oh, well.... But...there's another Ashley?"

"Ah, ya. There is Ashley Johnson. Her job here is hanging by a thread. Serious clients have been avoiding her like the plague ever since that fiasco...er...incident...at the college."

[See "The Worst Part is the Waiting," by Joe Doe.]

"Oh, really?" ("Hmmm...Cameron mentioned her," Jill thought. "And she must be attractive -- I can practically hear the old bastard leer.) "Well, A.B., I think maybe we can do each other a favor...."

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In due course, therefore, Ashley Johnson, Attorney at Law, arrived at the office of Blue Moon Entertainment, clutching a file of ominous papers -- a termination letter from BH&H, a notice from the bank freezing her accounts, ditto from her broker, a foreclosure notice from the mortgage company, a cancellation notice from her credit card company, repossession papers on her car, and the standard threatening letter from the government.

Prior to this, however, Jill had done her homework and had learned

a great deal about Ashley Johnson from a variety of sources, but especially from the dossier BH&H had provided.

The interview with Ashley proceeded along much the same lines as the meeting with Cameron Bay...except, instead of all the pathetic hope-and-change blather that Cameron had spouted, Ashley tried to cloud the issue with legalistic mumbo-jumbo. And that didn't work, either.

Ashley was also rather less naive than Cameron and actually read the "standard" waiver before signing it. (Unfortunately for her, "Contract Law" was never her strong suit.)

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After stripping the merchandise and looking it over, Jill pressed a button, and, a moment later, an Oriental -- probably Japanese -- hooker type entered the office. Barely 5' tall, she was wearing a dark green tank-top, grey jeans, and sandals. A leather strap hung from her right wrist. Scowling, she looked at Ashley the way a Doberman might regard a pork chop. "Angel, this is Ashley, a shyster," Jill said. Angel sneered. Jill handed over a clipboard. "Here's all the particulars. Get her registered and processed. And there's a V.I.P. waiting for you in the Green Room. You know him. He wants to...observe."

Angel nodded and opened the office door. "Go!" she said to Ashley.

"But...I'm-I'm.... Aaaa!"

A woman of few words, Angel responded by giving Ashley a hard swat across her plump bottom with the strap. For such a small woman, she was surprisingly strong.

Jill laughed. "Do yourself a favor and obey orders first time, every time, Sugar." Ashley didn't need further coaching.

At the end of a short hallway, just short of the reception area, they came to the "Green Room" -- which turned out not to be green, but rather nicely paneled in old mahogany, and furnished with Victorian and Edwardian antiques. As they entered, Ashley was stunned to see a balding, elderly man sitting comfortably in a wing chair, sipping tea, smoking a cigar, and casually leafing through an issue of "Leg Show" magazine. He looked up as Ashley and Angel arrived. "Ah, Ashley," he said jovially. "How very nice to see you again after all these years." Ashley blushed furiously and attempted to cover herself...and then yelped as Angel slapped her bottom again with the strap.

"No false modesty, whore. You say hello to Mr. Chambers.... And

do it nice."

"H-hello, sir. I-I'm ha-happy to see you again, too, sir."

"Come closer, dear. Within reach."

Ashley shuffled forward, and Angel turned away, saying, "I'll be back."

Chambers chuckled. "The accent isn't Austrian, but still...."

Ashley, not being much of a fan of action movies, had no idea what he was talking about, but quickly forgot the remark when he began caressing her ass.

"Mmmm," he said. "You obviously take good care of your skin, girl. Have your lovers commented on it?"

"Um...um...yes, sir...once in a while.... But...but...this is all a terrible mistake. I shouldn't be here. I'm not a...a...."

"A whore? Well, it is what it is, as they say. I'd advise you to adapt to your situation. You were always good at that. I remember you were such a tease in school, promising much, but delivering almost nothing at all. I don't imagine you're still a virgin now,

though."

"N-no, sir."

"No. After all, it's been almost 15 years. I suspect that, during the intervening time, your cunt has been well-used by men -- even some women -- usually people who could give you a better grade or a favorable verdict, or otherwise advance your career."

Ashley cringed. How transparent she must be.

"Yes, your cunt's probably had quite a work-out. And your mouth (though I imagine you'll have to learn to swallow).... But what about your asshole?"

"My...my...? Oh, I've NEVER done...."

"Ha! Well, you will. And often. Matter of fact, I'm looking forward to butt-fucking you myself." He tickled her asshole with his pinky. "I like to use a girl's cunt-juice for lube. Are you wet, Ashley?"

"N-no, sir...."

"Tsk, ts. You SHOULD be, you know. They want you to be wet and

ready to fuck at all times. If you're not, they'll start feeding you aphrodisiacs -- LOTS of 'em.... And they won't let you play with yourself, so it won't be like high school."

From the outset, Angel had seen that Chambers -- the V.I.P. -- was enjoying himself, and so, after filling out the stack of government forms required to register Ashley as a sex worker, she took time for a smoke, a snack, and a chat with a couple of "colleagues" before returning to the Green Room.

By the time she rejoined them, Ashley and Chambers had been left to get re-acquainted for more than half an hour.

He hadn't minded a bit. But Ashley looked rather sweaty and a bit distraught.

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"Physical next," Angel grunted. She herded Ashley out the door and across the reception area. To Ashley's chagrin, Chambers drank the last of his tea, rose, and followed them.

It was a fair-sized room. Most of one wall was taken up by a mirror, and white cabinets were ranged along another wall.

There were various pieces of medical equipment here and there,

and, in the center of the room, an exam table, complete with stirrups.

An older man in a white lab coat stood beside the table. His face was blotchy, there were tiers of dark bags under his rheumy eyes, his wispy grey hair was uncombed, and he hadn't shaved in days. Yet, when he saw Ashley, he straightened up and smiled thinly.

"Remember me, Ashley?" His voice was hoarse.

"N-no...I don't think so...."

"I'm not really surprised; I've come down in the world since you crucified me for malpractice, got my insurance cancelled, drove me into bankruptcy, and had my medical license revoked."

"D-doctor Martens?"

"Ah, Martens is still the name, but the title "Doctor" is not allowed these days. I'm a veterinarian's assistant now. But I'm here pro bono, shall we say, and I have retained enough medical know-how to do THIS job." He patted the table. "Sit here."



His gaze shifted to Chambers, and he raised his eyebrows quizzically.

"V.I.P.," Angel explained.

"And Ashley's former high school principal," Chambers added.

Martens nodded, and his smile broadened. "Welcome."

He took Ashley's blood pressure in a professional manner, then ordered her to get up on all fours. "Bow your back and push your buttocks as high as you can. Yes. Now hold it just like that."

He dipped a rectal thermometer into a jar of some pink goo, winked at Chambers, and sloooowly snaked it deep into Ashley's ass. She gasped. Martens observed for a moment, then picked up a clipboard and said, nonchalantly, "Now pay attention, Ashley. Answer these questions as accurately as possible.... Do you now have or have you ever had genital herpes?"

"No."

He dehydrated her with a look. "Let me remind you that you are now a whore. I may have sunk low -- but not THAT low. You will

address me respectfully. As a matter of fact, you should consider just about everybody as your betters and treat them accordingly. Try again. Genital herpes?"

"N-no, s-s-sir." (Her tone was much more submissive, though she didn't sound completely accepting of her new status. Yet.)

"Syphilis or gonorrhea?"

"No, sir."

"HIV?"

"No, sir."

"Scabies?"

"No, sir."

"Any other STD?"

"No, sir."

"Crab lice?"

"No, sir."

"You a virgin?"

"No, sir."

"Except for...?" Chambers interjected.

"Except f-for my...a-a-asshole, sir."

"And that's already been spoken for," Chambers added.

Grinning now, Martens finished the questionnaire. "Any allergies?"

"No, sir."

"You like to suck dick and swallow cum?"

"Um...um...um...."

WHAP! Angel's strap landed, hard, just below the protruding thermometer.

"Aaaa! Yes! Yes, sir. I LOVE sucking dick...and-and-and I want to learn to swallow cum, sir."

Martens twirled the imbedded thermometer, pulled it out, and scrutinized it. "Good enough." He slapped Ashley's ass sharply. "Now, over on your back and put your feet in the stirrups." She obeyed, but slowly. "Shy, Ashley? You'll get over that. You'll get an exam like this at least every week -- the feds require it. But, get off the table and bend over. Only six this time I think, Angel Food, but put your back into it. And, Ashley, don't break position, or there'll be extras."

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

"Now get back in the stirrups, and don't dawdle."

"Yes, sir," she sniffed. (The attitude adjustment was successful.)

He snapped on a pair of latex exam gloves, greased up the fingers of his right hand with the pink goo, and went to work.

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The digital examination was lengthy and ultra-thorough, a tour de force. Ashley was left twitching and softly moaning, having cum -- against her will -- three times. Chambers felt like applauding. Even Angel (who had seen dozens of these exams) was blinking in admiration.

Martens turned from Ashley's crotch and stripped off his gloves. "Everything's okay. The cunt's nicely toned, and the asshole's exceptionally tight. Get rid of the beaver, and she'll be ready for the photographer."

Angel regarded Ashley a moment, but then backed up a step and looked at the V.I.P. "The beaver's my job...but maybe you'd like to help, sir."

"Delighted," Chambers said.

Angel clipped Ashley's pubic hair down to stubble, shaved her close, and then had Chambers put on exam gloves and take over. Under her guidance, he smeared a viscous green gel over Ashley's pubic area. "Massage it in real good, sir. It'll itch bad -- 'specially since she's just cum -- but it'll kill the follicles, and the hair'll never grow back. It takes a few treatments,

though, 9 or 10."

"No matter how many, I'd be happy to help out," Chambers said.

He took his time massaging the gel into Ashley's crotch, making sure to treat the whole area, from clit to asshole, incidentally causing her to cum yet again. By the time he was satisfied, she was whimpering unintelligibly and squirming weakly.

Angel and Chambers helped Ashley off the table and down the hall to a shower room to rinse off. He was already envisioning how he'd put Ashley and Cameron through their paces, separately...and together. Despite his cool demeanor, he was salivating.

"Hurry up and dry off," Angel growled at Ashley. "And get ready for the camera."

"Will the pictures be for sale?" Chambers inquired.

"Maybe. You'll have to ask Miss Abbot. Some are like mug shots -- for the gov'ment -- some are like really soft-core for the ads, and some are like XXX pics for our files." She was becoming more loquacious. "Some of those are really good, hot but artistic, too. And then, after the boss reviews the pics, she'll decide where the princess gets her bar code tattoo...."

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Jill clicked off the spy-cam, figuratively licking her chops.

"Satisfactory," she murmured. And, having decided to place Ashley's bar code like a 'tramp stamp,' she went to lunch.

Three hours later, back in her office, she smoothly arranged the last details of the foreclosure and sale of Ashley's condo and personal property. And then she looked over the draft advertising flyer on her desk. Art and Editorial had done a good, fast job. The ad had two pictures of Ashley. The first showed her in the wig and black robe of a British barrister, a solemn expression on her face. The second featured her naked, in shackles, head bowed, reddened butt showing, in a generic courtroom, kneeling in front of the bench of an unseen judge.

The headline on the leaflet read, as usual, "REMEMBER ME?"

My name is Ashley Johnson, and I was a hot-shot lawyer once. I represented greedy bimbos in divorce proceedings against their hard-working husbands; got illegal aliens amnesty and generous government hand-outs; took advantage of every slimy technicality to subvert justice and obtain freedom for persistent DUIs, vandals, crooked politicians,

thieves, drugees, and other low-lives. And I always represented militant feminists practically pro bono.

But now I want to start making amends. This is a change that you can REALLY believe in.

You may remember me from back in the day, when I was the coolest girl in school -- honor roll, athletic championships, prom queen -- unapproachable by 90% of the students (and 75% of the faculty)....

More recently, you may have seen me on television or in the newspapers and started fantasizing about me...again.

Well, I'm now available....

Call me at the number below and set up an appointment.

LIVE YOUR FANTASY!

555-3883

Jill approved the copy without change.

No doubt the court clerks, paralegals, office boys, would-be



romeos, and frustrated colleagues -- who used to have to jump to Ashley's whims -- would enjoy some serious pay-back.

Jill leaned back comfortably and spent some time in considering how best to merchandise her latest acquisition. She then segued into contemplating with satisfaction all the miscellaneous legal work she could dump off onto her new in-house attorney....

Life was good.