

Slaves of Hawthorne Manor

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At three stories and nearly seventeen thousand square feet of brick sitting on over eight hundred acres of wide open fields surrounded almost completely by a sea of trees, Hawthorn Manor was something straight out of a fairytale including a huge angelic fountain where the wide, topiary lined driveway became a turnaround. Nervously parking her car, Kiera stepped out, smoothed her skirt and put the suit jacket on and then approached the dwelling she had only dreamt of visiting. Unfortunately, this was no social call and the more she gazed around the vast property the more she hoped to land the live-in position even if it was as maid.

Stopping momentarily at the fountain, Kiera felt her cheeks blush when she realized the three angels positioned wings spread in a circle were not just naked, but carved in meticulous detail from the individual feathers of the wings and erect, ringed nipples, all the way down to the perfectly sculpted vulva between their legs. Telling herself it was only a fountain, she shook her head to clear her thoughts and then walked up to the door and rang the bell. A moment later it silently opened and she found herself face to face with a stunning, pale-skinned redhead wearing a French maid outfit consisting of a completely sheer black dress with lacy white apron – if one could call something that barely covered the behind that, g-string, thigh-high stockings and a pair of three inch heels.

“Welcome to Hawthorne Manor, can I help you?”

“Um...My name is Kiera Dawson and I’ve got an interview with Mr. Hawthorne about the, um, maid position.”

“Please come in.” The woman stepped aside and when Kiera entered the lavishly furnished and decorated mansion she closed the door. “I see the way you’re looking at me and while I don’t mind, Mr. Hawthorne is a very busy man so I’m going to ask you a few questions to see if it’s worth his time taking you to see him.”

“Um, okay. And you are?”

“My name is Sadie and I’m the head maid. Question one: Are you going to have a problem wearing exactly what I am right now whether Mr. Hawthorne is home alone or entertaining guests?”

“You wear that in front of other people?”

“I and the other nine maids. I ask again, are you going to have a problem wearing it even if there’s a couple hundred people around to see everything you’ve got to offer?”

“I assume the outfit is non-negotiable?”

“You would be correct.”

“Then I suppose I’ll just have to swallow my pride and wear it.”

“Question two: Mr. Hawthorne values his privacy above all else and to that end you’ll be required to sign a very strict non-disclosure agreement forbidding you from speaking of what you may see here for the rest of your life. Is that going to be a problem?”

“I have no problem with that as long as what he does isn’t illegal.”

“I can assure you nothing Mr. Hawthorne does is illegal. Question three: Is remaining here on the property for your ninety day probationary period going to be an issue?”

“You mean I won’t be allowed to leave at all?”

“That is correct. Mr. Hawthorne has a certain way he wants things done and given the size of the place and the duties you’ll be required to perform he insists all new hired remain on the property during the probationary period. After that you’ll be free to come and go as you

please. During this time you'll be permitted guests, but they must follow a set of rules to ensure everything continues to run smoothly. Is this going to be a problem?"

"It sounds a bit...odd, but as long as I'm allowed guests and the use of my phone I can live with it. Can I ask what the rules guests must follow are so I can tell my family and friends?"

"Sure. There are three of them and they are very simple. One: they must give no less than a twenty-four hour notice before visiting. Anyone arriving unannounced will be turned away at the door. The first time it happens you'll get a warning. The second time is a month without pay or disciplinary actions and the third time is discipline or firing. Oh, and the discipline goes for you and your uninvited guests to you might want to make them aware of that fact. Two: absolutely no recording devices what so ever. This includes cell phones. Breaking this rule will result in the same punishments as rule one. And rule three: they are required to sign non-disclosure agreements."

"Um, what do you mean by disciplinary actions?"

With a completely straight and serious face, Sadie answered. "Mr. Hawthorne believes in corporal punishment and if you break the rules enough to warrant it you'll be caned."

"Holy crap! Are you serious?"

"Very. All of this will be in the forms you'll be reading assuming we make it that far, but the first infraction is twenty-five swats, the second is fifty and every one after that is one hundred. And they won't reset back to twenty-five unless you make it a full year without breaking the rules. So, you still interested in the job?"

"The risk of being caned aside, yes, I'm still interested."

"Then please strip out of your clothes."

"Excuse me?"

"Clothes. Take them all off. You've seen your uniform. Everyone working here is going to see what you have to offer and showing up to see Mr. Hawthorne naked will make him more likely to give you the position."

"While it's true I can see your breasts and behind, you're wearing panties so not everything is showing."

"I can take them off if you would like to see, but that aside, like every other person working here I was presented to Mr. Hawthorne butt naked so I ask you again to please strip."

Swallowing her pride and vigorously chewing her lower lip, Kiera weighed her options and after carefully considering the hefty salary to embarrassment ratio she took her clothes off – her panties hitting the floor just in time for a well-built, clan-cut man in his early thirties wearing nothing more than a thong, pair of chaps and boots to walk in. Her arms flew into action – the right covering her breasts, the left her womanhood, but his grin and knowing look told her it was too little, too late and so she lowered them in defeat."

"And who do we have here?" The man asked as his eyes took in every beautiful inch of Kiera's naked body.

"This is Kiera Dawson and she's here for the maid position. And this is Dexter. He's one of Mr. Hawthorne's landscapers."

"Pleasure to meet you," he said, offering Kiera his hand. She took it and he slowly twirled her around. "Good luck with the interview. Though, with a body like yours I don't Mr. Hawthorne turning you down."

"Um, thanks I think."

"You're quite welcome. Well, as much as I'd like to stay and chat I need to grab some water and get back to it. See you ladies later."

When Dexter was out of earshot, Sadie continued. "Since there's no polite way to say it, He wants you. Actually, all of the men and most of the women will once they see you so get used to the stares and sexual advances. If you encourage it or say nothing they're going to assume you're okay with it so if you're not then I strongly suggest politely telling them you're not interested. For instance, like Dexter I find you incredibly attractive. Would you be interested in doing a sixty-nine after you're hired?"

Despite the warning, Kiera's gut instinct was to slap the pretty redhead across the face, but she managed to hold the urge in check. "I'm straight."

"So am I but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy pleasuring each other."

"Um, pretty sure that's exactly what it means. Anyways, I'm not interested in sex with women so please don't ask again."

"As you wish, but if you ever change your mind let me know and I'll gladly show you just how amazing sex with another woman can be."

On their way to Mr. Hawthorn's office, Sadie introduced the new hopeful to three more members of the staff. The first was one of the chefs - a blue-eyed raven-haired beauty named Paige whom also asked for and was declined sex. The second was a well-toned mixed-race man named Liam who, despite her continued humiliation at being asked for sex, nearly accepted on the grounds she really wanted to see if that huge bulge barely contained in his thong was as big as she imagined or if he has a few rolled up socks in there with him. And the last person she met truly made her head spin.

The office door opened as Sadie and Kiera approached and a petite, perky breasted brunette walked out butt naked. Unable to help herself, Kiera gave the woman a once over and when her eyes fell to the long, still soft dick hanging between her legs she nearly choked on her gasp.

"Oh, hey Sadie," the woman said.

"Hey Ashley. You look like you're about ready to cry. What happened?"

"I snagged another uniform so Mr. Hawthorne said I had to go six months without."

"Well, that's what, four in the last month?"

"Five."

"You need to be more mindful of your surroundings."

"Speaking of which..." Ashley said, her eyes going to Kiera.

"Oh, this is Kiera. She's here for the maid position. Kiera, this is Ashley. She's another maid and it seems she'll be going naked for the next six months."

"You're just going to let him take your clothes away?" Kiera asked.

"I'd rather go naked for the next six months than take a hundred swats of the cane every day for the same time."

"Jesus! This may be a silly thing to say, but can't he just buy you another uniform?"

"We each get a dozen when hired," Sadie explained. "It is our job to make sure they're cleaned and taken care of. To put it in perspective, I've been here nine years and have the same twelve I started with. Ashley has been here two years and has had ten of hers replaced because she doesn't pay attention to where she's going and snags them or does something else to ruin them. Anyways, I think Kiera would like to get to her interview so we'll see you later."

"Sure. Nice meeting you Kiera."

"Likewise." Giving Kiera a smile, Ashley started to walk away, stopped after a few steps and then looked back over her shoulder. "I saw the way you were looking at my cock. If you ever want to play with it just say the word and I'm all yours."

“Good lord! Why don’t I just get on all fours and let you all take me? I mean, that’s what you want, right?”

“Better be careful what you say or it might just happen.” Giving the office door three knocks, Sadie waited to be called in before opening it and motioning Kiera inside. “Good Morning Mr. Hawthorne. This is your ten o’clock Kiera Dawson.”

“It’s seven minutes after. I have no time to waste on a woman that can’t even be here on time for her own interview,” the well-dressed, incredibly handsome man sitting at a large oak desk replied.

“I was here at a quarter till, Sir.”

“It’s my fault she’s late for her interview, Mr. Hawthorne,” Sadie said. “I know how the last nine applicants went and figured I’d make sure she was serious about the job before wasting your time. As you can see she presents herself to you naked.”

Mr. Hawthorne slowly spun in his chair and Kiera saw the man’s devilishly handsome face for the first time and nearly asked if he wanted to have sex. “I’m sorry if I inconvenienced you, Sir, but I really need this job and ask that you please give me a chance.”

“It may have been Sadie’s fault that you were late, but you were still late and I will not put up with tardiness. If you want this interview to happen, you’ll both present yourselves for punishment.”

“Punishment?”

“If you want the interview then do exactly as I do,” Sadie explained. Walking to the left side of the office, she placed her palms flat against the wall and then moved back until she was nearly bent at the waist with her legs spread about two feet apart. “After each swat count. On odd swats say: thank you Master for teaching me this lesson. And after evens: I promise not to be late again.”

“WAIT! You mean he’s going to cane me like you talked about before?”

“Yes. And unless you want to look elsewhere for a job then I strongly suggest sucking it up and accepting it. Oh, and make sure you don’t move or forget to count and give thanks or he’ll start over from the beginning and keep going until you get it right.”

“H-How many swats is he going to give us?”

“Do you remember what I said the first infraction was?”

“T-T-Twenty-five.”

“There’s your answer.”

Turning to Mr. Hawthorne, Kiera slowly exhaled. “And if I do this I get the job?”

“You’ll get your interview. Tick tock. Get in position or stop wasting my time and go home.”

But that was it. Due to a series of unfortunate events starting with losing her previous job when the owner went to prison for embezzlement, all the way through barely making her last car payment only to be booted out of her apartment for non-payment of rent, she was effectively homeless. So, when she said she needed the job she meant desperately. And that is the only reason she walked across the office and got into position several feet to Sadie’s left.

Her father a firm believer in spare the rod, spoil the child, Kiera was all too familiar with hard spankings in the form of belt and paddle, but this was her first time experiencing the cane. Fortunately, however, years of brutal punishments from her father gave her somewhat of an advantage so when the thin length of wood bit painfully into her rear end she barely flinched. “One. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Two. I promise not to be late again.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Four. I promise not to be late again.”

“Five. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Six. I promise not to be late again.”

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Eight. I promise not to be late again.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Ten. I promise not to be late again.”

“I take it this isn’t the first time you’ve been caned,” Mr. Hawthorne said as he prepared to land another swat.

Hoping she said the right thing, Kiera answered. “This is the first time I’ve ever been caned, Master, but not my first spanking. Not that you want to know, but my father took the belt and paddle to my behind for even the slightest infraction so I’m no stranger to this particular brand of pain.”

“I see. And did he always spank your bottom?”

“Yes Master.”

“Then I want you to stand up, turn around and put your hands behind your head. The remaining fifteen swats will be administered to your breasts.”

“MY B-BREASTS! I mean...y-yes Master.”

Visibly trembling, Kiera got into position in the middle of the room and a moment later the cane slapped across her nipples. She wanted to scream profanities, kick her potential new boss in the nuts, anything to ease the agony coursing through her body, but years of spankings and the warning this was her one and only chance at the job kept her frozen in place as she counted and gave thanks.”