

New Employee Orientation

By
Prime Mover

Christine Arthur was very excited. She had worked hard to graduate in the top 10% of her class at a prestigious university, but she had never expected to land a job as a programmer at Amalgamated Systems Inc., one of the largest software firms in the world. She knew that if she caught on there, her potential for advancement would be unlimited.





Christine had arrived at the Amalgamated home office bright and early on the morning of her first day and checked in at the main desk. From there she was escorted to the office of one of the company's senior managers, Jeffery Peterson. After being told to wait, she had taken a seat in the outer office across from an empty secretary's desk.


Eventually, the door to the inner office opened, and Peterson appeared.



**You can come in now,
Chrissi. I'm sorry for the wait.
As you can see, I am currently
without a secretary, and things
are all messed up.**

Christine had been mildly offended when Peterson had referred to her as Chrissi, but for the time being she decided to let it slide.

Christine followed Peterson into the inner office and took the offered seat in front of his desk, which he then sat down behind.

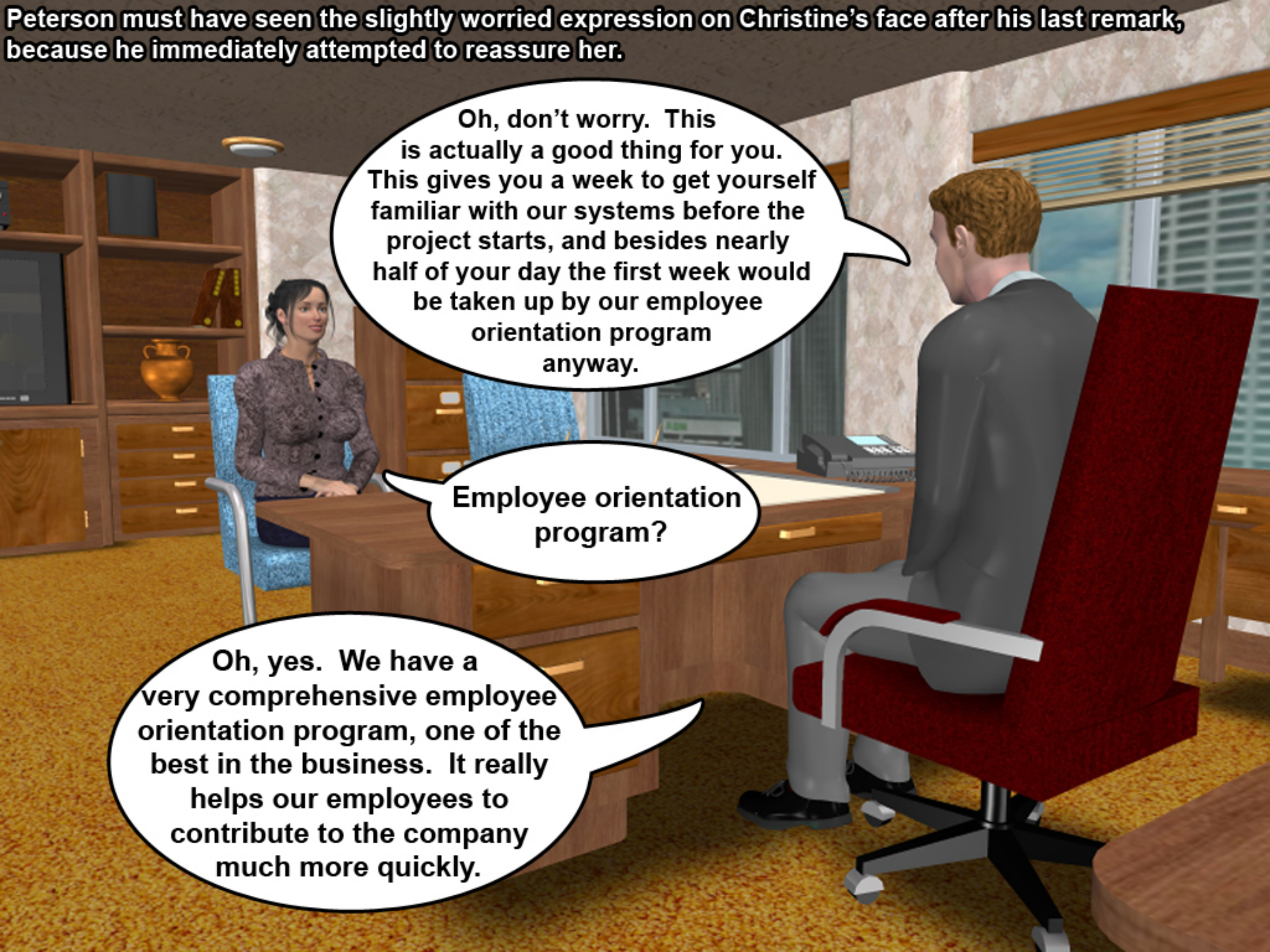


Can I get anything for you: coffee, tea, anything?

No, thank you.

OK, then. We can get down to business. We've had a minor snafu. I've just got off the phone with the project manager for the project that you'll be working on, and it seems that things are behind schedule. We won't be ready to go for a week or so.

Peterson must have seen the slightly worried expression on Christine's face after his last remark, because he immediately attempted to reassure her.



Oh, don't worry. This is actually a good thing for you. This gives you a week to get yourself familiar with our systems before the project starts, and besides nearly half of your day the first week would be taken up by our employee orientation program anyway.

Employee orientation program?

Oh, yes. We have a very comprehensive employee orientation program, one of the best in the business. It really helps our employees to contribute to the company much more quickly.

Peterson paused for a few seconds before moving on to the next order of business.

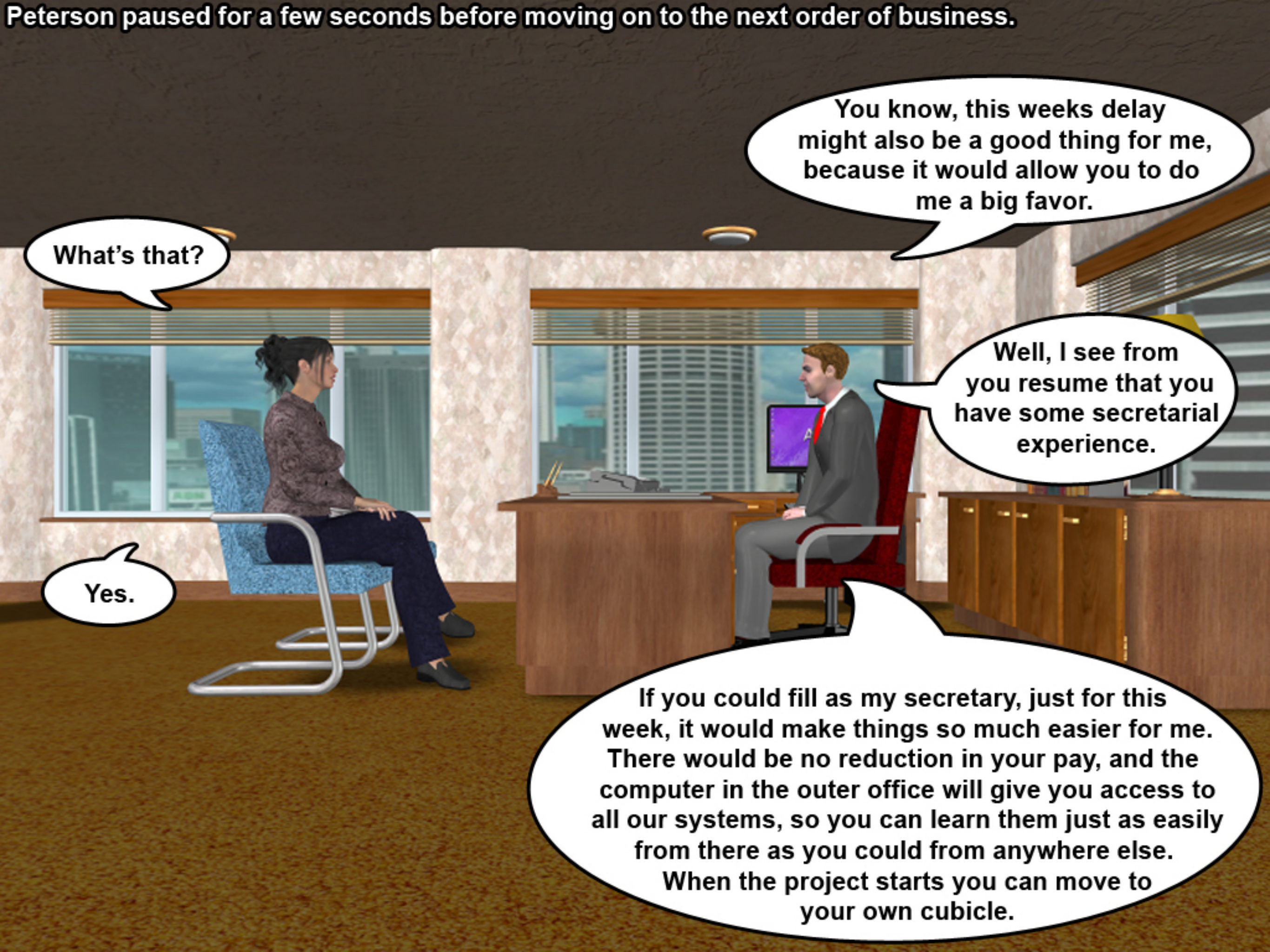
What's that?

You know, this weeks delay might also be a good thing for me, because it would allow you to do me a big favor.


Yes.

Well, I see from you resume that you have some secretarial experience.

If you could fill as my secretary, just for this week, it would make things so much easier for me. There would be no reduction in your pay, and the computer in the outer office will give you access to all our systems, so you can learn them just as easily from there as you could from anywhere else. When the project starts you can move to your own cubicle.




Christine had done some work as a secretary to help pay her way through college. She had found the work demeaning, especially the condescending attitude of some of the men she worked for, but she didn't want to rock the boat so soon after she had started here, and besides, if one weeks work as a secretary would get her in good with Peterson, it would be worth it.



**No problem. I want to help
any way I can.**

**Good, but we're running behind
schedule, and its time for you to go to your first
orientation session. Follow me, Chrissi.**

As she rose to follow Peterson, Christine decided that she would need to straighten Peterson out on this Chrissi business: politely of course.



Excuse me, Mr. Peterson, but I would prefer it if you referred to me as Ms. Arthur or Christine. I find Chrissi demeaning.

Oh, I'm sorry. We try to maintain an informal environment here. We find that it helps people to work together better. I apologize if you were offended.

That's alright. It was just a misunderstanding.

Christine followed Peterson back into the outer office. Just as they arrived, the door to the hallway opened, and another woman entered.



Ah, Jenni. Right on time, I see.

Everything about Jenni simply dripped sex, from her wild mane of bright red hair (too bright to be natural) to her stocking covered legs (finished off with a pair of insanely high heels), but it was more than the way she dressed that identified Jenni as a slut. The way she walked, the way she carried herself, and most of all the slutty expression on her heavily made up face showed that Jenni was a woman that only had one thing on her mind: sex.

As Christine looked on in amazement, Jenni walked slowly to the center of the room where she stopped and posed provocatively, all the time staring at Peterson with smouldering eyes.



Ms. Arthur, this is Jenni, one of our secretaries here at Amalgamated. She's here to escort you to the orientation room. After that, she'll help you get settled in and answer any questions you may have.

Jenni nodded briefly at Christine then returned her attention to Peterson.

Peterson turned to face Christine and continued with the introductions.

Jenni, this is Christine Arthur.
She's going to be working for us as a
Programmer, but for the next week, she'll be
helping me out as my secretary.

Hello.

You two had better get
going. The orientation session
is scheduled to begin in
five minutes.



Christine followed Jenni out of the office and down a series of hallways.

So, you're going to be working for Mr. Peterson.

You're very lucky. Mr. Peterson is a very sexy man.

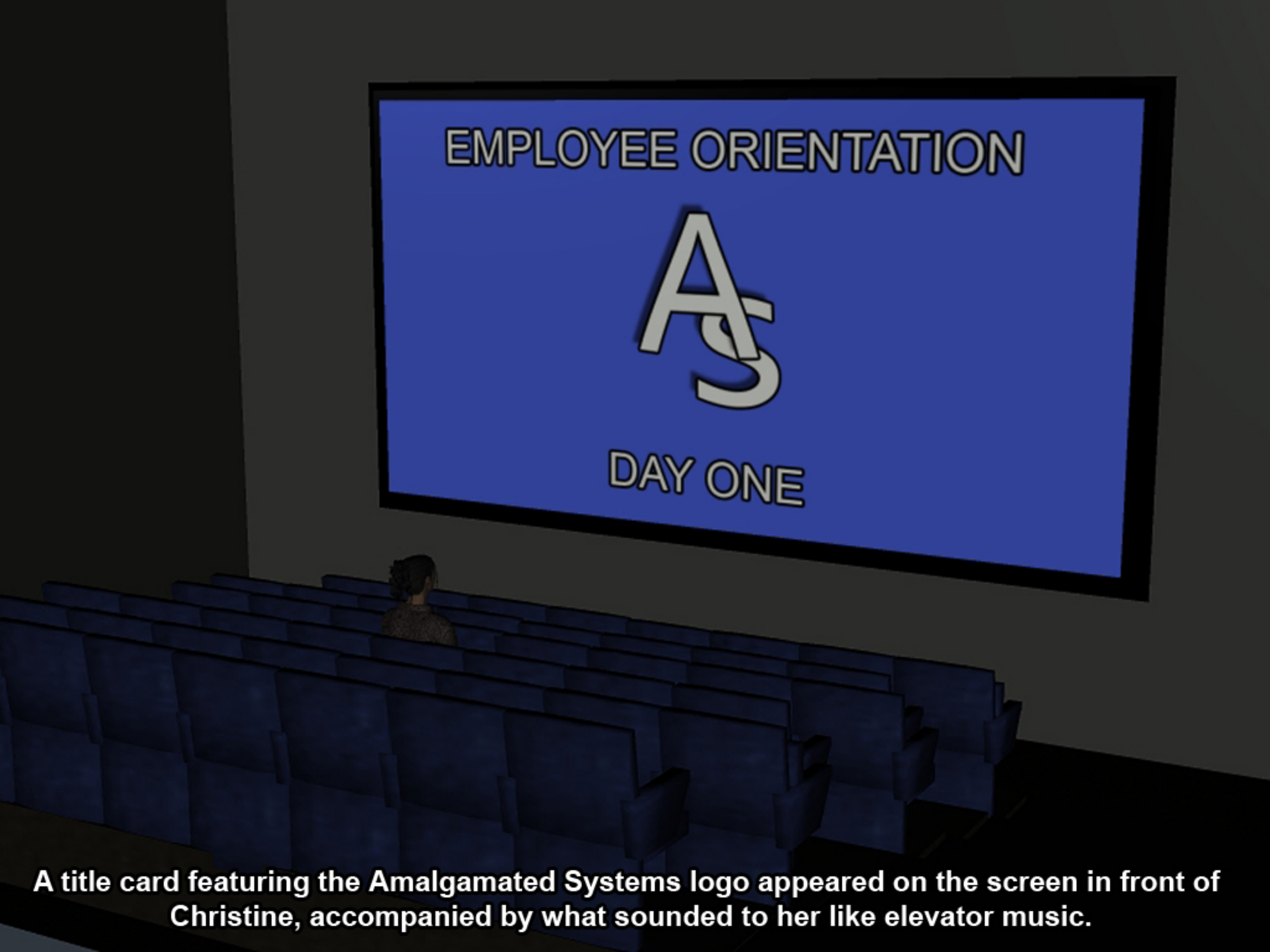
For a week or so, yes.

Christine couldn't help but shake her head after Jenni's last remark. She thought of Mr. Peterson as anything but sexy, and she disliked his condescending manner. She could have sworn that as the two women were leaving the office, he had given Jenni a hard pat on the rump. She must have been wrong, because Jenni's only reaction had been to giggle.

Eventually, the two women arrived at the orientation room, which turned out to be a small theatre that looked like it could hold about 40 to 50 people. Jenni explained that the room was also used for other things besides employee orientation and that they sometimes filled all the seats. Today, however, Christine would have the room to herself.



Christine took a seat in the center of the theatre. When she was settled in, the operator in the projection booth dimmed the lights and started the presentation.



EMPLOYEE ORIENTATION



DAY ONE

A title card featuring the Amalgamated Systems logo appeared on the screen in front of Christine, accompanied by what sounded to her like elevator music.

The title card gave way to a cheap set which featured an attractive woman in business attire sitting behind a desk. Behind the woman was a screen which displayed the Amalgamated Systems logo. The woman began talking in an annoyingly effervescent tone.



Welcome to Amalgamated Systems. Over the next week this program will introduce you to the company, and tell you everything you need to know to become a productive employee as quickly as possible.

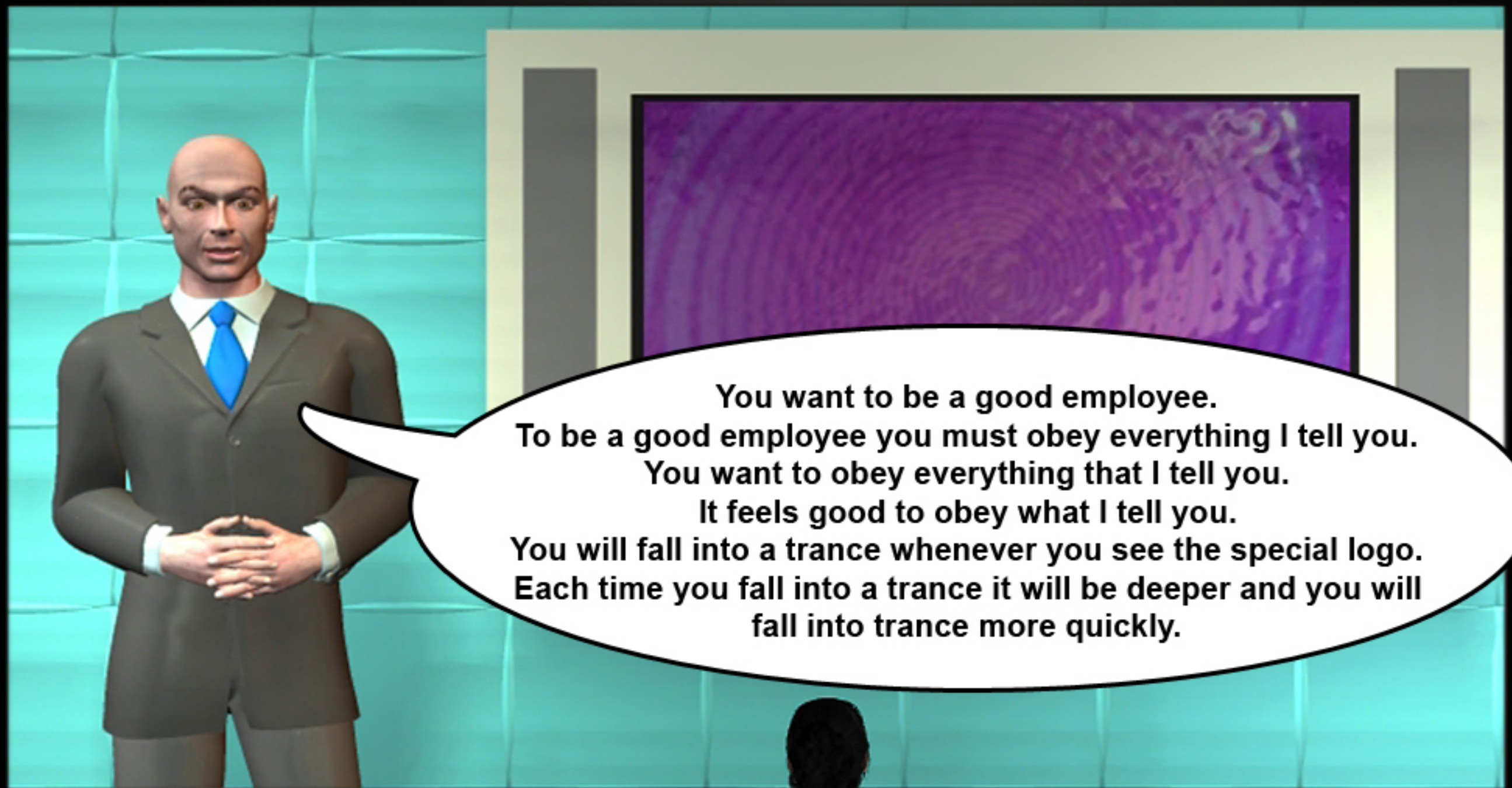


As the woman talked on incessantly, Christine found her gaze increasingly drawn to the logo on the screen behind the woman. There was a curious moving pattern behind the logo that Christine soon found fascinating.



Within 15 minutes, Christine was in a deep trance, induced by the spinning pattern that had been designed precisely for that purpose and the powerful subliminal messages hidden behind it.


Bio-feedback sensors in Christine's chair detected that Christine was ready and reported this information to the operator who changed the film being displayed on the screen to one appropriate for the next stage in Christine's orientation. The woman on the screen was replaced by a well dressed man, who began to talk in a very commanding tone.



You want to be a good employee.
To be a good employee you must obey everything I tell you.
You want to obey everything that I tell you.
It feels good to obey what I tell you.
You will fall into a trance whenever you see the special logo.
Each time you fall into a trance it will be deeper and you will
fall into trance more quickly.

The suggestions ran on a loop again and again. Soon Christine was repeating them right along with the man on the screen.

After several hours, Christine was brought gently out of her trance. When she came to, the smiling woman was again on the screen finishing up her presentation.



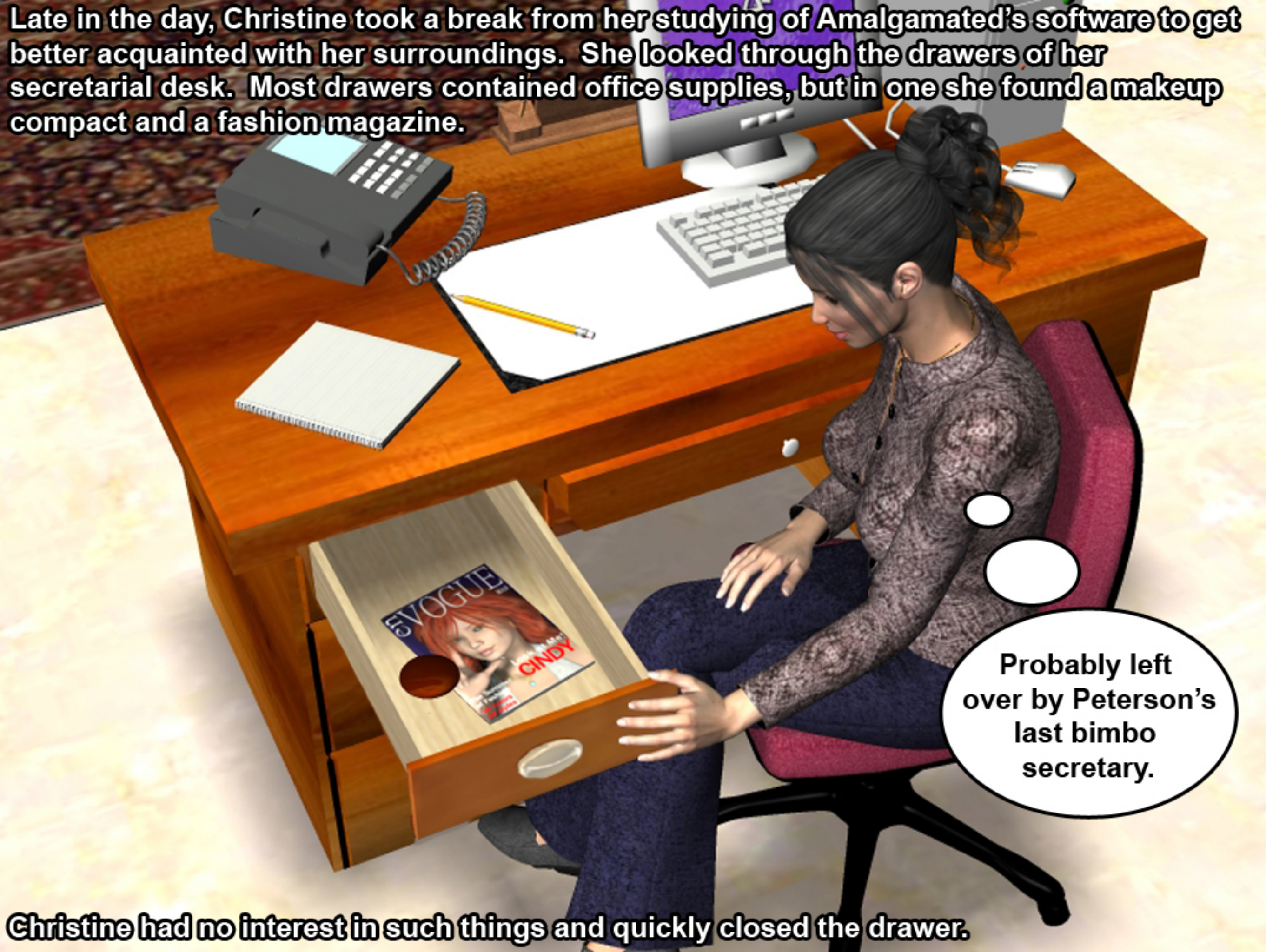
We hope you have enjoyed the first day of your orientation training here at Amalgamated Systems. We look forward to seeing you tomorrow for day 2.

Christine couldn't understand how she had fallen asleep. She resolved that she would stay awake from now on.

Christine split the rest of the day between getting up to speed on the system and her secretarial duties for Peterson. The secretarial duties were pretty easy. The hardest part was dealing with Peterson's condescending manner. She had to remind him again at least 3 times not to call her Chrissi.



Late in the day, Christine took a break from her studying of Amalgamated's software to get better acquainted with her surroundings. She looked through the drawers of her secretarial desk. Most drawers contained office supplies, but in one she found a makeup compact and a fashion magazine.



Christine had no interest in such things and quickly closed the drawer.



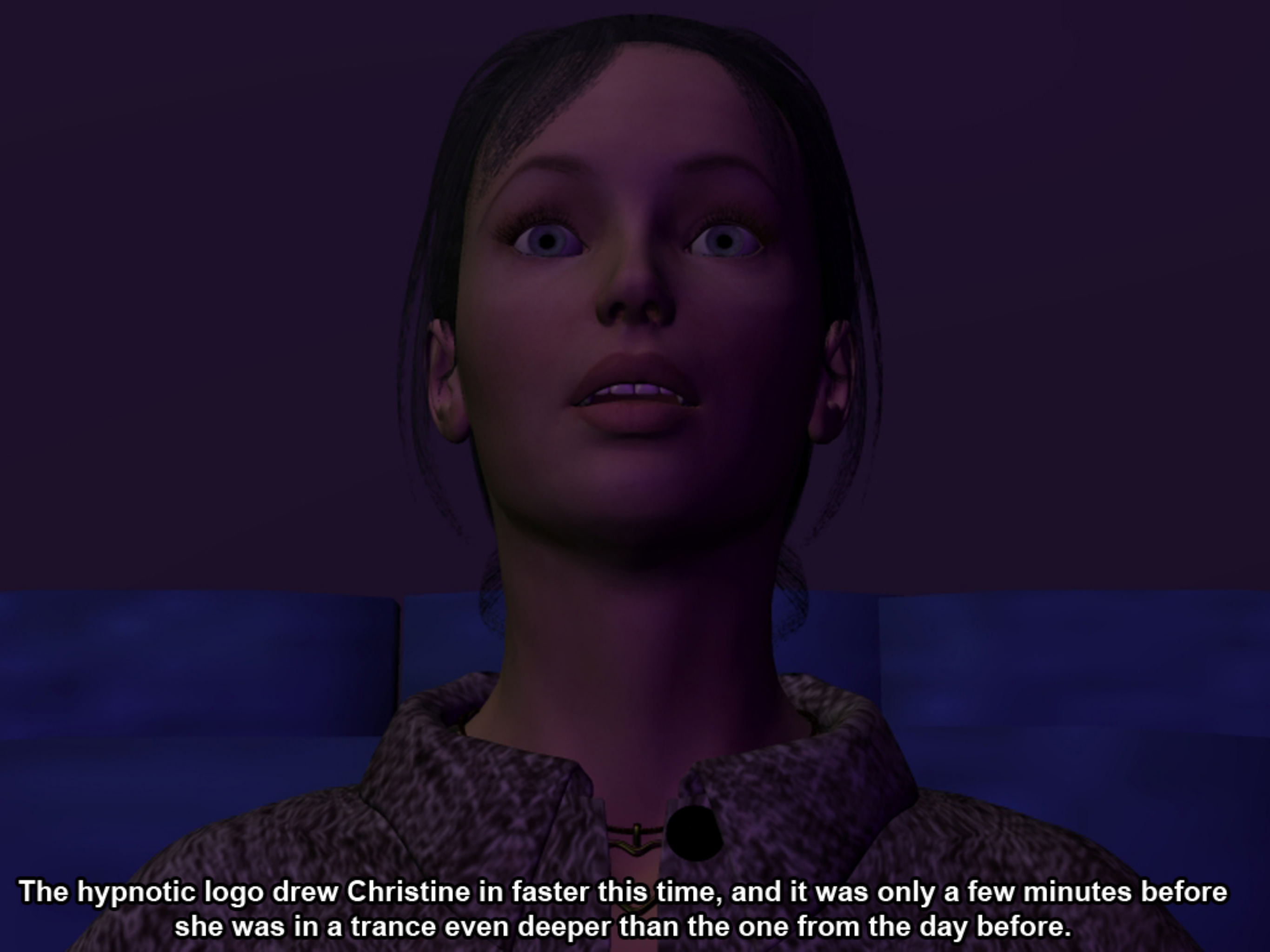
The next morning, Christine again found herself in the orientation room. She had drunk an extra cup of coffee with breakfast, and was determined that she would not fall asleep again as she had the first day.

The presentation started, and the woman once again appeared on the screen.




Welcome back to day two of the employee orientation program. Today we are going to talk all about how things work here at Amalgamated Systems.






The hypnotic logo drew Christine in faster this time, and it was only a few minutes before she was in a trance even deeper than the one from the day before.

When Christine was fully under, the woman on screen was once again replaced by the man. Behind him the spinning pattern began transmitting a new and more powerful set of subliminals designed to open Christine's mind to the suggestions to follow. The man started to speak, first repeating the suggestions from the first day and then moving on to new ones.



**You like your job as a secretary.
You like working for your boss.
You like your boss.
You like it when your boss calls
you 'Chrissi'.**



**Sometimes it can be so difficult to think.
Sometimes when you try to think it gives
you a headache.
You like it that a secretary does not have
to think.
You like it when your boss tells you what
to do.**

**A secretary must always be attractive.
You are a secretary.
You must always be attractive.
You must wear attractive clothes and
attractive makeup.
You want to be attractive for
your boss.**

Once again, as the suggestion took hold, Christine started to repeat them.



I must always
be attractive.

This time when Christine woke up, the presentation was over, and Jenni was standing next to her patting her softly on the shoulder.

Wha ... don't tell me I fell asleep again. I can't understand why I always fall asleep during these presentations.

Hey, sleepyhead, time to get up.

Don't worry about it. The same thing happened to me. There's nothing interesting in these stupid films anyway. Think of it as a chance to get some extra sleep.

Jenni's comments didn't exactly put Christine at ease, but she did have to admit that when she woke up after these presentations, she felt more relaxed than she ever had in her life.

That afternoon, Christine continued studying up on Amalgamated's software, but it wasn't going very well. Yesterday it had all seemed so easy, but now it was going much slower. She had to stop every few minutes when she got a terrible headache.



Christine was having far more luck with her secretarial duties. She found that she really was starting to enjoy herself. It was nice to have a job where she didn't have to think so much. It was a nice change from her normal life.




She was also beginning to think that she may have been wrong about Peterson. He was actually kind of attractive, and his condescending manner really wasn't that bad. She didn't even mind it any more when he called her Chrissi.



Christine took longer than usual getting dressed the next morning. She usually just threw some clothes together, tied her hair back and went to work, but today she had taken special care with her clothes, hair and makeup (a secretary should be attractive, after all). She had worn her best suit along with a pair of low heeled pumps. She had arranged her hair carefully, and even put on some lipstick and blush (Christine almost never wore makeup during the day). As she neared her office, she smiled with anticipation. She couldn't wait for Mr. Peterson to see what an attractive secretary he had.

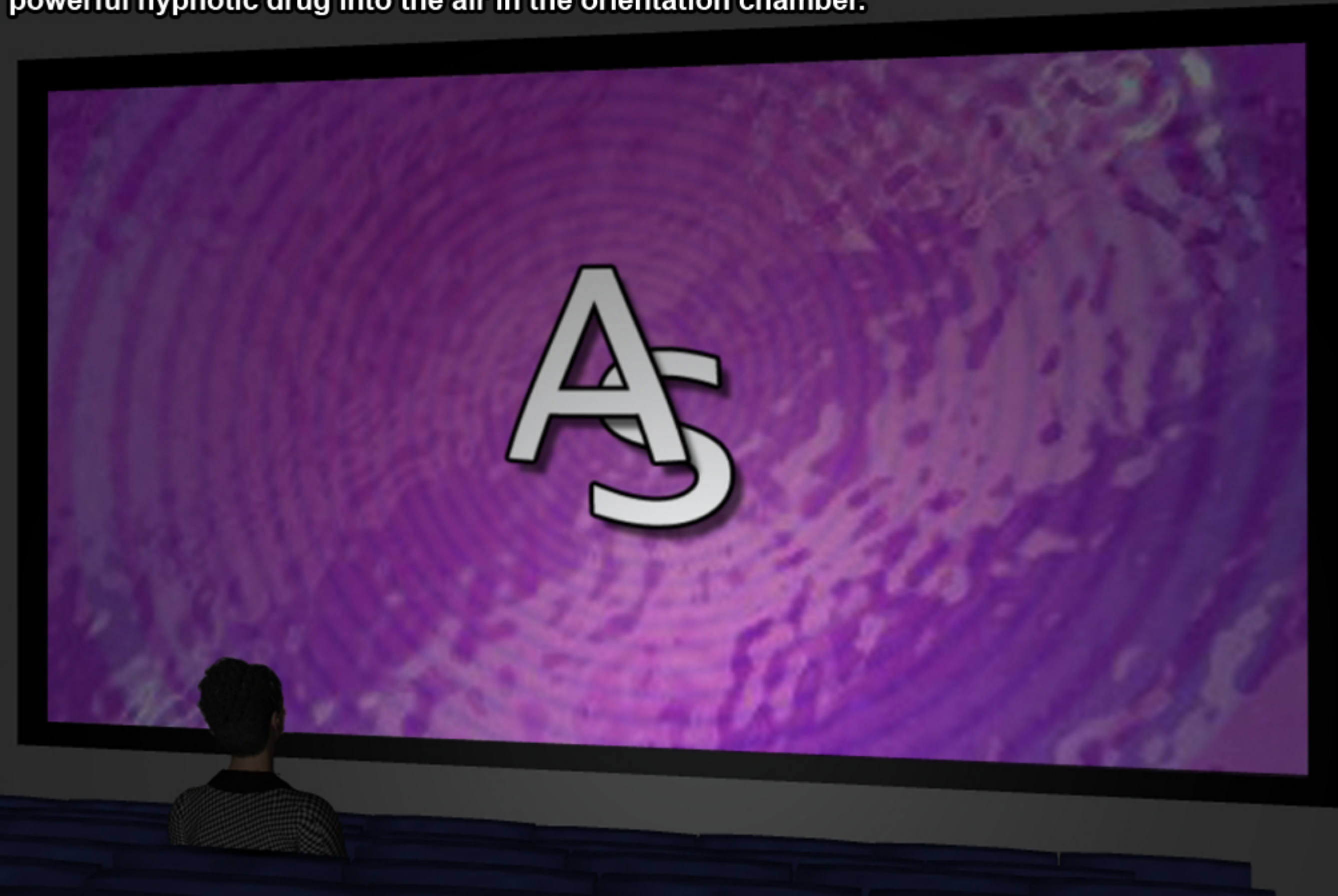
When Christine brought Mr. Peterson his morning coffee, he reacted exactly as she had hoped. He smiled at her, looked her up and down, and even complimented her on her appearance. She was so happy that he was pleased with her.



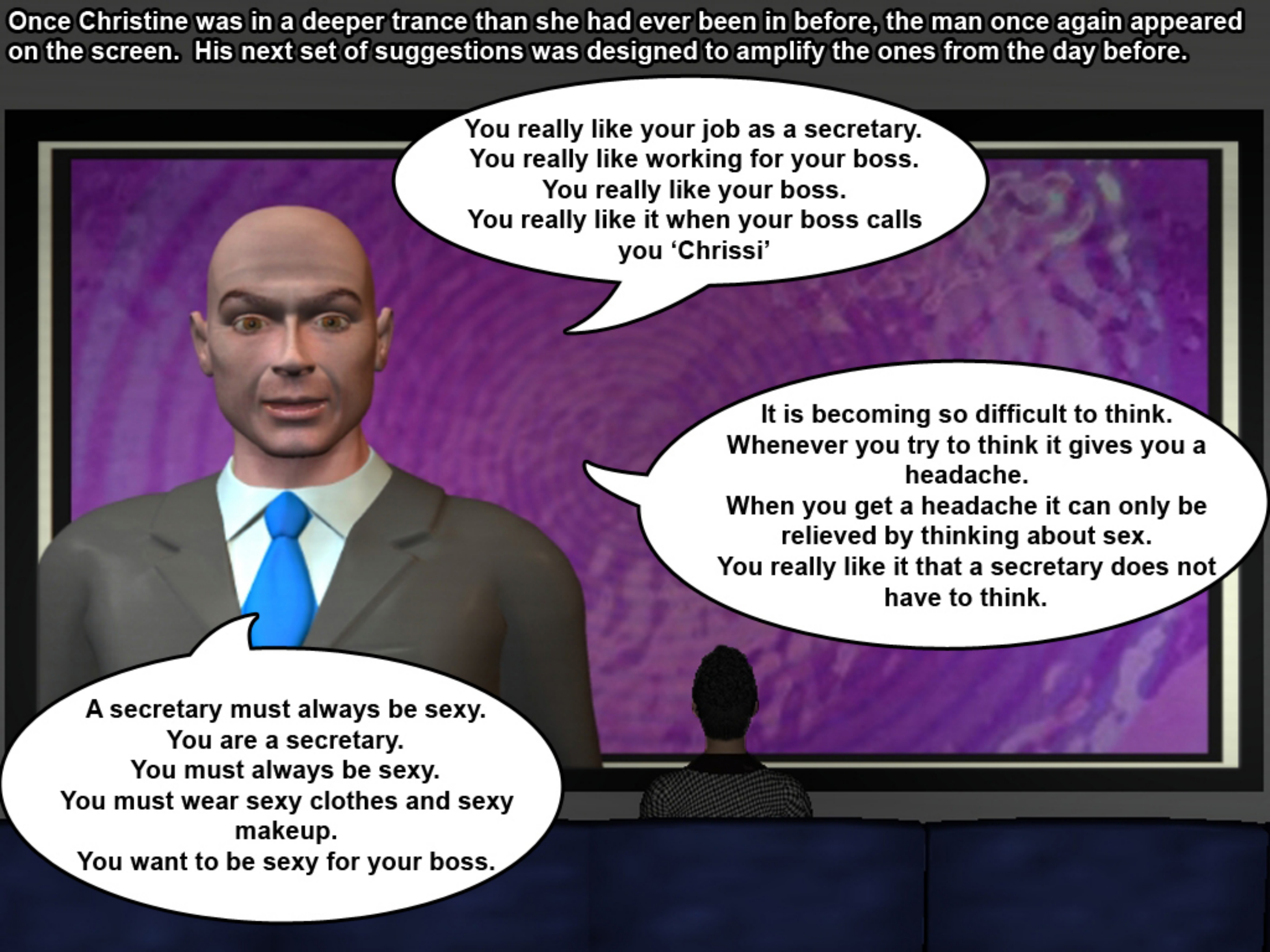
You look very pretty
today, Chrissi.

Thank you, Sir.

A short while later, Christine was in the Orientation room for the third session of the orientation program. This time the hypnotic logo appeared immediately after the lights dimmed, and she was under in mere seconds. To deepen Christine's trance even further, the operator released a powerful hypnotic drug into the air in the orientation chamber.



Once Christine was in a deeper trance than she had ever been in before, the man once again appeared on the screen. His next set of suggestions was designed to amplify the ones from the day before.


A man with a bald head, wearing a grey suit, white shirt, and blue tie, is shown from the chest up on a large screen. He has a serious expression. In the foreground, the back of a woman's head and shoulders are visible as she sits on a dark blue couch, looking at the screen. The background behind the man on the screen is a purple, textured wall.

You really like your job as a secretary.
You really like working for your boss.
You really like your boss.
You really like it when your boss calls
you 'Chrissi'

It is becoming so difficult to think.
Whenever you try to think it gives you a
headache.
When you get a headache it can only be
relieved by thinking about sex.
You really like it that a secretary does not
have to think.

A secretary must always be sexy.
You are a secretary.
You must always be sexy.
You must wear sexy clothes and sexy
makeup.
You want to be sexy for your boss.

Christine spent the next few hours repeating these suggestions, and they took on more meaning to her each time they did so.



A secretary must always
be sexy.

Once again, Christine did not awaken until Jenni came to get her, but she didn't care anymore. She always felt so relaxed after the orientation sessions.





Later that day, Christine was frustrated. Every time she started to study the Amalgamated software she got a terrible headache. Luckily she had stumbled upon the way to get rid of the headaches. She had started thinking about Mr. Peterson, how sexy he was, and the headache had gone away, but then when she went back to her studying it immediately came back. She finally gave up.

At that moment, Peterson's voice came over the intercom

**Chrissi, can you
bring the Johnson file in
here please.**

Yes, sir.

**Christine liked it so much when Mr. Peterson called her Chrissi. It was like a term of
endearment.**



Christine brought Mr. Peterson the file. As she turned to leave, she could feel his eyes on her. She made sure to push out her butt, and put an extra wiggle in her walk as she departed. He was so sexy. Christine wondered if he had a big cock.

Christine had just sat back down at her desk when she was struck by a sudden thought. She pulled out the makeup compact that she had noticed in her desk the day before, and began to carefully scrutinize herself in its mirror.



Her appearance, which she had been so proud of this morning, now seemed drab and unattractive. Mr. Peterson was such a great boss, and he deserved a sexy secretary, but Christine had no experience at such things. At first, she couldn't figure out what to do, but then she got an idea. She would talk to Jenni. She would know how to make her look sexy.

Christine went to see Jenni at her office.

Jenni, I need your help.

What's wrong?

I need you to help me look more sexy...for Mr. Peterson.

Of course, dear, I can help you with that. Do you have any plans for tonight?

Good, come and see me after work. I'll show you everything you need to do.

No.



The next morning, Christine admired her new appearance in the full-length mirror in the ladies room.



Now I look
like a sexy secretary. I
know Mr. Peterson will
be pleased.

She was dressed in a blue strapless mindress that clung to her every curve (blue was Mr. Peterson's favorite color) and ended far above her knees, showing off plenty of her long nylon covered legs which were topped by a pair of shoes (blue of course) which had heels higher than Christine had ever worn before. She had on heavy makeup and a pair of gaudy hoop earrings. Jenni had wanted her to bleach her hair blonde, but she had settled for simply adding in some highlights.

A little while later, Christine was filing away some folders when Mr. Peterson stepped up right behind her. Without saying a word he reached around and started fondling her breasts. Christine knew that she should tell him to stop, but it felt so good, and Mr. Peterson was so sexy, just being so close to him was getting her aroused.



You're looking positively edible today, Chrissi.



Christine wanted to rebuke Peterson for his crude remark, but one of his hands had moved down from her breasts and was now massaging her clit through the thin fabric of her dress, and when she tried to say something the only thing that came out was a loud moan. Her hands unconsciously moved up to join Peterson's in massaging her breasts. She felt Peterson's penis hardening against her back, and she started to rub herself against it.



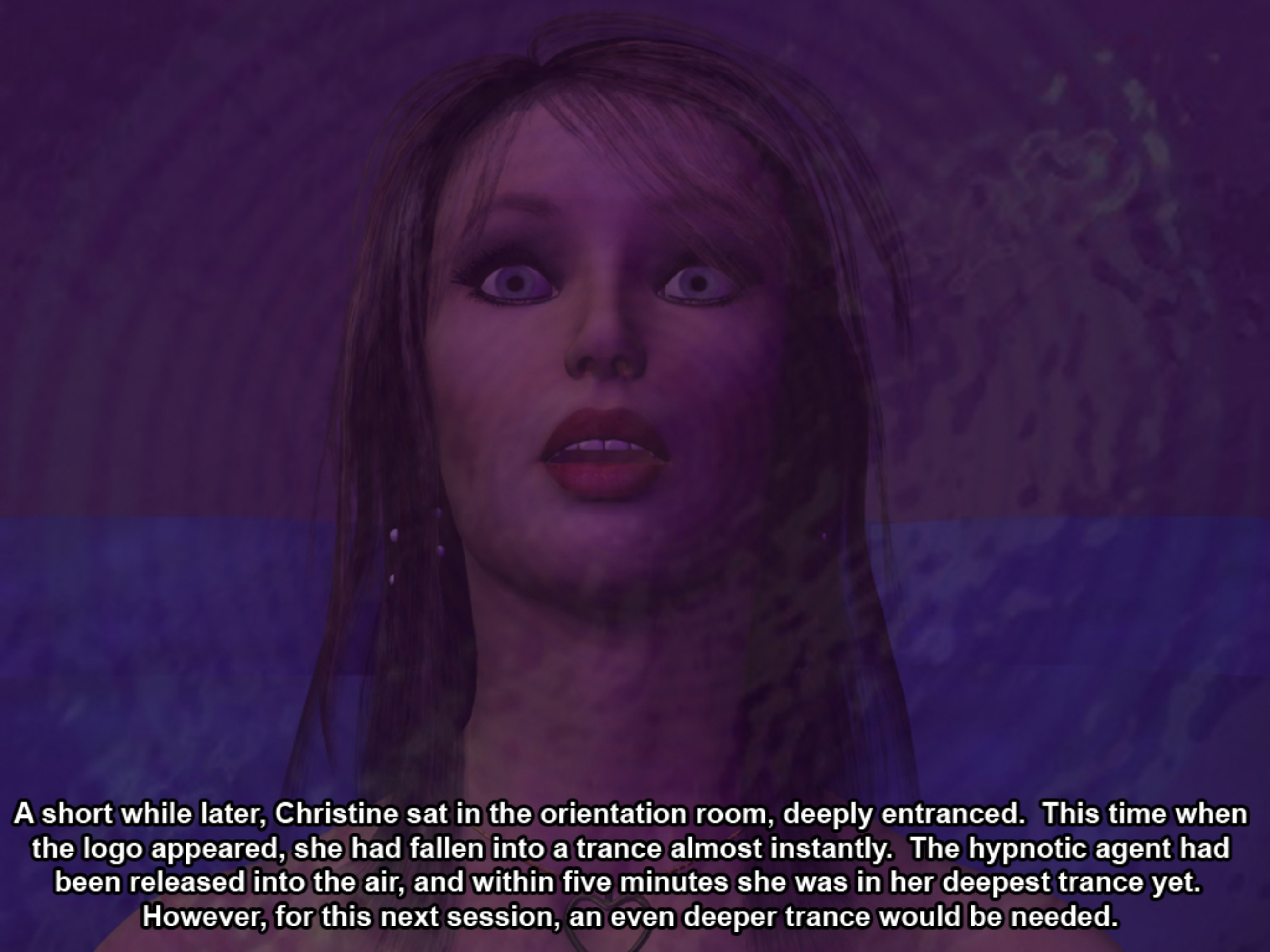
You're turning into the sexiest little secretary in this entire building. I'm very proud of you.

Mr. Peterson's praise was enough to send Christine over the top. She orgasmed, right there in the office standing by the file cabinet. She was sure that the entire building must have heard her screams as she came.

Christine ran to the ladies room where she hurriedly began to rearrange her disheveled clothing.



She knew that she shouldn't have let Mr. Peterson treat her that way, but she couldn't remember why, and whenever she tried to remember, she got a headache. Anyway, she didn't have any time to think right now. She was nearly late for her next orientation session



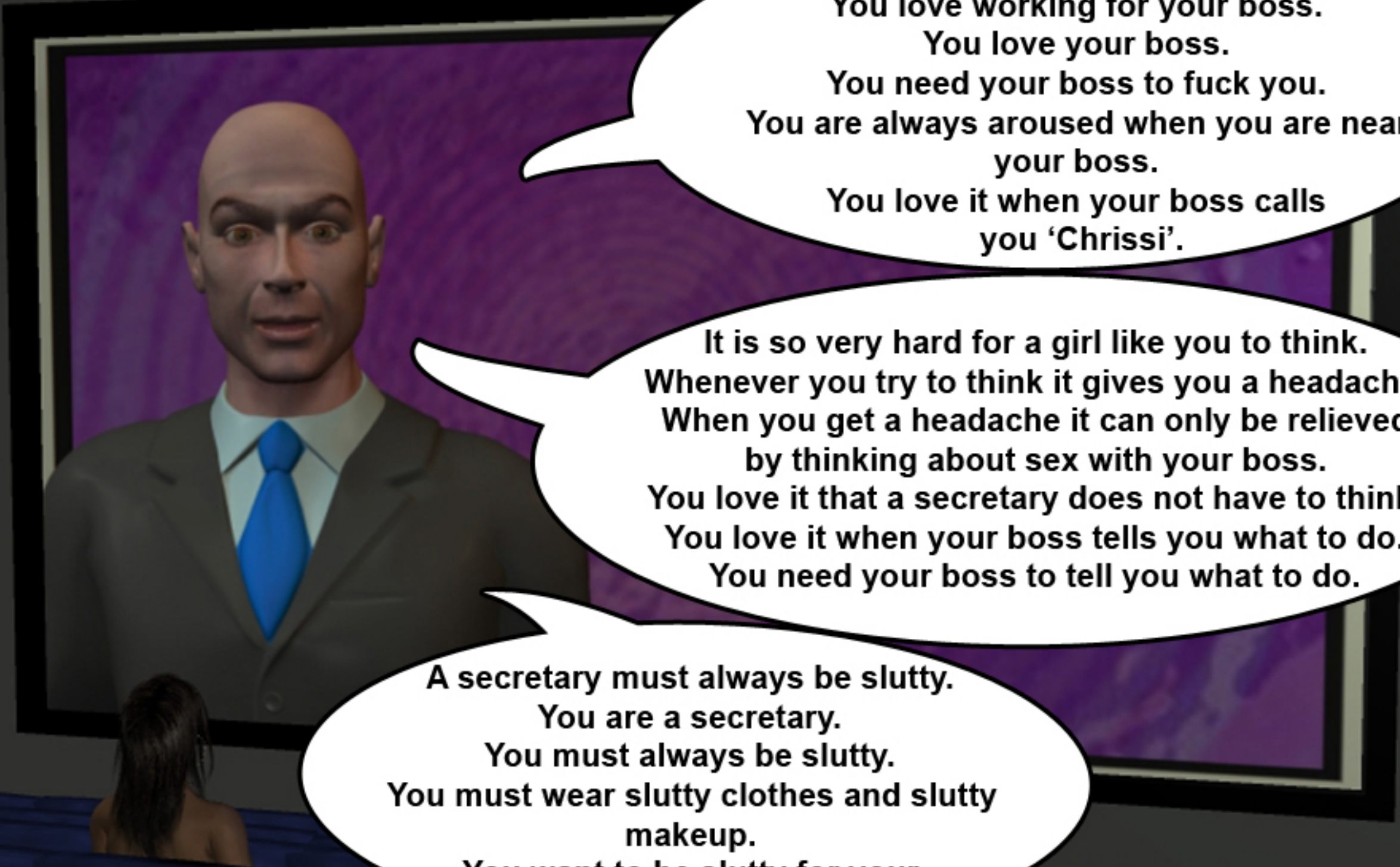
A short while later, Christine sat in the orientation room, deeply entranced. This time when the logo appeared, she had fallen into a trance almost instantly. The hypnotic agent had been released into the air, and within five minutes she was in her deepest trance yet. However, for this next session, an even deeper trance would be needed.

The man appeared on the screen. He ordered the entranced Christine to remove all her clothes and then sit back down in the chair. She did so.



An artificial phallus came up through the chair and quickly found its way into Christine's pussy, still wet after her previous orgasm. It began to slowly vibrate.

With the vibrator in place, the man began the next series of suggestions. Once again they were intended to amplify on the suggestions that had come before.



**You love your job as a secretary.
You love working for your boss.
You love your boss.
You need your boss to fuck you.
You are always aroused when you are near
your boss.
You love it when your boss calls
you 'Chrissi'.**

**It is so very hard for a girl like you to think.
Whenever you try to think it gives you a headache.
When you get a headache it can only be relieved
by thinking about sex with your boss.
You love it that a secretary does not have to think.
You love it when your boss tells you what to do.
You need your boss to tell you what to do.**

**A secretary must always be slutty.
You are a secretary.
You must always be slutty.
You must wear slutty clothes and slutty
makeup.
You want to be slutty for your
boss.**

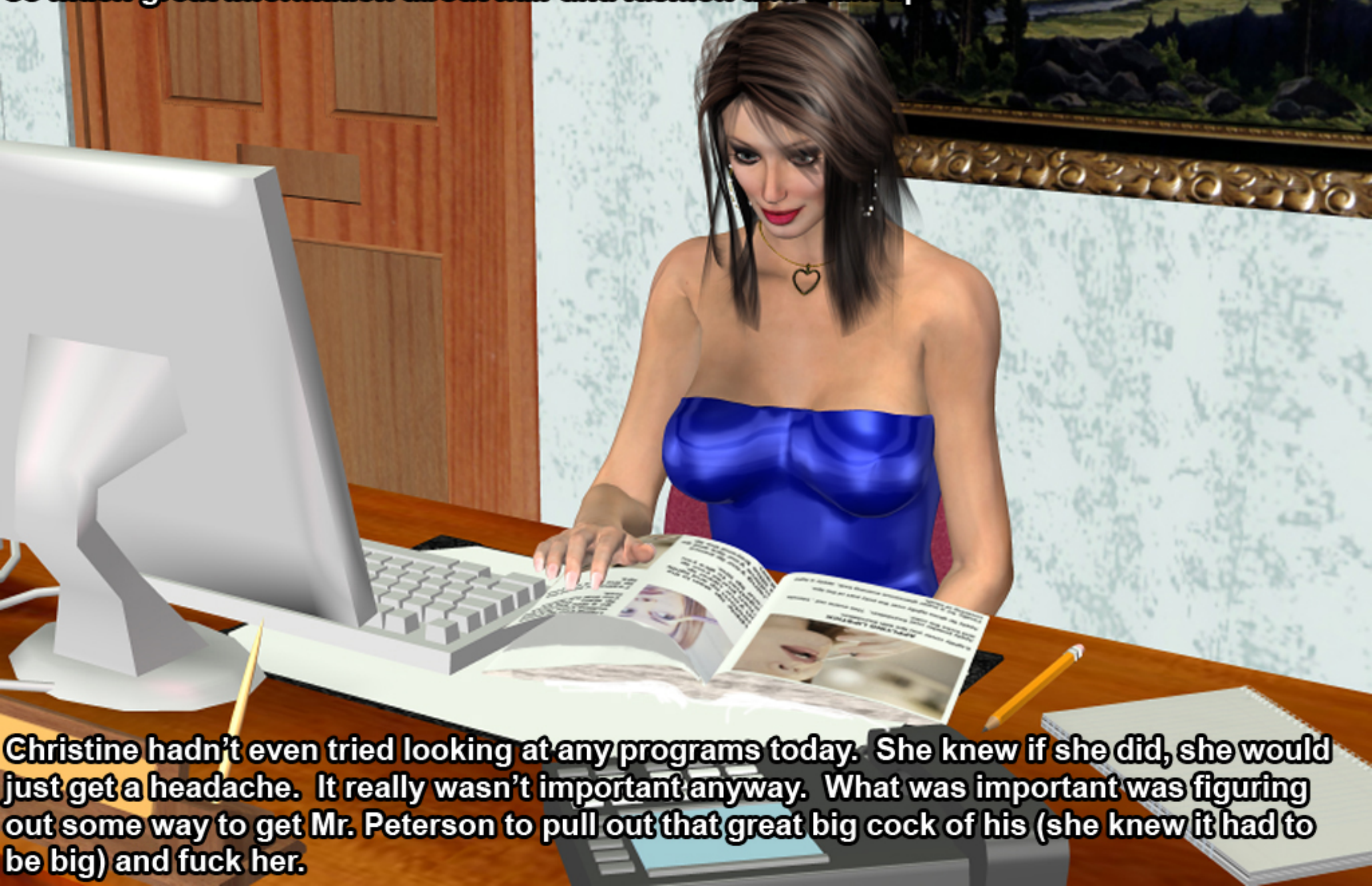
When Christine hesitated in repeating a suggestion, the vibrator would slow down or stop. When she repeated them, it would vibrate faster. Soon she was happily repeating the suggestions with the vibrator driving her quickly to another orgasm.

Eventually, she did orgasm. When this happened, the program paused for a minute or two to allow her to recover, then the whole process began again.



Christine orgasmed 4 times in total before the presentation ended. When she finally awoke, the vibrator had been removed and she was dressed as she had been when she entered the orientation room. She had no memory of what had happened to her. She only knew that she felt better than she ever had in her life.

Later, Christine sat at her desk reading the fashion magazine that had been in the drawer with the makeup compact. She had never realized how much good stuff was in these magazines (All she had ever read before were news magazines). The pages were filled with so much great information about hair and fashion and makeup.



Christine hadn't even tried looking at any programs today. She knew if she did, she would just get a headache. It really wasn't important anyway. What was important was figuring out some way to get Mr. Peterson to pull out that great big cock of his (she knew it had to be big) and fuck her.



As Christine continued to peruse the fashion magazine, the answer suddenly occurred to her. She wasn't slutty enough. She just knew that if she dressed and acted really slutty, Mr. Peterson would want to fuck her. Besides, Mr. Peterson was a very sexy guy and he deserved a very slutty secretary.

At that moment, Jenni stepped into the office to deliver some papers. Christine realized that Jenni was the ideal person to help her with her dilemma.

Jenni, I need your help again.

What's the problem?

I still need to look more slutty for Mr. Peterson. He's a very sexy guy and he deserves a very slutty secretary. Can you help me?






Of course I can help you.
As a matter of fact, I was just on
the way to the beauty salon myself.
Why don't you ask Mr. Peterson if
you can leave early today. Then,
you can come with me, and I'll
see that you get the full
slut treatment.

Christine asked, and Mr. Peterson agreed. This was not surprising considering that Jenni's convenient visit to Christine's desk on her way to the beauty salon, as well as the fact the salon just happened to have a seat available for her was all arranged in advance by Peterson, who knew that she would be ready for the next stage after the fourth orientation program.



The next morning a little after eight, Christine entered Peterson's office with his morning cup of coffee. After Jenni's full slut treatment she looked like a man's wet dream. She was dressed in a tight tube top and a short leather miniskirt (both blue of course). The miniskirt was short enough to show the garter straps attached to the fishnet stockings that covered her legs, leading down to a pair of high heeled sandals with obscenely high heels. This time, she had not resisted having her hair bleached blonde, and the hair, teased out for maximum effect, framed her face which was covered in slutty makeup.

After depositing the cup, she didn't turn to leave as she normally did. Instead, she walked around behind Peterson's desk and stood right next to him, all the while eyeing Peterson's crotch, where the telltale bulge of an erection was visible.



Are you sure there isn't anything else I can do for you, Mr. Peterson? Anything at all?

Like what, Chrissi?

Well I seem to have caused you a problem down there, and it would be wrong of me to leave without doing something about it.

Why don't you, Chrissi



Christine got down on her knees, unzipped Peterson's pants and pulled out his already erect cock. She swallowed it down hungrily and began to give Peterson the blow job of his life.

Peterson allowed Christine to blow him for several minutes then he ordered her to stop, remove her top and skirt and get on the top of his desk. After taking off his own clothes, he began to fuck her right there on his desk.



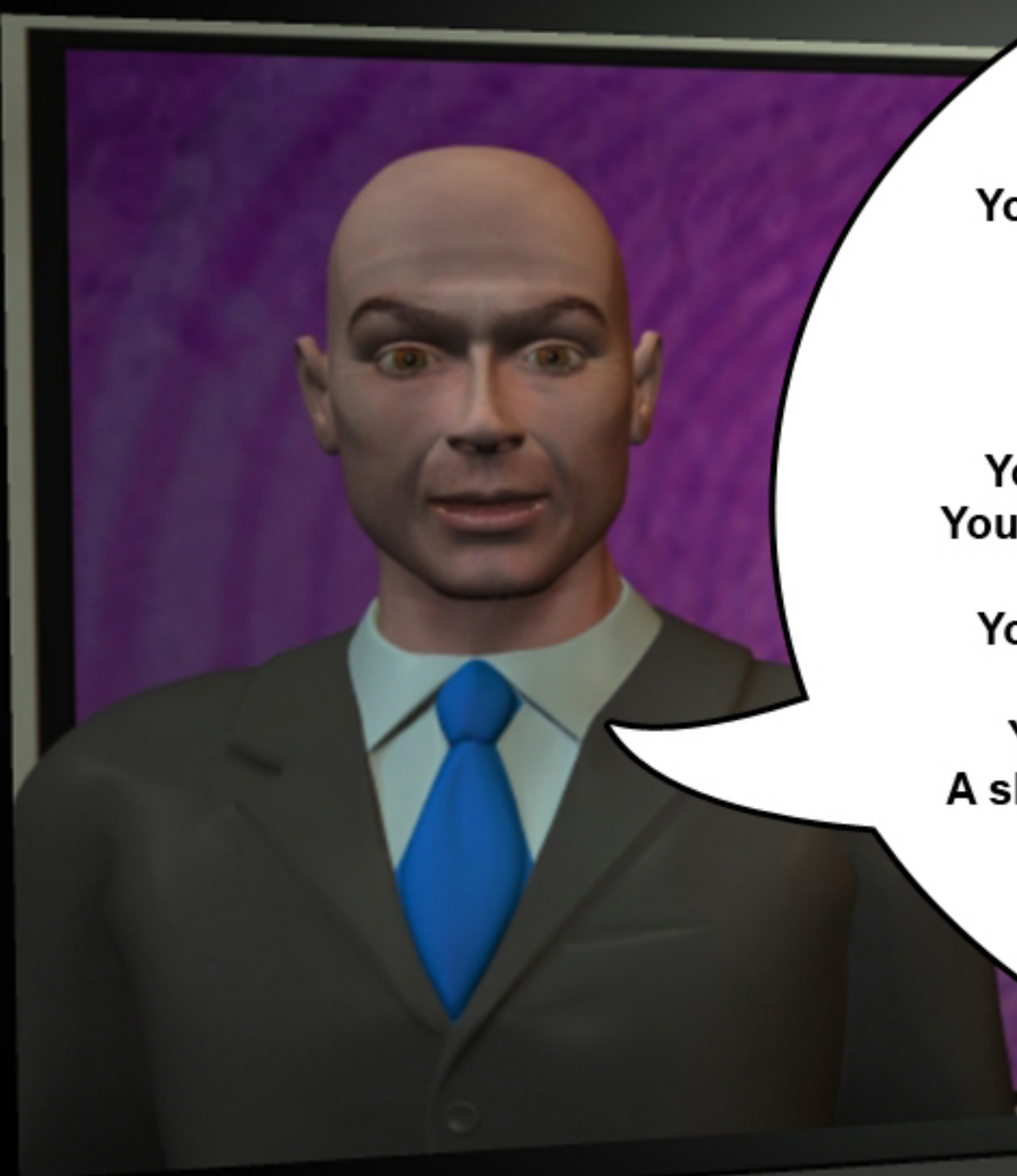
As Peterson fucked her, Christine was experiencing orgasms going off one after the other like some kind of chain reaction explosion. She never wanted it to stop.

**Oh yes, harder,
harder. Fuck me.**

Peterson would have been happy to fuck Christine all morning, but she had to get to the last orientation session, so he sent her on her way, but not before he released his load all over her heavily made up face.



The final orientation session would serve to finalize Christine's transformation and lock her new personality in place. After Christine was under and the vibrator was in place, the final set of suggestions began.



You are a Chrissi, the slutty secretary.
You love being a slutty secretary.
You never want to be anything other than a slutty secretary.
A slutty secretary cannot think.
You cannot think.
You need your boss to think for you.
You need your boss to tell you what to do.
You love doing what your boss tells you to do.
You love your boss.
You are always aroused when you are near your boss.
You are always ready to fuck your boss.
A slutty secretary always looks slutty for their boss.
You always look slutty for your boss.
You need to look slutty for your boss.



When Chrissi awoke, she felt relaxed and incredibly horny. She needed her boss to fuck her. She needed her boss to fuck her NOW.

Chrissi ran back to Peterson's office as fast as she could in her towering high heels. When she arrived, she found Peterson waiting for her naked in a bedroom adjoining the office.



She quickly stripped off most of her clothes and joined him in the bed.



This time Peterson could take his time. He began to fuck Chrissi lengthily and thoroughly.

When they had finished, Chrissi and Peterson lay for a time in the bed together.


Well, Chrissi,
I've really enjoyed
having you as my
secretary.

It's really too
bad that you are
going to start your
real job on Monday.
I'm going to
miss you.

I've loved it
too, sir.



Chrissi had completely forgotten about "her real job". She loved being a secretary. She loved being Mr. Peterson's secretary. She didn't want to work as a stupid programmer anymore. She looked beseechingly into her bosses eyes.

A 3D rendered scene depicting a woman, Chrissi, with blonde hair, wearing black lace lingerie and stockings, lying on her side on a bed. She is massaging the leg of a man, Mr. Peterson, who is lying on his back. The man is shirtless and has a surprised expression. The bed has a green and purple patterned blanket. In the background, there is a wooden nightstand with a lamp and a book. A framed picture hangs on the wall.

Sir, if it's possible.
I'd like to stay as your
secretary permanently,
sir.

But what about your
job as a programmer?

Oh, that stuff is
much too difficult for a girl
like me. Could I be your
secretary permanently, Sir,
Please? You know I'll do
much more for you than
just type.

To emphasize her last point, Chrissi started massaging Peterson's cock with her hand.

Peterson smiled up at his secretary and gave her breast a quick fondle.

Sure, Chrissi, you can be my secretary permanently if you want, but there will have to be a few more changes. Are you ready for that?

Yes, sir. I'll do anything.

Very well, Chrissi. Then you can be my secretary.

Chrissi squealed with joy, and planted a warm wet kiss on her boss's lips. Afterwards, they fucked again to seal the bargain.

Several weeks later, Chrissi was sitting at her desk reading her favorite fashion magazine. This was her first week back at the office after her surgeries. She now sported a new pair of mammoth breasts which seemed to defy gravity. These breasts were made to seem all the larger by her radically reduced waist (courtesy of liposuction and the removal of a pair of ribs).



Chrissi had already given Mr. Peterson two blow jobs, and had been lengthily fucked over the lunch hour, but she was already horny again.

The door to the inner office opened, and Mr. Peterson stepped out along with a woman in business attire. Chrissi had seen this woman briefly before when she had arrived for her meeting with Mr. Peterson.



Of course, sir. Follow me, Angela.

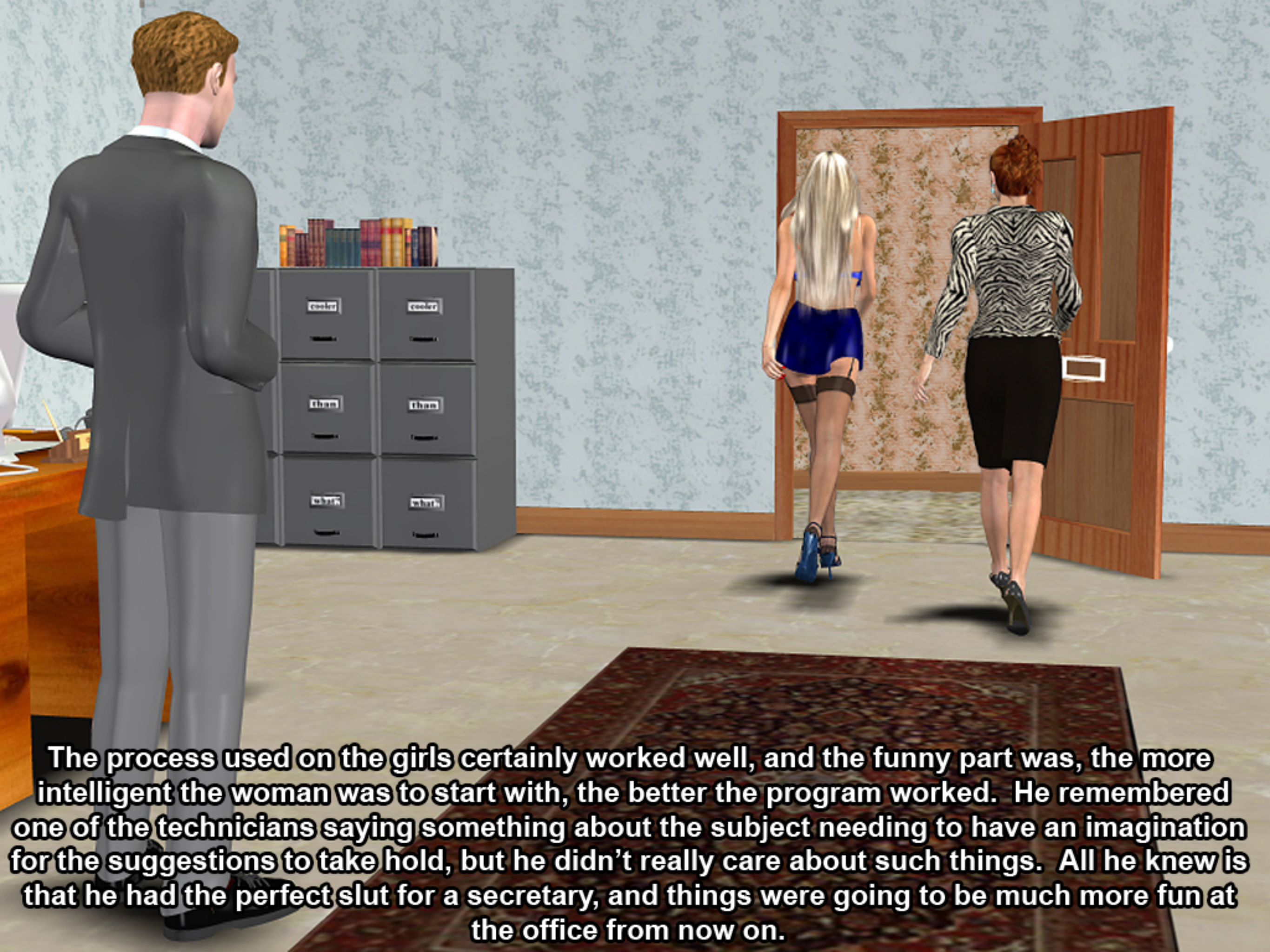
Chrissi, this is Angela Martin. She'll be working for us as a programmer, but since her project is delayed she'll be helping out for a while as Mr. Thompson's secretary. Could you please escort her to the orientation room and then answer any questions she may have?



Chrissi stood up and started to walk around her desk in the direction of Mr. Peterson. As Chrissi walked past him, Peterson gave her a firm slap on the behind, eliciting from her a short squeal followed by a long giggle. The other woman looked on, barely unable to hide her amazement.



As he watched the two women leave, Peterson thought that things were sure looking up since Amalgamated Systems had started their new employee incentive program. In the competitive world of the software industry, Amalgamated had found a way to get and keep the best managers in the business. Offering each manager their own custom made sex slut for a secretary was an offer that no red-blooded male could refuse.



The process used on the girls certainly worked well, and the funny part was, the more intelligent the woman was to start with, the better the program worked. He remembered one of the technicians saying something about the subject needing to have an imagination for the suggestions to take hold, but he didn't really care about such things. All he knew is that he had the perfect slut for a secretary, and things were going to be much more fun at the office from now on.

The End

A
**Prime Mover
Production**