

Chapter 6

Alice found it a profoundly humbling experience to hand-wash another girl's panties. While she worked, she was struck by the uneven nature of this arrangement. Alice was slaving away to make Jocelyn's underwear pretty while Jocelyn was busy eating at some luxe cafe. She probably wasn't even giving a thought to Alice, and wore the panties without thinking of the effort someone put into maintaining them for her.

It didn't take Alice long to realize that whenever she did repetitive work, the druggy haze from the protein shake came back. This might have worried her, but when she felt that buzz she found it impossible to worry about anything. Any concerns just seemed like a silly joke, and her main priority was always the task at hand.

Alice looked around the laundry room, noticing how spartan and austere it looked compared to the rest of the Zuang's estate. It had simple white walls, a white tile floor with a grate in the center, and an LED light fixture in the ceiling. It was like this laundry room didn't belong on the Zuang's property, or maybe they just assumed that only their employees would see it.

Farrah came into the room, carrying the sheets from Miss Zuang's bedding. In the light, Alice swore that she saw Farrah's face coated in the same wet pattern that reminded her of the way Jocelyn looked when she came up from beneath the covers.

"Good job on the sheets," Farrah said, and the two girls started doing their mistress' laundry together, carefully washing every piece of clothing that their bosses owned.

"Miss Zuang is having a party tonight. It is another birthday celebration for Miss Jocelyn," Farrah commented as she was squeezing water Miss Zuang's stockings. Alice saw that it came out a whitish grey color, with little soap bubbles mixed in.

"Okay," she answered.

"The guest list will consist of Miss Zuang's friends, and it will be a more formal event than the one yesterday. Please be on your best behavior," Farrah added.

"Of course!" Alice chirped, feeling a little defensive that Farrah was implying that she

wouldn't be.

"The guests will arrive at 6PM. There will be no technicians to help, so the guests will be more focused on our behavior. I hope you are familiar with beauty treatments?" Farrah asked.

Alice stammered. She was totally unfamiliar with beauty treatments, except the ones that she did on herself.

"Um, not particularly," Alice admitted. She saw the hint of a frown on Farrah's face.

"In that case," Farrah said, "you can just do foot massages for the guests, if they ask. You have shown skill in that."

Farrah gave a cheeky smile, and Alice could only laugh in response. Before Alice could ask about any more details of the party, though, Farrah interrupted her.

"It is our lunch time now," the exotic-looking girl announced.

Alice asked if they should go to the kitchen.

"No, wait here. I will bring back our meal," Farrah said, leaving and quickly returning with two more of the meal replacement bags.

Alice would have protested drinking the same thing again, but she was so hungry from the day's work that she just wanted to get something in her stomach. She thanked Farrah for the shake, and gulped it down quickly. When she finished, she felt even more pleasantly high, and it became that much easier to put her attention on the laundry.

The girls spent the rest of the day making sure the house was immaculate for when the guests arrived. The low point was when Miss Zuang called Alice into Jocelyn's room to critique the job she did on the bedding.

"These are not hospital corners, Alice," Miss Zuang intoned, her voice heavy with disappointment. "This is unacceptable work."

Alice winced – she felt completely embarrassed, like she was a total failure.

"I'm sorry Miss Zuang!" Alice whined. "I can remake it."

"See that you do," Miss Zuang responded, regarding her maid coolly. "This will be a demerit,

also. Visit me afterwards to decide the specifics."

Miss Zuang left her daughter's room, where Alice had to re-make the bed to her exact standards. She had a foreboding sensation, but tried her best to center her thinking around her work. She made Jocelyn's bed twice because the first time she wasn't confident in her work.

Jocelyn and Delfina had arrived home in the mean time, glowing from their day out and carrying expensive bottles of organic juice. Alice curtsied as they came into Jocelyn's room, taking a momentary break from her task.

"You haven't finished making the bed yet? What have you been doing all day?" Delfina commented as Jocelyn went to take a shower.

"I'm sorry Miss Delfina, Miss Zuang was unhappy with my work. I am redoing it now," Alice murmured, eyes downcast. She despised herself for seeming so weak before her enemy, and knew that Delfina was savoring every moment.

"Does that mean she gave you a demerit?" Delfina asked, sipping from her bottle.

Alice admitted that yes, Miss Zuang had given her a demerit. Immediately, Delfina's eyes lit up and her smile grew wider than Alice had ever seen.

"Well, I suppose we should take care of that now. I'll come along, to make sure that she doesn't go too easy on you. Follow me!" Delfina commanded, motioning with one shapely finger that Alice should walk after her.

The girls found Miss Zuang in her room, playing around on her computer. She greeted Delfina warmly, and casually ignored Alice. After some small talk, they got to the issue.

"So Alice earned her first demerit? That didn't take long, it's been less than 24 hours," Delfina mocked, causing Miss Zuang to smile and Alice to grimace.

"Yes, I am concerned about that. If this is not a good fit, it may be better for us to break the contract before too long," Miss Zuang responded, looking over to Alice.

"No! Miss Zuang, I'm sorry," Alice pleaded, "I will do better, I really just need time."

Miss Zuang gave Alice a stern glare, obviously unhappy with her outburst.

"And now you are offering your opinion without being asked?" Miss Zuang hissed. Alice felt her heart sink. She looked to Delfina only to see a subtle expression on the girl's face, like she was calculating some enormous sum in her mind.

"Miss Zuang," Delfina interceded, "I think you should give Alice a chance. She can learn, she just needs more personal attention."

Alice's breathing quickened. She didn't like where this was going.

"That is Farrah's responsibility," Miss Zuang answered pointedly.

"I know," Delfina admitted, "But she's so busy with her own work. And honestly, she may be going a little easy on Alice, which is the last thing she needs."

"What do you suggest?"

As though Alice even had to guess.

"I think I should be in charge of Alice's discipline," Delfina suggested as though it was the most natural thing in the world. "I can help you by metting out demerits, arranging corrections and punishments. The difference will be night and day, I promise."

Miss Zuang weighed Delfina's words, while Alice silently prayed for the woman to reject her offer, to tell her to leave immediately.

"Fine," Miss Zuang finally said. "She has two demerits – another one for talking out of turn just now."

Delfina smiled like she had just witnessed the moment of creation. She wasted no time in asserting her new role.

"Well, thank Miss Zuang for keeping you on!" Delfina barked.

"Thank you, Miss Zuang," Alice said, curtsying mechanically as she tried to stop from trembling.

Miss Zuang waved them off, and Delfina motioned Alice for her to follow. They walked to a storage room, talking the while.

"Well the first demerit will be a week's pay, obviously," Delfina said in an especially snobby

way. "I know how important money is to you, so taking some away should send a message."

Alice clenched her fists, but only said, "Yes, Miss Delfina."

"As for the other one, that's in here."

Delfina had Alice follow her into the room, and quickly found what she was looking for. It was a large sturdy box with a lock on the front. Delfina unlocked it with a key she had in her purse, and opened it up. As soon as Alice looked in, she couldn't help but gasp.

It was full of sex toys! There was lingerie, dildos, vibrating eggs, and all manner of tools that Alice didn't even recognize.

"Delfina, please--" Alice started.

"Quiet, Alice!" was Delfina's response, and her forcefulness stunned the poor girl into submission. "You need to learn that as a maid, people don't value your opinion. We only want you to do as we say. I have just the thing to help."

Delfina pulled out something that looked like a collar made of purple latex material, only it was much too long! Stretched out its to its full length, it seemed like it would go up Alice's entire neck and even higher on one side. Delfina handed the thing, which she knew to be a discipline collar, to Alice.

"Here, put this on."

Alice thought about refusing. But she couldn't quite marshal her thoughts, and something about Delfina's presence seemed to overwhelm her thinking mind. She timidly reached out to take the collar from the girl, feeling its cool slick texture in her hands.

"The shorter side goes in front," Delfina offered.

Alice had to laboriously stretch the thing out to fit it over her head, and it was quite an ordeal to get it all the way down her neck. Her heart raced as she thought of the latex collar snapping shut on her face, suffocating her in a smooth prison. Delfina, meanwhile, was taking off her yoga pants for some reason and stepping out of her panties, but Alice was too busy trying to get the horrid thing around her neck to wonder about that.

The collar went all the way down to nearly her clavicle and when she had it on, was horrified to find out that the front side covered her mouth! Even worse, the tight latex material pulled her chin downward towards her neck, so she couldn't lift her head up but was instead stuck raising her eyes to look at anything but the ground in front of her.

She knew how ridiculous she would look wearing this fetish toy, a fact made all the worse by the way she would be stuck in such a docile and submissive pose the whole while. She tried to struggle only to find that her head was practically locked in this meek, defeated gesture and that she could only make eye contact with someone by looking up at them in an unmistakably flirty way.

Delfina was laughing sadistically at Alice's predicament – she said that the previous owner's neck must have been longer than Alice's, but also made no move to fix it. Little did Alice know that Delfina had bought that collar specifically for her, using the measurements that the girl had provided in her employment contract. How else could it fit so perfectly?

Still, it got worse.

Delfina held out the pair of panties she was wearing – a racy pair made of black satin that barely concealed anything, and gossamer thin. Alice looked at her nemesis, wondering what awful thing the girl wanted her to do with them. Maybe she wanted Alice to hand-wash her panties as well?

"I want you to put these in your mouth," Delfina said plainly.

Alice exhaled fiercely through her nose, staring Delfina down as best she could but the girl just smirked. Alice shook her head, but Delfina didn't persist.

"I know you probably think it's weird," Delfina reasoned, "but I think this is the only way to teach you humility. I mean, do you think I really want my panties in your mouth? I'll probably just throw them away afterwards," she lied.

Delfina actually savored the idea of Alice carrying her worn panties in her mouth all day – if Alice accepted they would become her new favorite pair and she would constantly feel a sense of power whenever she had them on. One way or another, she was going to have Alice do this.

But Alice again shook her head. This was crossing a line, and she refused to give Delfina that satisfaction.

"Would it help if I gave you five hundred dollars?" Delfina asked.

Alice was floored. Now Delfina was offering to buy her off like some kind of prostitute? She refused once more, but now Delfina was mad.

"Look Alice, you're going to do this one way or the other. I guess I can't motivate you in a positive way, so how about this: if you refuse, I'll ask Jocelyn to lend you out to me for a week to help with your training," she warned.

Alice glared at Delfina, wondering if she was really serious. She was terrified at the thought of being a live-in maid for the irascible girl.

What other outrageous punishments would the bitch inflict on her during that time? Wasn't it worth making this small sacrifice to see China and be with her friends? Another thread ran through Alice's thinking, though – that of unquestioning obedience. Over the past few days, she had done whatever someone asked of her no matter how personal or servile. This, combined with the constant buzz from the nutrition drink, sapped Alice's willpower until this moment when she was seriously considering taking her bitterest rival's panties in her mouth.

With a sigh, Alice lowered the mouth portion of her latex posture collar.

"Okay," she whispered, not making eye contact with Delfina.

Delfina, like the night before, fed Alice something. Only this time it was her twice-worn panties. Alice's stomach recoiled at the sensation of Delfina's panties in her mouth – they felt a little coarse and alarmingly moist. Her sense of taste was overwhelmed with the bitter, sour, and tangy flavor of Delfina's delicates – her eyes even watered up a little, though she didn't know whether it was from embarrassment or from the slightly acrid aroma emanating from the lingerie.

When Alice put her mouthpiece back up, Delfina beamed a victorious smile. She was overjoyed to see her panties stuck in this bitchy girl's mouth, to be carried with her all day as she waited on her superiors. What better way to teach her her place? Delfina was soaking wet, and she

wasn't finished yet.

"Don't mind the smell," Delfina said, sweetly, "I wore those yesterday and today because I didn't find time to change."

Alice shut her eyes, but it only increased her focus on all the subtle flavors and aromas of Delfina's panties. She moved them around her mouth using her tongue, looking in vain for an inoffensive position. It only heightened their domination of all her tactile senses.

"Oh, and I did hot yoga. Twice," Delfina gloated, "and I rode my bike to the studio. But they still taste heavenly, right?"

Delfina put her hands on her hips, soaking in Alice's debasement. She was a portrait of defeat, head down, hands at her side, sucking on Delfina's sweaty panties. Alice nodded her head weakly. She appeared wan, especially compared to radiant Delfina.

"Oh, and I expect you to keep those in for the party," Delfina finished, leaving Alice behind in the little storage room.

Alice swallowed, gulping down the bittersweet mixture of Delfina's sweat along with her own saliva. She had completely forgotten about the party.

After Delfina had gone, Alice noticed something troubling. As she swirled the panties around in her mouth, she got the same high she seemed to get from any repetitive motion. Hating herself for it, she continually moved Delfina's panties around in her mouth enjoying her head high but despising how she was too weak to resist the increasingly addictive sensation.

She would never in a million years admit it, but Delfina's panties did taste nice in a weird way, once she got used to it. Perhaps heavenly.