

Author's note: Hello! This is November's first chapter of paid content, a oneshot that I guess takes place in the same setting as Office Powers. Every character is of age, and of course, if you are below 18, Do Not Read This.

Seelie walked into the lobby of the building where her new job was. She took a long, deep breath. She was twenty four, and had spent a long time trying to get a job. She succeeded once or twice but always lost it soon thereafter. Work was stressful and finding somewhere that treated you right was difficult. Of course it was-these companies didn't need to keep you, so why should they bother to pretend you weren't disposable to them?

"Hello!" She smiled and waved at the receptionist. They were cute, younger than her, and had brown hair tied in a bun. They smiled at her, eyes behind sharp-looking glasses, and typed at a computer.

"New here?" Seelie nodded. They turned to the computer and typed some more. "Welcome to the job. What's your name?"

"Seelie."

"Have you watched the instructional video we sent you?"

"N-no." Seelie blurted out. Something had come up every time she tried. She blushed. Oh dear, that wouldn't cost her the job would it?

"That's alright, dear," said the receptionist. "You didn't have to anyway. Here," they said, reaching under her desk into a drawer. She had to pause for a second and awkwardly rummage around. "There!" They said, pulling out a lanyard with a worker ID on it. It had her name and company ID number in black font, plus a photo of her face, and it had a very cute motif of kittens along the edges. "Pronouns?"

"P...pronouns?" Asked Seelie. "What do you...mean by that?"

"Pronoun pins. Company policy. You don't have to wear them if you don't want to, but I have to offer them in case you do."

"Oh...okay. She, I guess?"

"Yes, yes," the receptionist grabbed a cute pin from her desk and put it next to the name tag. On it were the words "she/her." Seelie put both of them on.

"I thought this place didn't hire men?"

"Generally we don't," said the receptionist, "but it's not like it's a rule or anything. Orientation starts soon. Go down the hall and take the second door on your right. Oh, and take this." The receptionist retrieved a nametag from her desk and uncapped a black marker. She quickly signed Seelie's name on it in beautiful cursive and gave the name tag to Seelie. "It's scented. Go on, try it." Seelie peeled the name tag off of the non sticky part it was attached to and sniffed at it tentatively. A wave of numb, safe joy crashed into her brain.

"Oh," she muttered, awestruck and wobbly. The soft wave pressed and pushed into her brain. It blossomed out into the rest of her, spreading vertically down through her body like welcome, relaxing nutrients. "That smells....nice."

"It does," said the receptionist. "Go. Orientation's starting." Seelie obediently stumbled in the direction she'd been given earlier, greedily inhaling more of that bizarrely nice scent as she walked. She managed to find the room and practically fell into her seat. She was sitting at a big rectangular desk made of mahogany, alongside a dozen or so other young women who all had blissfully dazed expressions on their faces. They looked as happy as Seelie felt. She lazily managed to press the name tag onto her chest but found herself continually taking more of the smell into herself. It was quickly fading, but the sense of dull positivity it had gifted to her was not. Within a few of a thing she couldn't recall the name of-that is, minutes-the scent was completely gone. She still felt like her entire body was made of warm happy taffy though.

"Hiiiiii," she slurred to the strangers attending with her. She was sporting the biggest smile she ever had in her life. Her eyes were loose and vacant and glassy. Her new friends smiled and batted eyelashes at her. She felt so welcome.

A lady, probably an employee, walked in a circle around the desk and slipped headphones onto each of them. They were fuzzy, warm, and comfortable. They played soft relaxing music. Seelie felt like she was melting. Her eyes fluttered. She moaned. The room was getting blurry. More women came in. One kneeled next to Seelie. They smiled. They wore a pin affixed to their open jacket but Seelie was too comfortable to look at it much. They took her hands to their breasts. She squeezed gently. Instinct took over. She pressed and squeezed and played. The more soft sensual information her hands gave her the safer and more comfortable she became. Someone put a visor over her eyes, one with a screen. It began to play soft, gentle waves of colors and friendly imagery at her. She relaxed even more as the surplus of positive input assured her brain that things could not possibly be more okay.

A spoonful of something sweet entered her mouth. She smiled and swallowed it. It tasted good. She squeezed. She looked. She listened. Some part of her recognized the music and images played together well, but she as a whole wasn't paying enough attention to truly know that.

She swallowed. She smiled. She sank. She squeezed. She surrendered. Everything felt so nice.

"*Safe here,*" whispered a voice she was happy to obey without hearing.

*"I'm safe here,"* she happily concluded as she swallowed a mouthful of syrupy goodness.

*"So comfortable,"* she had no voice telling her.

*"I'm so comfortable,"* she happily thought to herself as each of her hands used its pointer finger to tease a nipple.

*"Cuddly comfy snuggly,"* Seelie heard the headphones play soft music without whispering to her.

*"It's comfy, cuddly, and snuggly,"* she happily thought about her new job.

*"Love job,"* Seelie was free not to hear anyone saying to her.

*"I love my job,"* Seelie happily said to herself.

*"Love boss,"* the music didn't tell her because it had no lyrics.

*"I love my boss,"* Seelie's mind told nobody in particular. A nipple entered her mouth. She suckled on it. She felt happy and safe.

*"Love nipples."*

*"I love nipples,"* Seelie would say out loud if she had the motor function for it.

*"Love to suckle."*

*"I love to suckle,"* Seelie wanted to tell the firm, juicy nipple's owner.

*"Suckling attractive."*

*"Mmmmm,"* thought Seelie as her suckling intensified, *"suckling makes me feel attractive."*

*"Women attractive. Boobs attractive."* Arousal seemed to randomly stir within Seelie somewhere but she wasn't awake enough for it to take root.

*"Mmmmm, tits."* She thought to herself on a delay. *"Tits are hot. This is hot. Girls are hot."*

*"All girls hot. ALL girls."* Nobody told Seelie this, but she still wanted to agree with whoever had. She felt a hand on her crotch, plus another cradling and fondling the inside of her right thigh. She shuddered, and if her mouth wasn't so full of warm, delicious, pleasingly textured nipple, then she would have moaned too.

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It was one PM. The new hires all sat around a table with enormous smiles. Many licked their lips. One had stripped to just her bra. None of the others seemed to mind. Seelie struggled to stay sitting straight with her hands clasped politely on top of the table. She was just so comfortable, it made it harder to do the things that maintained decorum.

Some cold liquid trickled down her inner thighs. She ignored that. It couldn't be very important, and she got the feeling that it was perfectly normal.

"If any of you would like to undress, ya know, like Carlita has," said a pretty lady that Seelie just noticed, "then by all means! You're free to do exactly that." They wore a tiny skirt, a much less tiny pair of fancy black and neon green heels, and an open shirt which was tied around their torso in such a way that it propped up their considerable breasts. Something stirred inside Seelie at the sight. Her smile got even wider. She, and basically all of the others, stood up from their chairs and stripped. Some got naked, some kept their shoes, some just stripped down to their undies. In Seelie's case, she got naked from the waist down, except for her shoes, removed her blazer, and unbuttoned the blouse underneath it. That felt right to her. She sat down, somehow feeling even more comfortable than she already had been, and stared lovingly up at who she could only assume was one of her new superiors. They smiled patiently while the others also undressed. Once all of the new hires were undressed to levels of their choice, they all sat back down.

"Thank youuuu," said one of the other new hires. The supervisor giggled and gave a "you're welcome" before they continued.

"As you can see, and feel, this office is a fun and loving place," they said with a little spin for flourish. Their truly tiny skirt flared in a way that Seelie found to be quite pleasing. They continued afterwards, "and gentle touches and kisses between you and your coworkers are allowed and encouraged. Do be sure to respect everyone's personal boundaries, okay dolls?"

*Dolls.* For some reason, this superior using that word in reference to Seelie...she found that, too, rather pleasing. She smiled and basked in the soft feeling of love and warmth that was blossoming within her. Dolls, huh? Dolls. She quite liked that. Dolls.

She was a doll.

"Now, there's one thing that's a bit...how do you say, unique, about this office specifically." They grinned at Seelie and shivers flew down her spine. They approached, their legs crisscrossing. This time, Seelie had just enough concentration left in her to read the pin on her superior's shirt: it read "she/her." Seelie committed that to memory.

A hand, one which belonged to the supervisor, planted itself lovingly on the side of Seelie's face. Another went between her legs and gently caressed her folds. She moaned and spread her legs to make room for the warmth building at the lady's touch.

"Good girl," said the supervisor. "You're very soft and touchable."

"Th-thank youuu," Seelie moaned out in bliss. She felt comfortable and appreciated. She felt...touchable, even. Sexy. Pretty. Wanted.

"Good girl," the supervisor repeated. "Can you stand up for me, doll?"

"Yes of course," said Seelie, "Owner." That didn't seem right. Why had she called her boss that. She shot to her feet and pointed her head, flush and red with embarrassment, away. Her supervisor giggled and pressed fingers against Seelie's panties. The girl moaned heavily in spite of herself.

"That's okay doll," they cooed sweetly, "you may call me whatever sweet friendly words come to mind for you. We value honesty, safety, and love here." Her thumb stroked at Seelie's face. The hand pushed in against the soft flesh of her cheek. Guided her back to looking at her beautiful, beautiful boss. Honesty, safety...love...honesty...safety...love...

"Honesty...safety...love..." Seelie whispered to herself. Those words were sweet, they were comfy, they were almost intoxicating. She felt good and welcome and loved. The supervisor leaned in and pressed their boobs together. Her hand left Seelie's crotch and put itself on the back of her head. There, it started to lovingly stroke her hair. Seelie whimpered happily. Everything was sweet and fun and soft and comfy here. She could already tell.

Seelie felt deep down that she was absolutely going to love this job. That instinct felt more trustworthy than every other gut feeling her body and mind had ever presented to her. Honesty, and safety, and love. Honesty, safety, love. Honesty and love and safety. She could be honest, and she could love, and she would be loved back and she would be safe. She quite liked this development.

"I like you," she muttered breathlessly to her boss. "O-Owner."

"And we love you too, doll. All of us do." Her supervisor kissed Seelie on the forehead. She became vaguely aware of clapping and squealing coming from all of her coworkers. Partnered dolls, maybe? She supposed she'd have to ask if they liked the term as much as she did, before she could go using it for them. "Come on, dolls," said her supervisor as she let go, turned around, and let Seelie see that she had a big soft ass, "let's show you to your stations." She walked off towards the room's exit. Seelie and the other new hires happily fell in line. That many of them had thighs, exposed crotches, or panties, visibly slick with sex didn't occur to any of them. They were focused on learning, and on watching and enjoying the sexy way their new supervisor walked.

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"Here is the kissing office!" The supervisor exclaimed. She made a grand gesture with one hand, leading her observers' eyes to her left. There, they saw an open door into a small room. "Well, it's not really *the* kissing office, I suppose, in that we have multiple. But here cute people-mostly women ages twenty to thirty-can pay to be able to kiss you! You're paid beautifully by us-unless you prefer being paid handsomely of course-and, naturally, you also get to keep any tips they give. And they do tip well," the supervisor grinned and squished her breasts together using her arms, "we make sure of it." A few of the trainees giggled. Seelie was one of them.

"Isabeth!" Called another woman to the supervisor. This one wore a collar, a hot pink bra with heart-shaped holes, heels, and nothing else. The lady who had been giving orientation-the one whose name was evidently Isabeth-turned to the speaker with a smile.

"Yes, dear?" The other woman walked confidently up to Isabeth and seized her boobs. Isabeth let out a great, shuddering moan, and her entire body shook. "Hello Veeeeee," Isabeth moaned.

"Hello Isabeth," Vee said with a confident smirk. She leaned in and kissed Isabeth gently, once on each cheek. Seelie noticed that Vee had a penis-it was extending and slowly curling into position to point upwards. There was something endearing about watching it move, somehow. "I love you, Isabeth."

"I love you tooo," said a shaking Isabeth. Her breasts wobbled slightly with the movements of her body. All thirteen new hires stared gormlessly at them.

"You've got a client," Vee purred. "I'll take over from here." Isabeth nodded gently and, after the two shared a brief but passionate kiss on the mouth, she departed to attend to the client in question. Vee turned to the new girls and her thin lips curled into a small smile. "Good evening, gals. I see none of you are trans?" Thirteen heads shook. She was correct. "That's unusual, haha! There are a lot of girls like me here." Vee's hands went to her boobs. They were big, plump, and firm, the kind that kind of weighs you down just to look at. She pawed and gripped at them. The way their soft immaculate flesh stretched and squashed under her fingers, thumbs, and palms sent waves of arousal and capital w Want snaking through Seelie's mouth, heart and pussy.

"Hoooot," moaned someone behind Seelie.

"Looooove," groaned another.

"Fuuuuuuck," agreed a third. Based on the vocalizations, it wasn't hard to tell that Seelie's feelings about Vee were not unique. She herself was moaning garbled sounds out of a slack jaw, none of which were parts of any actual word, but she couldn't tell.

"I'm soooo glad you agree, darlings." Vee approached Seelie. Was it because she was the closest, or had Vee chosen her as a favorite? Perhaps this was random chance? Seelie didn't care. She wasn't asking herself any of these questions, after all. She was far too busy staring at Vee's massive mounds. "What's your name, sugar cube?" Vee asked.

"Sugar cube," Sugar cube moaned happily. The pair of giant, perfect tits was so close, she could practically taste them, she could practically feel the fun texture of their engorged nipples on and under her tongue, she could-

"No, silly thing." Vee laughed. "I want your actual name."

"I'm Silly Thing," Silly Thing answered happily. Silly Thing loved her name. It was so cute, so sweet. It almost assured a listener, "they won't get things right, but it's okay. They're just a silly thing doing their best. We can't be mad at that, can we?" Vee giggled and started to pet Silly Thing. Silly Thing purred and nuzzled in. She was happy. She was a sweet, cute little silly thing.

"Seelie," Vee said to herself as she read Seelie's name tag. "You're Seelie."

"I'm Seeliiiiie," said Seelie sillily.

"Mmmmm," said Vee. "Cute. Perhaps you should be called Seelie Thing from now on?"

"YESSSSS," Seelie Thing agreed with her whole heart. That's it, that's who she was! She was just a Seelie little thing. Vee expertly turned Seelie Thing around. Something went between her thighs. Seelie Thing squeezed it with them by instinct. It grew in response. She felt so good, nurturing it and helping it grow. Vee's hands gripped Seelie Thing by the tits, under her bra. Seelie Thing moaned quite loudly. The others looked happy and aroused and envious. Seelie Thing felt pride in her chest. She wiggled and squirmed, feeding the dick between her legs by rocking back and forth. The friction encouraged it, soothed it, helped it expand. Seelie Thing smiled so, so very wide.

Vee kissed Seelie Thing's hair and squeezed her tits a little roughly. She gasped down a harsh gulp of air and shuddered. The hands groping her wriggled under her bra and then used their fingers to tease her nipples. She writhed with great pleasure. Her body squirmed and flailed. Blossoms of joy and bliss exploded through her mind and body.

And then, Seelie Thing came.

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The rest of orientation was similarly fun. Seelie Thing and her compatriots met lots of beautiful women wearing all kinds of skimpy outfits, with big smiles and bigger tits. Many of them had dicks, too, which Seelie Thing was rapidly becoming fond of. She let two fuck her the "traditional" way. She gave one or two boob jobs.

Her coworkers were getting along similarly well. At one point two of them grabbed her and shoved her face between their tits. If the moans of their superiors were anything to go by, it was a move they heartily approved of.

They kissed and fucked and hugged their way through a successful first day on the job. Then, they did the same during their second. After that came their third. All of them loved this job, and each day brought new ways and reasons to. It wasn't long until Seelie Thing got promoted.

Seelie Thing found herself standing before a table with six young women, all blissed out on scented name tags. She grinned and held up her breasts. All six seemed receptive. "Good girls," she purred down at them, "you'll love it here. I promise."