

Lesbionic Job Centres Plus

We know that the Lemon population is making further inroads into the workings of the country by mounting influences in the government, but now they have plans underway that are taking advantage of the vulnerable unemployed and helping the unemployed of their own kind.

For many of us being on the employment scrapheap is unacceptable and Lemons believe this also. Under normal circumstances they would never want to be seen with a loser-Lemon. Now, with plans to convert these people into fanny friends the misery is now coupled with serious danger.

So how would you know if you were in a lesbionic job centre? Good question! Some Job Centres have only mild infiltration whereas others are fully designed and engineered for Lemons; though these are not actually job centres as you will learn...

After hearing reports of men and straight women (presumably ugly) being refused any kind of help in order to help facilitate their return to work by female staff across a number of job centres, we decided to look a little further and investigate two local job centres. After some observations we expanded our investigation and the results were shocking.

The Sleepers: Minor Infiltration

In an 'ordinary' Job Centre we detected lesbionic staff and particularly, the potential threat that lesbionic personal advisors pose is immense. We have uncovered some torrid examples.

At the low end we have seen refusal to help with returning to work with items such as clothing or bus passes denied for no sufficient reason. Women who request help with childcare costs are strangely transferred to other Job Centres and subsequently never to be seen again. We have even had accounts of 'advisors' stressing they could earn more benefits if they starting living with another woman and/or divorced their husbands and/or children.

These secret lesbionic advisors will use signing-on cards to store secret encrypted information which to covertly inform other lesbionic advisers and track potential victims that are to be referred to fully Lesbionic Job Centers. This information will be used to determine what action to take such as: the customer is a fit straight bird to be taken and blasted with the Lemonizer or in the case of a man executed. Other lesbionic staff will also be able to understand this info.

Phone calls made on free to use public phones will also be monitored where possible for finding new victims.

Door to Door salespeople could be deployed to scout, attack or capture potential victims based on information from Lemon infiltrated Job Centres. Answering the question of "are you employed?" in a doorstep survey/challenge could be fatal.

Mandatory work placements will see advisors push intended targets towards dangerous vacancies such as Refuse And Recyclable Material Collectors, Roofers or Tree Surgery where the candidate (target) may suffer an 'industrial accident'.

Positions in other lesbionic sectors such as retail and door to door sales are promoted and 'interviews' arranged even offering to provide the costs for an interview (new clothes and travel expenses) with the knowledge they will be heading to a company that is lesbionic in nature. Aside from the horrible outcome of providing people with false hope, these customers are often never seen again.

We have found that in sufficient number, enough lesbionic staff can perform hostile take overs though they will often not need to resort to that as described below.

Job Centre Third Party Providers: The Les Centres

A Job Centre Les/Les Centre Plus (fully lesbionic Job Centre) is obviously more sinister. From our investigation we have determined that these establishments are actually masquerading under the guise of one of the Job Centres official third-party providers; companies **paid** by the government providing specialist help the aid the long term employment back into work. But because they follow standard Job Centre procedures so the average person arriving at one of these centres probably will not notice...until it is too late.

It seems that the government is either not aware or not willing to do anything about these establishments. *Clearly* there is some sort of Lemon infiltration at that level sanctioning this.

For the Lemons that run these buildings it is a non-stop revolving door of either new victims; men and ugly straight women to be eradicated or sexy candidates to be taken to be blasted with the Lemonizer, and for the Lemons whom are required to attend these buildings (customers) to sign on it is a continual cycle of sex with fanny friends. Advisors are expected to have 'interviews' with at least 8 people per day which often tend to result in orgies.

Waiting areas always have seating that is low and angled to enable staff sitting at their desks to get up-skirt views where possible.

Services usually designed to assist the public are perverted. Job Points - small computers with printers that allow jobless people to search vacancies will show

vacancies only suitable to Lemons whilst intermittently showing lesbionic filth; more specifically pictures of very fit females in skimpy outfits.

Telephones that are free for people to call potential employers still provide that function but will also allow the phoning of lesbionic premium rate numbers for free. Fondling and fingering often occurs here.

Private interview rooms are the most dangerous areas and where personal advisors make personal attacks. Because they are secluded for the purposes of information security any screams for help are mostly unheard and an attacking advisor can request assistance via the installed panic buttons. In centres where a full take over has yet to happen these are usually the venue to meet with lesbionic customers and other advisors to plot and have sex though most likely an orgy.

As mentioned the thought of Lemons wanting jobless loser-Lemons as their fanny friends is distasteful - to them. But now they have managed to implement their plans by robbing the state to make this seem more acceptable – to them.

They have essentially created a new unofficial benefit for all their Lemon job seekers. It is called Lesbionic Support Allowance (LSA) and this benefit is designed to only provide enough money in which to live fairly easily (but not enough to prevent a revisit to a lesbionic jobcentre to give the staff some more fanny friends) but also enough to ensure they can continue to buy skimpy outfits, power their voice activated dildo's (VAD's) and take their fanny friends out on dates etc, and *all* at the expense of the tax payer! It has a pseudo points system that allows Lemons to increase their LSA allowance. We are unsure of the exact method by which the points system works but we can infer the candidate gets more favour/points (and therefore more money) with the more men and ugly straight women they deal with and how good they are as a fanny friend. Boob size may also be a factor.

Some people however are not so lucky. We found a person who was attacked by a member of staff at one of these unofficial Job Centres and she did not realise what environment she found herself in. She does not want us to use her real name nor is she a tart so we will call her Karessa.

"Karessa, can you please tell us what happened? As much detail as you can."

"Well I reported to the Job Centre as usual. Since my last signing day was a bank holiday I didn't have to sign so it had been a bit longer since my last visit there. As I was waiting I noticed that all the staff was now women and they did not have their name badges on like before. A few people who were arriving kissed the women at the front desk which I thought was unusual. There were no children around either but I didn't think anything of this since it was a school day."

"What happened then?"

"As I waited I used one of the Job Points to look for jobs. I noticed the job descriptions had become a little sleazy. I found three and printed out the vacancy details. I could see women who were waiting looking closely at me but ignored it. When I heard my name called I sat down with the advisor. I had not seen her before. She asked what I had done to look for work. I told her but she didn't type anything into the computer. I handed her the slips from the machine and asked if I could learn more about the positions."

"What types of job were you looking for? Were they sexy jobs that Lemons would have liked?"

"I dunno. I just wanted to work so I selected anything really. I think one was waitress, the other was receptionist at a leisure centre and one was tree surgeon."

"I see. What did this 'advisor' say?"

"She said I display talents in 'other areas' and that there are lots of positions that she would like to see me in. I asked what she meant and then she said she has been looking at my skill set since I had sat down. I thought that was odd because she never used the computer to look my record up and I never told her what I had done in previous jobs. But as she finished that sentence she licked her lips! Then I remembered that as I was approaching her desk she had looked me up and down."

"What did you think to this?"

"I felt a little odd but then I was told I had to attend a private interview. I asked why and she said I showed allot of enthusiasm for getting down to work and more targeted help would be better for me. We walked through some doors off the main foyer section. We went to a small room. She used a swipe card to get through the doors."

"What happened in there?"

"Well, we were in a corridor with what looked like interview rooms and I noticed at the bottom of the corridor another two of these rooms. The Perspex window was all steamed up and one had hand prints on the inside. She swiped the door and I looked in. The room had a waiting sofa next to the wall and a desk with chairs on each side. She went in and lay down. I was shocked. I knew Job Centre staff were lazy but still... I went in but remained standing. She said something about there being many more benefits I deserve. I noticed that as she was talking she was rubbing herself!"

"What did you do?"

"I tried to leave but the door was sealed. She laughed out loud and I told her to go screw herself! She walked over to the desk and took something out the drawer then she came at me."

“Was you scared?”

“Mostly, but I was not going to let this bitch ruin my chances of finding a job! I evaded her and launched various pieces of stationary at her from the desk and punched her in the boob. She launched at me again and I stood to the side and slammed her face into the desk. She fell on the floor. She dropped some sort of sex toy but it looked weird more like something to deliver a drug. Then, I realised that I would probably have to fight my way out.”

“How did you escape?”

“I took her lanyard which had her swipe card and made like one of the locals. I undid my blouse a little and pushed out my tits so I wouldn’t arouse suspicion. I used her swipe card to exit the room to return to the foyer. I headed for the main doors. I shoved my way through a group of women who were waiting to sign (they were kissing and licking each others boobs) when one of the receptionist bitches spotted me so instead I headed over to a desk that was unoccupied near the doors. She followed and then she confronted me demanding to know what I was doing. Before I could think of anything the adviser (holding her head) and some security were coming back out to the foyer. Someone shouted “Seize her!” An alarm sounded and the front doors began to close so I picked up the monitor off the desk and threw it at this receptionists head and ran straight for the doors. As I left I told them they can shove their dole up their hole!”

“Nice touch! So what has happened in your life since?”

“Well luckily I found a part time job and no longer have to sign on!”

“Karessa, many thanks.”

So as usual you can never to be fully aware of your surroundings. The dangers that this report has highlighted just shows how changeable things are when Lemons are involved and attempting to progress their evil plans. They have created a fuzzy line between whom they will try to make a fanny friend or otherwise attack.

Stay clamped!