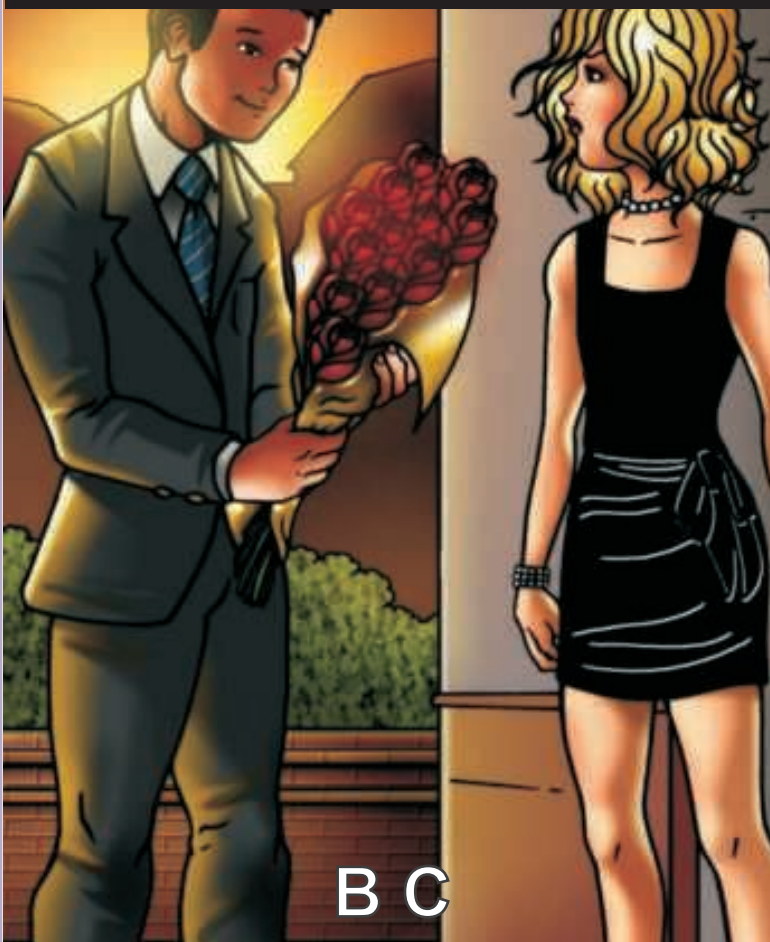




Reluctant Press presents:

Forced To Date The Boss' Son



B C

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Forced To Date The Boss' Son

By B C

Anna Morris had been working for a large industrial firm for over 18 years. She'd tried everything she could to get promoted. Several others got promoted ahead of her, mostly men, but a couple women as well. Many of them had less education, less experience and much less time with D & C Industrial Supply, and some of them were much younger than herself. Anna had started there right out of college. Her better half worked in sales for another large distributor of industrial products. That same spouse ran off with another outside sales lady 10 years ago when their only child, Marty, was six years old.

Anna raised Marty all alone ever since that two-timing SOB walked out on them. Anna was forced to work full-time to keep a roof over her and Marty's head. She got almost no help from her former spouse so she worked all the hours she could. Anna wasn't as cold and cutthroat as a lot of the people in the industrial sales business. She was kind and efficient, as well as very knowledgeable about the product lines and services that D & C offered. This built trust in her with all the customers she dealt with daily. It got so that many of customers asked for her specifically.

Anna had started out in the warehouse, putting up products on the rows and rows of shelves. After three years she moved into a secretarial job in the office. After three more years she was promoted to inside sales but there her career seemed to stagnate. She felt that once she was into inside sales, it would lead to an outside sales position, where one could make the big money. She knew that she'd be good in that job; many of her customers kept telling her so. Once there, she knew that she could make the kind of money she was really worth.

Anna and Marty weren't really hurting for anything by then. They had a modest home; although somewhat small, it was always well-kept and clean, thanks to Marty. Marty had become a big help to his Mom. She had to depend on him to help out a lot with the domestic duties around the home as she worked many hours a week and there was only the two of them. She wished that she could get into a sales job and begin to make the kind of money that would afford them a little better lifestyle and future. She hated that she had to count on Marty so much to keep up the house but there really wasn't any choice for the time being.

Often Anna was taken advantage of by D&C, in that she would be asked to come in early or stay late. The outside sales people were constantly throwing last minute things at her, saying that they had to have an answer, a quote or delivery to a customer ASAP. Anna did most of the extra work, spent the extra effort and didn't get any of the extra pay. "Thattagirls" didn't pay the bills or improve her lifestyle.

Anna finally went in one day and got up the courage to demand from her boss of 14 years a job in outside sales. She told him that if she couldn't be assigned to an outside sales territory, she had a couple of other offers on the table from competitors. She was lying. Then she told Eric, her boss, that she really didn't want to leave D&C but she knew the business and product lines as well as anyone there by now. She was tired of doing everyone else's job and not getting any of the rewards for her efforts.

"Anna, I'm shocked. Of course you can have a sales position. I never knew that you were even remotely interested in outside sales. You've never brought this to my attention before. No way do I want to lose you to any other company, especially our competition," Eric Sommers told her. For the next hour they sat and discussed two open territories, plus all of the details of the position. Anna almost cried, she was so pleased with herself for finally sticking up for herself, and mad at herself for taking so many years to do so.

The happiness boiled over and she bit her lip to keep from laughing out loud as Eric assigned her a new company car, an expense account, and explained

the base salary, which was far more than she'd been making at the time. Then he told her about the commission and bonus system D&C offered. She got a big territory on the west side of the state, not all that far from home. She knew many of the customers by name from talking with them on the phone. Suddenly a light went on in her head and it hit her. This was Bill Tate's territory; he was probably the best salesman they had.

"Mr. Sommers, what about Bill Tate? These are all his accounts. Surely I'm not taking them away from Bill, am I?" Anna asked.

"No Anna. Timing is everything. Bill just left my office 15 minutes before you walked in. This is his retirement notice right here," Eric said, holding up the document. "So, you see, you are now our new rising star," Eric said and winked at her.

Anna picked up right where old Bill Tate left off and she continued to grow the territory with amazing speed. She had just about doubled the sales and both she and the company were beginning to enjoy the fruits of her labors.

Now Anna's son Marty was a very good child but he had no Dad or male figure in his life to influence his early development. Plus Marty was a little on the soft and effeminate side. Being an only child, neither mother or child had anything to gauge his behavior by though. Not too many 16-year-olds can cook an entire meal, bake special desserts, and clean an entire home from head to tail, properly. He could do the laundry, wash and iron, even hand wash his mother's delicate lingerie and hang it to dry properly. He could sew and

mend his own clothes if they were torn or in need of mending. He even had been working on a handmade quilt as a hobby.

Anna really never stopped to consider if this was odd or strange behavior for a 16-year-old boy. She just always enjoyed the company of her only child. They were very close. Marty didn't seem to mind being a little effeminate and really wasn't even aware that he was. It just pleased him to be able to make his mother happy and relieve some of her burden.

Marty was about 5' 6" tall and weighed a smidge over 100 lb. soaking wet. He also was cursed with small, soft, features. He wore his hair quite long for a guy but always had it pulled back into a masculine pony tail. It was a light sandy blonde color in the sunlight. When they would rent a movie and make popcorn, Anna would have Marty sit down in front of her and she would brush his long hair until it shined. Then Marty would brush his mother's long hair.

His mother commented on several different occasions that his hair was getting too long to be a boy's hairstyle. "Don't you feel a little odd in school? I should think that the other boys must tease you about your hair. I think that we should get it cut shorter, don't you agree?" she said.

"Oh Mother, this is the 21st century. Kids come to school with mohawk hairdos in radical colors; they have tattoos and piercings on almost every part of their bodies. Having long hair is really mild and no one even notices me. Besides, lots of guys today have even longer hair than mine. Mother, while we're on the subject, would you be upset if I wanted to pierce my ears? It seems like I'm the only one who doesn't have pierced ears," Marty said.

“Well honey, I guess that it would be OK as long as that’s all you want to get pierced. I’ve noticed the male salesmen at work now wear small gold hoops or diamond studs in their pierced ears. Not just the young ones either. If you’re sure that’s what you’d like, I don’t see any harm in it. Tomorrow is Saturday and I need to do some shopping so we could run by the mall and get them done the safe and proper way,” she said. “Why don’t you think about it overnight and we’ll discuss it in the morning over breakfast.”

The following morning, Anna and Marty were having breakfast and Marty said, “Mother, I want to do it.”

“Do what, Marty?” she asked.

“Get my ears pierced like we talked about last night. I think I’m about the only guy in the whole school who hasn’t had it done already. Does it hurt much when you get it done?” he asked.

“No honey, not any more. Back in the old days it hurt a little but today they numb your ear a little and use piercing guns. It’s fast, simple, clean and sterile. I have no problem with it as long as piercing your ears is the only thing you get done...nothing else!” she said.

When they got to the mall, they started looking around in a shop that offered a free piercing with a purchase of earrings. Marty was confused as he’d heard several different versions of what the significance of a ring in the left or the right ear was supposed to be. He couldn’t remember for sure which was which.

The earrings he found out only came in sets, they didn’t sell them individually at this shop. He picked out a pair of rather thick one-inch gold hoops. Mom thought that thinner gold hoops would be more appropriate for a young man but she kept silent and let him

get what he wanted. Marty was still trying to remember which ear he wanted done. Because he didn't say anything to the tech and he was distracted, she assumed that he wanted both ears done. Before he realized it, she'd dabbed a numbing cream on each earlobe.

POP! POP! It was done and now both ears had wide girlish gold hoop earrings hanging from them. The tech then gave him a pair of gold ball studs to wear at night until the holes healed up. She also gave him some cleaning antiseptic spray to use for the next week or so. The lady had noticed that Marty's hair band had slipped and was coming loose. She pulled it free, explaining what had happened, took a brush out and brushed and pulled his hair back on his head. She re-did the hair band but attached it much higher on the back of his head than he had ever worn it before. She fanned it out and ran the brush through it a couple more times. It looked like a very feminine ponytail now. With the wide gold one-inch hoops hanging from each ear, Anna almost didn't recognize her own son when he met up with her in the hallway of the mall. "Oh my," she said as he approached.

"Is something wrong, Mother?" he asked nervously as she looked at him, smiling. Anna pulled him over to a storefront that had mirrors for its front displays. As Marty looked at his reflection, he almost looked right past himself to see what his Mom was talking about. Then it hit him. The girl in the mirror was himself. Even without makeup or female clothing, he looked like any one of a thousand teenaged girls in this county.

"Holy cow, Mom, I look just like a girl," he said, embarrassed.

"Exactly, honey," Anna replied.

Marty reached back and tried to lower the ponytail to a more masculine position. As he pulled on the band, it slid down. Now his long hair covered the sides of his head and part of each ear. The band was at the very base of his neck with about 7 inches of sandy blond hair still hanging below the tight hair band. The large gold hoop earrings were in full view and he still looked very feminine and girlish.

Once they were home, he pulled off the hair band completely. Even that made him look feminine. The honey blonde hair flowed over his shoulders and down his back. As he turned his head, the wide gold hoops clearly showed themselves. Before bed that night, Marty had Mother help him remove the hoops and clean his new holes well before putting the gold studs into the newly-pierced holes. She brushed his hair out and kissed him good night. His last conscious thought was, "Maybe I'd better think about a haircut before much longer."

Work continued to get better and Anna was posting better numbers with each passing month. Then one day, Eric Sommers called her in his office and told her, "Anna, you've done wonders with your territory and I'm really proud of you. I'd like you to stay after work for just a couple of minutes today as I'd like to discuss a couple of changes around here. If it's not a problem, maybe we could grab a bite to eat while we discuss them. If you need to call home first, please feel free," Eric said.

"I guess that would be OK," she said. Then Anna called Marty and told him she wouldn't be home for dinner. He should go ahead and eat and clean up. She wasn't sure how what time she'd get home but it was a business dinner and she shouldn't be too late.

Eric took her to one of the nicest restaurants in town. When they were seated, Eric said, "Anna, I've been meaning to tell you this for months now. Getting you out from behind a desk is the best thing that's ever happened for D&C and I'm guessing for you as well. This past year or so you've really blossomed," he said, smiling.

"Thank you," Anna replied. In her head, she thought, "I'm the same person, not one bit different, you horse's ass. It's just that no one pays any attention to the girls at the desk or on the phones who are the ones that keep the place going and do most of the work. But put on a few new clothes, get a makeover and bring in a couple of hundred thousand dollars in orders and new business, and suddenly you become a shining star."

"Anna, I've a big favor to ask of you. We've been friends for a long time now and I'm hoping you can help me out. My son is going to be coming this weekend and I don't know any young people at all. I've got four tickets for the new Broadway play and dinner afterwards at the Flame. I'd like you to accompany me. I'd prefer it be considered a date and that's what I'm asking you for but I understand if you'd prefer to keep it on a professional level.

"Also I'm really hoping that you would be a real lifesaver and find a date for the evening for my son Frederick. Freddy is 17 years old and he doesn't know a single person in our town since I moved here after my wife died," he told her.

For a moment she thought her son could join them but he clearly wanted a date for Frederick. She was just about to decline when Eric said, "Look, you're not obligated to do this for me but it would really mean a lot to me personally if you could. I would be in debt to you forever," he said, looking at her with those sad puppy dog eyes. "I'd really like to see Freddy meet a nice young lady."

"I'd really like to help you Eric and thank you for asking me without putting an ultimatum on it. Can I take a couple of days and let you know?" she asked.

"It's only a couple of days until the weekend, Anna. It would be a long weekend if I didn't get him and me out for one of those nights. By the way, who said there wasn't an ultimatum involved here? Ha ha," he laughed. "you know that I'm only kidding, right?" he said with a big smile.

"Well, I'll see what I can do, Eric. You can count on me to really try but I don't really know a lot of young girls. I do have someone in mind, she's a really nice young lady and lives just a couple of doors down from me. I'll ask her tonight and let you know in the morning," Anna said.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Anna. You'd be a real life saver. Please let me know as soon as possible. Here's my home phone and cell numbers. Your job is not at stake here but I can see a bonus in here of some kind for a job well beyond the call of duty," he said, smiling and he touched her hand with his on the table.

That night Anna called Debbie, the girl down the street from her. She'd known her forever. "Hi Debbie, Anna Morris here. The reason I'm calling, and you're probably going to think that I've lost my mind, I have a chance to do a favor for my boss at work and it's a big

deal to him. He has asked me to accompany him to dinner and a new play. Dear, the reason I'm calling you is that he has asked to get an escort to accompany his 17-year-old son. I know that it's an odd request but you wouldn't be alone at all, I'll be there every minute.

"No, I haven't met the son but, Eric, my boss showed me several pictures and he's really very handsome. He goes to an all-boys private Ivy League school in the east. Yes, I understand, sweetie, but please let me know by morning if at all possible as Eric has let me know just how important this is to him."

The following morning Anna sighed in relief when Debbie called and told her that she could go and was actually looking forward to it because she wanted to see the play. Debbie told her that her folks OK'd the date as long as Anna was going along and would be with her the whole time.

"Oh, that's great news, Debbie. I can't thank you enough, this will really make my boss happy. I'll call you tonight with the times and all the details. Honey, I can't thank you enough, you're a lifesaver."

Anna walked into Eric's office that morning and said, "Who's your favorite salesperson? I've done it again. Another almost impossible task with a short time to do it in but it's all done and done well. Frederick will be proud to be seen with my young friend Debbie. She's a really sweet girl, smart and very pretty as well," Anna boasted a little. "What would you do without me continually fixing things up and putting all the little pieces in place?"

"Thank you, Anna. You've really come through for me this time. I didn't think you'd be able to find someone with such short notice, I won't forget it either, I owe you big time. The play and dinner are Friday night

and you may take Friday off to prepare for a wonderful evening out. It is formal wear, of course. If you give me your address, I'll have my limo pick you up at 6 PM. The play starts at 7 with dinner and dancing afterwards.

As the week passed, Anna was actually looking forward to the date. She'd made plans to get everything done well ahead of time. She made appointments at the beauty salon for both herself and Debbie on Friday at 2 PM.

Thursday night, Anna got a phone call. It seemed that Debbie's grandmother had suddenly gotten very ill and was in critical condition. Her Mom and Dad and she were at the airport right now, waiting for their flight to Ohio. "I'm really sorry about the date tomorrow. I hope you understand this couldn't be helped or anticipated," Debbie said. Anna could tell that she was indeed sorry and felt bad about the cancellation.

"Of course dear, I totally understand. You must go and support your family. I'll be just fine. You take care and tell your folks that we are sorry about your Grandma. She'll be in our prayers," Anna said, already feeling the pressure. She had no idea what to do now. She knew she had to let Eric know right away. As fate would have it, just as she was about to pick up the phone to call him, there was a knock at the door. It startled her. As she opened the door, she was shocked to see Eric standing there.

"Hello Anna, I hope that you don't mind me stopping by like this. I was on the way to the airport to pick up Freddy. Your place was on the way so I thought I'd

stop and make sure where you lived. I trust that everything is all set for tomorrow?" he smiled, flashing his perfect white teeth at her.



“Oh Eric, I was just about to call you. There’s been a sudden and very serious sickness in Debbie’s family. She just called and she and her parents are on their way to Ohio right now to care for her Grandmother. She won’t be back until at least next week. I’m really sorry. At this late date, I don’t have a clue who I might call and ask to fill in. It’s just one of those bad timing things,” she apologized even though this wasn’t her fault at all.

Eric said, “Please say that you’re kidding me, Anna.”

“I really wish I could tell you I was,” she said. At that very moment Marty walked in, not knowing that anyone was there. He’d just gotten out of the shower. He had his mother’s robe around him and his hair was pulled back in a bunch and held with a big butterfly clip to keep it from getting wet. He’d put her slippers on just being silly. He still had on his wide gold hoop earrings. Talk about timing, he’d chosen this night to put cold cream all over his face to cleanse it as he thought he was getting acne.

“Whoops, I’m sorry, Mother. Please excuse me, sir. I wasn’t aware that anyone was here,” He said softly, embarrassed. He pulled the robe together and ran out of the room.

Eric looked at Anna with questions written all over his face. “She called you Mother? That’s...your...daughter?” he said. Before she could answer, he said, “How old is she.”

Anna answered before realizing what she was saying. “16 years old,” she said.

“So you have what appears to be a beautiful 16-year-old daughter living with you and you didn’t

think my son Freddy was good enough for her to go out with?" Eric asked with a little edge in his voice.

"No, you don't understand, Eric," she said "It's not what you're thinking at all," Anna went on

"OK then, what am I thinking, Anna? She's obviously old enough for jewelry, makeup and boys but you didn't think my son was good enough for your daughter," he said

Anna felt really trapped. She knew that Eric saw Marty clearly, with his long hair held up very femininely with the big hair clip, and his big gold hoop earrings. He was wearing her silky feminine robe; he was wearing her fluffy heeled slippers and they tapped out a beat as he hurried from the room. Dear God, why on earth did he choose *now* to cover his whole face in cold cream? Then it suddenly hit her, and she turned beet red.

"Oh my God, Eric's convinced that Marty's a girl!" She panicked. "If I set him straight, everyone at work will think my son is gay or a fairy or some equally disgusting thing. It would be hell for me around the office and they might even try to get rid of me like they did that Duane guy a year ago," she thought. Her mind was spinning and she was confused and looking for the right answer. Eric jumped in and caught her completely off guard, confusing the situation even more..

"Is there a good reason why your daughter couldn't or wouldn't accompany us tomorrow for a simple play and a dinner?"

Again she panicked and was just about to come clean and tell Eric the truth, that Marty was her son when Eric butted in again. "Why didn't you ask her to come with us in the first place, Anna?"

Anna's mind was spinning, trying to think of how to explain to him when she just blurted out, "I didn't know that she'd be home. I thought that she had plans," she lied. Now she was really trapped.

"Are you saying that she is available now?" Eric asked.

"Well yes, at least I think so," Anna said, blushing and knowing that she was in way too deep now to change her story.

"That's wonderful, it looks like things are going to work out just fine. Good God, woman, you had me going there for a while. OK great, we'll pick you two lovely ladies up at 6 tomorrow evening," Eric said. He stepped forward and kissed her on the cheek, then turned and left.

"Oh My God. What have I just done?" she asked herself out loud. She looked up and Marty was just re-entering the room after hearing the door close.

"What's up, Mom? Who was that who just dropped in?" he asked.

"That...that...was my boss and the father of your date for tomorrow night, for a play, followed by dinner at the Flame Restaurant and possibly some dancing," she said.

"Cool, what's his daughter look like? Have you ever met her? She's probably not that hot if she had to have you fix us up," Marty said with a grin.

"Well, I really know what she looks like because he doesn't have a daughter," Anna replied, thinking she was really screwed now.

“Wait a minute, didn’t you just say that he was the father of my date for tomorrow? What exactly does that mean then?” Marty asked, confused.

“Eric has a 17-year-old son who thinks that he is going out tomorrow night with my daughter,” she said.

Marty looked at her like she was crazy and said, “I don’t get it, Mom, you don’t have a daughter.” Then suddenly it hit him. “He thought I was a girl. Why the heck didn’t you just set him straight, Mom? I’m no girl and he’s going to be mighty upset tomorrow when he shows up and sees that I’m a guy,” he said.

Anna pulled Marty over in front of the big mirror on the wall. “Tell me honey, what would you think if you saw the person looking back at you from the mirror right now? What do you see?” she asked.

Marty looked at the person staring back at him from the mirror. A silk robe, long honey blonde hair bunched up and held with a butterfly clip. Those damned wide girlish gold hoop earrings, slippers that could only be a woman’s, fuzzy with a high heel and to top it all off, a face hidden completely with cold cream. Yep, he couldn’t deny it he totally looked like a girl. “So what? What’s that got to do with me dating a guy?” he still wanted to know.

“So you helped get me into this spot and now you’ll have to help me get out of it. Tomorrow, my dear, you are going to have several firsts in your life. You’re going to go formal dress shopping, get a make over, have a hair appointment at the beauty salon and your first date with my boss’ son. All in all it should be a really bizarre day, one that you’ll not soon forget, I should imagine.” Anna said. Marty just stood there, not believing his ears, *She’s bluffing*, he thought.