



*Reluctant Press*

# The Internship

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# THE INTERNSHIP

BY CHERYL LYNN

## THE INTERNSHIP

Bob Mulroney was sitting at his desk trying to compose his thoughts. Several sheets of white paper lying in front of him, an even bigger pile was wadded and stuffed into the waste basket. He sat thumping the eraser of his number two pencil on the side of his desk in tune with the song playing on the radio. His eyes were vacant, his left hand supported his chin as his elbow, taking the weight, rested on the desk top. The radio and thump, thump—a—de—thump of the eraser were the only sounds.

Bob was really not thinking much of anything and especially not thinking about completing the application form lying on the left side of the desk. He stopped thumping the eraser long enough to brush the red hair out of his eyes. The final question wanted a twenty—five to fifty word essay on the importance of being adaptable. He felt like he was more than adaptable, but was having a heck of a time putting that into writing. Scratching his head with the eraser, Bob let his hand fall to the desk top. The pencil rolled free and reaching the edge, dropped to the floor.

Groaning softly, Bob scooted back his chair and slowly rose to his feet. “Might as well get a coke or something,” he muttered feeling disgusted with himself for not completing the application sooner. He was going to be late for his date with Georgeanne if he didn't get on the ball. Unfortunately, he absolutely had to finish the application and get it into today's mail before he could do anything else.

This was his last chance to obtain a summer internship and if he did not get one, then his outlook for a real job at the end of his Senior collegian year was that much less. In today's cut throat world, every advantage you could get was that much up on the competition. Obtaining a corporate internship had been one of his advisor's strongest recommendations, but Bob had delayed applying until the last minute. Now, this summer program was the only one left and he positively just had to get it.

Most of his contemporaries had begun corporate internships in their junior year, and in a few cases, even in their sophomore year to get a step—up on everyone else. Of course, those getting and more importantly keeping a corporate internship, would really be going places. Bob had put off applying in his sophomore and junior years, but now he had no choice. So much for another summer of surfin' and dune buggie romping with some cute beach chick.

Bob stretched, rising on tip—toe and reaching out with his finger tips to grab the door sill. His finger tips just barely reaching the sill, he pulled himself upwards, stretching his sore bunched muscles. “Ooooooh, man, that feels good,” he said as he released his grip and turned once again to face the stack of paper work.

“Climatic Manufacturing” was the last application stuffed in the back of one of the pigeon holes used by the Business Department's student counseling service. Bob had been indeed fortunate to find it and that was perhaps why it was even still there. Stuffed deep in the back, wadded to half its original size, Bob's fingers grasped then pulled it free.

He straightened it out only glancing at the letterhead, before putting it into his book bag. Heaving a sigh of relief, he turned from the wall—to—wall cabinet that the counselors used to post notices and store internship applications as well as other corporate recruitment materials.

As he pushed on the glass door leading out of the counselor's offices, Bob knew that he had been lucky just finding an application. So it did not matter in the slightest just what kind of internship it was. Oh, there had been some others scattered around, but like, he was going to get on with the likes of Proctor and Gamble or even K—Mart for that matter now.

It was obvious that his only chance lay in some unknown company, or off the beaten path firm this late in the year. Finals were almost over and some of the kids had already gone home or to their internships. He was going to have to shake a leg and get a move on. Secretly, Bob wished that it would get in too late.

Hell, he did not want to have to work for a living until it was absolutely positively necessary, but his counselor had been firm. She had given him another much better reason for finding an internship this year. He reflected back on her admonishment.

“Bob,” she had said, “it's either you get an internship this year or I won't be able to guarantee your scholarship for the next. Look, I have done all that I can to keep you eligible, but school rules state that marginal students must meet some special consideration guidelines or no more scholarship.”

She paused to shuffle some papers bringing his scholastic report to the top. “This year, you are just barely squeaking by with a 2.2 grade point average. If that isn't marginal, I don't know what is. Since you are not handicapped, a woman, or an exchange student not fluent in English, you are going to have to do something to indicate that you deserve your scholarship.”

The counselor stacked the pages of his reports on her desk and looking him straight in the eye, “Now! Unless you can get accepted in an internship, I am going to have to recommend that your scholarship be given to someone more deserving. So! What will it be?”

Bob had become quite desperate in his search and hoped that he had not waited too long. His face fell in disappointment when he first began his search for a corporate application. The P&G and K—Mart forms were scattered and only partially complete and it took a heap of looking before he found anything. Fortunately, his counselor's di-

rections to a specific cubby hole proved fruitful. The good news was that he found Climatic Manufacturing, the bad news was that it had been the only application left.

Bringing his thoughts back to the present, he sat down at his desk and began scribbling on the paper in front of him. Forty—five minutes later, he was giving the completed application a final check.

It seemed strange to him that the company, Climatic Manufacturing, wanted him to fill it out in long—hand rather than demonstrate his capabilities on the computer. “Twenty—five to fifty words in your own handwritten style. May be in pen or pencil, but no typewriter or other media may be used,” were the simple instructions. Bob had decided to use pencil as it would be neater, and more importantly, could be erased.

He paper clipped a recent full length plus a close—up of just his face color photos, as required, and current transcript to the application and put it into the envelope. At the post office, he inserted the envelope in an over night mailer and dropped it into the box. Brushing his hands together, he smiled a self—satisfied smirk and went to find Georgeanne.

Georgeanne was his current babe and things were not going all that great in their relationship. He had to force his way with her the last time they went out and now she was being a bit of a bitch to his way of thinking. “BFD,” he thought to himself as he headed over to the Tap Room. “Like she didn't want me to nibble on her titties! If she didn't, then why the fuck did she wear that low cut see through outfit? Women can be such bitches when they wanna.”

When he got to the local bar he found Georgeanne sitting with a number of her girl friends chatting away with a mug of beer sitting in front of her. She pretended he wasn't even there and either ignored him or turned her head away from where he was standing. This only made Bob all the more upset and he began downing shooters faster than he should have on an empty stomach. As he swallowed his fourth straight tequila, one of Georgeanne's friends got up and left the bar. Encouraged by the alcohol, Bob got off the stool and made his way back over to the table. Besides, in his mind, he still had a date with her.

Smiling his broadest and most sincere smile he begged forgiveness and seeing Georgeanne actually look up at him, sat in the vacated chair. For the next twenty minutes he did everything that he could to get her to forgive him.

Finally, she smiled and said that she would give him just one more chance. Bob could be a real nice guy when he worked at it. His smile could be infectious as well, and he was smiling for all he was worth. Bob had already decided to dump Georgeanne, but he wanted to have one last fling with her. Actually, he planned on getting into her panties this time and he wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer.

Georgeanne was sitting there in a white nylon poet's blouse with those great big fluffy billowing sleeves in a pale yellow color and a short denim pleated flared skirt with brass buttons running up the front. It exposed her great thighs and legs which only increased his desires.

He quickly tossed the tenth tequila solo into his mouth, then immediately followed it up with some of Georgeanne's beer, swallowed the mixture down. His confidence re-

stored and feeling that he could rule the world, he reached over and grabbed Georgeanne's hand.

“Lesh...dan..dance,” he ordered. Bob had already decided that he was not going to take no for an answer.

The Tap Room was filled with a capacity crowd as Bob shoved and pushed his way to the dance floor with Georgeanne in tow. He was feeling no pain as he grabbed her tightly about the waist and pulled her to him. He felt flushed as he pulled her pelvis into his and began grinding his hips.

Her perfume filled his head and seemed to go straight down into his dick, which began to swell. Feeling superior and in total control, he let his right hand grip tightly to her perfectly rounded and firm ass cheek. The material of her dress began to bunch under his grip. His massaging fingers brought the hem of her skirt up, exposing her pantied butt. At the same time, he maneuvered his left hand over her right breast and began rubbing.

“Hey! Stop it, Bobby!” she demanded into his ear as her hands began tugging at his. “Come on, stop it! You know I don't like it when you do that! Now let....gooo! Darn your drunken hide! Let me goooo!”

Bob released his grip when Georgeanne dug her sharp finger nails into his wrists. “Ouch! Damn it! That hurt!” he grumbled as he backed off. He still groped with his hands trying to fasten them onto her narrow waist, but she spun out of his grip and walked off the dance floor. Bob was left standing looking like an idiot to his way of thinking.

“Georgie baby!” He yelled and followed after. “Man, the bitch must be on the rag or somethin’,” he mumbled to himself as he worked his way back through the crowd.

“Bob, you're nothing but a Neanderthal! A great big, self centered, egotistical Neanderthal! Now get out of my life!” She had screamed at him when he had gotten back to their table. She even slapped at him with her purse as she stomped past. She was very plainly pissed. That's when he had decided to start drinking seriously. Nothing solved problems like golden tequila. Now he had no one to call his friend left on campus and probably in the whole wide world, as well.

Later, Bob found himself laying on his dorm bed. Still dressed and with his shoes on, holding on tight to keep from being thrown off the spinning bed, he slowly forced open an eye and let out an agonizing moan. He felt sick, very sick.

Finally, he rolled off and unsteadily got to his feet and staggered as quickly as he could into the bathroom. Falling to his knees he grabbed the commode in a tight bear hug to keep from falling in and heaved his tortured guts out. He did not know how long he had knelt there, but when he thought he could make it, he slowly got back to his feet. His mouth tasted just like he had eaten a pound of dog shit. He washed his face and gargled with some mouth wash, then tossed back a couple of aspirins and finished off a glass of water. His reflected image looked like death warmed over and looked almost as bad as he felt.

Back in his room, he stripped and all but fell into the bed. His last thoughts were a bad memory of Georgeanne telling him to kiss off. He had followed her back to her

apartment and tried to get her to go to bed with him. He sorta remembered tearing her blouse and her taking a swing at him. He didn't remember if he had gotten any or not. His only current need, was to stop the spinning of the bed and the pounding in his head.

“Shit happens, man!” He mumbled and turning over slept.

Several days later, Bob found a large envelope in his mailbox. It was pale pink in color and in the upper left corner in raised golden ink, the Climatic Manufacturing logo was stamped. He tore it open and with the shaking hands of anticipation, began reading the cover letter.

“Dear Mr. Mulroney,” it began, “We have received your application for our summer internship program. However, if you had noticed on the application you submitted, this opening was for LAST YEAR! Therefore, we are sorry to inform you that your request cannot be considered at this time.”

“Damn!” Bob said, but continued reading. “However, should you be interested, there is an opening in one of our line management departments. While technically not an internship, should you decide to accept this counter offer, it could become a stepping stone to a rewarding career.”

“Well, at least he would have a chance at something to show his counselor. She would have to accept this in lieu of a real internship, wouldn't she?” Bob mused. He shuffled the papers and finished reading.

“If you decide to accept, please complete the enclosed material and submit it to my attention. It should be noted that the application must be complete and thorough. No blanks or unanswered questions. Once we have received the completed forms, you will be informed as to your final acceptance.” It went on some more, but he had all he needed. Folding the papers, he stuffed them in his pocket and headed back to his room.

Back in the room, he sat at his desk and began completing the more than ten pages of questions. Name and general identification stuff came first. This was followed by a lengthy listing of physical characteristics and medical history. Height: five—six; weight: one seventeen; sex: frequent. No scratch that, Male. And so it went on, page after page. Color hair: Brown, but that did not truly reflect its actual color—mousey would be a better description. It was also straight, limp, and reached to just below the nape of his neck.

Eyes: blue. Actually next to his smile they were his best feature. They were a bright blue with just a hint of gold flakes in them. Nearest family member: none, well at least none he cared to think or even call family. Person to contact in an emergency: Geor-geanne, that would serve her right, besides she just might still care a little bit.

Two weeks later, Bob received another package in the mail. It was from Climatic Manufacturing and contained his acceptance notice, orientation materials, and a one way coach class airline ticket. On the first day of June, Bob left for the airport in good spirits.

He had at last secured a summer internship such as it was and his counselor had been more than happy to approve. She had been particularly up tight in Bob's opinion when he presented his acceptance letter to her. Now, all he had to do was complete this summer job satisfactorily and report back to school to assure himself of his senior year's scholarship.

"No sweat," he thought as he settled himself in his airplane seat.

He was met at the airport by a pretty young woman by the name of Betty Rogers at the baggage claim. They stood idly waiting by the black conveyer belt for the arrival of his meager baggage. The belt continued rotating in constant circles until they were the last ones standing there.

Figuring that the commuter had miraculously managed to lose his only piece of luggage on a non—stop direct flight was hard to believe, but they had. Frustrated and tired, he had fussed and cursed the airline and baggage claim operator to no avail. It did not matter what he screamed or shouted, his bag was not at the airport.

After filing a lost baggage claim, they departed for the plant facilities. Soon they arrived in a remote area surrounded by a twelve foot fence topped with concertina wire. At even intervals, electronic surveillance towers were placed. To all outward appearances, this was something like a prison or military base. They were held up at the main gate while the security guards checked Betty's credentials and Bob's job acceptance letter.

"Boy, what do they make here to require this kind of third degree?" he asked as they drove through the gate. "This ain't some kind of CIA operation is it?"

"Oh, no," Betty replied. "The company is just being cautious and we do have to be careful of industrial spies you know. Didn't you read the orientation material they sent with your acceptance?"

"No, I haven't had a chance," he responded. "But man—o—man, this is some operation to require all this security. You sure this ain't no CIA thing?"

Betty just laughed off his comment and rode in silence until they reached a large beige brick three story building. She pulled into a parking space, shut the engine off, and stepped out of the car.

"This is the company dorm," Betty began as they walked to the front doors. "All the comforts of home and more. I think that you will find it more than satisfactory. While it is still communal in nature, the individual rooms are private and you have your own bath. Come on, I'll show you to your room."

They entered a long hallway, off to the right was a large glass enclosed area that was obviously the dinning room and to the left was another open area that could only be a rec. room. It had a big screen television, pool table and numerous lounging chairs. A card table was off to one side. There was no one in the room when they stopped to look.

"Strange," Bob thought seeing no one about. "Er, how come no one's any where around?" He asked while craning his neck to peer into the rec. room. He didn't hear



anything, either. No radio, no tape player or anything, but that fact did not register in his conscious thought.

“This is the summer and not that many of the employees qualify for staying here. We used to have a large internship program, but as you know with all the down—sizing taking place these days. Well, any way I was surprised that you were accepted. As the new guy, you'll be restricted to campus for a couple of weeks, though. Nothing personal, they have all these orientation classes ya gotta sit through, besides we only have a few real residents that stay here. You'll get to meet them soon enough.”

He followed Betty up to the third floor and down the hall to a room near the middle of the floor. Betty inserted the magnetic key card and the steel door opened into a brightly lit living room. Inside, Bob discovered a neat, clean, surprisingly large apartment.

The walls were done in a pale lilac color, wall—to—wall cream colored pile carpet, bright pink kitchen table and matching chairs with white padded cushions were off to one side. In the corner was a coffee pot and microwave. A small refrigerator was hidden behind a false cabinet door. Overhead, two cabinets contained cups, saucers, tea pot, two place settings, and two glasses.

The main living area contained a pastel purple sofa and matching ultra—modern recliner with the headsets and everything a couch potato could ever want. A radio, tape player, CD combo stereo set was sitting on a corner table while a free standing lamp and coffee table completed the living room. The colors were too feminine for Bob's taste, but the bedroom was much worse.

The bedroom, filled with furniture, looked surprisingly small. A queen—sized bed with bright white satin comforter, yellow ruffled bed skirting with matching pillow shams was placed in the center of the room. On each side were white French provençal side tables with brass lamps and pink shades. Against one wall was a large bureau centered between two doors that opened into large closets.

The closet on the right contained dresses, skirts, blouses, and other feminine apparel. The closet on the left was almost empty except for three peignoir sets, one in pale yellow, another in bright neon blue, and the third bright white.

Completing the room's furnishings was a dainty vanity with lighted mirror. It was in the same white with gold trim as the bed and bureau, but had a yellow satin ruffled skirting with lace overlay attached. The cushioned bench, also covered in yellow satin, was made of brass wire.

The bath contained a bright pink enamel sink, footed tub, and commode. The commode was covered in white shag tank, top, and seat cover. On the white tiled floor was a pink throw rug and bath mat. All in all, a very feminine apartment. Entirely too feminine for Bob. The living area had been ga—ga enough, but this was too much.

“What? Look Betty, I can't possibly live in this...this place! It's a girl's room an...and it..it even has girl's clothing in the closets! For crying out loud, can't you get me someplace else? I'm not going to stay in here! Hell, they'll think I'm some kind of sissy! You got to have another apartment for me, huh?”

“Look Mister Big Shot! The company furnishes you a place to live and work clothes. This is the only available unit and it's last tenant was just promoted to our LA offices. She was also a very good friend of mine. Now, if you want me to drive you right back to the airport so be it, let's go!”

Tapping her foot, she waited for a reply. Seeing none, she continued, “I've got better things to do than stand here arguing with you. Of course, if I take you back now, you will be required to refund the Company all expenses related to your coming here. Emmm...let's see,”

Betty paused while she rummaged through her purse. Pulling out a slip of pink paper, she examined it, then looking Bob in the eyes finished, “According to this, you will owe the company \$3,785. That includes processing charges, air fare, and other miscellaneous charges. Okay, so what will it be?”

Bob's jaw dropped when Betty told him how much he would owe the company. Knowing that there was no way he could ever come up with that kind of cash, at least not legally, he shrugged his shoulders and let a foolish grin smile in answer.

“Alright already! Can't take a joke can you? Yeah, this'll do just fine,” He said a little too loudly. Under his breath he added, “Just fuckin' dandy!”

Moving away from Betty, Bob turned his attention to the closets. “Where the heck are my work clothes? You don't expect me to wear those stupid girly duds now do ya? Yeah, ya kiddin' ain't ya? 'Sides what are they doing here in **MY** apartment?”

Bob was actually worried there for a second as he had at least followed the directions contained in his acceptance letter about not needing to bring any work clothing as it would be furnished. He had imagined that it would be three piece vested suites or at the worst denim work clothes, but dresses. No way!

All he had brought besides what he wore, were spare underwear, bathing suit, several pull over knit shirts and jeans, a new pair of athletic shoes, and his personal care items. Everything in the world that he now possessed was contained in the duffel bag which somehow failed to arrive at the airport.

“Of course not,” Betty laughingly replied. “That is unless you really want to. Wear Jean's old clothing that is. She left too quickly to pack everything and said that anyone who wanted them could have them. With the raise she got, no wonder she did not want to bother with all this packing.”

She sobered up quickly and became very serious, “Besides! You don't have to worry your silly head about maintaining your macho super stud image. As a matter of fact, you go tossing your machismo around in this place and you'll be outta here so quick your teeth will rattle.”

She paused to make sure that she had his attention, “The company takes a *very* dim view of any such behavior. If you had bothered to read your introductory information kit, you would have noticed that this company was founded *by women* and *is run* almost completely by them. You are an exception to the general hiring policy. You are our “*token*” minority so to speak. Now unless you want me to take you back to the airport, you'd better forget acting manly around here. Do you understand?”

Seeing him just stand there with his mouth hanging open, she added still dead serious, "I'm not kidding about this! No bull shit and absolutely! Positively! No macho crap allowed!"

"Now, assuming I *misunderstood* where you were coming from. Sure! Go ahead and wear whatever you feel like as long as it is appropriate for the occasion. No one here would ever tease or question you, you know! We are a very open minded company in some respects."

Bob looked at her incredulously, but soon realized that she was speaking the truth. She was entirely too serious to be pulling his leg. He shuffled his feet and stared down at them as Betty continued.

"Besides, one of our major product lines is woman's apparel. We are all expected to experiment and utilize company made products. It was one of our line inspectors that developed our newest creation and biggest money maker to date by doing just that. She discovered that a sport's bra we made, if slightly redesigned and made of different fabrics, would greatly enhance the bosoms. As a matter of fact, this is her room. She got the big promotion!"

She stopped then and just stared at him. Smiling broadly, she walked over to the closet and pushed some of the dresses out of the way revealing several jump suits. They were in a chocolate brown color with the company name and logo embroidered in bright pink thread over the left breast pocket.

Betty lifted one off its hanger and held it up for him to clearly see. Short capped sleeves, loose fitting in the chest, tapering in at the waist which fastened with a pink web belt, full seat, tapering legs, and had a chromed zipper running up from crotch to rounded neck. A big chromed D—ring hung from the zipper tongue.

"No, you won't be expected to wear women's clothing. These jump suits are what we **all** wear on the line. Er...until your clothing is delivered from the airport, I'd recommend that you make use of whatever clothing Joan left behind."

"Dirty clothing or bodies are not tolerated here! So I'd recommend that you make do until your stuff gets here. You can put your dirty things down that chute. The company covers your cleaning bill too. Now, unless you have some other questions, I'll leave you until morning. I'll be back to pick you up promptly at six—thirty a.m.! See that you are ready. It wouldn't do to be late your very first day. Now would it? Tata."

Bob followed Betty back to the door and locked it after she left. He stood unmoving for several minutes, undecided as to what he should do next. His basic instincts called out for him to just get the hell out of Dodge and worry about having to reimburse the company for any expenses later.

Just as his hand reached out to grab the door handle, he had second thoughts. If he left now, a number of things would happen all very bad. First, he would be obliged to repay the company; second, his advisor would have to revoke his scholarship, and worst of all, his student loans would all come due and payable. Then to add misery to the company, he would most certainly have to find a real J—O—B! Ugh! He couldn't stand having to do that.

“Besides!” His mind logically concluded, “Just how am I going to get back to the airport tonight any way? Shit! It looks like I am going to be stuck here for the duration.”

He let his hand drop away from the door knob. With a resigned look on his face, he returned to the bedroom. Going into the closet, he examined the three jump suits after pushing the dresses further out of the way. He pulled one of the jump suits down and brought it out into the light to get a better look at it.

The material was silky and wet looking in a rich chocolate color and it felt cool and slinky to his touch. Opening the zipper front closure, he noticed that it was lined in an ultra—soft white material. It felt like it had no weight at all and would be too fragile to stand up to everyday use.

Shaking his head, he dropped the suit on the bed, and began to strip. Better to find out now how it was going to fit than wait until the morning. Standing in his jockey shorts, he pulled the suit up his legs. He shivered slightly as he pulled the chromed zipper up. It felt as cool and soft on his body as it had when he held it. The length and size seem okay, but the fit could have been much better.

Despite his misgivings, the clothing was a lot stronger than he had originally thought just looking at it. It pulled and tugged at his body unlike anything he had ever worn before as he walked over to the bathroom. It pulled uncomfortably at his crotch.

Bob twisted and turned to see just how it looked on him in the full length mirror fastened to the bathroom door. The center seam of the suit pulled tightly into the crease of his ass in back, but the material hung loosely around the buttocks. In the front, the material clung tightly and the center seam pulled annoyingly at his pelvis while shoving his penis and scrotum off to one side leaving an obvious bulge. He was not at all pleased with the way the jump suit fit him in the crotch.

All in all, the jump suit still seemed fragile, but he knew now that it was a lot stronger than it looked. Shaking his head, he pulled down the zipper and stepped out of it. Tossing it towards the bed, he returned to the tub and turned on the faucets.

“Might as well take a nice hot bath while I'm at it. Too bad this joint doesn't have a shower though,” he thought.

Bob woke the next morning to an irksome buzzing coming from the clock on the side table. Reaching out from under the covers, he swatted at it several times before shutting off the obnoxious noise.

“Damn,” he groaned as he pulled his arm back under the warm covers. “I don't remember setting that damn thing. What time is it anyway?”

He pulled the covers from off his head and stared bleary eyed at the ticking clock. It read 5:00 a.m.

“Fuck!”

As he pulled the covers back over his head with aspirations of going back to sleep, he remembered where he was. “I'll be back to pick you up promptly at 6:30,” Betty's words echoed in his mind.

“Fuck and double fuck!” He said as he slowly dragged himself out of the nice comfortable bed.

Going into the bathroom, he first walked up to the commode then finished with that personal duty, went to the tub to get the hot water running. As the tub filled, he examined the contents of the medicine cabinet. Finding a pink lady's razor and container of woman's shaving cream, he lathered up his face. By the time he had shaved, the tub was full.

Back in the bedroom, he picked up his discarded jockeys and sniffed at them. He quickly jerked his head back. They were too ripe to put back on as was his undershirt. Tossing them into the chute, he walked over to the bureau. Opening the top drawer, he found bra's. White ones, black ones, red and even blue ones. Lace covered, padded, unpadded, dainty and practical, strapped and strapless. He slammed the drawer shut in disbelief that anyone would need that many different bras.

In the second drawer he found panties. Lots and lots of panties. He reached in trying not to really touch them, but using just his thumb and forefinger, picked at them. They were all entirely too feminine for his tastes. Slamming the drawer shut in disgust, he walked over to the closet. He had decided not to wear anything under his uniform.

Pulling out the jump suit, he gingerly stepped into it. Carefully, he pulled the zipper shut making sure that he didn't catch his manly member in its steel teeth. That was the only problem with not wearing underwear, you had to be careful not to catch it in the zipper. Bob had done that once before and he had learned that lesson very well. The only problem with not wearing underpants, his masculinity was more obvious in the tight crotch.

He couldn't wear his socks either by the smell of them, so once again he tried his luck with the bureau. In the third drawer, Bob found hose, pantyhose, and socks. Rummaging around a bit, he finally found a pair of plain white cotton sport's socks.

While they did not have the athletic style length to them like he was use to, they would do. Even if the socks only reached to just above his ankle and had a rolled top edge to them, they didn't have any silly pink piping or other feminine feature that he could tell.

Dressed, he went back into the bathroom and scrounged up a tooth brush. It was made of pink plastic and still in its original package. A new tooth brush and not somebody else's used one. He thought this a bit of luck.

As he was finishing up, he heard a knocking on his door. "Just a sec," he yelled. Grabbing the face towel, he headed to the door.

"I see that you're rea...You're not thinking of going out looking like that are you?" Betty said as she entered the room.

"Huh? What's wrong? I got the stupid uniform on as required."

"What's wrong! You ask? Have you looked into the mirror? Why that's disgusting at best and absolutely uncouth." She finished as she pointed down at his crotch.

"You're just going to have to do something about that. I can't present you to the officers of the company, let alone the other workers, looking like that. Come on! Let's see what we can find to resolve your little problem."

“What do you mean by little problem?” He said as he began following her into the bedroom.

“Sensitive are we now?” She said stopping, turning back to look down pointedly at his crotch.

Bob was brought up short, so to speak, by her candid stare and authoritarian attitude. He did all that he could at that moment, he blushed beet red. Betty turned on her heels, and continued on her walk to the bureau. There, she opened the first drawer. Taking out a bright mallard green satin bra and letting it dangle from her fingers, offered it to him.

“If you are so unsure of yourself, would you like to try one of these over the shoulder boulder holsters. I guess in your case though, that this one is a little on the big side.”

Finished teasing, she turned back to the bureau, and opened the second drawer. “Aaaahh, I think that I have us a solution.”

She turned to face him once again, this time a pale blue little bit of nothing was dangling from her fingers. “This is a panty brief and while it looks small, will stretch to fit you nicely. You might want to tuck yourself down and back to keep it from getting uncomfortable. Here, hurry up and put it on! We're going to be late.”

“What, you've got to be kidding. I can't possibly get into this....this thing. It's way too small.”

“Look, trust me. It will fit. See,” Betty instructed pulling on it with her hands before tossing it over to him. “It's elastic and stretches quite nicely. Now get into the bathroom and put it on or do you want me to help you get into it here. Come on scoot.”

“Alright already, but if I tear this thing putting it on don't say I didn't warn ya.”

He slipped out of the uniform and began tugging the tight fitting garment up his right leg. It was firmly grasping his flesh, but it was going on without tearing. Finally, it was settled around his waist like another layer of skin. Glancing down at his now smooth crotch, he blushed crimson.

“Damn if this don't make me look just like a stupid girl,” he mumbled as he stepped back into the jump suit. Grabbing the D—ring he pulled the zipper up quickly and was rewarded with excruciating pain. He had forgotten about his thick mat of chest hair which the zipper grabbed painfully in its teeth. Gingerly, he pulled the zipper back down, and then, carefully zippered it back up.

A few minutes later a blushing Bob re—emerged from the bathroom rubbing at his chest. His bulge totally missing and a smooth flat front testifying to the control of the panty brief.

Betty smiled approvingly as he walked back out, “That is much better. By the way what was that scream all about, didn't damage yourself? Did you?”

“Naw, just caught my chest hair in the damn zipper,” he replied somewhat embarrassed.

“Look, I think I can help you out there. Come here, I'm sure that we can find a nice camisole for you to put on. You don't want to be tearing out your precious chest hair all day long now do you.”

Bob didn't know how to respond to that comment so he just stood there as Betty went over to the bureau and removed a silky looking little bit of nothing out of the fourth drawer. This drawer was filled with slips, full, half, and camisoles, teddies, and girlish vests and ribbed nylon floral printed undershirts.

She handed him the nylon top to put on warning him to be careful when he unzipped his jump suit. It was silky smooth in a pale blue color with dainty white floral lace trimming the top and bottom hem. Dual spaghetti straps went over the shoulders and darting made the fabric tent slightly at his breasts.

It was cool to the touch and slinked down to just above his navel. He shivered at its touch, but decided that wearing it was better than the alternative. He was going to be pulling at that zipper quite a bit since his jump suit did not have a fly. Patting his hips as they started for the door, another thought hit him.

“Hey! This uniform doesn't have any pockets. Where am I going to put my wallet and change.”

“Oh you're going to make us late. We're only going to have enough time for some toast and coffee now. Jeez, here take this and put your things in it.” She said walking to the closet and pulling out a small plain black leather purse with a long strap.

She tossed it over to him and waited while he dropped his wallet and loose change into it along with a handkerchief, keys, and pocket knife.

“You're worse than a woman carrying all that stuff around,” she said as they walked out of the room.

They grabbed a quick breakfast down in the employee cafeteria. Bob while he had wanted eggs and bacon with all the other trimmings was forced by Betty's admonishments about having to be at personnel by seven—thirty to just have toast and coffee. Besides there was no one else there and they had to do whatever cooking was necessary. Betty fixed the instant coffee while Bob made the toast.

Bob did not have the opportunity to think too much on the strangeness of the situation. No staff, no employees, just themselves in the company kitchen. They were late and he was rushed into gulping down his toast and coffee. All in all a most unrewarding breakfast for him.

Promptly at seven—forty they entered the Office of Ms. Delia Rose, Director of Personnel. She was a severe looking woman all thin and angular with steel gray hair tucked into a tight bun on the back of her head. She wore a minimum of make—up, lipstick in a pale pink, dusting of gray eye shadow, and mascara. Her lips were thin and while creased in a smile, was not warm.

She arose from behind her desk as they walked in, and walked over to greet them. She was wearing a gray worsted wool two piece suit, white poly blouse with rounded collar buttoned to the chin. Black hose and patent leather pumps in a two inch block heel completed her attire.

"I expected to see you at seven—thirty," she said while maintaining her smile.

"Oh, we're sorry Ms. Rose," Betty said, "but Bob here had some problems getting ready this morning. The airline lost his luggage 'n..."

"Yes, dear I am sure that you both had a legitimate reason to be late this morning," she acknowledged still with that thin smile on her face. "You may go now Miss Rogers. I'll call you when you are required again. Thank you. Now Mr. Mulroney!" She looked piercingly into Bob's eyes as she said that, and turning on her heel went back behind her desk. There she picked up a file folder and opened it.

"So you must be Bob Mulroney our new associate trainee. I assume that you are fully aware of our company's employment policies and requirements and are fully agreeable with them. You did read all the materials that were sent to you, didn't you?"

"Er...ahhh..well.."

"Did you or didn't you read them Mr. Mulroney?"

"Yes...er..yes Ma'am I did," he hastily answered even though it was untrue. This woman was the most intimidating that he had ever met. She did not look all that happy with him at the moment either.

"Heck," he thought, "he was only a little bit late. It wasn't like being really tardy or not showing up at all." Now that he thought on it a bit, maybe he should have just left when he had the choice last night.

"Well fine. In that case, I do not need to go over them again unless you have specific questions. Well...do you have any questions? None? Are you sure? You do not have a problem then, I take it, with the penalties and salary docking clauses or dress codes? No! Fine."

She pulled a handful of papers from the file folder and held them out to him. "Now that is over with, I have a number of documents here that you will need to complete. W—2's and such. You may take them over to that desk there and finish them. If you have any questions, just ask. Oh, by the way, you are scheduled to be in the President's office in fifteen minutes. I'd advise you not to be late for that meeting and you are not leaving here until you finish those forms."

Bob began filling out the forms. The first was a simple W—2 followed by a cafeteria optional benefits plan. Items like child care he quickly disregarded, picking instead additional health coverage. Not having to make a co-pay on his health insurance was going to be more useful to him than child care he reasoned.

This form was followed by a long and wordy document that he read only the first paragraph of which discussed uniform dress and allowances that would be automatically withdrawn from his base salary according to Labor laws. He decided that he did not need to read all of it so he quickly signed the bottom and dated it.

Another long winded document came next and was filled with fine print. After he spent a number of precious minutes trying to read it, he figured out that it was nothing more than a term life insurance policy. Just another standard employment benefit. So a little mad at himself for spending so much time on it, he signed and dated it as well.