



Reluctant Press presents:

Knickers

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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KNICKERS

By Charlotte Mayo

CHAPTER ONE

Knickers. It all started with a pair of knickers. It was 1985 and I was a bit of a Jack-the-Lad. I was twenty-years-old and thought I was God's gift. Nothing in a skirt was safe – or a pair of trousers for that matter - if it was a lady.

At the time, I was a massive Bon Jovi fan and modelled myself on Jon Bon Jovi. Long blonde hair, earrings in both ears, black leather trousers and tight T-shirts. I really looked hot – and I knew it.

I took work none too seriously and, my story opens, when, for the second time in my life, I had found myself sacked from a job due to lack of effort, lateness, rudeness – and yeah, and trying to goose one of the married managers. My parents were despairing of me – late nights, womanising, smoking dope... it was all too much. I was forced to move out and find my own place. So I did. I bought the local rag and after a frantic search, I located a small, downstairs flat in Wimbledon, south London – what you Americans call an apartment. Dad was so keen to see the rear end of me he paid the deposit and a month's rent in advance. Cool.

I didn't have a lot of cash; I had to find a job pretty damned quick so I applied for everything in sight. As long as it paid the drinks and entertainment bill at the end of the week, I didn't care.

And that was probably a mistake. I got an interview with a small, local company, called JCL, run by a businesswoman called Janet Legier. Janet was a tall, thin woman who dressed in those awful Eighties power suits; all shoulder pads and short, tight skirts. She was blonde and was attractive apart from a masculine, bony face and skinny legs and arms which looked like matchsticks sticking out of a plasticine body. Also, she also had no

breasts to speak of. As I joked to Jimi, my best mate, her boobs were like two fried eggs in a frying pan.

A few days after the interview with Janet and her sidekick from personnel, I got a phone call from her to offer me the job.

“Yeah sure,” I said. “I’ll take it.”

As she rambled on about pay and conditions, I got out of bed and admired my skinny but toned physic in the mirror. Suddenly my ears pricked up.

“So you don’t mind working for an all female company?” she was saying.

“No, no not at all, how many women did you say?”

“Twelve. We’ve a mixture of ages. I think we scare men off.”

She certainly wasn’t scaring me off, quite the opposite, if my reflection in the mirror was any judge; there was no doubt the thought of working with a dozen birds was causing me to get a massive erection.

“Oh blast!” she exclaimed.

It appeared she’d knocked over a bottle of milk that had been standing by the phone.

“So you don’t mind working for a scatty female who knocks over milk?”

“No, no, not at all,” I said, admiring my erection. Twelve beddable women, ah? Wasn’t I the lucky one?

I started on the following Monday. Suit, tie, hair in a ponytail, earrings out. Private Turner reporting for duty, Sir! Only in this case it was Miss Legier. Janet showed me around the company, introduced me to all her employees, more than one of which was worth an once-over. Alison, the blonde who dealt with computers, was worth lingering on, as was Emma, the sweet, naïve sixteen-year-old – oh, and Sarah, the tall mouthy brunette in the typing area. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven.

My job, it turned out, was to do some admin stuff, arrange meetings, phone through orders, chase orders, general office bits. The company (it was Janet’s own company) bought accountancy books and then sold them. She had a warehouse where the men worked in north London and the operations centre was run by the twelve women and me at the head office in south London.

CHAPTER TWO

It took me the best part of two weeks to bed Sarah. She was twenty-four and lived with a friend. A group of us went out for a drink after work. Having so many women around me was fantastic; they all flirted like mad and tried it on with me. Anyway, after the drink I ended up back at Sarah’s for a night of passion.

Alison was next; she was actually married with two kids but up for a fling. We met after work and, after a couple of dates, she found her way back to my flat.

Emma took a bit longer; she was very shy, and, it turned out, a virgin. I worked on her for a couple of months before she succumbed to my dastardly charms; I took her virginity at my flat one Friday night after a pepperoni pizza. I saw her a couple more times after that just to teach her a few ropes and then quietly dumped her. And that was where the

trouble started. Unlike Sarah and Alison who knew FUN when they saw it, Emma was in love with me and wanted more. Unfortunately, that led to an embarrassing standoff between her and my girlfriend, Claire (did I mention her? Sorry, must have forgotten. She was my main squeeze whilst I'd been bedding the other two; she was a nice girl but a bit naïve and submissive—just how I like them). Anyway, back to the story, one Saturday morning Emma came around to see Claire and me answered the door in her dressing gown, thinking it was the postman. (I've never been good at getting up early.)

Emma was hysterical and Claire stoic. She knew I was a flirt and she probably thought I was “all mouth and no trousers” as we quaint little Englishers say. She got a shock, I was definitely more than “all mouth” and Emma told Claire in no uncertain terms that she was the third bird from the JLC that I had bedded. The upshot of it all was that Claire ditched me on the spot and Emma told Janet she was resigning because of me.

“Look Rob, cards on the table, you have made an appalling start to this job,” Janet said the following Monday morning after I had strolled in, late as usual. We were seated in her office. She continued, “You're very likely to fail your three-month probation and get fired if you don't pull your socks up. You don't seem at all interested in work. You just want to chat up and bed MY staff.”

Her thin, red-pursed face went bright red with anger. She pulled a file from her drawer marked “R. Turner.”

“I've had two reports of bottom pinching. Alison tells me you plagued her so much she slept with you to keep you quiet. Sarah says you harassed her!” She banged the desk. “I could sack you, on the spot. INSTANTLY. Do you understand?”

“Sorry.”

“You'll be more than sorry when I've finished with you, young man. You're a sexist pig, Mr Turner, and I'm going to curb your ways.”

And that's where the knickers came in. Ms. Legier, as she liked to be known, suggested that I wear a pair of knickers to work under my suit. This, she said, would make me feel embarrassed and feminine and not want to have sex! It was an idea, not a very good one, but an idea all the same. I thought the whole thing was some sort of sick joke at first but then Janet started banging on about a sexual harassment rap and firing me so, suddenly, wearing a pair of knickers to work seemed like a good idea. There was one small hitch however.

“I don't own a pair of knickers,” I said. “Though there have been one or two pairs on my bedroom floor from time to time.”

“You don't have to worry about that, I'll buy you some and deduct the expense from your salary.”

With that, she called in her secretary, the sultry, dark haired Belinda and asked her to buy me a pair of knickers at lunchtime!

And so that's what happened. The next day I came to work in a frilly pair of girlie knickers and found a bag of silkies of all shapes and sizes awaiting me on my desk. I had to wear knickers to work every day. And just to make sure I was wearing them, Janet made me undo my fly to check I had them on. Then, at least once a week, Belinda would

arrive back from lunch with a small bag which she plopped on my desk, a huge Cheshire Cat grin on her face. They all knew, of course, and I started to receive some male-type teasing.

“Show us your knickers, Rob!”

“What colour have we got on today? Red?”

“Do you find thongs and G-strings go right up your crack?”

Or I would be walking down the corridor when a female voice behind me would shout.

“Hey, Rob – VPL Alert!”

When I turned around, bemused, Alison or Maxine or Sarah or whoever would explain.

“Visible Panty Line,” and they would walk off chuckling to themselves.

I suppose, in a way Janet was right. I felt far too embarrassed to linger, chatting up girls and I would hurry back to my desk. I knew the joke had gone too far, though, when the cleaner started to ask me if it was true that Janet made me wear knickers to work. She even wanted to see the frilly pair of French knickers Belinda had bought for me the day before. It was just after quitting time and I was packing up my desk. There was no one else in the office so I dropped my trousers.

The cleaner screamed, laughed, then her hands went to my hips and packet and she massaged the red silk. Hannah was a fattish type but as her hands rubbed my knickers and felt the silk, the old member was up like a shot.

“Umm, nice,” she moaned.

She was a single mother trying to earn a bit extra to support two kids. I was a girlfriendless guy who was a bit hard up. We made a perfect couple. Sex on the photocopier with 50 copies of Hannah’s fat arse spewing forth with neither of us noticing.

The next day Janet was on the warpath.

“What have you been doing?” she shouted, staring over the desk at me. “Get into my office. NOW!”

The photocopies of Hannah’s buttocks were lying on her desk. She held one up.

“Explain.”

I did as best I could. I was a red-bloodied male who took what was offered and exploited it for his own gratification.

Janet smiled. “You really are full of yourself, aren’t you?”

“I know I’m attractive to women, if that’s what you mean.”

She shook her head. “Do you like working for us?”

I shrugged. “It’s OK.”

“Well, Rob. Two things are going to happen if you want to stay in the job. Firstly, I’m going to downgrade you to secretarial work, as you’re useless at admin. You’ll go on a sec-

retarial course once a week and work in the pool with the other girls. There will be no change to your pay.”

“And the other?”

“I want you to come to my house, this Friday night.”

It was my turn to smile; for all her berating me, the truth was, (and I’d secretly known it from the start, which is why I went along with her little knicker joke), Janet fancied the pants off me and wanted to bed me!

“I’ll be there!” I said. I was delighted; my cock was already rising at the prospect of goosing the boss, because although she was slightly masculine in appearance, there is always a thrill out of having sex with someone who has more power and status than you. Bedding Janet would be the ultimate accolade and I couldn’t wait to get her between her silky sheets for a session.

CHAPTER THREE

Janet lived in one of those huge houses with an intercom on the outside gate which you had to press before you got through to the driveway. The gates buzzed open and I walked nervously up the gravel drive. Her Mercedes was parked outside, by the double garage. Two huge white colonnades stood on either side of the front door. As I approached, a security light came on and, in an instance I was bathed in its bright light. I rang the bell.

She came to the door wearing a silky flowery blouse, belted in at the waist, black, pencil skirt and stiletto heels, which meant she towered over me. She was wearing makeup as well. She didn’t normally bother at work and it made her look quite different – that and her hair, which had clearly been given some “body.”

For my part, I’d I knew I looked smart and was wearing my hair down, blonde, shoulder length – exactly how girls liked it; trousers, not jeans and an open neck shirt, unbuttoned enough to show my hairy chest. Of course I was bathed in aftershave. You see, I knew enough about how to behave in “polite society” and so I knew not to wear my Bon Jovi T-shirt or leathers when visiting a woman like Janet Legier.

“Hello, Janet,” I said. I hadn’t known what to expect so I had bought her a bottle of wine. She took it from my hand and ushered me down the hall.

The kitchen was massive; there was a breakfast bar and stools in the middle of the room; the stools were chrome, with black leather seats. Little did I know then that one day I would find myself bent over one of them whilst Janet flexed a cane – but I get ahead of myself.

“You live here on your own?” I asked.

She nodded. “My ex-husband is a lawyer. We’re now divorced.”

I had already heard some rumours about this; apparently, whilst she earned it, he spent it. He was something of a womaniser and had eventually left her for a younger, prettier, model and used his legal expertise to ensure he got half of everything. Janet had been forced to rebuild her empire.

She opened the wine and poured me a glass, then we went into the living room where we talked for a bit. It was a casual conversation and I soon forgot she was my boss and had threatened to fire me.

Finally, she got up and walked up the hall. She placed a foot on the stair and waited.

I was unsure whether to follow or not but the sight of her stockinged leg turned me on so I walked, as calmly as I could towards the stair.

“Come this way, Rob,” she said seductively.

I followed her upstairs into a magnificent bedroom with a four-poster bed. Thoughtfully, she’d brought the wine bottle and glasses with her.

“Wait a minute whilst I prepare myself for you.”

She disappeared into the en-suite leaving me alone with the wine. She must have been gone about half an hour; when she re-emerged, she was wearing a lovely silky, pink night-dress and negligee. She had removed her make-up but added a sprinkle of perfume. She really was alluring.

“Do you want me?” she asked.

“Of course I do!” I gasped.

“If we sleep together tonight, do you promise me to sleep with me over the weekend? I don’t just want to be a one-night stand, you know.”

I thought about the Highwayman rock club I went to on a Saturday. Blast it, I would have to miss it. “Of course,” I said.

“And will you promise to do everything I tell you to do over the weekend?”

“Sure.” I drained my wine glass. “Listen, what’s all this about?”

She sat down on the bed and motioned me to join her. She then stroked my face. Her voice softened. “Rob, I fancy you, you know that, I know that, everyone at JCL knows that but I’m worried, Rob, worried that I’ll just be another number in your little red book and I’m worried about the age gap if we continue dating.”

“You won’t be, because I really fancy you, Janet, and I feel we could really go places together,” I said. “And as for the age thing, you’re as young as you feel, right?”

She whispered. “I hope so, Rob, because I don’t want to be accused of cradle snatching. But what about your reputation?”

I laughed; I had had to bat that one off many, many times before. I came out with my normal “sinner reformed” bull.

“Listen Janet,” I said. My head dropped for special effect. “I may have been a womaniser in the past.” Look up. “But Janet, you’re special to me. I won’t ever cheat, honest.” (I used exactly the same line on Emma before I had taken her virginity.)

“If I’m special, will you, Rob, over the weekend, give me a chance to train you out of your sexist, womanising ways? I want to make you a better person, Rob. Do you want to be a better person?”

“Of course I do, Janet.”

“Then tell me you will do everything I tell you to do for the next forty-eight hours?”

“I promise, Janet. But what do you want me to do?”

She stroked my cheek again. “You’ll see in the morning.”

We kissed passionately. I was twenty, she was 42 – a bit of an age gap, I grant you but all that “toy boy” stuff was in the papers and I just loved the thrill of goosing my boss. And goose her I did. Three, four, five times - I was a real stud in those days. What a night of real passion we had! The best night I’ve ever had. And in the morning?

CHAPTER FOUR

I felt fantastic. Absolutely on top of the world. The birds were happily chirping out side as I opened a weary eye so I turned over and settled my head on the satin sheets and smiled to myself.

“Morning,” Janet said. She appeared at the door with a tray containing a full English breakfast: sausage, egg, bacon, and fried bread. I’d never been treated so well. I sat up in bed, Janet made my pillow comfy and I got to work on the eats.

“We’ve got a busy day ahead of us, so you’d better get up soon.”

Busy day? I was ravenous after my night of passion with my boss and I don’t think I quite took the words in until she was knocking on the door of the bathroom, telling me to hurry up in the shower. I was gently massaging the tip of my over-exerted prick and congratulating it on another job well done. I couldn’t wait to tell the guys down the Highwayman. “Randy Rob” had gone and knobbed his boss!

I wrapped a towel around me and left the shower cubicle. Janet had a face like several claps of thunder.

“For God sake, Rob, get a move on. We have to be there at 11.30!”

“Where?” I asked.

“You don’t remember a thing about last night, do you?” Janet said. She was dressed in jeans, a shirt and a body warmer; without makeup, she really did look, well, male.

“Of course, I do,” I tried to laugh.

“What did you agree to do this weekend?”

She’d got me there, I really had no idea... but then again, the bottle of wine I’d polished off whilst waiting for her to finish her abolitions in the shower had probably affected my memory. Yes, I did recall, something about doing whatever she wanted over the weekend?

“But I thought that was only to do with bed!” I said.

“Well, you thought wrong. I’ve a little surprise in store for you.”

And she did too. Within half an hour I was being driven down town (on the way she stopped at a newsagent and told me to get a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*) and was lead into a beauty salon.

“I’m the 11.30am appointment,” she said to the overly made-up, but still bed-able, blonde on reception.