**Bonnie Bottomless in the Office**

**by katie**

The air was cool for the first time this season as Bonnie woke up. After a shower, she decided to wear her new black turtleneck and pants to work. Although she favored skirts and dresses at work and hadn’t worn pants in weeks, the weather was right. Plus, she was dying to show off her new outfit.  
  
Removing her white fluffy robe, Bonnie pulled a pair of white silk panties up her long legs. Always wanting to match, she grabbed a white silk bra from her drawer and pulled it on, securing her breasts inside the cup. Moving towards her closet, filled with skirts, dresses and suits on one side and blouses and pants on the other, she pulled out her new prized turtleneck (a $200 investment at Macy’s) and a pair of tailored grey pants with black pinstripes (which cost her another $150). She also grabbed a pair of nude pantyhose and her size 6 black heels, four inches high. Although her legs were long and she stood 5-8 (tall for a woman), Bonnie wished she could be as tall as the men in her department. These heels put her eye to eye with most of them.  
  
Finishing the job of dressing, Bonnie pulled the sweater on over her head, being careful not to muss her hair. Pulling it down, the sweater fell to just below her crotch. She smiled as she looked in the mirror, thinking if this was a dress, I might get arrested. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she put on her pantyhose and the slid into her pants. Finally, she placed her feet into the heels. Standing before the full-length mirror in her room, Bonnie felt good. She knew she looked good and was ready for work.  
  
Since her promotion six weeks ago, Bonnie was also eager to get into the office. She loved the work she was doing and the money that came along with it. She had gotten a $50,000 bonus when she was promoted, huge money for someone like her who was 25 and single. Although the little apartment in Manhattan cost way more than she wanted to remember, the bonus had helped her in so many ways. This new outfit was paid for from that money, as was the new furniture in her living room. The rest she had sent to her mother and father, help for her younger sister’s tuition in private high school.  
  
Like most young businesspeople, Bonnie walked a few blocks to the subway station, descending the stairs to the platform. There she waited with dozens of others on their way to work, some in dressy work clothes like her, others in casual. Some were in jeans and sweats that were obviously students, probably at NYU, Columbia or Fordham.  
  
Walking into the skyscraper that held her office, Bonnie felt a rush of energy. She always felt this way, even three years into her employment here. Knowing that her superiors thought so highly of her made her extra excited. She wondered how long before she had one of the celebrated corner offices.  
  
The doors of the elevator opened onto her floor and she waved hello to Gretchen, the receptionist of her company. Gretchen, who was never very friendly, raised her eyebrows when she saw Bonnie. The young girl felt the receptionist’s eyes roam up and down her body, as if she was examining her. Weird, she thought.  
  
With the promotion had come a cool office. It was almost entirely glass on three walls, making her easily seen from nearly anywhere in her department. She didn’t like the lack of privacy but loved the prestige of the office. After a few days, she had gotten used to the fact that people could see her. They were probably too busy to bother looking in on her anyway.  
  
She said hello to Mary, the kind woman who was the secretary to her and Bob, her counterpart in the department. Mary looked uneasy at Bonnie but smiled anyway, handing her a cup of coffee in the exact fashion that Bonnie liked it.  
  
“Bonnie, I just got a call from Mr. Ony and Mr. Fisher. They would like to come and meet with you in 10 minutes. Sounded urgent.”  
  
Bonnie’s mind raced. What could it be, she wondered, hoping that they needed her to find the company’s way out of a mess. What better way to prove her worth?  
  
“Sure Mary, no problem. Just send them in when they arrive.”  
  
With that, Bonnie re-entered her office, removing some papers from her briefcase before storing it under her desk. She barely had time to log into her computer and click on her e-mail before hearing a knock on the door.  
  
“Come in,” she said. The two men, both tall and unbelievably handsome, entered the room. Both were above her on the company organizational chart and neither looked happy.  
  
“Mr. Ony, Mr. Fisher, good morning,” she said, trying to mask her nerves. “How can I help you today?”  
  
“Well, Bonnie, we were very disappointed to hear about your breech of contract this morning,” Joe Ony said. “You are a very bright woman, with a great future with this company, but this is concerning.”  
  
The girl searched her brain for what she could have possibly done to breech her contract.  
  
“Sir, I am sorry but I have no idea what you are talking about,” she said, her knees shaking in fear.  
  
“Come on Bonnie, you can’t tell us that you aren’t aware of what you have done here today,” said Fred Fisher, the company’s VP and her department head. “You signed the contract just a few weeks ago and are too smart to have not read the whole thing.”  
  
Bonnie was stunned at his words, having no idea what he is talking about. Seeing her confusion, Ony opened the folder in his hands. “This is a copy of your contract,” he said, flipping pages. “Your wardrobe here today is in clear violation of section III, part D, under terms of employment.”  
  
He pushed the papers at her and with trembling hands took the contract.  
  
“Section III, Part D: The employee will wear clothing in accordance with the wishes of the employer. In this case, the employee will not wear pants or skirts that do below the knee. Any violation will result in a punishment, as determined by the employer.”  
  
“This is sick,” Bonnie said, disbelieving. “It’s 2007. You can’t treat a woman like this!”  
  
“On the contrary Bonnie, this contract is perfectly legal,” Fisher said. “Our lawyers have drawn this up and it is completely in compliance with uniform contracts written for other companies.”  
  
Bonnie just kept shaking her head back and forth, not quite sure that she was accurately reading this contract or understanding these two men. “But, it can’t be. I never would have signed this.”  
  
“Well Miss, your signature is at the bottom of this page, as it is with the rest of the document. Apparently, you did not read the contract.”  
  
The girl was stunned. Her dream job now tarnished by the blatant sexism. “Well, I’ll sue.”  
  
“Fine, but those girls at the Borgota and Hooters all lost their suits in these types of matters,” Ony said.  
  
“Then I’ll just quit,” she said, stubbornly. “I cannot work under these conditions.”  
  
“Fine, we will accept your resignation,” Fisher said. “However, we expect the repayment of the $50,000 bonus that we paid you last month. That should be on my desk by the end of today.”  
  
Bonnie’s mouth gaped open. “That money has been spent. It was mine.”  
  
“No quite Miss. Read Section III, Part L, further on that page.” Fisher said.  
  
“Section III, Part L: Failure to accept punishment from employer will lead to repayment of bonus by the end of that business day.”  
  
Bonnie fell backwards into her desk chair. She was sunk. She did not have access to that money, had spent it all or sent it home to her parents. And she desperately needed this job and its salary.  
  
“Fine,” she said softly. “I will accept your terms.”  
  
“Excellent, I knew you would do the smart thing Bonnie,” Ony said with a smile.  
  
“I’ll go home and change and be back in an hour,” she said, getting to her feet.  
  
“Oh, no need for that,” Fisher said. “What you are wearing is fine for today, well, at least until the punishment begins.”  
  
“What is the punishment,” she asked, her voice wavering.  
  
“Well, it’s spelled out in your contract: removal of offending garment for the remainder of the day.”  
  
  
  
  
  
Bonnie Bottomless in the Office, Part 2  
  
  
Bonnie could not believe her ears. Did he just say she had to take off her pants? At work?  
  
“You cannot be serious,” she said, her voice in a rage. “You want me to take off my pants right here?”  
  
“Yes, that is the punishment,” Ony said. “Again, failure to comply with the punishment leads to your dismissal and the return of that bonus check. You decision Miss.”  
  
The girl was stunned by the turn of events. She searched her brain for a way out of this mess but nothing was coming to her.  
  
“Fine,” she said. “But can I at least see if any of the other girls has a skirt or dress for me to wear for the rest of the day?”  
  
“That will not be necessary,” Fisher said. “Part of the punishment is that you will remain in the state of undress for the entire day. Any failure to stay in that state will result in the ramifications already discussed.”  
  
Bonnie breathed a big sigh of resignation. She kicked the heels off of her feet and reached for the waistband of her pants. Undoing the button and the zipper, she slowly slid the pants down, past her hips and thighs. As she went, her white silk panties came into view. She cringed when she realized that her private parts were only obscured by the flimsy material but she continued to push her pants down her long legs, finally pulling them off. She placed them into the waiting hands of Ony.  
  
Standing up straight, she saw that her little strip had attracted quite an audience from the audience. No one was boldly up against the window but most everyone was standing and looking towards her office, not believing that this young woman was standing in her office with no pants on in front of two high level managers.  
  
Bonnie was heartened to notice that in a little reflection from the window, her top just barely covered her crotch. Any movement one way or the other would flash her panties but for the most part she was covered.  
  
“Excellent Bonnie. Now the panty hose and the panties please.”  
  
The girl’s eyes flew open in a panic. “What?!?”  
  
“You must remove the hose and panties Bonnie, that is part of the punishment.”  
  
“Excuse me but no where in my contract does it say that panties and pantyhose are not allowed at work.”  
  
“True, but all coordinating pieces of clothing must be removed along with the offending garment,” Fisher said. “If your top had been in violations, then you would also have to remove your bra. In this case, it’s panties and hose. And your shoes of course.”  
  
Tears started to flown down the girl’s face as the realization of what she had to do sunk in. Her hose were just knees highs so she bent over to remove them, leaving her barefoot. Trying to delay the inevitable, but hearing a cough from one of the men in front if her, Bonnie slipped her thumbs into her waistband and pulled the little piece of material down her legs and off. Again, Ony’s hand was outstretched and she deposited the panties into his hand.  
  
“Please hand me your hose and heels Bonnie,” he said.  
  
This led to a new horror as she had to bend down and get the hose and shoes. She prayed that her privates remained that way as she bent but figured that someone in the office got an eyeful. She grabbed the shoes with one hand and the hose with the other and gave them to the man.  
  
“Excellent,” he said. “Now, for the final rules. You must go about your day here as if everything were normal. No hiding in your office, though I have to admit that this office is hard to hide in. Do your normal thing at lunch, which I believe you eat in the office lunch room. All meetings must remain in your schedule, unless the other person voids it. Any questions?”  
  
The bottomless girl shook her head. “Excuse me,” he said. “No,” she answered meekly.  
  
“Very well,” the man said. “Let’s go on with our days. Thank you for your time Miss.”  
  
The two men turned and left the office, taking her pants, panties and shoes with her. She had never felt more humiliated or hopeless in her life.